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# *Rearview*

*Memoirs of the Alumni, of  
THE DEPT OF ENGLISH,  
CHHAYGAON COLLEGE CHHAYGAON*

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**Published on 8th July 2023,  
at the ALUMNI MEET 2023**



**Rearview : The Alumni Journal of Dept of English, by-  
Dept of English,  
CHHAYGAON COLLEGE CHHAYGAON**

**Members: All Graduates from the Dept.**

**Edition: July, 2023 Published: 8th July, 2023**

**Published by: The Department of English, Chhaygaon College.**

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*From the desk of H/D*

Isn't it an Untimely spring!!!

Green leaves paint themselves yellow, fall down, wind carries them to places the tree can not go. New leaves sprout out on the twigs to confirm and continue the circle. This law of nature makes life beautiful. The same analogy can be applied with this department too. Once you were here, now in different places letting youngsters come in.

I have seen the department grow in front of my eyes. The same year When I joined the college in 2012, under the vibrant leadership of former HoD, Roy ma'am the department restarted the Honors Course with a batch of just 7/8 students after a halt of a few years. In one sense I tell myself that my life in the Department of English at Chhaygaon College is the same with the age of the department. If I look back on the days that I have gone through, I become nostalgic. It is as if I were watching a movie scene in slow motion. Many bright, enthusiastic and innocent faces one by one pass through my mind like waves of an ocean.

Now the department is full fledged. We don't need to look back anymore. Students have continued to believe in us as mentors and we have seen students excelling in different fields, both academic and non-academic after being passed out of this department. They are making us proud. So fascinating a feeling worth mentioning is that our students are now our colleagues honing the newer generations. Students of this department are continuing to shine in different universities and institutions while pursuing post graduate courses.



Many are now well settled and are sincerely offering services to the society in indifferent institutions and departments around the state and the nation. A lot are working on their dreams to transform into a reality. I wish them good luck too. Here, with the pen in my hand I am remembering the days gone so fast. Days of hard labour during the performance of street plays under the guidance of Goswami sir, Jogesh sir's late night toils keeping the students awake till mornings for the 'Miscellany', students' shedding tears failing to bag prizes in wall magazine competitions, picnic funs, exam preparations, farewell tears, awareness drives, students' getting appreciations in Inter-College Seminar Competitions and many more..are illuminating in my mind.

You have given life to this department. Once you were here sitting at these desks and benches, walking in the corridors, climbing staircases, fro-lickings in the shed of those gigantic tress, taking hot samosas sitting in the canteen..I still hear your voices, see your faces, remember your eyes..smell your murmurs at the back benches of the class.you all are here in our hearts and will be forever..

Do come to the department whenever you get time, whenever you want to meet us, see your juniors, see the classrooms where once you came running every morning..

We are family. No matter wherever you are taken by the wind of time..we will be together always because we hail from the same tree gradually becoming gigantic. You are here today, isn't it an untimely spring!! Think!!

*Dr. Rajiv Deka*

# Content Page

## BATCH: 12-13

- BARSHA THAKURIA Page 2
- MRINALI KALITA Page 5
- ANJAN JYOTI BORO Page 8

## BATCH: 13-14

- JANALI KALITA Page 12

## BATCH: 14-15

- PANKAJ LOCHAN DAS Page 14

## BATCH: 16-17

- PRIYANKA DAS Page 18
- JYOTISHMA GOSHWAMI Page 20

## BATCH: 17-18

- ANAMIKA THAKURIA Page 22
- SONALI BORO Page 25
- RINKU DAS Page 26
- NIBEDITA SAUD Page 27
- PAMPY KALITA Page 28

## BATCH: 18-19

- SAGARIKA THAKURIA Page 31
- JINI DISHA KAPIL Page 33



# *Content Page*

## BATCH: 19-20

- GANGOTREE KALITA Page 36
- SWARNA KUMAR BARMAN Page 38

## BATCH: 20-21

- ANKITA DAS Page 41



*Batch 2012-13*





# *The Road Taken*

Batch: 2012-13

Oh Time! For you only I Am What I Am

"I took the one less travelled by,  
And that has made all the difference." ---Robert Frost

**I**t all started with a scribble. Now when I am holding the pen to jot down my memories, words are failing me. Where to start, how to start, what to shed, which one should be selected? Oh! Or should I go with a metaphorical silence!

Department Of English, Chhaygaon College shaped me to be whatever I am today.

In a perplexing evening of 2012, Sarma Sir made us believe that we could in fact take up this journey. Bordoloi Sir promised us to take all the necessary steps to make our departmental journey smoother. I, along with my friends, believed in their words and never looked back.

To talk about The journey we have to start with our respecteddespected Roy ma'am.

Her aura was like a magic spell for us that time. For more than an age I am enchanted by her personality. Oh those profound recitations of Elizabethan Dramas, Tagore's poems, her upright walks, her gorgeous posture; all kept us inspired to push ourselves beyond limitations. She taught us to be disciplined, to dream big. I saw tears in her eyes when we left the department, and she offered a hug to me - and its telling touch wrote one of the most precious moments I still cherish.

M.Goswami Sir..was the catharsis for this journey - the most needed comic relief. Yet so deep and profound in itself!



Sir is the happiest soul of our department beyond doubts. We never felt bored in his class. Angulimala, Greek Mythology found new dimensions through his stories. We performed a musical drama with him and rehearsed a play for 6 months though never performed. Sir made every gathering, meeting, programme so joyful! It was as if we just kept waiting for his performance. I owe a learning to him regarding how to be happy through struggles in one's life.

Dr. Sarma Sir. During our H.S. second year, he joined the department. I was so inspired by his calm and composed nature and it helped me be a better human being and strive for what I really dreamt. He never talked about cutting my wings and asked me to fly high. The NSS Cell, his songs, Youth festivals; how can I forget those moments! Even his style of taking attendance made us his fans. Sir is one of the surreal and eternal sources of inspiration for all my dreams till now.

Deka Sir was always the man of practical virtues. His life lessons are always rooted in real life predicaments. Sir shaped our theoretical minds. He made theories easy and interesting.

Sir always inspired us to write and compose creatively. We can never forget our continuous classes with Deka Sir and also our never ending talks.

Bhattacharhyya Sir is the power house of our department. Never tired, never bored, he is a true example of enthusiasm and energy. If we are to make a wall magazine, compose a journal, arrange a picnic, or organize a programme; he is the first and last resource. And he never responded with a "no". I fondly remember how Sir used to wait and help in every single thing. Moreover, we can never forget how he helped all of us in exams providing invaluable study materials.



And how can I forget my beloved classmates and juniors! The bond we share till date is the blessing of our department. Lipi, Mrinali, Anjan, Mukunda, Dhiru - all made my departmental journey happier and soulful.

Our laughter, smiles, never ending talks are all vivid in my memories. All Juniors specially our immediate junior batch was also very close to us.

Departmental picnic to Shillong, our street play written by me, our many performances, Teachers' Day celebrations, Farewell Freshers parties; how can I pen down every single details of all these times without feeling unbounded emotions!

Last but not the least, my journey as a teacher in this department became a life changing decision for me. It casted my identity as a teacher. The love, respect and care I got I never can forget.

Oh My words ! You are not enough....

Viva la Chhaygaon College  
Viva la Department of English

*Barsha Thakuria*



**T**hrough my eyes I see college life as the most challenging, emotional as well as exciting phase of a person's life.

For me the college environment was very New and different when I enrolled in Chhaygaon College in 2010. Returning home after attending continuous classes one after another daily of the last 10 years of school life is completely different from the class pattern of college. Here (in college) it was not mandatory to have classes like it used to be in school. Sometimes up to three classes were off one after the other. In college there were options to stay without taking any classes which were very strange and new experiences for me. At first I felt that the burden of studying in college was a little lighter than school. (This doesn't mean that we don't need to study in college). That's how I adapted the new environment and understood the college and spent two years of my college life. Then I stepped into the classroom of our beloved English Department as a student of English honours. Where again I found an environment that was similar to those school days. Where the responsibility of studying increased, there was a concern about the future and a competitive spirit emerged with the friends. It was very important to attend the classes even if you didn't want to (Although I did a lot of classes bunk in between which was not good at all).

At my time most of the students of HS were scared of taking classes with Mrs. Sharmila Roy, HOD of the department. I noticed that a lot of students didn't attend her classes because she was very disciplined and strict in nature. But I liked her very much from the very beginning. The respect for her grew further when I came to know her closely in my Graduation.



She is actually very loving and emotional from the heart. I remember once a photograph of Barasha, Lipika, me and Roy mam she posted in her Facebook account and she wrote "Parts of my heart" as a caption in that post. Which touched my heart and made me so emotional.

Not only Roy mam but of course each and every faculty members of the department are excellent in their own space of expertise. Our respected Manoj Goswami sir's Greek Mythology classes were filled with his lucid words, Lakshya Sharma sir's serious nature of taking classes, Rajiv Deka sir's enthusiastic classes and Jogesh Bhattacharyya sir's classes were filled with challenging spirits .We will never be able to repay the contribution they made to our lives with each one's unique personality and unique teaching methods.

Our former principal Dr. Raju Bordoloi sir who often visited our classroom and kept an eye on our progress as well as reminded us about his mission, vision and the dream of building a new College and our commitment towards it

Apart from teaching and learning we were engaged with many other curriculum activities.

Once we all went to Shillong for an excursion. The funniest and interesting talks between Bhattacharyya sir and Deka sir throughout the journey to Shillong and the role of 'Handyman' played by Bhattacharyya sir because of the unknown road to shillong made our journey more special and memorable. Then how in a sudden and small accident, the whole group of our sir-madams became worried like our parents, these things are still vivid in my memories.



After thinking a lot about how to distinguish our department's wall magazine from other departments, Sharma sir selected a very meaningful and unique name "The English Brigade". I remember how we practiced a play written by Goswami sir for a long period of almost two months after our classes but couldn't perform the play.

The one and only street play I acted for the first and last time in my life were "Kshyudha", composed by Barasha was very challenging to me as I was not comfortable in that.

The melodious Songs in the voice of Sharma sir, the tune of guitar played by Bhattacharya sir's and those duets judged by Deka sir were filled with lots of happiness. The poems recited by Goswami sir, the poems of Rabindra Nath Tagore filled with emotions in the voice of Roy madam, all these sweet moments we had during this period.

The American chocolate brought by Roy madam in the classroom, the coconut sugar sweets made by our classmates Lipika, Barasha's "Pitha" , Anjan's strawberry were all adorable memories for me.

I can't end up saying or writing about how many emotions, feelings and memories are embedded during that period of my life.

We are very privileged that we have graduated under the guidance of these outstanding, sincere and humble professors. I also feel sad because we never get those days of our lives back.

With Regards,

*Mrinali Kalita*



*Long Live!*

Batch: 2012-13

**H**i! I am Shri Anjanjyoti Boro. Once I was a regular student at Chhaygaon College and finally completed my graduation with English as a major subject from the same college. It was July 2015 when I graduated from the Department of English at Chhaygaon College.

English Department: When I enlisted as a student in the English Department, I found Mr Sharmila Roy ma'am as the Head of the Department (HOD), and other faculty members were Mr. Monoj Goswami Sir, Mr. Lakshya Sharma Sir, Mr. Rajiv Deka Sir, Mr. Jogesh Bhattacharya Sir, and Mrs. Pretty Ma'am (about 4 months were presented and I left the job).

I remember the days when there were only six students admitted to the department of English. If I am not mistaken, I remember the names of my fellow students, viz. Barasha, Lipika, Mrinali, Mukunda, etc., and myself.

With the passing of time, I have come across many experiences. I was aware that pursuing a subject with honors is not an easy task. We need lots of reference books, which are not affordable for us as a poor middle-class family. Here, respected Professor Mr. Rajiv Deka Sir (Now HOD) helped me by introducing a second-hand book stall located in Panbazar.

I still remember how the name of our wall magazine was selected. We were thinking about it. Here, honorable Professor Mr. Lakshya Sharma Sir finds out a very appropriate name: 'The English Bridger, if I am not mistaken. I see our junior fellows were engaged very attentively in finalizing the wall magazine.



Oh! How can I forget the memoir of performing a road play named 'KHUDHA' (ক্ষুধা) written by one of the fellow students, Barasha Thakuria? It was composed and performed by the English Department. At the end of the play, we sang the famous song all together, "We shall overcome..."

Another very interesting but unfulfilled task was to enact a play that was written and composed by respected Professor Mr. Monoj Goswami, Sir. At present, I can't remember the name of the play. I apologize for that.

During the three-year journey, we had a team of very experienced and energetic young Professors.

Prof. Mr. Jogesh Sir made the linguistic and Poetry papers easy for us with his excellent teaching skills and notes.

Prof. Mr. Monoj Sir gave adequate support in learning Greek mythology.

Prof. Rajiv Sir and Mr. Lakshya Sir taught us British literature very deeply and made all our confusions clear. The Literary Terms and Criticism paper was taught by Mr. Rajiv Sir.

Apart from teaching and learning, we got opportunities to participate in various co-curricular activities that were mentioned more or less in the above lines. I think we were the first and last batch to have chocolates that were brought by HOD Roy, Maam, from America. One more thing is that Mr. Sharma sir's video song "আঁখি ফুটে" enacted by himself, was first premiered by Mr. Deka sir on his own laptop.

We went to Shillong for an excursion. Here, Mr. Jogesh Sir took on the role of handyman because nobody inside the bus knows about Shillong Peak's location.



During this journey, Mr. Sharma sir and Mr. Deka sir started singing “ শ্বিলংৰে মনালিছা...”. Those old memoirs are a golden treasure for us.

It is our good fortune that we have completed our graduation under the guidance of a sincere, respected and most humble Professor’s team. Thanks a lot.

We must conclude by the maxim that “Chhaygaon College Long Live!” “English Department, Long Live!”

*Anjan Jyoti Boro*



*Batch: 13-14*





## *Revisiting College*

Batch: 2013-14

**A**lmost seven years have passed since I left college. Like every student, I too have a lot of memories and each and every moment spent during that graduation period is worth remembering.

To recollect memories I have to go back to college life. After passing H.S in 2013 I took admission in B.A taking English as my major subject and a few days later our classes started. As an Assamese medium student I had some issues in understanding every topic clearly. But, gradually this problem had solved as I started reading English novel and poetry. Whenever we got off class I went to the library and there I read either novel or poetry book. So, I still miss going to library spending hours and hours there. One thing I would like to tell that I don't have any flashbulb memories. I only have normal kind of memories of our classroom, library, sometimes chatting with my friends sitting under the trees and canteen etc. But, some memories stay alive for good. One such memory I want to share is that one day, I reached college late and our class had already started and that day I was pretty sure that I was going to be scolded by Ma'am as ma'am was very punctual and didn't like someone arriving late at class, but surprisingly ma'am didn't tell anything in words but I knew that ma'am was angry at my late arrival. Since I was an introvert kind of girl during my college days I never talked much to anyone and was never scolded by my teacher. Now when I am looking back at my college life one thing I have realised that every student spends their college life experiencing some beautiful moments and events and once it is over every student like me wish to relive that passed time once again in life.

*Janali Kalita*



*Batch: 14-15*





*Lift Up!*

Batch: 2014-15

**W**hen I first entered the little room, a man with spectacles told me in clear good English to wait for the classes in Room 202 I guess. That man was Sir Jogesh. I underestimated Rajiv Sir. He appeared a simple and humble person. And till date I do seek up RD sir for his opinions on some final choices! From inspiring me to choosing university to cracking national level exams he is like the CHATGPT of his Students!

Time pass, we laugh, we cry. Yes I cried too, after an argument with my classmate. Cried like a baby. But it was soothing. Makes you bond more.

And this picnic trip to Tezpur, where I led the arrangements as the manager of cash. And by the end of the trip we had 5 rupees left. Jogesh sir said it was the only picnic which he saw that happened in budget. I take those words as a badge still.

When roy mam used to dictate notes, we learnt speed. And Bumps too. Thrown away off tracks while speeding up. We catch up only when she leaves the class and we all sit to fill in the blanks.

Those encouraging words of MG sir, always a spirit booster, I liked to hear his dramatic way of talking, humor and gravity at the same time. He is the one who approved me to go for a lead role in the comedy play 'Akhora' done by our batch.

The only time I remember LS sir get angry was when we were late for the stage. I still find it hard to see him as an angry person. Always musical and smiling.



And who can forget the kind face of Surjya Baideu, she is like the loyal guard of the dept.

We used to make this wall magazine and time would fly by and we were building buildings, bridges, and what not! Jogesh sir was engineering some cars, and an entire railway with the train too. A bullet train by the way. Ruhul was constructing an overbridge. And I was constructing some highrise real estate buildings and at the same time painting them with poetry!

That trip to Mawlinong got shortened to ukiam. We didn't know how far was Mawlinong but was adamant to go there. We got schooled afterwards.

The shillong trip was a good one. Wards lake with them fishes. I think the dept of english introduced me to the outer world with its excursions. For I am a very introverted dude often times. Refusing to leave home like a 'tube well frog'

The workshop where the resource person was the renowned sarod player 'Mr Tarun Kalita'- My! The way he played, and the tabla man near him.. transported me to a world unknown. Universe to be exact. From then on I never look down on classical music.

That Trip to the LPG bottling plant, in a floody, rainy day is a day to cherish!

Well here I am again, back at the same maybe a role different but student at heart all the same.

Long live our beloved Dept.!

Thank You for Everything!

...

*Pankaj Lochan Das*



*Batch: 15-16*





*Batch: 16-17*





# *Indebted for life*

Batch: 2016-17

Sometimes I wonder if I chose Chhaygaon College or the destiny wanted it to happen . Whatever I'm today, I owe every bit of it to the Department of English, Chhaygaon College.

My words will fall short to describe my whole journey with the department. It would be very much difficult to jot down in words as I can't figure out where to start.

Five years of my life in this institution as a student passed in a blink of an eye. However, the memories of these years are still fresh in my mind. And I'm grateful that I would be adding more and more of these memories for my life ahead, perhaps, from the other side now.

Since high school's first year, I was sure that I'd be joining this department for my graduation. And I believe I did the right thing.

From struggling to complete the notes in the first semester to being an Assistant Professor in our own department , I got to learn a lot about literature and more of life.

And to talk of my friends, We'd seen good and bad times together. There had been days we laughed till our stomach aches and on some days we wiped our tears . The memories we have made in and around the classrooms are to last forever.

The joy we had in the field trips are tremendously blended with music and dance .The lessons beyond the syllabus are treasured in our heart .

Those rehearsals we did just before entering the department in order to make sure we don't mess things up in front of the teachers ,and the group discussions just before the exams were very much effective .



Our teachers believed in me more than I believed in myself. Intra-departmental and inter-college seminars provided great learning opportunities for me. We all really enjoyed the days while we worked together for long hours during the preparation of the wall magazine and Miscellany. These activities not only provided us with opportunities to engage in creative work, besides it also strengthened the bonds among the students of the department.

I can't stop without sharing about the bond that existed among the students of the three different semesters.

I have heard that people used to be envious of the bond we shared with our seniors and juniors. It was our seniors who made us feel that we are a family and we've tried to carry forward this legacy from batch to batch.

The department taught us to run the race of life where there is no finish line. We were abruptly put in such situations where there's no looking back. I clearly remember the inter-departmental cultural competition where we reserved just a few minutes before entering the stage. And I don't want to share the aftermath. Haha, those who know know.

From breaking down the topics to simple words to my friends just before the examination starts to actually taking classes in the department as an assistant professor, I have learnt a lot and still learning. The department has taught me to dream big and work for it.

The teachers of department made me believe in myself. They made me step out of my comfort zone and motivated me to push harder. They have always guided me the right way. It is for which I have been indebted to life to this department.

Long live Chhaygaon College.

Long live Dept. of English

*Priyanka Das*



## *Trip down memory lane*

Batch: 2016-17

**T**his is the place where I found my second home: The English department of Chhaygaon College. After completing my higher secondary education at the same college, I have chosen this department for my graduation. I don't know if this is the best decision or not! but I definitely know this isn't the bad one. The department is like the science laboratory for me! So many things I experienced, experimented with, and applied. It's not only about book knowledge; it's about life lessons. Those I learned from my teachers, seniors, classmates, and juniors. I saw the teachers deal with the situations very calmly. They are the teachers whom I can define They are the teachers whom I can define as "a teacher is a friend, philosopher, and guide."

Then come my personal experiences in this "laboratory". miscellany works till the last day of inauguration, wrote and performed the " আলেক্স" and ended up with heartbreak, the seminars, the freshers and farewells, teacher's day celebrations, Picnic arrangements, and the terrible thing that has become like a legacy for the department is "The Wall Magazine and the result". For me, the days spent preparing for the event are more memorable than D-day. Every day was filled with both fun and Chaos. I learned so many things. The bond we share, may it be between the teachers, students, seniors, juniors, or classmates, I will cherish forever.

*Jyotishma Goswami*



*Batch: 17-18*





*Forever Grateful!*

Batch: 2017-18

**H**ello to all the readers. Here I'm going to write my three years of journey from the year 2017 to 2020 with the department of English. Though our batch faced the COVID 19 pandemic during the last semester yet lots of memories are still in my mind which I'm going to share with you all. One memory which suddenly came to my mind is our video on COVID 19. The idea behind making the video was given by our hod Roy ma'am. With her strict instructions we had created the video where we showed different activities on how we were passing time on lockdown, and I recited a poem of John Keats' "A Thing of Beauty is a joy forever." Now let's move on to my little more early days when I used to be a newcomer of chhaygaon college.

In the year 2017 I took admission in chhaygaon college. I think in the month of August our classes started and I came with one of my friends as I was a newbie and she took me to the department and I was simply sitting in a room and there I met other students and we started to introduce ourselves. There I met Nivedita Saud, and I still remember I was sitting with her. And on the very first day we sang a very melodious Hindi song and took lots of selfie applying beautyplus camera effects. After that I met Anjuma, nikumani, Sonali, Gitika and Johnny. After our conversation I got to know that Johnny and anjuma were from my hometown and it made me very happy.

Our former Respected HOD ma'am Mrs Sarmila Roy Das took our first class. And I was mesmerized by listening her fluent English and her stunning fashion. After that day by day we met other teachers of the department.



Before taking English major I didn't have any clear idea of literature . I didn't even know what the European literature is. I thought Taking English major includes grammatical portion, small stories, small poems which I used to read before. so funny. But when I came to know that we have to read novels, dramas, biographies, autobiographies, long long poems, history of other countries and their literature I became nervous and worried . And it made me cry one day. I thought how can I grab such things and probably all the teachers will speak English language and what if I can't understand the language. I thought I'll surely be the Gadho student in the classroom . Thus, lots of questions and uncertainties started to surround me.

I remember our second class was taken by sir Jogesh and he said "Don't worry I will speak both the languages by your convenience." And that's made me little relief.

Days gone and the bond of friendship became stronger and oneday we met our beautiful Barasha ma'am. She taught us one of Shakespeare's tragedies Othello. I remember in her first class she told us to give our introduction and she was very friendly with us. She said " I am not good in spoken English so I will practice English conversation with you all but don't laugh at me". And these words of her broke my previous constructed thought which I used to believe that taking English major will surely make a student a fluent English speaker. I realised that literature and language is totally different thing.

one day sir Lakshya asked all the students about our aim of life and I answered him that I want to become a professor and on the very next day he brought a book and given it to me and said " this book will help you". That was one of my precious memories with sir. Also sir helped me a lot while making our COVID 19 pandemic video.



The teachers of our department are very helpful and engaging; especially sir Jogesh . I remember during our departmental miscellany we worked with sir whole night . We were editing the articles and it was only sir who used to work more than us. Apart from this sir has always provided his helping hand to us on wall magazine.

One more incident which I want to share is our seminar presentation in B. Booroah college. When we were on the way my co partner met with an accident and she couldn't attend the presentation. And that time sir Rajiv has motivated me a lot and showed his confidence on me and fortunately I gave my solo presentation. Thus, The teachers have always been our supporting and guiding force in every situation. They encouraged us in participating various activities and they works so hard for our betterment( which they still do). Last but not the least I thank all my teachers for providing us their unconditional support, blessings and help for the wellbeing of our life.

Thank you Chhaygaon College.

Thank you Department of English, for everything.

*Anamika Thakuria*



*Cherish*

Batch: 2017-18

**A**fter completing HS in 2017 i decided to pursue my graduation from the department of English Chhaygaon college. When I entered the department for the first time to fill the forms and other formalities, it was a mixed kind of feeling, I was nervous as well as excited. I met Roy ma'am, Rajiv deka sir, Jogesh bhattacharyya sir, Lakshya Sarma sir, and Manoj goswami sir in the department. Within a few days we became a family. The teachers, seniors and everyone in the family was so friendly even Surjya baideu. Our teachers were not only teachers, they were our guides who supported and encouraged us in every aspect of our lives. They encouraged us in every possible way. I still remember the days when we had given all the blood, sweat and tears for the publication of our academic journal 'Miscellany' as well as the wall magazine of the department. The pressure, tensions, between the members of the department. What do we have left to be done? What have we completed and whaaaaat not! Those were the hectic days but we all enjoyed it. Fun fact is we didn't win any prizes in the wall magazine competition and after the announcement of the results we all were very upset and cried, after all we gave our 110% to it, Haha! How funny! After seeing our sad faces, the very next day Roy ma'am decided to give us a treat to bring back the smiles on our faces.

Thanks to the department of English for all the lovely memories. I'll cherish these memories forever.

*Sonali Boro*



# *A Journey Memorable*

Batch: 2017-18

**A**fter school, college life is the most beautiful phase of a student's life. From high school's first year to the last semester at Chhagaon College, it was a memorable journey. I still remember the day when I entered Chhaygaon College with so much hope. In 2017, I graduated from high school and enrolled in the same college's BA programme. At first, my major subject was different, but somehow I ended up taking English literature. I was an average student who really had no idea about anything when I opted for English literature. At first, it was a little tough for me, but Thanks to all the Teachers of the department who are really supportive and who always encouraged and motivated us towards life. I would like to thank you from the core of my heart. Only with your kind words and support did I start believing in myself again and start working hard to achieve my goals.

*Rinku Das*



*Every Moment!*

Batch: 2017-18

**T**he department has always been a very special part of mine. My respected teachers, seniors, juniors, and dearest classmates made that 3-year journey very beautiful and memorable. I still remember those late-night working days for Wall Magazine, those list-making days before field trips, the seminar days, and so on. These still bring a smile to my face. Our teachers were our cheerleaders (and still are today). I haven't had the coolest teachers yet. After our teachers, I am also very thankful for our seniors. The bond we share can't be expressed in words. We are good friends and are still in contact. They have always been there for us whenever we needed them. I feel very grateful to be a part of this family. The bond we shared amongst each other is forever going to remain in our hearts, and we will always cherish each and every moment spent here.

*Nibedita Sand*



# Beautiful Journey

Batch: 2017-18

**I**t was a memorable day for me ,the beginning of a new journey. The day 3rd August 2015 was the first day of my college life .the first class was assmese by Aparajita maam in room no 1. In the whole journey i met several people but some of them made beautiful memories with me.

During the period of H.S i had met Rajiv sir and Jogesh sir closely in tuition centre. Though i had an attraction in English subject since childhood but it became more attractive and beautiful in the teaching style of both sir . After passing Higher secondary with star marks letter in English and education ,i had decided to take English as a major subject . Since then i became more closer to the English department of Chhaygaon College.

The three year journey as a batchelor student thought me the value of life. The teaching staff always make us physically and mentally strong. Their lecture encourage us to do something. They gave us energy to do wall magazine's work, prepare ourselves for the seminar presentation. Every little moment gave us a lot of memories. All the teaching staff was awesome. Specially the lecture of Roy maam was so attractive and melodious, also maam is so gorgeous lady. Another one Manoj sir's frequent dialogue "ফটা মুখ" also gave us relax in some boring moment. Lakshay sir, Rajiv sir, Jogesh sir ,Barasha maam everybody gave their best time with us .since then till now i admire them. They are the teachers who shows us the path of life.

However,in that three years journey i had paly vote to do something for the college.and the wish became success by the love of seniors, juniors and friends elected me as a Social Service Secretary. That one year journey as a union member gave me a lot of memories.



As a whole the college life is always remark as an unforgettable memory for me.

At last i would like to thanks all respected teachers of Chhaygaon College and English Department for making my journey so beautiful 😊...

*Pampy Kalita*



*Batch: 18-19*





**I**t fills my heart with joy and nostalgia as I pen down my memoir for this special alumni meet. Our journey through this department has been sort of a transformative experience. Today, I want to share the story of the most irrational batch of our department, the story of a cry girl turned strong girl, the hardworking mentors who guided us in every aspect, and the strict HOD with a soft heart who shaped us into who we are today.

I vividly remember our first week in this department. I remember the havoc that we created just after entering the department (the Facebook thing). We were shocked to see the way our seniors used to be in the department. The students of the English department do not roam around, they say. Our batch was unaware of it. And after some scolding sessions, we finally came into the tract. Everyone would say that we have really experienced something extraordinary in this department. If one day all of us got some scolding, the next day Roy ma'am used to bring us pithas and laddoos. During this process, I started feeling deeply connected, deeply loved, and deeply rooted in this department. I was a shy and introverted girl with teary eyes. I guess all of the faculties still remember my crying sessions. I was accepted by everyone the way I was. I'll never forget how much Rajiv Deka Sir has helped me, how much Roy Ma'am has loved me, and how much support I have gotten from this department.

Jogesh Sir was always there to lend us a helping hand when it came to the wall magazine, our miscellany, and various other departmental works. I can say that Sir used to work more than us. He is the backbone of this department, I would say.



I still remember when he used to drop us off after working with us for the whole day. His dedication and expertise were truly commendable, as he effortlessly guided us through the process, ensuring every detail was perfect. On the other hand, Lakshya Sir, with his calm demeanor, brought a sense of tranquility to the classroom. Monoj Sir, the embodiment of humor and creativity, never failed to lighten up the atmosphere. We remember the ghost stories that he used to tell us during the late classes until 3.30 or 4.30. Again, last but not least, Rajiv Sir's classes were always simple and easy to grasp. His teaching style was straightforward and effective, making complex concepts seem manageable. Sir, you have made life easier.

Words cannot express my feelings towards this department. I am immensely grateful for the Department of English and the dedicated teachers. This department has molded us, and we'll forever remain grateful. Long live the Department of English, Chhaygaon College.

With gratitude and warm regards,

*Sagarika Thakuria*



# Many Things!

Batch: 2018-19

## H ello Everyone!

I am Jini Disha Kapil (2018-2021) batch. Well, I wanted to write so many things in this letter, but due to a lack of time, it's been a task now. Right now, I am pursuing my master's degree in Communication and Journalism from Gauhati University. So as my course demands a summer internship, I am at Duliajan Oil India Limited as an intern in the Public Affairs Department.

I collected a lot of memories in these 3 years of journey. One of the best memories I want to share is that me and Sagarika were assigned to attend a seminar at B.Boorah College, Guwahati, not only to attend but also to participate in that seminar on behalf of the department. So as per the request, we selected our topic, researched the topic, and so on. It was going well, but in the middle we also had some arguments with each other, like she was not satisfied with my work, etc. And we thought, No, this will not work, so we dropped our seminar idea and almost cancelled it, but thinking of the department, we sacrifice our likes and dislikes for each other. We started working again. One day before the seminar, we were not ready with the presentation, and we almost lost all our hopes. Then Jogesh Sir called us and asked if we were ready or not. We told him, Sir, "aku a complete hua nai Sir, ami presentation nidu." He left his work aside and sat with us in a call, and he stayed with us till 5 a.m. until we were done. And the presentation went so well that we can't explain it. We almost had tears in our eyes after completing the presentation.



The reason I shared these memories is to let our new juniors know how friendly and cooperative our teachers are. They are the best teachers. Learn from them. Grab as many opportunities as come to you through them. They are there to help you all out. Ask a question. Don't hesitate. Prepare yourself for the future. Interact with them. Don't waste your 3-year journey. Life is beautiful only when you know how to take care of yourself on this journey. Learn, examine, and grow.

Lastly, thank you, teachers, for everything. I really wanted to join the alumni meet, but as I am out of station, it will not be possible for me to join the alumni meet. But I really miss everyone—the tables, the chairs, the desk-batch, and the way we used to visit the staff room three times a day with no reason. I need your blessings. Monoj Sir, I am eagerly waiting to act in another drama with you. Rajiv Sir, I miss how you used to solve my problems. Lakhya Sir, I miss your classes and how you explain life. Jogesh Sir, Thank you for everything you did for us.

I also want to remember Roy maam, her classes, and how she brought pitha-laru for us and served us after she scolded us so that we didn't feel bad.

(Farewell napalu, speech ready kori rakhisilu)

Keeping all my beautiful memories in my heart, I wish everyone all the best for their future. Have a great and fabulous future ahead.

*Jini Disha Kapil*



*Batch: 19-20*





# *Years that Still Live Within Me*

Batch: 2019-20

**C**hhaygaon college has a constant present in my memory from my school days. Mainly because I crossed the place each day on my way to and back from school. Therefore, initially it didn't hold any part of my attention when it came to deciding my college of choice. However, I took admission here for my bachelor's degree and today, when I look back at those three years, I see a smile ruling my face.

I recall the initial days in the department where I had presented myself with numerous confusions and uncertainties. Our seniors had "prepared" us for the first class with Roy ma'am. I still remember the aftermath of our first class with her when the whole class could write down only half of ma'am's note owing to the sophistication of her diction as well as accent. Gradually, however, we become used to it and learnt her ways.

Though owing to COVID-19 we spent a good while at home, still the learnings were no way lesser. I remember the video prepared by the students of all the batches of our department during the lockdown where I recited a poem. I learnt that recording a video was not as easy as it looked because I had to take a good number of retakes before I could get a proper one.

Our faculty with Roy ma'am, Rajiv Sir, Jogesh Sir, Manoj sir, Lakshya sir and Pankaj sir, led us with their able teaching and guidance. They made me comfortable to the place, people and course.

The department gave me exposure to a broader world that expanded beyond the text books.



We made the wall magazine- 'Mirror' (the tea/coffee retreats in between will be remembered till forever) and the 9th edition of 'Miscellany' as well. Being editor of both of these became an unparalleled process of learning for me. Seminars, both intra-departmental and inter-college offered great learning opportunities for me.

Roy ma'am's great aura, RD Sir's simple yet detailed lessons, JB Sir's enthusiastic assistance from dept. magazines to Food Festival, MG Sir's dramatic classes, LS Sir's calm and composed presence to PD Sir's long classes on The Cherry Orchard, all of these are preserved safely in a corner of my heart.

My days in Chhaygaon College touched the binaries, of smiles and tears, peace and panic, success and failure. Still at the hindsight my time spent in the dept. of English of Chhaygaon College stands as the most enriching and rewarding.

I wish that our dept. continues to enlighten many more batches.

Long live Chhaygaon College.  
Long live dept. of English.

*Gangotree Kalita*



# Memories

Batch: 2019-20

A day starts with hope and ends with experience. Thus, it becomes a memory in the next day, and the stream of memories flows throughout life. It is a general tendency of human beings that we prioritize our life in various parts. We do it to give special height to our memories.

I have spent twenty-one years of my life and have had a lot of memories till date. I have spent five years as a student in the glorious institution called "Chhaygaan College Chhaygaan". But the three years I have spent in the department of English are I am very special to me are glad to share my memories as a student of English department.

After passing HS in the year 2019, I took honours in English and since then I have been a part of this department. My journey with this department started with a lie. During the recognition session with the new friends in the WhatsApp group I lied something about myself. But a friend caught that since then, that friend knew that where do I belong to. But we have never talked to each other since joining the English department. Now I have a great camaraderie with that friend.

I can bet that I was the most irregular student of our batch. I have been scolded many times for being irregular. But the day I confronted the rage of Roy I confronted the rage of Roy Ma'am, and I understood the magnitude of this department. At that moment, I realised that the department takes care of each and every student who is studying in this department. From that day onwards, I tried to improve myself and took part in every departmental activities.



Dr. Rajiv Deka Sir and Dr. Lakshya Sarma Sir always encouraged me, whenever I participated in departmental activities. Which helped me overcome the fear of failure.

Studying in the English department, I made some very good friends, and they are -Sukdev, Nayab, Chayanika. Oli. Gangatree, Garaithy whom I would never forget.

At last but not the least. I am thankful to all the teachers and all my friends.

*Swarna Kumar Barman*



*Batch: 20-21*





**T**oday I am going to share a few memories related to the English department as an alumni. I can't believe that in a blink, I have completed three years in this department. I feel grateful to be a part of this enthusiast department. I have gained a lot of love, blessings, and knowledge here.

Thanks to Roy, ma'am, for giving me the opportunity to be the Department Representative. If I weren't a student in this department, I would not be the girl I am today. All my hidden talents were unleashed here, and I got chances to flourish in all of them. I started to know about myself, my strengths, and all my capabilities.

My most interesting memories started in this department at the food festival at our college. Also, I would like to mention how Jogesh Bhattacharya sir helped us by making delicious vegetable and chicken pakoras for the customers along with us. Since that event, I have participated back-to-back in each event of our college and the department. After participating in the food festival, we went so deep into having our own shop and being shopkeepers that I had a discussion with Chayanika Baa that we would open a shop in partnership in the near future if we didn't have any work to do. This is one of the memories to remember.

Bhattacharya Sir's efforts were praiseworthy when it came to miscellany, the wall magazine, and the seminar. Till 9 p.m., Jogesh sir, Pankaj sir, and Anamika ma'am were with us when we were working for Miscellany. Lakhsya Sarma Sir's soothing tone carried all the tension away and made us fall asleep in his class many times. Sir is an encouraging person, always praising others good.



Being a part of a drama was my biggest fear until I played my first ever role as a doctor in the street play of our department. The girl who always had a fear of forgetting dialogues now plays roles in other dramas confidently and without fail. Special thanks to Manoj Goswami, sir, for having faith in me. All these were possible because of your encouragement and support in terms of cultural activities.

The farewell day of Roy ma'am was a memorable and sorrowful day for me. The man I admired the most was leaving us. I gifted ma'am an art piece made by me with love and ma'am's favourite colours. The next day, Mam called me, praised me, and told me that "the art was the best gift she received". And hearing this, my heart was filled with joy.

On the farewell day, I shared memories with Roy Mam in front of highly respected dignitaries and a large audience.

When I was preparing the summary paper presentation for B. Baruah College, Rajiv Deka sir helped me a lot. Sir gave me his valuable time, and most importantly, sir made me believe in myself when I was at my lowest and had no idea what to do or not. Sir pushed me and supported me wholeheartedly. Unexpectedly, I grabbed the third prize in the Seminar paper presentation at B. Baruah College on behalf of the department. I would like to thank you, sir, for all your efforts.

In an event for our department, I sang a song named "Que Sera Sera". I didn't know that this song was Roy Ma'am's favorite. Ma'am loved it and said that this was the best performance of all that day. I had never sang a song alone in my entire life until that day. This song is a kickoff for me in terms of singing. From that day on, I could sing very confidently. I felt overwhelmed when everybody in the department asked me to sing this song at each event that day.



I am happy to share that I participated in the spell bee competition, which was organised by Roy Ma'am, and it was a great success.

Before entering this department, I always heard about the wrath of Roy, Ma'am. Everyone was so scared, ma'am. But when I became attached to Ma'am, I got to know about Ma'am's soft corner.

There are so many memories I have with ma'am, but I'm going to share one of them: when I was in the 4th Semester, on a rainy morning, not even a single student from any semester was present that day. Ma'am called me on behalf of all the semesters and scolded me. When ma'am cut the call, I felt an immediate touch of fever in my body. Ma'am was repeatedly saying "Keep the phone". But the next minute, ma'am again called me and showed a gentle feeling of fondness towards me. This is how ma'am showed love and gestures to me.

A funny memory I remember whenever I and my friends discuss talking to the teachers together, they all seem very confident. But when it came time to actually face the teachers, they all pushed me forward and ran away from the door. Then I had to tackle all the teachers singlehandedly.

Sivasagar was a memorable trip. I remember how I convinced our teachers to go on the trip when everyone lost hope. Even Jogesh sir said, "I don't believe this trip will be successful until the tickets are booked," but I was straight up and made the trip a successful one. Now I feel bashful when I remember the days of going to the department again and again with the hope that teachers would allow us. And finally, it succeeded.



Participating in the bihu competition was the last memory I created in college. Just practicing for a day, we grabbed the second position; this is what makes it more worth remembering.

My farewell day was on June 27th. That day, what I noticed was that other days we invited guests and performed for others, but that day we were the guests. The juniors invited us, they performed for us, they welcomed us, and I asked their permission whether I could come in to the room where we were doing classes just before a day. And I felt this was a part of our journey from sitting in the performing row to the guest row.

I collected a lot of memoirs regarding this department, which might not be possible to pen down, but I will cherish them forever. May the English department live long in an elegant way.

*Ankita Das*



Thank You!