

"Psychology Day: Celebrated at SCSC"

It is all over now; even these words dip me in a pool of trance, and I find it difficult to swim out and breathe in the real world. Six months back, when I waited for my first psychology class, my mind had already started envisaging the unique experience, or more perhaps a peculiar power of sight that the study of this subject would offer me. The journey from there has been an enthralling one, fused with a feeling of belongingness to the subject, something that speaks of us, of our own story, not of some cold, alien facts. When nearly two weeks back we began our preparations for the 'Psychology Day', we found ourselves inquisitively eyeing on the embryonic conception of the whole event.

We started off with a steady pace, joining 'bogies' of information together. Having been assigned our own little roles, we slowly entered into a rigorous stage of discussing, scrutinizing minute details, checking, re-checking and arrays of hours dedicated to disciplined working. Spirits did drip at times. But the lively exhortations, inspiring appreciations and mutually-echoed trust from Ma'am Parul did re-ignite the fire in us. As days dropped down one by one, the stress increased. They were the last two days and we had loads of work to unload. Monday went really tiring, with all of us trying to push our work to the finish line. Repeated practices, plundering all websites, collecting information continued till 5 p.m. in the evening. Interspersed within these hours of hard work, were few moments of light conversations with Fr. Principal, who cheered us up and relaxed our taut nerves, with little passing jokes and little nods of appreciation that made us feel really important.

Our 'bogies' were all ready. But the train could not yet be started. Where was the engine? The last day ran through, hunting for the fuel that could 'run' our 'train'. Rushing around with a dim bulb of joy glowing within, we continued. In the afternoon, we got late for the essay competition and had nearly missed it. As the afternoon practice exhausted us all we returned. As I plodded through the cold-lit road, a bitter feeling of loss pinched my heart: I had not been able to complete my essay competition. As the sorrow started trickling deeper and deeper into my heart and I felt rather miserable, I recognized a familiar voice travelling down to my heart- "If you grow into adults, you have to take up responsibilities. You must do your duty well", classes after classes Fr. Vice Principal had reminded us. This little source of inspiration grew into a mammoth mountain and defended me from the cold winds of bitterness. With enthusiasm and rejuvenated zeal, I continued with my work.

Then the day arrived, the 12th of December. We had an enthusiastic audience of over 100 batch mates and faculty members waiting to discover what the day held for them. We were set to discover more about their Personality through a standardized assessment test on Personality.

Our 'engine' had already been attached. With final polishes, hall preparations, and violent beats of hearts echoing in the hall, we waited, as the students started coming in. We started with our personality test. Our trains left the station and gradually it gained a steady speed. The questionnaire was projected on the slides, and the students enthusiastically continued answering. Other members of the psychology department assisted the students in calculating the scores and subsequently interpreting them. Our brains refused to focus on anything except our own roles we had to play. Minutes ticked by, afraid of making any mistake. The event slowly drew to a close, the last speech was made and a burst of applause relieved our stone-turned hearts. The puny psychology group, headed by Ma'am Parul, had made their way at last. The test illuminated the path to that enigmatic world of 'self', which, although resting within every human, is the most elusive treasure to be discovered.

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