

RTC LIBRARY E-NEWSLETTER

OCTOBER 2018



Welcome to the October 2018 issue of *RTC LIBRARY E-NEWSLETTER*

In this issue: Recommended Reads: Love story by Erich Segal; Poem “Space”; Poem “Waiting by the Glades”; Poem “I sink”; News from Photography ;The Poem “The Child, Maiden and the Crone” and untitled poem.

Recommended Reads from the RTC community

Love story –Erich Segal

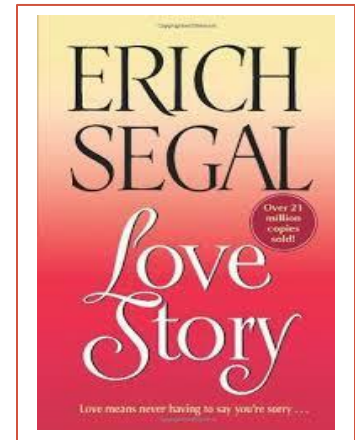
I got hold of this book at a friend’s place during one of my winter breaks in college many years ago the old paperback cover I wasn’t keen on reading the book .I had ample time on hand so, I thought to myself that I will give it a try. I was expecting this book to be the normal mundane stuff about love. However, I was in for a surprise and this book remains one of my favorite. I have re-read it so many times and I love it so much .I strongly recommend it to everyone. It’s a must have in one’s private collection.

This book is a 1970’s romance novel by Erich Segal. Oliver and Jenny are college sweethearts, one from affluent family and other a baker’s daughter. Despite their background they overcome all the disparity and get together but, their happy ending has an unexpected twist. I cried a lot after I was done reading the book.

The book is a simple love story with good characterization and beautiful dialogues. My favorite line from the book is “love means never having to say you are sorry”. It an extremely moving story that will be loved and appreciated by many in different levels. The novel is so good that a movie is also made with the same title.

Deepanjali Dewan
Health/Student Services Officer
Royal Thimphu College

Location: FIC S4541L



Quotes:

“True Love comes quietly without banners or flash lights. If you hear bells, get your ears checked”-Erich Segal

“What can you say about a twenty-five year old girl who died? That she was beautiful and brilliant. That she loved Mozart and Bach. The Beatles and me”-Erich Segal

SPACE

As inspired by the catch phrase: *I need space*

I would like to talk about certain things,
Certain things that occupy my mind constantly,
Certain things like you
There is this large void separating us, isn't there?
Like how the sun and the moon are separated in the galaxy,
By this black, hollow gap that we call space
I like to imagine that very space is between us,
You know, I've tried to take that space away,
Tried to fill it with stars,
Or at least something.
But,
The space stays the same,
Like the one separating us.
And I am glad that we have this space between us,
Just like I'm glad that the sun and moon have it between them

~Anonymous



Waiting by the Glades

The whispers of spring along the meadows
They linger on still.
And the Thrushes and Skylarks
Shall move now (singing as they do)
Down below the hill.
I hope that they will stay,
Nestled in the glade we once found.
And when autumn calls me back
I shall find you
To the songs of warblers all around.
And when we meet,
I know what you will say, my sweet.
You must stir with the Thrushes
And drift down south.
But know I'll always wait, beloved
For you to come about.

~Anonymous

"The Everyglades is a rest, Environmentalists say, If we pass we may get to keep the planet "

I Sink

I feel like I'm drowning
Like there's water surrounding me
and all I want is to swim to the surface
And hold the hand of people that matter to me
But there's no one to hold on to
everyone is shouting from the shore
But I can't swim so I sink into the abyss.



Kritika Suberi
BA Eng Studies
2nd Year

News from the Photography Club

PHOTO OF THE MONTH FOR SEPTEMBER
ON THE THEME : "COLOURS OF ABUNDANCE"
By the Photography club

Congratulations!



Mr. Suchibrota Dutta
IT and Math, Faculty RTC



We are glad to have received a total of **18** entries!
Thank you everyone who participated and keep a watch at the upcoming challenge for the month of October!

A Child, Maiden and the Crone

When stumbling through the meadow,
The innocent eyes find beautiful,
Every sneaking shadow, a mystery
The world is to revel in,
Thus is the child, wrapped in comfort.

Treading hesitantly through the grove,
Budding flowers and trembling thorns,
Scraped knees and pricked fingers,
The world is half a monster, half, love,
Thus is the maiden, heart filled with doubt.

The grove is barren to the crone's feet,
Devoid of the flowers, the lush grass,
Each step an agony, each breath
A remembrance of the past
Thus is the crone, shorn of the child
And the maiden.

~Anonymous

(Untitled)

I used to be reckless in love. My confessions met with awkward silences from the other side. I did fear rejection. But this fear was always eclipsed by a hope for simple intimacies like holding hands with the other.

Now I tread carefully in love. I can now take a confession to my grave. I still want to hold hands but this desire is overshadowed by the fear of rejection.

I have grown over the years. I have grown to be fearful. Maybe growing up really is about your countless experiences teaching you to have more fears. Which is why, I wish I could grow backwards.

~Anonymous

Wanted! Book reviews from Faculty, Staff, and Students

If you have read a good book and would like to contribute a review to the Library Newsletter, we would love to receive one from you. Tell us a little about the book and why you liked it in 250-500 words. If interested, send your review to monmchhetri@rtc.bt or come by the library and see the library staff.

Thanks!!