



अदिति / ADITI

2023-24



सच्चा ज्ञान सोचने से नहीं मिलता है। यह वही है जो तुम हो; यह वही है जो आप बन जाते हैं।
श्री अरविंद घोष

TRUE KNOWLEDGE IS NOT ATTAINED BY THINKING. IT IS WHAT YOU ARE; IT IS WHAT YOU BECOME.
SRI AUROBINDO GHOSH

श्री अरविंद महाविद्यालय (सांध्य)
दिल्ली विश्वविद्यालय

SRI AUROBINDO COLLEGE (EVENING)
UNIVERSITY OF DELHI

Glimpses of Malhar'24

The collage features numerous photographs from the Malhar'24 event. Key elements include:

- Central Text:** "Glimpses of Malhar'24" in a large, bold, black font on a white background.
- Performances:** Several photos show groups of performers in traditional and modern attire on stage. One notable performance features a group in white and red outfits with large, colorful umbrellas.
- Speeches and Group Photos:** Multiple photos show individuals and groups standing on stage, likely during speeches or award ceremonies. Some photos include banners for "Malhar'24" and "Under The Aegis Of IQAC".
- Decor and Atmosphere:** Photos show the event's stage decorated with flowers and banners. One photo shows a large, colorful, abstract sculpture.
- Event Details:** Banners and text in the photos mention "Malhar'24", "Under The Aegis Of IQAC", and "Event Managed By: IQAC".





EDITORIAL BOARD



Left to Right

- 1st Row:-** Ms. Manisha Priyadarshini, Dr Jyoti Kulshreshta, Dr. Raman Kumar, Mr Angad Tiwari, Prof Arun Chaudhary, Dr Kalpana Rohit, Dr Ritu Jain, Dr R.K.Goswami, Dr Kanika Lakra, Dr Guriya Kumari
- 2nd Row:-** Dr DA Esther, Mr Satyam Kumar, Mr Ravi Kant, Dr Bhaskar Mishra, Dr Nayna, Ms Monica, Dr Hriday Kumar, Prakhar Chaure B.A.(P) III Year
- 3rd Row:-** Laksh Asija B.Com.(P) III Year , Anurag Pratap Singh B.A. (Hons) English II Year, Ananya Barick B.A. (Hons) App. Psych. II Year, Utkarsh Mehta B.Com. (P) III Year

अंततः, मौलिक रचना का श्रेय लेखक के विचारों को ही जाता है। उनसे संपादक या सहमति अनिवार्य नहीं है। रचना की मौलिकता की जिम्मेदारी भी लेखक की है।



PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

Dear Readers,

I am pleased to introduce the latest edition of the Annual Magazine- Aditi, which carries with it the immense efforts of our students and faculty members. SACE has always been actively participating in the dissemination of knowledge, and this magazine is an example of our commitment to providing a platform for creative expression.

I would like to congratulate the editorial board for their tireless efforts in bringing out the magazine and showcasing their work in the best possible manner. I am confident that the magazine will be a source of inspiration for the students and provide valuable insights into the world of academics, industry, and society. It is an opportunity to reflect on our progress and to set new goals for the future.

I cannot express my appreciation enough for the industrious STUDENT EDITORIAL BOARD of Aditi 2024. You have truly raised the bar in terms of academic and technical prowess.

Once again, I am proud to be associated with such a vibrant and productive community. Congratulations to each of you, and I wish you all the very best in your future endeavours.

Keep up the good work!

Prof. Arun Chaudhary
Principal (OSD)

Editor-in-Chief MESSAGE



Dear Readers,

It gives me immense pleasure to present Aditi 2024 to you. This issue, like the previous one, is available in both soft/pdf and print formats.

Aditi is a small initiative of Sri Aurobindo College Evening, published annually, which gives an enormous opportunity to our students, faculty, and administrative staff members to come up with their creative and innovative thoughts and exhibit their originality in front of everyone. It's a matter of great delight that our student editors were able to complete the pre-printing work digitally, which included cover-page design, typesetting, indexing, graphics, and pagination. This was made possible by Laksh Asija, B.Com. (P) III Year (Student Editor-in-Chief), Utkarsh Mehta, B.Com. (P) III Year (Student Editor-in-Chief), Anurag Pratap Singh, B.A. (Hons) English II Year (Technical Support), and Ananya Barick, B.A. (Hons) App. Psycho. II Year (Technical Support), and student editors namely Prateek Vashishtha B.A. (Hons) Hindi III Year and Harshit Kumar Shrivastava B.A. (Hons) Hindi III Year (Student Editors-Hindi), Anurag Pratap Singh B.A. (Hons) English II Year (Student Editor-English), and Prakhar Chaure B.A. (P) III Year (Student Editor-Sanskrit).

I want to express my sincere gratitude to our principal, Prof. Arun Chaudhary, for his brilliant and important suggestions that helped us create the magazine.

I would like to thank every member of the editorial board for their contribution to this issue. I'm proud that we promote in our students the importance of perseverance, originality, and quality work.

I hope you enjoy reading this issue as much as we enjoyed editing it.

Happy Reading!

Dr. Kalpana Rohit
Editor-in-chief

The magazine is the outcome of many hours of labour, albeit some errors may have occurred by chance. We are deeply sorry for that. Any similarity to anything found on the internet or from other sources is purely coincidental. We have also tried our best to filter out any content that could offend anyone on the basis of their gender, caste, culture, or religion.

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(Editor-in-chief)



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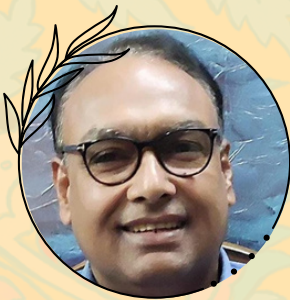
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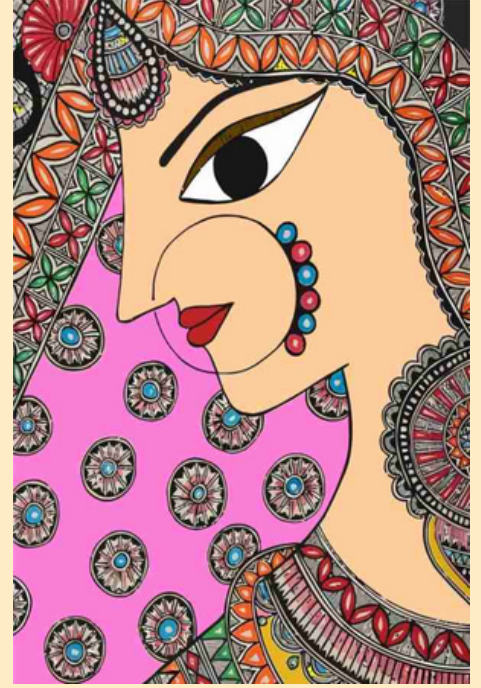


Prakhar Chaure
(Sanskrit Editor)

अनुक्रम

हिन्दी

१.सर्वम कृष्णमयी	सुश्री आरती गुप्ता	..३
२.बस यही तो है ज़िंदगी	सुश्री आरती गुप्ता	..४
३.मल्हार 2024	सुश्री आरती गुप्ता	..५
४.क्या है ज़िंदगी	अभिनंदिनी तिवारी	..६
५.वर्दी का सपना एक	अंश बालियान	..७
६.आजाद रूह	अनुराग प्रताप सिंह	..८
७.रमाचार	अनुराग प्रताप सिंह	..९
८.ग़ज़ल	माईल हुसैन	..११
९.भोली भाली जनता	हरिओम पाण्डेय	..१२
१०.समर भवानी	मनवेन्द्र सिंह झाला	..१३
११.मैं कृष्ण हूँ	रोहित कुमार	..१४
१२.मैं प्रकृति को जीना	रोहित कुमार	..१५
१३.कुछ अनकही कहानियाँ	जतीन लखचौरा	..१६
१४.कदर	सत्यम शुक्ला गर्ग	..१७
१५.स्कूल की यादें	इमरानूर रहमान	..१८
१६.राह के राही	सुधांशु	..१९



१७.घर	सुधांशु	..२०
१८.यादें	रोहित कुमार	..२२
१९.उम्मीद	हिमांशु	..२३
२०.क्यों हो तुम ऐसी की बस	राहुल कुमार	..२४
२१.क्यों बड़े हो गए हम	ऋतुंजय कुमार झा	..२५
२२.जब तू मौत के वक्त	ऋतुंजय कुमार झा	..२६
२३.तुम सा कोई चाहने वाला कहाँ	ऋतुंजय कुमार झा	..२८
२४.तुम हो	प्रशान्त पाठक	..२९
२५.दूर सपना था, नहीं था	ऋतुंजय कुमार झा	..३०
२६.देश भक्ति	मुहम्मद फ़ैज़	..३१
२७.पुत्री का पुकार	मोनिशा गुप्ता	..३२
२८.हिंदी है हम	जोएना चक्रवर्ती मिनोती	..३३
२९.एकलव्य की समस्या	प्रशान्त पाठक	..३६
३०.जीवन की खोज	जतिन लखचौरा	..३७
३१.भेड़ों के भाव बिक	अनुराग प्रताप सिंह	..३८
३२.गुफ्तगू ज़िंदगी से	रोहित कुमार	..३९

CONTENTS

ENGLISH

1. Postcolonialism: Academic theory...	Dr. Susanta Kumar Bag	..42
2. The Tiger - Our National Animal	Dr. Abdul Kalam	..46
3. What is Education?	Dr. Mercy Jil Jil	..48
4. Do it Now	Dr. Mercy Jil Jil	..49
5. Back to the roots	Ravi Kant	..50
6. 'W' for woman or warrior	Dolly Sharma	..55
7. The Haunting Hour	Ishan Shankar	..58
8. Love was	Rudra	..60
9. Alone with my thoughts at last as	Kundan Raj	..63
10. The vase in the corner of the room	Kundan Raj	..64
11. My last confession of Love	Tejasvi Singh	..65
12. Out of Syllabus	Anurag Pratap Singh	..66
13. My Friend's Funeral	Zareen Khan	..70
14. You conquer it all alone	Abhinav Rathore	..71
15. To Spring	Rahul Kumar	..72
16. First Sight Love	Tanush Singhal	..73
17. Shadows beneath the bangles	Anurag Pratap Singh	..74



17. Eyes through the crowd	Harshal Sumant	..75
18. My Wonderland	Katyayani Shukla	..76
19. Mental Health	Jatin Lakhchhora	..77
20. A Struggled Love Story	Mayank Singh	..78
21. Impact of GST	Ayush Kumar	..79
22. Impact of Artificial Intelligence	Aditya Kumar Saini	..85
23. If I request to halt...	Himanshu	..87
24. Fading	Ritrisa Mondal	..88
25. '12th Fail' - An Inspiring Story	Shubham Kumar	..90
26. Dear ICAI	Monisha Gupta	..91
27. Navigating the Quarter-Life Crisis...	Abhilash Maderna	..92
28. A conversation at the Crossroads...	Harshal Salunkhe	..94
29. Are You Afraid?	Joena Chakraborty	..96
30. Lost love	Jatin Lakhchoura	..97
31. Sarcasm	Maithili Karna	..98
32. Phoenix Arising	Afsar Shah	..99
33. Blood & Tears	Sanu Sagar	..100

अनुक्रमणिका

संस्कृतम् खण्डम्

१. रामायणम्	डॉ. रमण कुमार	..१०३
२. पुरातनपुस्तकानि	प्रखर चौरे	..१०४
३. पर्यावरणम्	अन्नपूर्णा कुमारी	..१०५
४. विज्ञानस्य चमत्काराः	सुप्रीत कुमार सिंह	..१०७
५. अनुशासनम्	हर्षित हृदय	..१०८





हिन्दी अनुभाग

संपादक

डॉ. ऋतु जैन
श्री अंगद तिवारी
डॉ. बत्ती लाल बैरवा
डॉ. हृदय कुमार
डॉ. गुड़िया कुमारी
डॉ. भास्कर मिश्र
डॉ. नयना
डॉ. मोनिका

छात्र संपादक

प्रतीक वशिष्ठ
हर्षित कुमार श्रीवास्तव

सर्वम कृष्णमयी

सुश्री आरती गुप्ता
अनुभाग अधिकारी
श्री अरविन्द महाविद्यालय (सांध्य)

बृज की लता-पता में कृष्ण, बृज की गली-कुंजन में कृष्ण ।
राधा की आस में कृष्ण, मीरा के विश्वास में कृष्ण ।

जमुना के सम्राज में कृष्ण, गैयन की रंभाती आवाज में कृष्ण ।
झुकी-झुकी सी कदम्ब की डाली के हर्षोल्लास में कृष्ण ।
रुपहली भोर के प्रकाश में कृष्ण, ढलकती सांझ के आभास में कृष्ण ।
पावन तुलसी की सुवास में कृष्ण, मोर के नृत-राज में कृष्ण ।
मधुर मुरली के सुर-साज में कृष्ण, गोपियों के महारास में कृष्ण ।

मेरे-तुम्हारे तन-मन, सुन्दर चितवन में कृष्ण ।
ॐ ॐ में कृष्ण, रोम - रोम में कृष्ण ।
आरती की अखंड अरदास में कृष्ण ।
भक्ति - रस में डूबे मृदुभास में कृष्ण ।

कृष्ण में वसुधा, वसुधा में कृष्ण,
सर्वम कृष्णमयी, कृष्ण सर्वममयी ।
हरे कृष्णा ।



बस यही तो है ज़िंदगी

सुश्री आरती गुप्ता
अनुभाग अधिकारी
श्री अरविन्द महाविद्यालय (सांध्य)

थोड़ा सा हँस दिए थोड़ा सा हँसा दिए, बस यही तो है ज़िंदगी ।
किसी रोते हुए को मुस्कुराना सिखा दिए,
किसी हारे हुए का होंसला बढ़ा दिए ।
बस यही तो है ज़िंदगी ।

जो दिखा कहीं अँधेरा तो चिराग जला दिए,
जो दिखी कहीं मायूसी तो उम्मीद का सवेरा दिखा दिए ।
बस यही तो है ज़िंदगी ।

जहाँ दिखी कहीं नीरसता तो गुनगुनाहट सा बन गए ,
जहाँ दिखी कहीं कड़ी धूप तो छायादार वृक्ष सा बन गए ।
बस यही तो है ज़िंदगी ।

जहाँ दिखा अँधेरा तो पूनम के चाँद सा बन गए,
जहाँ दिखी सघन चुप्पी तो बच्चों की बात सा बन गए ।
बस यही तो है ज़िंदगी ।

जहाँ दिखी निराशा तो जीने की चाह सा बन गए,
जहाँ दिखी भटकन तो उम्मीद की राह सा बन गए ।
बस यही तो है ज़िंदगी ।



मल्हार 2024

सुश्री आरती गुप्ता
अनुभाग अधिकारी
श्री अरविन्द महाविद्यालय (सांध्य)

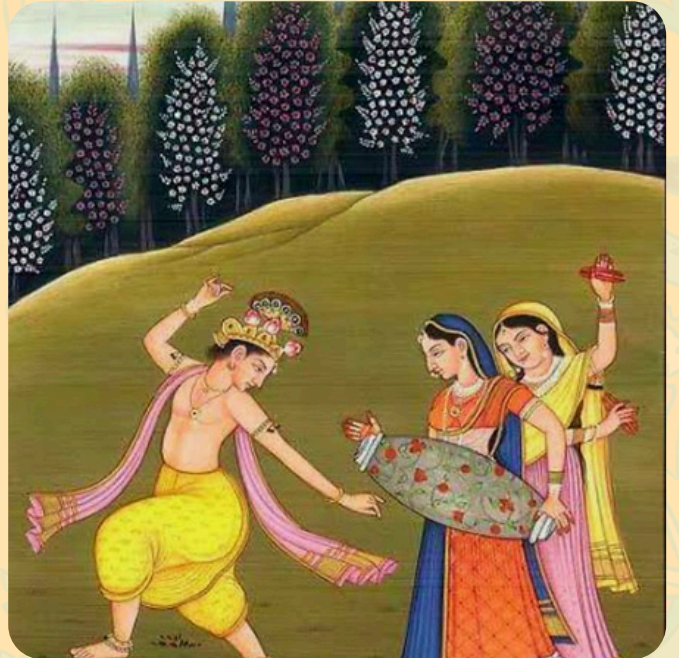
सा-अरविंदम के प्रांगण में कुछ यूँ मना आज
एक सुन्दर दिव्य भव्य उत्सव मल्हार,
कि जैसे दो दिनों में ही मन गया हो
होली दिवाली का त्यौहार और
हो रहा मनो में एक नई खुशी, नई उमंग का संचार ।

आज महाविद्यालय का प्रांगण इठलाता,
रंग-रौशनी से सज गए ज्ञान के द्वार ।
सजे दरख्त, सजी दीवारें, जैसे आ गई हो नई बहार ।
कला-कौशल का संगम बना शिक्षालय,
हुआ हमें नाज, अरे ओ मल्हार!
तुम आए तो भर गई
सम्पूर्ण वर्ष के शिक्षण में स्फूर्ति अपार ।

आज हर छात्र-मन मुस्कुराता,
गीत, संगीत, नृत्य, रंगोली, कुछ तो कला दिखलाऊँ ।
कुछ और नहीं तो बस थोड़ा गुनगुना ही जाऊँ,
वर्ष भर ज्ञान की राह पर बढ़ता जाऊँ ।

मेहनत-कश शिक्षक, प्राचार्य व प्रशासन,
अनंत प्रतिभाओं का हो रहा अद्भुत समागम ।
नए नृत्य, नए गान, नए रंग, नई तरंग,
हो रहे सब उत्सव में मगन ।

हँसते खिलखिलाते चेहरे, गुनगुनाती शाम,
मल्हार से शिक्षालय को मिली नई पहचान ।
हे राम! बस यूँ ही बढ़ाते रहना यहाँ,
ज्ञान, ध्यान और मान ।



क्या है ज़िंदगी

अभिनंदिनी तिवारी
बी ए प्रोग्राम
तृतीय वर्ष

किसी को खोकर, पाना है ज़िंदगी ।
अपनों के बिना रहकर, मुस्कराना है ज़िंदगी ।

दूसरों को हँसाकर, खुद को रुलाना है ज़िंदगी ।
खुद की ही तलाश में, खुद को खोना है ज़िंदगी ॥

नाकामयावी को गले लगना है ज़िंदगी ।
निरंतर कामयावी की तलाश है ज़िंदगी ॥
पीछे मुड़कर ना देखना है ज़िंदगी ।

अगर अभी मुझसे कोई पूछे, कि क्या है ज़िंदगी ।
तो मैं कहूँगी - ज़िंदगी को पहचान कर उसे सभी के साथ
जीना है ज़िंदगी ॥



वर्दी का सपना-एक विद्यार्थी का दर्द

अंश बालियान
बी.ए. प्रोग्राम
द्वितीय वर्ष

कोशिश कर ऐ अर्जुन हल निकलेगा
आज नहीं तो कल निकलेगा
अर्जुन के तीर-सा शासक
इस मरुस्थल से भी जल निकलेगा।

मेहनत कर तैयारी को धार दे
इस बंजर जमीन से भी फल निकलेगा
जिंदा रख, दिल में उम्मीदों को
गरल के समुद्र से भी, गंगा जल निकलेगा

कोशिश कर, कोशिश कर कुछ कर गुज़रने की
जो आज है थमा-थम- सा, कल चल निकलेगा
आंखों में नींद बहुत है पर सोना नहीं है
यही समय है कुछ करने का उसे खोना नहीं है।

अगर सफल न हुए तो ताना होगा
अगर सफल हुए तो साथ में सारा जमाना होगा
मुझमें और मेरी किस्मत में सिर्फ एक ही जंग
मैं उसके फैसलों से दंग और वह मेरे हौसलों से दंग

दुनिया को हकीकत मेरी कुछ पता भी नहीं
इलज़ाम हजारों हैं और खता मेरी कुछ भी नहीं
मेरे दिल में क्या है? ये पढ़ न सकोगे
सारे पन्ने भरे हुए हैं,
लेकिन लिखा कुछ भी नहीं।



आज़ाद रूह

अनुराग प्रताप सिंह
बीए ऑनर्स अंग्रेजी
द्वितीय वर्ष

आज़ादी की परछाई

वो आज़ादी की परछाई है
जो खुले बालों में आती है
आंखों में काजल लगाती है
हँसना उनकी खूबसूरती है
और रोना जानती ही नहीं है

वो आज़ादी की परछाई है
जो फूल ढांक कर लाती है
सफेद बना लेती है
और बातों-बातों में ताना देती है
जी हां, वो गलियारों में गायब रहती है

वो आज़ादी की परछाई है
जो सबको माफ कर देती है
बात कैसी भी हो बेबाक रहती है
कहती खुद को आँसू और लगती रुह है
जी हां, वो रौशनी की भी परछाई है

वो आज़ादी की परछाई है
वो जो सफेदी की मुस्कान है
और काजल की झंकार है
बेलपत्र को सिर पर रखती है
और शहद को कंठ पर लगाती है

वो आज़ादी की परछाई है
रात में जुगनू परेशान करते हैं उन्हें
और वो रात में ही परेशान होती है
रात में ही गुस्सा हो जाती है
और सुबह तक सब भूल जाती है

वो आज़ादी की परछाई है
वो अमृता के किताब पढ़ती है
अमृता के लेख सुनती है
अमृता से मिलने जाने कहां-कहां जाती है
और कभी-कभी खुद अमृता बन जाती है

वो आज़ादी की परछाई आज़ाद रूह बन जाती है
आज़ाद रूह छूकर अक्षर चुरा जाती है

परछाई और रूह छोड़ आज़ादी ले कर चली जाती है



रमाचार

अनुराग प्रताप सिंह
बीए ऑनर्स अंग्रेजी
द्वितीय वर्ष

राम आवैं फिर महलन की ओर
घर तिरपाली की छोर।

जय श्री राम में सब कुछ है
बस राम नहीं।

राम तो अभी भी राम ही हैं
पर हनुमान सा कोई भक्त नहीं।

न रही राम की गरिमा
न अब मान कही।

राम आधार हैं हर चीज़ का
जो राम सोहे न कभी।

राम लला रखवाले हैं सब
मर्यादा रक्षे ना कोई।

राम राज चाहवे हैं सब
राम सो त्यागी बने ना कोई।

घर घर में पूजे हैं राम
राम आचरण हैं सोई।

राम सा हंसना चाहे सब
पर राम सा न रोई।

कहत सब राम जीवन मिठास हैं
राम संघर्ष खटास चखो ना कोई।





पर जो राम आवे हैं फिर
कई प्रश्न उठावे मन अधीर।

कहत जन राम राज फिर देखे है अयोध्या
पर क्या राम प्रजा सो बनें हैं कलयुग प्राणी?

राम सो दानी ना भयो कोई दूजा
यो राम ज्ञान जाने कलयुग प्राणी?

पितु वचन ले जिसने ठकुरी बिसरायी
ऐसों पुत्र कलयुग में की ने पाई?

पितु वचन ले जिसने वनवास अपनाई
ऐसों त्यागी पुत्र बनि हैं कलयुग प्राणी?

सरयू को जो गले से पहले माथे पर लगाए
ऐसों पुत्र सरयू ने कलयुग में पाए?

कर्म करी राम तो फिर भी बनिहैं कोई
पर राम सो परिवार साथी कहां पड़हैं?

सीता सो सुकुमारी रानी सब बना चाहवे
सीता सो बेटी, बहु और पत्नी बनिहैं कोई?

भरत लक्ष्मण सो सत्ता त्यागी भाई भाए सभे
राम सो बड़ भाई स्नेह लुटइहैं कोई?

अधीर मन जो प्रश्न उठावें
एकही उत्तर मन जाने
राम राम और बस राम
अयोध्या के कण-कण को प्रणाम॥

ग़ज़ल

माईल हुसैन
बी कॉम
द्वितीय वर्ष

गौर से वो मेरी जानिब देखने लगे,
और हम उनसे नज़रे चुराते रहे।
होना तो यह था के वो नीमबाज होते,
और हम उनसे शरमाते रहे।
नादान हम सबक़ याद करते रहते,
और वो मश्क से आजमाते रहे।
आखिर हुस्न वाले तो मुकाम को पा लिए,
और आशिक़ मात खाते रहे।



भोली-भाली जनता

हरिओम पाण्डेय
बी.कॉम प्रोग्राम
तृतीय वर्ष

आ रहा चुनाव , ज़ोरदार इसकी तैयारी हैं
कोई कहता अल्लाह , और कोई कहे कि भगवाधारी हैं
हो गई अब जीत , किसकी किस से यारी हैं
जश्न मनाते रोज , गाड़ियों की भरमारी हैं
भोली-भाली जनता , फिर बन गई भिखारी हैं ।

मतदान से पहले दिखाते , अपने को लाचारी हैं
किन्तु इसके बाद , हो जाते सिंह सवारी हैं
स्वर्ग सा प्रतीत , इनकी चारदीवारी हैं
भोली-भाली जनता , फिर बन गई भिखारी हैं ।

खुद के बेटे मंत्री , देश में बेरोज़गरी हैं
भुखमरी भी कम नहीं , बढ़ रही महामारी हैं
महंगाई तो पूछो मत , सबसे बड़ी बीमारी हैं
भोली-भाली जनता , फिर बन गई भिखारी हैं ।

जनता के पैसे खाकर , खुद को कहते परोपकारी हैं
दब जाती है भ्रष्टाचारी , अदालत पर पड़ते भारी हैं
प्रदर्शन करने के वक्त , बन जाते लाठीधारी हैं
भोली-भाली जनता , फिर बन गई भिखारी हैं ।



समर भवानी

मनवेन्द्र सिंह झाला
बी ए प्रोग्राम
द्वितीय वर्ष

लाज केसरिया, पाग केसरिया, केसरिया उसकी कहानी थी। राजे की खड्ग में उतरी, जैसे समर भवानी की।। माँ जीजा की भरी कोख से शिवनेरी ने अवतार लिया। धीरे-धीरे करते करते हिन्दुत्व का भार लिया।। तोरण, पुरुन्दर कोढाणा, चौकन बरमाती हाथ लिया। अफज़ल खान को प्रतापगढ़ मे, खड़े-खड़े ही फाड़ दिया।। नहीं थी क्रिज धन की सारी, आगे उसकी अभिमानी थी। राजे की खड्ग में उतरी, जैसे समर भवानी थी।।

राईगढ़ पर पैर जमाने मे, मावल सेना ने साथ दिया। गुरिल्ला रणनीति जान कर, छुप दुश्मन पर घात किया।। साम दाम दण्ड भेद, हर चीज शिवाजी काम लिया। जीजा भात की उचित सीख से धर्म का पंजा नाम लिया।। ऐसा लाल जग के माँ जीजा स्वयं जगदम्ब समानी थी। राजे की खड्ग में उतरी जैसे समर भवानी थी।।

अफज़ल, रूस्तम, औरंगजेब, हर जन को राजे पछाड़ा था। ये प्रतीत होता था जैसे, वो एक जंग अखाड़ा था।। कि बात जब छत्रपति की, अपना राजे परमाण दिया। " हूँ मेवाड़ी कुल का वंशज यह कहकर के पाग लिया।। उसको तो बस सारे जग में केसरिया लहरानी थी। और राजे की खड्ग में उतरी जैसे समर भवानी थी।।



मैं कृष्ण हूँ

रोहित कुमार
बी ए प्रोग्राम
द्वितीय वर्ष

मैं नटखट हूँ , मासूम भी हूँ
मैया की आँख का तारा हूँ
मैं दाऊ का प्यारा भी
और गैयो का मैं ग्वाला भी
मैं ही तो गोपाल भी हूँ।
मैं ही नंद का लाल हूँ
मैं कृष्ण हूँ , मैं कृष्ण हूँ ॥
राधा का हूँ प्रेम भी मैं
और अर्जुन का माधव भी हूँ
मैं भगवद ज्ञान देने वाला
मैं कर्मों का कारण भी हूँ
मैं त्रेता का राम भी हूँ
मैं द्वापर का घनश्याम भी हूँ
मैं ही ब्रह्म मैं ही विष्णु
मैं ही शंकर का मान भी हूँ
मैं कृष्ण हूँ , मैं कृष्ण हूँ ॥
मैं मुरली मधुर बजाता हूँ
सुदर्शन चक्र चलता भी
मैं भक्तों की रक्षा करता
असुरों का वंश मिटाता भी
मैं परशुराम का फरसा हूँ
मैं ही वामन अवतार भी
धर्म की रक्षा की खातिर
अनगिनत वेश बदलता भी
मैं द्रौपदी का सखा भी हूँ
और मीरा का हूँ स्वामी भी
मैं ही भाग्य विधाता हूँ
और हूँ मैं अंतरयामी भी
मैं कृष्ण हूँ , मैं कृष्ण हूँ ॥



मैं प्रकृति को जीना चाहता हूँ

रोहित कुमार
बी ए प्रोग्राम
द्वितीय वर्ष

मैं आज जहाँ भी जाता हूँ
प्रकृति को जीना चाहता हूँ
लेकिन एक टक कुछ देख के मैं
एकाएक रुक जाता हूँ
देखा ऐसे शिखरों को जो
हिमखंडों से थे बने नहीं
देखे ऐसे नभ के बादल
जिनमें था वाष्प का नाम नहीं
कुछ ऐसे दृश्यों को देख
मैं नयन नीर पी जाता हूँ
मैं आज जहाँ भी जाता हूँ
प्रकृति को जीना चाहता हूँ

जहाँ वन , उपवन सब होते थे
वृक्षों का वहाँ पर नाम नहीं
जहाँ रहती थी जंगली दुनिया
वहाँ आज मकड़ का जाल नहीं
जहाँ कल कल नदियाँ बहती थीं
हैं आज वही गुमनाम कहीं
कहीं वृक्ष लदे थे फलों से
उन वृक्षों को ढूँढा करता हूँ
मैं आज जहाँ भी जाता हूँ
प्रकृति को जीना चाहता हूँ

इन सबका बस एक ही कारण
प्रदूषण है जिसका नाम
जल , जंगल और धरा , पवन
सबका करता ये अपमान
प्रदूषण के जनक भी हैं
हम ही इसके पोषक हैं
प्रकृति की इस दशा के दोषी
हम ही इसके शोषक हैं
इतना सब होने पर भी
मैं विकास देख रुक जाता हूँ
मैं आज जहाँ भी जाता हूँ
प्रकृति को जीना चाहता हूँ

वृक्ष बचाओ वृक्ष लगाओ
और करो इनका सम्मान
वन , उपवन और वन्यजीवन
का भी संग में रखो ध्यान
कुछ ऐसे और विकल्पों से ही
होगा प्रदूषण का समाधान
तभी कहीं भी आते जाते
मैं गर्व से कह पाऊँगा
मैं आज जहाँ भी जाऊँगा
प्रकृति को जी पाऊँगा
मैं आज जहाँ भी जाता हूँ
प्रकृति को जीना चाहता हूँ॥

कुछ अनकही कहानियाँ

जतिन लखचौरा
बी ए ऑनर्स (अप्लाइड साइकोलोजी)
प्रथम वर्ष

कई खुशहाल ज़िंदगियाँ मुश्किल हो गई हैं... खूबसूरत इमारतें कचरे में तब्दील हो गई हैं...

जब कोई मरना नहीं चाहता तो मार क्यों रहे हैं? जब कोई रोना नहीं चाहता तो रुला क्यों रहे हैं? अपनी जान के स्वार्थी दूसरों की निकाल रहे अर्थी.... जब इंसानियत ही नहीं तो इंसान कहला क्यों रहे हैं...

जिस धरा ने दिया है आशियाना हमको उसे न काटो तुम... घोल बारूद हवाओं में वायुमंडल को न विनाशो तुम... चैन से जी रही जो ज़िंदगियां उनको न उजाड़ो तुम... लगा भीड़ कई लाशों की खुद को न सवारों तुम...

जब युद्ध होता है तो कई बेकसूर मरते हैं... इस सबकी आड़ में नेता राजनीति करते हैं.... सरहदों के लिए हो रहा सब कुछ कोई विशेष कारण नहीं.... युद्ध में अधिक क्षमता वाले शासक तानाशाही करते हैं...

एक दिन ये जंग का माहौल भी खत्म हो जाएगा... कोई बेटा लौटेगा घर तो किसी पिता का शव घर आएगा... इस तकरार में कोई हारेगा कोई जरूर जीत जाएगा... खत्म हुई ज़िंदगियों का जनाजा उठाया जाएगा...

कई खुशहाल ज़िंदगियाँ मुश्किल हो गई हैं....

खूबसूरत इमारतें कचरे में तब्दील हो गई हैं...



कदर

सत्यम शुक्ला गर्ग
बी ए प्रोग्राम
द्वितीय वर्ष

जिंदगी का अनोखा किस्सा हो गया
हर लूटेरे का मंदिर में हिस्सा हो गया

तरीका नहीं है जिन्हें ढंग से बोलने का
वह भी देखो आज संसद का हिस्सा हो गया

बड़ी मिन्नतों के बाद मोहब्बत मिली थी
पता न था यह झूठा किस्सा हो गया

कदर करना सीखो आज विषधरों की
इंसानी देह में सपों का हिस्सा हो गया

सत्यम को है बड़ा तजुर्बा आज जमाने का
अपना भी तो एक मकबूल किस्सा हो गया



स्कूल की यादें

इमरानूर रहमान
बी कॉम
प्रथम वर्ष

ये दिन हमें याद आएंगे
ये दिन एक याद बन जाएंगे
जैसे पहले दिन रोए थे शायद आखरी दिन भी रोएंगे
हम अपने अच्छे दोस्त जो खोएंगे
आज अध्यापिका की डांट हमें ताने जैसी लगती है
कोई अध्यापिका अच्छी तो कोई बुरी भी लगती है
कल हम अपने क्रिस्से किसे सुनाएंगे
जो आज साथ बैठे हैं वह तब कहां नजर आएंगे
इन दीवारों को सब कुछ पता है
इन्हीं पर तो हमारा नाम गड़ा है
यहां खता करने का भी अलग मजा है
एक ही खता पर सबको सजा है
ये लम्हें सदा याद आयेंगे
कुछ तस्वीरों को अपने साथ रखूंगा
जब-जब गुज़रूंगा इस स्कूल वाले रास्ते से
शायद इन लम्हों को याद कर पाऊंगा
शायद इन लम्हों को याद कर पाऊंगा



राह के राही

सुधांशु
बी. ए. हिन्दी विशेष
द्वितीय वर्ष

मैं यह लेख जीवन के विभिन्न अंगों को देखते हुए लिख रहा हूँ.....

राह के राही से तात्पर्य यह है कि जीवन अनेक रास्तों का शहर है, जिसमें मंजिलों का तो ठिकाना है। लेकिन आपका नहीं, जिस कारण आपको इस राह में अनेक राही मिलेंगे। परन्तु यह आपको विचार करना है कि कौन सी राह आपकी है और कौन सा राही आपका है। न जाने किस राही के साथ मिलकर आप दोनों की राह एक हो जायेगी सामान्यतः देखा जाए तो प्रत्येक व्यक्ति के जीवन में भावनाओं की, इच्छाओं की, प्रेम की, चाह की इत्यादि अनेक राहों का समावेश मिलेगा। जैसा कि मैंने बताया की जीवन एक है, परन्तु राह अनेक है।

यह तो तब आम होता है, जब कोई आकर आपको बताता है की चलना आवश्यक है, दूरी तय करना नहीं, अगर दूरी के डर से बैठे ही रहोगे, तो राह भी निराश व अर्थहीन हो जायेगी।

और कुछ इसी प्रकार की होती हैं, जीवन की पहली राह यानी जब आप इस संसार में आते हैं, तो आपका स्वयं का चयन नहीं होता है की आप किस व्यक्ति के घर में जन्म लेंगे। अमीर बनेंगे या गरीब के घर का चिराग बनेंगे। मैं कुछ ऐसी ही राह की बात कर रहा हूँ जो कि अनसुलझी सी हैं। वास्तव में मुझे भी इस राह का भान तब हुआ जब मैंने जाना कि कुछ लोग इस राह को पा कर खुश हैं और कुछ लोग इस राह से दुखी।

अक्सर मैंने यह देखा है कि पहली राह का अधिकार आपके पास होता ही नहीं हैं, यहाँ तक की मेरे पास भी नहीं था। लेकिन हम सभी लोग इस अनजानी,

अनसुलझी सी पहली राह पर अपना कदम बढ़ाते हैं और हम सबको हमारे सपनों को वह दर्पण दिखाया जाता है, जो शायद हमारा होता ही नहीं हैं।

जिस कारण आपके जीवन की पहली राह ही ऐसी हो जाती हैं कि आप राह के राही के रूप में आगे कभी आ ही नहीं पाते हैं। आपकी आयु इस पहली राह में इतनी होती है कि आप ढंग से खड़े भी नहीं हो पाते हैं। परन्तु आपकी यह राह आपका इन्तजार कर रही होती है कि कब आप अपनी इस अनजानी, अनसुलझी सी राह पर कदम बढ़ाएंगे।

और इस राह का नाम होता है, आपके परिवार की धारणा जो की आपको लेकर बनती है, और वहीं से यह कारवाँ शुरू होता है कि जहाँ आप सब लोग की सोच की बनी हुयी राह पर अपना पहला कदम बढ़ाते हैं।

इसी प्रकार आप जीवन की अनगढ़ राहों पर चलते हैं, और एक दिन कुशल राही बन जाते हैं। और कुछ तो ऐसे हो जाए हैं, जो दूसरे राहगीरों को समझाते हैं। शायद उनको ही गुरु, मात- पिता, एक अच्छा साथी या एक अच्छा मित्र कहते हैं। जो बिना किसी प्रलोभन के आपके साथ आपकी राह का चयन करने में साथ देते हैं।

जीवन में राह तो अनेक होंगी,

पर आप उसको ढूँढना होगा, जो आपके राह का हो।

घर

सुधांशु
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द्वितीय वर्ष

बुना माँ ने है इसको, बाबूजी जी ने रंग है भरे, दादा दादी ने थामी है दीवारे इसकी हाँ..... आज हम, आपको अपने घर की ओर है लेकर चले ।

कुछ के सपनों का आशियाना है ये, बिन कहे बिन सुने कुछ का अफसाना है ये, लोग कहते है क्या है मेरे घर में, मैंने कहा न रोटी न मकान, बस छत हैं अपने लिये । हाँ..... आज हम, आपको अपने घर की ओर है लेकर चले ।

कुछ किराए पर है रह रहें, कुछ ने जमीं पर बना लिए आशियाँ, कुछ आज भी अपने घर तक न पहुंचे, कुछ ने सड़क को बनाया है घर।

सभी के दिलो का सभी के शहर में, कैसा भी है मगर है एक घर, हाँ..... आज हम, आपको अपने घर की ओर है लेकर चले ।

किसी की जवानी गयी, किसी का बुढ़ापा है गया, पर सब ने घर नहीं, सपनों के ठेकेदार से सौदा है किया। पर हाँ, किसी ने घर तो है लिया।

शायद मेरा भी घर है ऐसे ही बना। हाँ..... आज हम, आपको अपने घर की ओर है लेकर चले ।





यादें

रोहित कुमार
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चल एक बार फिर वो बात करते हैं
पुराने हसीं मज़ाक फिर एक साथ करते हैं
किस्से जो छोड़ आए बचपन की राहों में,
एक बार फिर उनका ऐतबार करते हैं
चल एक बार फिर वो बात करते हैं
पुराने हसीं मज़ाक फिर एक साथ करते हैं

वो भी क्या दिन थे जब स्कूल जाया करते थे
कुछ यार मेरे मुझको बुलाने आया करते थे,
संग उनके ही आना जाना होता था
संग उनके ही खाना- पीना होता था
बीते दिन , बीती रातें और गुजर गए साल कई
दसवीं पास होते ही बिछड़ गए मेरे यार कई

जो साथ रहे , जो साथ चले , अक्सर यूं पूछा करते हैं
कहा गए वो दिन , वो किस्से , वो याद आया करते हैं
काश कही किसी मोड़ पर वो यार मेरे मिल जाए फिर
पूछेंगे क्या कभी यार को ऐसे भुला करते है
चल एक बार फिर वो बात करते हैं
पुराने हंसी मज़ाक फिर एक साथ करते हैं।



उम्मीद

हिमांशु
बी ए प्रोग्राम
तृतीय वर्ष

क्या है ये उम्मीद?
क्यों है ये उम्मीद?
उम्मीद ही ना हो तो क्या हो?
दिल पे क्यों है इतनी उम्मीदों का भार?

मेरी अंधेरी सी दुनिया में एक रोशनी की किरण है उम्मीद।
ये न हो तो जिंदगी बुझे-चिराग सी हो जायेगी,
बाग के सब्ज़ में जिंदगी, " बरबाद " सी हो जाएगी।

उम्मीद है मां - बाप , और अपने सपने पूरे करने की,
उम्मीद है इस दुनिया से जीतने की,
उम्मीद है लम्हों के लौट आने की,
उम्मीद है एक अपना आशियां बनाने की,
उम्मीद है अपने मां - बाप को गर्व कराने की।

एक यही उम्मीद ही है जो हमें जगाए रखती हैं,
अपने सपनों के लिए हमें लड़ाए रखती है।



क्यूं हो तुम ऐसी की, है बस प्यार ही आता

राहुल कुमार
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क्यूं हो तुम ऐसी की, है बस प्यार ही आता,
अब भी तुम में कोई ऐब नज़र नहीं आता।

ये क्यों है कि तेरी सिफ़त जुबा पर रहती,
एहताराम इतना की उल्फत रिज़ा मांगता।

माथा बहुत टेका है पाकीजा चौखट पर ,
एक तू है जो दस्तरस में नहीं आता।

तेरी तासीर में बस हया काफी है,
इसके बाद कोई हूर नज़र नहीं आता।

तेरे रुबरु हो जाने से खफा तो हूं,
इस अजीयत से अच्छा ना-महरम रह जाता।

गर अना छोड़ हम माजरत कर लेते,
आज हमारी मुख्तलिफ कहानी ना होती।

मसाफत बड़ी लंबी है ज़िंदगी की,
इल्तजा यही है की तेरी याद न आती।



क्यों बड़े हो गए हम

ऋतुंजय कुमार झा
बी कॉम
द्वितीय वर्ष

शौक़ था जल्दी बड़ा होने का,
आज वो शौक़ भी पूरा हो गया !
लेकिन अब लगता है ,
क्यों इतना जल्दी बचपन पीछे छूट गया?

बचपन के अरमान..
इतने जल्दी चूर हो गए !
अब लगता है कि..
क्यों इतने जल्दी बड़े हो गए ?

मां बाप की डांट का..
बिल्कुल असर नहीं होता था !
चार लोग क्या सोचेंगे ,
तब ये कौन सोचता था !!

वो अज़ादियां, वो नादानियां ..
आज भी याद आती है !
न जाने हमारे अंदर की मासूमियत ,
क्यों इतनी जल्दी चली जाती है?

अपने दोस्तों के ग्रुप को..
हम आज भी याद करते हैं !
पुरानी यादों को याद कर..
हम भी आगे बढ़ जाते हैं !

अच्छे कल की कोशिश में ,
आज को भूल जाते हैं !
इसी उलझी जिंदगी में ,
हम खुद को भूल जाते हैं !!

बचपन में जो तनाव की लकीर..
दूसरों में दिखाई देती थी !
आज आईने के सामने ...
खुद में दिखाई देती है !!

इसी ख्याल के साथ..
फिर वही ख्याल मन में शुरू हो गया !
क्यों इतना जल्दी बचपन पीछे छूट गया ?



जब तू मौत के वक्त अकेला था

ऋतुंजय कुमार झा
बी कॉम
द्वितीय वर्ष

जहां लोग जमा रहते थे,
आज वो जगह भी अकेली थी।
जिसे देख कर सभी उसका इंतजार करते,
आज वो तस्वीर भी अकेली थी।

क्या हुआ इतने दोस्त बनाकर,
जब तू मौत के वक्त अकेला था।।

तस्वीर चिपकी रह गई उस बैनर में,
उसका रंग सांवला था।
जिसे देख कर बच्चे इंतजार करते,
आज वो तस्वीर भी अकेली थी।

क्या हुआ इतने जिंदादिल होकर ,
जब तू मौत के वक्त अकेला था।।

वो हवाएं भी आज मौन होंगी,
जिसपर तेरा बसेरा था।
आज वो ममता भी दुःखी होंगी,
जिनका बेटा तू सबसे प्यारा था।

क्या हुआ इतना कुछ करके,
जब तू मौत के वक्त अकेला था।।

पैसा नही अब ख्याति चाहिए,
ये सपना सिर्फ तुम्हारा था।
क्या करते ये ख्याति पाकर ,
जब तू मौत के वक्त अकेला था।।



तुम सा कोई चाहने वाला कहाँ

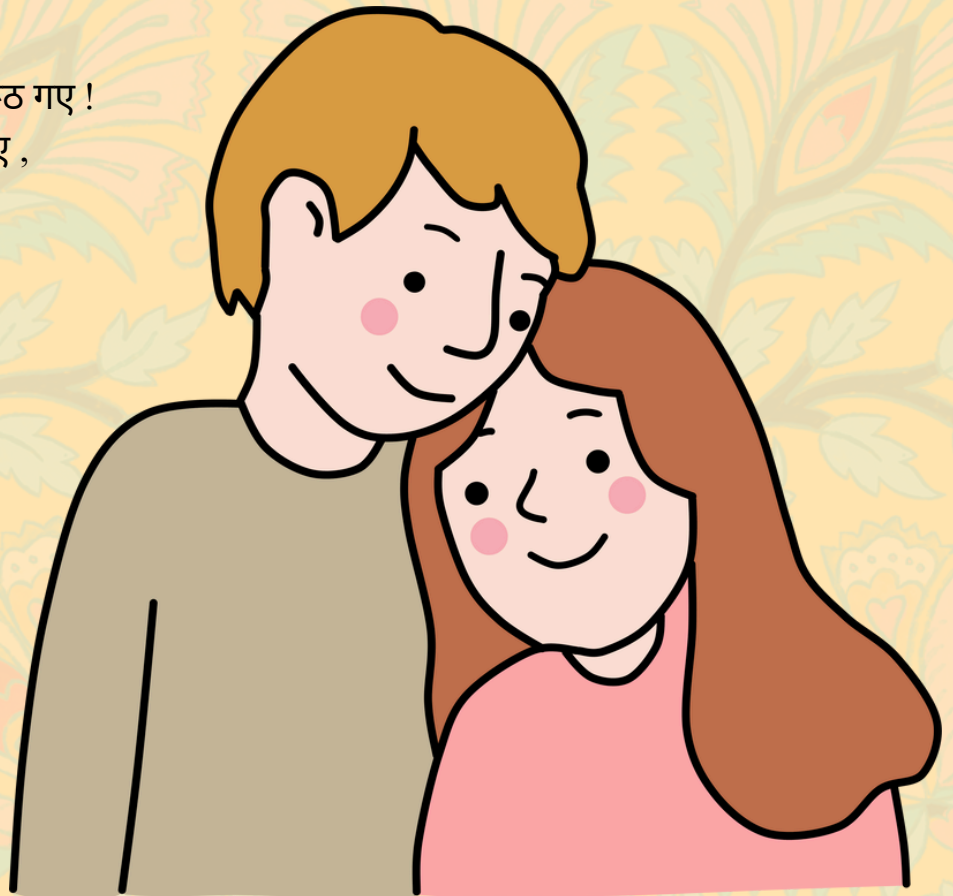
ऋतुंजय कुमार झा
बी कॉम
द्वितीय वर्ष

तुम सा कोई चाहने वाला कहाँ ,
तुम सा कोई समझने वाला कहाँ?
अब लाख मुश्किलें आयेंगी जिंदगी के इन रास्तों में,
सब ठीक हो जायेगा ये उम्मीद देने वाला कहाँ..?

तुम सा कोई चाहने वाला कहाँ ,
तुम सा कोई समझने वाला कहाँ?
बहुत से आयेंगे जो सपने दिखाएंगे ,
पर तुम सा कोई पूरा करने वाला कहाँ?

जिंदगी में बहुत कुछ करने का आस था ,
जब तू दूर रहकर भी बहुत पास था !
जिंदगी में कुछ करने का न अब आस रहा,
तू जो न अब मेरे पास रहा !

पल भर में सब छूट गया... ,
जब तुम हमें अकेले छोड़ कर रूठ गए !
जिंदगी के सारे सपने कम हो गए ,
जब ये आंखे नम हो गई !



तुम हो

प्रशान्त पाठक
बी ए प्रोग्राम
द्वितीय वर्ष

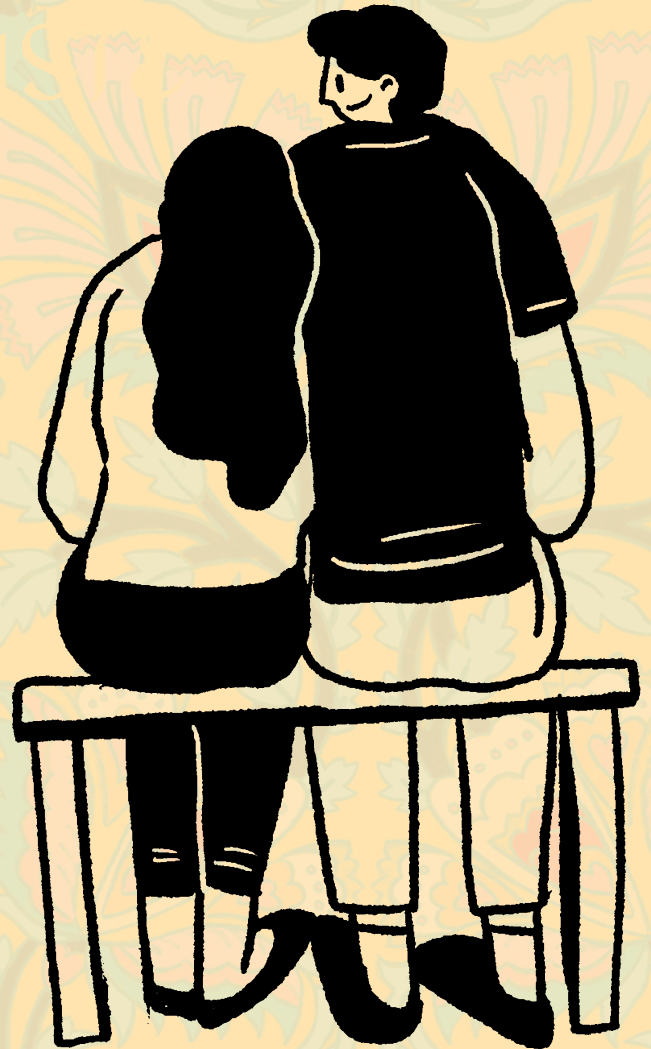
हारे हुए मन की, तुम ..
आखिरी आस हो इस घनघोर घटा में,
सूर्य का प्रकाश हो सुयोधन की सभा में,
अंतिम कृष्ण का प्रयास हो,
झरते हुए अश्रुओं में,
तुम अनंत उल्लास हो।

जेठ की दुपहरी में, ठंड का अहसास हो
व्याकरण की भाषा में, सन्धि हो समास हो
हिमालय की चोटियों में, तुम अगम कैलाश हो
ज्ञानियों की तालिका में,
स्वयं वेदव्यास हो

लक्ष्मण के क्रोध में,
तुम उर्मिला का त्याग हो,
पुण्य पावन तीर्थों में,
तीर्थराज प्रयाग हो,
पतझड़ के मौसम में,
मल्हार राग हो
इस विस्तृत भूमण्डल में,
भारत भू-भाग हो।

मधुर मीरा के बोल सी,
कृष्ण की बंशी की तान हो
भेद दे हृदय पल भर में,
तुम ऐसा रामबाण हो,
व्यूहभेदी सुभद्रापुत्र के,
अप्रतिम शौर्य का प्रमाण हो,
अनवरत् तपस्या से,
उपजी अमरता का वरदान हो।

अहं भाव में प्रीति तुम,
मेरे हृदय की नायिका हो मेरे दृगों की प्राणप्रिय तुम,
कृष्ण की राधिका हो।



दूर सपना था, नहीं था अंधियारों में !

ऋतुंजय कुमार झा
बी कॉम
द्वितीय वर्ष

सब का सपना था रहें हम उजालों में,
दूर था सपना, पर नहीं था अंधियारों में।
वक्त बुरा था कट जाएगा,
उम्मीदें गिरी थी संभल जाएंगी ॥

ना जाने कितने घर हुए बेगाने,
अपने को छोड़ कर अपनों को बचाने में। (डॉक्टर के लिए)

जीना कठिन था जिंदगी की उन घड़ियों में,
दूर सपना था, नहीं था अंधियारों में।
क्या हुआ होगा, उन परिवारों का,
जो लगे थे अपने परिवार को बचाने में॥ (पैसा कमाने में)

अपने ही ना देख पाते अपनों को,
जिंदगी की उन आखरी घड़ियों में।

ना जाने किस्मत बंधी थी जिंदगी की किन डोरियों में,
दूर सपना था, नहीं था अंधियारों में॥

बेबस परिवार था जिंदगी के उस किनारे में,
जिसका दीपक बुझ गया उसे जलाने में॥

ना जाने कितने घर तबाह हुए रेतों की उन आंधियों में,
जिनकी यादें सिमट कर रह गई उनकी कोमल बातों में॥

जिंदगी सिमट गई थी लॉकडॉन की सीढ़ियों में,
दूर सपना था, नहीं था अंधियारों में॥



देश भक्ति

मुहम्मद फ़ैज़
बी कॉम
तृतीय वर्ष

होता नहीं हर फैसला सिक्का उछाल कर।
स्वतंत्रता का जज़्बा है ज़रा देखभाल कर ॥

आजकल के दौर के लोगों, ज़रा जागो, उठो।
देश के लिए रख दो अपना दिल निकाल कर ॥

अपने प्यारे भारत पर हम कुर्बान हो जाएँ।
तमन्ना यही है देश पर अपनी जान लुटा जाएँ ॥

तमन्ना यही कि भारत की चाँद तक पहचान हो जाए।
देश पर मर मिटें हम, शहीदों में हमारा नाम हो जाए ॥

न तोड़ने दें हम मकान-ए-इबादत किसी का।
न तोड़ें हम दिल किसी का ॥

ऐ इन्सानियत के दुश्मनों, छोड़ो जीने का ये तरीका।
चलो हम सफ़र, चलो हम वतन, चलो वतन पर कुरबान हो जाएँ॥
—जय हिन्द



पुत्री की पुकार

मोनिशा गुप्ता.
बी. कॉम(विशेष)
तृतीय वर्ष

चाहे मुझको प्यार न देना ,
चाहे तनिक दुलार न देना
कर पाओ तो इतना करना ,
जन्म से पहले मार न देना।
मैं बेटी हूँ , मुझको भी है जीने का अधिकार.....
मेरा दोष बताओ मुझको ,
क्यों बेबात सताओ मुझको,
मैं भी अंश तुम्हारी ही हूँ,
तजकर फेंक न जाओ
मैं बेटी हूँ, मुझको भी जीने का जो हक है,
मुझे देखने दो संसार.....
थोड़ी नजर बदल के देखो,
संग समय के चलकर देखो।
बेटी से भी नाम चलेगा,
ठहरो जरा संभल कर देखों।

चौथे पन की लाठी बनकर दूँगी दृढ़ आधार
जब आंगन में डोलूँगी, मैं मिश्री सी घोलूँगी,
सेवा करुणा, त्याग, तपस्या के
नूतन द्वार खोलूँगी।
दोनो कुल के मान की खातिर, दूँगी तन मन वार
जन्म से पहले मार न देना
मैं बेटी हूँ , मुझको भी है जीनेका अधिकार
चाहे मुझको प्यार न देना , चाहे तनिक दुलार न देना।



हिंदी हैं हम

जोएना चक्रवर्ती मिनोती
बी ए प्रोग्राम
द्वितीय वर्ष

हिंद की धरा में जो गूंजती है बोली
उसको मैं सहर्ष लिखती हूँ,
मेरी सोच हिंदी है, मैं हिंदी लिखती हूँ।

अविरल विकार से जो महत्ता छिप गई थी,
उसे स्वीकार, अविकार श्रेष्ठ वह हिंदी है।

कल कल बहती धारा है, जीवन का सार है हिंदी ।
विद्वान विदुषी की भाषा है यह

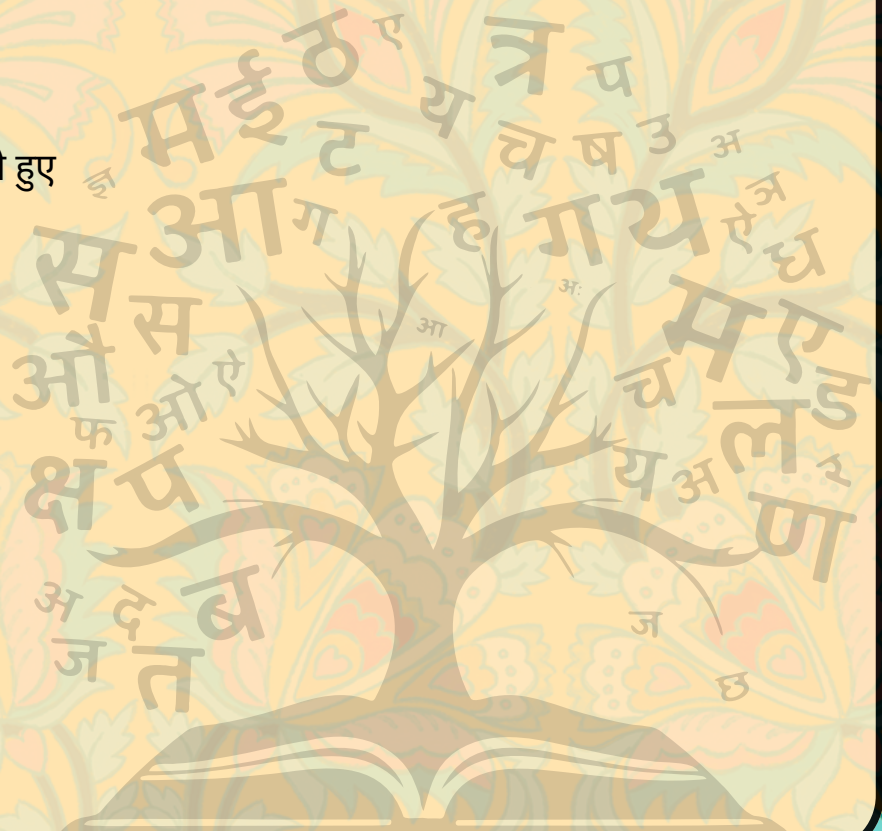
अप्रतिम वैभव से सुशोभित,
हर एक का स्वर, अलंकार है हिन्दी ।

गर्व से मैं हिंदी को अभिमान लिखती हूँ।

मेरी सोच हिंदी है, मैं हिंदी लिखती हूँ।

संस्कृत से जन्मी, संस्कृति संभालकर रखे हुए
अडिग स्तंभ है।

आधुनिकता बस एक दंभ है, ऐसी
जिसमें हिंदी का उत्सर्ग हो जाए।
आधुनिक जगत कि अभिलाषा है
भारतीयता का मूल है हिन्दी,
भारतीयों की भाषा है हिन्दी।



एकलव्य की समस्या

प्रशांत पाठक
बी ए प्रोग्राम
द्वितीय वर्ष

एकलव्य आज फिर से धनुष-बाण के साथ वृक्ष के नीचे बैठा हुआ था। एक बार फिर से वह हार गया था। और हारा भी किससे..... अपने आप से। आखिर करता भी क्या? आखिर कौन था उसे सिखाने वाला? जो गुण उसे अपने गुरु में चाहिए थे वह तो सिर्फ द्रोणाचार्य में ही थे और अपने दिए गए वचनों के कारण द्रोणाचार्य के द्वारा उसको शिक्षा मिलना भी असंभव ही था। द्रोणाचार्य हस्तिनापुर राज्य के राजकुमारों को शिक्षा देते थे। पितामह भीष्म की शर्तों ने उन्हें बांध रखा था जिस कारण वे एकलव्य को अपने गुरुकुल में स्थान नहीं दे सकते थे।

आज उसका मन बहुत विचलित था। आखिर होता भी क्यों न, बालमन जो ठहरा। रोज सुबह उठकर अपने दृढ़ निश्चय के कारण स्वयं को प्रोत्साहित करना, दिन भर धनुर्विद्या में पारंगत होने का प्रयास करते हुए कठिन परिश्रम करना, जंगली पशु-पक्षियों के बीच रहना और अंत में लक्ष्यभेदन की अपनी अपेक्षाओं पर खरा न उतर पाने की वजह से निराश होकर रुखा-सूखा, जो मिले खाकर सो जाना, यही एकलव्य की दिनचर्या बन चुकी थी। इतना तो उसे ज्ञात था कि जिस लक्ष्य को लेकर वह चल रहा है उसे प्राप्त करना आसान तो कदापि नहीं है। परंतु उसे यह ज्ञात नहीं था कि हर रोज मिलने वाली हार से उत्पन्न निराशा का सामना कैसे किया जाए।

मन में अंतर्द्वंद्व के सागर ने हिलोरें लेना शुरू कर दिया था। हृदय को विदीर्ण कर देने वाले प्रश्नों के बाणों ने उसके मस्तिष्क को झकझोर कर रख दिया था। क्या मैंने इस तरह का हठ करके त्रुटि कर दी? यदि द्रोणाचार्य मुझे धनुर्विद्या सिखाने को समर्थ नहीं थे तो किसी अन्य योग्य गुरु से यह विद्या सीख लेनी चाहिए थी? क्या ऐसे केवल अभ्यास करते रहने भर से मैं कुशल धनुर्धर बन पाऊंगा? यह सभी प्रश्न उसके मस्तिष्क में घूम रहे थे।

निराशा का कारण सिर्फ असफलता ही नहीं थी। कहते हैं न दूसरे की थाली देखने से स्वयं का भोजन कम ही लगता है। यही एकलव्य के साथ हुआ। आज छिप-छिपाकर वह रंगभूमि में प्रवेश कर गया था और कुरु राजकुमारों को अभ्यास करते और गुरु द्रोणाचार्य से मार्गदर्शन प्राप्त करते हुए देख रहा था। इतिहास भले ही इस बात को प्रमाणित न करे परंतु जिस तरह अर्जुन की दृष्टि अपने लक्ष्य पर केंद्रित होती थी उसी प्रकार एकलव्य की भी दृष्टि सबसे कुशल धनुर्धर पर ही होती थी और यह कुशल धनुर्धर द्रोणाचार्य के मार्गदर्शन में अभ्यास कर रहा अर्जुन ही था। द्रोणाचार्य के सभी राजकुमार शिष्यों में सबसे योग्य और मेधावी वही था। एकलव्य अर्जुन के लक्ष्य भेदन के अभ्यास को ही देख रहा था। जिस प्रकार अर्जुन के सारे बाण दूर रखे लक्ष्य में ही लग रहे थे एकलव्य उसी से स्वयं की तुलना करके अपने आप को

कम आंक रहा था। उसका ध्यान इस पर गया ही नहीं कि जहां एक ओर अर्जुन का एक भी बाण लक्ष्य के मध्य में नहीं लग रहा था वहीं दूसरी ओर अन्य राजकुमारों के कुछ बाण लक्ष्य में, कुछ लक्ष्य को छूते हुए और बहुत सारे हवा में इधर-उधर भटक रहे थे। कुछ समय तक वहां हो रहे अभ्यास को देखने के पश्चात एकलव्य वापस जंगल में अपनी कुटिया में लौटा और नदी से जल पीकर वृक्ष के नीचे हताश और निराश होकर बैठा हुआ अपने प्रश्नों में उलझा हुआ था।

तभी उसके कानों में 'नारायण-नारायण' की मधुर ध्वनि गूंजी। पीछे मुड़कर देखा तो महर्षि नारद खड़े थे। एकलव्य ने खड़े होकर उन्हें प्रणाम किया और स्वागत करते हुए बोला, "आइए महर्षि आइए! इस बालक की छोटी सी कुटिया में आपका स्वागत है। मैं अभी आवभगत के लिए कुछ प्रबंध करता हूं।" इतना कहने के साथ ही उसने महर्षि के स्वागत में कुछ कुछ कंदमूल और जल प्रस्तुत कर दिया। नारद जी ने उसका आतिथ्य स्वीकार किया और उसे बैठने को कहा। बोले, "क्या बात है बालक! तुम इस प्रकार इस वृक्ष के नीचे बैठकर स्वयं से ही बातें किए जा रहे हो। तुम्हारे मुख को देखकर प्रतीत होता है किसी बात को लेकर दुविधा में हो। यदि ऐसा है तो हमें बताओ, हो सकता है हम तुम्हारी समस्या का कुछ समाधान कर सकें। एकलव्य सारी बातें सुनकर हाथ जोड़ते हुए बोला, "ऋषिवर! आप तो सर्वज्ञ हैं फिर भी यदि आप मेरी व्यथा मुझसे ही सुनना चाहते हैं तो ठीक है।" यह कहते हुए एकलव्य ने अपनी सारी व्यथा और मन का अंतर्द्वंद्व महर्षि को कह सुनाया।

नारद जी बोले, "बालक! मैं तुम्हारी स्थिति समझ गया। किन्तु इस तरह हताश होना उचित नहीं। जो कुछ भी हो रहा है वह अवश्य ही नियति द्वारा ली जाने वाली तुम्हारी परीक्षा है। जिस प्रकार स्वर्ण आग में तपकर और भी खरा हो जाता है, उसी प्रकार यह असफलताएं तुम्हें मानसिक रूप से और सहनशील एवं प्रबुद्ध बनाने में सहायक है। इस पूरे घटनाक्रम में तुम्हें सकारात्मक विचार के साथ आगे बढ़ते रहने की आवश्यकता है। तुम्हें स्वयं के गुणों पर ध्यान देकर उन्हें और सुधारना एवं संवारना चाहिए। संभव है कि अभी तुम इतने दक्ष न हुए हो किन्तु समय के साथ तुम पूर्ण रूप से दक्ष हो जाओगे। असफलताओं से तुम्हें निराश होने और आत्मग्लानि के बजाय प्रेरणा और आत्म संयम सीखना चाहिए। असफलताएं आपको सदैव कुछ सिखाती है अंतर इससे पड़ता है कि आप उसे सीखना चाहते हैं या नहीं। इन सभी बातों और परिस्थितियों में जो गुण आपको अपने अंदर लाना है वह है स्वमूल्यांकन। स्वमूल्यांकन द्वारा आप अपनी कमियों और अच्छाइयों दोनों का ही मूल्यांकन करते हैं एवं अपनी कमियों को सुधारकर आगे बढ़ सकते हैं। अक्सर यह देखा जाता है कि जब आप किसी अन्य को स्वयं का मूल्यांकन करने का अवसर देते हैं तो उसका मूल्यांकन उसके ज्ञान, पूर्वानुमानों एवं आपसे संबंध पर आधारित होता है। जबकि स्वमूल्यांकन में आपके मूल्यांकन का आधार स्तंभ आपके लक्ष्य प्राप्ति की इच्छा, स्पष्टता और लक्ष्य का निर्धारण

होता है। इस प्रकार तुम स्वयं का मूल्यांकन करके अपनी वास्तविक स्थिति और अपने निर्धारित लक्ष्य के बीच की दूरी को भाँपकर आवश्यकतानुसार अपने प्रयासों और तकनीक में बदलाव ला सकते हो।”

महर्षि की इन बातों को सुनकर एकलव्य को अपनी समस्या का समाधान सूझ रहा था। महर्षि ने न केवल उसे प्रोत्साहित किया बल्कि उसके हृदय में एक नवीन ऊर्जा का भी संचार कर दिया था। उसके मन में स्थित संशय के बादल अब छंट चुके थे और अब वह अपने लक्ष्य प्राप्ति के लिए अग्रसर हो रहा था। महर्षि के जाने के पश्चात एकलव्य एक बार पुनः अपने धनुष-बाण के साथ धनुर्विद्या का अभ्यास करने में जुट गया।



जीवन की खोज

जतिन लखचौरा

बी ए ऑनर्स (अप्लाइड साइकोलोजी)

प्रथम वर्ष

रहस्य कई आज तक दफन हैं मीनारों में...
होता नहीं अब जिक्र उनका अखबारों में...
खाक हो चुकी है अब जलती हुई मशालें...
उठते नहीं अब बलु-बलु किन्हीं विचारों में...

इक सैलाब पगड़ी उछाले गुज़र गया...
वीर सपूतो का काफिला किधर गया...
मदमस्त रहे राजनीति के चटकारों में...
जनगणना होती है हमारी लाचारों में...

मेरी सोचने मात्र से रूह कांप जाती है...
हां स्त्रियों की संपत्ति भांपी जाती हैं...
कुछ दिन चर्चा होती है सरकारों में...
घुट कर मर जाती है स्त्री अधिनारों में...

तूने मेरी सरहदों की सर-जमीन देखी...
इस वतन की जिंदा दिली न देखी...
दंगे कराकर पद पा लिया अहंकारों में...
तुझे अब देखा जाएगा गुनहगारों में...

देखा मैंने जवानों को शहीद होते हुए...
सिसकियां सुनाई नहीं देती सोते हुए...
चूड़ियाँ टूट जाती है हमारे संस्कारों में...
शोक के सिवा कुछ नहीं अधिकारों में...

कोई लड़ता नहीं जख्म भरता नहीं...
सब सह लेते हैं कोई कहता नहीं...
सड़क की दुर्दशा दिखाई चित्रकारों ने...
खबरें नजर नहीं आती अखबारों में...

रिश्वत का दौर है, चर्चा हर ओर है...
भ्रष्टाचारियों का अंधेरा घनघोर है...
चीखें सुनाई नहीं देती हाहाकारों में...
आवाजें कटी मिलती है तलवारों में...

रहस्य कई आज तक दफन हैं मीनारों में...
होता नहीं अब जिक्र उनका अखबारों में...



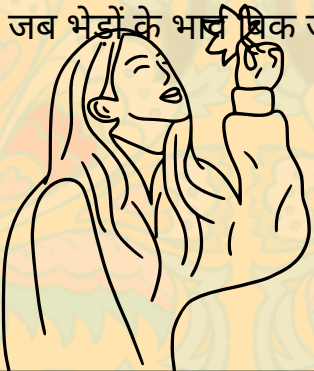
भेड़ों के भाव बिक गई नारी

अनुराग प्रताप सिंह
बी ए ऑनर्स इंग्लिश
द्वितीय वर्ष

भेड़ों के भाव बिक गई नारी,
कहते हैं:
हो गई थी नारी बड़ी घमंडी
इसलिए खींच ले आए उसे मण्डी
उसी मण्डी की देवी भी हो गई बेचारी
जब भेड़ों के भाव बिक गई नारी
घुंघरू पहनकर भारी भारी
लज्जित हो गई माँ-बेटी बेचारी

आओ चलो उसी मण्डी की कथा सुनाता हूँ
नारी की दुश्मन नारी की बात बताता हूँ
उसी मण्डी की एक नारी
बनी बैठी थी कलयुग की गांधारी
पुत्र उसका लगाता नारी की बोली
जब लग जाती बोली तब उठती उसकी डोली
ममता में सिमट गांधारी बनी रहती भोली
रोक न सकी एक नारी, दूसरी नारी की बोली

आज फिर किसी की चोटी है पकड़ाई
लगता है फिर नई खेप है आई
आंखे ऊंची कर व्यापारी बोले
नारी पहन के घुंघरू डोले
दुर्योधन लगाता सबकी बोली
दुशासन को दे दो मण्डी की कोई एक खोली
निर्वस्त्र हो जाएगी आज मानवता सारी
जब भेड़ों के भाव बिक जाएगी नारी



बीच चौराहे बैठे पुरुष प्रधान
नजर घुमाएं करें आंखों से छेड़छाड़
और बैठ कर करें विचार विमर्श
क्यूँ नारी कर रही समाज में संघर्ष
फिर उठते वहां से गांधारी सपूत
रात के अंधेरे में चले करने लूट
लूट जो पड़ेगी मानवता पर भारी
जब भेड़ों के भाव बिक जाएगी नारी

उसी बरबादी की एक बात सुनो
सुलगते मन की आग सुनो
बिखेरते किसी के ख्वाब सुनो
जिस्म पर जो न हों वो घाव सुनो
केश से पकड़ फिर ले आए आज उसे बीच चौराहे
ताकि फिर कोई न यह गलती दोहराए
चली थी देने पुरुषों को टक्कर
बीच चौराहे लगी जोरो की थप्पड़

उसी चौराहे की एक शाम सुनो
उसी थप्पड़ की फटकार सुनो
मण्डी की चिल्लाती दीवार सुनो
नारी के मन की बात सुनो
गांधारी बन गई द्रोपदी आज
नर से होगी अब कुरुक्षेत्र में मुलाकात
यदि मानवता का अधिकार दो तो बात करो
वरना आओ दो दो हाथ करो
जिसको बना रखा था अबला
आज वही अबला लेगी बदला

उस बदले की मशाल देखो
 जलती अभिमान की आग देखो
 रौद्र रूप में मर्दन करती नाच देखो
 केश से खींच कर चिता पर जलते समाज को देखो
 युगों युगों से चली आ रही जो प्रथा
 बताओ जरा उसे किसने रचा
 पति, पिता, भाई, ससुर सबका होगा हिसाब
 बहुत ढक दी हमने उनकी लाज
 बोल-बोल कर हमे चंडी
 खींच लाए मण्डी
 देखो अब खुद की लाचारी
 बहुत बेच लिए भेड़ों के भाव नारी

चण्डी का ये ऐलान सुनो
 हां हां दुशासन हाथ सम्हालो
 चूड़ियों के झंकार का जो जंजाल किया
 इतिहास को क्यों न खंगाल लिया
 असुर बनकर आओ रणचण्डी बन जाऊंगी
 नाक ऊंची कर आओ नककटी रानी हो जाऊंगी
 इन चूड़ियों ने खिलजियों को औकात दिखाई है
 अंग्रेजों से लड़ उनके मुंह से महिमा गवाई है
 चूड़ियों को बनाकर बेड़ियां
 मेरा सम्मान, अधिकार सब ले लिया
 चूड़ियां नहीं केवल श्रृंगार
 चूड़ियां हैं जलती अंगार
 चिता को आज यही चूड़ियां आग लगाएंगी
 तुम्हारे कुकर्मों को ये आज विराम लगाएंगी
 पढ़ेंगी ये चूड़ियां आज तुम पर भारी
 बहुत बेच ली तुमने भेड़ों के भाव नारी



गुफ्तगू जिन्दगी से

रोहित कुमार
बी ए प्रोग्राम
द्वितीय वर्ष

एक दफा गुमसुम सा बैठा हुआ था मैं यहाँ
सोचा कुछ लब्ज कह दूँ ज़िंदगी के, ज़िंदगी से बयाँ
यूँ ही जब शुरू की गुफ्तगू मैंने ज़िंदगी से
पूछा क्या फर्क हैं मौत और ज़िंदगी के दरमियाँ?
बड़ी ही सहजता से दो टूक उत्तर दे बोली- ज़िंदगी
कि मैं भी तो हूँ मौत का ही एक निशाँ
जब पूछा की क्यों हर मोड़ पर अशक देती हैं तू ज़िंदगी ?
हंसकर करीब आई और बोली:
हर मोड़ पर तेरा इम्तिहान लूँगी अशकों से ही सही जीना सीखा दूँगी
अंत में इस गुफ्तगू के, मैंने पूछ ही लिया:
क्या इतना दर्द देना जरूरी हैं सिखाने को
बड़ी ही भव्यता से उत्तर दे बोली ज़िंदगी
तुझमें कुछ तो अलग है दिखाना भी तो हैं जमाने को
क्यों इतने से दर्द से सिहर जाती है रुह तेरी?
मौत ही आरजू , मंजिल हैं , मौत ही आबरू मेरी।।





Glimpses of College

ENGLISH SECTION

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Postcolonialism: Academic Theory and Practices

Dr. Susanta Kumar Bag
Professor
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The term 'Postcolonialism' is derived from the word 'colonialism', which refers to the hegemonic theory of colonial power on colonized culture. To address 'postcolonialism' certainly, we come across and hobnob with the fundamental questions- Is postcolonialism a theory or a methodology? What are its aesthetics? Does it work primarily through resistance and reversal, or does it open out/or build upon epistemological and psychological theories? Is it a political ideology or a recovery of lost histories? In its myriad manifestations, it has touched on all of the above. Bill Ashcroft states that 'it is a methodology'. It is a critical theory in research that emerged in the 20th century, most appropriately in the aftermath of the fight for Liberation/Independence movement in third-world colonized countries. Nevertheless, the emergence of the idea of 'postcolonialism' was a reaction and byproduct to modernism's perceived failures and limitations, particularly addressing the question of social and cultural complexities.

Edward W. Said, the father of postcolonial ideas, argued in his pioneering book "Orientalism" that 'Orientalism served as an ideological basis for the West to subjugate the East'. He observes that Oriental (East) people have been seen as lazy, suspicious, gullible, mysterious, and unfaithful. In the Occident (West), the culturally superior has the responsibility and moral authority to transform the colonized. He further stated, 'Orientalism isn't just a set of myths; it is an interconnected system of institutions, policies, and ideas. Fanon is another important figure in the field of postcolonialism. His publications include two polemical books— "Black Skin, White Masks" (1986) and "The Wretched of the Earth" (1967). The books deal angrily with the mechanics of colonialism and its effects on those it ensnared. Fanon developed and argued the psychological aspects of colonialism and imperialism.

For Fanon, the end of colonialism meant not just political and economic change but psychological too. Colonialism is destroyed only once this way of thinking about identity is successfully challenged. M. S. Nagarajan, unlike Said, has formulated his theory stating that “Orientalism is a Western style of domination, reappropriation and having with moral authority to rule over the East. He says that postcolonialism as a theory and academic practice is the outcome of the arrogant and domineering attitude of twentieth-century European imperialism that had continued in the post-liberation period. ‘It is a process, a way of thinking through thinking or strategy says Ato Quayson, a Ghanaian literary critic and Professor of English at Stanford University. Furthering his elaborations, Quayson opined that ‘it is an intellectual discourse that evolves links between the colonial period and present-day inequalities’. Jane Hiddleston, in his book ‘Understanding Postcolonialism’, narrates the concept of postcolonialism as an idea which looks more convenient and acceptable that ‘postcolonialism can generally be understood as the multiple political, economic, cultural, and philosophical responses to colonialism from its inauguration to the present day, and is somewhat broad and sprawling in scope’. At the beginning of the 21st century, many thinkers have developed the idea of postcolonialism in multiple ways; however, it would be suffix to argue here that it is a trajectory and an academic discourse essentializing colonialism and imperialism of the West in and aftermath of the decolonization, i.e. Neocolonialism.

Critics of Postcolonial Theory

The critique of the postcolonialism theory focuses on the ruthlessness and methods of exploitation by colonizers and the inequalities and impoverishment that emanated from it. Helen Gilbert and Joanne Tompkins in *Post-Colonial Drama: Theory, Practice, Politics* (1996), explain the difficulty in defining postcolonialism and say that ‘the term post-colonialism is too-rigid etymology and emphasizes ‘performance theory’ which is instrumental in resisting and continuing effects of imperialism’. To lament the performance theory studies, he has discussed a range of plays from colonized countries, including India, Japan, China, Australia, etc.

To the author, in contemporary society- national identity politics through religious practices are essential for asserting one's identity. Vivek Chhibber, an Indian-American Marxist scholar, in his well-known book 'Postcolonial Theory and the Specter of Capital' has also critiqued some foundational tenets of postcolonial theory. Secondly, he has remained critical of postcolonial theory to essentialise cultures, which attempts to denote fixed and static categories and characterize all 18th-century enlightenment values as Eurocentric. Aijaz Ahmad, intrepidly and unambiguously, condemned poststructuralism, especially postcolonialism, for displacing activism and political dissent, which had been an important part of the academy during the 1960s and 1970s. Ahmad, as a product of those times, witnessed massive decolonization and the formation of nation-states worldwide. He believed in identifying with class, gender, history, resistance, political struggle, and above all, human liberation and praxis. Ahmad was provocative in his condemnation of the lack of commitment shown by academics like Edward W Said and his fellow Marxist Frederic Jameson. He set in motion the publications of several books as well as a complete issue of postcolonialism in the distinguished journal 'Public Culture' in response to the arguments delineated in 'In Theory'. Sumit Sarkar, in the 1980s, was one of the members of the 'Subaltern Studies Collective' considered all other forms, whether imperialist, nationalist, or nationalist, as elitist Indian historiography with a strong emphasis on the experiences and the agency of the popular classes. Later, he became critical of the subaltern studies scholarship in history and published a well-known article, "The Decline of Subaltern in Subaltern Studies", published in 1997 in the journal 'Writing Social History'. John Roosa published an online article. "When the Subaltern Took the Postcolonial Turn", a subaltern series collectives published by Ranjit Guha and his historian compatriots in the 1980s, critically assessed Guha's 'subaltern-elite' dichotomy and considered the power narratives as 'generic analysis' and has little use to historians. He further argues that subaltern theorization is an old dichotomy already existing in European social theory, and it went under the new name of Foucauldian postcolonial insights in ways so far neglected by the series' programmatic statements

The above discussion replicates intense intellectual differences amongst the distinguished exponents of postcolonial thinkers, which is a natural fallout of the whole approach. The split among the philosophers of postcolonial thought remains intense. For example, ‘materialists’ such as Benita Parry and Neil Lazarus turn away from the ‘textualism’ of Homi K. Bhaba or Gayatri Chakravarty Spivak (post-colonial deconstructionists). In contrast, more ‘deconstructionist’ thinkers such as Michale Syrotinski (University of Glasgow) or Phillip Leonard (Trent University) imply that the ethical reading strategies recommended by Jacques Derrida and Michel Foucault (poststructuralists) and his followers must be embraced before political independence can occur. Postmodernism is typically characterized by scepticism, satire, or rejection towards ideologies and various tenets of universalism, including objective notions of reason, human nature, and social progress, among many others.

Concluding Remarks

Thus, postcolonial study is a pedagogy in the discipline of social science and humanities in the 20th century, and it started probing what happened during colonial times and what the paraphernalia of colonial oppression on the native indigenous population of the third world. It is a theory and practice that attempts to locate the lost history, culture, language, literature, and identity of the colonized under the hegemonic character of the West during and after colonialism and imperialism. As an area of scholarship, it does not constitute a single program of resistance; it denotes the broader, multilayered effects and consequences of colonial subjugations in different parts of the world, more precisely, Afro-Asian and Australian nations. Eminent thinkers and philosophers of postcolonial studies have presented divergent views and criticism. Despite that, theory and practice, particularly concerning ethics and politics, remain fashionable in academics. To conclude, postcolonialism as an academic scholarship juxtaposes the operation—political, economic, cultural, and other values—during colonization. It constitutes an imperative area of academic scholarship, manifested in the writings of many distinguished social sciences and humanities scholars from the 1970s to recent times.

The Tiger: Our National Animal

Dr Abdul Kalam

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India, one of the 17 mega biodiversity Nations of the world, boasts a unique status in biological diversity. A staggering 75% of the world's tiger population resides within our borders, a testament to the richness of our avian and mammalian diversity. The tiger is the national animal of India. Its scientific name is *Panthera tigris*. The Indian tiger is also called Royal Bengal Tiger. It is distributed in 54 tiger reserves located in different states of India. It was declared the National Animal of India in 1973 by replacing the Lion. The 29th of July was declared International Tiger Day in 2010 to raise awareness about Tiger conservation. Tigers hold a significant place in Indian culture, transcending their biological importance. In Hindu mythology, the tiger is the revered vehicle of Goddess Durga, symbolizing magnificence, power, and bravery. Kings once considered hunting tigers the pinnacle of courage, further cementing their cultural significance. The tiger plays an essential role in the health of the forest ecosystem. As a top predator, it is a keystone species. The presence of tigers in the forest is an indicator of the excellent health of the ecosystem. Conserving tigers in the forests protects the habitats of several other endangered species. The Tiger is legally protected in our country as a national animal. It is listed in Schedule I Species of the Wildlife (Protection) Act, 1972, and in the 'Endangered' category of the International Union for the Conservation of Nature (IUCN) Red Data Book.

Project Tiger was launched in 1973 by the Government of India to ensure the maintenance of a viable population of Tigers in India. Since its inception, the project has expanded from 9 tiger reserves to 54 reserves, which cover 2.3% of the country's land area—Project Tiger (India's flagship tiger conservation program completed 50 years in 2023. As per the Status of Tiger Report 2022 by the National Tiger Conservation Authority, the Government of India's Tiger population increased from 1,411 in 2006 to 2,967 in 2018.

However, some parts of the country reported more significant conflict between tigers and local communities; sometimes, tigers conflict with humans as they attack domestic animals and people while they move through human habitation. Angry village communities often kill tigers in retaliation in some parts of the country. Apart from this, tigers are under threat of hunting, poaching, illegal trade and habitat degradation. An urgent effort is required to understand the threats faced by tigers, and immediate and adequate conservation measures should be implemented. We must remember that conserving a species means ensuring our existence. So, let's take a pledge for the Conservation of our National Animal, a responsibility that cannot be delayed.



What is Education?

Dr Mercy jill jill
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Department of English

Education is knocking at the door before entering.
Education is not brooming off the dust into your neighbour's face.
Education is not attacking individual freedoms.
Education is informing the right person at the right time.
Education is not intruding into the private space without preface.
Education is not judging on one's face.
Education is asking everybody's opinion in a public meeting.
Education is not encroaching adjacent seats in public transport.
Education is being thoughtful around the people.
Education is not troubling the team members with excuses.
Education is watching your mouth before you speak.
Education is to reciprocate other's courtesies.
Education is not keeping mum when asked.
And much more!



Do it now!

Dr Mercy jill jill
Assistant Professor
Department of English

Try petting a dog or cat sometimes!
If you are not loved or licked by a pet,
You have not known true love.
Do things that you have not done before.
Wanna give up cooking for a day, go for it.
Wanna change to a new profession, do that.
Wanna try keto, do it.
Wanna colour your hair, do it.
Wanna be a mother, be one.
Wanna be single, be that.
Do what you like and live life.
When are you all planning to do these things ?
At the deathbed?
See, all of us know conventionality is not morality.
Do not let others keep a limit on your endeavours.
I tell you, our world is not small.
There are more unknowns than knowns.
Mysterious islands, millions of plant species, bird species,
four thousand and more different religions, diverse tribes.
What not!
Why live in one place for so long?
Why wear the same kind of attire all your life?
Why is there an obsession for that same hairstyle?
Aren't there better things to do than try one cuisine your entire life?
Why the obsession with one religion?
Don't be that frog in the well.
Learn different things.
Experience different realities.
Travel as much as you can.
The least you can do is respect Change and Novelty.
Our World isn't a static place.
It changes and changes and changes forever.



Back to the Roots

Mr. Ravi Kant
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"I want to get a haircut, nothing fancy. Want to have my beard slightly trimmed too." said Rohit, who sat on the velvety salon chair fixed next to the entrance. He seemed relaxed, but his anxious eyes were glued to his phone all the while he was trying to instruct the hairdresser. He did not even look at himself in the mirror. There was no time for that. It had to be done, and he didn't bother with how it would be done. The barber heard him inattentively, yet the professional courtesy compelled him to nod in agreement. He began to sharpen the scissors. Just as he was about to run his fine scissors into his thick, slightly long hair, Rohit's phone rang, and he had to pick it up. He would have left the call unattended in India or cut it. He would look into the mirror and imagine different hairdos that might suit his look. He was forced to pick it up in Dubai, but this time he didn't.

What the hell! What does he want now? He roared, startling the hairdresser, who thought he had done something terrible. The irritation scripted on his face had hung on his brooding shoulders, too, while he slumped on the chair. By the time he decided to call back, there were seventeen missed calls on his phone and fifty unread emails in his employee account. His boss's gruff voice cracked at the other end of the phone, "Where are you, Rohit? Why didn't you lift your goddamn phone! You were not given the company's assets to use Facebook or Instagram. Haven't you checked the emails yet? I have been trying to contact you for half an hour, and you have no professional courtesy in responding." "Take back your professional courtesy and save it for those who lick your boots", mused Rohit in his head.

The boss continued, "Are you following your SOPs now? It is so irresponsible of you! It isn't what we expected when we hired you from that godforsaken institute." Rohit was listening impatiently. He could have lost his temperament and flown off the handle any minute. Still, the sheer inertia of being trapped in an emotionally dead city brought him back to the deadened reality that Rohit had become a part of. Like those dunes and the deserted landscape of Abu Dhabi, he had witnessed a few days ago, his life, too, had become lonely and abandoned. During the day, Rohit would spend his long day in a four-by-four cubicle with a laptop on the table and a phone adjacent to his chair. When he returned to his apartment, he would have to steal his sleep as if it didn't belong to him. He responded politely, "I do understand, sir, that my absence may have caused some trouble to the company, but I was just having a haircut at a nearby salon. Though it was my "off day", I was told to sign up for the assignment. I have been trying my best to continuously communicate and respond to all the clients through emails. I just needed an hour for myself." "I don't want to listen to your silly excuses and explanations", the boss cracked again. A client must be our top priority. You should have at least responded in time. Now, respond to those emails immediately. I am in no mood to entertain you any further. The call was disconnected, leaving Rohit with an utterance -But Sir. It was half past 4, and he was late for the night errand. He had to bathe first and then respond to those unattended emails. However, the noisy tiff he had on the phone with his boss made him decide otherwise. He opened his email account and began to respond while he tried to cross the road. A car running towards him honked, but Rohit had turned deaf. His two thumbs ran amok across his phone screen, typing messages to various clients. Eventually, he reached his apartment's door. It was a small one-bedroom apartment with three steel-framed beds placed adjacent to each other. He shared the apartment with two more people who had joined the company recently. The place reeked of half-burnt cigarettes and alcohol. Adjacent to each bed lay a wooden cabinet where they could keep their belongings. A semi-furnished small kitchenette seemed almost unused. The apartment was in the old Dubai popularly known as 'Bur Dubai'. This part of the city is far from the razzmatazz and glimmerings of the New Dubai.

Unlike New Dubai, known for its commercial buildings, iconic towers like Burj Khalifa, multinational corporate buildings, commercial malls, theme parks, fine dining restaurants and the dreamy world of Palm Estates offering the promises of living a splendidly luxurious life, the old Dubai may strike one as a lacklustre nevertheless humble part of the city. This part of the city mainly occupied the migrant population of the South Asian diaspora, including Indians, Pakistanis, and Bangladeshis who have come here on a working visa to earn their livelihoods. Since the UAE is tax-free, migrants can keep all the money they earn.

Rohit had also come to Dubai to get a better prospect. He used to live in Dehradun, the capital city of Uttarakhand, one of the Indian states known for hill stations, mountains, natural flora and fauna, before moving to Delhi. Nestled amidst the mountains, the Doon Valley had been his humble abode since his father moved away from his hometown in Uttar Pradesh in the 1980s. Rohit's father, Avadhesh Kumar, an upright, hard-working man, was employed in the Forest Research Institute while his elder brother Rajiv drove an ambulance for a private hospital. His mother was a homemaker, a devout religious woman who inspired her two children to follow their callings. Rohit had a dream of making it big in the government sector. He was average in his studies but needed to be more focused and diligent to crack any lower subordinate examinations. He moved to New Delhi and worked in a few call centres. The exposure immensely helped him to find lucrative avenues in other job sectors. His friends at the call centre told him about the shipping industry in foreign countries. He knew it would take him years to find a desirable position, and a stunted career would abruptly come to a devastating halt had he not tried something fresh. He had been drawing a decent salary, enough to survive in the capital city and save some for his future, so he invested in doing a course on the shipping industry. Having completed the course rigorously, he secured a position as a port agent at a Shipping Company based in Dubai. He was one of the top three candidates who had landed a foreign placement. Rohit was thrilled beyond his wits. Although he wasn't satisfied with the salary package, a gateway had opened for the settlement abroad.

But after all these years, it is the home that finally catches him up and makes him want to go back. Little did Rohit know that all that glitters isn't gold. However, ironically, Dubai does both in the imagined landscapes of people like Rohit and otherwise. When he first joined the company, he was surprised to find that an iPhone and a MacBook had been issued to him so he could work effortlessly. Since it was the time of Corona, he was administered two Pfizer shots, which he boasted to his friends about. He was happy to finally have found a suitable job, a great career opportunity. He went to see the Burj Khalifa, the iconic marvel of the century. The towering height of that gigantic building may have inspired Rohit to be a part of the growing cosmopolitan culture. It all happened before he was assigned a laptop and phone. In a few days, he had come to realise that it was all an illusion. In Rohit's company, the Emiratis and the citizens of Dubai were employed, too, but they didn't have to work round the clock. They had better privileges; they could not be questioned while a 'desi', a slang often used for South Asian migrants like him, has to live a living nightmare, worse than what he was doing back in India. The very first day, when Rohit saw Emirati people leaving at five in the evening, he, too, got up from his chair and prepared to go. He was too happy to have found liberty, even though it was short-lived. The glaring eyes of the boss peeping out from his chamber shot him immediately. The work hours were different for him. The boss's dictatorship got too much on his nerves in a few months. He didn't have the time to eat, let alone talk to his family in India. Those three months in the company were excruciatingly painful.

As he looked at himself in the mirror with sunken eyes and cheeks that went dry, flashes of the Doon Valley began to fill his eyes with tears. He remembered the time when he would daze around carefree in FRI. While his father would tend the plants, he would marvel at the majestic hills' breathtaking beauty and the nearby stream's tranquil sound. He opened the dial pad on his phone and called his mother in India. A sweet, melodious voice emanates on the other end, "How are you, beta? All well? It had been almost a month since he had heard any of his family members' voices, let alone the mother. His throat was choked with anger, tears were unstoppable, and the gnawing helplessness was eating him inside out. He couldn't speak and kept crying incessantly. The mother got worried and spoke with concern, "Son, what has happened?"

Tell me and stop crying. I am faint of heart so say something immediately. "I am fine, ma," Rohit cracked; it has been ages since I heard your voice. I just wanted to hear you and cry. I will return soon". The call got disconnected when these words came from his parched throat. He typed the final word on the company's iPhone. I quit, Sir. It is time to go back to the roots.



‘W’ for Woman or Warrior?

(III prize winning story)

Dolly Sharma
B.A (Hons) English
3rd Year

Sarah’s peaceful slumber was interrupted by three knocks on the door in the silence of the night. It was 12 o’clock at night, quite unusual to hear a sudden knocking sound. He opened the door to find Rajmati weeping at his door, she was rather bawling her eyes out, to be specific. Rajmati is a respectable woman of the village Manikarpur, who has lost her husband in a protest. She has a beautiful daughter, Indu. Seeing the distraught woman, he asked why she had turned up at his house at that odd hour and what was ailing her. But she continued to cry as if she had lost her senses. When she calmed down finally, she told Sarah that her daughter Indu had run away from home. As far as her understanding is concerned, they didn’t have any fight, there was no plain argument between them but still she did this! She found a note in her bedroom that read “ I want to study further. I have no desire of marrying someone for the sake of some chunk of money”. From last few days, Sarah had come to learn from the local gossips that Indu’s mother, Rajmati wanted her daughter to marry a rich man from the village because, as her husband died and her daughter was growing up, she wanted to secure her young daughter’s life through a rich husband as she now doesn’t have a father to take care of her.

It has been three years since Sarah has moved to the town. The knowledge he has gathered about Indu was that, she has a rebellious nature and that she doesn’t conform to the conventions that society sets up for girls. Indu has an earnest will to study. She has a great interest in writing. She is passionate about reading too, an interest she has developed when she used to look at her father reading. Indu wanted to pursue her dream of becoming a lawyer and that was the reason of her running away from home as her conventional mother, who always thought in the best interest of her daughter, could not be her ally in supporting her dreams. After listening to this news, everybody in the town started gossiping about her and started saying “It is high time we should marry our daughters off, otherwise the day is not far when they will rebel in the same way. She is a bad example for our society”. After listening to all these gossips,

Sarah was worried about his sister and now he wanted her to marry as soon as possible. The reason why Rajmati came knocking on Sarah's door in the middle of the night was because, on discovering the note left behind, the first thought that came to her was that, Sarah perhaps might have seen her runaway daughter somewhere on the road as he works in a mill till midnight and comes home late. As days were passing, the villagers started marrying their daughters off and now it was only Sarah's young sister, Ithika, who was left. She is almost like Indu except that she lacks her free spirit. When she was asked to get married, she couldn't deny but submit to her brother's will, sacrificing her dreams to the altar of marriage. Ithika was married to Krishan Chandar, a wealthy and a respectable lawyer of the village. He had fought many cases and championed the cause of various social issues, including the welfare of women and promoting the betterment of society as a whole. After Ithika came to know about Krishan Chander, she was hopeful that somehow she can pursue her aspiration and achieve her dreams as her husband would be supportive of her. Undoubtedly, Krishan Chandar wanted his wife to study and do well in life. He saved up every penny so that he could send her abroad to pursue what she earnestly wished for in life. But the society was not at all in favour of such progressive efforts. One fateful evening, an angry mob robbed and attacked their house and while protecting his wife, Krishna was shot in the chest and fell dead. Ithika escaped with a determination that she wouldn't let her husband's sacrifice go in vain. And that she will avenge his death by empowering herself and other women and make him proud.

With her only hope and support system gone, she was all alone. But she had the money her husband saved for her to ensure her education. She took shelter in a foundation, worked as a laborer so that she makes some money for her personal use. It was not easy for her to fight all the monsters who had their eyes gawking at her to hunt her. Despite all odds she worked really hard, she sat for exams and came out with flying colours, Ithika finally achieved her long cherished dream of becoming a successful Lawyer. One day she came to know that the foundation where she took shelter belongs to none other than Indu.

It was also revealed to her that Sarah was responsible for helping Indu start the foundation. Indu disclosed to her that the reason why Sarah married her to Krishan Chander was because he wanted her to pursue her dreams and he knew that he was the only man who can help her strive towards the fulfillment of her vision. Ithika left for her village Manikarpur to dedicate her life for the cause of women empowerment and education. True to her determination and promise she made to herself, she took forward her husband's cause and legacy for which he sacrificed himself. She fought for herself, and for all those thousands of girls whose screams go unheard under the cover of the darkness of society. She became a beacon of hope for all other girls who have big dreams and desire to fly higher. She was young and maybe a little docile, but circumstances made her brave and resolute and there was no turning back for her thence. She fought fiercely against all odds. Ithika was a woman, a warrior.



The Haunting Hour

(II prize winning story)

- Ishaan Shankar
B.A (Hons.) English
1st year

Sarah's peaceful slumber was interrupted by three knocks on the door in the silence of the night. It was 3 a.m., and Sarah had just woken up due to the three loud bangs coming from the front door of her house. Her peaceful sleep was now disturbed and her brain in a state of alarm.

Sarah lived with her husband, Matthew, who was currently away due to an important business trip. There was nobody who could come and knock so rigorously at such a godforsaken hour except her husband.

Following a few terrifying moments, her reasonable mind took over, and she deduced that her husband was the only possible suspect, who was likely trying to shock her or give her a heart attack. Still, somewhat worried and uneasy, she slowly walked towards her front door, feeling more anxious with each step she took until she was there. She looked through the peephole of the door and saw an old woman wearing a black veil over her head, frightened by the horrifying sight Sarah quickly pulled away from the peephole, terrified.

Frantically, she took out her phone from her front pocket and dialed for help, her fingers trembling as she pressed every digit, but her phone couldn't trace the signal. She carefully backed away from the front entrance trying not to make a sound, until she heard a bone-chilling voice coming from the other side of the door "I know you are in there." Sarah, now struck with fear ran and locked every door and window she came across inside her house and hid in the closet within her bedroom as she tried to message her husband, hoping to get some sort of help from her lover, but the text lied undelivered.

The clock ticked... 30 minutes have passed. Sarah was now beginning to calm down, thinking that whoever it was now gone until... she heard her bedroom door slowly creaking open and saw the figure in all its horror.

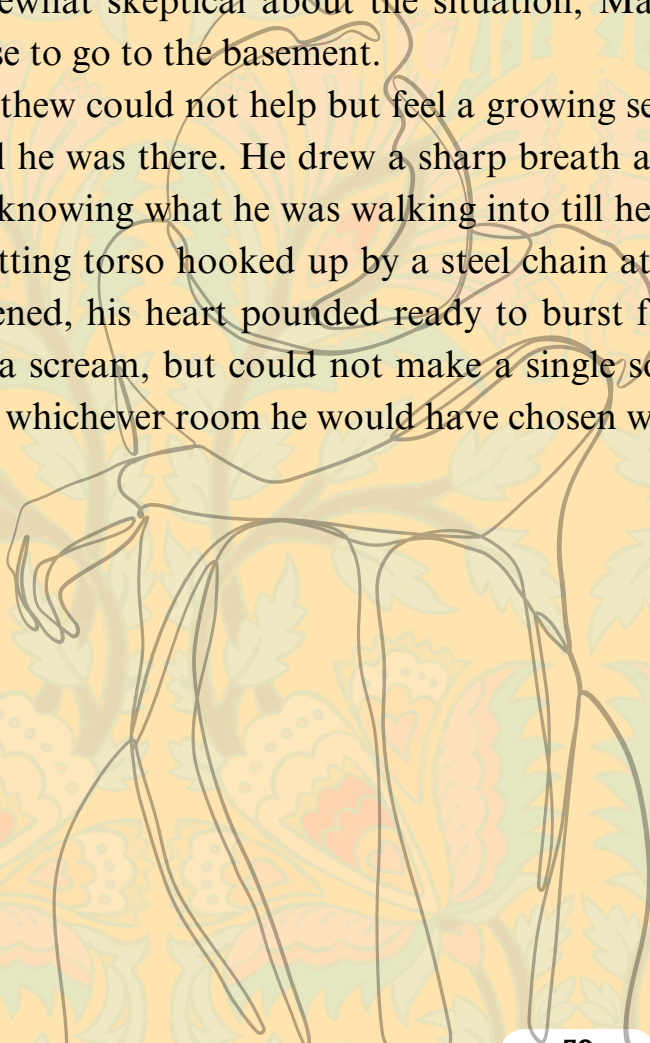
The figure was tall, taller than any woman she had ever seen, with slender and long arms along with thin fingers holding a butcher knife tightly in its grasp while wearing a black gown. The figure's eyes roamed around the bedroom until its gaze landed on the closet...then it moved. It has been two days since Sarah's harrowing encounter with the mysterious figure.

The sun had set a couple of hours ago. Matthew was finally home after a long and hectic business trip, ready for an awkward encounter with his wife after the argument they had before he went away, Sarah not picking up her phone did not help in deescalating their situation. He stepped on his front porch took out his spare key hoping not to wake up his wife, until his phone rang. He took his phone out of his pocket and saw his wife calling him. He quickly answered the call and said “Sarah?”

But heard nothing in response until suddenly after a few seconds of waiting he heard a bone chilling voice that did not belong to his wife “follow my instructions carefully” then the phone hung up.

Somewhat creeped out after hearing that, Matthew thought that Sarah was probably trying to play tricks on him. He slowly turned the doorknob and entered through the door and saw a pool of blood with a note floating in the middle of it. Stricken with terror but still hoping it was a prank he picked up the note and read “(your wife is in one of these places[bedroom], [bathroom], [basement], [attic] choose anyone you want to go to otherwise you may not see her ever again).” Still somewhat skeptical about the situation, Matthew decided to play the game and chose to go to the basement.

Matthew could not help but feel a growing sense of anxiety with each step he took until he was there. He drew a sharp breath as all his senses became more vigilant, not knowing what he was walking into till he saw a sight that made his skin crawl: a rotting torso hooked up by a steel chain at the ceiling of the basement. His eyes widened, his heart pounded ready to burst from his body. He froze, trying to let out a scream, but could not make a single sound as a realization dawned on him that whichever room he would have chosen would have had his wife in it.



“Love Was”

(II prize winning poem)

- Rudra Saini

B.A (Hons.) Applied Psychology
1st year

When I was born, love was touch
I felt it all around me, even as I cried
when I cried they showered me with kisses
they fed me, they hugged me, they said goodnight
and they said they would always keep me safe.

When I was three, love was words
They taught me the words that evoke love
They taught me the words that hurt
They would finally hear me when I said
I love you Mom
I love you Dad
Come play with me
And they said they would always keep me safe.

When I was six, love had changed
The ones that taught me love had lost it
My mom would cry when I asked where was dad
Why can I only meet him once a week?
He was mine as much as he was yours
How had you lost it
Why does it feel bad when he smiles
Why does love hurt when his car leaves our home?
I thought you'd keep me safe

When I was twelve, love was gifts
Every birthday went by, I got dolls brushes books clothes
From my father, mother, aunt, cousin, friends, strangers
I was happy when I got these things
I have my mom's brush even today
But I can't help but feel something was wrong
I was not sure if I was safe.

When I was fifteen, love was hormones
People stole kisses in the halls before going to class
Hugging each other hard when you see them
I lay in the grass with a boy
His soft hair, his brown eyes his toothy smile.
My breath on his neck as he held me close
I was starting to feel safe.

When I was eighteen, love was goodbyes
Goodbye to my friends, which leaves you with a hole
Walking down the block one last time so you remember it well
Kissing your mom, she cries about how much you've grown
Meeting your dad to get his blessing before you leave for college
Accepting that you will never meet the brown-eyed boy again
I'd have to keep myself safe.

When I was 22, love was choice
I was free, truly free, to do what I like
Free to love, free to live, free to breathe
But the world is full of thorns; they cut you and leave you red
But my friends healed me, saved me, loved me
I finally felt like a person, doing the things real people do
Drinking coffee like an adult, going to parties like a teen
My choices kept me safe.

When I was 25, love was patience
Boyfriends had come and gone
Bridges had been burnt
I lashed out at my mother. I no longer had a best friend
Because love was patience, and I did not have it
And I realised oh so late
It left me in a daze, empty, broken, red
Red from the thorns that had cut me
I crawled up in the rose and did not cry
I did not feel safe.

When I was 30, love was impossible
My room was lonely, and my routine the same
Every day went by, a tumbleweed in a desert
Unnoticed, unimportant, dead
When my mom called and told me about dad
It did not feel bad
It did not feel like anything
I was now a husk
And when death comes for us
No one is safe.

Now I am 35, and love is hope
I met a curly-haired man, and he made me laugh
When I cry, he holds me tight, and at night, he holds me tighter
I met old friends. We all looked at the stars together
Remembering all the nights the stars looked back at us
My mom tells me she misses him, and I tell her I do too
She says I love you; I say I love you too
I kissed her on her head; then I went back home with the curly-haired man
And I told him I would keep him safe.

Alone with my thoughts at last as

Kundan Raj
B.A (Prog)
3rd Year

I sat down one fateful evening
With some glimpses of my past,
A half-risen moon
and the shadows it would cast.

A vast summer sky veiled
the shimmering of the stars,
And the clouds clumsily covered
the Moon's dreadful scars.

Then came the evening rush
And filled the streets with sound,
The peaceful streets of my childhood
Then, slowly drowned.

In-between the cacophony
Screamed the cars and the tyres,
In a once beautiful place that echoed
sounds of a bird's choir.

My friends have now moved away
We're miles and miles apart,
the thought of the old times
still bruises my heart.

So, I sat down one fateful evening
with some glimpses of my past,
As night settled and the silence sat
I was alone with my thoughts at last.



The vase in the corner of the room

Kundan Raj
B.A (Prog)
3rd Year

I think it's not unusual
a vase in the corner of the room,
A dark, dusty vessel of clay
Housing an impending doom.

She'd put flowers in it someday
Not so many on the days of gloom,
They would go uncared for days
And dying flowers seldom bloom.

The vase in the corner of her room
Keeps staring at the frames on the wall,
And, like most vases do
Someday, it will trip and fall.

And once in a while, like some ghost
She'd clean the vase with care,
And remove the dead leaves and petals
Doused in despair.

I am the vase in the corner of her room
that once housed flowers picked up from the lake,
And, like most vases do
Someday I, too will break.



My Last Confession of Love

(I prize winning poem)

A. Tejasvi Singh
B.A (Prog)
3rd Year

There is an idea of me, some kind of an abstraction,
but there is no real me only an entity, something illusionary.

My love can hide it's cold gaze, and even though
you shake my hands and feel flesh gripping yours,
and maybe you can compare our love and lifestyle
but I am simply not there.

My love is fabricated, an aberration, I am not an human being.
I am sketchy, and unformed, my heartlessness goes deep and its persistent.
All, I have in common is something uncontrollable, insane, the vicious and evil,
all the mayhem my love has caused and my indifference towards it.

My love and pain is constant and i do not hope for a better world,
I want my pain to be inflicted on others. I want nobody to escape.
Even after I admit this and see myself face the truth of my insane mind,
there is no catharsis.

I gain no deeper knowledge about myself, nothing is there to be extracted
from this, from my confession of love.
There is no reason to tell you this,
this confession has meant nothing.....



Out of syllabus

Anurag Pratap Singh
BA (Hons) English
2nd year

I still remember the syllabus:

Chapter 1.

I opened the door
with thousands of questions
and lots of stress.

Seeing new faces,
reminiscing old ones
with a conscious heart, I asked, "May I come in?"
"Yes, you are welcome to Aurobindo."

No single seat was vacant,
so I went to the last bench and sat with a boy.

He, too was conscious just like me.

In a soft tone he asked, "First day? Where are you from?"

"Yes," I replied, "I'm from Jharkhand."

The class began on Day 1:

the teacher introduced herself.

Greetings with new boys and girls,
with some sarcastic first-impression judgments.

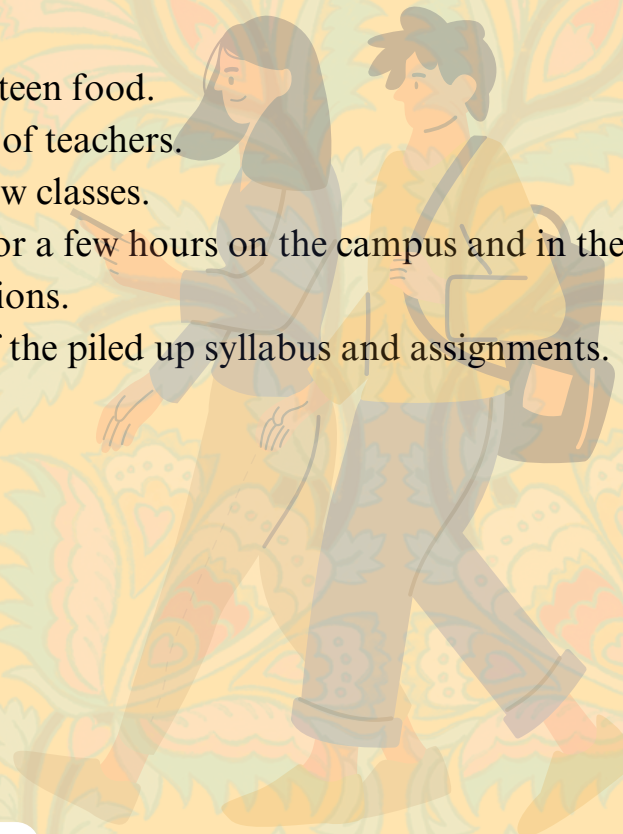
While going back to the hostel,
my mind was puzzled with thoughts:
How will I make new friends?
How will I be comfortable in this new city?
How will I be liable to this college?
Will I get friendly teachers?
Will I get friendly seniors?
Will I enjoy my college life like



Chapter 2

Today, while closing the door behind,
 I realized the passing of time.
 All the questions of chapter 1 has been answered.
 I have made a family here sooner be separated;
 I have a second motherland: Delhi;
 I have a second home: my old college building;
 I have teachers to guide me throughout my life;
 I have seniors just like my own elder sibling;
 I am enjoying my golden days of life.
 I am only left with a year on this campus,
 how days pass here with a rumpus.
 Not a day passes without the ugly faces.
 A few wait even when I tie laces.

The conscious boy I met on the first day
 is now my brother and antidote:
 My bro with bro code.
 We were conscious on the first day, weren't we?
 Today, we hug each other and smile.
 Today, we are perils in each other's cries.
 Today, together, we walk down the aisle.
 Each day is incomplete without tasteless canteen food.
 Each day is incomplete without the scolding of teachers.
 Each day is incomplete without bunking a few classes.
 Each day is incomplete without wandering for a few hours on the campus and in the city.
 Each day is incomplete without late submissions.
 Each day is incomplete without the stress of the piled up syllabus and assignments.



Chapter 3

The last chapter of the syllabus.
 How time flies, no one knows.
 Each day counts just like each drop does.
 Entering this college is so different today.
 Everything seems to be best.
 Those old dusty walls.
 Those old squeaking fans.
 The old building seems new.
 Canteen food tastes delicious.
 Professors whom I hated
 I wish to apologize to them today.
 For every disrespect I have done,
 I want to go back in time
 and correct my deeds.
 But isn't it too late now?
 It's time for new leaves to come;
 for new buds to grow;
 for the walls to be dusted by the next batch;
 for them to carry this story forward.

While roaming in corridors today,
 I realized my campus is enormous;
 enormous with memories in my heart.
 My heart is too tiny to hold them apart.
 If I had another heart, I would still lack space.
 Those old benches;
 those scribblings on walls;
 those ugly dances during fests;
 those bunking days.
 Ahhh! I'll miss it all.
 I'll miss my batch;
 those whom I hated and whom I loved.
 I want to thank and say sorry to everyone one last time.
 I want to hug them and cry.
 We all know the truth: the ending and no next year's reunion.



I want to walk back in time;
I want to attend all the missed classes;
I want to listen to all my Professors again;
I want them to stay a bit more than an hour;
I want an extra class today,
but it's time for leaves to come,
the buds to flower up
and so I need to step down the stage.
Walk ahead the aisle,
bid farewell to the enchanting campus
and to the conscious boy:
my bro with bro codes,
my buddy, my antidote
with whom my college days laughed.
I'll lose everything in a moment,
the moment I step out of the campus



My Friend's Funeral

Zareen Khan
B.A (Prog)
3rd year

A hush settled in my chest as if my heart was restless present.
Flowers are unsystematic; faces are somewhat melancholic.
Moises comes from one side. Then, someone hides from it.
His mother should over and over, See, now his son will mise from the grave.

You know he is on eternal steep, but he did not sleep.
Leaving his dreams immature, He would not wake up anymore.
A tall friend of mine, who was everyone's support, today he is going on four shoulders.

With whose voice the street used to echo. With whom my happiness used to buzz. What visual should I describe? The person who was being buried was so valuable. The heart is still saying you take a breath, you get up, Why can't someone go and stop my friend's funeral?



You Conquer it All Alone

Abhinav Rathore
B.A (Prog)
2nd year

Sometimes, we have a phase that we may not want to see in our lives, but life takes us through all the ups and downs. You have to face it: the day when you are stressed out, when you feel that gap between the people you love, the people whom you revolve around, you just get that feeling of being disengaged, and all the worst part of life comes to your souls and arrests it there. You have to keep yourself strong, knowing that people are like the waves crashing at you, hitting you, good or bad. Stay with you for a good moment and leave, making their part or the side of them on you.

So it is better to calm your inner self, knowing that no one will come there for you at times and you will face it all alone. Make yourself strong by starting to love the soul that is present in you cause it needs no one else's love other than yours cause you know exactly what it wants at times and what you are worth instead of giving that part of the time to people that don't care of, you invest the love to your soul and feel the switch that comes within you. Be a strong sea shore that doesn't get affected by the waves that hit you. Love yourself.



To Spring

Rahul Kumar
BA (Prog)
3rd Year

Four years have elapsed since we last laid eyes,
The prospect of seeing you again is a mystery.

No alterations can be made to our present state,
But you'll always be with and before me.

You, your beauty, the way you talk,
Your voice is like music, the sweetest in all.

The very time we spent together,
The happiest moment I ever had gathered.

I used to see the moon until my heart filled with
joy,
Sometimes, this joy broke me into pieces like a
toy.

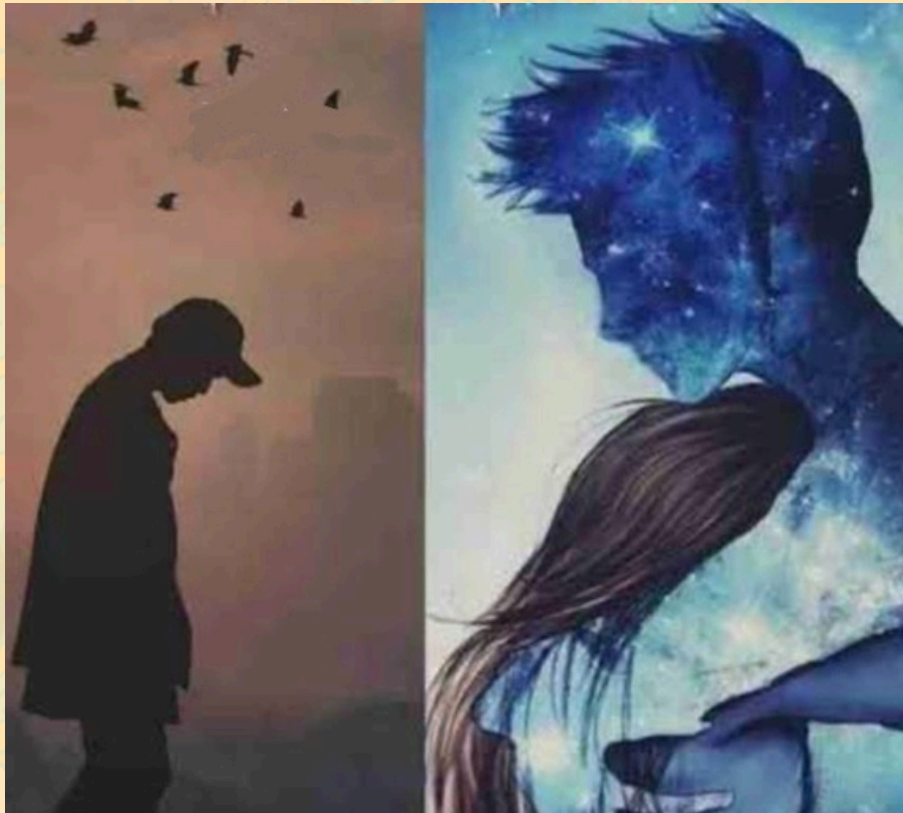
Endlessly I find 'You' in one and all,
I just lost the battle gradually in the first call.

We come across in the month of isolation,
We isolate in the month of devotion

First Sight Love

Tanush Singhal
Bcom (Prog)
2nd Year

It's the day when I first saw you
It's the day when I fell for your eyes
It's me who approached you
It's you who ignored me
It's your smile that gives me chills every time
It's me who always takes the first step in a
conversation
It's you who always give me dry replies
It's me who fell for you harder
It's me who made you fall for me even harder
It's us that we are now together



Shadows beneath the bangles

Anurag Pratap Singh
B.A (Hons) English
2nd Year

She wears bangles to hide her scars,
stitches her lips and stays behind the bars.
She washes her eyes full of tears
pains and fears.

She clips her feet on walls and stone,
cuts her hair of joys, only to mourn.
She hides her smile and teeth
to tackle her cold and bleak life.

She walks barefoot on gravels
for her wound to unravel.
She sings chivalrous lines
for her cowardness to outshine.

She sits all day on window pane
to tackle her frail heart.
She then stares at thorns and flowers,
and wears bangles to hide her scars.

She wonders to step outside the door
only to take her pain to next shore.
Massive weight of bangles
for her feathers to entangle.

She plans a lie, to fly,
but where would she die next?
Someone confirm if she's married?
Anyway, her freedom is still carried.

She stands near an apple tree.
Only to rejoice, birds flying free.
She looks at river flowing
and decides bangles go sloping.

She thinks of her pains,
"Death! A boon" she claims.
Joins hands and cracks on ground,
"Life - A boon" is what she found.

She decides to unclip her wings.
Her throat opened to sing.
She allows her fears to rot,
"Changing etiquettes" a battle she fought.

She still wears Bangles to hide her scars.
Bangles which signify night and stars.
She allows her fears to perish
and invites courage to cherish.

She now grows her hair of freedom
to plait a territory, enshrining queendom.
She flaunts her laugh and pearling smile
for fears, tears, pain and wounds to exile.

She wears bangles to hide her scars.
She covers her head with a black scarf.
She wears a black gown
to mark her black frown.



Eyes through the crowd

Harshal Sumant
BA hons English
2nd year

I passed you twice, did you see me?
In the bustling crowd, did you feel me?
Across the hallway in the noon
I looked over through the other buffoons.

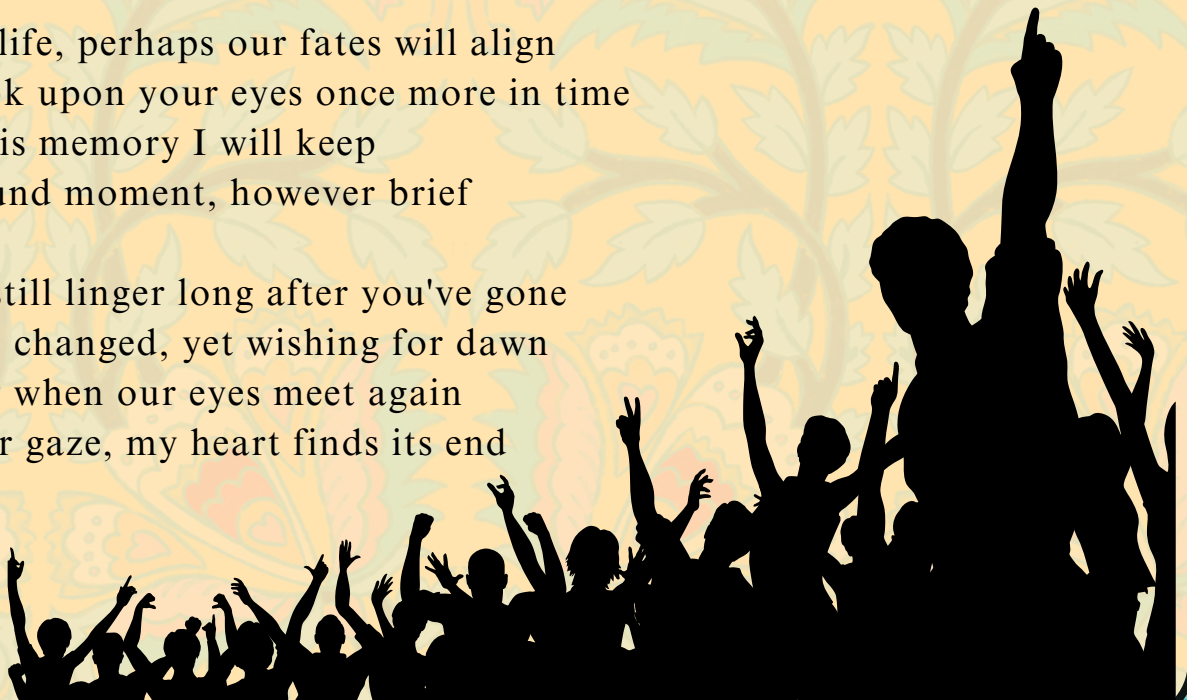
Our eyes meet and we talk through air.
A secret world that exists
In public right there,
unnoticed by the crowd.

You and I are together, unaware
In our quiet gaze, hearts speak out loud
No words pass between us, yet what is said
The longing, the solace, the care left unbred

This vast city holds millions of souls
Yet chance let our paths briefly entwine
A mere blip in life's endless flow
But your eyes stirred depths I'd never known

In another life, perhaps our fates will align
And I'll look upon your eyes once more in time
Till then this memory I will keep
Of a profound moment, however brief

Your eyes still linger long after you've gone
Leaving me changed, yet wishing for dawn
Of that day when our eyes meet again
And in your gaze, my heart finds its end



My Wonderland

Katyayni Shukla

BA (Hons) Applied Psychology

1st year

Took an afternoon nap,
didn't know I would make a nostalgic discovery.
The small two-storey house
with the smell of dairy;
the road broken as always
and wind howling like a wolf,
as the branch of the old guava tree sways.

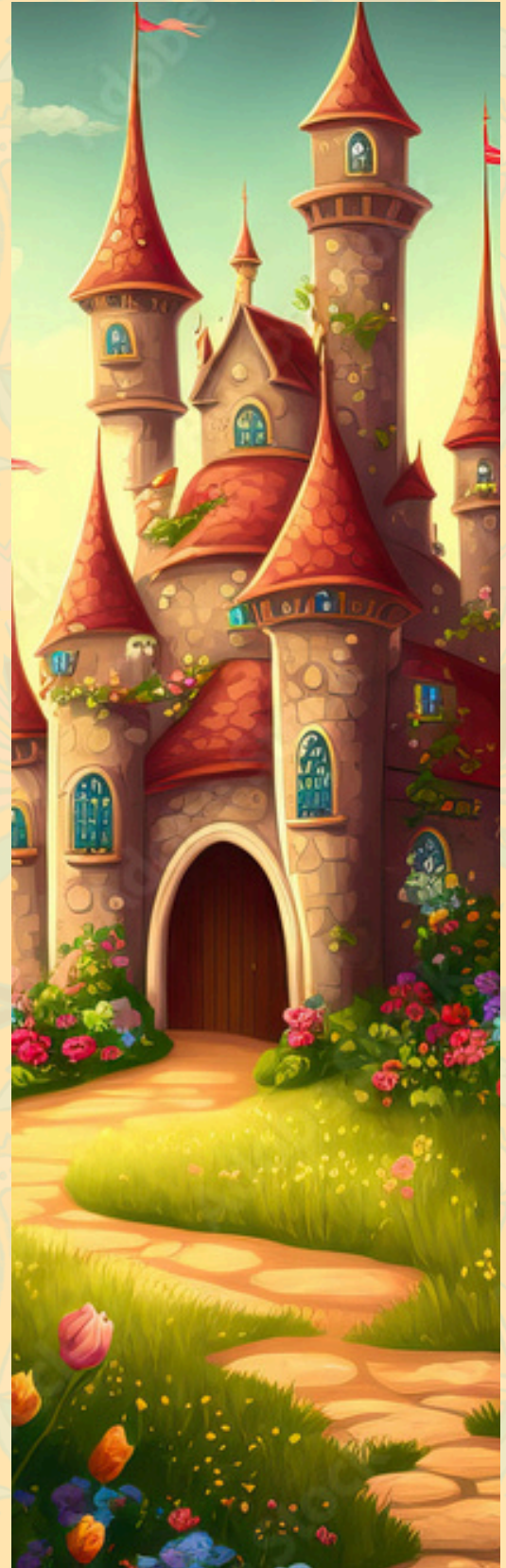
But no! I'll visit this place another day,
for I have better plans today.
Walking down the muddy tar road,
the puddles still fairly present
as if back to the pleasant childhood days.

Making my way towards my wonderland
my utopia, my safe bubble
my fun space
my idea of solace.

It was still the same
I call it home
It only appeared to me in my dreams,
no exotic flowers or fresh spring streams.
Just me and the grass,
which gave me sweet company.

My home was open from the back,
no walls or gates
like it would happen in a real space.
On the contrary, I
always had to run away from there.
There wasn't any danger lurking,
but the thought of mom
scolding me of doing over time
had me thinking I was committing a crime.

Ah! the black fence I see now,
grown up all big and tall.
After spending an hour or two,
I drifted back to reality.
My sister being the only present entity
and I being in bed content, yet groggy.



Mental Health

Jatin Lakhchhora
BA (Hons) Applied Psychology
1st Year

In the depths of the mind, shadows reside.
Mental battles are fought, emotions collide.
Seeking solace, a journey unfolds.
Through therapy's embrace, stories are told.
A listening ear, a compassionate guide,
Therapist's wisdom, a comforting stride.
Medications prescribed, a helping hand,
Balancing the chaos, like a delicate band.
Supportive friends, a pillar of strength,
Understanding the struggles, going to great lengths.
Self-care rituals, a soothing balm,
Nurturing the soul, bringing back calm.
With time and patience, healing takes flight,
Rebuilding the spirit, shining so bright.
Mental illness, not a sign of shame,
Treatment and love, a path to reclaim.



A Struggled Love Story

Mayank Singh
Bcom Prog
2nd year

Once upon a time, in a small town, lived an average guy named Jake. His heart belonged to Emily, a beautiful girl whose father, Mr. Thompson, was a stern and traditional man. To win Mr. Thompson's approval and marry his love, Jake set his sights on becoming a Chartered Accountant. Jake, with his modest background, faced a daunting journey. The world of numbers and financial intricacies seemed like a distant galaxy. However, fueled by love, he embarked on this challenging path, attending classes with determination, even when the concepts felt like a puzzle with missing pieces. Late nights became Jake's companions as he delved into textbooks and grappled with complex calculations. The journey was tougher than he imagined, with exams resembling storms that tested his resolve. Yet, in every struggle, Jake found solace in the thought of Emily. Her smile was the North Star guiding him through the darkest nights of his journey. Mr. Thompson, skeptical of Jake's aspirations, remained unyielding. He believed that love alone couldn't sustain a family; financial stability was crucial. Undeterred, Jake pushed himself harder, learning from each mistake, turning every challenge into an opportunity to prove his worth. Emily, aware of Jake's struggles, stood by him with unwavering support. She admired his determination, and her love for him only deepened. Their love story became a beacon of hope, a testament to the power of perseverance and commitment.

As the exams neared, the pressure intensified. Jake, facing sleepless nights and moments of self-doubt, questioned whether he could overcome the final hurdles. However, love became his driving force. The thought of holding Emily's hand and building a future together fueled his determination.

The day of reckoning arrived, and Jake faced the exams with a mix of anxiety and hope. The results, a culmination of his efforts, were a reflection of his resilience. Slowly but steadily, Jake's proficiency in the language of finance improved, impressing not only his mentors but also Mr. Thompson

One day, with the coveted CA title in hand, Jake mustered the courage to face Mr. Thompson. He expressed his love for Emily and his sincere desire to make her happy. Mr. Thompson, seeing the sincerity in Jake's eyes and the success he achieved, softened. The walls around his heart crumbled, and he gave his blessings for Jake to marry Emily.

The couple, overcoming numerous obstacles, celebrated their love triumphantly. Jake's journey from an average guy to a successful Chartered Accountant became a tale of love conquering all. They lived happily ever after, their hearts intertwined, proving that even in the complex world of numbers, love remains the most powerful equation.



Impact of GST

Ayush Kumar
BA (Hons) Economics
1st Year

Introduction

Before 2017, the people of India used to pay several indirect taxes for every transaction, such as purchasing, selling, manufacturing, retailing, marketing, etc, in the form of Value Added Tax (VAT), excise duty, service tax, central sales tax, entertainment tax, luxury tax, sales tax, etc. Former Union Finance Minister, P. Chidambaram, in his budget speech for 2006-07 broached the concept of 'Goods and Service Tax' (GST). On 29th March 2017, the GST Bill was passed by both the houses of the parliament, followed by which on 1st July, 2017, the same came into effect. GST is a single indirect tax proposed to replace all other indirect taxes, thereby reducing the burden of paying different indirect taxes. The introduction of GST facilitated the elimination of the cascading effect of indirect taxation and the concept of double taxation, thereby introducing a uniform regime governing indirect taxation in India. GST has been responsible for pushing the economy a step closer to a common market that involves the free movement of capital and services, making room for doing business in an easier way. This article aims to provide insight as to how GST has had an impact on the Indian economy and deliberates upon the need to revise GST rates and amendments that need to be made.

Impact of GST on the Indian economy

When studying the impact of GST on the Indian economy, it is pertinent to note that both sides of the coin (pros and cons) need to be taken into account. The primary objectives with which GST was introduced are:

1. Elimination of the confusion surrounding the number of indirect taxes that were required to be paid by the taxpayers. This also involves the removal of the cascading effect of taxes.
2. GST aims to increase the number of taxpayers in the nation, which will help in the development of the nation's economy.
3. The promotion of a corruption-free nation and diminishing tax evasion rates are also counted as objectives of GST.

The introduction of GST had an impact on the Gross Domestic Product (GDP) of the nation. The growth rate of GDP was 8.95%, which was a 15.54% increase followed by a latter decline of 10.33%, 2.72% and 0.34% in 2019, 2018 and 2017, respectively. Key reasons for the growth of the GDP of the nation after the introduction of GST are summarised in the following pointers:

1. The various tax rates on a single transaction were removed and a uniform taxation system was introduced by which tax implementation became simplified. It seemed simple across the nation.
2. It reduced the cost of transactions. For example, initially, there were more than 10 types of taxes that were levied on a single transaction. People were facing problems and business was not booming because of this.
3. After the introduction of GST, tax payment got simplified and people were encouraged to take up business by paying a unified tax. Even though the tax amount that was paid before and after GST did not have much difference. It felt simpler for people to pay a single tax in place of more than ten types of taxes.

As a result, more goods and services were manufactured in the country leading to an increase in net exports. If a country exceeds its exports it means that the country has a trade surplus with a high level of output of goods from manufacturers by which employment is increased. When the country is exporting more, it also initiates the flow of funds into the economy, thereby contributing to economic growth. This has made foreign exchange rates more favourable.

Positive Impact of GST on the Indian economy

It is significant to note that GST is levied at the stage of supply of goods and services across India. Thus, GST is levied on the taxpayer when the goods or services are consumed. There are three types of GST-

1. CGST (Central Goods and Services Tax) which is collected by the Central Government on the intrastate sale of goods and services.
2. SGST (State Goods and Services Tax) which is collected by the State Government on intrastate sales.
3. IGST (Integrated Goods and Services Tax) is collected and shared by both central and state governments on interstate sale of goods and services. It also applies to imports and exports.

The positive impacts of GST on the Indian economy have been listed hereunder:

1. **Simplified tax structure:** Single tax and easier calculations of the same have made GST provide India with a simple tax structure. The buyer upon paying for the product purchased, gets a clear idea as to what amount of tax he has paid.
2. **Support for small and medium enterprises:** It is to be noted that the GST amount to be paid depends on the annual turnover and size of the firm. This has been a reward for small and medium enterprises.
3. **More funds for production:** GST has been successful in reducing the total taxable income, thereby adding to more funds for production.
4. **Enhanced operations throughout India:** There has been a boost in operation throughout India because of the single unified tax system making it easier for goods transportation across India.
5. **Increased volume of export:** Reduction in customs duty on goods have facilitated a rise in the volume of export. Production units have also been saving money while producing goods following the introduction of GST.

Negative Impacts of GST on the Indian economy

The negative impacts of GST on the Indian economy are listed below:

1. Negative impact on the common man: GST being an indirect tax is recovered by means of rising the selling price. This in turn affects middle and lower-middle- class people and therefore has a negative impact on the common man.
2. Negative impact of GST on the market: In general, firms continue to face issues with input tax credit systems thereby failing to manage working capital requirements in an effective way. This is what led to GST having a negative impact on the market.
3. Negative impact of GST on unemployment: Following the implementation of GST (July-2017), the unemployment rate had risen from 3.39 to 6.06 % during the period July 2017 to February 2018 in India. With business building being easier, self-employment is on rise but only for those who can afford it.

Impact of GST on Consumer Price Index (CPI)

Consumer Price Index or CPI signifies the measure of changes in the price level of a basket of consumer goods and services bought by households. The impact of GST can be calculated by taking into consideration the total CPI. The CPI was expected to be around 3.24% when the Government of India had introduced GST in the nation. The Government assumed that purchasing power of the consumers shall increase because they would be paying only unified tax and not different taxes on goods and services. In reality, the CPI turned out to be 4.61%. By this we can say that the CPI moved up by 1.37%.

Impact of GST on the common man's pocket

With the introduction of GST in the Indian taxation system, purchasers of goods and services now have to pay more taxes on goods and services they buy. But, the long-term benefits of GST for the common man are plentiful. The decrease of taxes that are payable by consumer goods producers like FMCG and the automotive sector, led to a decrease in commodity prices. This further allowed more consumers to avail its services. A fall in prices is directly proportional to surge in demand thereby boosting the production cycle in terms of profit gain. Both the buyer and the seller in such scenarios get to secure a fair monetary share thereby further contributing to economic growth. Further, a production boost makes room for more employment and an increase in income. With the advent of GST, scope for black money and corruption practices have been relatively curbed thereby securing the common man's money in India.

Conclusion

GST has both positive as well as negative impacts on the economy. It facilitates economic growth by being transparent and creates loss over a few sectors by the increased prices of the commodity but the ease of doing business has been helped by a unified taxation system in the country. Thus, how GST is viewed in terms of the Indian economy depends on person to person.



Impact of Artificial Intelligence

Aditya Kumar Saini
BA (Hons) Economics
2nd year

Meaning and history of AI

Artificial intelligence is a neural network based in a particular transformer architecture which is designed complete tasks promptly, as it has been trained with a vast amount of data sets (about 500 billion data) just in order to make its best guess about which word would come next, but because of the scale in its huge amount of training data and the sophistication of this transformed architecture, it is very fluent in what it does. Alan Turing, a computer scientist, first envisioned the possibility of machines reaching such levels of mastery in a paper which he wrote in 1950.

How AI Is Different From Other Technologies

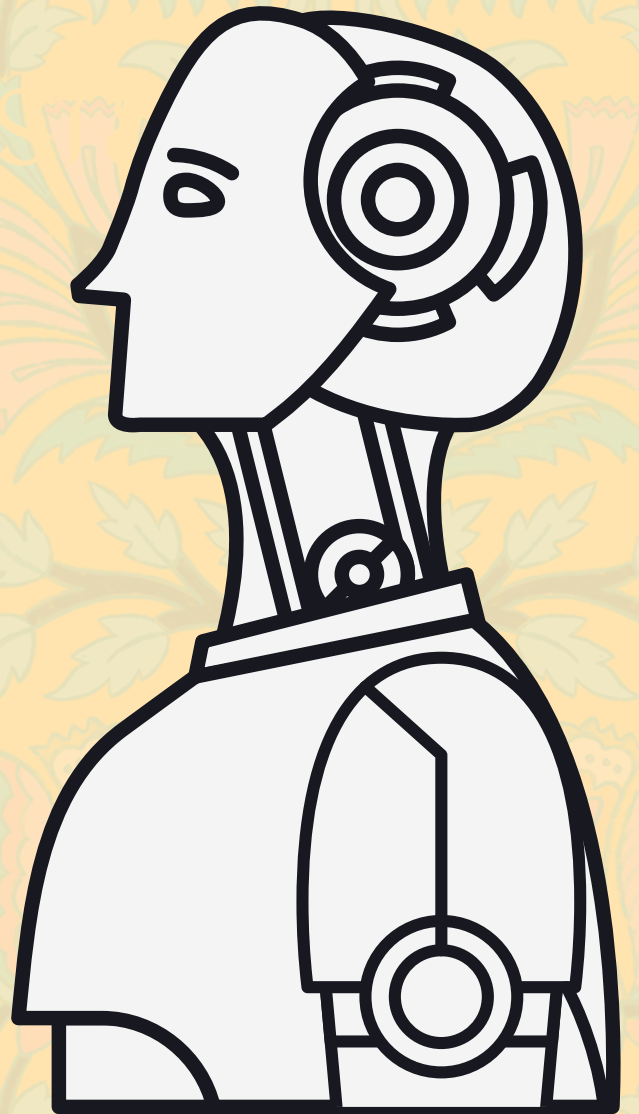
AI is only based on the training data. Neural networks respond very badly on the situations outside their training data set. It's just a guessing from a huge data set. All the technological developments that happened before AI are controlled by humans. How to use that technology depends upon humans whether it was an atom bomb or an automobile invention but AI is taking this power away from us. Once this technology gets developed enough, it will take its own decision. None of us have been through any kind of technology till now that can create ideas by itself or make decisions by itself.

Does It Lead To Loss Of Jobs?

In June 2023, Sumit Shah, founder of Dukaan, laid off 27 employees (customer service) and replaced them with Chat-GPT chatbot. An IMF based study shows that AI will affect around 40% of jobs around the world. In advanced economies, around 60% of jobs may be impacted by AI and roughly half the exposed job may benefit from AI by enhancing productivity. For the other half, AI may execute tasks currently performed by humans which could lower labour demand, leading to lower wages and reduced hiring. Some jobs may disappear, in emerging markets and low-income countries by contrast, AI exposure is expected to be 40% and 26%, respectively. At the same time, many of these countries don't have the infrastructure of skilled workforce to harness the benefits from AI.

Impact Of AI On Society

Innovation always leads to higher productivity, but not always to shared prosperity depending upon whether machines complement or replace humans. AI can improve healthcare diagnosis, education gaps, food on the other hand insecurity through efficient farming, but it can undermine democracy as well, will take away jobs, destabilize economy, and widen the gap between rich and poor. It will lead to counterfeiting humans, it can spread misinformation, deepfakes, can ruin life of millions and billions of people. Infact so many cases were reported recently of deepfakes in the early stage of AI that it seems there will not be any concept of personal liberty and privacy in the age of AI; where every information that you ask will be going in its data set, posing a challenge to intellectual property.



If I request to halt, will you pause?

Himanshu
BA prog
3rd Year

If I request to halt, will you pause?
If I desire to walk hand in hand, will you lead the way?
If I express for daily meetings, will you make?
Will you entertain my chatter once more?

Will you remain awake through the night conversing anew?
Will you wait for me as I do for you?
Will you complete the destinations left?
Will you pay attention to my words, you've still upset?
If I request to halt, will you pause?



Fading

(I prize winning story)

Ritrishha Mondal
B.A (Hons) English
1st year

Sarah's peaceful slumber was interrupted by three knocks on the door in the silence of the night. It was New Year's Eve. "Who could it be now?" Sarah thought before getting up to open the door, only to immediately stop. She looked over to the Mickey Mouse clock on her bedside table. It was 3:05 AM. "Should I really open the door?" she thought and immediately her head was filled with apprehensions.

"Sarah, open the door." It was a very familiar voice. This voice could only belong to one person. Sarah hurried to open the door. "Tobias!" she exclaimed, "What happened to your forehead. Oh my god!". There was a huge cut on Tobi's head and blood was trickling down his pale skin. "It's nothing" he said while walking in and sitting on her study table. "What are you doing here?" Sarah couldn't even look at his face. "We need to get you something for that". Sarah went on to fetch her first-aid kit that was always at her home thanks to her mother. "It's really fine. I'm here to talk to you" Tobi said while setting aside the bandages. Sarah could never go against what Tobias said. Tobias had been her friend ever since they were in elementary school. Even when Sarah moved to Bloomsbury, a three-hours drive away from Tobi, they didn't grow apart. But lately, Sarah had been trying to avoid everyone. Sarah wants to move on from that small town. But moving three hours away from it hasn't been helpful. She still remembers all the hours she spent shopping to get the trendiest clothes and practising her accent to get rid off that accent. All because she wanted to fit in her college. But one short trip from her parents and it's all the same again. Sarah isn't a kid anymore. She is grown enough to stay away from home. Her thoughts were suddenly interrupted. "You still have this". Tobias remarked, pointing to the Mickey Mouse clock on her bedside table, a bittersweet smile was playing on his lips.

It was a birthday gift from Tobias himself. She got rid off almost everything she brought from home, except this clock. “Yeah” Sarah replied, “Tobias, why are you really here?” “It’s your birthday. Obviously, I had to come.” He said. Sarah was turning 18 on New Year’s Day. She always spent her birthday with her family and Tobias back home. But this time, her college friends wanted to take her out to a club. Even after countless calls from her mom, telling her to come back for her birthday, Sarah was determined to spend the birthday here at college. “Wait, are you here to take me back home?” Sarah was getting irritated now. “Did mom tell you to do that?” “No, silly.” He replied, “I just wanted to give you this”. He handed her a necklace with a pendant shaped like Mickey Mouse’s ear. This brought a smile to her face. She looked up to thank Tobias only to find no one there. The door was open and cold air was getting inside the room. As unexpectedly as he had appeared, Tobias had vanished into thin air.

Sarah closed the door and went to sleep again. She didn’t want to think too much about it. “We don’t want dark circles for tomorrow’s party”. As dawn broke, Sarah was jolted awake once again. Her cell phone was ringing. It was her mom. She picked it up, “It’s 5 AM, mom”. But then she heard her mother crying on the other side. “It’s Tobias, honey”. Her voice was cracking. “What happened, Mom?” Sarah was getting really worried. “He was going to see you. But his car got in an accident on the way there. He’s gone, honey”.



‘12th Fail’ - An Inspiring Story

Shubham Kumar
Bcom (Prog)
1st year

'12th fail' movie depicts the real life story of IPS officer Manoj Kumar Sharma and IRS officer Shraddha Joshi.

Manoj Kumar Sharma belongs to Chambal village where cheating in exams is a common thing . He is appearing in 12th standard exams. A strict police officer, DSP Dushyant Singh, arrives during the cheating process. Manoj is unable to pass the examination and starts to ride a vehicle with his brother. They both land in trouble with goons of a politician but Dushyant Singh comes to save them. Inspired by his honesty Manoj considers him an ideal and wants to become like him. The following year he clears his 12th standard exams and dreams of becoming a DSP officer, but his destiny has different plans which brings Manoj into the world of UPSC, one of the toughest exams in the world. He belongs to a backward caste so he has 6 chances to clear it. He finally clears the exam in his last attempt.

It's not a movie, it's an inspiration for many. '12th fail' is one of the best movies I have watched till date. I got inspired by it.

The story of a village boy, whose entire family struggles to manage its bread and butter. Later, the boy chase his dreams, clears UPSC and becomes an IPS officer. It shows how a small incident can change your entire Life. This is a perfect example of why hard work and perseverance are worth it. It's very easy to give up, but what takes effort is to pick yourself up again and excel. '12th fail' is more than a movie story, it's a story of hope, determination and learning discipline, focus, and patience. The Movie is a source of inspiration for anyone facing challenges in their life. It reminds us that success is not defined by one's past failures, but by their ability to remain patient and persevere on the path of achieving goals.

हार नहीं मानूंगा रार नहीं ठांऊंगा फाल के कपाल पर लिखता मिटाता हूँ गीत नया गाता हूँ

Dear ICAI

Monisha Gupta
Bcom (Hons.)
3rd Year



Let me tell you, I am just a normal guy.

I know you put your rage on students' shoulders
Knowing your syllabus I'm just bewildered

Please get your eyes checked, you nobles
We're your students and not evils

Your magnificent glory does tempt

But your reality is just attempt, attempt and attempt

Right now, I'm frustrated deeply
Please don't take my comments seriously

I know you're the one who taught me to face hardships
You made me believe in hardwork rather than worships

It's my promise to you, one day I will be yours,
Which will give me pleasure of winning 1000s of wars

Thank you for being part of my life
ICAI

For giving me an opportunity to become a special guy.

Navigating the Quarter-Life Crisis: Embracing Uncertainty and Finding Purpose

Abhilash Maderna
Bcom (Prog)
3rd year

As we transition from adolescence to adulthood, navigating the complexities of life can often feel like embarking on a rollercoaster ride filled with twists, turns, and unexpected detours. The period between the ages of 18 and 24, often dubbed the “quarter-life crisis,” is characterized by a sense of uncertainty, self-doubt, and existential angst as young adults grapple with major life decisions, career choices, and personal identity. In this article, we explore the common challenges faced by individuals in this age group and offer insights on how to navigate this tumultuous phase with resilience and purpose.

One of the primary challenges young adults encounter during the quarter-life crisis is the pressure to have their lives figured out. Whether it's choosing a career path, finding a romantic partner, or achieving financial stability, there is often a pervasive sense of urgency to have everything neatly mapped out by a certain age. However, this expectation can lead to feelings of inadequacy and anxiety, especially when faced with the reality that life doesn't always follow a linear trajectory.

Moreover, the proliferation of social media exacerbates these feelings of inadequacy by presenting curated snapshots of other people's lives, highlighting their achievements and milestones while glossing over the inevitable struggles and setbacks. Comparing oneself to others can fuel a sense of insecurity and undermine one's self-confidence, making it challenging to embrace one's unique journey and pace of development.

In addition to external pressures, young adults grapple with internal conflicts and existential questions about their purpose and identity. Many individuals in this age group are in the process of exploring their passions, values, and aspirations, which can sometimes feel overwhelming and disorienting. As they confront questions about who they are and what they want out of life, it is not uncommon to experience periods of self-doubt, confusion, and anxiety.

However, amidst the uncertainty and turmoil of the quarter-life crisis, there lies an opportunity for growth, self-discovery, and personal development. Rather than viewing this phase as a period of crisis, it can be reframed as a transformative journey of exploration and experimentation. By embracing uncertainty and remaining open to new experiences, young adults can discover their strengths, interests, and values, laying the foundation for a fulfilling and purpose-driven life.

Furthermore, seeking support from friends, family, and mentors can provide invaluable guidance and perspective during this transitional period. Sharing one's struggles and aspirations with trusted individuals can foster a sense of connection and belonging, reminding young adults that they are not alone in their journey. Additionally, practicing self-care, mindfulness, and resilience-building techniques can help individuals navigate the ups and downs of life with greater equanimity and grace.

In conclusion, the quarter-life crisis is a natural and inevitable phase of development that many young adults encounter on their path to adulthood. While it may feel daunting and overwhelming at times, it is also a period of immense growth, self-discovery, and possibility. By reframing challenges as opportunities, seeking support from others, and cultivating resilience, young adults can emerge from the quarter-life crisis with greater clarity, confidence, and purpose, ready to embrace the journey ahead.

A conversation at the Crossroads of Bollywood and Iranian Cinema

Harshal Salunkhe
B.A (Hons) English
2nd year

I met a lady from Iran. A few days ago I was at one of the most popular shopping markets across India. I was with my college dramatics team and we were performing a street play. For those who don't know what a street play is, let me elaborate. A street play is an act piece which is of course performed on the streets. It includes songs, puns and interaction with the public watching you. It is mostly written on social issues to bring awareness among people.

After the performance, a lady sitting just next to our props and instruments asked something to one of my team members. She was curious to know what exactly was going on. By the term Street Play, at first she thought that we were having some games alongside the street. But then we explained what I just told you readers in the above paragraph. She then said that she has now understood what it is all about but I don't think she really got it.

Anyway while talking to her I asked where she was from and she happened to be from Iran. I was delighted to hear it, as you all know that I recently have started exploring the Iranian cinema. I knew it was a great opportunity to divert the conversation towards Iranian cinema and I took full benefit of it.

I started with letting her know my endeavor to get an insight of the cinema of her own country. To my surprise she didn't quite like the stories portrayed in Iranian cinema, to which I told her that cinephiles across the entire world take inspiration from it and want to achieve something like that of Kiarostami's and Farhadi's cinematography. She chuckled and said "I like bollywood and its dreamy world in which it tries to encapsulate us, enough with the seriousness..."

She then told me some random names related to Bollywood whatever she could think of at that moment. Aashiqui, Basanti, PK, and whatnot . She particularly told me that she liked the songs of the movie Aashiqui 2 and she likes to listen to them on loop.

I was enthralled as she narrated this to me. I don't know why I always used to believe that Bollywood would never attain the level of mastery and authenticity present in Iranian, Korean, or American cinema. Yet, I consistently overlooked the fact that the purpose of watching a film could vary for different individuals. For some, it serves as an escape, for others, a sensory delight, and for some, an avenue for critiquing this art form, while others delve into the human psyche and storytelling techniques. There could be countless reasons why someone would willingly dedicate 2 to 3 hours of their life in front of the screen. What I have come to understand now is that many seek to break free from their monotonous lives and find respite, and it is to this audience that Bollywood caters.

I understand that in real life, there is no background score of violin or guitar accompanying the moment when you unexpectedly encounter the person you love, and random people don't join you in dancing in the middle of the road, perfectly knowing all the steps you are about to perform. However, this is the captivating world that Bollywood has fashioned, offering a sanctuary to many who yearn for an escape from the gravity of their daily lives.

I wanted to engage in a deeper conversation with her about her views on what she would like to see change in Iranian cinema, but I had to leave as they were there for shopping, not to discuss cinema. I warned her about the bargaining in the market, as it is one of the most crowded and busiest markets, and then bid her goodbye.

Are You Afraid?

Joena Chakraborty
B.A (Prog)
2nd year

I know the words hurt you.
Words go deep inside your heart,
And cut it into parts of desperation and regret,
And then you distance yourself from the people and recognition.
You go deep in recluse without clues.
How do you get out of a cavernous well of doubts?
Are you afraid?
To get the light again
Of the pain that you suffered when you
trusted someone.
Believe me, the light is your reflection
The brightness comes from you.

Are you afraid
Of getting healed yourself?
Are you afraid?
It's not your fault
Do not punish the soul
By being harsh.
There are stars in the sky glowing your luminous being.

It's hard feeling the salts in your tears but overcome your fear.
If you are afraid
Then mock the fright
Come with more colours vibrant and bright.
Bring back the sweetness and charm.
Just the confidence you lack and self-doubt
Hurlled away, and there you are on in the world.



Lost love

Jatin Lakhchoura

B.A. (Hons) Applied Psychology

1st year

In shadows deep, my heart does weep...
A love once strong, now lost, asleep...
Your absence is near, yet far from here....
My soul consumed by silent tear....
The memories dance, in bittersweet trance...
A love so pure, now just a glance....
I search in vain, for your sweet name...
In every whisper, every frame...
Alone I stand, on desolate land...
A heart in pieces, held by trembling hand...
Yet love endures, in quiet whispers...
In dreams, in echoes, in gentle lingers...
So I'll wait, in this endless state...
For love's return, or cruel fate...
In shadows deep, my heart does weep...
A love once strong, now lost, asleep...



Sarcasm

Maithili Karna
B.A. (Hons) English
3rd year

You disgust me
You all disgust me.

All of you laugh at his misogynistic jokes.
Every single voice in here pokes.
I question myself all about my thoughts
Are they provocative or contemplating that rots?
I wonder why calling Devi turns to a funny imply,
And reference of Devta is always a vexed reply.
Your flirtatious statements are never called provoking,
My fired replies are vacuolated as infuriating.

I know I have to face the "sarcasm" throughout my life,
And my inflating answers will always cut through like a knife.
Your coquettish words never create a mess,
Same thing out of my mouth and look she is shameless.
Look, I do apologise about my shooting words,
But they were for playboys and not for the nerds.
I don't believe they all are the same,
Some really are righteous and countless play games.

But the real hurt comes from the ladies who chortle,
They forget that they vanish but the words are immortal.
I believed men to be admirers and women to be fairies,
Oh! Men are petrifying but women become scarier.
So, to all the women who laughs at Draupadi in men's hall,
You are not immortal and Durga will someday call.
The day when your doom will fall,
and I will watch you, not standing so tall.



Phoenix Arising

Afsar Shah
B.A (Hons) English
2nd Year

In the mirror's gleam, I see myself,
A journey started, a book on the shelf.
With each step I take, I find my way,
In the light of dawn, and the dark of day.

I'm a melodious song, in the world of noise,
A whisper of dreams, amidst life's ploys.
In every trial faced, and every test,
I strive to be my very best.

Through laughter's joy, and tears' release,
I seek calm, and find my inner peace.
In the depths of my heart, and heights of my
soul,
I'm the sum of parts, yet a unique whole.

In passions fierce and hopes untold,
In love's embrace, I'll ever hold.
In being true to who I am,
I find peace, I always charm.

In passions fierce and dreams untold,
I find the fire, bold and bold.
With every heartbeat, I chart my course,
In the realm of life's grand force.

In joys unfurled, and tears uncurled,
I find the world, a swirling whirl.
With every breath, I'm on the quest,
To be my best, and meet life's test.

So here I stand, imperfect yet complete,
In the tapestry of life, woven anew.
I embrace myself with all the flaws,
For in being me, I stand alone.



Blood & Tears

(III prize winning poem)

- Sanu Sagar
B.A (Hons.) English
2nd year

Do blood and tears
carry the same weight?

I asked my inner soul
which I am not sure
Do I own or just behold?

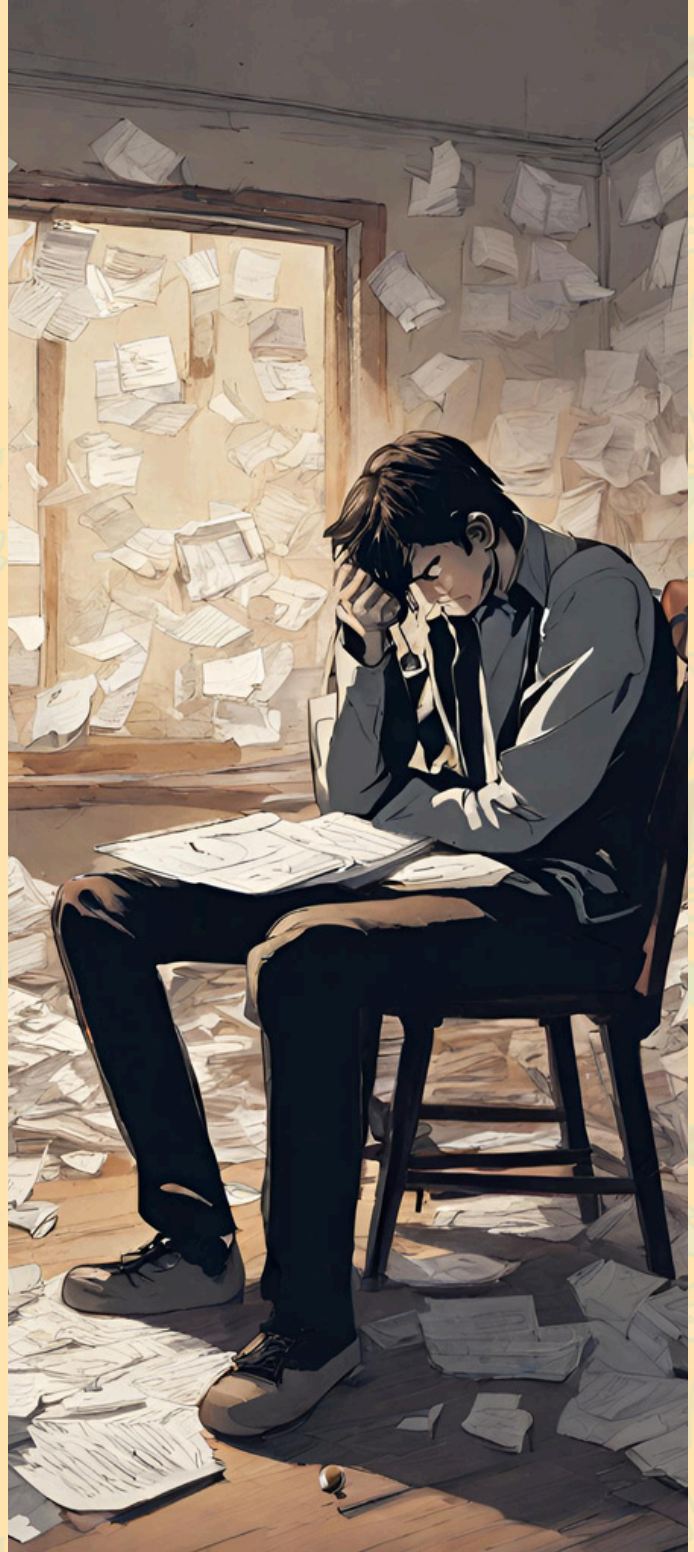
Cuts and bruises all over
can't be seen but felt
Should I call myself a lover?
With barely any love left.

Singing the song of longing
time makes the blood clot,
the bruises started browning
By the internal war I fought.

But I now I sit and think
Was it really worth?
Shredding all my blood
And now all my ink.

The soaked pillows underneath
and sore throated nights
water tasted salty
From my teary eyes.

Do blood and tears
Carry the same weight?
Both of them are precious
Shredded due to hate.





संस्कृतम् खण्डम्

संपादकः

डॉ. रमण कुमार
प्रखर चौरे (छात्र संपादक)

रामायणम्

डॉ. रमण कुमार

सहायक प्राध्यापक

संस्कृत-विभाग

रामस्य अयनं (चरितं) रामायणम्। रामायणमादिकाव्यं सर्वेषां काव्यानां जीवनभूतं च भवति। रामायणं महाभारतवत् कश्चिदतिहासग्रन्थो भवति। संस्कृतसाहित्ये रामायणवत् प्रसिद्धः लोकप्रियश्च अन्यः ग्रन्थः नास्तीति वक्तुं शक्यते। नीतिदृष्ट्या काव्यात्मकदृष्ट्या लोकोपकारकदृष्ट्या च रामायणस्य महत्त्वं वर्धते। पितृपुत्रधर्मस्य, पतिपत्नीधर्मस्य, भ्रातृधर्मस्य तथा अन्यकौटुम्बिकधर्मस्य च आदर्शभूतो अयं ग्रन्थः। आदिकाव्यस्य रामायणस्य कर्ता श्रीमद्वाल्मीकिः।

श्रीमद्वाल्मीकिः पूर्वं कश्चित् तस्करः (निषादः) आसीत् रत्नाकरः इति नाम्ना। सप्तर्षीणां दर्शनानन्तरं सः राममन्त्रजपपूर्वकं तपसा रत्नाकरः वाल्मीकिः संजातः। रामायणे न केवलं युद्धमात्रं प्रत्युत सकलालङ्काराणां प्रकृतिसौन्दर्यस्य धर्मस्य च वर्णनं दृश्यते। सरलसंस्कृतभाषापठनार्थम् अत्यन्तोपयोगि साधनं च भवत्येतत्।

रामायणमादिकाव्यम् इति प्रसिद्धम्। इतिहासग्रन्थः इत्यपि भाव्यते एतत्। एतस्य ग्रन्थस्य रचयिता वाल्मीकिः किरातकुले उत्पन्नः सः नारदस्य उपदेशात् तपः अकरोत्। तस्य शरीरोपरि वल्मीकः उत्पन्नः जातः। ततः सः यदा बहिः आगतः तदारभ्यः तस्य नाम 'वाल्मीकिः' अभवत्। एकदा तमसानदी स्नानार्थं गच्छन् वाल्मीकिः व्याधेन मारितं क्रौञ्चं पश्यति। तदा शोकाकुलः सः 'मा निषाद प्रतिष्ठां त्वमगमः शाश्वतीः समाः' इति व्याधं शपति। ततः नारदमुखात् रामस्य कथां श्रुत्वा सः रामायणं रचयति।

सीतारामयोः वियोगः रामायणस्य मुख्य कथावस्तु। महाभारते रामायणस्य कथा वर्णिता दृश्यते। पाणिनेः अष्टाध्याय्याम् अपि कैकेयीकौसल्यादयः शब्दाः दृश्यन्ते। अतः रामायणं महाभारतात् पाणिनेः च पूर्वम् आसीत् इति स्पष्टम्। रामायणं कदा आसीत् इति विषये मतभेदाः बहवः सन्ति। तथापि एतावत् वक्तुं शक्यते यत् वाल्मीकिः रामायणं क्रि.पू.पञ्चसहस्रवर्षेभ्यः पूर्वं रचितवान् स्यात् इति।

रामायणे २४००० श्लोकाः सन्ति। रामायणस्य प्रतिसहस्रतमस्य श्लोकस्य आदौ गायत्रीमन्त्रस्य एकैकम् अक्षरं प्राप्यते। पाठभेदादयः न भवेयुः इति उद्देशेन एवं कृतं स्यात् कविना। रामायणं सर्वासु भारतीयभाषासु बह्विधेषु विदेशीयभाषासु च उपलब्धम्। एतस्मात् रामायणस्य जनप्रियता ज्ञाता भवति। वाल्मीकिः शैली ललिता, सरला, सुन्दरी च। श्रीरामस्य धर्मनिष्ठा, सीतायाः सौशील्यं, भरतस्य भ्रातृवात्सल्यं, लक्ष्मणस्य कर्तव्यनिष्ठा, आज्ञानेयस्य कार्यदक्षता, सुग्रीवस्य सौहार्दभावः इत्यादयः अंशाः अतिरमणीयतया चित्रिताः तेन। संस्कृतसाहित्यनिर्माणे वाल्मीकिः सिद्धहस्तः इत्यत्र न अतिशयोक्तिः।

पुरातनपुस्तकानि

प्रखर चौरे

बी.ए. (प्रो.) तृतीय वर्ष

21/344

सप्तमश्रेण्यां पठन् वैभवः स्वपुस्तकानां महता श्रमेण संरक्षणं कतुम् अभ्यस्तः आसीत्। न च कदापि तेषु पुस्तकेषु लेखनीं भ्रामयितुं चालयितुं वा सः चात्मानं अन्यान् वा अनुमोदते। पुस्तकानां पृष्ठानाम् अन्तः अपि सुव्यवस्थितं यथा भवेत् तथा चेष्टितवान् आसीत्। तस्य परिणामः एवम् अभवत् यत् सः प्रतिवारं परीक्षायाम् उत्तीर्णः अभवत्। यदि कश्चित् तस्मै पुस्तकं याचते स्म तर्हि सः केवलं एतस्य शर्तेन एव ददाति स्म यत् तत् सुरक्षितं स्वस्थं च पुनः प्रत्यावर्तनं करणीयमिति।

एकदा वैभवः मात्रा सह विपण्याम् आसीत्। तदा दिनेशः तस्य मित्रं, एकवर्षकनिष्ठः छात्रः च तस्य मात्रा सह विपण्यां मिलितवान्। उभौ परस्परं परिवारस्य परिचयं दत्तवन्तौ। वैभवेन सह मिलित्वा दिनेशस्य माता नेत्रेषु अश्रुपातं कृत्वा वैभवाय धन्यवादं दातुं आरब्धा। तदा वैभवस्य माता तं पृष्ठवती, किमर्थं धन्यवादं ददासि? ततः सा अवदत् यत् दिनेशस्य पिता वर्षत्रयात् पूर्वं स्वर्गं गतः।

तस्मिन् समये अस्माकं बहु धनं नासीत् यत् अहं दिनेशं पाठयितुं शक्नोमि। ततः भवत्याः पुत्रः वैभवः स्वयमेव तस्य अध्ययनस्य पुस्तकानां च उत्तरदायित्वं स्वीकृतवान्। तदा वैभवः माता अवाऽगच्छत् यत् वैभवः पुस्तकानि किमर्थम् एतावत् सुष्ठु धारयति। गृहम् आगत्य माता वैभवं आलिङ्गितवती तथा च तस्मै अभिनन्दनम् अपि अकरोत्। तस्य पुत्रः कस्यचित् मित्रस्य दुःखं अवगत्य तस्मै साहाय्यं करोति इति ज्ञात्वा सा अतीव प्रसन्ना अभवत्।

सा स्वबालकस्य साधुता परिचयम् अवगम्य गर्विता आसीत्। मानवतायाः रक्षया सह वैभवः अपि पर्यावरणस्य पालनं कृतवान् यतः पुस्तकं निर्मातुं सहस्राणां वृक्षाणां छेदनं निवारितवान्। यदा प्राचार्यः एतस्य विषये ज्ञातवान् तदा सः वैभवस्य सम्मानं कृतवान्। अन्ये च बालकाः वैभवसदृशाः भवेयुः इति अपि आदेशमपि दत्तवान्।



पर्यावरणम्

अन्नपूर्णा कुमारी

बी.ए. (प्रो.) द्वितीय वर्ष

22/237

स्वस्थं पर्यावरणम् अस्माकं स्वस्थजीवनस्य आधारः अस्ति। निर्मलं कीटाणुरहितं जलं वायुः च अस्मभ्यं स्वस्थजीवनं प्रयच्छतः। सम्प्रति वैज्ञानिकयुगे उद्योगानां तीव्र विकासात् पर्यावरणस्य महती समस्या। औद्योगिक-संस्थानेभ्यः निर्गतं क्षतिग्रस्तं जलं तत्रत्यं परिवेषं दूषयति येन बहुविधाः रोगाः जायन्ते। एतेभ्यः निर्गतं दूषितं जलं नदीं चागत्य तत्रत्यं शुद्धं जलमपि दूषयति। एतेनैव कारणेन पवित्रतमायाः गंगायाः जलमपि बहुशः दूषितं जातम्। गंगाजलकुलमुक्तं कर्तुं राष्ट्रिया योजना निर्मिता, तदनुरूपः प्रयासः च प्रवर्तते।

एवमेव औद्योगिकसंस्थानेभ्यः निर्गतेन प्रदूषितेन वायुना वायुमण्डलं क्षतिग्रस्तम्। तत्परिवेशस्य जनान् च रोगाः विभिन्न प्रकारेण भृशं पीडयन्ति। जनसंख्यायाः तीव्रविकासेन महानगरेषु जलवायोः प्रदूषणस्य भीषण समस्या उपस्थिता अस्ति। एतदर्थं प्रशासनेन प्रभावितः प्रयासाः विधीयन्ते। अस्माभिः अपि स्वपर्यावरणं शोधयितुं संभावितः प्रयासः करणीयः यतो हि शुद्धे पर्यावरणे एवं वयं सुखेन जीवितुं शक्नुमः।

वयं वायुजलमृदाभिः आवृत्ते वातावरणे निवसामः। एतदेव वातावरणं पर्यावरणमिति वयं-जानीमः। जलं वायुः च जीवने महत्त्वपूर्णौ स्तः। साम्प्रतं शुद्ध-पेयजलस्य समस्या वर्तते। अधुना वायुरपि शुद्धः नास्ति। एवमेव विषपर्यावरणेन विविधाः रोगाः जायन्ते। पर्यावरणस्य रक्षायाः अत्यावश्यकता वर्तते। औद्योगिकापशिष्ट-पदार्थ-उच्च-ध्वनि-यानधूम्रादयः प्रमुखानि कारणानि सन्ति। पर्यावरणरक्षायै वृक्षारोपणं, स्वच्छं नदीप्रवाहमासादनीयम्। औद्योगिकापशिष्ट-पदार्थानां यथायोग्योपयोगः, उच्च ध्वनि-यान-धूम्रोत्सादनेषु न्यूनता अपि च करणीया।



विज्ञानस्य चमत्काराः

सुप्रित कुमार सिंह

बी.ए. (प्रो.) द्वितीय वर्ष

22/253

विज्ञानस्य प्रतिदिनं नूतनाः चमत्काराः पठ्यन्ते श्रूयन्ते च। अतः तेषां वर्णनं सर्वथा अशक्यम्। यत् किञ्चित् वर्णनं कर्तुं शक्यते तदेव लिख्यते अत्र।

अद्यतनकृषिक्षेत्रे सर्वकार्याणि विद्युच्चालितयन्त्रैः भवन्ति। बीजानां वपनम्, कण-बुसयोः प्रथक्-करणम्, क्षेत्रे सिञ्चनम्, भू-कर्षणम् अपि सर्वं यन्त्रैः क्रियते।

गृहे पाकशालायां स्टोव-पाचकगैस-साहाय्येन अनायासमेव सर्वविधः पाकः सिद्धतां याति। वस्त्रक्षालनयन्त्रेण वस्त्राणि स्वतः सत्वरं क्षालितानि सन्ति। गृहमार्जनयन्त्राणि, कूलर-हीटर फ्रीजादीनि यन्त्राणि च कस्य न सुखवर्द्धकानि सन्ति?

जल-स्थल-वायुमार्गयानानि पश्यतामेव जनानां स्थानात् प्लवन्ते। उपग्रहसहाय्येन संचार-साधनानि अतीव सुलभानि सन्ति। आकाशवाणी-दूरदर्शन-द्वारा मनोरंजन-साधनानि सरलतया हस्तगतानि भवन्ति।

चिकित्साक्षेत्रे पुरुषस्य नेत्रहृदययकृतादि-सर्वाङ्गानाम् अन्यपुरुषस्य शरीरेषु आरोपणं कर्तुं शक्यते। विज्ञानस्य एकत्र जनसंहारकरूपं सुव्यक्तम् अन्यत्र च तस्य सर्वम् उपकारकं रूपम् अतितरां विभाति। वयं विज्ञानस्य चमत्कारैः तस्य सदुपयोगेन च सदा उपकृताः भवामः।



अनुशासनम्

हर्षित हृदय

बी.ए. (प्रो.) तृतीय वर्ष

21/160

अनुशासनम्, व्यवस्थायाः नियमस्य च नामान्तरम् अस्ति। सर्वस्मिन् जगति वयं नियमं प्रकृतेरनुशासनं वा पश्यामः। अतः एव वैदिकमन्त्रेषु उच्यते 'सत्यं बृहदृतमुग्रं दीक्षा तपो ब्रह्म यज्ञः पृथिवीं धारयन्ति' इति। यानि तत्त्वानि पृथिवीं धारयन्ति तेषु ऋतस्य नियमस्यानुशासनस्य वा महत्त्वपूर्णं स्थानमस्ति। सूर्यः नियमेन उदेति, नियमेन चास्तमेति, नियमतः एव ऋतवो भवन्ति, नियमेन एव ग्रहनक्षत्राणि निश्चितमार्गेण परिभ्रमन्ति, नो चेत् सर्वत्र महान् विप्लवः स्यात्। विचार्यतां यदि स्वेच्छया रविरपि कदाचित् प्रकाशेत न वा प्रकाशेत, यदि वा नद्यः स्वेच्छया जलं प्रवाहयेयुः न वा प्रवाहयेयुः तदा किं भवेत्। यदि बहुषु वर्षेषु एकदापि अतिवृष्टिरनावृष्टिः भवेत् तदा जनानां कष्टानि असह्यानि जायन्ते, यदि पुनः प्राकृतिकव्यवस्थायां कश्चिदपि क्रमः कदापि न स्यात् तर्हि का दशा अभविष्यत् इति अनुमातुं शक्यते।

एवमेव व्यक्तेः समाजस्य च जीवनेऽपि अनुशासनस्य अद्वितीयं महत्त्वं वर्तते। साफल्याय उन्नतये च अनुशासनम् अनिवार्यं भवति। यदि अस्माकं जीवने कोऽपि नियमो न स्यात् तदा वास्तविकी उन्नतिः शान्तिश्च न लभ्यते। कश्चित् जनः केवलं धन-कामयमानः रात्रौ वा दिवा वा न कदापि स्वपिति तदा किं धनेन सः सुखी भवति? तथैव यदि, समाजे सर्वे जनाः केवलं धनसंग्रहतत्पराः स्युस्तदा कथं चलेत् जीवनयात्रा। सर्वत्र हि तदा धनार्थं संघर्षः परस्परं घातप्रतिघाताश्च स्युः। आरक्षका अपि यदि नियमं नानुतिष्ठेयुः तदा चौराः स्वतन्त्रा भूत्वा स्वकार्यं कुर्युः। प्रत्येकं सैनिकः प्रतिपदं यदि सहैव चलति, अन्योन्यसम्बद्धः च भवति, तदैव सः विजयते युद्धानि।

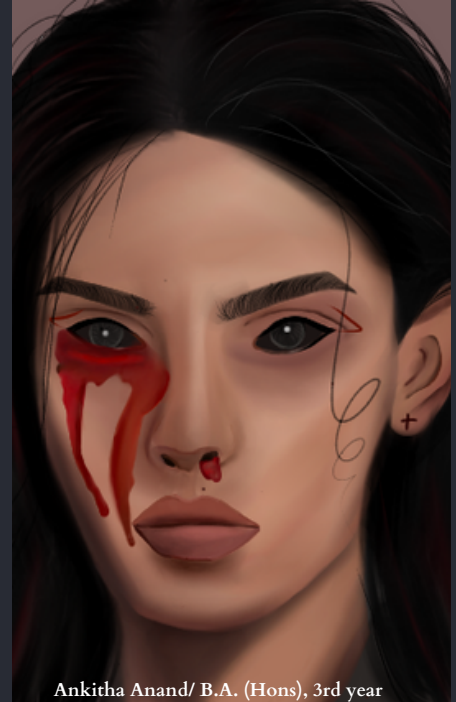
अनुशासनविहीना सेना शस्त्रास्त्रसंयुता अपि विशृङ्खलिता सती न कदापि विजयते, आत्मानमेव सा हन्ति। विद्यालयेऽपि यदि कश्चिद् नियमो न स्यात्, यदि कोऽप्यध्यापकः कस्यायामपि कक्षायां कदापि कमपि विषयमध्यापयेत् तदा कश्चिदपि छात्रः किमप्यवगन्तुं न शक्नुयात्। अत एव समयविभागः क्रियते नियमपूर्वकं च अध्याप्यते येन सर्वेषां लाभः स्यात्। नियमेन एव हि रेलयानानि चाल्यन्ते, अन्यथा प्रत्यहं संघट्टनदुर्घटनाः स्युः। अस्माकं शरीरेऽपि प्रकृत्या सर्वाण्यङ्गानि नियमपूर्वकं कर्म कुर्वन्ति। चिन्त्यतां यदि क्षणमपि हृदयं स्वप्यात् तदा शरीरस्य काऽवस्था भवेत्। समाजेऽपि यस्य यत् कार्यं निर्धारितं तत् तेनैव कार्यं नो इतरेण। क्रीडायां प्रत्येकं क्रीडकस्य स्थानं निश्चितं भवति, यदि पुनरसौ स्वस्थानं परित्यज्य अन्यत् किमपि कुरुते, तदा प्रतिस्पर्धायां विजयो नावाप्यते।

अत एव समाजस्य, राष्ट्रस्य, स्वस्य चोन्नतयै अनुशासनपूर्वकं वर्तितव्यम्। वयं पश्यामो यत् अनुशासनकारणादेव अङ्गुलिगण्यैरपि आङ्ग्लैः संसारे साम्राज्यं स्थापितम्। अनुशासनेनैव जापानसदृशं लघु अपि राष्ट्रं महायुद्धविध्वंसं सोढ्वापि पुनः परमोत्कर्षशिखरमारूढम्।

ART WORK CORNER



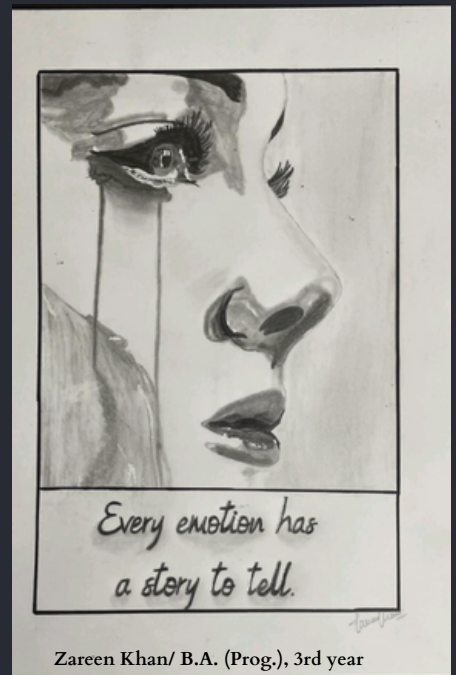
Tiya Debnath / B.Com (Hons.), 1st year



Ankitha Anand/ B.A. (Hons), 3rd year



Suhani Goel/ B.Com (Prog.), 2nd year



Zareen Khan/ B.A. (Prog.), 3rd year



Muskan Singla/ B.Com (Prog.), 2nd year



Suhani Goel/ B.Com (Prog.), 2nd year

ART WORK CORNER



Muskan Singh / B.Com (Prog.), 2nd year



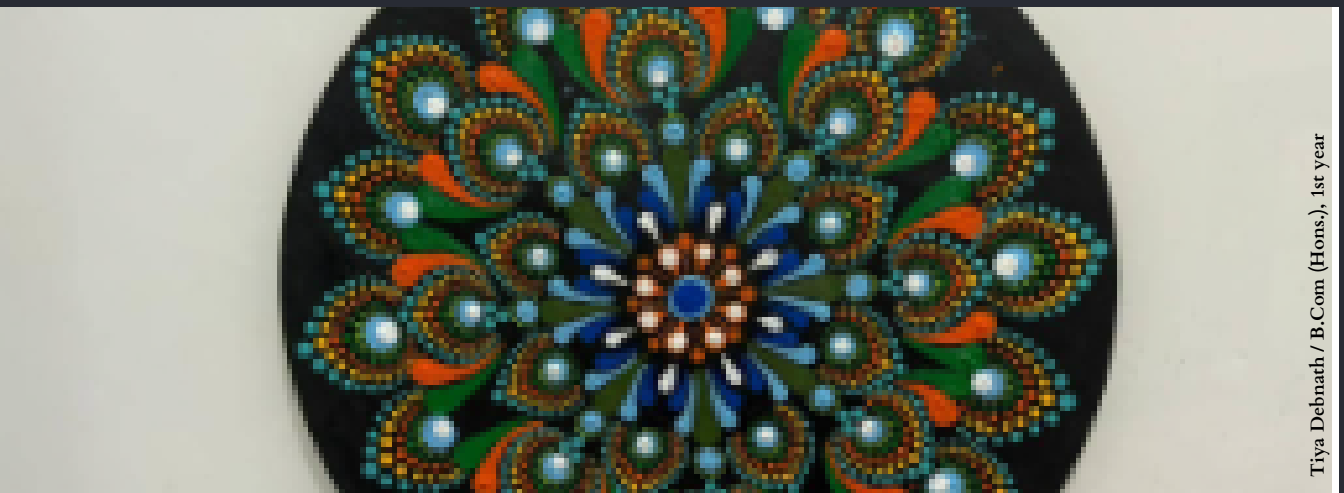
Tiya Debnath / B.Com (Hons.), 1st year




Himanshu Tanwar / B.A (Prog.), 2nd year



Manvendra Singh Jhala / B.A (Prog.), 2nd year



Tiya Debnath / B.Com (Hons.), 1st year



अदिति / ADITI

व्यक्ति को केवल निष्ठापूर्वक अभीप्सा करनी चाहिए और अपने आप को माँ की शक्ति के लिए यथासंभव उन्मुक्त रखना चाहिए । फिर जो भी कठिनाइयाँ आएँगी, उन पर विजय प्राप्त कर ली जाएँगी- इसमें कुछ समय लग सकता है, लेकिन परिणाम निश्चित है ।
श्री अरविंद घोष

One should only aspire sincerely and keep oneself as open as possible to the power of the Mother. Then whatever difficulties arise, they will be overcome – it may take some time, but the result is certain.

Sri Aurobindo Ghosh

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