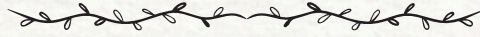




SVKM'S
PRAVIN GANDHI COLLEGE OF LAW



L'avocat's *Annual Multilingual Literary Magazine*



2025 - 2026



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About the College

“Learning gives creativity,
Creativity leads to thinking,
Thinking leads to knowledge,
Knowledge makes you great.”

— Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam

Inspired by the vision of Dr. A.P.J. Abdul Kalam, SVKM's Pravin Gandhi College of Law (5-Year Course) is committed to nurturing every student's unique potential through a transformative and learner-centred legal education. Strengthened by its NAAC A+ accreditation in the first cycle and the grant of autonomous status, the college continues to advance its vision and mission by offering an academically rigorous, interdisciplinary, and socially responsive curriculum aligned with the United Nations Sustainable Development Goals (SDGs).

The autonomous curriculum offers specialisations in Business Law, Criminal Law, and Constitutional Law, complemented by value-added courses in Marathi for Legal Practice, Media and Entertainment Law, Research Methodology, and Wellbeing, promoting holistic personal and professional development. Innovative teaching methods, experiential learning, trial advocacy through moot courts, debates, seminars, workshops, expert sessions on law and all its allied areas encourage students to engage critically with legal, social, political, and economic issues both within and beyond the classroom.

An accomplished faculty mentors students through an educational approach that integrates academic excellence with ethical responsibility. The well-equipped library, extensive academic resources, co-curricular activities, and sports further enrich the learning experience. Committed to producing socially conscious and future-ready legal professionals, the college equips graduates with strong domain knowledge, research and drafting skills, critical thinking, leadership, professional ethics, and a deep sense of social responsibility. This holistic and interdisciplinary approach distinguishes SVKM's Pravin Gandhi College of Law as an institution that prepares students not only for successful legal careers but also for meaningful contributions to society in an increasingly interconnected world.

Principal's Message

It gives me immense pleasure to present L'avocat's Annual Multilingual Literary Magazine 2025-26, a publication that reflects the creativity, imagination, and literary richness of our students. This magazine stands as a testament to the vibrant literary culture that continues to flourish at SVKM's Pravin Gandhi College of Law.

Since its inception in 2006, L'avocat has published monthly and annual issues featuring both literary and research works. In the last academic year, L'avocat underwent a significant transformation, evolving into a literary magazine dedicated to fostering a stronger culture of literary engagement and creative expression at PGCL.

In the year 2025-26, L'avocat introduced a Bimonthly Multilingual Literary Magazine, creating a regular platform for students to express themselves through poetry, fiction, essays, book reviews, and other creative forms. This initiative encourages students to write consistently, explore diverse literary traditions, and engage with languages as powerful mediums of thought and expression.

True to its multilingual vision, L'avocat has already published creative works in Hindi and Marathi and continues to invite submissions in English, Hindi, Gujarati, and Marathi. By encouraging students to read and write across Indian and regional languages, the magazine celebrates India's rich linguistic heritage while helping students develop proficiency beyond English. For aspiring legal professionals, the ability to think, communicate, and engage with people in regional languages is an invaluable skill. Through this initiative, L'avocat contributes to nurturing lawyers who are not only articulate but also linguistically and culturally responsive to the diverse communities they serve.

The annual magazine now assumes a special role by bringing together the finest literary contributions published across the bimonthly editions. Through this, L'avocat not only preserves the best work of the year but also motivates students to develop their literary voices over time.

I am equally delighted to note the introduction of About Books, a thoughtful initiative of L'avocat that introduces readers to remarkable books deserving wider attention across different languages and literary traditions. By encouraging students to explore diverse voices, cultures, and ideas, this initiative nurtures curiosity, broadens perspectives, and fosters the lifelong habit of reading. In an age of constant digital distractions, such efforts are invaluable in cultivating reflective, informed, and empathetic individuals.

Principal's Message

The College's autonomous curricular framework places, at its centre, the enrichment of advocacy through conscious and creative communication. A lawyer's strongest toolkit includes language that sharpens the argument while carving conscientious reflections on the law. Literary pursuits, such as creative writing and debating, offer meaningful ways to develop skilful advocacy. This repertoire also requires range – multilingual and multifaceted. The literary society aims to nurture in our graduates the confidence and the courage to advocate intentionally, artfully, and ethically, and in the language of the Court in which they serve.

Our purpose is to encourage students to be critical thinkers who both speak and listen with intention. Literary endeavours foreground social empathy and linguistic efficiency. In our autonomous curricular vision, we intend to enrich our learning environment through the literary society's engagements.

I congratulate the Editorial Board, faculty mentors, and every student contributor whose dedication has made this publication possible. Their enthusiasm and commitment have transformed L'avocat into a vibrant space where ideas, creativity, and dialogue come together.

I invite every member of the PGCL community to continue contributing to this shared literary journey. I am confident this initiative will continue to grow and enrich our institution's literary landscape for years to come.

Dr Navasikha Duara
Associate Professor
Principal (In-Charge)

From the Editor's Desk

Since its inception in 2007, L'avocat - The Literary Society has remained committed to nurturing a culture of literature, dialogue, and creative expression within the college. For nearly two decades, the Society has brought together students who find joy in books, poetry, debate, storytelling, and the written word, providing them with a platform to think critically and express themselves with confidence. As the Editorial Board, it has been both a privilege and a responsibility to curate this Annual Multilingual Literary Magazine - a reflection of the Society's literary journey throughout the academic year. Within these pages are voices that question, imagine, persuade, and inspire, each contributing to the vibrant literary identity that L'avocat continues to cultivate.

This year marked an important milestone in the evolution of the Society's publications. L'avocat's newsletter was transformed into a Bi-monthly Multilingual Literary Magazine, creating greater opportunities for literary engagement throughout the year. Published literary pieces in English, Hindi, Marathi, and Gujarati, the magazine celebrated the richness of India's linguistic diversity while encouraging contributors to express themselves in the language closest to their hearts. Another significant addition was the introduction of the "About Books" section, which explored literary milestones, celebrated award-winning books and authors, revisited timeless classics, and reflected on contemporary reading cultures. Together, these initiatives broadened the scope of the magazine, transforming it into a space that not only published creative writing but also fostered meaningful literary conversations.

The Annual Multilingual Literary Magazine brings together the finest literary contributions, memorable moments from the society's flagship events, and reflections on a year dedicated to reading, writing, debating, and creative exploration. It stands as both a celebration of the remarkable talent within our student community and a testament to the collective effort of every writer, editor, and contributor who helped shape L'avocat over the past year. We hope that these pages not only preserve the memories of this academic year but also inspire many more conversations, stories, and ideas in the years to come.

Bonne Lecture

Team L'avocat - Editorial Board

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Ms. Krisha Jain

Student Editors

Ms. Gauri Yadav & Ms. Supriya Baranwal

Poem

गुमशुदा

Manzil Shah

First Year, B. A. LL.B

Published in L'avocat Bimonthly, Multilingual Literary Magazine, November - December 2025

इस भीड़ से अनजान हूँ मैं
इनका खोया हुआ मेहमान हूँ मैं
इन चार लोगों की बातों से बेखबर हूँ मैं
बुरी बातों की उड़ती हुई खबर हूँ मैं
इस भीड़ में गुमशुदा हूँ मैं

अपने आप को ढूँढने की कोशिश में हूँ मैं
सबमें घुलने की आदत नहीं है मुझे,
थोड़ा अपने में ज़्यादा रहता हूँ मैं
अपने खयालों में उलझने की आदत है मुझे,
अंदर ही अंदर इनसे लड़ता रहता हूँ मैं
इस भीड़ में गुमशुदा हूँ मैं

अपने आप को ढूँढने की कोशिश में हूँ मैं
क्या बात है, तुम मुझे पहचान नहीं पाए?
वही अनकहा-सा राज़ हूँ मैं
ये बेराह लोगों से अनजान हूँ मैं
लोगों की भीड़ से बेखबर होकर भी
अंदर ही अंदर लाख बार बिखरा हूँ मैं
इस भीड़ में गुमशुदा हूँ मैं
तुम्हारा पुराना मेहमान हूँ मैं

पिता

Khushi Sharma

Second Year, B. A. LL.B

Published in L'avocat Bimonthly, Multilingual Literary Magazine, July - August 2025

दुनिया जिससे कभी समझ ना पाए वो पहली है पिता |
परिवार को हर सुख देके खुद अपनी खुशी से समझौता कर ले वो है पिता|
जो बिन कुछ कहे अपने परिवार का हर दुख पहचान ले वो है पिता ।
दिन रात अपने परिवार के लिए एक कर देता वो है पिता ।

परिवार को हर तूफान से बचा ले वो छत है पिता ।
अपने जरूरतों को हटा कर अपने बच्चों की हर इच्छा पूरी करे वो है पिता ।
थक कर घर आकर अपने परिवार के लिए हमेशा मुस्कुराए वो है पिता ।
जो परिवार की ढाल बनकर खड़ा रहे वो है पिता ।

जो अपने अंदर हजार दुख बांध कर रख ले वो है पिता ।
घर की हर एक ईंट में जिसकी मेहनत छुपी है वो है पिता ।
कुछ ना कह कर आंखों से अपना प्यार दिखा दे वो है पिता ।
अपने परिवार के लिए जो खुद को भूल जाए वो है पिता ।

अपने परिवार की हर स्वाहिश पूरी करके जो कभी श्रेय न ले वो है पिता ।
अपने बच्चों के सफलता के पीछे छुपा हुआ वो हाथ है पिता ।
अपने पैरों पर जिसने खड़े रहना सिखाया वो शिक्षक है पिता ।
अपने परिवार को छांव देकर जो धूप में जले वो है पिता ।

जिससे इस दुनिया में पहचान मिली वो है पिता ।
जो बच्चों की हिम्मत और अभिमान है वो है पिता ।
घर में चमक और रोशनी का आधार है पिता ।
इंसान के रूप में आया हुआ वो भगवान है पिता ।



Poem

कदम

Parth Shukla

First Year, B. A. LL.B

Published in L'avocat Bimonthly, Multilingual Literary Magazine, November - December 2025

मैं चलता रहता हूँ
कोई पूछ लेता है
"अरे तुम टैक्सी क्यों नहीं लेते?"

पैसे बचाने हैं, इसलिए चलता रहता हूँ
गाने सुनने हैं, इसलिए चलता रहता हूँ

कुछ यादों को भुलाना है, इसलिए चलता रहता हूँ
कुछ अफ़सानों को गाना है, इसलिए चलता रहता हूँ

स्टेशन से कुछ कदम दूर,
तेरा घर आता है, इसलिए चलता रहता हूँ

कभी कुछ वक्त लेकर मेरे ख़्वाबों में आया करना
मैं अक्सर वहाँ भी चलता रहता हूँ।



Poem

एक मौलक अशआर

Anas Dhorajiwala

Fifth Year, B. A. LL.B

Published in L'avocat Bimonthly, Multilingual Literary Magazine, March - April 2025

लौटना था तुझे, मगर खयाल ही रह गया

तेरे बाद इस दिल का क्या हाल ही रह गया,

मुड़कर देखा तो सिर्फ़ इक खामोशी का मंज़र ही रह गया

तन्हाई में गुफ्तगू थी, मैं बेमिसाल ही रह गया



Poem

A Twist in Love

Harsh Solanki

Runner-Up of Creative Writing Competition (Poetry), Freshers' Meet 2025

First Year, B. A. LL.B

His presence, like a soothing breeze,
glancing whom I always freeze.
His mind so calm; no mess,
who treats me like his little princess.
In the woods he takes me, resting under Rowan trees,
His words so magical dancing in my heart as poetries.
He handles kingdom so big, yet appears besides whenever I need,
Sometimes Tho his tantrums, make him a kid.
Clam quite humorous and wise,
A perfect man for my wandering eyes.
After him, I wanted none, in him only, was my moon and my sun.
But as the wolves' cry and moon-less night arrives,
my sweet gentleman starts the play of his lies.
When I slept on bed with dreams serene,
He left me at night changing realms.
His kingdom so luminous became at once dark,
felt as if I'm in a wraith's park.
Overwhelmed me with mysteries to solve,
Wondering where my relation evolved.
Meandering out, I found him on the forest bridge; for the secret to unveil,

Aghast I was when I witnessed my love was no human but a DEVIL!

He cried beneath the rowan tree.

again reciting his sweet poetry,

The devil now tells me his story, on "how I fell in love with thee"

I stand stunned listening to his voice of cry.

Witnessing his real face with raven's eye.

His body now, huge with horrific glance,

My love for him Tho, still enhanced. After him, I affirmed, "Although thou are a devil"

"I'm still thine, and thou are mine; that is my will"

The ease on his face to know my acceptance,

But for lying huh! My Devil is bound for a sentence.

Never thought my love would have such a twist,

Where I'd be the beauty and He'd be the beast!



Poem

The Illusion of Progress

Saryu Nahar

Third Year, B. A. LL.B

Published in L'avocat Bimonthly, Multilingual Literary Magazine, March - April 2026

In a story where women finally speak,
not loudly, not dramatically, just honestly,
about hands that lingered, voices that dismissed,
and silences that followed them home,

We sit and listen, almost uncomfortably.
because none of it feels new,
consent explained like it is a lesson we missed,
autonomy over a body still sounding like a demand,

We call ourselves evolved, educated, aware,
We speak in laws, in rights, in careful words,
Yet bodies are still negotiated, boundaries blurred,
Like respect is conditional, not understood,

We left the caves, built cities, built language, built law,
but somewhere the instinct never really left,
where silence fills in for consent,
and we still call this progress.

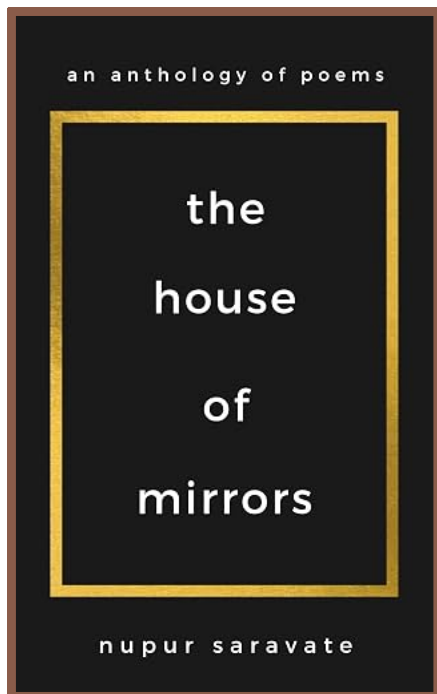


The House of Mirrors by Nupur Saravate

Review by Hasti Shah

Second Year, B. A. LL.B.

Published in L'avocat Bimonthly, Multilingual Literary Magazine, March - April 2025



The House of Mirrors by Nupur Saravate left a lasting impression on me. This book takes readers on a journey of self-reflection, exploring themes of love, loss, healing, and personal growth. Each poem feels like a mirror helping us see who we are and witness the emotions we often try to hide. The title is so fitting: like mirrors, these poems reveal different layers of thoughts and emotions.

My favorite facet of the book: How the poet expresses deep emotions with the simplest of words! There's something so powerful about the way Saravate captures pain, hope, and resilience without making the poems feel overwhelming. Each piece is written in a way that

makes it easy to connect with, across ages and ages-poetry certainly can say in a few words what we struggle to express in a hundred conversations. Some poems feel like a comforting hug, while others challenge you to confront your inner thoughts.

If you enjoy poetry, I would highly recommend - The House of Mirrors. This book feels like an experience that remains with you even after flipping over the last page.

Who Will Cry When You Die? by Robin Sharma

Review by Zil Patel

Second Year, B. A. LL.B.

Published in L'avocat Bimonthly, Multilingual Literary Magazine, July - August 2025

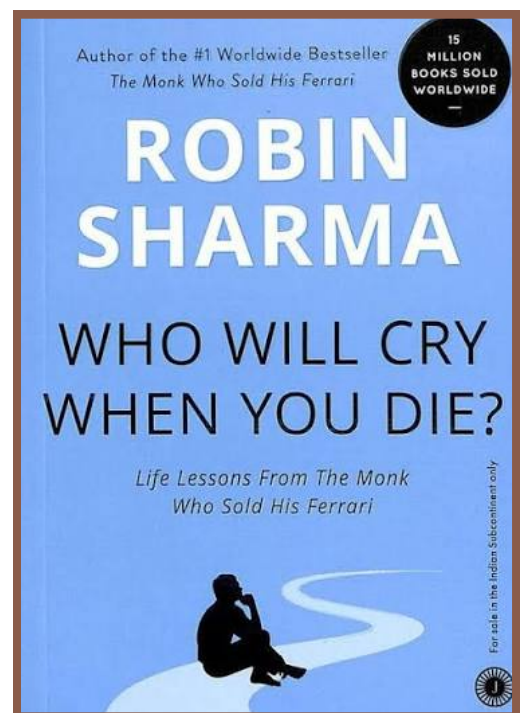
Who Will Cry When You Die? by Robin Sharma is a 108 page collection of short teachings and stories that encourage readers to live a more meaningful and fulfilling life. It had a deep impact on me at a very young age. While the lessons are simple, they remind you of the beauty in everyday life and how the smallest things often matter the most.

The book is made up of 101 very short chapters, each offering a gentle reminder that we often overlook what truly makes life special. Its core message is powerful: How many lives will you touch when you're no longer around? Will people remember you for your kindness? Will you leave behind a lasting impact?

It helps you reflect on these questions and shows how greater meaning can be found in the smallest actions.

One chapter that stayed with me is about being kind to a stranger every day. I wasn't always mindful of this before, but since reading the book, I've started making an effort to be kinder. I've noticed real changes in myself. Even something as small as smiling at someone instead of frowning can make a difference.

This book also introduced me to journaling, which I've now started doing regularly. Writing down my thoughts helps me understand what's really going on in my mind. We often think so



much without even realizing it, but journaling helps bring clarity and structure.

The book talks about the importance of being organised-with your time, your plans, and your life. It also discusses “tough love”: doing something productive every day, even when you don’t feel like it. Sharma reminds us to begin each day with intention, just like a building needs a strong base. A strong start leads to a strong life-one that’s ready for any storm.

Another key lesson from the book is that it’s okay to say 'NO.' You need to set your own rules and know your priorities. If something doesn’t align with your goals, you don’t have to agree to it. The book also encourages consistency and staying inspired, even when it’s difficult. Waking up early is another lesson that stood out. Though many people avoid it, it gives you more time and puts you ahead. In today’s world, where so many are distracted or unmotivated, simply being focused gives you an edge. Sharma also reminds us not to rely too much on moods, because they change. We have to rise above them. The book teaches you to live fully so that when you die, you have no regrets. Travel, do what makes you happy, and leave behind something good.

One line I’ll never forget is, "When you were born, you cried while the world rejoiced." Live your life in such a way that when you die the world cries while you rejoice.”

This book is perfect for beginners, and it should be read by daily readers as well. The language is simple, but the lessons are powerful. The lesson goes deep into your skin and blood. It truly changes your outlook on life and reminds you that, in the end, it’s the little things that matter the most and the way you choose to live your life. The gem of wisdom this book provides you will strike a deep chord within you.

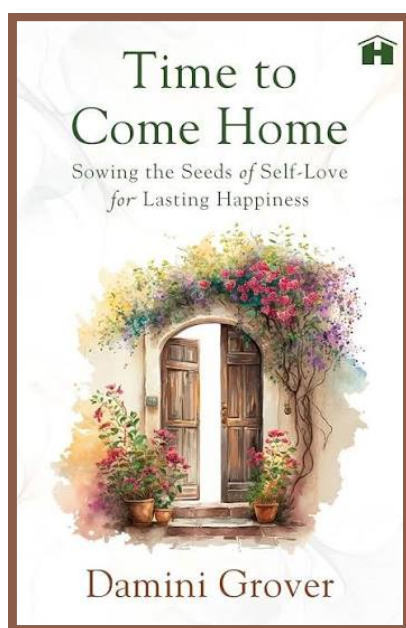


Time to Come Home by Damini Grover

Review by Muskan Malik

First Year, B. A. LL.B.

Published in L'avocat Bimonthly, Multilingual Literary Magazine, November - December 2025



Time to Come Home by Damini Grover is a self-help book that gently guides readers toward self-acceptance and emotional healing. It redefines self-love, breaking the misconception that loving yourself is selfish. Through simple yet profound journaling prompts - such as “What are some of the self-limiting beliefs you hold about yourself?” or “What new belief do you want to strengthen about yourself?” Begin with 'I am...' - The book encourages deep self-reflection and helps track one's healing journey. Grover also beautifully highlights the transformative power of gratitude and forgiveness, weaving in real-life stories of her clients that make the lessons. latable and heart-touching.

Each chapter opens with thought-provoking quotes and illustrations, like Shannon L. Alder's line - "One of the greatest regrets in life is being what others would want you to be, rather than being yourself." This book transformed my perceptions about self. It helped me break free from my old, limiting beliefs and reminded me that I am enough - that I don't need to prove my worth to anyone.

Written in clear and compassionate language, it's perfect even for beginners and non- readers. Time to Come Home feels less like a book and more like a personal therapist, walking beside you through the process of self-discovery. Although some concepts are repeated, that repetition brings clarity, reinforcement, and deeper understanding. Overall, it's a warm, practical, and emotionally honest read - highly recommended for anyone struggling with self-worth or acceptance.

Fairytale 2.0

Soumyarshi Maitra

*1st Runner-Up of Creative Writing Competition (Short story), Freshers' Meet 2025
First Year, B. A. LL.B.*

A barrage of emotions started to storm in Brandon's mind, for he is about to leave his hometown to attend college in Edinburgh.

On one side, his excitement runs wild as he has been admitted to the famed Edinburgh Law School, and on the other hand, he is unable to come to terms with leaving home.

For the greater part of his life, Brandon has fallen prey to an inferiority complex, and now he wants to start a new life at this college. "Have you packed your bags for the journey, son?" asked his over-scrupulous mother. "Mom, you are asking me this for the 100th time today," replied Brandon fretfully. It was finally the time when Brandon was standing at the Penzance station with too many suitcases. He is prepared for the ten-hour scenic train odyssey. This meant his transition from a dreamer in a small coastal town to a law student in a grand, stone-carved city. The familiar smell of salt clinging to every pore of his skin, and the seagulls flew above him in a circle as if bidding their favourite woolgatherer goodbye.

For our daydreamer Brandon, the train journey was a ten-hour blur of shifting horizons. It began with the liquid gold of the Cornish sea wall, where the waves sprayed their last bit of emotion with Brandon and it seemed the scenic beauty was etched in his heart.

After a long journey, he stepped off the train, and before him were the "Grey Friars" stone of Edinburgh, reminding him of the bright, airy home he left behind.

A long rest was needed, so Brandon went to his hotel and slept off.

The next day was college. His eyes were delighted at the sight of the renowned university. The first lecture was an introduction to the Public Law of the UK and Scotland.

His slow-paced movements had already cost him a couple of minutes. He received the title of "latecomer" on the very first day of college. Although an underconfident boy, he secretly and silently took pride in his bookish knowledge. In the Public Law lecture, the professor was astonished by the knowledge he possessed about the subject at such a young age. Little did he know that this slowly instilled a sense of courage and confidence in him. Over the course of time, he made new friends, but unbeknownst to him, he felt comfortable opening himself more to a girl named Sarah. She was the complete opposite of all the characteristics Brandon had. Sarah was a pragmatist; she lived in reality. She didn't speak much and was reserved and capricious. Nevertheless, Brandon engaged in meaningful conversations with her.

One day, there was a library session where the students had to pick up any landmark judgement of their choice, read it and write their own views in a story format which should entail every piece of informed decisions written by the Hon'ble Judges. While scouting for judgments, Sarah and Brandon met and decided they would work on the same case. Brandon pulled two chairs for him and Sarah and sat down examining, highlighting, and skimming through the judgment. Sarah was a type of girl who wanted everything to be organized and planned, with a typical pragmatic nature. She kept her highlighters, iPad, pens, and books in an organized way. She had a focused gaze while Brandon was disorganized, carried old books and pens, and wasn't so technologically advanced. He had a notebook full of doodles, poems, sketches and kept getting distracted by the various hues the books reflected when sunlight fell on the books through the library's stained glass windows.

"Look here, Brandon, focus; your daydreaming nature will cost you heavily someday," said Sarah with a frustrated tone.

Brandon was able to focus for a while but again got caught up in the specific smell of the library, old paper, floor wax, and the damp wool of students' clothes. They both sat there reading the judgment for three whole hours. Then with a jolt that startled even Sarah, Brandon stood up, banging the bench, and in a low tone said, "I need a cup of coffee." Over a cup of coffee, they continue discussing the points of the judgment. In a rare sight, Brandon became serious for a moment and engaged in a discussion with Sarah.

"They are thinking differently; Sarah emphasises the "Letter of the Law," looking at facts, statutes, and outcomes. She looks up relevant facts on her iPad while Brandon observes her seriousness with which she approaches everything. Brandon gets a sense of competition and voices his opinion. Maybe we should also look at the Humanity of the Law," said Brandon as if he were the vessel of Aristotle himself.

Sarah paused, her eyes locked on Brandon's silly face. She turned to look at him, her pragmatic gaze meeting his wool-gathering eyes. Their discussion suddenly fell into a lull, and the distant chime of the Central Edinburgh Clock was able to break the silence.

"The Humanity of the law, Brandon?" she repeated, her voice softening just enough to lose its sharp, frustrated edge. "Humanity won't help us pass the Bar. Do you think the judges work on poetry or precedents?"

Brandon leaned back, his chair making a creaking sound against the ancient floorboards. "But Sarah, take any precedent; the judges are humans too, and a slight tint of humanity is always reflected in their judgments." Sarah, before she could counter him, looked down at his notebook, cluttered with sketches of the library's gargoyles and fragments of verse that had nothing to do with Law. Her own screen was an ocean of facts and statutes shining in yellow, but she soon understood that the contrast was a physical wall between them, modernity clashing with the medieval.

"You are a lost cause, Brandon," she murmured, almost to herself. She didn't sound annoyed anymore; she sounded disappointed, but somewhere in her heart, there was a voice screaming that the law isn't just about dry statutes and facts, agreeing with the perspective of Brandon. She wanted to say something but was held back by the intense tingling sensation inside her head.

"Fine," she said; a small, rare smile ran away from her face. "I think I will take your leave. If I stay in this whispering house of ghosts any longer, I'll start seeing the colourless Privy Council in the stained glass, too." Soon, Brandon realized that everybody had left, and the golden yellow flicker of light from the setting sun was the only thing keeping them company.

As they began to pack their things, Brandon felt a strange surge of warmth that had nothing to do with the library's heating. He watched her meticulously slide her tablet into its case, her movements efficient and purposeful. He wondered, briefly, if a pragmatist like her ever dreamt of things that couldn't be cited in a legal brief. "I'll explain it," Brandon said, his confidence flickering like a candle in a drafty hall. "But only if you promise not to highlight my explanation in yellow."

The night Brandon went home, his mind replayed and romanticized the moments that transpired at the library earlier. Somehow, he felt Cupid had shot his arrow of love, aiming straight for Brandon's chest, and it had pierced his heart, resulting in a garden with scores of daffodils dancing with newfound love and joy.

The next day, it was announced that there would be a seminar at the end of the lectures, where a bigshot barrister would be coming and delivering a dry, flat speech on Constitutional Law and its connection with Public welfare. The lecture hall gave off the sensation of productivity while ironically missing the same element due to the speech and the tired faces of the students.

Brandon reached the hall with half-asleep eyes and a cup of coffee in his hand and purposefully took a seat in the row behind Sarah, giving him a perfect view of the back of her head. From here, his attention was largely divided into two halves, like the equator divides the world. The heat in the room was thick. It was the kind of humid afternoon where the air felt like a physical weight on your skin. Brandon sat with his notebook in one hand and coffee in the other. Halfway into the lecture, Brandon felt overwhelmed by the information and decided to sketch the stones, and birds, and the edifices that he had seen in his stay in Edinburgh. The notebook that was supposed to be about case laws was instead filled with messy sketches of the immaculate and the sordid sides of this large Gregorian New Town. But his mind hovered around the tension between him and Sarah. "Does she feel the same way I do? Nay, why would she ever feel that way?" A gush of questions entered and left his mind, and soon became a maelstrom when mingled with the teary emotions that were already initiating a whirlpool.

Then, soon, he noticed a single, thick lock of her hair that had escaped its clip. It had fallen over her shoulder and was caught against the rough fabric of her sweater, twitching every time she moved. It looked out of place, a small bit of chaos in her otherwise perfect world. Brandon was swayed by the silky hair of the girl who had recently stolen his heart. Brandon's heart started to hammer. He didn't think much; he leaned forward slightly, took a part of her hair, and started to wriggle his fingers around the hair. Sarah was so indulged in the speech that she was almost oblivious to her surroundings.

Brandon went on, gently twining the lock of hair around his index finger, pulling it back over her shoulder so it fell down her back. It was a silent, private thing, entangled within a Fairytale moment happening right in the middle of a dry lecture on Constitutional Law. Then The three-hour-long arid sermon finally came to an end. While packing things, Brandon got desperate, and what was a modest spark born of two stones clashing gave rise to a violent fire of love that scorched his heart.

A new movie was recently in theaters, and Brandon wanted to ask Sarah out to the movies. "Hey, did you hear people talking about the new movie that's broken the box office?" asked Brandon stuttering in between with nervousness and hesitation.

"Yes, yes, I have heard about it. I tend to forget its name."

"Fairytale 2.0"

"Correct."

"So will you watch the movie with "me?" - Hesitation took the better of him.

But the answer that followed was unexpected for Brandon.

"Yeah, why not?"

"Whoa, well then, meet you in the evening."

Then they both went their own ways. The yearning for love from Sarah resulted in an unknown happiness that Brandon felt was denied to him all his life. While returning, he continued to have his head in the clouds until a sharp sensation on the left side of his chest brought him back. He didn't pay much attention to it and was more focused on getting the tickets for the show.

It was time for the show, and Brandon was waiting for Sarah at the designated location. Soon he found his eyeballs getting fixated on a woman from far away on their own. Silky hair, fair skin wrapped in a fine velvet dress; a hibiscus resting by the side of her face, brushing the tip of her ear. Her eyes were glowing, as if calmness personified. As she came close to him, a familiar scent tended to enmesh Brandon in her beauty.

“Oi, daydreamer, let's go.”

“Yeah, sorry, come with me.”

As soon as they started walking together, several cumulonimbus clouds joined forces and started pouring cats and dogs. In no way was there any rain forecast, and so they were not carrying any umbrellas. Two lovebirds just wished to find their nest to have respite from this downpour.

Cover your head with my jacket; otherwise, you'll catch a cold.” - offered Brandon in a genuinely caring tone.

“Your jacket will cover your head too, Brandon; don't act so mighty.” - said Sarah, her tone mingled with sarcasm. And so they entered the theater with popcorn and a cold drink and sat down for the show. The movie began with a pompous family celebration on a faraway isolated island, and then it slowly started to derail from what the title exactly suggested, the complete opposite of a "fairytale."

A quiet sense of passion was transforming from its nascence to maturity. Brandon seized the moment as soon as he inhaled the air of romance and slowly slid his hand towards Sarah's. He knew it was a gamble. When the atoms at the tips of their index fingers hovered between them, tendrils of a love plant grew wild, binding their hands together. Soon, a pattern followed, like the internal mechanism of a clock where every arm interlocks perfectly to give rise to an interlocking gear mechanism, their minds, hearts, and thoughts intertwined into one, and both knew this was pure. But suddenly the rosy-coloured atmosphere shattered. The theater started playing Brandon's childhood before his eyes. He stood frozen in shock as it was replaying all the worst memories of his entire life. When he looked around, the hall was empty; only moments ago it had been full of people. He turned to see Sarah, who was sitting as if she had been hypnotized by Medusa.

Just then, an abrupt change of scenery mysteriously soothed Brandon's chaotic mind. He was sitting in the same position as he was in the movie theater with Sarah. A stagnant lake in front of them enhanced their views, and tall trees encircled the lake, which were shedding their leaves. A bouquet of tulip flowers lay on their lap, and the golden yellow light from the setting sun was again keeping them company, mimicking that day in the library. Somewhere in the distance, a bird called once and fell silent.

"Isn't the sky beautiful, Sarah?" - asked Brandon calmly.

There was no answer. When Brandon turned to look at Sarah, he saw an older Sarah, about seventy years of age, smiling at him. He was aghast at this sight. Then his gaze fell on their clasped hands, which looked wrinkled due to age.

The once young hands turned into wrinkled old hands in an instant. He ran towards the lake to look at his reflection in the water and saw an old man. Then the world before him blacked out and when he opened his eyes after a brief moment, he found himself lying on a hospital bed, with the old Sarah sitting by his side holding his hands.

Seeing this, Sarah was ecstatic and started calling every doctor screaming at the top of her voice, "HE IS AWAKE! HE IS FINALLY AWAKE! DOCTORS!"

Muffled voices ringing loudly in Brandon's ears, his vision blurred. He saw four doctors approaching him in haste. At the end, did he relive his life because he was dying, or did he live it again because he was not yet done? Was Brandon remembering love, or was love remembering Brandon? We will never know what actually transpired.



A Love Story That Stays

Saanica Nankani

*1st Runner-Up of Creative Writing Competition (Short story), Freshers' Meet 2025
First Year, B. A. LL.B.*

"Falling in love is like owning a dog. It's a lot of work and can be messy, but in the end it's worth it because they might just save your life."

Chapter 1: The Day Everything Went Wrong!

"BHOWWWW!! BHOWWWW!! BHOWWWW!!!"

She was going to die outside a law college.

Not in a dignified, headline-worthy way.

No.

She was going to be chased to death by dogs while holding her original documents. It started with one bark. Then two.

Then a full committee of extremely motivated street dogs who had clearly decided she was today's entertainment. She ran, bag bouncing. File flapping. Life flashed before her eyes in extremely poor resolution.

"HELP," she yelled, just as she nearly collided with a guy coming from the opposite direction.

He looked up, confused. She pointed behind her, breathless. "DOGS."

That was all the explanation he got before they appeared.

"Oh," he said intelligently. "Those are... many."

He grabbed her wrist. "This way!"

They ran. Together.

"WHY ARE THEY SO MOTIVATED?!!" she screamed.

"MAYBE BECAUSE THEY ARE DESPERATE TO HAVE YOU AS THEIR NEW MEMBER!" he cried.

He gripped her hand and gained speed, which would've been Bollywood-worthy if he hadn't immediately tripped over a stone. They both stumbled.

The dogs gained confidence.

"WHY DID YOU STOP?" she screamed.

"I WAS TRYING TO SAVE US!" he yelled back, sprinting again.

They ducked behind a parked car, crouching, likely hiding from their poor life choices, clearly failing miserably.

She clutched his sleeve. "I don't want to die before orientation."

The dogs barked. Circled. Judged them. One of them sat down.

She whispered, "Do you think they accept apologies?"

He bit back laughter. "I think they're conducting an inquiry."

Finally, a chaiwala shooed the dogs away.

Silence.

They looked at each other.

Hair ruined. Dignity missing. Hearts racing.

She realized she was still holding his arm.

She let go instantly. "I'm so sorry."

"For what?" he grinned. "Kidnapping me and making me run a marathon I didn't sign up for?"

She groaned. "You must think I'm a walking disaster zone. Which I likely am, I guess. But the previous better not named incident wasn't my fault completely. In fact I love dogs, they are absolutely adorable but I guess universe planned me a dramatic welcome to the college and this yet again proves what a fabulous luck I have which never fails to entertain others. God!! I am rambling again, am I not? I do that when embarrassed."

He tilted his head. "You definitely have comedic luck, might I add. Brave. Dramatic. Poor judgment but clearly a fast runner."

She felt her cheeks warm up.

He was clearly enjoying her reactions. She didn't respond to avoid being further humiliated. Stood up and made her way to the college gate while counting her unlucky stars.

Chapter 2: Out Of Her League

The next day, she returned to campus with her friend, determined to forget everything. Her friend, however, was determined to notice everything.

"Do you see him?" she whispered, gripping her arm.

She followed her gaze.

The same boy—from yesterday—walked across the quad with easy confidence, surrounded by people.

"That's Aarav," her friend breathed. "Third year. Rank-holder. Moot court legend. Rich. Faculty favourite. Completely out of league."

The words settled heavily in her chest.

Out of league.

Good, she told herself. Yesterday had been an accident. Accidents don't repeat themselves. They always do.

Auditorium. Orientation.

She sat very straight, very quiet, determined not to be remembered as a "CANINE MAGNET."

"Your senior representative will now address you," the principal announced.

The guy from yesterday walked up to the podium.

Same grin. Same voice.

Her soul left her body again.

"Good morning," he said a little too cheerfully. "I'm Aarav, third year."

Pause.

His eyes found her.

"If anyone here is wondering," he continued, "law school prepares you for many things.

Beat.

"Running from problems is not one of them."

The hall laughed.

She felt her cheeks flame up and heat radiating out of them. She wanted to be struck by a lightning bolt.

As he stepped down, he passed her row.

"Relax," he murmured. "I only tease people who survive dog attacks with me."

Her heart did something extremely illegal. It somersaulted without permission, and she knew she was now entering an uncharted territory.

Chapter 3: Aarav Notices (Aarav's POV)

He hadn't planned to notice her.

She was just a junior - new, nervous, and easy to overlook.

Except she wasn't.

She observed rooms before entering them. Listened more than she spoke.

When she did speak, it was careful and precise. She argued in class with a quiet intensity that stayed with him long after lectures ended. He noticed how she smiled like she wasn't fully convinced she belonged yet.

So he started saving her seats.

Leaving coffee beside her notes.

Teasing lightly - but stopping the second her shoulders stiffened.

When she finally asked him not to call her "Dog Girl," he didn't joke, didn't ask why.

He stopped.

Because boundaries mattered.

And because, somewhere between shared silences and exchanged glances, he was already in trouble.

Chapter 4: Dates That Pretended Not to Be (Ananya's POV)

They never called them dates.

They called them "walks," "breaks," and "coffee."

But they lingered longer than necessary.

They sat in roadside cafés arguing about cases that hadn't happened yet. He listened when she spoke about why she chose law - not ambition, not prestige, but justice as a stubborn belief. "You're idealistic," he said once, smiling.

"So are you," she replied softly.

He didn't deny it.

Once, they went to the movies. Their hands brushed. Hesitated. Intertwined.

"If you hold my hand now," he whispered, "I might never let go."

"That sounds like a warning."

"An invitation."

She accepted.

Chapter 5: Rain and Almost's (Dual POV)

The rain arrived without warning.

They had been walking back from a café, laughing, when the sky opened up.

They ran instinctively, ducking under an awning, breathless and soaked.

He stood close - too close.

Water dripped from her hair. His jacket clung to his shoulders.

"If I kiss you now," he said quietly, "I won't stop."

Her breath caught.

She leaned in -

A bark.

"No," she whispered, eyes widening.

Dogs.

Again.

They burst into laughter, fleeing once more, soaked and ridiculous.

Later, she would think about how fate had a strange sense of humour.

Chapter 6: The Distance Grows Slowly (Aarav's POV)

Delhi had always been part of the plan.

He just hadn't expected her to be part of the hesitation.

The internship offer arrived with congratulations and certainty. Pride followed quickly - then guilt.

How do you tell someone who already feels out of place that you're leaving?

He delayed.

That delay hurt her.

And that hurt him more than distance ever could.

Chapter 7: What Isn't Said Hurts the Most (Her POV)

She heard it from someone else.

"He's interning in Delhi."

Of course.

When she confronted him, her voice was steady.

"You didn't trust me."

"I didn't want to scare you."

"You don't get to decide what scares me."

That was the first time she saw fear in his eyes—not for himself, but for losing her.

Chapter 8: Forced Proximity (Dual POV)

The group project trapped them together.

Late nights. Shared exhaustion. Careful conversations.

"I don't want to protect you from life," he said finally. "I want to walk through it with you."

She believed him - not because he said it, but because he stayed.

Chapter 9: The Kiss That Waited (Ananya's POV)

The rain returned weeks later.

So did the dogs.

They ran again - slipped, fell, laughed hysterically.

Under the awning, soaked and breathless, he stopped her.

"

Chapter 10: Staying (Aarav's POV)

If I kiss you now," he said softly, "I'll fall."

She smiled. "Haven't you already?"

He kissed her.

The world did not end. It just turned a lot more colourful, just how she turned his life a lot more vibrant bringing chaos yet memories that could never leave him, at least not in this lifetime.

Leaving didn't mean abandoning.

It meant choosing—again and again.

Distance tested them, but it didn't undo them.

What was real stayed. The innumerable letters and conversations stayed.

The memories and the love never diminished. The craving only grew stronger with the wait and the distance.

Chapter 11: The Kind of Ending That Stays (Ananya's POV)

Years later, she stood outside the same gate.

"Sorry," a familiar voice said. "Traffic. And fate."

Aarav smiled, white flowers in hand.

"Are you still afraid of dogs?" "Only the ones that chase."

He took her hand. They were warm, a little too warm for the winters, but so was his love that warmed her heart in ways that rewired her heartstrings.

Some fairytales don't end.

They just learn how to stay.

"True love stories never have an ending."- Richard Bach



Crowned in Chaos

Vidhan Ajmera

Runner-Up of Book Teaser Competition, Freshers' Meet 2025

First Year, B. A. LL.B.



Crowned in Chaos is the first book in the EarthenCrown trilogy that revolves around the power struggle in the subcontinent of Elarion and the political drama that takes place. When King Augustus is murdered and the royal princess vanishes, the kingdom fractures beneath the weight of grief, treachery, and secrets. As nobles sharpen their smiles and neighbours strengthen their armies, fate begins its journey through the cracks of power.

Riona, the lost princess, carries with her an ancient force long thought forgotten, and to some she is salvation. To others, a weapon, and to one man, she is both.

Silian is an assassin bound by blood and oath to kill without mercy, yet he is tasked with the impossible to protect the very life he may one day be ordered to end.

As a war looms and the truth rots beneath the very castle, loyalties are tested and torn between duty and belief. Are some lives too dangerous to spare? Or are some too precious to destroy?

With enemies and secret orders pulling unseen strings and gods who may no longer be watching-or worse, watching too closely- the crown stands on the edge of chaos.



A World Held Together With Strings

Soumyarshi Maitra

Runner-Up of Book Teaser Competition, Freshers' Meet 2025

First Year, B. A. LL.B.

This is a story about a world that sustains itself only on strings held by a mysterious force that everyone is oblivious to.

One day, a string breaks, which causes grave imbalances to the world and creates a vaulted catacombs where citizens have completely forgotten how the world was before this imbalance. The moon starts giving light to the world, the citizens start drinking fire instead of water, and water is breathed by the humans. Humans and animals walk on air, and air is solidified. But there remains a certain teenager who remembers what the world looked like before this mess.



This story revolves around the boy who, even after many hardships, continues to unravel the truth and restore the original order of the world. In the process, he is confronted with the mysterious force, but the tables turn majorly at the end.

Is he somehow involved in the conspiracy? Let us find out together.



East Indians of Bombay

Laura Correia

First Year, B. A. LL.B.

Published in L'avocat Bimonthly, Multilingual Literary Magazine, March - April 2026

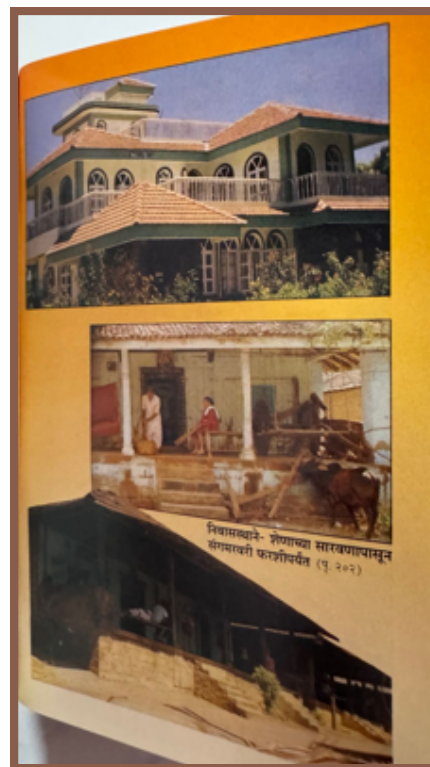
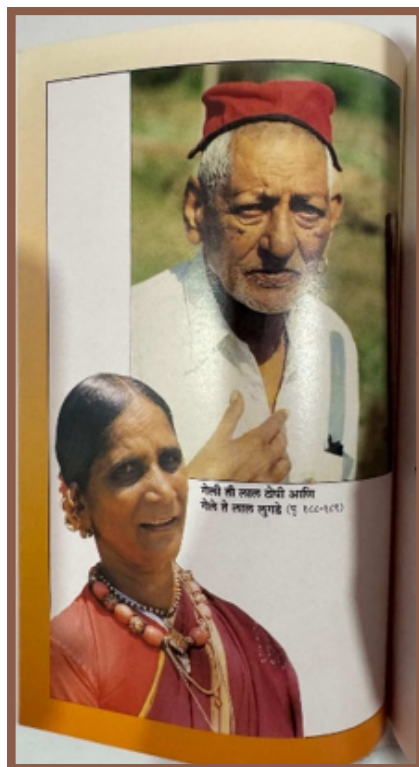
Your lingering thoughts wandering over the glittering city light sea... what do you see? the rugged skyline? the infamous local train? Today, Mumbai is celebrated as the city of dreams, the country's financial capital, where millions arrive every day dreaming of aspirations, making the dreams come true. But long before the city became an epicenter for the fulfillment of dreams, it was home to the East Indians - one of the city's oldest Christian communities.

Their story begins in the early 16th century when the local communities across the islands of Bombay were introduced to the teachings of Christianity by Franciscan missionaries. This gradually led to the conversion of many natives to Christianity, a movement furthered by the Jesuits under St. Francis Xavier. The missionaries converted multiple indigenous communities. These communities were initially known as the 'Bombay Portuguese', but to differentiate themselves from the Goan and the Mangalorean Catholics, they adopted the name - the 'East Indians' - to assert their status as the indigenous communities under the British East India Company, and today this community is made up of 5 sub-groups: the Kulbis, the Samvedis, the Kolhis, the Wadvals and the Salsettes.

The ones closest to me are the Samvedis, also known as the Kuparis, spread across the lush green landscapes of Vasai and Virar.

While the rest of the city considers these as mere suburbs, for me it is actually a living museum of heritage where the past is not preserved behind a glass but rather continues to exist in the banana plantations, the streets lined with coconut trees, the traditional houses with courtyards and swings, and crosses at the entry of each village. Even with multiple apartment complexes rising around them, these villages still hold on to the charm that makes them different from the rest of the city and that is where our story is written.

What makes our community truly special is the seamless blend of Catholic traditions with the ancient Indian culture. Whether it's the manglasutra being gifted to the bride in church right after the couple exchange vows or the green bangles worn by the brides showcasing our Maharashtrian roots. The traditional attire of the us - the samvedis - is a nine-yard vivid red saree for women and a white shirt and dhoti with a signature red cap for men. The Kupari spirit however is more than just rituals; it is present in the rhythmic beats of the brass band, in the piping hot fugiyas served with bottle masala curries and in the change in the dialects as one moves from one village to another. These are the details that make the community feel less like a chapter in history and more like something that is still alive. And for me, this city of dreams will always be the first home to my ancestors.



आध्यात्मिक प्रवास: गोव्याचा खरा स्वर्ग

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Published in L'avocat Bimonthly, Multilingual Literary Magazine, March - April 2026

नमस्कार! मी गौरी, तुमच्यासमोर सादर करत आहे माझ्या गोवाच्या प्रवासाची कहाणी. मी आमच्या घरी गोव्याच्या मंदिरांची कथा नेहमी ऐकायचे, अगदी आजोबांच्या काळापासून. लोक म्हणतात गोवा म्हणजे फक्त समुद्र किनारा आणि पार्टी, पण हे खरं नाही! गोवा हे संस्कृती आणि वारसाचे स्थान आहे. प्राचीन मंदिर, जीएसबी परंपरा, आणि शांत निसर्गाच्या रूपात येथे इतिहास अजूनही जिवंत आहे. मी पुन्हा एकदा निघाले माझ्या गावाला भेट देण्यासाठी.

मी ट्रेनने मडगावला पोहचले. पहिल्या दिवशी वेलिंग येथे **लक्ष्मी नरसिंहाच्या** मंदिरात गेले. नरसिंहाची भव्य मूर्ती पाहून डोळे भरून आले. मी एक रात्र तिथेच राहिले. सकाळी आरतीत सामील झाले. घंटेचा आवाज ऐकून मला खूप आनंद झाला. तिथला प्रसाद ग्रहण करताच मला माझ्या घरच्या सात्विक जेवणाची आठवण आली.



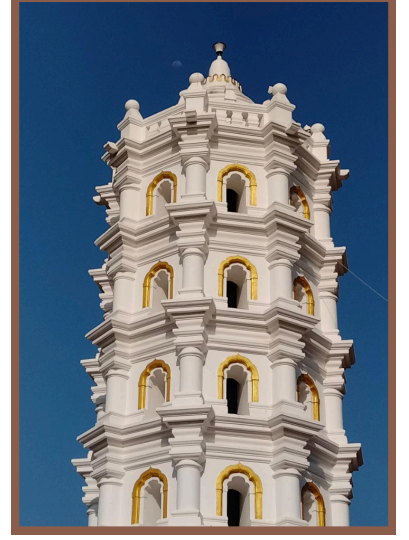
लक्ष्मी नरसिंह मंदिर, वेलिंग



शांतादुर्गा मंदिर, वेलिंग

तिथे बाजूलाच **शांतादुर्गा मंदिर** आहे. सोन्याची मूर्ती आणि प्राचीन वास्तु. जीएसबी परंपरेत ही देवी खूप पूजली जाते. मी दुसऱ्या रात्री तिथे राहिले. त्या दिवशीच्या जेवणात स्थानिक गोमंतकीय पदार्थ होते. तिथे मी भात आणि कोकम करीचा आस्वाद घेतला.

तिसऱ्या दिवशी **मंगेशीच्या मंदिरात गेले**. महादेवाचे हे सुंदर मंदिर. जीएसबी कुटुंबात मंगेशीची कथा नेहमी सांगितली जाते. तिथे पूजेनंतर मन शांत झाले. त्यानंतर महालक्ष्मीच्या मंदिरात गेले. तिच्या कृपेने कुटुंब सुखी व आनंदी राहो, अशी प्रार्थना केली.



मंगेशी मंदिर, प्रियोळ

चौथ्या दिवशी **महालसा मंदिर, सहस्रलिंग मंदिर, आणि विजयादुर्गा** या मंदिरांचे दर्शन घेतले. सहस्रलिंग म्हणजे हजार लिंगं – ते पाहून आश्चर्य वाटलं! विजयादुर्गामध्ये एक तलाव पाहिलं. तिथलं निळं पाणी आणि त्यातील सुंदर कमळ पाहून मन अगदी आनंदी झालं. हा प्रवास फक्त मंदिरापर्यंत मर्यादित नसून माझी माझ्या मुळाशी ओळख घडवून देणारा होता. मी त्याचदिवशी मुंबईत परतले, पण मन मात्र गोव्यातच अडकलं होतं. गोवा हे खरच स्वर्ग आहे हे जाणवले!



श्री लक्ष्मी नृसिंह मंदिर, वेलिंग



विजयादुर्ग मंदिर, केरी



महालसा नारायणी मंदिर, मार्दोल

Netflix's 'BULBBUL' Will Haunt You In The Best Way – Here's Why

Review by Gauri Yadav

Third Year, B. A. LL.B.

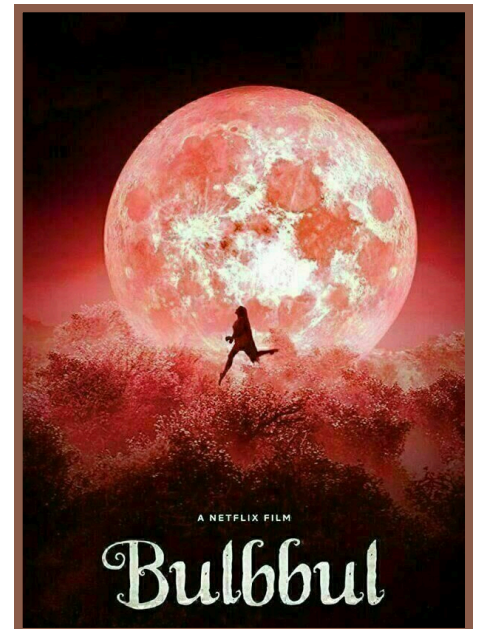
Published in L'avocat Bimonthly, Multilingual Literary Magazine, September - October 2025

“Aadmi Kyun? Aurat bhi toh ho sakti hai” - Bulbbul's calm defiance breaks the assumptions people have about her and hints at a hidden strength within - a warning that in a world of silent women, those unheard can become the most dangerous voices of all.

Back in 1962, *Sahib Bibi Aur Ghulam*, directed by Abrar Alvi, took us inside the fading mansions of Bengal's feudal past. These were places where lonely women, trapped in unhappy marriages, formed uncertain relationships with other men but could never fully escape their situations. In her debut film, *Bulbbul*, set in 1881 during the

Bengal Presidency, Anvita Dutt does something similar but expands on it. She blends feudal society with supernatural and mythological elements, creating a story that feels both eerie and magical. Through this mix of folklore and horror, she delivers a powerful and emotional take on the deep-rooted patriarchy of that time. [1]

Bulbbul tells the haunting tale of a young bride's journey from innocence to awakening and eventual transformation into a symbol of vengeance. The story unfolds through Bulbbul's relationships with her much older husband, Indranil, his twin brother Mahendra, Mahendra's wife Binodini, and Satya, Indranil's younger brother, with whom Bulbbul shares a special



bond. Years later, Satya returns to the village to find it shrouded in mystery, with men being brutally killed under strange circumstances. Amid these events, Bulbbul, now the lady of the house, has transformed into a confident yet enigmatic figure. Satya boards on an investigation into the mysterious killings, while villagers believe the killings are the work of a chudail.

While Bulbbul includes supernatural elements, it isn't horror in the conventional sense. Instead, it's a psychological and societal horror, one that highlights the real terror of oppression. The supernatural elements don't simply aim to frighten but symbolize repressed female rage and justice for the wronged one. For those seeking a classic horror experience, Bulbbul may disappoint, as it leans more toward a gothic drama with supernatural elements rather than true horror.

Moreover, the foreshadowing in Bulbbul is often quite obvious. From early scenes, viewers can anticipate that Bulbbul's transformation is linked to the trauma and oppression she endures, which makes the plot progression somewhat expected. Clues about who or what is behind the village deaths are dropped in ways that don't require much guesswork. I believe what truly keeps the story engaging is the anticipation of how Satya will react upon uncovering the truth. This tension becomes the central thread that captures the audience's attention, shifting the focus from merely identifying who is behind these killings to the unfolding consequences of that revelation. However, the revelation section ends abruptly, with Satya sobbing in anger and regret. This conclusion feels somewhat incomplete, as it doesn't delve deeper into the larger consequences of discovery.

Despite some predictable moments and an abrupt ending, Bulbbul is still worth watching because of the way it tells its story and the emotions it evokes. The film reflects deep themes of female strength, justice, and the fight against oppression, making it more than just a tale of mystery or horror. The tension, the relationships, and Bulbbul's transformation keep you invested, while the symbolism and visuals make the experience unforgettable. The film's emotional depth, powerful performances, and thought-provoking themes make it a cinematic gem.



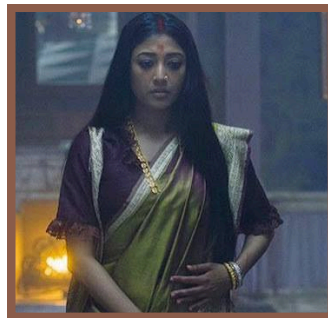
A note on acting - all the characters in *Bulbbul* played their roles exceptionally well, contributing to the film's compelling narrative, especially Tripti Dimri. Tripti is outstanding in the movie! She is innocent, magnetic, playful, vengeful, and mystifying at the same time. This is the performance she will be remembered for. [2]

Tripti Dimri as Bulbbul

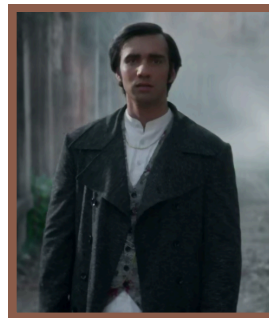
Further, Rahul Bose, Paoli Dam, Avinash Tiwari, and Parambrata Chattopadhyay - each brings their character to life in a way that feels authentic, leaving no room for criticism.



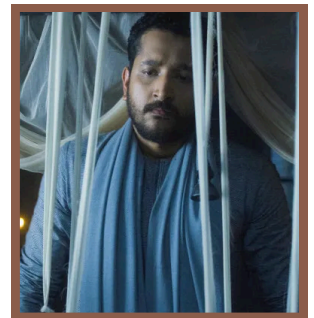
Rahul Bose as Indranil



Paoli Dam as Binodini



*Avinash Tiwari
as Satya*



*Parambrata Chattopadhyay
as Dr. Sudip*

The night scenes in *Bulbbul* look beautiful, with a constant red glow from the blood moon. Everything in the film - costumes, colors, and cinematograph - is eye-catching. It's like a dark fairytale. The dialogues are beautifully written, simple yet powerful, perfectly reflecting the emotions and tensions of each scene.

The "feet metaphor" [3] in *Bulbbul* is one of the film's strongest symbols. *Bulbbul*'s feet reflect her wish to break free, but society keeps restricting her. Her forced toe ring and the injuries to her feet by her husband symbolize how men try to restrict her movement and independence. Another thing that really adds to the film's impact is its decision not to include unnecessary songs or dance sequences like typical Bollywood movies. This choice keeps the focus on the story and emotions, making the film feel more real, powerful, and immersive.

At last, Bulbbul isn't just a film you watch - it's one you feel. It's haunting, beautiful, and quietly powerful. No over-the-top drama, no distractions - just a story that speaks, shakes, and stays with you long after it ends. Trust me, give it a shot - it's a must-watch!



[1] Namrata Joshi, "Bulbbul' movie review: Strikes at the putrid core of patriarchy," THE HINDU (Jun 29, 2020, 12:13 am IST) <https://www.thehindu.com/entertainment/reviews/bulbbul-movie-review-strikes-at-the-putrid-core-of-patriarchy/article31908801.ece>

[2] Amit Bhalerao and Viplov Wingkar, "Bulbbul film review: Feminist storytelling done right," INDIE JOURNAL (Jun 29, 2020 6:25 PM) [Indie Journal | Bulbbul film review: Feminist storytelling done right](#)

[3] Srijani Roy, "Understanding Bulbbul," THE ARM CHAIR JOURNAL (Sept 6, 2020) <https://armchairjournal.com/understanding-bulbbul/>



Unheard Echoes: Karna's Letter to Kunti

Gauri Yadav

Third Year, B. A. LL.B.

Published in L'avocat Bimonthly, Multilingual Literary Magazine, March - April 2025

Prelude:

Karna is one of the central protagonists of the great Hindu epic, The Mahabharat. Karna is a heartrending figure defined by immense bravery and an inescapable destiny. He is the son of Kunti, princess of the Kuntal kingdom, and the Sun God, Surya. Kunti had been granted a divine boon allowing her to bear a child from any god of her choosing. To test the truth of this boon, she invoked Surya—and from this invocation, Karna was born. However, fearing societal scorn and the consequences of bearing a child out of wedlock, Kunti abandoned the newborn, setting him adrift in a basket upon the sacred waters of the Ganges. The basket was discovered by a humble Suta couple, Radha and Adhiratha, who lovingly adopted and raised him as their own.

Karna grew up unaware of his royal lineage, yet his extraordinary skill in archery and noble character sharply contrasted with the obscurity of his birth. Despite his innate talent, he faced constant social rejection due to his low birth, a stigma that haunted him throughout his life.

In Karna's poignant letter to Kunti, he confronts the invisible wounds of abandonment and societal rejection, juxtaposed with his visible achievements as a warrior.

Dear Mother,

I have always been a warrior in front of you. Today, I crave to be your son, burdened with an invisible weight that has crushed my spirit. I have worn the armor of a warrior throughout my life. But no one knows; beneath that lies a painful heart. This letter is my attempt to make you see the unseen Karna, the son you abandoned, who has lived a life searching for his place in the world.

From the moment I was cast into the river, my journey has been a quest for identity. Found and raised by Radha and Adhiratha, I was given an identity of a charioteer's son. However, the question about my origin never ceased to haunt me. Because of my foster parents, I grew up with love and care. Yet, the pain of being left alone, of being unwanted, has haunted me every single day. Every time I was looked down upon, every moment I was humiliated for my low birth, I questioned what I had done to deserve such a fate.

Why Mother? Why did you abandon me? Was I so unworthy of your love that you cast me away?

As I grew older, my abilities in archery became evident. The fire within me burned to prove myself, to rise above the status that society had assigned me. I sought the tutelage of Dronacharya, but he refused to teach based on my perceived low birth. It was a harsh reminder of the rigid social hierarchy. This was my first encounter with the visible barriers that society placed before me, barriers that made my true identity invisible to those around me.

Determined to learn, I found my way to Parshuram. He accepted me as his disciple under the guise of a Brahmin. Under his guidance, I honed my skills and became a formidable warrior. However, the revelation of my true identity as a low birth to Parshuram brought another heartbreak. I was cursed for my deceit. That day, I was left to grapple with the reality that my achievements could be rendered invisible at the most crucial moments due to the societal constructs over which I had no control.

Mother, do you know how it feels to be cursed for something beyond your control? To be judged and condemned for circumstances you never chose?

Meeting Duryodhana, the prince of the Kuru dynasty, was a turning point in my life. His acceptance and friendship gave me a sense of belonging. He made me a king, gave me status, and, most importantly, visibility. For the first time, I felt seen. However, this newfound visibility came with its own set of challenges and moral dilemmas. My loyalty to Duryodhana often placed me at odds with the Pandavas, who, unbeknownst to me, were my brothers.

Unaware of my true origins, I devoted myself entirely to Duryodhana. And how could I not? He accepted me when the world rejected me. My loyalty to him became unwavering. In my gratitude and sense of duty, I stood beside him through every challenge. Little did I know that in doing so, I was betraying my brothers, the Pandavas.

The invisible bond of brotherhood was unknown to me, and my actions, though driven by loyalty, were ultimately against my blood. This realization fills me with an inescapable sorrow, knowing that my ignorance led to conflicts and betrayals that could have been avoided had I known the truth.

Do you know how it feels now, knowing that I humiliated my sister-in-law, Draupadi, during her public disrobing? Unknowingly, I committed the biggest sin of my life. I actively encouraged and participated in the public disrobing of my sister-in-law. I was so happy when my brothers were deprived of everything through a conspiracy and supported the decision of the thirteen-year exile meted out to my brothers, although they did nothing wrong. But now, I am feeling the weight of guilt crushing over me. The pain of realizing my unwitting participation in all these, especially in Draupadi's humiliation—it all haunts me. My visible actions of loyalty to Duryodhana are now overshadowed by the invisible torment of my mistakes—a torment that gnaws at my soul every day.

Mother, do you remember the day you revealed the truth of my birth? I don't know how to express how I felt at that moment. It felt like my whole life was a curse. Somehow, it brought a sense of relief to know the truth, but it was more of an invisible conflict. Your request to join the Pandavas and abandon Duryodhana in the Kurukshetra war placed me in an impossible position. How could I betray the one person who had seen me, accepted me, and given me the recognition I had longed for all my life? My life became a struggle between these visible loyalties and my invisible desires. The Kauravas and Pandavas represent the two sides of my identity. The war of Kurukshetra was not just a battle for the throne; it was also the battle between my visible and invisible self. I fought for the truth, but it was more of an invisible conflict. Your request to join the Pandavas and abandon Duryodhana in the Kurukshetra war placed me in an impossible position.

At last, as I lay on the battlefield, wounded and nearing my end, the realization of my invisibility became stark. Despite my prowess and bravery, I remained an outsider, neither wholly accepted by the Kauravas nor the Pandavas. In my final moments, Krishna's revelation to Arjuna about my true identity added another layer to my existence. The world would finally know who I was, but it felt like a hollow victory. The recognition I had sought all my life came too late to alter my fate. The irony of my life was that the truth of my birth, which could have been a source of pride and honor, remained invisible until the very end.

Mother, why did you abandon me to the river's current, leaving me invisible to your love? Was I unworthy of your embrace, deemed too invisible to claim as your son, concealed by the visible norms that kept us apart? If only you had acknowledged me, how differently would my life have unfolded - visible alongside my brothers? Could we have faced the world together - a visible family united? Why did you not see the invisible pain of my struggles, the wounds hidden beneath the surface that shaped every battle I fought? You let the truth unfold when your five sons were in danger; otherwise, you kept me invisible, unseen, and unheard.

These questions weigh heavily on my heart as I seek understanding, not pity, in the shadows of our shared past. If only you had been courageous enough to claim me as your son, to defy the norms that kept us apart, perhaps my life would have been different.

I would have grown up knowing my real family. I would have stood beside my brothers instead of against them. The rivalry with Arjun would have been brotherly competition, not enmity. Draupadi would never have faced humiliation at my hands, and the Pandavas would not have suffered my misguided wrath. I would have embraced my rightful place among the Pandavas, avoiding the war that tore us apart. Your courage in keeping me would have spared us all from the visible and invisible wounds that have scarred our lives. I would not have endured the pain of rejection, the stigma of a low birth, and the constant struggle to prove myself. The curse of Parshuram, the refusal of Dronacharya, and the bitter enmity with my blood would have been avoided. My loyalty to Duryodhana, born out of gratitude for his acceptance, would not have conflicted with my duty to my family.

Instead of suffering from an invisible burden of abandonment and an unrecognized identity, I would have lived a life of love, respect, and rightful honor. Your single act of abandoning me set in motion events that led to immense suffering, both visible and invisible.

Mother, as I end this letter, my heart is heavy with the words that have remained unsaid for so long. I want you to know, that despite everything, you have always remained in my thoughts and prayers. My love for you remains steadfast and true. Farewell until we meet again, in heart if not in sight.

With longing and love,
Karna



Sentenced To Separation

Jiya Gada

*Winner of Creative Writing Competition (Poetry), Freshers' Meet 2025**

First Year, B. A. LL.B.

In the halls of remembrance, a tune resides,
Of stolen glances where a tomorrow hides.
A love forbid, by time and fate denied,
With every beat, the longing cut through the time.

We met in hush, 'neath the watchful moon,
Our hearts a rhythm, a forbidden tune.
A world full of whispers, where our fairytale lay,
But lines were stretched, a path we couldn't stray.
Two arrows crossed by chance, not meant to stay,

The meeting was destined; the farewell was a sentence.
Amidst ages past, in lives we've never known,
Seeds of this love, across the tides were sown.

A fleeting touch, an oath left unsaid,
The echo of the words left unread.

You were the north star, radiant and far away,
I was the sailor, lost in the oceans of gray.
We mapped the stars, in paths we couldn't take,
Our love's a story, told for memory's sake.

No wedding bells, no rings of gold entwined,
Just fragile hope we left the world behind.

A silent promise, in times brief and bright,
A devotion that flourished within the fading light.

The sands of time, in hourglass flows,
A timeless passion, still we come to know.
Though worlds may twist, and centuries may cease,
This yearning remains, a forever, red-string piece.

For some desires fade, like golden seasons vanishing day,
But ours endures, in a more lasting way.
A cherished secret, breathed into the air,
A love so strong, beyond all time's compare,

And thought the epilogue, we know we will never cross paths,
The memory of us lingers, well beyond the aftermath.
A vetoed love, a beautiful, sad song,
In eternal verses, forever it belongs.



**The Creative Writing Competition invited first-year students to transform visual prompts into original literary expressions. Participants could explore the prompts through either poetry or short fiction, allowing each image to become the starting point for a distinct interpretation and narrative. The competition celebrated imagination, originality, emotional expression, and the ability to build a world from a single visual cue.*

I Wanna Be Yours

Reneeka Pabari

*Winner of Creative Writing (short story), Freshers' Meet 2025**

First Year, B. A. LL.B.

They met the way most lies begin: politely, with witnesses.

The wedding in Udaipur was loud with colour and expectation. Yellow lights were strung like temporary promises across the courtyard, and the air smelled of marigolds, ghee, and something faintly burnt. Kabir Malhotra stood near the bar, pretending to care about whisky options, when Tiana Jindal was brought over by a well-meaning aunt who believed destiny worked best when nudged.

"This is Tiana," the aunt said. "She designs interiors."

Kabir smiled and offered his hand. "Kabir. Head of Operations. eBay."

Their handshake lasted a second longer than socially necessary. Kabir noticed the steadiness of her pulse. Tiana noticed how his thumb rested near her wrist, as if unconsciously checking for one.

They exchanged smiles that were pleasant, measured, and entirely false.

Later, when the bride's lehenga caught fire from a careless diya and chaos erupted, Kabir and Tiana moved at the same time; calm, efficient, decisive. Fire extinguished. Panic managed. No hesitation.

Their families noticed the compatibility immediately.

Within three months, they were married.

Marriage, both of them knew, was an excellent cover. But for what you may ask?

Their apartment in Mumbai was chosen with care.

Powai. Nineteenth floor. Neutral colours. Thick walls. No direct view into neighbouring flats. A balcony overlooking a half-abandoned construction site; privacy disguised as inconvenience.

Kabir said he liked the quiet.

Tiana said she liked the light.

They moved in with a choreography that felt rehearsed. Cupboards divided evenly. Finances kept separate but transparent. Phones never checked, laptops never touched without permission. Trust, after all, was easiest when it was procedural.

Kabir woke up at six every morning and went for a run. Tiana woke up ten minutes later and did her Pilates routine. Sometimes they crossed paths, exchanging nods and small smiles. Sometimes they didn't.

Kabir travelled often for "clients." Tiana took frequent "projects" out of town to Bangalore.

They shared meals. They shared a bed.

They did not share their truths.

Kabir kept his gun dismantled inside a toolbox labelled Electrical Repairs. Tiana stored hers behind the wardrobe mirror, hidden in a hollow space she had checked for bugs before trusting it.

They noticed each other's habits. They noticed the silence and secrecy. They pretended not to notice the weapons.

And yet, something unfamiliar crept in.

Care.

Tiana had not planned to like him.

She had entered the marriage with clarity: companionship, convenience, and no emotional debt. But Kabir thanked her when she cooked. He listened when she spoke, really listened, not waiting for his turn. He didn't ask intrusive questions. He didn't demand explanations.

Once, when she had a nightmare and woke up gasping, he held her without asking why.

She told herself it meant nothing.

Kabir, meanwhile, told himself that Tiana's calm was just temperament. That the way she assessed rooms and people was simply intelligence. That her occasional bruises came from clumsiness, not combat.

Denial was a skill they both possessed.

The first crack appeared on a Thursday.

Kabir came home late with a stitched cut on his forearm. The wound was shallow but fresh.

"Client meeting went rough?" Anaya asked casually with sarcasm in her tone, handing him water.

Kabir hesitated, a fraction too long.

“Glass table,” he said. “Slipped.”

Tiana nodded. She had shot a man that afternoon. The bullet had gone clean through his shoulder. Professional. Controlled. Necessary.

“Hmm,” she said. “You should be more careful.”

They stood in the kitchen, barely a foot apart, both acutely aware of the blood on their hands that the other could not see.

That night, Tiana lay awake listening to Kabir’s breathing. She wondered, not for the first time, what it would be like to tell him the truth.

She wondered, not for the last time, whether he would survive it.

Kabir worked for a private intelligence outfit contracted by people who preferred not to exist on paper. Politicians, corporations, and sometimes the state itself, depending on convenience. He told himself he was maintaining balance. Removing threats. Protecting order.

Tiana was an assassin. She didn’t romanticize it. She didn’t call herself a protector. She did high-profile jobs. Clean and quiet. She chose contracts that aligned with her own sense of justice, if such a thing could exist in her line of work.

They both believed they were good people.

That belief would be tested.

The file landed on Kabir’s desk on a Monday morning.

Target: T. Jindal.

Female. Early thirties. Operative. Extremely skilled. Married. Mumbai.

Kabir stared at the photograph until the edges blurred.

Tiana Jindal smiled back at him from the screen.

His wife.

The room suddenly felt too small. Too loud. Too real.

Kabir closed the file. He opened it again. Read every word slowly, like a prayer he hoped would change if he repeated it enough times.

Eliminate. Neutralize. Immediately.

That evening, Kabir came home with flowers. Tiana raised an eyebrow.

"What's the occasion?" she asked. "Just felt like it."

She smiled, genuinely this time. That was what broke him.

Tiana received her assignment two days later.

Target: K. Malhotra.

Male. Mid-thirties. Intelligence asset. Compromised. Neutralization authorized. Married.

She laughed once, sharply, alone in her hotel room.

Marriage, it seemed, had finally revealed its fine print.

She returned home that night and cooked Kabir's favourite dal. Watched him eat. Watched him exist. Noticed the kindness in his habits, the restraint in his silences.

She realised then that this was no longer just a job.

It was a choice.

They did not confront each other.

Not yet.

Instead, they circled each other carefully, like trained fighters who knew the other's strength.

Their conversations became softer, heavier with meaning.

Kabir started fixing things around the house without being asked. Tiana began waiting up for him.

They fought once. Over something trivial, like laundry and the argument ended with Kabir slamming the door harder than necessary.

Tiana locked it behind him.

She stood there for a long time, gun heavy in her hand, wondering when love had started to feel like a liability.

The ambush came on a Sunday morning.

Kabir was making coffee when the windows shattered.

Tiana rolled, instinctively, grabbing her gun from behind the mirror. Kabir ducked, reached into the toolbox, assembled his weapon in seconds.

They met each other's eyes across the living room.

Recognition. Realisation. Relief.

"So," Tiana said, firing at the door. "You too."

Kabir smiled grimly. "Seems like it."

They fought back-to-back, moving in perfect sync, years of training aligning effortlessly. Whoever had sent the hit team had underestimated them.

When the last body fell, silence rushed in.

Tiana lowered her gun slowly.

"How long?" she asked.

Kabir exhaled. "A week."

She nodded. "Same."

They laughed then, not out of humour, but out of sheer disbelief.

Truth came slowly.

They talked about their pasts, their first kills, the lies they had told themselves to survive.

About duty. About consent. About whether legality ever equaled justice.

Kabir admitted he no longer knew where obedience ended and cowardice began.

Tiana confessed she was tired of deciding who deserved to die.

They did not forgive each other. Not fully.

But they understood.

"I don't want to be your target," she said quietly that night.

Kabir looked at her, stripped of pretence.

"I wanna be yours."

Running was not easy.

Both of them were valuable assets. Both of them were liabilities now.

They faked their deaths in an explosion outside Pune. Newspapers carried their photographs for two days before moving on to the next tragedy.

They crossed borders under new names. New faces. New histories.

Sometimes, at night, Kabir would wake up sweating. Tiana would hold his hand until the shaking stopped.

Sometimes Tiana would stare at her reflection too long, trying to remember who she used to be. Kabir would distract her with stupid jokes and burnt food.

They argued. They made up. They learned each other again, without lies.

Years later, in a small town where no one cared who they were, Kabir opened a modest legal consultancy. Tiana taught self-defence classes to young women who had learned early that the world was not kind.

They never spoke of their past to anyone else.

But sometimes, when the power went out and the room went dark, Tiana would trace the scar on Kabir's arm.

And Kabir would kiss the one on her shoulder.

They had survived each other.

They had chosen each other.

In a world built on contracts, violence, and betrayal, that choice felt radical.

"I don't wanna be safe," Tiana said once.

Kabir smiled. "I just wanna be yours."

And this time, neither of them was lying.



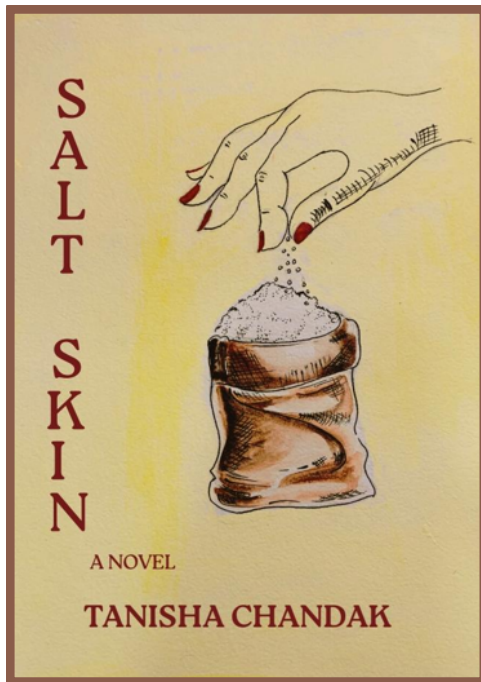
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Salt Skin

Tanisha Chandak

*Winner of Book Teaser Competition, Freshers' Meet 2025**

First Year, B. A. LL.B.



Ira is a 26-year-old who works two jobs, one that promises a future and one that covers the present. She wants to become a chef. She learns by watching, tasting and correcting. She masters ingredients and techniques but most importantly salt. How too much ruins a dish, how too little leaves the dish hollow and just the right amount disappears entirely.

As her passion towards cooking intensifies it also changes how she perceives the world around her. She becomes obsessed with balance and moderation. She notices when something or someone is off and believes it can be fixed with adjustment and care. People feel like food, responsive to adjustment. As long as the right

ingredient is added or removed the relationship feels tasteful.

One morning Ira wakes up to stiffness along her body, her skin has a faint sandy texture to it. As she moves fine white grains scatter across her body, stubborn white patches clinging to her skin. Without thinking she lifts her hand to her mouth....Salt.

She tastes salt. The very thing she tried to master, measure, and control has consumed her. She is turning into salt. Nothing is left to adjust. Nothing is left to save.

**The Book Teaser Competition invited first-year students to explore the art of capturing a story in a few compelling glimpses. Participants created an original book teaser along with a cover page, using creativity and imagination to evoke curiosity without revealing the entire narrative.*

STUDENTS' ACHIEVEMENTS

INTERCOLLEGIATE LITERARY COMPETITIONS



**Nidhi Shah (Second Year)
& Aman Desai (Second Year)
Debate Competition**

WINNER

Debate or Die Competition by
Amity Global Business School, Mumbai
held on 26 February 2026



**Nayesa Barot (Second Year)
Elocution Competition
2ND PRIZE (CONSOLATION)**

Shri Hasuji Advani Memorial Elocution
Trophy 2025–26 by
Vivekanand Education Society, Mumbai
held on 16 January 2026



**Nigel Thomas, Anupriya Kushwaha, Nikita Muddalgundi & Aaditya Vikram (Second Year)
Debate Competition**

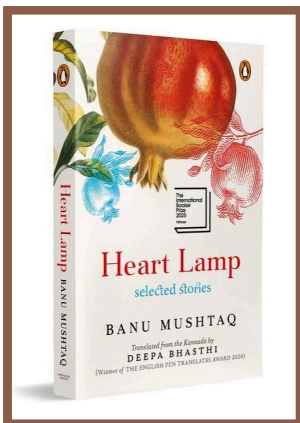
WINNER (Nalanda Award for Debate Excellence)

Nalanda Vada Mahotsava by
Jyot Foundation & Nalanda University Bihar, Mumbai
held on 19–20 January 2026

GLIMPSE OF OUR NEW SECTION: ABOUT BOOKS

Books are more than bound pages and printed words; they are conversations carried across borders, time, language, and memory.

The “About Books” section was envisioned not merely as a space to introduce books, but as a literary archive of conversations - between languages and readers, between history and contemporary thought, and between stories rooted in particular cultures yet resonating universally. The section has sought to move beyond conventional summaries and instead explore the significance of books, their authors, and the worlds they inhabit. It aims to bring readers closer to literature in all its richness and diversity. From award-winning works and literary milestones to regional writings and contemporary reading cultures, the section has attempted to bridge the distance between readers and the ever-expanding world of books. In doing so, it encourages readers to view literature not merely as academic material, but as a living and evolving form of expression.

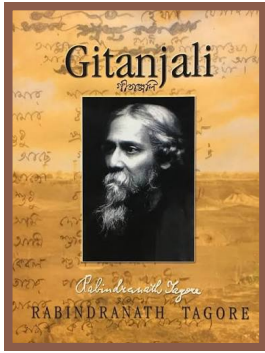


The section has travelled through diverse literary landscapes across six Bi – Monthly issues. It began by documenting a historic literary moment with *Heart Lamp* by Banu Mushtaq, becoming the first Kannada-language work to be shortlisted for the International Booker Prize 2025, and later returning to celebrate its landmark victory. In doing so, the section highlighted the growing global recognition of Indian regional literature and the power of translation in carrying local realities across borders.

The section then turned toward literary honours and enduring legacies. The Nobel Prize in Literature 2025 introduced readers to László Krasznahorkai, whose visionary and apocalyptic imagination reaffirmed the power of art in uncertain times.



László Krasznahorkai

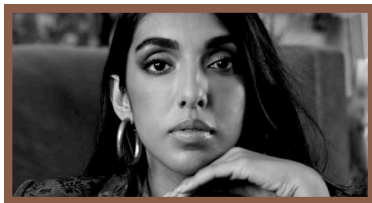
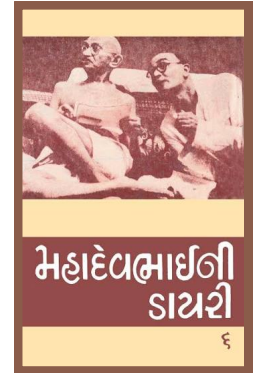
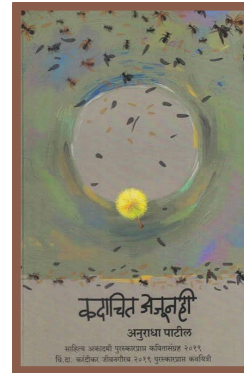


Alongside this global literary moment stood *Gitanjali* by Rabindranath Tagore - India's timeless Nobel-winning work - reminding us that poetry, spirituality, and humanity transcend generations and geography alike.

Equally, About Books has remained committed to regional voices and literary heritage. Through features on Mahadev Desai and Mahadevbhaini Diary the section explored literature as testimony and

while Marathi literary reflections and works like *Kadachit Ajoonahi* celebrated the emotional depth and enduring richness of regional writing.

The final issue turned toward contemporary reading culture and explored how Generation Z is reshaping literature itself. From the intimate poetry of *Rupi Kaur*



Rupika Kaur



Chloe Gong Zoe Hana Mikuta

to the genre-blending narratives of Chloe Gong and Zoe Hana Mikuta, the section examined how digital spaces, online reading communities, and emotionally immediate writing are transforming the relationship between readers and books. By engaging with contemporary writers and Generation Z reading cultures, it acknowledged that literature today moves across pages and platforms alike, shaped by digital communities, evolving forms of expression, and new ways of connecting with stories.

More than a collection of features, About Books stands as an archive of literary conversations one that seeks to inspire curiosity, encourage reading, and reaffirm the timeless relevance of books in understanding both the world and ourselves. Through classics and contemporary works, regional voices and global recognitions, the section hopes to keep alive a simple yet powerful belief - that every book carries not just a story, but a world waiting to be discovered.



L'avocat 2025-26 - Recap

The year began with a bohemian twist, where all the members met the team head, sub-heads, and faculty in charge, Prof. Vidya Tewani and Prof. Aaditya Jadhav, for a super fun photoshoot and discussed ideas and agendas for the upcoming events. Although the major events L'avocat organises are the Fresher's Meet, Intra Debate Competition & Annual Multilingual Literary Magazine Issue Release, this year, our committee head, Krisha Jain, introduced a new tradition, welcoming members to an exclusive, committee-only event: Book Your Bids

On 28 July 2025, L'avocat opened its academic-year story with "Book Your Bids", which was held in the Moot Court Room. What made this event memorable was not merely its format, but its imagination: a literary gathering where annotation met auction, where participants engaged with book pages, soft music, chocolate coins, a formal contract, and a playful exchange of books and ideas. With over 15 participants, the event created a warm beginning to the year - one that celebrated reading not as a solitary act, but as a shared experience of exchange, delight, and community. Even some faculty and seniors walked in, participated, and ended up having a great literary blast. It was a small event in scale, perhaps, but large in spirit: a beginning that quietly announced what the society would continue to do all year long and make literature come alive.

From there, the society moved into the rhythm of a bustling academic year, and by December, L'avocat was already working like a well-tuned literary orchestra. Fresher's Meet'25, held on 22nd, 23rd, and 24th December 2025, became one of the year's most vibrant milestones.

Designed to welcome first-year students into the academic and literary cultural life of the college, the event stretched across multiple competitions and multiple moods. The sharpness of debate, the suspense of crime scene investigation, the creativity of book teasers, and the emotional range of creative writing.

The numbers themselves spoke of the scale of the effort, with nearly 39 participants in the Fresher's Debate Competition, about 71 in Crime Scene Investigation, 8 in Book Teaser, and 28 in Creative Writing. Yet beyond the numbers lay something more important, and that is the sense that new students were being invited not just to compete but to belong. The debate rounds followed a Modified Oxford Style format; the motion for the debate in the preliminary round was, "This house would provide a state-funded salary to stay-at-home fathers to actively incentivize the breaking of traditional domestic roles." Semi-final round: "This house would allow euthanasia for individuals who are not terminally ill but have a 'persistent and settled desire to die' due to old age or a sense of completed life." Final round: "This house would allow the government to remove public art that is deemed 'offensive to religious or cultural sentiments,' even if it has artistic merit."

The Crime Scene Investigation (CSI) Competition offered participants an engaging blend of analytical reasoning, observation, and teamwork. The elimination round challenged students through a written assessment comprising multiple-choice questions, one-line responses, and problem-solving exercises that tested their attention to detail, logical thinking, and investigative aptitude. Those who advanced to the final round were presented with a simulated crime scene, where they examined evidence, identified clues, connected facts, and reconstructed the sequence of events to solve the case. Designed to mirror the investigative process, the competition encouraged participants to think critically, work collaboratively, and approach problems with precision and objectivity.

The Book Teaser Competition invited students to create and interpret literary pieces in a unique exchange format, and the Creative Writing Competition turned picture prompts into poems and short stories. The event held was designed to be engaging and fun, making learning not feel like a task.

The event fulfilled its purpose beautifully. It gave freshers a platform and the institution a new generation of voices to hear. Among the achievements of the event were the winning teams and individual winners who emerged across categories, including Ms Rutvi Shah, Mr Neel Jain and Ms Kavya Parekh in the Fresher's Debate Competition, *Team Catch Me If You Can* in Crime Scene Investigation Competition, Ms Tanisha Chandak in Book Teaser Competition, Ms Reneeka Pabari in Short Story and Ms Jiya Gada in Poem of Creative Writing Competition. The runners-up, too, were part of the celebration, proving that the real victory of the event lay in participation, confidence and growth.

Then came February, and with it, the society's grandest intellectual undertaking of the year, the 7th Annual Intra-College Debate Competition. Held in stages on 16 February 2026, 17 February 2026, and 24 February 2026, this event transformed the academic calendar into a living arena of argument, logic, and ideas. The competition followed a modified Oxford-style format and unfolded across four intense rounds: the Preliminary, Quarter-Final, Semi-Final, and Grand Final, held on the dates mentioned. Each motion challenged students to think deeply and speak courageously. From legalising regulated compensated organ donation in India, to the Romeo and Juliet exception, to performance-enhancing drugs in professional sports, and finally to the moral question of human lifespan in an era of ecological overshoot, the motions demanded not only knowledge but moral imagination. A total of 16 teams, each made up of 3 participants, took part, and the competition was judged by an impressive panel of alumni, practitioners, and faculty members. The event culminated in recognition across several categories, including the Winner Team, Runner-Up Team, Best Speaker (All Rounds), Best Arguments, Best Closing Arguments, Best Audience Question, and participation certificates.

In the end, the competition stood as more than an intellectual contest; it became a reminder that debate is not only about winning an argument but also about learning how to disagree well, think sharply, and speak with confidence. The well-deserved winners were Ms Prasanna Mour, Mr Gourav Arora, and Ms Jiya Parekh, while the runners-up were Ms Dia Shah, Ms Kiyah Dhorda, and Ms Aarya Vadodaria. Mr Gourav Arora and Ms Kiyah Dhorda were also recognised as Best Speakers, marking the event as a fitting climax to the year's literary and intellectual journey.

What made this year remarkable was not only the number of events but the variety of literary energy they carried. One event encouraged quiet engagement with books, another welcomed fresher's into a new environment through debate, creativity and analysis, and the last pushed the college community into sustained intellectual confrontation with difficult questions, bringing a playful twist to their legal debate journey. Together, these events reflected a society that understands literature in its widest sense, as reading, yes, but also as speaking, listening, observing, questioning, and creating. L'avocat did not simply conduct events in 2025-26; it built experiences that shaped confidence, community and character. It gave students spaces to perform, but also spaces to discover themselves. It made room for the shy and the bold, the analytical and the artistic, the fast thinker and the careful writer. In that sense, the society's journey was not measured only in dates and prizes, but in the quieter achievement of making the campus feel more alive with thought.



L'AVOCAT

2025 - 2026

lavocatcommittee@gmail.com

CORE

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Ms. Krisha Jain

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Ms. Nidhi Kapadia

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Ms. Shaili Sheth

Ms. Avika Jain

Ms. Misa Vira

Ms. Mehak Gala

Ms. Nidhi Shah

CORE SIGNING OFF

As I step down as Head of L'avocat, I find myself overwhelmed with gratitude for everything this journey has given me. Leading our literary society taught me more than I ever expected from the wisdom and guidance of our faculty members, who patiently mentored me through every challenge, to the energy and enthusiasm of our juniors, whose ideas kept pushing us to do better. I had the privilege of interacting with field experts and industry professionals, conversations that broadened my understanding of literature and expression in ways no classroom ever could. But above all, L'avocat gave me something invaluable — the space to be creative, to experiment with words, and to watch that creativity ripple through our members. To everyone who was part of this journey — thank you for trusting me, for showing up, and for believing in the power of stories and words. I hand over the reins with full confidence that L'avocat's next chapter will be even more remarkable.

Signing off, with gratitude and pride.

Krishna Jain

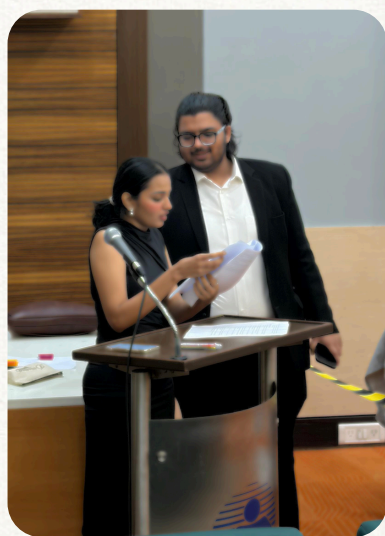
Outgoing Head, L'avocat the Literary Society

When I joined L'avocat, I didn't fully anticipate how much a society built around words could teach me about listening. Over my time as Sub-Head, I had the chance to work alongside a team that cared, often quietly and without much recognition, about keeping a space for literature and debate alive on campus. That is not a small thing to sustain, and I don't take for granted having been part of it. As I end my tenure as Sub-Head this year and bid the committee farewell, I do so with genuine gratitude, for the friendships this role gave me, for the events that pushed me to think on my feet, and for a faculty and team that believed in the society's purpose even in the ordinary, unglamorous work of running it. L'avocat has always been more than its events; it is the quieter insistence that words, arguments, and ideas still matter in a world that moves fast and reads little. I hope the society continues to hold that space, and I look forward to watching it grow from the other side, as a reader and a well-wisher. To the incoming committee, the pen, quite literally, is now yours.

Nidhi Kapadia

Outgoing Sub-Head, L'avocat - The Literary Society

a year of **L'AVOCAT**





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L'AVOCAT *the literary society*



Photograph by Diksha Singh

Winner of Nazariya 2026
Annual Photography Competition Organized
by Juriscine

Annual Multilingual Literary Magazine
2025 - 2026