

## "Ragging" PTSD

As she stares out the window  
Feeling the air on her face  
As she feels her hands chill  
And the spine hunches  
I see her as she cries.

The little wings are clipped  
A big blotch on her heart  
And even bigger on her mind  
She's grown up but she's scared  
Not voicing up her plight  
Just as she couldn't few years back.

Academias are filled with glee  
Or so all have been told  
But her days were tainted  
Due to some other's sense of sickly glory.

"Are you happy now?" she asks  
To the phantom of her bullies  
Infiltrating her head sharply cutting peace  
"If only I could...." as she curses herself.

Oh yes the time has passed  
It was a mere Tuesday for them  
But it was the beginning of days  
She was disgusted on herself till time ends.

— Trisha Pattnaik  
1st year

# Who is Superior...?

I consider myself as an equal,  
With my experiences I have grown.  
As everybody else have struggled,  
No one deserves to have a throne.

Seniors may think them superior,  
They think their actions to be bold.  
But oh! Ragging is a crime,  
Have they been told?

With countless taunts and traumas,  
Every nights I have cried.  
I told teachers, parents and friends,  
Every sort of possibilities I have tried.

Who is superior?

From all the pain & hardships I have learned,  
Seniors don't bully because they're superior,  
But because they consider bullying as fun.

- By Aditi Behera  
(1<sup>st</sup> year)