

English Honours- First Experience

As soon as the Twelfth Boards fever was over along with the much dreaded results, which turned out to be quite pleasant and rendered the previous anxiousness pointless, the prospects of future became much more compelling. You could tell that by the sudden transformation in the curious inquiries of all your friends and relatives from just mere questioning of your scores to what course you would be pursuing in college; although, I had already made up my mind as to that. Reading has always been a cherished pastime and writing a burning passion, though not much ventured into. English Honours, seemed to me, as the way to go. It did lead to general scrutiny and even downright disapproval of my choice, especially because it was hardly an ideal choice for a Science student like me. But having developed quite a revulsion to the latter, I stood by my choice. It would be false to say that I didn't have my own doubts about it; doubts, not only pertaining to the scope of the course, but also about my performance as well as my interest in the subject.

But as soon as the session commenced, I was at least relieved of one of my doubts. I discovered that the subject was not only interesting but quite pleasurable. I found myself in the world of writers and their great works. Homer's 'Iliad' brought to us a world of Greek mythologies and cultures and introduced us to the epic style of writing. On the other hand mere three chapters of 'Mahabharata' rejuvenated our own Indian epic writings.

Sophocles' 'Oedipus the King' and Plautus' 'Pot of Gold' instituted the two genres of drama. While the former is stated as the greatest example of Greek tragedy by Aristotle, the latter is an amusing Comedy drama. Indian playwrights haven't been less astonishing in their works, which we were readily made aware of by Kalidasa's 'Recognition of Sakuntala' and Sudraka's 'Mrcchakatika'. The three short stories from Ovid's 'Metamorphoses' were quite a treat while Horace's 'Satire' introduced yet another genre of writing. And last but not the least, Ilango Adigal's 'The Book of Banci' from 'Cilappatikaran', a Tamil epic, yet again proved that India's diversity has only been favourable to the country's heritage, even in literature.

The subject dispensed not only the pleasures of reading, of which although we were already more or less acquainted with, but also provided us with critical bearings which we (or at least I) were incapable of acquiring without the perspectives of our teachers as well as the critical works recommended by them. Although the new grading system, CBCS, did put us in a little dilemma and the additional subjects of electives were sources of everyone's distress, but by the end of the semester we all had to agree that the subjects did provide us with some additional knowledge which we otherwise would have been ignorant to.

While the report cards called for many raised eyebrows, I think it's safe to say that, regardless of the result, most of us are quite eager for what wonders of books and writers are waiting for us this next sem.

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