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DANDELION

ENGLISH LITERARY SOCIETY, IIT KANPUR

Celebrating Y21s

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PEOPLE**

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Presenting **Dandelion**- IITK's bi-monthly literary newsletter. Dandelion is an initiative by the ELS team to provide a publishing platform to budding writers of IITK, a creative delight for reading enthusiasts and brain-tickling word games for the puzzle fans. Hope you enjoy our very first edition and become not just active readers, but regular contributors to this space!

We are open to accepting entries in all formats (poems/stories/articles/reviews/anything else) by anyone (any year/branch, no need to be an ELS secretary either). If you wish to get published (anonymously or otherwise) in our next edition, drop us an email at litsoc.iitk@gmail.com!

- by ELS team

A STORY TO REMEMBER

by Mayank Bansal



I still remember the day,
 I texted you,
 With a lot of nervousness,
 And thoughts afew,

 My starting line,
 was a complete devastation,
 But you were so kind,
 You still kept up with the
 conversation,

 Gradually we started chatting,
 day and night,
 Talking to you became so natural,
 I never really realised,

 But one unfateful day,
 I broke the heart of a girl so pure,
 I still lament it,
 How I was so immature?

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 I broke the heart of a girl so pure,
 I still lament it,
 How I was so immature?

Years went by,
 And our separate ways did we find,
 But sometimes I still wondered,
 Were I also on your mind?

 But as fate would have it,
 We crossed paths again,
 You were still so tender,
 And forgave me for all that pain,

 Just like that,
 We started talking like we did before,
 Reigniting that spark we had,
 More and more.

 Those late night calls we had,
 Which spanned till morning,
 Were the best part of my day,
 When we shared everything.

 As I was leaving for college,
 You poured out your heart,
 But I was so dense to understand,
 That maybe you liked this idiot from
 the start

But when I went away,
Our talks were few,
I did not tell you this,
But I missed you,

As I returned I was eager,
For we had finally decided to meet,
And when I first saw you,
My heart skipped a beat.

That long walk we had,
That long talk we had,
Made me realise a feeling,
I always had but never knew,
You were all of my dreams come true,
Oh darling,
I was so in love with you.

I still remember how I wrote you ,
A love letter like a child,
And afterwards how nervous I was,
While I waited to see how you replied.

I waited and waited and waited,
Just to see,
That maybe after all,
We are not meant to be.

Now I try to move on,
With a broken heart but with a smile,
As I failed,
To make you mine.

I still laugh at the way fate works,
That how you were once a stranger to
me,
But now will live on in my heart,
For eternity.

I'M LOST IN THE AURA

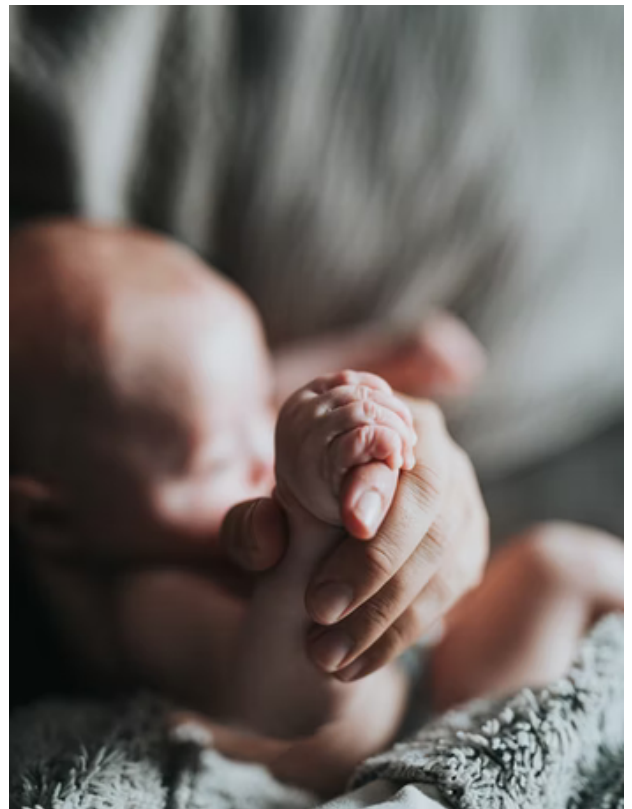
by Divyanshi Bansal (Y21)

I'm lost in the aura of impish ebullience,
In his first vibrant cry and veiled vision.
I'm lost in his redness, his tender resilience,
In the charm of the cheeks, newly that
glisten.

"He looks like his mum", sounds in the air,
While the mother holds the wrapped
newborn,
Tender and fragile, every touch was a dare,
To awaken him for life, like rose and thorn.

I'm lost in the aura of unmitigated gloom,
In the loud laments and his sketched trails,
I'm lost in his paleness, his ashes, and fume,
"He looked like mum", the sound that
prevails.

**Rising from a cradle as a newborn bud,
And lying in the coffin, covered with mud.**



TIME DIES AT THE DINNER TABLE

by *Vaishali Rawat*

Above the horizon of crows and
haughty spires,
Is there a place of cardboard clouds on
silver cables?
Where the rivers don't flood, neither
withhold life
Where the sun pleases without plagues
and wriggling fish
And every breathing thing is lifeless
As time itself lounges in the hearth of
perfection.
For is it not perfection?
If a moment is the moment of the rest
of our lives,
Shouldn't happiness, grief and these
phoney humanities
Be borne in one breath, contained in
the blood
Of the universe, stagnant as the
utopian river
Grave as the dead man's future and
impossible

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A SIMPLE WRITER'S COMPLICATED BLOCK

by Tanya Soni (Y21)

Once there was a writer
She wrote stories about wiping snot
Am joking, she wrote fanfictions
Sounds easy? Well, it's not.

So this girl, she had hope
Like any other human with a future
full of hopelessness
She was a newbie writer with ideas
Yes, this is me being modest

She wrote her first chapter
There were so many who liked her
They said "This is just like a novel"
She was a fool, they psyched her

She moved onto the second
Apparently, tragedy doesn't strike
early
Because simple humans see simple
lines
Reality; that bitch is curly

It wasn't until chapter five
She couldn't keep up with the
deadline
It was no big deal, she missed just one
week
Everything was fine

At least that is what she told herself
Until weekly uploads became monthly
She was still a writer with ideas
Just the "writing" part wasn't going
smoothly

It's one thing to have ideas
Another to put them to words
It's one thing to mumble tunes
Another to sing songs

Because words are heavy little things
Difficult to handle
If you use them without soul just
science
They are like strapless sandals

And "strapless sandals" you throw
When those passionate readers seem
after your life
But when you can't bear doing that
You have writer's block; strife

The newbie writer realised this
A little too late
Her novel had gone 6 months
Without a new update

She was frustrated, she was angry
She didn't want to write
She decided to take some time off
That was the start of 'writing career
death rite'

Taking time did help
Gave things a new perspective
But when that perspective is "What's
the use of writing this shit?"
Calling it help is kind a subjective

The perspective was further hardened
When she saw the comments
They said "Where the fuck are you?"
And yes, that's me being modest

I took a break after that
 Ahem..... I mean she
 She stayed away from writing
 For some time, she felt free

But well, there is this thing about
 writers
 They have ideas, restless ones
 These stubborn ideas keep banging
 their brains
 24x7, like blazing guns

So, she was back in the game
 'Writing career death rite' was
 stopped
 And mind you, it wasn't easy
 But no one was happier, when
 seventh chapter dropped

She didn't do regular updates after
 that
 But she never quite left
 Cause you see, a writer has ideas
 Even when the ideas are all there's
 left



ONCE A WHITE BLIMP

by Niliena Celine (Y21)

Stratsville seldom has something to debate and talk about for any length of time. This Christian village somewhere in England is nothing short of a bore, to both its residents and outsiders. Their primary means of living is just that...they get along. People are born, go to school, get married, have kids and watch their kids follow the same cycle till they die. Even the advent of technology in this small village is slow. The mayor of Stratsville, Mr. Gerald Thompson, a well natured, genial man and the proud owner of the village's sole piece of relatively modern technology, a TV big enough to host a family of cats, is the basic template of everybody in Stratsville, given the occupation and gender is subject to variation.

In fact, you can stop reading right away and get back to whatever you were doing if it wasn't for what happened on a warm morning someday in Stratsville. Like I said before, or wrote, if you insist, Stratsville is a general bore. The sole source of life and vibrance in the place are the children. So, I poked around a little bit and found a little boy named Oscar William Anthony (said exactly like this in a sing-song voice), who is turning eight this April much to his own pride, whose antics are acceptable and more importantly, bearable to a seventy-six-year-old spinster writer such as myself (No! Don't you dare give me your pity eyes, I am perfectly happy and good if not better.) to enlighten me about the events of that fateful day. Anyway, Oscar woke up on that day like he woke up every other day, his older sister said it was time to go to church. He got dressed and headed off to church in the morning darkness, with the entire household as always. The service started and droned on like every other day. It was not until after the Bible reading that anything out of the ordinary began to happen.

The minister began his sermon on being good people or something and somewhere in between, Annie, Thomas and Wish, Oscar's three best friends, and Oscar, who all stood together in the front row noticed that Great Mother Nun, Rev. Greta Andrews, hadn't turned up for service. What a piece of luck! Everybody could do better without her constant pestering.

Right then, the entire church heard a ghastly scream. The people ran out of the church to see what was happening, but nothing was, at least not the ground. Wish was the first to look up and let out a gasp. Soon everyone began to look up as the land got dark, only to see a gigantic white balloon thing with little tail things behind it and a dark, ugly screaming blob on it. Everyone was curious about the large white blimp that appeared overnight. Especially the old toothless woman stuck to the outside. A closer examination showed that the toothless woman stuck to the outside was none other than Great Mother Nun, Rev. Greta Andrews.

That's when Stratsville lost it. For a village starved for some form of entertainment or news, this was an all-you-can-eat-feast. The children started yelling and started throwing stones into the air. The women began screaming while fanning themselves. The men yelled stuff that nobody but themselves could understand. The pianist who was petrified had his finger on F minor for the entire length of the debacle. The minister, a saintly man, ran out the church and began dancing because of, I'm guessing, divine enlightenment?

In short, it was like everybody in church had a good old whiff of fairy dust, like I used to call it in college. At seventy-six, life is still surprising. Finally, the mayor, Mr. Gerald Thompson, yelled out something along the lines of "Calm down!!!!" and by the fifth call everybody did. "Ladies and gentlemen of Stratsville," began the mayor who, never in his life, thought that any job of actual importance would

ever fall upon his shoulders.

“We do not know what this strange thing in the sky is and whatever it may be, the best way to approach the problem is to remain calm. “ He continued facing the villagers, his back to the blimp.

“It is most unfortunate that Rev. Mother Greta Andrews is stuck to it or so it seems. So, I suggest all the clergy to return to the church and pray, as the balloon seems to be a contraption that God Almighty designed to punish Rev. Mother Greta Andrews for not attending service today.” At this the minister and the other sisters hurried back to church with groan and began praying. I must confess, throughout this entire ordeal Great Mother Nun, Rev. Greta Andrews was screaming in shrill cries but to no avail as the mayor was giving his monologue, which is, clearly more important than hanging fifty feet up in the air from a stupid big balloon. Great Mother Nun, Rev. Greta Andrews calmed down a little and looked around. She had her rosary and her rosary had a crucifix and the crucifix has a pointed end. Eureka!! Great Mother Nun, Rev. Greta Andrews did the obvious, at least to her at time, and punctured a hole in the blimp.

Oscar later told me it was the coolest thing he had seen in his life. As the mayor’s speech droned on, Great Mother Nun, Rev. Greta Andrews’ cries died down and was soon replaced by an inhuman screeching. The blimp, loosing air, zoomed around in the sky as it was a honey bee on a sugar high only white and about ten thousand times bigger or a closer-to-home analogy, a balloon losing air with a fart. Great Mother Nun, Rev. Greta Andrews held on with every last bit of effort her body could produce in her senility. The clergy ran out of the church to witness part two of this comical divine damnation. The blimp and the nun zoomed around till the deflated blimp tangled into a tree and left the nun hanging by her feet screaming language, that if called profane, would be a gross understatement. Oscar later confessed it was the greatest literary revelation in his life till date. The village people helped the nun out the tree and doused her in holy water should any bit of punishment be remaining, much to her chagrin.

It was only now that the villagers began to notice that in spite of the holy water, the profanity didn’t quite die down. Soon two disheveled holy beings, a male and a female, stepped out, who for some reason looked remarkably like human beings..... I’m just kidding, they are humans, alright, but they don’t know that!

A long boring explanation followed that, during which, the children, Oscar included were busy poking around in the blimp. But from the bits and pieces he told me and the rest from my imagination, this is a gist of what happened. A blimp ride was a dream to the couple in the blimp, Kyle and Megan. They finally saved enough and strapped in for the ride. In the early hours something happened, please I’m no engineer, this is not my problem, and they began losing altitude somewhere over the nunnery, the tallest building in the village, where Great

Mother Nun, Rev. Greta Andrews was busy getting her clothes after drying. The wind and the darkness and the confusion caused the nun's clothes get tangled in the blimp and left her hanging as the blimp began gaining altitude after Megan smashed the controls in frustration like how a true navigator would. The rest is history, at least as far as the people of Stratsville are concerned.

Now, this tale and its variations fill conversation should most other topics be exhausted or lacking in gloss. As far as I'm concerned, I've told you a tale with your bizarre demands and shower thoughts. So, my dear adopted granddaughter, please have your dinner.....it's been five stories!!



TWO IN ONE

by Rose Agarwal

We've always been stitched together from
the seams
Your broken temper and my bottled screams
These strings have hummed too long
You want to rest the strings and I want to
keep the song
Hasn't this push and pull finally left us
undone?
Now I can dodge the bullet when you pull
out the gun

I've tried, you've tried, I've tried and again
It's time we stop and switch this broken
lane
Maybe I'll go far enough, a translucent
memory far away
But I hope you miss our song someday and
find my way
I'll probably be waiting right here, same as
you
A needle in my left and gun in my right too



PORPHYRIA'S LOVER

by Arth Banka

Porphyria, a name which in itself sounds so royal and magnificent, so unobtainable and delicate, sets up a mood for what is to follow.

A name that is so beautiful and charming that it builds an expectation before the poem even begins, and I couldn't help but think of the great romantic poets I had read before, including Robert's own wife- Elizabeth Barrett Browning, as I read the title.

The mood that the title builds here is quite relevant to the experience of the poem. It determines whether one experiences the shock and subversion that makes the poem the definitive classic that it is or examines it like a case study of a madman. The poem was initially published in 1836 under the title "Porphyria" but was then republished by Browning under "Madhouse Cells", an entirely appropriate name, in 1842. The poem was ultimately given its classic and definitive name in 1863. I am fascinated by how Browning portrays his characters through their own words and leaves us to judge.

Porphyria is also the name of a disease, and this is often cited by people who are of the belief that the reason for the murder is euthanasia or mercy killing. However, the condition was given its name a few years after the poem had been published. While this idea is fascinating, I don't think that was the motive. There are a few other exciting ideas that one could draw out from the poem, but I feel they have been thrown in to create some degree of ambiguity even though there are clear writings on the wall. My approach to interpreting this poem was to follow the central theme and tie in the various interesting ideas to the same. This form of interpretation is the one that I find the most satisfying because it covers all the diverging and maybe even contradicting lines of thought and integrates them into a coherent picture.



The holiness in "Porphyria's Lover" conceals the lunacy and depravity of the personae. When the poem was written, the disease Porphyria had not yet existed, indicating that it was either Porphyry the philosopher, who inspired the name, or the greek word πορφύρα, Porphyra, meaning purple.

Until recently, purple was the most expensive pigment to dye clothes with by quite a margin. Therefore, it would make sense to name a child after something widely considered attractive and royal. Moreover, purple was almost unobtainable unless you were a very wealthy King or Emperor. For example, Tyrian Red (a type of 'Royal Purple' pigment) needed the extract of ten thousand specific sea snails to make around 1.4 grams of the pigment. Therefore, it would make sense that this lady is "Porphyria" as she is unobtainable to the narrator or suggestive of her being royalty, which creates a psychosis and thus makes him want to kill her when he finally does obtain her. This idea works on multiple levels, given that a dead body turns purple when strangled and could, in turn, be foreshadowing the fate of the poor lass.

Browning's dramatic monologues are often characterised by the mad ramblings of oddballs, maniacs, or people of abnormal, morbid and twisted psychology. In two of his most famous poems, "Porphyria's Lover" and "My Last Duchess", Browning uses this method of exposé to describe a man who returns the affection of a gorgeous woman by killing her out of the fears of his own insecurities and narcissism.



In "My Last Duchess", there are at best hints, and it is lightly implied that the Duke may have out of jealousy, slain his wife and keeps her portraiture hidden behind a curtain so that no one can look upon her face without his consent; in "Porphyria's Lover", however, this idea is quite explicitly embraced. The repetitive and monotonous rhythmic pattern drives home this theme of insanity and obsession. The poem is all in a single long verse even though the cadence mimics natural speech, depicting how the character doesn't stop to think or reflect upon his atrocities until the end. Browning opts for using an ABABB rhyme scheme, the asymmetrical nature of which suits the chaotic madman perfectly.

Porphyria is not ailing physically; the fact that she is pale is because she is "blonde" and presumably attractive. Paleness was something generally associated with beauty in Victorian times. There is frequent Elizabethan usage of blazon in the poem. The speaker of "Porphyria's Lover" seems infatuated with Porphyria's hair: he brings it up time and time again, describing what she does with it. And then, of course, he uses that same hair to strangle her. While Porphyria literally does have blond hair, her hair also symbolises female seductiveness and danger. The speaker clearly finds Porphyria's hair very attractive and seductive; however, the speaker refuses to be trapped or constrained by her hair. Instead, he turns it against Porphyria, making it into a weapon in an attempt to rob the power she holds and take it for himself.

What is wrong with the situation is that she's "too weak, for all her heart's endeavour, to set its struggling passion free from [here comes the important part] pride and vainer ties dissever, and give herself to me forever." In all likelihood, she can't be with the narrator because she is too proud, or perhaps there is a social barrier separating them; it may be so that she is married, or the narrator may not be physically attractive enough as she can't separate from "vainer ties".

Porphyria's angelic entrance, in fact, reveals that she has made a big sacrifice to come and visit the speaker: having left a "gay feast"—a raucous, joyful party which she trades for a gloomy, morose, cold cottage with a lover so weak that he can't even answer her questions. She has a hectic social calendar; she lives in a pleasant, colourful world full of celebrations and people. And she gives that up simply because she loves the poem's speaker. That makes her fate all the more tragic: There was richness and pleasure in Porphyria's life, and she could have lived a more fulfilled life had it not been for her lover.

Porphyria chooses her individual desires without fear of the social punishment that might arise from indulging in them. For a woman in 19th century England—a period rife with misogyny, in which a women's sexuality and social life were tightly repressed—Porphyria is presented as a willful woman with ingenuity. The lunatic strips her of all that, however. She remains an independent being no longer. The speaker's repeated usage of the word "mine" emphasises that Porphyria has become a possession, and by strangling her, the speaker can keep her in that "pure and good" state. Once Porphyria is lifeless, she ceases to have the control and agency she displayed in the beginning. She cannot remove herself from his embrace: By killing Porphyria, the speaker establishes control over her, takes away her agency, and turns her from an active subject into a passive object. Obviously, in his contorted mind, he's done the right thing by granting his lover's "one wish" to be with him forever.

The violent climax of the poem comes in the form of a devastating shock right in the middle of a heartfelt, tender moment. To me, the speaker appears more perverse than insane, but one could reasonably make either argument. He wants to fulfil what he thinks is Porphyria's "one wish" of fully surrendering herself to him and etch their moment of love into eternity. Presented entirely from the perspective of its twisted speaker, the poem positions love as a form of total resignation and brutality as a means of control, which is an extremely distorted view of the intimacy and vulnerability that true love warrants.

here is a lot of subtext to support that the speaker might be disabled, impotent or someone who has contrived himself into feelings of inadequacy. He gives off the vibe of a man of inaction and makes no other motion apart from the strangulation.

Porphyria usually involved delusional madness followed by death and was classified a few years before the poem's publication. Browning held an avid interest in such pathologies and could have been aware of the new condition and therefore used it in this way. Some other intriguing ideas that have been thrown in over the years are that the speaker is an incestuous lover or maybe even a woman. Some consider the poem to be hinting at kinks such as asphyxiation. Many stills in the poem support this imagery, but I feel this was meant to give more dimension to the speaker's perversion and a madhouse vibe rather than being central to what the poem was trying to portray.

As the poem comes to an end, the speaker sits in silence, embracing the lifeless body of Porphyria. The necrophiliac's lack of remorse only increases the distaste left in the reader's mouth. Yet, in spite of the speaker's disgusting and disturbing violence, he appears to go unpunished. He ecstatically announces in the final line, "And yet God has not said a word!". He interprets this silence as God approving of his murder since doing so forever keeps Porphyria "perfectly pure and good." The speaker's obsession with sexual purity is at full display throughout the poem, and it culminates into this moment. In his mind, he has prevented her from sinning and straying into sexual acts that can endanger her soul and anger, God. This is a twisted interpretation of morality, but it is actually the poem's way of critiquing those who prioritise restrictive ideas about probity in sexual conduct above human life. The speaker presumes that God values abstemiousness above all, so much so that he's willing to tolerate murder, but he is only projecting his own insecurities about women onto him. The poem highlights the hypocritical nature of the early-Victorian society where Browning lived. On the surface, a very religious world that appeared to condemn any inkling of moral deviance and a world in which the sensuality of women was restricted and commanded. The obsession with being pure has come at the expense of actually being humane. Ironically, the initial readers of the poem would, in all likelihood, have condemned Porphyria for embracing her own sexuality while also being unsettled by the poem's brutality and sensationalism.

The poem punishing Porphyria gives the reader a kind of plausible deniability. The reality is that the average Victorian reader was just as hypocritical as the speaker, defending violence because it preserves their narrow notion of sexual purity.

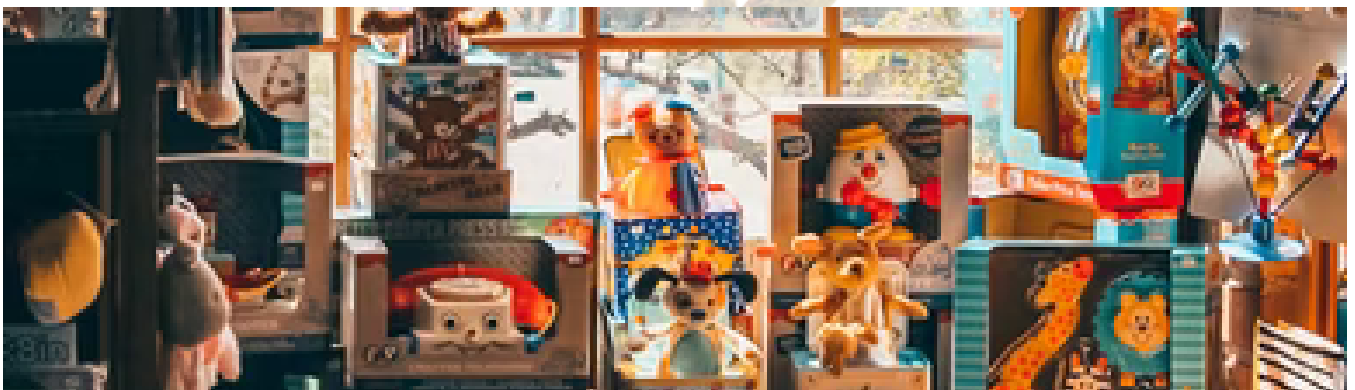


TOY STORY - THE MOTHER'S TOYS

by Ashutosh Rana (Y21)

“Where am I?” said a disembodied voice. On a broken piece of ceramic there was an eye, which blinked unsettlingly. All the eye saw was a dark abyss, and it sensed no motion. It blinked once; it blinked twice, yet could only see the darkness one sees with one’s eyes closed. “Hello? Anyone?” said the same sourceless voice. No one answered. There was no one to answer. Suddenly there formed a blinding beam of light. A stray cat had ripped open the garbage bag in search of a meal. All it found, when out streamed the trash, was a beautiful dress, messy with many years of stains, and some pieces of ceramic, still as immaculate as when the doll was first brought. The ceramic pieces lying on the pavement shook, as if trying to violently recall a memory of a collective past. And there it came- they all felt a jarring jolt- the recollection of how they came to be this way. They were, in the past, a wonderful baby doll, a relic from the days when toys weren’t made of metal or plastic. They would say ‘Mama’ when squeezed, listen to every little thing the young mistress would say, and guard her every secret most scrupulously. She may have forgotten, but the fragments remembered. They remembered the sharp drop from a high chair during a tea party with friends; the shattering sound that followed.....Some pieces still bore the stains of the child’s tears.

The doll knew. She knew that for fragile showpieces such as her there was no afterlife. It would be a trip to the dumping grounds, one flash of flames.....and her journey would be complete. Born of one fire, and through fire removed from the material world. How she knew was from her own self awareness, and the logical train of thought that followed. She had felt the violent sweeps of the broom, the cold embrace of the metal dustpan, and the free fall of the journey into the bin. She knew, with increasing surety, that her fate was sealed. Every second ahead was a second closer to nonexistence, of oblivion, of removal from people’s memory.



The trash collector came down to the torn bag, grumbling and cursing at people who don't pack their garbage right. He did not notice the tiny tear welling up in the doll's right eye, nor the mouth twitching in sorrow. He looked at the dress for a moment, and in his normally weary eyes you could see that he had felt a small twinge of guilt for having to deal such cruel destiny to something of such beauty. The pieces of ceramic caught in the dress moved, almost imperceptibly so. It looked as if it was fluttering in the wind, adding a layer of extra pathos to the already very poignant scene. The collector sighed a little, in a way that betrayed neither relief nor compassion, but some emotion nonetheless.

He threw the bag into the truck, just missing the sounds of humming that emanated from the bag.. Every piece of broken ceramic vibrated subtly with these sounds that resonated with the rumble of the great truck.

As the garbage truck dutifully moved on, each of the broken pieces, for the first time, thought and felt as a collective. They had but one thought; that they be not forgotten, and that they remain in Jessie's cloth core, and in the mistress' muscled heart, forever. They were born to serve, had lived to serve, and had dutifully served until the end. Their last thought was a debate as to whether they deserved the disgrace of disposal, which ended in the great heat of the incinerator.



WORD GAMES

Verbose Verses

A rhyming pair of words is like a married couple: they go together both because of their

similarities as well as their differences. In the following few questions, identify a pair of

rhyming words which have a meaning similar or close to that of the phrase provided. 4

points per answer.

Eg. Depressed Boy - Sad Lad

1. Rotund chiropter.
2. skimpy lingerie
3. Vertical arrangement of appetizers
4. Fishy dame.
5. Pigeon overhead.
6. Seedy or ragged monastery/convent.
7. Grand and stately sound of a bell's peal
8. Lonely group of four.
9. A minister below a priest in an Abrahamic religion.
10. Inebriated criminal.
11. Intelligent mathematician and philosopher, who is because he thinks.
12. The craft or workmanship of embarrassing emissions of gases.
13. Masculine and virile director of *A Clockwork Orange*, *2001: A Space Odyssey* and *Lolita*.

Word Pyramid

Each clue that follows contains all the letters of the previous word plus (or minus) one letter of the alphabet, depending upon the number of spaces.

Example: _ short for okay

__ to blow unconscious in one strike

___ Ash Ketchum's helpful professor, shares name with a tree

Answer: k

ko

oak

_ a language for statistical computing

__ Egyptian sun

___ end result of destructive distillation

_____ Russian king

_____ gape

_____ someone employed to test food or drink

_____ a kind of siege machine does this, strikes repeatedly

_____ superlatively devoid of everything

_____ grizzly + polar = grolar ____

_____ burn or scorch

_____ a unit of area

_____ when you reply to an email

_ perhaps the second most important constant in math

_____ Caesar would have said this word of Latin when he died

_____ a beverage

_____ what would you call an Australian friend

_____ domesticated

_____ furnished with a mast

_____ a wound caused sharp stinging pain

_____ did this in REM sleep

_____ walk

_____ someone who is not truthful will choose this

_____ what's common between blood and ruby?

_____ one of the homophonic friends of eddy

_ area where only the penalty kicker and goalkeeper stand