



ACHARYA NARENDRA DEV COLLEGE

UNIVERSITY OF DELHI

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DBT STAR COLLEGE



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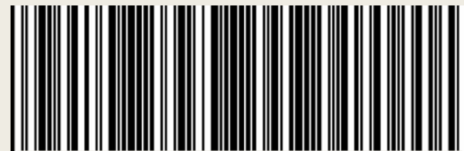
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INSIGHT ORIGINAL



Made by ANDCians

From The Principal's Desk



Prof. Ravi Toteja

Officiating Principal, ANDC

“ Insight is of the students, for the students and by the students of ANDC...the more freedom we give students to explore new horizons, the more they come out with flying colours. ”

Change is the only constant in life, they say. And a successful person is one who can adapt with the changing times. As the world tries to go back to the “old normal”, we, at ANDC, are also trying to get some semblance of order in our lives. At the beginning of the year, the University of Delhi went back to the offline mode of teaching-learning and it was a welcome break from the extremely trying times of the Pandemic. Life returned to the forlorn college campus and we effortlessly switched to face to face interactions within and beyond the classroom. The Pandemic has once again proved that the Darwinian theory of evolution holds true and the greatest lesson that it has taught us is that it is imperative for us to evolve, grow and quickly adapt ourselves if we want to remain relevant in the contemporary times.

It is extremely heart-warming to see that the students and staff of Acharya Narendra Dev College did not let the Pandemic dampen their spirits and efforts. This is reflected by the NIRF 2022 all India rankings in which ANDC was placed at the 18th position among all the colleges of the country. What can be more satisfying for the head of an institution than seeing his faculty members and students growing in stature with each passing year! I am confident that together we will achieve even the seemingly impossible.

Another challenge before us in the new academic session will be the effective implementation of the National Education Policy (NEP) 2020. The policy entails reforms at all levels of education and aims at restructuring the education system so as to make it more relevant to the present times. The University and its colleges are gearing up to adapt to this new structure and so are

From the principal's desk

we at ANDC. The enthusiasm and positivity with which everybody is looking forward to NEP 2020 will surely make the transition smooth and I'm sure, the experience will be enriching and academically satisfying.

It is that time of the year when Insight, the much-awaited magazine of the college, is unveiled. The Editorial Team has worked tirelessly to put together another edition of Insight which will, I'm sure, have something new to offer to its readers. Since last year, the college magazine has become a completely in-house production and I would not be wrong in saying that Insight is of the students, for the students and by the students of ANDC. It always surprises me that the more freedom we give students to explore new horizons, the more they come out with flying colours. I take this opportunity to congratulate the Editorial Board and the Designing Team of Insight for delivering a yet another fabulous edition of our beloved college magazine. Hope you will like flipping through the pages of Insight 2022.

According to a Chinese proverb, teachers can open the door but you must enter it yourself. At ANDC, we try to open new avenues for students and you must make the most of these opportunities that come your way and ensure that your three years in the college is a fulfilling experience.

Wish you the best!



Prof. Ravi Toteja

Officiating Principal, ANDC

Editorial

Suruchi Verma,
Editor-in-Chief (English)

"One finds what they need exactly when they need it. Not a second before. Not a second late." I don't remember where I heard this but I've been living believing it all my life; whether it was meeting my best friend at our own farewell or finding the joy that is there in baking or joining the Editorial Board of the college.

I remember being a fresher, not being able to settle in my new lifestyle even after two months. Trying to calibrate with classmates and teachers wasn't entirely a piece of cake.

I remember hearing about the college magazine, asking the seniors how to be on the board. I remember running from my class to the venue of the screening test. I remember jumping in joy as I read my name on the list of selected students. Sitting there with the other members, discussing the tasks to be done, I remember being nervously confident; it was new but it was something familiar. In all the bizarreness, I had found a haven for my camouflaged aesthetics while I'd let the newfangled mores recolour my cloak.

During my three years as a member, I was able to use the magazine to speak my heart out. To write about serious issues on which I've strong opinions and also about the fun aspects of my own life. There was never a dismissal of ideas; there was only the difference in choosing the right way to do it. And that is what I learnt here. I learnt to keep opinions to myself and pursued the proper way of presenting them.

This journey not only affected my writing, it affected my own mindset. There is this concept in Artificial Intelligence that a machine maintains its beliefs until it finds new information which is contradictory to old beliefs. But never does it erase what it previously believed in. I believe, we all should do the same. We should always remember our roots so that we can grow to be the beautiful tree all of us are. Just like I came up with new theories but never forgot my older theses during these three years. And I thank the Editorial Board for it. As Taylor Swift said, "We are each a patchwork quilt of those who have loved us, those who have believed in our futures, those who showed

Those who told us we could do it when there was absolutely no proof of that." I thank the seniors who were always bracing me. And I thank our convenor, Dr. Joita Dhar Rakshit, for believing in me from the very first day. The end of this journey would feel bluer had it not been for Ma'am. I'd also like to mention my fellows and juniors who helped me out this term with resolutions and offered ideas whenever I felt stuck.

I never really had a vision for Insight but this year, owing to the reopening of college, it felt right to address matters that the lockdown bred. Even though some of these things will eventually be forgotten along with the memories of the Pandemic, for two years, they gave us something to look forward to every time the alarm rang in the morning.

I'd like to dedicate this year's magazine to those of us who never stopped working even when the whole world counted twelve; to those of us who found laughter in the tiniest of moments, the ones who picked up hobby after hobby in anticipation of that little proud smile we get when we outdo ourselves, and to those who took out time even after life got busy again to make that hobby a habit. I hope you all become a happy memory that someone mentions in their chronicle.

"If you can't be the best, be the worst!" said someone in a variety show once. All the hobbies that I took up, I know I'm probably not good at them at all. But, the thing with hobbies is that they don't care how well they are done. They don't care if the doer was a professional. They only care about whether the one who does them gets satisfaction out of the process. Be the worst at it, it doesn't matter, as long as it brings you contentment; happiness may be a vague term, here. When you're satisfied by it and pretty proud of yourself, that's it. That was the task. That was the purpose. And nothing else has enough gravity.

Life is yours and you decide what to do with it. "You should do whatever it is you want to do just as much as the things you don't want to do." The Magician told the girl...



संपादकीय

सुयश वाजपेयी, मुख्य संपादक (हिंदी)

साहित्य गणित की तरह वस्तुनिष्ठ नहीं हो सकता क्योंकि साहित्य का संबंध सौंदर्यशास्त्र और आत्मनिष्ठता से है। सामान्यतः किसी रचना को साहित्य तब कहते हैं जब उसमें मुख्य रूप से तीन गुण विद्यमान होते हैं - पहला, उसमें समाज के व्यापक हित की भावना उपस्थित हो, दूसरा, उसमें रमणीयता अथवा सौंदर्य का तत्व उपस्थित हो और तीसरा, उसमें वार्ता की तरह केवल अर्थ का महत्व ना हो और शास्त्र की तरह शब्द का अत्यधिक महत्व ना हो, बल्कि शब्द और अर्थ के बीच महत्व की प्रतिस्पर्धा बनी रहे। साहित्य लेखन में किसी भी प्रकार की अभिव्यक्ति गद्य या पद्य के माध्यम से की जा सकती है। तुलनात्मक दृष्टि से देखें तो जहाँ एक ओर पद्य की रचना कठिन मानी जाती है वहीं दूसरी ओर महाविद्यालय के छात्रों द्वारा भेजी गई अधिकांश रचनाओं का पद्य प्रारूप में होना अत्यंत प्रशंसनीय है।

इस वर्ष 'इनसाइट' पत्रिका के माध्यम से हमने महाविद्यालय के छात्रों द्वारा रचित कुछ सर्वश्रेष्ठ कृतियों को एकत्रित करके पाठकों के समक्ष प्रस्तुत करने का प्रयास किया है। इस वर्ष ऐसी कविताएँ भी सम्मिलित की गई हैं जो यथार्थ को संबोधित करती हैं। यह काव्यात्मक अभिव्यक्तियाँ जनसाधारण में व्याप्त सामाजिक, मानसिक एवं शारीरिक विसंगतियों को अप्रच्छन्न करती हैं। इन कृतियों में व्याप्त भाषा की सटीकता एवं शब्दों का चुनाव यह दर्शाता है कि छात्रों के मध्य साहित्य पाठन का जुनून अब भी बरकरार है।

व्यक्तिगत तौर पर इस पठन-पाठन की परंपरा से मैं खुद लंबे समय से जुड़ा हुआ हूँ, जिसका सर्वाधिक श्रेय मेरे नाना जी, स्व० पं० प्रेम नारायण शुक्ल को जाता है। उनका मत यह था कि साहित्य हमें संवेदनशील और तार्किक तो बनाता ही है साथ ही हमारी निर्णायक क्षमता और न्यायप्रद मनोवृत्ति का विस्तार भी करता है, जिसका प्रत्यक्ष उदाहरण हमारी 'इनसाइट' पत्रिका में संकलित काव्य रचनाएँ हैं।

'इनसाइट' के संपादक मंडल का लगातार दो वर्षों तक हिस्सा रहकर मैं गदगद हूँ। इस वर्ष प्रकाशित होने वाले अंक में मुझे मुख्य संपादक के रूप में चयनित करने के लिए मैं महाविद्यालय के प्रशासन, प्रधानाचार्य महोदय और जोड़ता मैम का सदैव आभारी रहूँगा, जिनके मार्गदर्शन और मज़बूत नेतृत्व के बिना पत्रिका के लिए कार्य करना चुनौतीपूर्ण होता। आशा है कि 'इनसाइट' का यह संस्करण सभी पाठकों को पसंद आएगा।



Editors Speak



Being a part of the editorial team has made me realise that:
“Reading helps you gain insights, writing conveys your
unvoiced thoughts.”
I hope the readers of this magazine will enjoy the amazing
works of the writers and the artists.

R Eloni Koren,
B. Sc. (H) Biomedical Science,
III Year



I have always had some strong opinions in my heart and
mind, about the way the world works, the way it reacts,
the way it emotes and the way it behaves, while in a
certain emotion. I have always questioned the way
humans respond and it shows in my writing. I am glad that
Insight provided me a way to express it better. My love for
new cultures (Korean, recently) has not changed. I do
think that I've become maturer over this year; so now, if
you come up to me while I'm lost in my phone or in a book,
I'd actually close it and lend you an ear.

Suruchi Verma,
B. Sc. (H) Computer Science,
III Year



While I occasionally enjoy reading and writing, I wouldn't
really categorise myself as an avid reader. It is only those
few stories that entwine me. It is only then that you can
find me glued to a book, refusing to let go until I finish it.
Ever since I can remember, I've been fond of these stories
and their characters. It may be silly of me to think so, but I
like to believe that I've imbibed a little something from all
of those characters. Borrowed a little sarcasm from
Chandler, love for pizzas from Joey and a lot of craziness
from Phoebe.

Aryama Priya,
B. Sc. (H) Zoology,
II Year

Editors Speak



आचार्य नरेंद्र देव महाविद्यालय की वार्षिक पत्रिका 'इनसाइट' के संपादक मंडल का हिस्सा होना और अपने सहपाठियों की रचनाओं को पढ़ना मेरे लिए गौरवपूर्ण रहा। सह संपादकों के साथ काम करके काफी कुछ सीखने को मिला जिसके लिए मैं संपादक मंडल का आभारी रहूँगा।

आचार्य नरेंद्र देव महाविद्यालय की वार्षिक पत्रिका 'इनसाइट' के संपादक मंडल का हिस्सा होना और अपने सहपाठियों की रचनाओं को पढ़ना मेरे लिए गौरवपूर्ण रहा। सह संपादकों के साथ काम करके काफी कुछ सीखने को मिला जिसके लिए मैं संपादक मंडल का आभारी रहूँगा।

अनुभव सिंह
बी० एससी० (विशेष)
इलेक्ट्रॉनिक्स, द्वितीय वर्ष



लगातार दो वर्षों तक संपादक मंडल का अभिन्न अंग होना मेरे लिए एक अभूतपूर्व अनुभव रहा। नित्य ही नई रचनाओं को पढ़ने का अवसर प्राप्त हुआ, जिससे समाज में मिश्रित व्यापकता और विविधता का भान होता है। ध्यातव्य रहे कि विज्ञान विशेष महाविद्यालय होने के उपरांत भी, लोगों में साहित्य के प्रति झुकाव देखना अत्यंत प्रशंसनीय है। संपादक मंडल में मुझे कार्य करने का अवसर प्रदान करने हेतु महाविद्यालय का मैं कृतज्ञ रहूँगा।

सुयश वाजपेयी
बी० एससी० (विशेष)
इलेक्ट्रॉनिक्स, द्वितीय वर्ष



संपादकीय मंडल का हिस्सा बनना एक अभूतपूर्व एवं रोमांचकारी अनुभव रहा। बहुत कुछ नया सीखने को मिला और संपादन कार्य के लिए मिलने वाली कविताओं को पढ़कर अच्छा लगा। इस वर्ष संपादकीय मंडल की ओर से एक नई शुरुआत की गई जिसमें क्षेत्रीय भाषाओं में भी प्रविष्टियाँ आमंत्रित की गईं, जिससे उन भाषाओं को भी प्रोत्साहन मिलेगा। आने वाले वर्षों में मैगज़ीन के विकास के लिए प्रयासरत रहूँगा।

अफ़शारअजमेरी
बी०एससी० (विशेष) वनस्पति विज्ञान,
प्रथम वर्ष

Editors Speak

Editorial
Board
2022

Language is the road for expressions to shine in the world. Words are so dramatic, they can modify, intensify or even alter emotions. The importance of language and literature dates back to ancient civilisations, when it originated as a necessity. Since then, words are considered most powerful and indeed they are. My journey of reading and writing began at an early age as a result of my class teacher motivating and introducing me to the new mysterious world of expressing emotions, opinions and feelings. Since then, I have been diving in the ocean of words and stories and emotions and feelings, again and again.

Working on the Editorial Board has made me realise the importance of putting each word in the correct order. Delivering the emotions of the budding writers of our college has been really a special journey. Being part of the Board gives me satisfaction and motivation to do justice to the special relation between words and emotions.

Jay Kumar Sirmoria,
B. Sc. (H) Botany,
II Year



From putting on freshly ironed uniform and setting the bag to match the schedule each day to begrudgingly deciding on an outfit and deliberating right till the door step whether or not to go to college, I have grown up. But something I haven't grown out of is my sheer love for literature, reading and writing. Insight proved to be a great medium to channelize my thoughts and to get a taste of how it's like working in a team. I remember the qualifying exam we wrote to make it to the Editorial Board (P. S. I acted totally cool about it but was so eager to get the spot ;)), it was my first achievement since entering college and that'll always be special to me just like this experience has been. Apart from that, you'll find me in the BMS department probably mulling over a practical, one earbud in, half in reality, half in a land where One Direction is a band again, probably hangry.

Arpita Singh,
B. Sc. (H) Biomedical
Science, I Year





Editors Speak

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

How moving the lines from 'Invictus' are, right? Willam E. Henly depicts such realism and artistic impact through these lines. Hope I've recommended a good read to you all.

So, Hey fellas, of course, I won't ramble on about my literary pursuits or how much I fancy the British accent. But let me disclose here, how my soul dangles between those overly romantic poems and the binge-worthy period dramas with that adorable tinge of magnificent aura. The larger-than-the-life stories have always attracted me, for sure.

Now coming to writing, I majorly write panegyric and old-school teenage romantic poems. As a reader, I'm quite sceptical whether I'm more biased towards thrillers or mysteries or romance but surely, it's something I enjoy doing and recommending, huh!

Moving on, my memories of the Editorial Board have been much of learning, working with talented people and supportive teammates that made every day worthwhile. I thank each one for contributing to the success of my very first encounter with the Editorial Board and appreciate their never-withdrawing encouragement.

Happy reading, Friends!

**Hirtik Singh Rathore,
B. Sc. (H) Biomedical Science,
I Year**

Editors Speak

Editorial
Board
2022

कमलेश्वर की जन्मभूमि, मैनपुरी में जन्म और परिवार में पढ़ाई के माहौल के चलते शुरू से ही पठन-पाठन और लेखन का शौक था। 'इनसाइट' पत्रिका के माध्यम से ना सिर्फ अपने सहपाठियों की अप्रतिम रचनाएँ अपितु अपनी रुचि में भी निखार लाने का अवसर प्राप्त हुआ। महाविद्यालय के प्रथम वर्ष में ही संपादकीय मंडल का हिस्सा बनकर गौरवान्वित हूँ।

अंशिका शर्मा
बी० एससी० (विशेष) जन्तु विज्ञान
प्रथम वर्ष



किशतों में मत जिया करो

किशतों में मत जिया करो...

हर पल है ज़िंदगी का उम्मीदों से भरा,
हर पल को बाहों में अपनी भरा करो ॥
किशतों में मत जिया करो ।

सपनों का है ऊँचा आसमान, उड़ान लंबी भरा करो,
गिर जाओ जो तुम कभी, फिर से खुद उठा करो,
हर दिन में एक पूरी उम्र जी भर के तुम जिया करो ॥
किशतों में मत जिया करो ।

आए जो गम के बादल कभी, हौसला तुम रखा करो,
हिम्मत से अपनी तुम वक़्त की करवट बदला करो,
ज़िंदा हो जब तक तुम, ज़िंदगी का साथ ना छोड़ा करो ॥
किशतों में मत जिया करो ।

थोड़ा पाने की चाह में, सब कुछ अपना ना खोया करो,
औरों की सुनते हो, कुछ अपने मन की भी किया करो,
लगा के अपनों को गले, ग़ैरों के संग भी हंसा करो ॥
किशतों में मत जिया करो ।

मिले जहाँ जब भी जो खुशी, फैला के दामन बटोरा करो,
जीने का हो अगर नशा, हर घूंट में ज़िंदगी पिया करो ॥
किशतों में मत जिया करो ॥

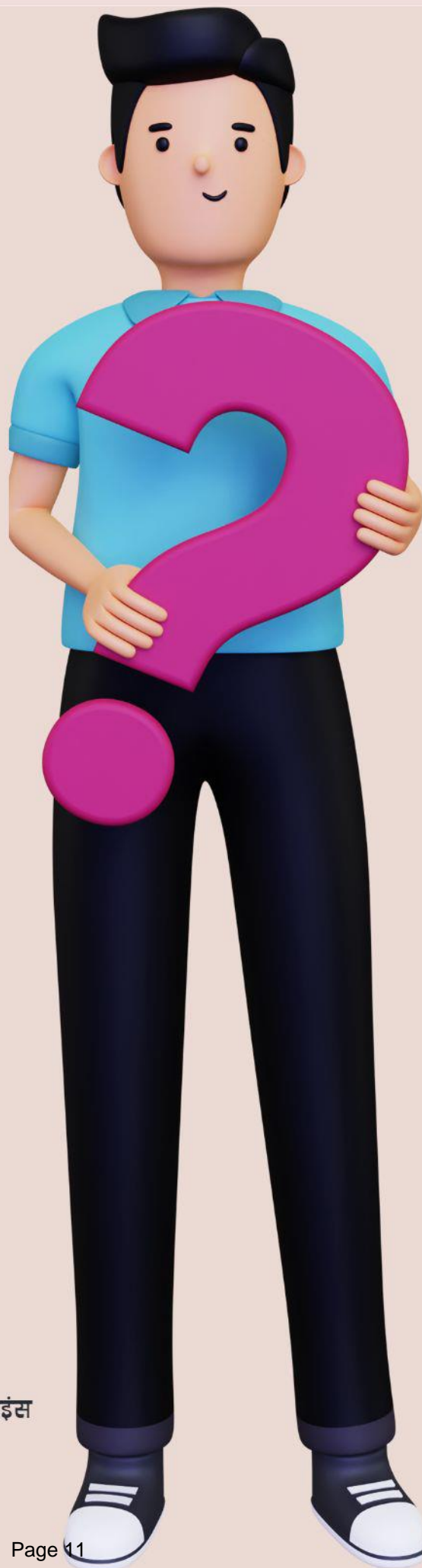
अभिषेक कुमार प्रजापति
बी. एससी. फिज़िकल साइंस (इलेक्ट्रॉनिक्स)
प्रथम वर्ष



आखिर क्यों?

ज़िक्र मुनासिब ही न हो,
उस ज़िक्र का फिर ज़िक्र क्यों?
जो फ़िक्र ही फ़िज़ूल हो,
उस फ़िक्र की फिर फ़िक्र क्यों?
जिस चाहत में शिद्दत ही न हो,
उस चाहत की फिर चाह क्यों?
और जो;
ख़्वाब मुमकिन ही न हों,
तो फिर ऐसे ख़्वाब की ख़्वाहिश ही क्यों?
मंज़िलों की राहों में,
आलस का पड़ाव क्यों?
एक घड़ी जिसने विश्राम न किया हो,
उस पर श्रम का दबाव क्यों?
मेहनत से अगर अनजान हो,
तो फिर शोहरत से लगाव क्यों?
और जो;
दिल की बात सुनते हो,
तो फिर मज़बूरी का चुनाव क्यों?
जो राग गानी ही न हो,
उस राग का आलाप क्यों?
जिस ताल पर थिरकना ही न हो,
उस ताल की फिर थाप क्यों?
जिस बं का अर्थ ही न पता हो,
उस बं का फिर जाप क्यों?
और जो;
विजय प्राप्ति का प्रयास कभी किया न हो,
तो फिर पराजय पर विलाप क्यों?

दिव्यम सिंह
बी. एससी. (विशेष) कंप्यूटर साइंस
द्वितीय वर्ष





ED BOARD RECOMMENDS



Compiled by R Eloni Koren, Suruchi
Verma, Aryama Priya and Arpita Singh
(Members, Students' Editorial Board)

Books

For some people, books are a gateway to the world of fantasy, some read to assimilate knowledge while some tend to keep their social distance from them. No matter what your relationship status is with books, it wouldn't hurt to give a shot to some thriller and self-help genre over here!

Tell Me Your Dreams (Sidney Sheldon, 1998)

A thriller novel with suspense and cliff hangers at the end of most chapters that makes the readers hooked to the book to finish it till the end. Revolving around three protagonists – Ashley, Alette and Toni, the writer portrays how the three of them, despite their differences, are interconnected which is the key to understanding the suspense in the initial part of the book. He doesn't shy away from illustrating the harsh authenticities which to some may seem too vulgar.

*Under
100
Pages*

The Boy, the Mole, the Fox and the Horse (Charlie Mackesy, 2019)

It's a comic, graphic novel and though some may mark it off by saying it's a children's book, we'd say, aren't we all children at heart? As the name suggests, the book illustrates the four mentioned characters and their offbeat friendship. The further you read the book, as their friendship builds, you'll find bits of quotes and advice along with the events that you can relate to. Apart from the font used for the book which some readers might find difficult to read, it's a great short and concise self-help book.

*Under
100
Pages*

Who Moved My Cheese (Dr. Spencer Johnson, 1998)

A self-help book, wherein the author wonderfully illustrates through the four characters involved in the embedded narrative, how people respond to the changes occurring in their lives. It's surprising that despite this book having been written decades ago, we can relate to the characters involved and it was also a plus point to see how the story can be applied differently in various situations. The book is a good reminder about how change is inevitable and spontaneous.

TED Talks

Sometimes, just sometimes, one needs a different perspective on things we already know. And when data is used to explain a pattern that gives out a new testable theory, based on someone's unique perspective, the listeners may come up with better ways to do regular things. This is the idea behind TED Talks and here are a few that may get you thinking, under a new moon.

Dan Gilbert: The Surprising Science of Happiness

"Our longings and our worries are both to some degree overblown..."

This is a video that we all will be able to relate to. One always seems to overestimate the future of a scenario and thus, wrongly estimates the happiness expected in the long run. In this TED talk, Dan talks about the concept of synthetic happiness and why it is equivalent to natural happiness. He explains how the psychological immune system works, using data from studies. We think that all of us can do better by understanding happiness received from getting something vs happiness from not getting something.

Larry Smith: Why You Will Fail to Have a Great Career

"Being completely competent would have given you a great career in 1950. But in 2012, it would be damning yourself with the faintest of praise."

We are often told that hard work can lead us wherever we want to go. But is that really true? When we have an interest, we are told to be passionate about it, in order to achieve success. However, as Larry says in this Talk, that even with passion, a lot of us will fail to have a great career. One may smirk at the title but listening to this one may give you some clarity on life. Don't worry, Larry's good-natured banter will keep you interested.

Tim Urban: Inside the Mind of a Master Procrastinator

"The Panic Monster is the only thing the Instant Gratification Monkey is terrified of."

The habit of procrastinating is hard to drop and at times, people actually end up enjoying it. Here's a ted talk about what goes on in the minds of procrastinators. It's quite discerning. All procrastinators, and non-procrastinators – who do not exist according to Tim – will have a good laugh listening to it.

Drew Dudley: Everyday Leadership

"We've made leadership about changing the world, and there is no world. There are only six billion understandings of it..."

If you're asked to attend a seminar on leadership, you will probably say no. But we hope that you would watch this 6-minute video wherein Drew tells us how leadership is not beyond us. It's actually quite different from what we perceive of it and he gives good reasons why we should not avoid calling ourselves a leader as well. Page 14

YouTube Channels

YouTube has turned out to be our dearest friend through thick and thin (i.e., lockdown). With such a broad spectrum of content, we can never seem to run out of new stuff to stream. But there comes a time when we're at a standstill and we feel like there's nothing new to watch now. We spend hours scrolling through mostly just to find nothing good. So, here are some recommendations.

India in Pixels

An infotainment channel for all trivia geeks. Everything to know about India can be found here. It has grown quite popular over the years but still underrated. Their tagline is "Everything's connected" and once you start watching their videos, you will understand how accurate it is. You can easily find a channel which talks about world trivia but this one's rare.

Kabir Cafe

They create super trendy, boho themed videos which are truly a treat to both the eyes and the ears. It compels one to dwell into their mellifluous rhythms. They manage to capture the perfect amalgamation of chic and traditional tunes. In an era where Bollywood songs fail to meet our expectations, it is these independent artists that save the day. Whatever be your mood, happy, sad or anxious, you can always tune in to their channel to find comfort. Do remember to thank us when you groove to their beats in the future!

Sports Yaari

Every gossip, every sport, every sportsperson, every match – they seem to have covered it all. The perfect solution for all your sports queries. A little bonus for all the football fanatics out there, YjR- a channel which features all there is to know about football. Looking for some crazy football rivalry stories, here's the one you go to. And just by the way, Barca forever!

The Edge of Nightfall

For all those who just can't get enough of thriller and horror stories, this is something that'll change your life. Regularly updated, this channel provides you with some of the best horror content you can find. They produce vintage radio shows of mystery and macabre. The well written stories are narrated even more beautifully with twists that leave you wanting for more. If you dig on horror stories, this one is truly an addiction.

Thoraya Maronesy

Now that we've covered almost all major interests, there is something for my weird friends too. The creator collects strangers' opinions and stories over the most common and random topics. She'll leave you spellbound with her beyond brilliant cinematography skills. And not just that, the content of every video is so different and yet, very introspective. She talks about very real problems concerning our lives. For all those fighting mental battles, this is a blessing in disguise.

YouTube Channels

of ANDC students

In today's world where everyone's trying to make it big on the internet, we must support our peers in their efforts. Therefore, we bring to you some of ANDC's very own YouTubers.

Coralartss

Anushka Jain, B. Sc. (H) Computer Science, III Year

Started in June 2021, the creator wants to establish a strong network of people interested in this domain. She started out with digital mandalas and has now grown much more versatile. She engages through travel videos in addition to hyper lapse and descriptive art videos. In a short span of time, she's managed to create quite a junction for creative people.

Acoustic Shan

Prashant, B. Sc. (H) Computer Science, I Year

Started in April 2022, the owner wishes to grow with his channel. He mainly creates acoustic guitar covers of popular Bollywood songs but aspires to make a mix of folk and pop music one day. He's started this venture recently and every new subscriber motivates him to do better. So, make sure you subscribe to his channel to keep him going!

Innoduo

Arpit Bhardwaj, B. Sc. (H) Computer Science, I Year

Started in June 2022, the owner is himself a learner but takes great pride in imparting his knowledge as well. The content is very interactive as he creates animated videos which explain simple concepts. More than subscribers, he wishes to reach out to underprivileged kids who cannot afford pricey subscriptions of platforms like Unacademy and Byju's.

Harsh Dalal

Harsh Dalal, I Year

Started in March 2021, the owner aims to entertain his audience through roast videos. Blessed with a naturally sarcastic nature, Harsh utilises this virtue of his to entertain others and at the same time, make a name for himself.

Underrated Places in Delhi

To hope to find a place, unexplored and not completely destroyed by commercialisation in a city of 1.7 crore people is quite delusional, but Delhi has it; a few oases of relative solitude not brought to complete ruins by making it a tourist attraction.

Mirza Ghalib ki Haveli, Chandni Chowk

Housed in the Ballimaran Lane in Chandni Chowk, this vintage ode to the world-renowned Urdu poet, Mirza Asadullah Baig Khan, is hidden in the shimmer of lehengas and by the aromas of Paranthewali Gali. It served as his residence 300 years ago and is now maintained by the Government of India as an In-house Art Museum showcasing some of his personal belongings and some of his best work.

Phool Mandi, Ghazipur

If you have the itch for that floral fauna aesthetic on your Instagram feed, but your pocket isn't well-oiled enough to buy a single lily stem for Rs.250 at the florist's, you should plan an early morning trip to Ghazipur Phool Mandi. Your eyes will love the variety of vibrant colours, your nose will appreciate the beautiful scent from each stall and of course, your pockets will smile at the unimaginably low prices for gorgeous flowers.

Bhardwaj Lake, Asola

To the ones already scoffing, yes, we do have a proper lake in Delhi – even though it's an artificial man made one – inside the Asola Bhatti Wildlife Sanctuary on the Southern Delhi Ridge. The lake was formed because of the excessive mining of sandstone, lime, and Badarpur sand in the area. In the 8 km span that the lake covers, you may find lots of butterflies and rabbits surrounding the lake. It is an absolute delight for nature lovers, photographers or even people who're looking for a hiking spot for a recreational weekend.

Pandara Food Market, Central Delhi

A Foodie's absolute soul calling is a place that houses snacks, main course and dessert, all at once, obviously the good ones. Pandara Road does exactly that, be it Punjabi cuisine from Gulati's, Kebabs from Pindi and Falooda from Krishna Kulfi to cleanse all the food in.

EOD Adventure Park, Mayur Vihar

An adventure park filled with fun activities such as boating, ridge crossing, mountain climbing, zipline, bowling, rain dance and so much more with a student-pocket-friendly price and not having to wait for hours at every activity, is a dream come true at the EOD adventure park in Mayur Vihar. It's the best spot for some great whole-day fun activities and even better bargains on the weekdays to avoid the little bit of rush on weekends.

Dawn of the Asian Entertainment wave


**Collated by Suruchi Verma,
Member, Students' Editorial Board**

Have you seen people around you talking about how they absolutely loved the last scene of the new Korean Drama? Do you have a friend who fanatically admires a Korean pop band? Or a friend who comes back after being missing for a few hours because he/she was too lost in their favourite anime? If so, do you wonder what has entrapped them into being so enthusiastic about such entertainment?

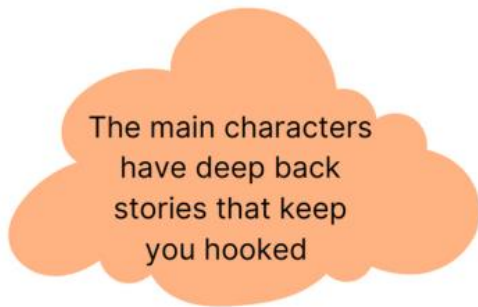
Being a part of the Editorial Board entails discussing the up and rising trends or issues in the society and this year, we've decided to discuss the, well, the rise of the Asian Entertainment wave. Over the course of this piece, we hope to come up with a better title for it.

More and more youngsters can be seen becoming aficionados of Japanese and Korean entertainment. So, we took a road that could help us find the reason or a list of them for the same. We talked to the students of ANDC and asked all the generic questions; Was there any shortcomings in the Hindi and English shows? Were Indian songs not vibey enough? Is anime not cartoon?

We talked to both the enthusiasts as well as the critics and below is what we can conclude. Let's first discuss Korean Dramas which are referred to as KDramas or KDs by the viewers.

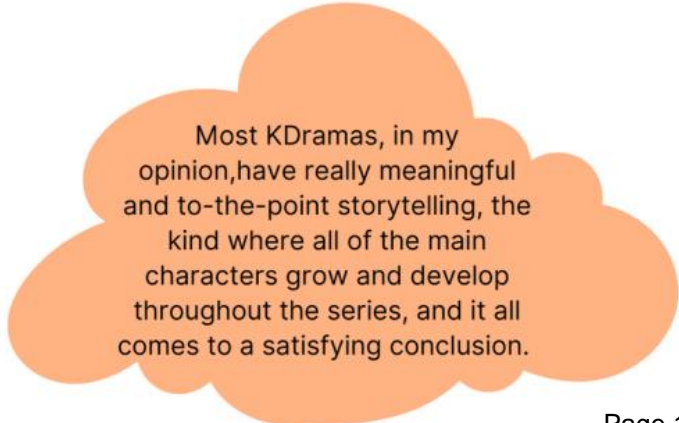


Please stop
calling anime
cartoon!

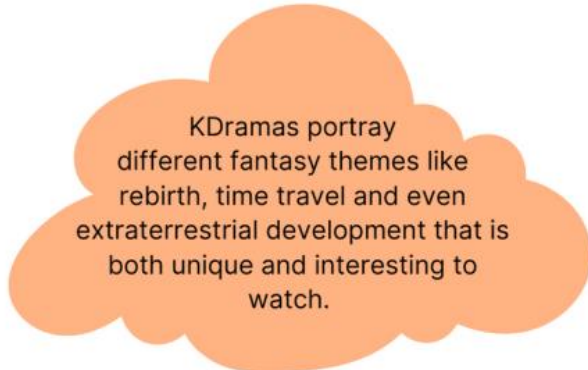


The main characters
have deep back
stories that keep
you hooked

Everyone pointed out that the storylines of Korean Dramas are riveting enough to get you hooked immediately. They entail exactly what the viewer desires and often exceed expectations.



Most KDramas, in my
opinion, have really meaningful
and to-the-point storytelling, the
kind where all of the main
characters grow and develop
throughout the series, and it all
comes to a satisfying conclusion.



KDramas portray
different fantasy themes like
rebirth, time travel and even
extraterrestrial development that is
both unique and interesting to
watch.

The huge number of shows with mixed categories ensure shows for lovers of all genres. The most popular genre, however, is that of rom-coms i.e. romantic comedies.

One reason I like it is because these shows come up with almost no obscenity. This is the key ingredient of many shows. I would happily bear obscenity only if it makes sense as per context of the series but majority of the time, it doesn't make sense.

It is irrefutable that sweet, romantic scenes between the leads add to the delight of the viewers. I'll go ahead and say that these features seem to make Korean Dramas watchable with the whole family.

No vulgar scenes
unlike English shows
but sweet stuff like
holding hands.

The actors are
comfortable with
expressing
emotions.

The shows often show aegyo of the female as well as the male leads. Aegyo refers to a display of cute actions, usually in order to convince or win someone over. This certainly brings out a good laugh in the viewers.

"K Drama actors are comfortable with their femininity rather than Indian actors who are always portrayed as manly and flexed as being good at fighting." Says
S. Kanak Megha

Other than aegyo making the watchers drool, a lot of behind-the-scenes footage that is released for almost all the shows captures the actors' personalities. They are filled with clips showing the actors having fun with each other when off camera which gives us good vibes. It makes it interesting to see how fast the actors get into their character.

I had tried KDramas previously and during lockdown, I started watching them again. They grew on me, immediately. Every time I'd feel anxious, whether from studying or any other reason, I'd take a break and put on some Korean show, sometimes even a variety show. And I'd lose my worries within a few minutes. One might say that any good show can do the same, however, KDramas somehow seem to leave and imprint on your mind for long.

The actors and actresses also seem to have good chemistry.

The reason could be – being km filmed even while off camera or because the actors rehearse and converse a lot during script readings that they become close and the shoot reflects it. The closer they are, more improv scenes are there which makes the acting look more real.

The actresss in KDs are not just a romantic interest, they are shown as a strong independent women.

However, are these really the reasons why so many people are bewitched by Korean Shows?

It doesn't seem like a jump too far to say that people do love to live in fantasy and if anything offers them such an escape, a huge crowd of youngsters would run to get it. But then another question comes to mind, is wanting to escape from reality, for a while, wrong?

I think the ones who watch animes, or KDramas want to live in a world of fantasy, like they want to escape reality.

On researching a bit, we actually found a Forbes article that interviewed Van Ta Park, PhD, MPH, the lead author of two studies that used Korean Dramas to discuss mental health. He discussed the need of telenovelas, that people from varying cultural backgrounds would watch, as a medium of entertainment and education. KDramas being translated into a lot of languages, seemed to be the perfect fit.

"After the study, participants shared their own mental health struggles, showing the ability of drama scenes to change perceptions about mental health and seeking help." She mentioned it in the article.

The article also mentions Jeanie Y. Chang, a licensed therapist and AAPI mental health expert who claims on her Instagram page that, "If you cannot stop watching KDramas it's because they serve a good balance of escapism and realism. A dose of KDrama a day helps you live through life in your own authentic way."

I've come to realise that the way Korean Dramas can make you feel good, motivate you, make you happy, no other show can. They last in your mind.

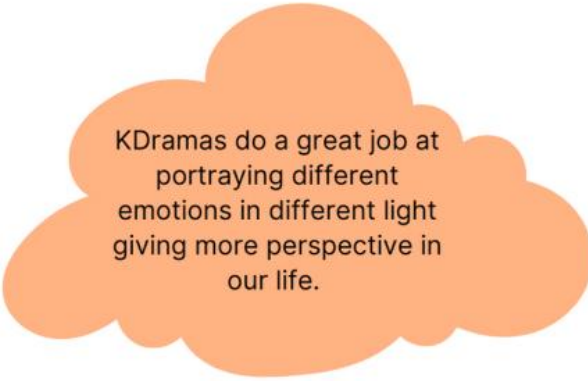
KDs are just brilliant. They are lighter and uplift my mood.

We will agree that when youngsters are asked to talk, they may not open up about their feelings but on looping in something of their interest, Korean Dramas in this case, they may open up. Maybe in an indirect way or they may make remarks that can help the listener identify whether they're going through something.

I've been watching a lot of slice-of-life dramas. Such dramas allow me to reflect on my own life, relying on the relatability factor, to the point where watching them is almost always a journey in itself.

So, coming back to the question of escapism being good or bad, we can say that escaping for a while could be a way to de-stress for a person. And I'm assuming that those who watch anime have similar reasons.

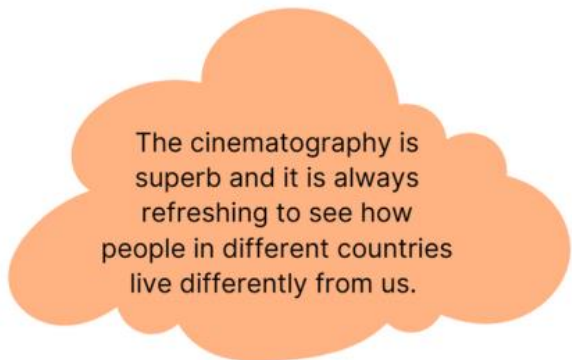
Some students also talked about the morals some Korean shows conclude on and how they are relatable. It could be because all the dialogues are read from the subtitles that Korean shows remain longer in the mind, giving more food for thought.



KDramas do a great job at portraying different emotions in different light giving more perspective in our life.

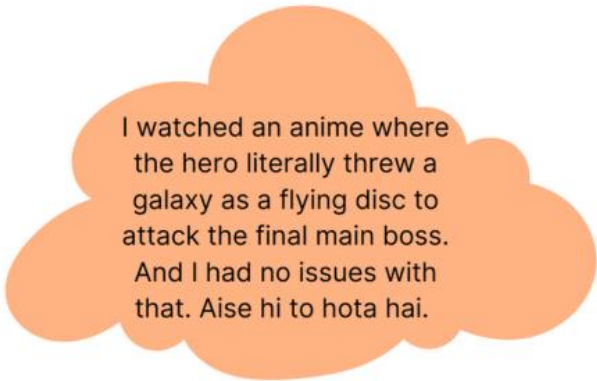
The metaphors used, may also be remembered because the show was good. Thus, if something vaguely relating to that metaphor happens in life, we may be reminded of the show and we may apply what the show conveyed to the viewers.

There are also viewers who are language lovers or love learning about new cultures. They find the extensive cinematography of Korean Dramas interesting.




The cinematography is superb and it is always refreshing to see how people in different countries live differently from us.

One of the students went on a comparison spree and stated, "The truth is that you can enjoy both KDramas and Western TV without any problems. If you prefer in-depth and compact storytelling that can be completed in one or two seasons, KDramas are the way to go. Western TV, on the other hand, is the way to go if you want per-season storytelling with witty remarks and one-liners." Pretty tight, right?

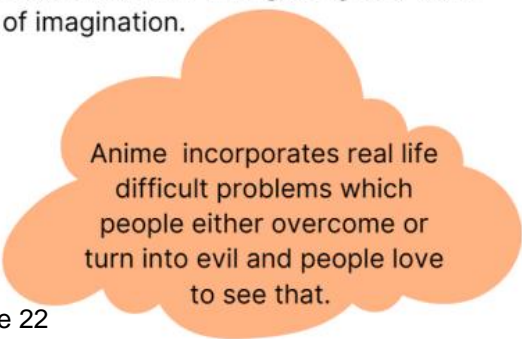


I watched an anime where the hero literally threw a galaxy as a flying disc to attack the final main boss. And I had no issues with that. Aise hi to hota hai.



I love action a lot and Anime action surpasses the human limitations.

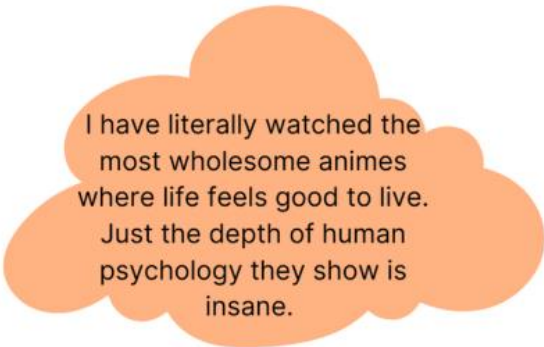
On asking around, a lot of anime fans came forward and gave good, valid reasons. The first one being the scale of imagination.




Anime incorporates real life difficult problems which people either overcome or turn into evil and people love to see that.

When you are a devotee of action or stories that go beyond space and time, science fiction or not, you just cannot avoid watching anime. And as one student stated nicely, if such implausible scenes are to be shown with real humans, the budget will be too high for directors to take such projects up. But if it's animation, the scale could be as high as the writer wants.

The second reason was the diversity of subjects. In my opinion, we can connect this to the limitless imaginative power of anime writers. The battles, the jazziness, the zestful personalities of characters and their lives – all of this can attract people in different phases of life, especially because the places shown in some animes are actual places.

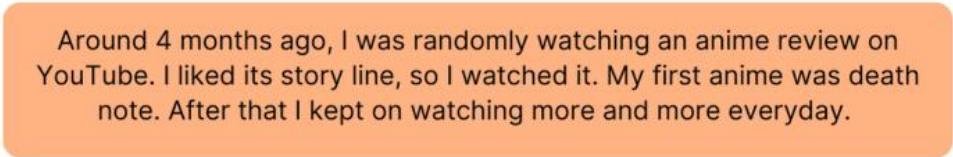


I have literally watched the most wholesome animes where life feels good to live. Just the depth of human psychology they show is insane.



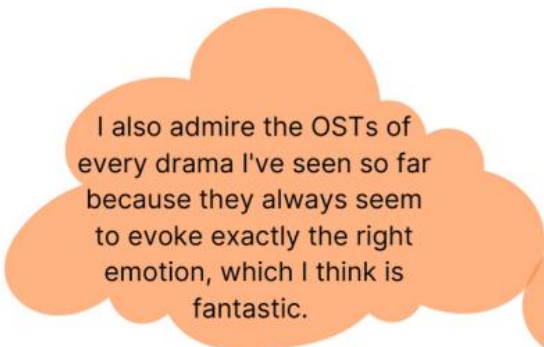
Most animes represent Japanese culture. The storylines are good and character development is extensive.

There are also a wide variety of anime genres: comedy, drama, adventure or action! And the storylines are new and unique. January Nelson said in her article, "Why do people like Anime?" Since every writer is different and has a different art style, no character is drawn the same way, twice. "Anime is filled with storylines that will draw you in and keep you guessing."

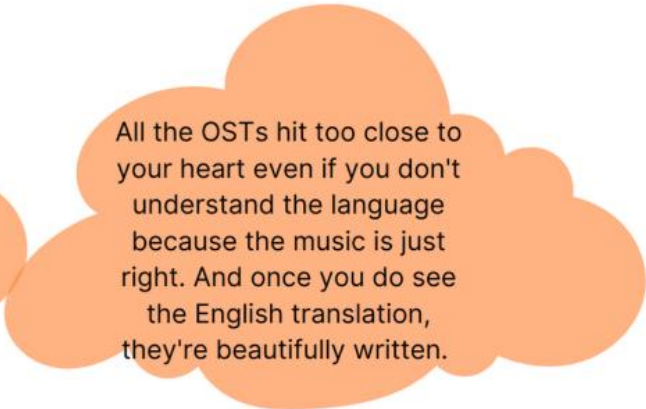


Around 4 months ago, I was randomly watching an anime review on YouTube. I liked its story line, so I watched it. My first anime was death note. After that I kept on watching more and more everyday.

Escapism may also be on the list of reasons to watch anime. And if not shows, the background music can be listened to while working. The soundtrack of a show may play in your mind while you're watching a show. A lot of students listen to Anime OSTs. One of the students mentioned that she listened to Korean Drama OSTs, till, eventually, she began listening to Korean Pop songs. Korean Pop is one of the only music industries where the performers are not only good singers but also great dancers. Their themes are also appealing to the audience.



I also admire the OSTs of every drama I've seen so far because they always seem to evoke exactly the right emotion, which I think is fantastic.



All the OSTs hit too close to your heart even if you don't understand the language because the music is just right. And once you do see the English translation, they're beautifully written.

The songs are not just about romance; sometimes it's about being comfortable with yourself or about following your dreams. The music makes you grow as a person.

The bands sing and dance in sync, which is something that we don't usually see anywhere else and it makes it much more appealing.

Music has no language. As long as the emotions are conveyed, the purpose of music is achieved.

Unlike the Hindi or English Music Industry, South Korean Music industry releases many variety shows for the singers and bands. It allows the fans to get to know their favourites much better; albeit, it is just for promotion. The examples the students gave were for BTS (Bangtan Sonyeondan): Run BTS, BTS In the Soop, VLives. VLive is an app for artists to connect with their fans all over the world.

BTS' healing music works as a medicine to all my problems. Whenever my mood is off or I am sad, I just listen to them. I don't know how they make me smile every time.

There is a lot of stuff to watch as well, other than just the MVs. Jitna dekho utna kam hai.

I would like to mention what Jungkook, the youngest member of the KPop boy band BTS, said during the briefing of the meeting of BTS with the US President, "We still feel surprised that music created by South Korean artists reaches so many people around the world, transcending languages and cultural barriers. We believe music is always an amazing and wonderful unifier of all things." It seems true. Music does unify people.

I came to know about EXO, when I was 13. At first, I was only interested in their visuals but on listening to their songs, seeing their videos, I realised how perfect their visuals, vocals and choreography are. Their variety shows are also fun. A lot of people became fans of KPop this way.

One of the students told me that she watches the shows and listens to music with her mother as they are so light-hearted that her mother also loves them. Isn't that the dream?

While researching to write this piece, I realised how people have made this molehill into a mountain. Everybody likes to lighten up. The mode of relaxation is their choice.

There is no difference between those who press play on Korean songs while travelling to college and those who play upbeat Hindi songs while dressing up in the morning. The euphoria from both may be the same. It is just a difference of perspective and choice.

"It's not wrong to be different. Equality begins when we open up and embrace all of our differences."

Any content is good as long as it entertains and satisfies you.



Gender Bias and Discrimination



Dismantling years of endless male supremacy and racial prejudice is an indispensable subject for everybody, but the effort is put up by none. Each day we may converse about eradicating these social evils, but the questions that arise are, "Who is accountable for this?" "Who tends to finance such dullard worms?" "And who is to eliminate this from our society?" "Aren't you flabbergasted by the notion of generations of torture by so-called patriarchy?" Times have changed, people have matured, culture has evolved, and the mindset has advanced but the non-mechanical rusted stereotypes still persist in most houses. Deep down we discern, be it racial or gender-based discrimination, both could be perilous for the victim, provoking him or her to take conscious yet devastating steps. Walking streets, big skyscrapers, can even hear those feeble fearful voices of women getting harassed or crushed against the floor for the invaluable materialistic dowry or just for the fun of that drunken man. I grieve each day, reading a newspaper, my eyes rolling over lines which say "THE GIRL IS RAPED BY...." And to my surprise, it's not merely because of the biology of a girl but because of the contaminated mind of the boy (which is done by his family).

Surprisingly, gender problems don't end with this, there's much more than that whether at homes, schools or in public. What is above gender bias? Nothing perhaps but analogous to that is caste and racial bias. Now you'd be surprised why I said "analogous". That is because both have a uniform purpose, the purpose to take away the victims' contentment, elation and delight. Discrimination can prevail as unanimously or individually in the darkness of the home to a whole nation, but what remains constant is –the grief of the sufferer. This is a properly structured systemic injustice that is still plaguing our nation even after 75 years of independence, elimination of which will require conscientious efforts. Everyone buzzes about the root problem, but not the solution. Others even curse the government for their protocols, but it is the day mankind will sanctify its heart and hold each other's hand to eternity when we can call ourselves a really "atma nirbhar Bharat" – assisting women rather than molesting them, eating with sweepers (a person who tidies our dirty deeds) rather than shunning them, loving black people before loving a black coloured attire and sacrificing not them but our prejudices. We follow the common prejudice of uncommon partiality sometimes and partiality is an evident form of discrimination. To eliminate all this, let us take a step forward, not marching, lighting candles for victims but vigorously helping them financially and emotionally. All those grannies imploring before God to grace them with a baby boy rather than a girl, a Lakshmi while the mother is in absolute pain of pregnancy, shows how much society lusts for and is biased towards boys. Nelson Mandela, who fought his whole life for the existence of others, was a real Atma Nirbhar hero. If we can develop a little bit of that instinct in ourselves, it'd make a great difference.

Let's care for humanity, not for people's colour. Appreciate achievement, not gender. Cherish human-relations, not the caste they belong to.

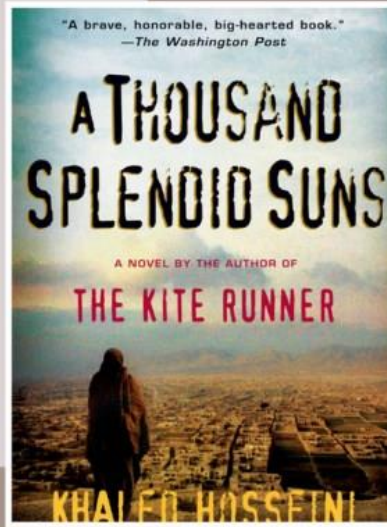
Hirthik Singh Rathore
B.Sc. (H)
Biomedicals Science
1 Year

BOOK REVIEW

'A Thousand Splendid Suns'



Arpita Singh,
Member, Students'
Editorial Board



“One could not count the moons that shimmer on her roofs or the thousand splendid suns that hide behind her walls.”

'A Thousand Splendid Suns' by Khaled Hosseini, a 2007 debut, is a modern classic based in Afghanistan during the period 1970-1990. It follows the lives of two protagonists, Laila and Mariam, belonging to two different generations, brought together in their suffering during the tearing apart of Kabul and the outbreak of war. Though fiction, it is jarringly close to a commentary on the state of Afghanistan, ranging from the Soviet invasion to the reign of the Taliban to post-Taliban rebuilding. It seems even more graphic and frighteningly real, owing to the 2021 Taliban takeover of Afghanistan wherein they declared it as the "Islamic Emirates", and the reported destruction accompanying it.

The narrative first focuses on Mariam, the illegitimate and forsaken child of a rich businessman, Jalil, who was living with her bitter mother at a Kolba outside the city. It beautifully transitions between Mariam's devotion towards her seemingly loving father and his weekly visits, and finding her mother redundant and unloving to realising the emptiness of her father's words and being traumatised by her mother's suicide.

After her mother's passing, Jalil wasted no time in allowing his 15-year-old daughter to grieve and married her off to a man much older and rugged for her. A conservative at heart, Rashid, is, initially, caring and understands Mariam but after her miscarriage and with the discovery of her inability to bear him an heir, he turns abusive, nearly beating Mariam to death more than once. She ultimately resigns to her fate and becomes a recluse.

Set in a dual perspective, we then see the events through the eyes of Laila, the most beautiful, blonde Afghani girl in their street. Laila couldn't win her mother's affection the way her absent brothers, who had gone off to fight a war with the Soviets, did. Laila, albeit miserable about the lack of a mother's endearment, receives bountiful love from her precious and adoring father and her best friend, Tariq, whom she loves.

Her less-than-perfect life is brought to ruins first with Tariq leaving Kabul, followed by the bombing of her house in the war and then being orphaned all at once.

The two women are brought together by fate when, in need of a guardian and home, Laila marries Rashid, only to realise how poorly Mariam was treated in her marriage. Laila, soon after her nikah, conceives but births a girl, losing all the favour Rashid had for her. The little girl, Aziza, develops affection for Mariam and forges a bond between the two women. They are unified in their suffering by a cup of tea, against Rashid's abuse, and by Aziza's love.

Even when battered and bruised, the two wives still hold on to a glimmer of hope and embark on a remarkable journey. But if there was anything that you would despise Hosseini for, in the novel, it would be not letting them escape their hell hole. Worse times came for them when the Taliban seized Kabul, making it a purgatory for its citizens, especially females.

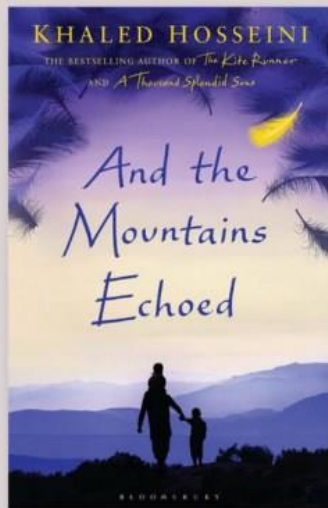
Their return leads to the final act where Mariam and Laila kill Rashid in an attempt of self-defence. But because it is a man's world, they have to sacrifice yet again and for Laila and her daughter to go on and taste freedom with Tariq, Mariam sacrifices her life at the hands of the Taliban charged with killing her husband.

Hosseini, unlike many authors, keeps his writings straightforward and makes his characters and their complex stories the driving force for his books. By the end, you are not only left with sorrowful tears but full of rage and compassion, all at once. Laila and Mariam are not only mere characters narrating a story but represent the hope and belief that lives in each one of us, wanting a better world where injustice doesn't exist.

This 2007 debut remains relevant to this day where man has still not gotten over his make-believe superiority – waging wars, choosing violence over peace and continuing to victimise and control women through patriarchal institutions systematically.

It is above all, a story of hope, sacrifice and unfairness of life and heroic tales of women in the gravest situations. As a humble but fervent appreciator of Hosseini's work, I urge my readers to give this book a glance. Gripping, heart-breaking and tragic: the recipe for a wonderful read.

Other renowned works of the author



Suggested author -



ACHING HEARTBREAK

My life was more yours than mine,
Your abrupt exit made it lose its
inherent shine.
Once a couple vowed to be forever,
Now lost the warmth to the strange
devil.
Superficial beauty was not our thing,
Then why did our love shrink?
Let me be in a dreaded prison,
If I was the mere reason.
Let me know, were those eternal
promises hollow?
Or was I the sheer culprit for the love
being severely shallow?
Alas! Was your abrupt exit destined?
God knows, whose love was shallow,
yours or mine.
Years and years have gone, where did I
go wrong?
Was the aching heartbreak my
punishment?
Or a reaction of yours, out of
resentment?
Shall now see you in heaven,
For you shall never turn to me again,
Making the two souls one again.



Hirtik Singh Rathore
B. Sc. (H) Biomedical Science
I Year

FLOWERS AND BLOOD: A CONFESSION



I was walking through a sunlit field of flowers... or so it seemed then. Passing through lanes of a hundred kind, swinging, swaying flowers, it was a true sight for sore eyes. Almost like an ocean of yellow, pink, white tides – constantly rising and sinking. Looking back, all I see is a swamp shrouded by thick mist; shadows bleaker than a graveyard weighing upon it.

Doesn't matter what I see now. It's too late, it's always too late! Imagine being bold enough to scorch the world, and still scared enough to not be vulnerable. I wish I had been more honest with her, wish I hadn't let silence oppress us. I wish she felt my quaking heart when I was walking up to her, wish I had my agony on display, wish I had told her that the sun sets in my throat and I vomit in the night, empty-headed; I pretend to be alive, aimless; I turn the corner then turn back. Would she believe me now, if I told her, "I'm up against this planet"?

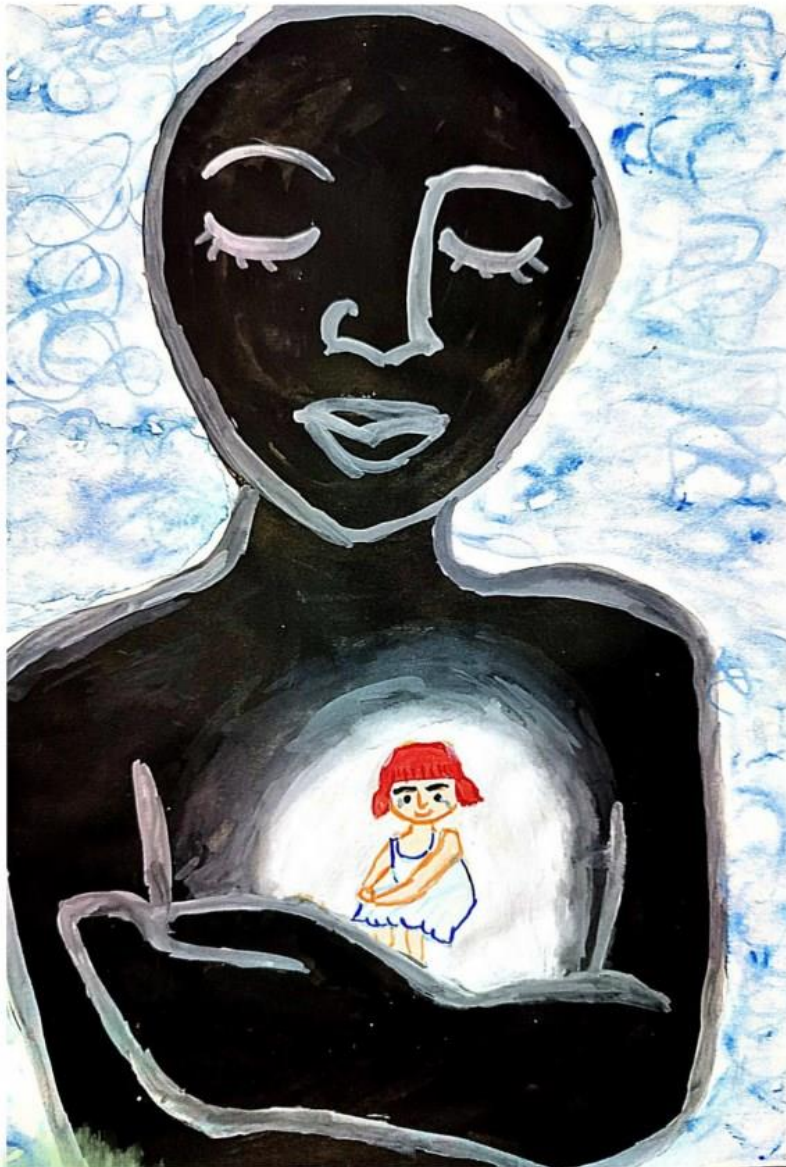
I thought my exceptional pain would win me love. Now, the ashtray in my room keeps staring at me, I empty it twice a day and it still sits there filled at the end of every night. These walls seek to cloister me, and I keep counting hours until I can break free. I was a fool, I sought something real in a mirage, something true because lies around me were deafening. I saw innocence and I saw salvation. Those flowers I passed by, had wings. My body trembled as I reached out for them and...every flower I touched, left me cut. My flesh is shredded now, and there's blood everywhere!

All beauty hides decay. I've seen the grotesqueness behind their mascara, I've touched the ice underneath their warm smiles. Turns out, some angels are demons in disguise. I was pulled by their ethereal light, then got devastated by their distant, abyss-like eyes. Watch out in those halls, where such demons hover around in broad daylight. They glow, they dress in the latest vogue...or don't believe a word I say. What do I know? I bled and I liked it. I was hurt and I wanted more. I felt alive only when I was sad to death. I'm so full of regret, full of regret and longing, longing for being something other than what I am. Have you ever felt this way? Have you ever hated the skin you wear? Have you ever been tired of the thoughts you get?

Trust me, when I say there's nothing here. There's nothing anywhere. And thankfully, I'm a monster of strength, a relentless beast. I can drive the pain away, I can burn it all away in ashes. It's all a game to me. I won't stop, I can't stop. If I keep going, I might not make it. But that doesn't terrify me, I'll keep going. Even though I bleed out, I'll keep going. I'll find new fields to roam in. I'll swim through the pools of my own blood. I'll survive, and when dusk falls, I'll rise, I'll rise like the red ruler of the night.

Rishabh Pal
B. Sc. (H) Physics
III Year

FURIOUS INNER CHILD



I feel like I matured earlier,
They say it made me stronger,
But I was just a child,
I didn't ask to be strong,
I asked to be safe,
It wasn't too much to ask for,
I shouldn't be asking for it either,
My heart was made up of petals,
But they crushed it with their dirty
hands,
I had to replace it with a glass one
surrounded by steel walls,
But why do you think I became
stronger?

Anjali Bhadana
B. Sc. (H) Biomedical Science
III Year

GOOD OLD DAYS

Once again today, while staring at the moon,
Wondering how time passed so soon.

Companions from childhood are lost
somewhere far,
No more stealing cookies from grandma's
secret jar.

Soda became vodka, and bike became cars,
No more wishes to make after seeing falling
stars.

Everyone was smiling when you cried at birth
When no one talked about others' value or
worth.
Remember when your father's shoulder,
Used to be the highest place for you on Earth.

Pillow fights between siblings with no present
or ex
Who ran the fastest, and who will spy next.
Time sure flew as kisses turned into fervour,
It feels as if we are getting caught in a horrid
mire.

Staring at the photos lying silently behind
those frames,
Wondering where we started and what we
became.
Sleeping peacefully, in dreams achieving our
aims,
When Monopoly was just another board game
When no one cared about others' Insta or FB
fame.

Getting the ball from beneath the car
Was the only known hardest task,
No concern for sanitization, playing all
around

No two feet distance and faces covered in
masks.

When happiness was making paper boats
and planes.

Thought there's nothing much left in the
world to see,

No heartbreak or tactical use of our brains,
The most painful experience was a
scratched knee.

When fights resulted in friendships
Which helped in our happiness and sorrow,
And the goodbyes we made were only meant
till tomorrow.

Staring at the moon, holding a coffee-filled
cup,

In an instant, I remembered those days
When we couldn't wait to grow up...

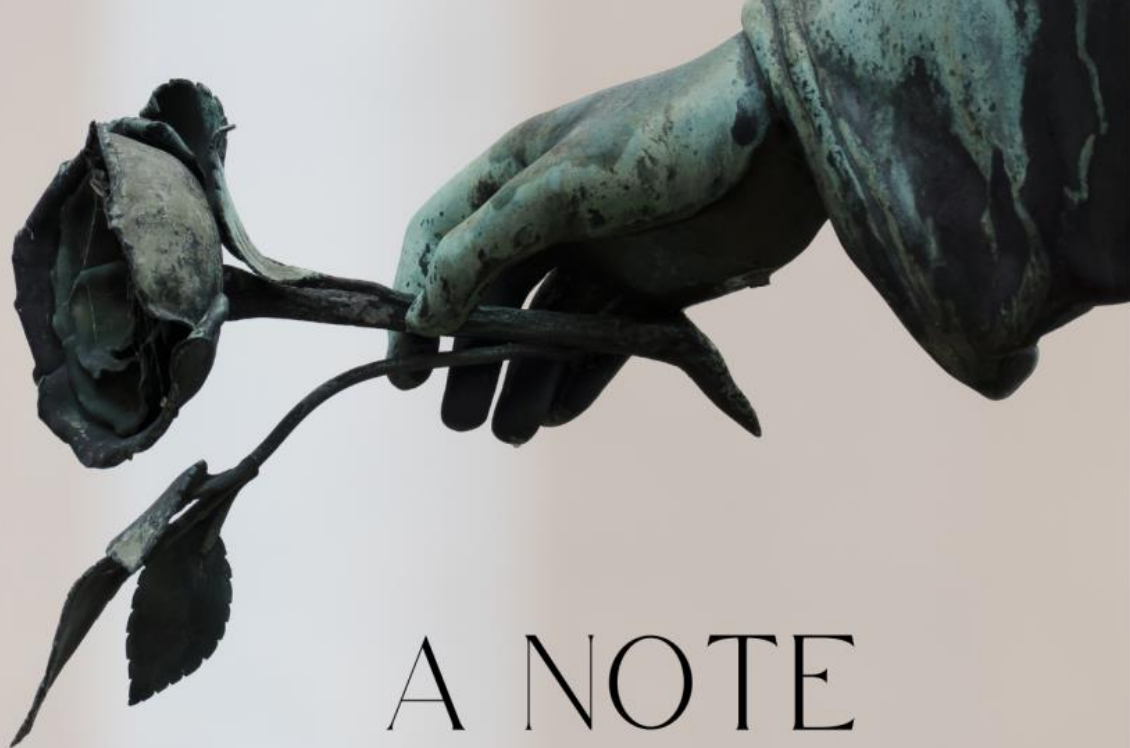
Sanidhya Pandey
B. Sc. (H) Botany
II Year



DREAM

The sun rose, birds were chirping
Suddenly I arose from my dream
Got up in haste, found someone beside me...
Her hands on my head, lips murmuring a
blessing in a monotonous voice,
Eyes filled with love for me
She was my lovely mother!
That's the only dream which
Came to my eyes that night...

Yashi Choudhary
B. Sc. (H) Computer Science
II Year



A NOTE TO DEATH

Perhaps you are the inevitable
And sometimes not even believable.
Chaos knocking at every door,
Spreading darkness in every chore.
A kind soul or an evil one,
The dear ones know the body won't be able to see the
sun.
Every speck of life flashing in the memory,
The heart knows that this life is temporary.
Counting every breath now and then,
No man knew you were standing at the threshold, how
and when.
No man can beat the ravages of time,
All the dreams are shattered in a moment, like dominoes
falling in a line.

Stuti Chaturvedi
B. Com. (H)
I Year





CHANGING TIMES...



With the changing times, everything changes...

Changing times will bring many changes – good and bad

But a few things change for the best but a lot changes for the worst...

The goodness of seasons changes to thunders and disasters,

In spring, the fragrance of flowers is gone,

The scorching heat of summers rises unconditionally.

The frosty winters turn into bleakness,

Autumn goes without a leaf landing on the heavenly earth.

The magnificent forests are transformed into deserts,

The snow-capped mountains have turned into craggy lands,

The glassy lakes are turned into filthy water.

The charming cities are now turned into bustling industrial bunkers,

The beautiful woodland villages are now lost wastelands,

The changing times have brought out evil everywhere,

The people are engaged in malpractices that diminishes the quality of the environment,

The selfish and cruel behaviour of people just gave a severe blow to disasters

The changing times have brought out the effect of the deeds of the past centuries.

Truly speaking, the essence of living and beauty of the environment is starting to vanish....



When I saw you,
I had a thousand dreams.
I was in a prison
And suddenly, I felt so free.
Can it all be for nothing
When it felt so perfect?

Didn't you like my eyes on you?
Then why'd you give up?
I was begging you to try
If I was drowning,
I know you'd let me die.

I don't mind being forgotten;
Look through my eyes
And you'll see
All that lasts becomes rotten,
All I wanted was you, just you.
Did I ask for too much?

Because of you
I still don't have a hand to hold
And my nights are still unbearably
cold.
Do you look at him
And wonder what we could've been?

I know why you hide behind masks
I know you like to lie
So, lie to me one last time
Tell me I haunt your mind
Like you once did mine.

Rishabh Pal
B. Sc. (H) Physics
III Year



FORGOTTEN



So what, if I'm gone,
So what, if I split like an arrow
and never turn around,
I have access to eternity.
I won't be found,
No, neither on those stairs
Nor under that tree,
I'm leaving and
Might just end up being alone again,
Oh, I'm so not afraid of that pain!

I've forgotten fear and worry,
Misery has moulded me
Into something as hard as steel,
I felt everything even when
There was nothing left to feel.
Those girls I crossed all thresholds
for
Made me fall so low,
Even they couldn't fill me,
If only they were bold enough to fix
me
And they thought they could hurt me
With their childlike games,
Wish I could tell them -
"I'm cold enough to swallow flames!"

Now I'm bound to be just a fragment,
A rusty souvenir in their minds,
After we've parted ways
And I've set down my nebulous path.
One question will find me
And plague my coming days,
"What's the point
Of living in their memories,
When I couldn't live in their hearts?"

Rishabh Pal
B. Sc. (H) Physics
III Year



GONE



Anecdotes

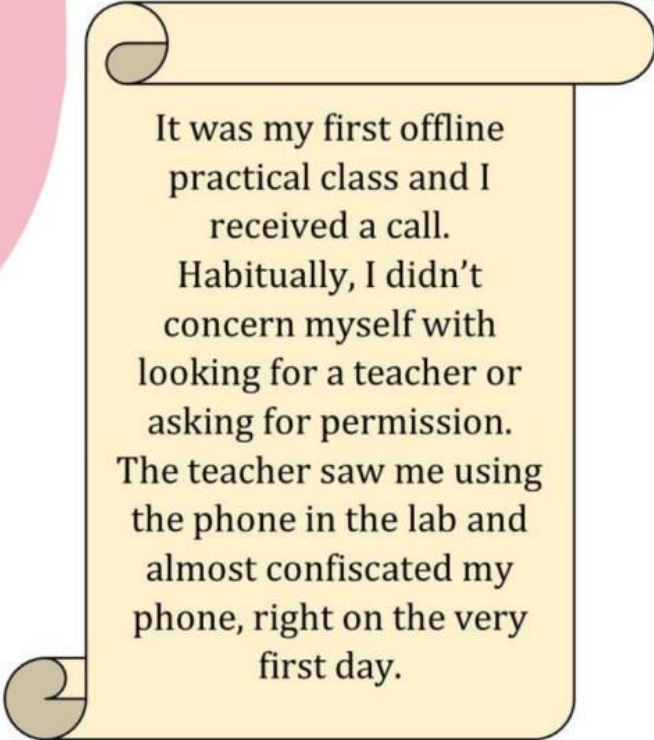
COMPILED BY HIRTIK SINGH RATHORE, MEMBER,
STUDENTS' EDITORIAL BOARD

LOCKDOWN TALES – THE YAADEIN BLOG

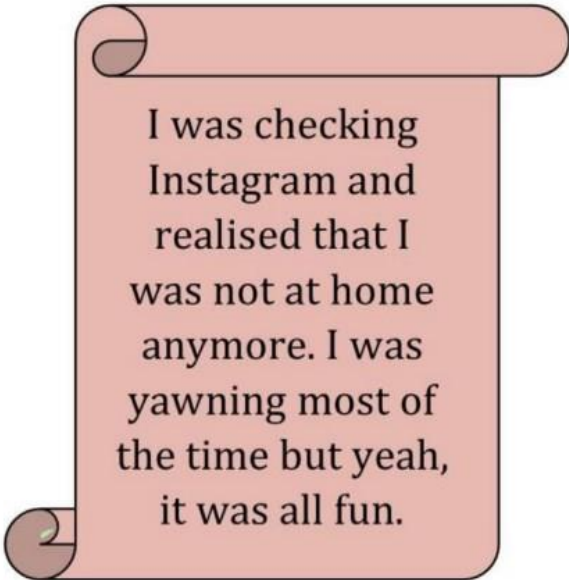
I spoke to 7 celebrities via the LIVE feature on Instagram. It was so much fun meeting my fav stars on Instagram and talking to them. I learnt to cook my favourite dishes at home like chowmein, samosa, kachori, cake, lasagna, Aloo Parantha and Pani Puri. I have had the best time during the lockdown. Saw all the movies and series that I had missed due to my class 12th Examinations. Full time Masti.

Fun-o-mania Post Lockdown

Soon after college reopened, one wasp entered the lab while the teacher was teaching, and it being a closed space, of course, I got super scared and instead of focusing on the teacher's lecture, I was trying to predict the wasp's movements to ensure it doesn't come to me. That's how about 20 minutes of the class lecture did not reach my ears.



It was my first offline practical class and I received a call. Habitually, I didn't concern myself with looking for a teacher or asking for permission. The teacher saw me using the phone in the lab and almost confiscated my phone, right on the very first day.



I was checking Instagram and realised that I was not at home anymore. I was yawning most of the time but yeah, it was all fun.

College @ First Glance

The teacher whom I thought of as really sweet, supportive and quiet was an absolute nightmare to deal with right since the first class in college.

That was a humbling experience to not let the onscreen version of a person fool you.

Our college is very very beautiful and lived up to my expectations. It's no less than a home. There were these Langoor posters. The first time when I saw them, I got really scared, presuming it to be a real one because one of our teachers had told us about the monkey menace in college.

Fortunately, that was just a poster.

She Left Us!

Garima...a forgotten memory...that is who she has become now. I have to make an effort to remember anything at all about her. Her mannerisms, voice, gestures, reactions, all of which were so much a part of my life...Where are they now? Buried under sands of memory, sands of time...

Where once she was just a heartbeat away, today she is miles and years away. Where once I could not do without seeing her or talking to her, today it's been almost fifteen years since I last saw her. And do I miss her, remember her...not really.

How we change, how life changes!!!

Garima and I were college sweethearts. We met while we were in college, studying to be engineers at one of the premier institutions of India. We had met in the college canteen and over countless cups of the special *chai* served by our canteen guy, Shekar, *samosas* and *dosas*, we first became acquaintances and then great friends. We were two years apart but ended up being part of the same group.

We discovered that we had many things in common, our passion for reading, travelling and music being just a few. But these were what drew us to each other in the first place. As we got to know more about each other, we liked each other even more, and it was only a matter of time before we discovered that we had feelings for each other. We were in love and decided that we would get married at some point. Though we were aware that the road ahead would never be easy, somehow, we knew that we would end up being together.

We belonged to two different parts of the country. While I was a North Indian, she belonged to the South of India. Other than our cultures, we differed in other ways too. While she was a die-hard feminist with extreme views about everything, I was a very happy-go-lucky person who believed in living and letting live. She was a very independent and outgoing person, and I was the opposite. Between going out to be with other people and staying at home, I chose the latter, preferring to be with my

music and books. But as they say, opposites attract, and so we attracted each other and like how!!!

We passed out of college, and I went abroad to pursue my Master's while she decided to take up the job she had got as part of the campus placement. She moved to Delhi, and I moved to the US. Though physically apart, mentally, emotionally, we were as close to each other as two people can be. We regularly wrote to each other and spoke to each other though it wasn't a cheap option. The world wasn't so technically advanced back then the way it is today, so keeping in touch wasn't that simple. But then I think, the hearts and minds know where to make that extra effort, and ours were no different.

After finishing my Master's, I got a job in the US and decided to take it up. Though supportive of my decision, Garima wanted me to eventually head back to India as she loathed the idea of settling anywhere else. She was a true Indian at heart. So, after working for a couple of years in the US, I came back to India as we wanted to get married. Though I loved the work culture and the work ethics of the US, I chose to give it up to be with my girl. Garima, of course, was on top of the world. My parents, as expected, were not too happy with my decision. Those were the days when the big American Dream was what everyone was after. America was the land of opportunity, of prosperity, and my parents thought (and maybe rightly so) that I was foolish in letting it all go. But like they say, love is blind, and I had made up my mind.

I came back and got a job in Mumbai, and though we were still in different cities, Garima was okay with it. My parents had all along suspected that I had given up my American Dream for a girl, and so, when I broached the topic of getting married to Garima, I proved them right. To top it all, when I revealed that she was a South Indian, all hell broke loose. Although they hadn't said a word to me after I had come back and shattered their dreams, they made it clear that no way were they going to let me get married to a Madrasi!!!

Garima's parents were no better. They were a typical, orthodox family, and it was unimaginable

for them even to consider a North Indian son-in-law who lived on non-vegetarian food.

We had always known all this, so their reaction didn't come as a surprise or shock. The opposite would have definitely flummoxed us. But despite that, we knew that we would get married somehow and would be able to convince our parents sooner or later.

We decided to start the process by taking on the easier parent first. While in my case, my mother was the softer one, in Garima's case, it was her father. So, one weekend I decided to come to Delhi and try speaking to my mother. Garima decided to go to Chennai to do the same thing, but her target was her father. Thus, we embarked on the mission.

As expected, we both fell flat on our faces. Both our parents refused even to consider the idea. Though disappointed, we were made of sterner stuff and were not willing to give up.

We thought of adopting another strategy. Now our society was such, and we had reached that age where our parents were getting desperate to get us married. We were both in our mid-twenties, good-looking, with good jobs, and so, very hot for the marriage market. Both sets of parents were busy looking for life-partners for us, of course, the kinds that suited them rather than us! So, we decided to make use of this opportunity.

Therefore, whenever my parents suggested an alliance or showed me the picture of a prospective bride, I showed no interest. If at all I had to, I just refused or said that I didn't like the girl. While I hated to reject someone like that, I had been left with no option but to do that. They were not open to any reasoning, and though I had the option of getting married without their blessings, I didn't want to do that. I felt that I could make them come around. Both Garima and I were on the same page on this. This drama went on for about a year, after which it stayed dawning on both sets of parents that they couldn't force us to marry someone of their choice.

What happened was that on one of my weekend visits, I once again refused to go to a wedding where my mother wanted me to meet a girl from a very good and loaded family. I got furious and had a showdown with her when she kept insisting. But I stuck to my guns, and she had to go alone as my father wasn't in town. She went, but she sulked and sulked. And so did I. We didn't speak to each other for one whole day. It was a long weekend, and we still had Monday with us. So, on Sunday night, my mother cooked my favourite meal and sat down with me in one last-ditch effort to convince me. I was sweet, I was pleasant, but I was adamant. I made it clear that I wanted to marry only Garima and no one else, and she had to accept and respect my decision. Ultimately after a lot of convincing and cajoling on my part, she agreed to at least meet her.

Not the one to let go of an opportunity, I quickly called Garima on her landlord's number and told her to meet us the next day in a coffee shop close to where she lived. We got ready, and though my mother was all smiles, I could see that the smile was put on. She was hoping to either reject Garima outrightly or convince me about the foolishness of marrying her. I, of course, wanted to convince her to agree to our marriage, so the meeting took place. My mother couldn't find any fault with Garima; the thing was that Garima was beautiful, well-spoken and a confident young woman. The only thing my mother could say was that she was very advanced to come and have met her alone. I chose to ignore the statement.

We spent a good two hours by the end of which I could see that my mother liked Garima, and other than the fact that she was a south Indian, she couldn't object to anything else. In fact, she had thoroughly enjoyed her company, and the two of them had a lot to talk about. We reached home, and she reluctantly agreed to speak to my father about it. She had realized somewhere that I was hell-bent on marrying Garima, and there was nothing that anyone could do about it. My father came back and, to my surprise, wasn't so much against the idea. He felt that if I liked the girl, she liked me, then the rest of the world had to learn to live with it.

So, I had an all-clear from my end, and now the ball was in Garima's court.

She knew that and started working on her father. She would keep pestering him, trying to convince him to give me a chance to present my case. She told him about my work, about how much I loved her and about the fact that I had dropped everything to come back to India to be with her. She was consistent and persistent in her effort, and ultimately, her father had no choice but to give in.

I flew to Chennai over a weekend and was summoned to their house on a Saturday morning. I went full of apprehension, and the reception I received would have disheartened anyone but not me. I had been expecting the cold treatment. I walked into the lion's den, knowing that I had to fight it out. When I walked in, Garima was there to receive me.

Garima and her parents lived in a large house with a lovely garden in the front. But as I walked into the house, I couldn't help but feel that it looked bare and empty. I looked around the big hall and realized that it wasn't that it hadn't been done up or anything like that. It had been done up barely and sparsely because that's how they probably did it in that part of the country. It was most unlike a house in the north of India where every inch of space is used up or gobbled up.

Garima hugged me and then went in to call her parents. Both of them came out and stood like three feet away as if trying to gauge me. Her mother took one look and walked away; the father greeted me albeit stiffly and formally. He didn't ask me to sit and so I kept standing. He asked me a few questions about my work and education, and then there was nothing to talk about.

I was feeling very awkward, and Garima could sense that. She tried to engage us but wasn't able to do it for too long. Eventually, she just started looking at me with a helpless expression on her face. I tried drawing her father into a conversation but only got monosyllabic answers. After what was only fifteen minutes but seemed like an eternity to me, I decided

to take my leave. Her father did not even say bye; he just turned away. It all seemed very strange to me. I had come from a culture where even if people did not see eye-to-eye with a guest, they at least offered them a cup of tea and definitely invited them to sit down. But I guessed that people were different, cultures were different.

As I now recall, there was a thing that stood out for me in that house, and that was the number of pictures, statues and figures of gods and goddesses; they seemed to be everywhere. I had known Garima for close to seven years by then but had never realized that she came from such a religious background. The fragrance of incense and flowers was all over the house. It was as though I was in a temple. At that time, I took no notice of this aspect though later in life, it would come to haunt me in more ways than one.

Anyways, Garima got very upset with her parents for having mistreated me and told them that she would not enter the house again if they did not apologize for their behaviour. Her father agreed and came to see me. We kind of patched up, but that was all. We waited for another six months for her parents to approve, but when they didn't, Garima told them that she would marry me despite their disapproval. We fixed up a date and decided to go for a court marriage. In any case, we didn't want to spend too much money on feeding the world.

My parents, who had wanted the big fat wedding for me, were shocked and heartbroken, but I put my foot down and told them this was how it was going to be. They gave in, and so the wedding day dawned bright and clear. The bride, the groom, the groom's parents, a few of our friends were all there, but the one absence that could not go unnoticed was that of Garima's parents. They had chosen not to show up though they had been informed about the wedding well in advance. Garima was very disappointed and heartbroken. She had felt that her father would at least turn up. I tried to make up but obviously couldn't. And so, the bride and the groom exchanged garlands and rings, signed the register and were pronounced man and wife. But all along, the bride's eyes kept looking for some sign of her parents' presence but alas!!!

But Garima was not the one to let things be. She was so upset with her parents that she called up her father a few days after getting married and gave him a piece of her mind. The thing was that Garima was an only child of her parents, so it wasn't that they were too happy about not having been there for the wedding. But at the same time, they could not accept a north Indian son-in-law.

After that one call, Garima decided to break all ties with her parents but eventually, her father's heart melted, and he came to see us. I had also moved to Delhi by then and had taken an apartment on rent. He found the address somehow, and one Sunday evening, he was there at our door. Seeing her beloved father in front of her was enough to melt the daughter's heart and let bygones be bygones. A few months later, her mother also visited us, and it all became hunky-dory. But actually, it wasn't so. Life is never simple.

My mother had huge issues now. She couldn't see eye to eye with her daughter-in-law on anything. Though we didn't live with them, she loved to visit us and interfere in our lives. She didn't like the food we ate, the way we kept our house and celebrated all festivals. My mother believed that after getting married, a girl should forget all about her parents' house and their lives and focus on the husband's side. Therefore, she had no business to celebrate any of her Madras festivals, as she liked to call them.

There was one thing that I, too, had begun to notice, and somewhere I didn't like it. The thing was that just like her parents, Garima too believed in several gods and goddesses and was gradually making our house look like the way her parents' house did. She loved hanging pictures of gurus and other people she liked to follow. I had grown up in a very liberal environment where religion wasn't such a big deal. Yes, we prayed to the Almighty, we visited the temple off and on, but that was about it. There was no compulsion to do anything. Though I chose to ignore her actions, with time, they started to get to me.

Many times when I walked into the house, it would seem as though I had entered a temple. The fragrance of the flowers, the incense would be all over. I could gradually sense that Garima was obsessed with her religious devotion, which didn't seem normal. But I chose to ignore it as religion was a sensitive subject in our relationship, and I didn't want to ruffle feathers unnecessarily. We had initially agreed that a little corner of the house would be like a temple where she could pray and perform all her rituals, but I would not be a part of them. However, with time, her devotion seemed to be encroaching on every aspect of our lives.

Two years into the marriage, Garima gave birth to our firstborn, a daughter whom we decided to name Rhea. Though my parents would have loved to have a grandson, since she was the first child, they were okay with it. In fact, they adored her. It was my mother who, in fact, helped us out all through the pregnancy and even afterwards. Garima's mother just visited us once after Rhea was born and stayed for a few days. Though Garima would have wanted her mother to stay for a little while longer, she didn't. So Garima had to depend on my mother for everything even once she joined work; since we did not have help at home and did not want Rhea to be left in the creche, my mom stepped in to help us.

She, too, had a vested interest in that she wanted her grandchild to pick up at least some of our ways and not become a total south Indian. The mother-in-law and daughter-in-law would often have disagreements over the way Rhea was dressed up, the way she was handled by my mother. My mother would sing Punjabi lullabies to her, which Garima absolutely hated and objected to. But I advised staying quiet because we were dependent on my parents. I told her categorically that she had only two options, if she didn't want my mother to have any say in the manner Rhea was being raised. She could either call her mother or she could quit working. The other options of the creche and a maid in our house had already been rejected by us. Since she had no choice, Garima kept quiet, but the resentment kept brewing.

It is so true that the more time we spend with a person, the more we get to know them. And not

everything about them is to our liking. The same holds true in the case of marriage as well. Though we had been with each other for close to ten years, there were many facets to Garima's personality that were now slowly coming to light. I was beginning to realize that though she was all about women's rights and their empowerment and loved to talk about it, in her personal life, she was different. It surprised me to see that though she loved Rhea, she longed for a son who she thought would carry the family name forward. And that coming from someone who was an only child!!! But I figured that certain things have to be taken in our stride, and one has to learn to live with them. Maybe I should have spoken to her, tried to make her stop obsessing about a male child. And yes, that is what was happening. With time she was getting obsessed, and she wanted a son, no matter what.

Rhea was four by now, and though we still had time on our side, my wife did not believe so. She thought that time was running out, and we needed to have another child as soon as possible. I was okay with it though I failed to see the urgency. By now, I was also doing very well professionally and had risen to the position of Vice President in my organization. Though Garima had started very well, somewhere now, she was beginning to lose the plot. She was obsessed with a male child but was unable to conceive. We consulted many doctors, specialists which I thought was a complete waste of time. I firmly believed that she needed to relax and take things easy, and the conception would take place. But she refused to believe me or anybody else for that matter. The doctors too, agreed with me but to no avail.

Due to her obsession, Garima had started neglecting Rhea, her work and the house. She had now reached a stage where she had begun consulting astrologers and visiting them one after the other. I couldn't see the point, and as a result, we started fighting and arguing. But no matter how hard I tried, I could not convince her to stop believing in who I considered to be cheats. Our frequent fights had now started impacting Rhea, which was something I couldn't tolerate. I consulted my parents. My mother also tried telling Garima that she had no reason to get so worked up. She had to give herself time, and things would eventually fall into place but to no avail. And

even her parents were of the same view as the rest of us, but that didn't make any difference. A male child was what Garima wanted, and she had to have him, no matter what.

Though I was pretty stressed about my wife's obsession, I could not have imagined the extent to which it could go until that particular day. That day when I came back from work, I found Rhea, who was five by then, sitting with the maid, crying her heart out. It was nine in the night and a time when Garima should have been home. I assumed that she must have got stuck at work. I tried calling her, but her phone was not reachable. I did not give it too much thought. As it is, Garima had been neglecting her work a lot, and so, I assumed that she must have been held back at work.

However, what was strange was the fact that even by ten-thirty, I could not reach her. By now, I started panicking, and by twelve, I decided to call one of her colleagues. I hesitated a bit since it was pretty late by then, but I didn't have much choice. Her colleague, Sapna, took my call, and when I inquired about my wife, to my shock, she told me that she hasn't been coming to the office for almost two weeks now. I was shocked! I couldn't believe it, but of course, I had to because Sapna worked with her. But now I was worried. Where the hell was she? I tried calling her again but couldn't reach her. Seeing me all stressed, Rhea was also getting stressed, which I didn't like. I tried to lighten the mood, but Rhea could figure that something was not right. Her mother had never left her alone like that.

I called up my parents, who, despite the late hour, rushed to be with us. We couldn't sleep the whole night. My mother tried to put Rhea to sleep, but the child could sense the anxiety and wouldn't sleep. Even if she did for a while, she would wake up crying for her mother. My heart was going out to her, I tried comforting her, but I couldn't fool her. That day, I realized that children are incredibly perceptive, which would be a lifelong learning for me. Morning came but with no news. I decided to go to the police station to lodge a complaint and went to my room to get ready. My parents had decided to stay on, so I knew that my daughter would be well looked after. As I went into the bathroom, I passed

by Garima's dressing table when I saw a piece of paper sticking out from under one of her perfume bottles. Somehow, I had missed seeing it the previous evening. I pulled it out, and when I read it, my world collapsed. I couldn't believe my eyes!

My wife, my soul mate, had left us!!! My brain was refusing to comprehend what was written on that piece of paper, but it was true! My wife had left us, her family to join an ashram in the hills. She had written that she believed that she couldn't conceive because she had sinned in her past life. She needed to do a penance which would take six months, and therefore she was going to stay in the ashram for that duration.

The note was pretty long. She had mentioned some Swamiji who ran the ashram and who had suggested this remedy to her. I was livid after reading this. I rushed out to show the note to my parents, who were equally shocked. Though Garima had given details about how she would make up for her deeds, nowhere had she mentioned where the ashram was located. She knew that I would rush to get her back if I got to know where it was.

The problem was how was I going to locate her. I tried talking to her friends and finding out from them. What baffled me was how I had no idea about this swami who had managed to influence her to such an extent that she had left us, her family. I was determined to get to the bottom of this. I took leave from office and got in touch with anyone and everyone with whom Garima could have had contact. Finally, the culprit who had introduced her to the swami turned out to be our next-door neighbour. I learned that our neighbour, Mrs Malhotra, was a disciple of this swami and had taken Garima to meet him about six months ago. She had confided in Mrs Malhotra about the problem she was facing and how desperately she wanted a son. Therefore, Mrs Malhotra had suggested that she consult Swamiji, who had a solution to every problem.

This explained why Garima had to be away sometimes on weekends. She would tell me that she

was going to see a friend or was going to the parlour. I could have never suspected her of lying to me. But of course, she had. My mother was furious with me. She blamed me and my laidback attitude for the mess that I found myself in. For once, I couldn't defend myself. I felt let down. I couldn't wrap my head around the fact that my wife, who was so well-educated, modern in her outlook, had felt the need to consult a religious guru! And that too, without keeping me in the loop!

I understood that she might not have told me about it because I would have objected to it but then, to go away for six months! For what! Did she not realize the danger she was putting herself into by staying at the ashram. I decided I couldn't let this happen. All those stories of women who got trapped with these kinds of people began to haunt me. What if something happened to her? Hadn't she thought about that? Well, apparently not! But I wasn't going to let anything happen to her and so decided that I would go to the ashram and try and get her back. I wasn't sure if she would listen to me, but I was going to try. I owed it to our daughter, to our life together and each other.

So much against my mother's advice, I went to the ashram. The moment I walked in, I was attacked by the same (now) sickening fragrance of the incense and the flowers. They seemed to have become the bane of my life. Taking that in now took me back to the day I had gone to meet her parents. I wish I had known then how a mere fragrance, a belief, could ruin lives! But had I known, would I have done things differently? I had no answer.

The ashram seemed to be quite a modern establishment, pretty swanky, I felt. I entered the building and was taken to the reception area, where I asked for Garima. I was told that all the residents were in a session and would be free only after two hours. I had no choice but to wait. I called up my mother to inform her about my safe arrival, spoke to Rhea and waited. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Garima walked towards me. She seemed surprised to see me. Probably she hadn't expected me to trace her.

She came towards me, and though I got up to hug her, she didn't seem very comfortable with the idea. She figured that I had many questions, so she decided to take me outside in the garden to sit and talk. However, the only thing she was willing to tell me was that she would be there for about six months to come to terms with her life and the direction it was taking. Any concerns that I had about Rhea, about me or our life, were met with stony silence. It seemed that she didn't really want to talk. When I expressed my concern about her safety, she assured me that I had nothing to worry about. It was a safe place, and there were many other women there.

I spent two hours with her and by the end of it felt like a fool. She had made up her mind, and no matter what I said or did, she wasn't going to change it. She had no regrets about leaving us behind and was definitely not coming back for the next six months. And although I wanted to tell her about Rhea and everyone else in the house, she didn't seem interested. It was as though she had switched off a part of her and did not wish to have anything to do with it. Finally, I gave up, wished her luck and left the place. The fool that I was, I still wanted to ask her if she needed any money, but then something prevented me from doing that. I walked out with a feeling of having left a part of me behind. There was also this huge sense of betrayal. And what would I tell Rhea? She believed that I had gone to get her mother back, but that wasn't the case.

I reached home pretty late by when thankfully, Rhea had gone to sleep, but only after my mother promised to wake her up the moment I reached. Since Garima had not come with us, I decided to let her sleep. I didn't have the heart to face her. My parents didn't say a word. I had my dinner and went to bed, but I just couldn't sleep. As the shock of the entire episode started wearing off, anger started taking its place. And though eventually, I slept off, I woke up in the morning boiling with rage. How dare she do this to us? How could she be so heartless?

Well, if she could do this, I could do more. I decided that I wasn't going to wait for her to come back. I was going to send her a message saying that she could stay in the ashram for as long as she wanted

to as we no longer wanted her. But how was I to deal with my daughter? As it is, she felt that her mother had abandoned her. I decided that I would tell her that Mummy had gone for some important work and it would take her some time before she could come back.

Meanwhile, my parents moved in with us, and my mother stepped into the role of Rhea's mother. I also realized that children are very resilient, much more than we expect them to be. They also adapt very soon, and though initially, she missed her mother, gradually, she learnt to live without her.

Life moved on, and the six months got over. Though I had messaged Garima and told her not to come back, a part of me was still waiting for her. She didn't disappoint and, as promised, came back. It was a shock for her to see that the world had changed. Her in-laws were living in her house, her daughter, though happy to see her, had become used to a life without her, and the husband too was pretty indifferent to her. She tried getting back to the usual way of life, but it didn't really work. Even her job was no longer there. Her boss informed her that she had exhausted all her leave, and because of her irresponsible attitude in going on leave at a crucial juncture, it was better she left.

I didn't know what she thought or went through. I realized that I could no longer connect with her the way I used to. There was an enormous chasm that I couldn't fill up. I no longer felt the need to discuss my work or any other issue with her. The same was with Rhea. She was a little girl who did need a mother figure, but somewhere my mother had fulfilled that need. Garima was no fool. She could sense everything. And what was ironic was that she had gone through the entire exercise to have a son. But she had lost her husband and daughter in the bargain.

So, although she tried to become the old Garima, she couldn't. For one, she had become quite used to the ways of the ashram, her routine there. And I couldn't tolerate it. In fact, I still remember one particular incident; she had got into the habit of waking up at the crack of dawn to pray. The

prayers involved her singing bhajans at the top of her voice and ringing bells, and of course, lighting up all the possible *agarbattis*. I would have none of it. The first day she did it, I gave her a piece of my mind and told her that no way was I going to accept it. Though shocked at my outburst, she didn't say anything and quietly went into our room.

Even the room wasn't hers any longer. Though we shared a bed, we were like strangers. This went on for almost a year by the end of which Garima took a decision, or whether we all forced her to take it, I can't say.

She left us to go back and join the ashram for good. I don't know whether I could have or should have stopped her. I didn't. I let her go.

Life moved on, and we all moved on. I immersed myself in my work and rose to become the country head, the regional head, and finally the company's global head. I met several women along the way; my mother wanted me to settle down but somewhere, the entire experience with Garima had unnerved me. Though I had several serious relationships, some of which could have culminated into marriage, I couldn't do it. I was happy and content living with my parents and my daughter. That was the extent of my world, and I didn't want anyone else. I didn't even keep in touch with her parents. Though they did try for some time but eventually gave up. After all, how could they succeed? Somewhere I held them responsible for the way their daughter had turned out. And so, I wanted to sever all ties with them and didn't want them to influence my daughter in any way.

Today my daughter, Rhea, is twenty. My mother is still with me, though my father passed away six years ago. Rhea has grown up to be a beautiful and sensible girl. She is studying in one of the top universities in the US. She is highly ambitious and aspires to emulate her father. Her mother's absence has affected her but not as much as I had thought it would. My mother's presence more than made up for her. We are not in touch with Garima. She is no

longer a part of our lives, not even a part of our memories.

And life goes on....

Ms. Sangeeta Relan

Associate Professor

Department of Commerce

25 Years @ ANDC: My Memoir



*Dr. Surinder Kaur
Associate Professor
Department of Commerce*

I joined ANDC way back in 1995 and now, as I look back, it seems like yesterday...A lot of sweet memories with my colleagues and students, our discussions, our fears and triumphs surround me like these have happened just now. Though it is difficult to put into words all that I have gained, and what I have achieved, I have attempted to share some of the interactions, and episodes that have remained etched in my mind.

At that time, I was young and relatively new to teaching. But I was very enthusiastic about teaching and wanted to make a difference in the lives of my students. I always wanted to be a teacher since my childhood. It's a noble profession. Teachers are not just about teaching the subject but we are guides, motivators and healers. This profession gives us an opportunity to shape the lives of our students, help them in any manner that we can. I personally feel that as a teacher, my duty goes beyond merely teaching the subject to also teaching the students, important life skills and values and when they call us later on or send messages to tell us that we are remembered, it feels good. I feel teaching is a two-way process. There is so much that my students have taught me through my interactions with them. I am blessed to have very dedicated and sincere students who, in spite of the rhythmic sound of rain falling on the tin roofs in the classrooms during the rainy season, or heat during summers paid their utmost attention to what was being taught.

My first interaction with the then Principal, Dr. A. S. Kukla, made one thing very clear at the outset that this was a college with a difference. He taught us to work hard, to love our work and go beyond our call of duty. At that time, the college was about four years old. The college was started in a school building and lacked infrastructure. It wasn't very well known at the time. However, what it lacked in terms of infrastructure and popularity, it more than made up for in other qualities. Dr. A.S. Kukla, ANDC's first Principal, was a very able and dynamic administrator. He started new courses like Biomedical Science and Computer Science so that good students get attracted towards the college despite the average infrastructure. He was very particular about the faculty and students attending classes regularly. Till today, the practice of the faculty not missing classes is being followed. The regularity and punctuality of the staff in everything they do, is one of the hallmarks of ANDC. At that time, we were the only college in the University of Delhi to have a fully functional computerised library system. Once the college made its name in academics, it started moving in the direction of the holistic development of students. At that time, we were blessed to have yet another visionary Principal, Prof. Savithri Singh. Savithri Ma'am encouraged the culture of research, and co-curricular activities in the college. She always said that students should not only excel in studies but they should also be encouraged for debates and discussions, they should have an opinion about the things happening in the world around us and not hesitate in presenting it. "Beyond the classroom" became our motto. Therefore, many new societies were formed and made functional during her tenure. The college started organising a lot of festivals and society events. The teachers and students were all very enthusiastic about it. Then we started many student-centric activities, E lab, and Entrepreneurship Cell to name a few. It gave us a lot of space and time to bond with the students. Now, the college is scaling new heights under the able guidance of the present Principal, Prof. Ravi Toteja who is very helpful and considerate. Whenever we have any issues, his reply "Do not worry, we are all here, we will manage" saves us from a lot of worries.

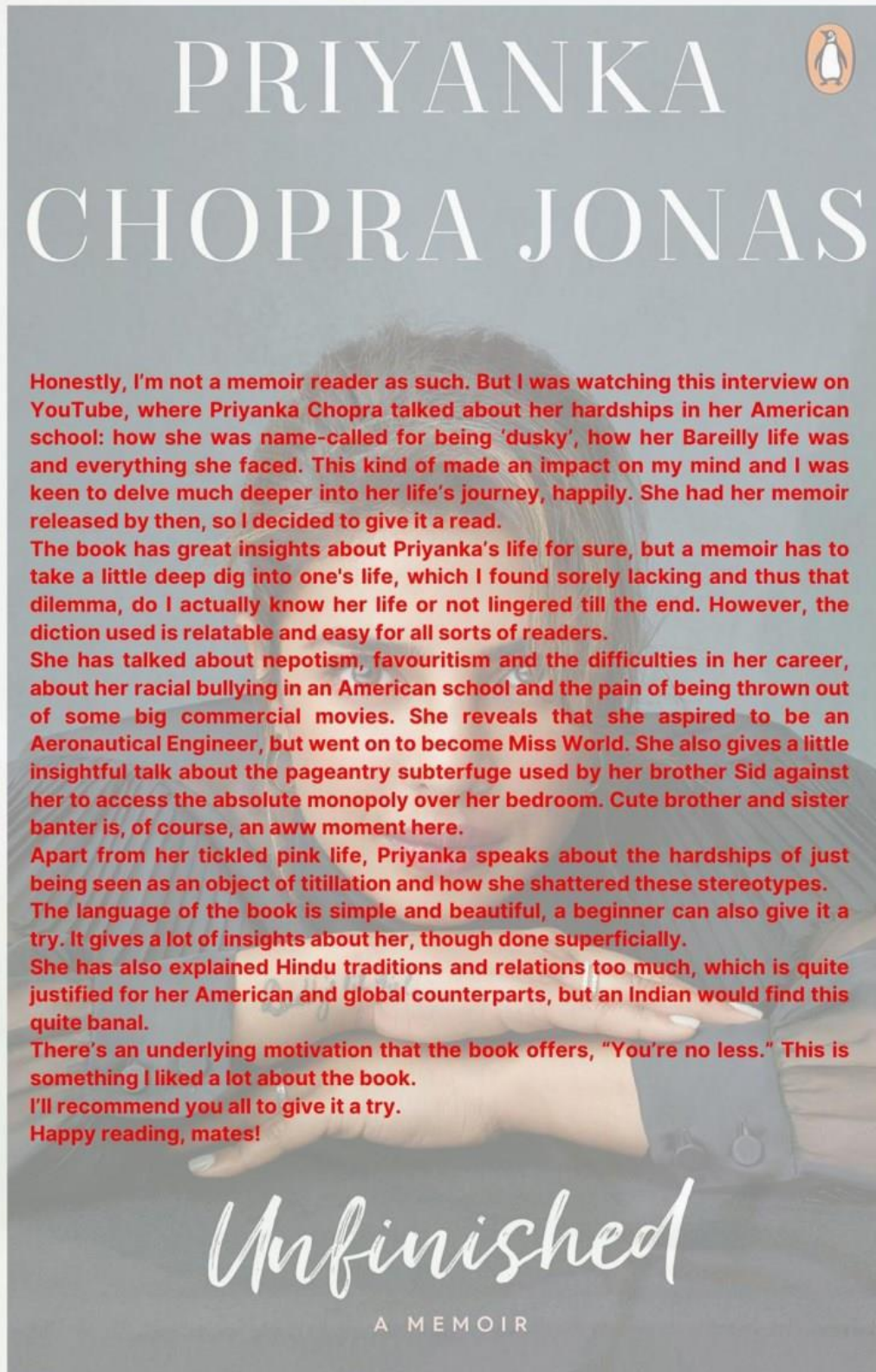
The best part of my career at ANDC has been the interactions with the teaching and non-teaching staff. Everyone I know has been truly amazing and I couldn't ask for a better set of colleagues – young, dynamic and vibrant. I have shared so many experiences with them along the way that I am sure, if I try to narrate them all, I would go on for days. I have a lot of shared moments of happiness with my colleagues, our shared lunches, the taste of some of the delicacies prepared by my dear colleagues is still fresh.

Last, but not the least, I would also like to bring on record the helpful and cooperative attitude of the non-teaching staff members of the college. They are always there with us, helping us in fulfilling our administrative responsibilities.

Over the years, as I matured as a teacher, the college also evolved from an unknown entity to being one of the best colleges in the University of Delhi. This was possible due to the hard work put in by various principals down the years, teachers, non-teaching staff and our students who left their mark in various fields, academic and non-academic. As I end this write-up, I look back at the past with fondness. I also look forward to many more years of my association with the college. I couldn't have asked for anything more than what this college has given me and I am grateful for everything.

Book Review

Hirtik Singh Rathore
Member, Students' Editorial Board





HOPE...

**That's the worst thing about trying,
It never promises you the result,
But that's not the most hurting part.**

**It's the hope,
That you build in yourself,
With every effort you make,
The manifestation you do,
The world you create,
In your mind.**

**When reality hits you,
Like lightning from the sky,
You became nothing,
But a piece of meat that is alive.**

**Anjali Bhadana
B. Sc. (H) Biomedical Science
III Year**



LIVING IN THE PRESENT

**Currently, we are all lost in this bittersweet world,
Where everyone's heart is full of fire.**

**If not so, then why does the whole mankind ignore its
every desire?**

**Aren't we similar to the lost stars in the sky?
If this isn't true, then why don't we spread our wings
and fly?**

**Can a single soul apprise?
Why don't we live in the present?**

**Why can't people be utterly competent?
Is there something wrong in forgetting the past and
the future just for a while?
Is there something inaccurate in spreading a wide and
positive smile?
So, Cara Omnis,
Take a moment for yourself and do whatever makes
you feel alright,
That one moment in your occupied life will seem like a
tiny beam of light.**

**Adiya Vatsa
B. Sc. (H) Botany
I Year**



IN THE CROWD

I have always had my doubts.
Who will I be?
Can't I be any better?

Better, what is that?
Going with the flow,
Is that good or bad?

Lights, everywhere,
The city, moving.
People, fading,
Emotions, jumbling.

Cold air, sore hands.
Sunburnt people, sweaty hands.
Red buses, never on time.
Friends are tired of waiting for me.
Moving trains are trying to pass.
People here and there like ants, littering.

One year left then it's time to leave.
My heart vowed for tamer things
Chapter closed: can it get any better?

Tanisha Sharma
B. Sc. (H) Computer Science
II Year



MY EMPORIUM

I sell attention
To unwilling people
Who come to my shop,
At cheap rates
So, they buy more.

There's some righteousness
Available here too
That people seek.
It's expensive,
And it's fake.
Yet they buy enough.

I also keep some selflessness
Everyone passing by can see.
It's there to hide the selfishness
That I own for my own glee.

You'll often find me
Preaching for honesty.
But I'll only sell it to people
Who order it,
Genuinely.

I have loads and loads of humility
For which I'm ready
To make a deal.
If only anyone asks,
I may even give it to them for free.

I've been managing this shop
For several years now.
No one's yet complained.
Though I have seen them move on,
To costlier and disgraceful stuff
That's sold in fancy shops;
I wonder when I sold them cacoethes.

Suruchi Verma
B. Sc. (H) Computer Science
III Year



LIKE LIGHTENING

I don't want to glow
Won't shine anymore.
Can't be all smiles,
When there's chaos swirling
Boiling, overflowing inside.
I'm painting the sky black
With my words,
Like glowing ants.
Stars around are crawling,
Let sadness dawn,
I'm here waiting.

There was a time
When I peeked in those circles of hell,
Slept in those subterranean cells.
Would anyone believe that
I liked the shadows
And the damp, cold bleakness?
It was beautiful
When like lightning
I made my way through that dark mess.

And now I forge my own fire,
Turn sparks into thunder,
Howl louder than this world's lies.
Now I bend the rules,
Of this unfair dual life arranged for me.
Now I'm a gladiator in this cosmic arena.

Rishabh Pal
B. Sc. (H) Physics
III Year

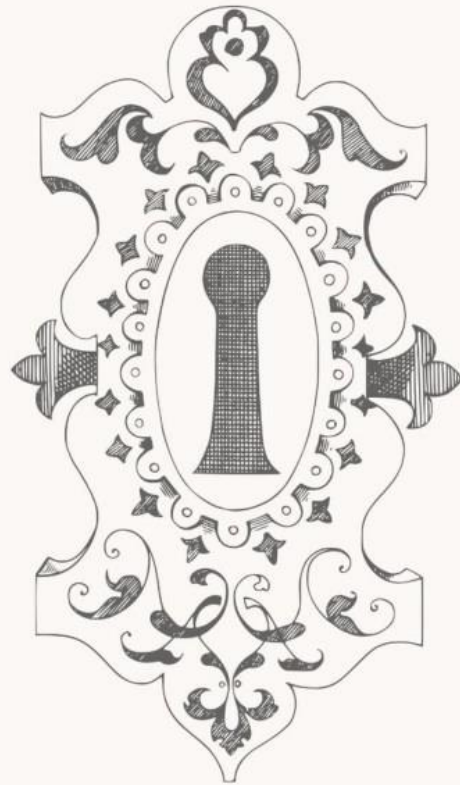
KEYHOLE

I know I have to get out
Of this room I can see.
Losing myself here;
Who knows how long
I have been trapped.

Looking through the keyhole
All I see is the long corridor.
Wonder if I'll ever open the door,
Can I walk that much to cross it?
It's not that I can't open the door,
If I try once or may be more, I can or
May be, I should just sit here;

Looking through the keyhole
Waiting for you to open it,
To pull me up and hold my hands.
And as you walk beside me,
May the long corridors never end.

Ajay Yadav
B. Sc. (H) Computer Science
I Year



LAST WISH

I wish, I could know you better,
I want to spend more time with you,
No song can heal my soul,
It's aspiring for your voice of console.

Nightingales have left my neighbourhood,
Colours of the sky have started to fade,
My eyes are drying up for your existence's
proof,
Black clouds are floating above my roof.

It seems to rain every day,
Where night and day are the same,
My standing body collapses at the thought of
you,
Will you make it through?

Or will I meet you on the other side?
Because I don't have any clue.

Anjali Bhadana
B. Sc. (H) Biomedical Science
III Year

Positive Calendar

2021

Compiled by Hirtik Singh Rathore and Arpita Singh
(Members, Students' Editorial Board)

- On January 20, 2021, Joseph R. Biden, the leader of the Democratic Party, took the oath of office and became the 46th President of the United States. At the ceremony, Kamala Harris, Biden's running mate in the elections, was sworn in as the nation's first female vice president and the country's first black vice president of South Asian descent.
- India rose to prominence by winning the first-ever Test Series in Australia.
- On January 16, Prime Minister Narendra Modi said that India would begin a COVID-19 vaccination campaign, claiming that the made-in-India vaccine being distributed would guarantee a "decisive victory" for the nation over the Coronavirus pandemic.



- The COVAX global vaccination effort, which began with the shipment of a batch of 600,000 doses of the AstraZeneca vaccine to Ghana, aims to distribute vaccines equitably throughout the world.
- Motera Cricket Stadium of Ahmedabad was renovated and renamed after Shri Narendra Modi.
- Dominique Price creates a card game to celebrate Black history and to get people talking about Black culture and history.

- 'Every days – The First 5000 Days', an NFT-based artwork by Beeple (Mike Winkelmann) an American artist went under the hammer at Christie's for USD 69 million, the highest price ever for digital artwork and the first purely NFT-based art sold at the auction house.
- For the first time in 60 years, Israeli archaeologists discovered dozens of Dead Sea Scroll fragments, pieces of parchment that date back to around the first century.
- The Indian Army gifted one lakh doses of India-made anti-COVID-19 vaccines to the Nepal Army as part of the efforts of the militaries of the two neighbours to enhance bilateral cooperation.



- Sir Anthony Hopkins won the Best Actor in a Leading Role award at the 93rd Academy Awards held at Union Station, Los Angeles and the Dolby Theatre in Hollywood for his portrayal of an elderly man dealing with memory loss in *The Father* (2020).
- Small-scale conservation projects in Dutch cities are sowing the seeds for a bee recovery, according to a nationwide bee census.
- Pooja Rai, Anthill Creations is transforming old tires into playground equipment in India.

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- The Starship prototype was successfully recovered by SpaceX for the first time. Elon Musk's SpaceX launched SN15, a Starship prototype, in a high-altitude launch from its Boca Chica, Texas, facility to a height of roughly 9.6 kilometres.
- Scientists at Harvard developed what they describe as the 'the holy grail' of battery technology: a stable, lithium-metal, solid-state battery that can be charged and discharged 10,000 times, and fully charged within 10-20 minutes.



- For the first time, China deployed three astronauts—Nie Haisheng, Liu Boming, and Tang Hongbo—to the Tiangong Space Station. They were launched onto a Long March 2F rocket for the Tiangong Space Station from Jiuquan Satellite Launch Center in the Gobi Desert.
- Warren Buffett planning to donate billions of dollars to a little-known charity that supports abortion rights.
- Vietnam is undergoing one of the biggest and fastest energy transitions in the world. In the four years to 2021, the share of solar increased from zero to nearly 11 percent, making it the world's 10th largest solar power producer.

- The European Union announced their plan to achieve carbon neutrality by 2050 including plans for several bold proposals to parliament such as plans to tax jet fuel, and ban the sale of petrol- and diesel-powered cars within 20 years.
- The success of a multi-generational effort to eliminate malaria in China and become the 40th nation in the world to achieve malaria-free status.
- Zomato made its mark when it became the first unicorn to be listed on the stock exchanges in India.
- It was a historic moment for India as star weightlifter, Mirabai Chanu, became the first Indian weightlifter to win the silver medal in the women's 49 kg event at the Olympics.



- Glory at the Tokyo Olympics for India
- Neeraj Chopra won the Olympic gold medal in Javelin throw at Tokyo Olympics.
- Indian men's hockey team beat Germany and claimed the bronze.
- Indian boxer, Lovlina Borgohain (69kg) signed off with a bronze medal in her debut Olympic Games.
- P V Sindhu defeated China's He Bing Jiao 21-13, 21-15 to clinch a bronze medal in the women's singles.
- Sierra Leonian Student, Jeremiah Thoronka invented a device that uses carbon footprint and kinetic energy from traffic and pedestrians to generate clean power.
- The Silutitan sinuses and Hamititan xinjiangensis species' fossilised rib cages and spinal vertebrae found by palaeontologists excavating in northwest China.

Positive Calendar

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- During the United Nations Restoration Week, eminent primatologist Dr. Jane Goodall initiated a grassroots movement with the goal of planting 1 trillion trees by 2030.
- Launch of the first all-civilian spacecraft by SpaceX with the launch of Inspiration4 in 2021, the first space mission with a crew made entirely of civilians. It made history once more.
- A prehistoric whale with four legs that may have lived on both land and water was identified as the "Anubis" fossil, which was found 13 years ago in Egypt's Western Desert.



- Istanbul constructs shelters for the many stray cats who prowl the streets, complete with food and extra toys.
- The oldest rainforest in the world, the Daintree in Australia, was returned to its original custodians.
- WHO approves the world's first malaria vaccine, R21/Matrix-M.
- On October 8th, the United Nations Human Rights Council in Geneva passed a resolution recognizing access to a healthy and sustainable environment as a universal right.

- Sikh men created a lifeline using their turbans to rescue hikers at the Canadian National Park.
- Over 100 leaders pledged to end deforestation and reverse land degradation by 2030 in the COP26, Glasgow.
- Parag Agarwal was appointed as the new CEO of Twitter, succeeding outgoing CEO, Jack Dorsey.
- On November 5, the statue of Adi Shankaracharya was unveiled in Kedarnath. Prime Minister Narendra Modi also took some time out to meditate in front of the statue.



- President Ram Nath Kovind and union ministers paid tribute to those who lost their lives in the 2001 parliament attack.
- India got the 3rd Miss Universe title as Harnaz Sandhu of Chandigarh shines in the beauty pageant held at Port of Eilat in Israel.

Students' Preference about Online vs Offline Mode

Jay Sirmoriya
Member, Students' Editorial Board

With the spread of Covid-19 worldwide, different countries made different policies to curb the effects. Many rules, guidelines and laws were imposed by the authorities. These involved adopting techniques to continue the processes yet check the spread of the pandemic at the same time. One such technique was the ONLINE EDUCATION SYSTEM.

Education is something, which should always go ON, no matter what happens. With this thought, governments worldwide shifted their education from offline to online mode. This enabled teachers and students to stay away from the threat of the disease while they continued the process of teaching and learning from the safety of their homes.

Covid-19 affected everyone without any differentiation, rich-poor, educated-uneducated, white-black, or of any religion. It forced everyone to stay at home and follow the guidelines and rules. Most people faced difficulty adjusting with this "new normal". The education system was not an exception to the changes. Schools and other educational institutes had to be closed. Most educational institutes tried to continue their teaching-learning processes using radios and online platforms. Platforms used by different institutions included Google Meet, Microsoft Teams, Zoom, Classplus, Testpress, Kognity, Udemy etc. Most of these platforms provided video conferencing facilities by which a single teacher was able to teach hundreds of students at the same time. Some institutes also utilised other features of these platforms for conducting exams in the online mode. Although adopting these platforms resumed education for most of the students, it created barriers for many too. Not all students were able to afford the gadgets needed to attend online lectures. Though the internet is cheap in India, still many families could not afford it, creating a digital barrier. Many teachers also faced problems while adapting to the new methods of teaching. Teachers were experts in their blackboard-chalk and book teaching, but had to struggle to get familiarized with these platforms. Most teachers managed well to aid the education of students. Researches have been conducted to find out the positive and negative impacts of this method of teaching-learning process. These show that students, teachers and society as a whole are affected both positively and negatively.

In India, about 250 million students were affected due to the closure of schools as a result of the lockdown implemented by the authorities to curb Covid-19. It affected both the public and the private schools including the expected risks of more dropouts, loss in education and division of the society due to digitalisation. Covid-19 also catalysed the adoption of the digital and online platforms for teaching-learning activities.

The online education system makes it easier, as students and teachers can stay within the comfort of their home. It saved the travelling time for the students and teachers. In these hard times, people spent most of their time at home. Educated parents were able to help and guide their children, but uneducated parents were helpless and could not help their children with their education. This again created a barrier between students belonging to different backgrounds.

Many students in government schools were attracted towards the mid-day meal scheme of the government. With the closure of the schools, these students not only failed to get their education but also missed on the nutritious food they got at least once a day.

Due to the spread of the disease, most exams were either postponed or cancelled. This created confusion and fear among students. They faced difficulty in concentrating.

Finally, after more than 15 months, schools started to reopen. Extra care was taken to ensure the safety of students. The main concern was that most of the students were not vaccinated. Scientists allowed reopening of schools for unvaccinated students considering their stronger immunity as compared to adults.

This transition from online back to offline was again a difficult task for many. The only difference from the previous situation was that this time we all knew what to do and how to do it. Both students and teachers went into their comfort zones, pertaining to their lazy and unorganised schedules during the lockdown.

Students' Preference about Online vs Offline Mode

To understand more about the difficulties and problems faced and to know about the mechanisms used by the students of our college to cope up with these changes, the Students' Editorial Board of the annual college magazine conducted its annual survey in the online mode using google forms. A total of 42 responses were recorded. Questions about their preferences were asked about online and offline education.

For personal information, students were asked for their name, course and year. Other questions covered their preferences and views on the reopening of colleges, online and offline lectures, online and offline exams, and about difficulties faced while shifting from online to offline mode. 6.7% of the participants were totally dissatisfied with the reopening of the college, while 33.3% of the participants were completely satisfied with the reopening of the college.

69% of the participants preferred offline lectures and classes while only 31% wanted online classes. On the contrary, 63.4% of the participants preferred online exams over offline exams. It can be concluded that students do want to study in offline classes for better understanding and better interaction between students and teachers, but don't want to write offline exams. Students preferred online exams and gave supporting reasons as, - "Good marks without studying", "Easy to give, no extra expense of transportation to write exam in another college", "You can write the exam from any place", "I guess nothing. But students pass easily and they don't have to get embarrassed", "Safe", "No need to mug up facts". To support their preference for offline classes, they said - "It gives an environment to study that makes the concept clear", "It can lead to a better interaction between classmates and teachers", "Classes are more interactive and learning is better. And obviously labs are only possible that way for PRACTICAL knowledge", "Only the practical exposure in the lab is great in offline otherwise lectures should be online only".

It was found that 33.3% of the participants faced extreme difficulty while changing their schedule from online to offline classes, in contrast, only 5.6% of the students felt it easy to shift their schedule from online to offline.

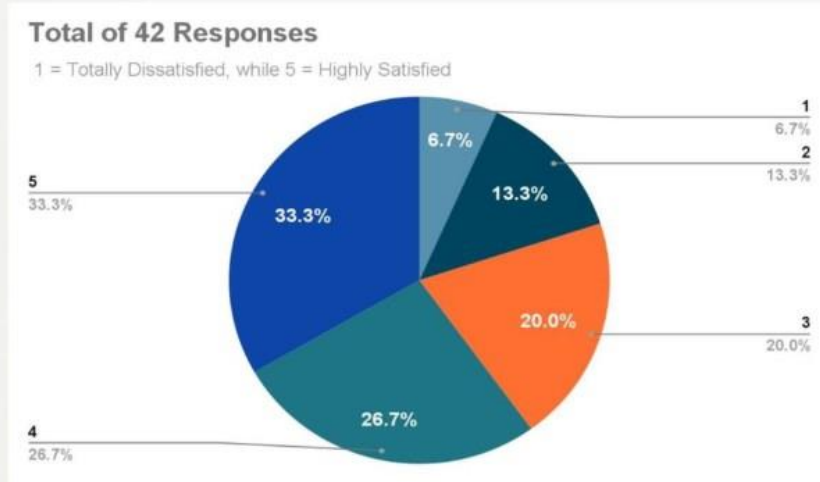
Among the students belonging to other states, 40% of the students faced extreme difficulty adjusting in Delhi after lockdown and online classes. Not to be surprised, none of the participants from outside Delhi found it easy to adjust in Delhi after online classes. None voted below 5 on the scale of 1-10. Rest of the data is as provided in the pie charts.

References

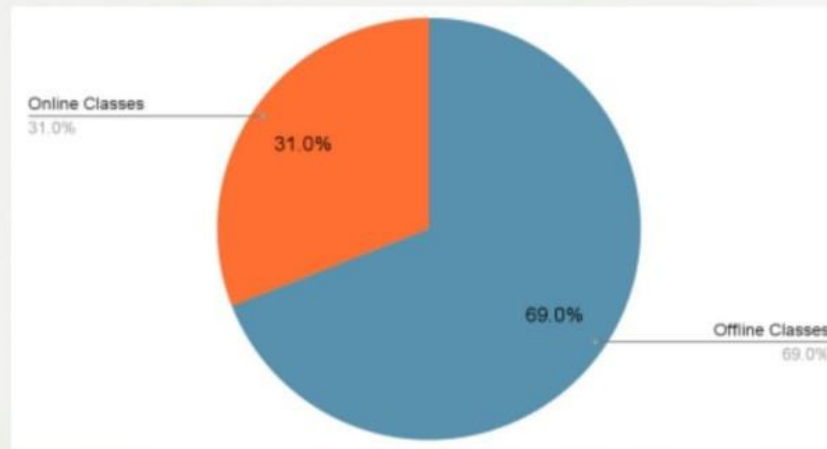
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<https://timesofindia.indiatimes.com/readersblog/theenchantedpen/impact-of-covid-19-on-school-education-in-india-32475/>

Students' Preference about Online vs Offline Mode

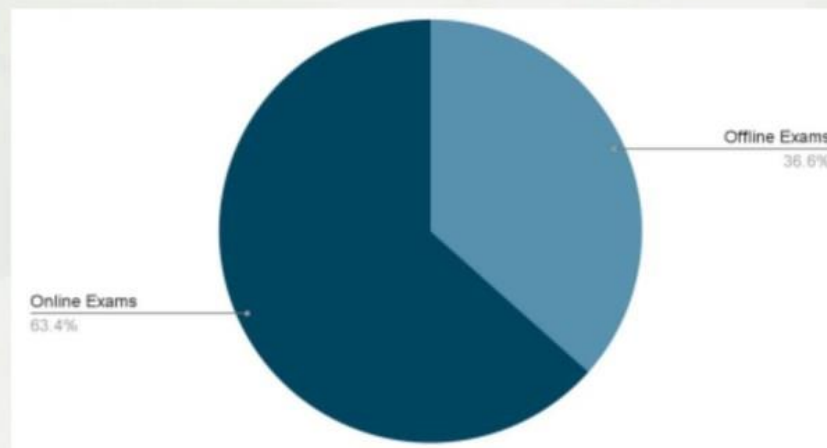
Q1. What do you feel about the reopening of colleges?



Q2. What do you prefer – online or offline classes?



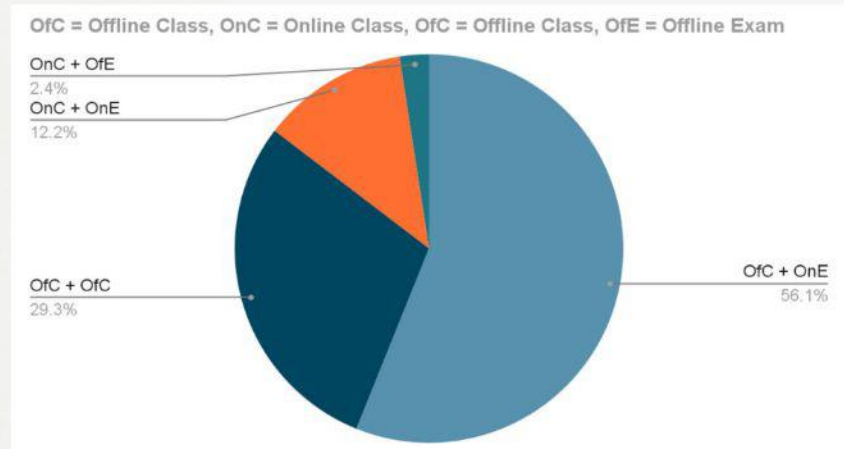
Q3. What do you prefer – online or offline exams?



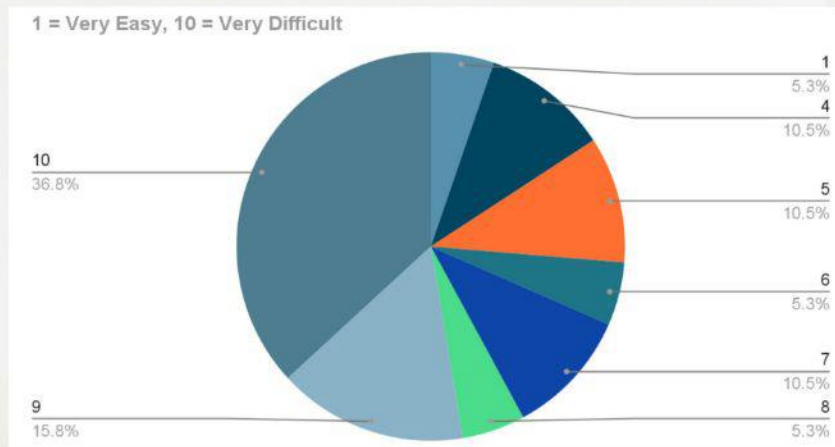
Students' Preference about Online vs Offline Mode

Q4. What do you think could have been a better combination -

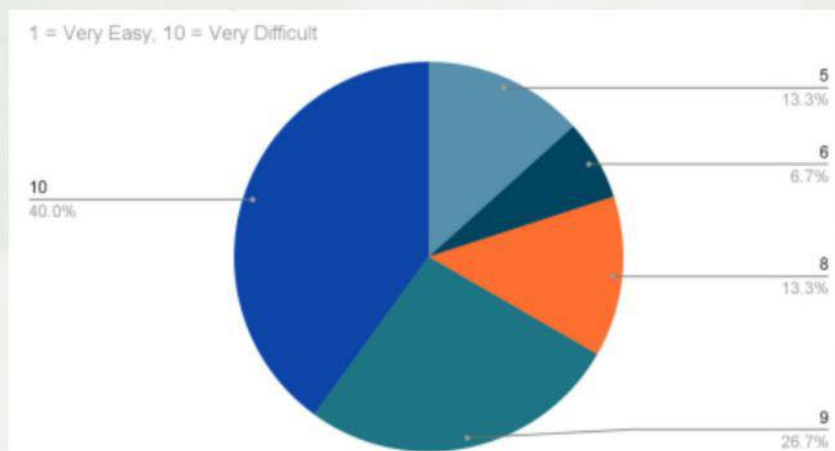
1. Online class + online exam
2. Online class + offline exam
3. Offline class + online exam
4. Offline class + offline exam



Q5. How difficult was it to adjust with the offline schedules after lockdown?



Q6. How much difficulty did the outstation students face when they moved to Delhi?



संविधान

कल किसी ने मुझे हरे में रंगा,
और परसों केसरिया में।
इन रंगों के खेल ने मुझको,
अब कालिख में रंग डाला।

किसी ने मुझको गीता- कुरान बताया,
और किसी ने मुझको एक फटा पत्ता बताया।

क्या कलमे, क्या दोहे;
जब इस कालिख के आगे,
सब हैं धुंधले।

अब क्या इकरार करूँ,
अपनी गाथा का;
मैं संविधान हूँ।

एक पंछी का पखौटा हूँ,
सिर्फ कागज़ और कुरान नहीं,
उस पंछी का ढाँचा हूँ।

हाँ, मानता हूँ कई सर कलमें गए,
कई कुर्बान हुए,
तब जाकर पंछी आज़ाद हुए।
पर हूँ तो मैं उस पंछी का ढाँचा ही॥

सबको देखा मैंने एक बराबर,
फिर क्यों तोला जाऊँ मैं रंगों में?
किसी के पास, तो किसी से दूर हूँ,
जबकि है हक़ मेरा गलियों-मुहल्लों में।

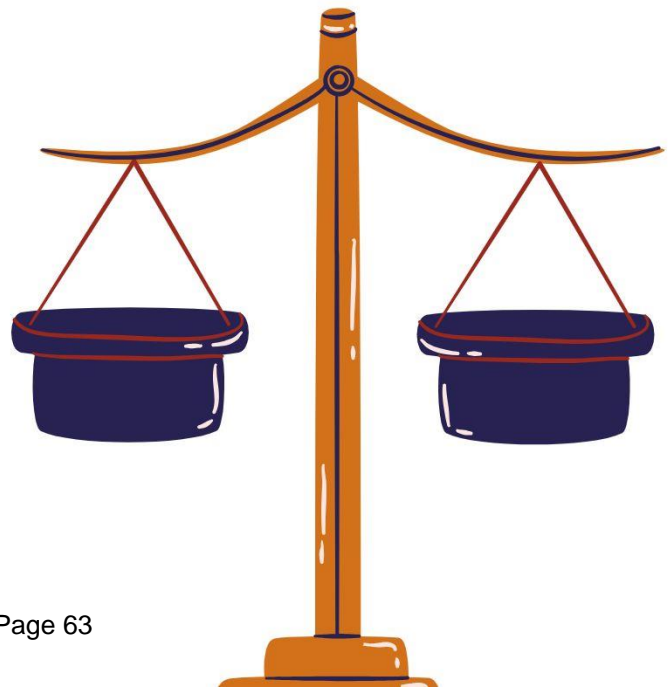
मेरे पुजारी मुझको पूछें,
फिर वही पुजारी मुझे खरोचें।
मैं संविधान हूँ।
इज्ज़त तो है पर इज्ज़त नहीं,
चीखता हूँ पर चीख नहीं,
सुन लेता हूँ पर सुनता कोई नहीं॥

मानता हूँ, हर जगह हूँ।
मैं समान तो हूँ, पर सामान नहीं।
भेदभाव नहीं, भेदभाव में हूँ।
मैं गलियों में खुद को ढूँढ़,
और हर शाम जंजीरों में बँध जाऊँ।

मैं सिर्फ केसरी हरे का ढाँचा नहीं,
भेदभाव की दुनिया में,
मैं तुमको तुम्हारी पहचान भी देता,
मैं संविधान हूँ।

इस आँधी में
मैं उड़ ना जाऊँ,
आखिर एक पत्ता ही तो हूँ।

तनीषा शर्मा
बी. एससी. (विशेष) कंप्यूटर साइंस
द्वितीय वर्ष

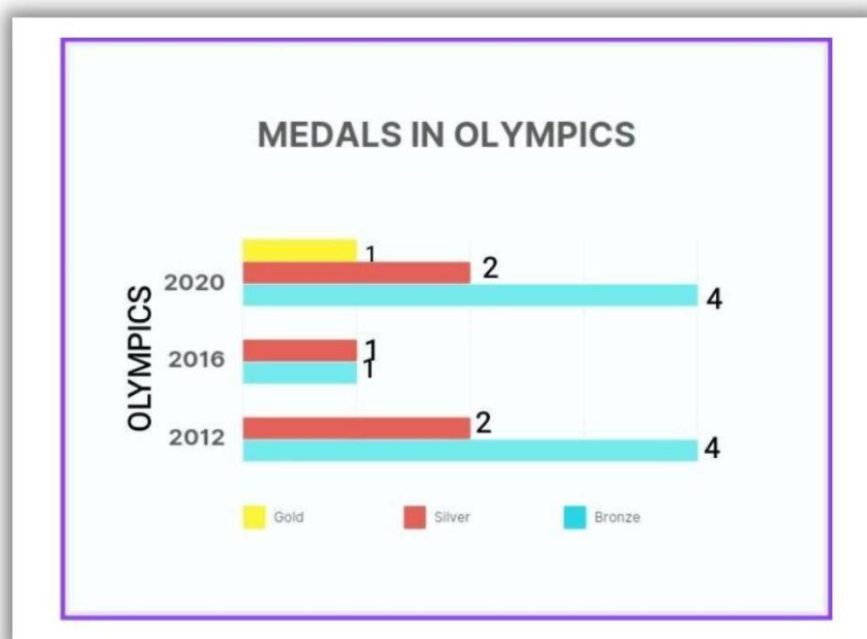
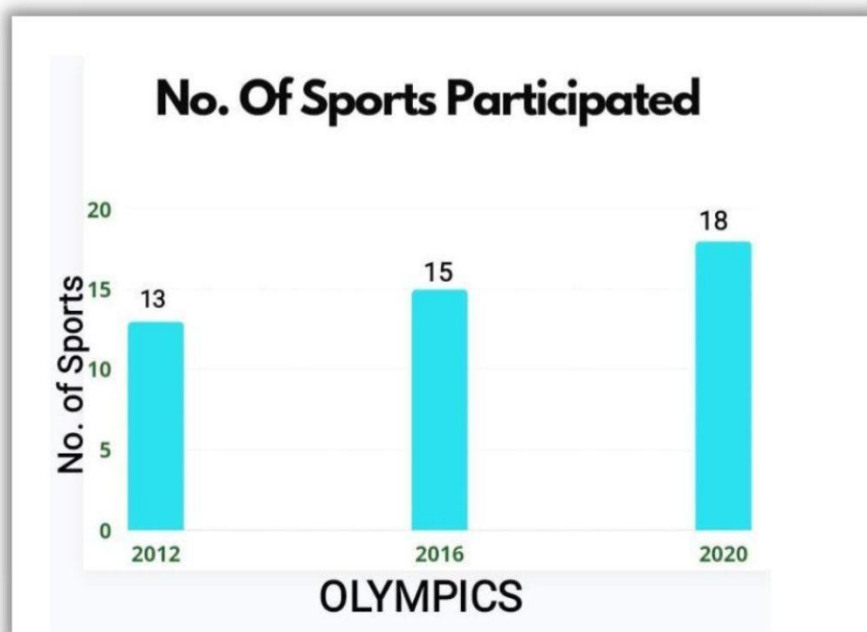


ओलिंपिक्स पटल पर उभरता भारत

1928 के एम्स्टर्डम ओलिंपिक्स में ब्रिटिश भारत ने पुरुष हॉकी प्रतिस्पर्धा में स्वर्ण पदक जीतकर अपनी पहचान बनाई और अनवरत अगले 5 ओलिंपिक्स तक स्वर्ण पदक पर अपना अधिकार बरकरार रखा। लगातार 6 स्वर्ण पदक (3 आज़ादी के पूर्व एवं 3 आज़ादी के बाद) और 12 ओलिंपिक्स में कुल 8 स्वर्ण, 1 रजत, 2 कांस्य पदक से भारत का हॉकी जगत में दबदबा कायम रहा। सर्वप्रथम व्यक्तिगत स्पर्धा में 1900 में एंग्लो-इंडियन, नॉर्मन प्रिचार्ड, ने एथलेटिक्स में 2 रजत पदक जीते, आज़ादी के पश्चात 1952 हेलसिंकी ओलिंपिक्स में के डी जाधव ने कुश्ती में कांस्य पदक अपने नाम किया। व्यक्तिगत स्पर्धा में अभिनव बिंद्रा ने 2008 बीजिंग ओलिंपिक्स में स्वर्ण पदक पर निशाना साधकर स्वर्ण की अभिलाषा पूरी की। बीजिंग ओलिंपिक्स के पश्चात भारत के पास कुल 20 पदक थे जिसमें 9 स्वर्ण, 4 रजत और 7 कांस्य पदक शामिल थे। इन 20 पदकों में से 11 पदक और 9 स्वर्ण पदकों में से 8 पदक अकेले पुरुष हॉकी के हैं, जो 1980 से पूर्व के हैं। इतनी बड़ी जनसंख्या और अप्रतिम हुनर होने के बाद भी ओलिंपिक के मंच पर पदकों की संख्या बहुत सारे सवाल खड़े करती है, कि आखिर कमी कहाँ है, क्यों हॉकी के अतिरिक्त किसी अन्य खेल में हम लगातार अच्छा प्रदर्शन नहीं कर पाए, क्यों एक व्यक्तिगत स्वर्ण पदक के लिए इतना इंतज़ार करना पड़ा, इन सभी सवालों के उत्तर देते हैं लंदन, रियो और टोक्यो ओलिंपिक्स।

सरकार द्वारा समय - समय पर नए - नए प्रयोग और सुधार किये गए जिससे हमारे प्रदर्शन में सुधार हो। सर्वप्रथम सुधार किया गया प्रतिभागी खिलाड़ियों की संख्या और प्रतिभाग करने वाले खेलों की संख्या में जिसका सीधा प्रभाव हमें देखने को मिला भी। 2012 लंदन ओलिंपिक्स में 13 खेलों के लिए 83 सदस्यीय दल, 2016 रियो ओलिंपिक्स में 15 खेलों के लिए 117 सदस्यीय दल और 2020 टोक्यो ओलिंपिक्स में 18 खेलों के लिए 126 सदस्यीय दल भेजे गए। प्रत्येक ओलिंपिक्स में खिलाड़ियों और खेलों की संख्या बढ़ती गई और साथ ही आगे बढ़ती गई पदक तालिका। 2012 में 6, 2016 में 2 और 2020 में 7 पदक भारत के हाथ आए। साथ ही 2020 में देश को एथलेटिक्स (ट्रैक एंड फील्ड) में पहला स्वर्ण पदक भाला फेंक खिलाड़ी नीरज चोपड़ा के रूप में मिला। इसके अतिरिक्त काम हुआ है प्रशिक्षण पर, जिस दिशा में सरकार, व्यावसायिक क्षेत्र एवं स्थानीय एन जी ओ ने काम किया है। बेहतर प्रशिक्षण के लिए व्यावसायिक क्षेत्र ने निवेश किया है, एन.जी.ओ. ने सुविधायें दी हैं और सरकार ने विदेशी प्रशिक्षकों और अन्य देशों में अभ्यास की अनुमति और सेवायें प्रदान की हैं जिससे खिलाड़ियों का अच्छा अभ्यास हो रहा है। साथ ही लोगों में खेलों के प्रति जागरूकता बढ़ी है। जिस देश में कहा जाता था, “पढ़ोगे-लिखोगे तो बनोगे नवाब, खेलोगे-कूदोगे तो बनोगे खराब”, उस देश में खेलों को जीविका के तौर पर स्वीकार करना और बच्चों को खेलों के प्रति जागरूक करना एक सकारात्मक बदलाव है। सरकार द्वारा खेलों को पढ़ाई का अभिन्न अंग बनाना एक सराहनीय कदम है, जिसके तहत समय - समय पर विद्यालयों में खेल प्रतियोगितायें आयोजित होती हैं। इनकी मदद से कम उम्र में ही बच्चों की शक्ति, हुनर और रुचि का आंकलन किया जा सकता है और उन्हें उसी के अनुसार प्रशिक्षण दिया जा सकता है। टोक्यो ओलिंपिक्स भारत का सर्वश्रेष्ठ ओलिंपिक प्रदर्शन है, जिसमें सर्वाधिक पदक, दूसरा व्यक्तिगत स्वर्ण और 40 वर्षों के लंबे अन्तराल के बाद देश हॉकी स्पर्धा में पदक जीतने में कामयाब रहा। इस सफलता का एक कारण कोविड-19 महामारी के कारण प्रतिस्पर्धा का एक वर्ष टलना भी है, जिसके चलते हमारे खिलाड़ियों को तैयारी के लिए अतिरिक्त समय मिला और वे स्वयं को सिद्ध करने में सफल हुए।

2020 टोक्यो ओलिंपिक्स के पदक विजेता		
पदक	खिलाड़ी	स्पर्धा
स्वर्ण	नीरज चोपड़ा	भाला फेंक
रजत	साईखोम मीराबाई चानू	भारोत्तोलन
	रवि दहिया	57 किग्रा भार वर्ग कुश्ती
कांस्य	पी वी सिंधु	बैडमिंटन
	लवलीना बोरगोहेन	मुक्केबाजी
	बजरंग पूनिया	65 किग्रा भार वर्ग कुश्ती
	पुरुष हॉकी दल	हॉकी



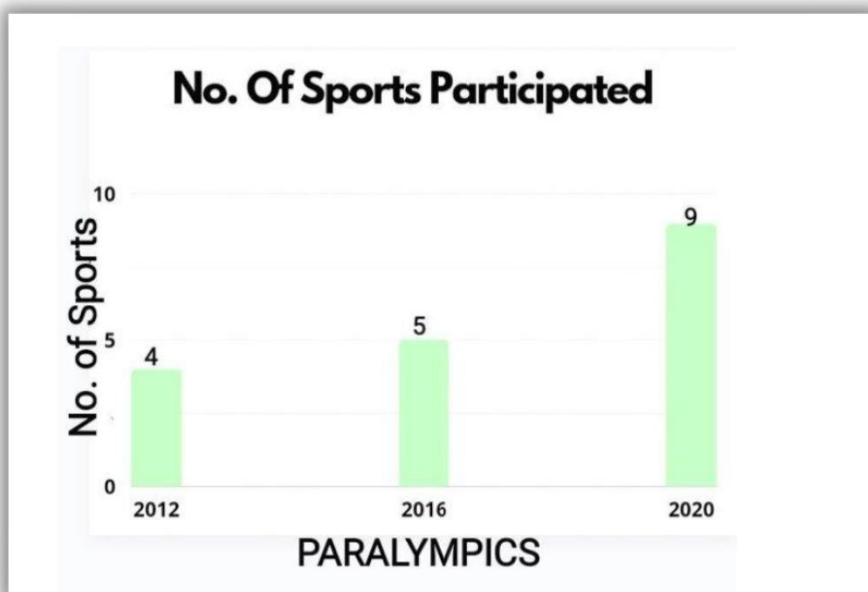
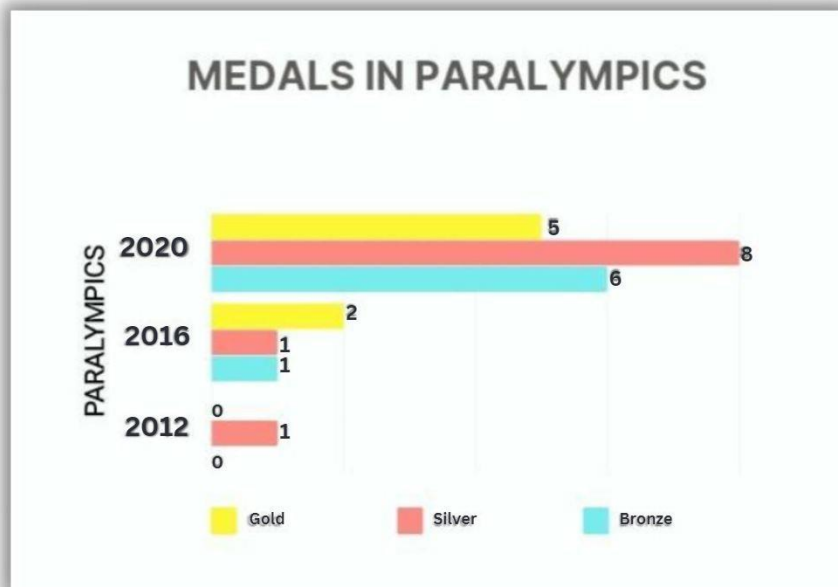
यही सुधार पैरालिंपिक्स प्रदर्शन में भी बराबर सहायक रहे और इन्हीं के बूते भारत 2020 पैरालिंपिक्स में 19 पदक जीतने में सफल रहा। देश के लिए सर्वप्रथम पैरालिंपिक पदक 1972 हीडलबर्ग खेलों में मुर्लिकान्त पेटकर ने तैराकी में स्वर्ण पदक के रूप में जीता था। 2008 पैरालिंपिक्स तक देश के पास कुल 7 पदक थे, जिसमें 2 स्वर्ण, 2 रजत और 3 कांस्य पदक शामिल थे।

2012 लंदन पैरालिंपिक्स में 4 खेलों के लिए 10 सदस्यीय दल, 2016 रियो पैरालिंपिक्स में 5 खेलों के लिए 19 सदस्यीय दल और 2020 टोक्यो पैरालिंपिक्स में 9 खेलों के लिए 54 सदस्यीय दल भेजे गए। 2012 में 1, 2016 में 4 और 2020 पैरालिंपिक्स में 19 पदक जीतकर भारतीय खिलाड़ियों ने इतिहास रच दिया और सबको बता दिया कि वे दिव्यांग हैं अपंग नहीं। यदि शारीरिक अंग की बात करें तो शायद वे अन्य लोगों से पीछे हो सकते हैं लेकिन उनके इरादे, मानसिक शक्ति, मेहनत करने की क्षमता आम लोगों के मुकाबले बहुत ज्यादा है, जिसके पासंग में पहुँचना भी बहुत कठिन है। खिलाड़ियों को तैयारी के लिए विशेष सुविधाएँ चाहिए होती हैं, विभिन्न संस्थाओं और व्यावसायिक निवेश के चलते उन सुविधाओं की पूर्ति का ही परिणाम रहे 2020 पैरालिंपिक्स जो देश के लिए सर्वश्रेष्ठ और यादगार बन गए। 2020 में ही भारत को पहली महिला पदकवीर निशानेबाज अवनि लेखरा के रूप में मिली, जिन्होंने एक स्वर्ण और एक कांस्य पदक जीतकर भारतीय खेल इतिहास में नाम दर्ज कराया।

ये खिलाड़ी हम सभी के लिए प्रेरणास्रोत भी हैं, जीवन में चाहें कितनी भी समस्याएँ आयें, लोग आपको कितने भी हीन भाव से देखें परंतु हमें रुकना नहीं है, आत्मविश्वास के साथ आगे बढ़ना है, मेहनत करनी है और अंत में सफलता का स्वाद चखना है।

2020 टोक्यो पैरालिंपिक्स में पदक विजेता		
पदक	खिलाड़ी	स्पर्धा
स्वर्ण	अवनि लेखरा	महिला 10 मीटर एयर राइफल शूटिंग
	सुमित अंतिल	भाला फेंक एफ 64
	मनीष नरवाल	पी4 मिक्सड 50 मीटर पिस्टल
	प्रमोद भगत	बेडमिंटन पुरुष एकल एस एल 3
	कृष्णा नागर	बेडमिंटन पुरुष एकल एस एच 6
रजत	भाविना पटेल	महिला एकल टेबल टेनिस क्लास 4
	निशाद कुमार	पुरुष ऊँची कूद टी47
	योगेश काथूनिया	पुरुष चक्रा फेंक एफ56
	देवेंद्र झाझरिया	पुरुष भाला फेंक एफ46
	मरियप्पन थंगावेलू	पुरुष ऊँची कूद टी63
	प्रवीण कुमार	पुरुष ऊँची कूद टी64
	सुहास यतिराज	पुरुष एकल बेडमिंटन एस एल4
	सिंघराज अधाना	पी4 मिक्सड 50 मीटर एयर पिस्टल
कांस्य	सुंदर सिंह गुर्जर	पुरुष भाला फेंक एफ46
	सिंघराज अधाना	पुरुष 10 मीटर एयर पिस्टल एस एच1
	शरद कुमार	पुरुष ऊँची कूद टी63
	अवनि लेखरा	महिला 50 मीटर एयर राइफल 3 पोजीशन एस एच 1
	हरविंदर सिंह	पुरुष एकल तीरंदाजी
	मनोज सरकार	पुरुष एकल बेडमिंटन एस एल 3

निसंदेह 2020 टोक्यो ओलिंपिक्स और पैरालिंपिक्स में देश ने सर्वश्रेष्ठ प्रदर्शन किया लेकिन इस प्रदर्शन को नियमित रखना अगला लक्ष्य है। चल रही नीतियों के साथ ही आवश्यकता है कि ग्रामीण भारत में सुविधाएँ उपलब्ध कराई जाएँ। वहाँ प्रतिभा की कमी नहीं है, कमी है बस जानकारी की और सही प्रशिक्षण की। यदि इनकी पूर्ति हो जाए तो अधिकाधिक खिलाड़ी निकल कर आयेंगे, देश का नाम रौशन करेंगे और हमें दोबारा स्वर्ण पदक के लिए लंबा इंतज़ार नहीं करना पड़ेगा।



मूक विनीत

कर जोड़ यूँ खड़े हुए, इन्द्र देव भी रो पड़े,
"मूक जुबॉ"
चौपाल लगाए बैठा है।
बिना विलम्ब आ जाना बरखा,
मालिक आस लगाए बैठा है।

हल, हलधर भाँति जोत रहा,
द्रवित हृदय से,
चौसर सम न्योत रहा।
नयनों में निद्रा नहीं, अगला-पिछला चुका नहीं,
कर्ज, काल की तरह निगल रहा।
"माटी सोना उगलेगी", नित अलख जगाए बैठा है।
बिना विलम्ब आ जाना बरखा,
मालिक आस लगाए बैठा है।

हाथ शिकन, नंगा बदन,
नव शिशु सम सहलाता है।
गलघंटी सुर में,
आहत मन बहलाता है।
करुण मूर्ति, मोम हृदय,
"सूरज भी आँख दिखाए बैठा है"।
बिना विलम्ब आ जाना बरखा,
मालिक आस लगाए बैठा है।

पाषाण चक्षु,
वर्षा से हर्ष के,
"चिर दीप जलाए बैठा है"।
बिना विलम्ब आ जाना बरखा,
मालिक आस लगाए बैठा है।
मेरा 'किसान', आस लगाए बैठा है।

नंदकिशोर अहिरवार
बी. एससी. (विशेष) रसायन विज्ञान
द्वितीय वर्ष

मिडिल क्लास कौन होता है

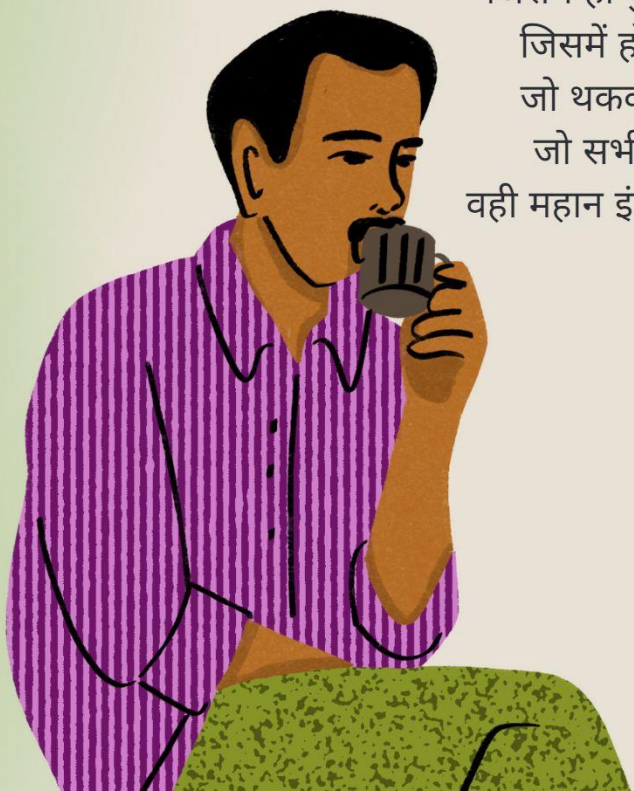
मिडिल क्लास कौन होता है?

एक परिवार का वो महान इंसान,
जो जुटाए परिवार के लिए रोटी, कपड़ा और मकान,
जो होता है परिवार की शान,
उसके लिए करता हूँ मैं जारी
मिडिल क्लास कहलाने का फ़रमान।

जो ज़िंदगी भर कमाता है,
और सारी ज़िंदगी की कमाई
बेटी की शादी में दहेज़ के रूप में दे आता है,
वही महान इंसान होता है मिडिल क्लास।

जो चले परिवार में सब को साथ लेकर,
जो रखे सब को साथ जोड़कर।
जो बने परिवार की ढाल,
जो रखे अपनी जुबान पे गीता का ज्ञान,
वही महान इंसान होता है मिडिल क्लास।

जिसमें हो कुछ कर गुजरने का जज़्बा,
जिसमें हो मेहनत करने का भाव,
जो थककर भी कभी न हो थका,
जो सभी मुश्किलों से हो भिड़ा,
वही महान इंसान होता है मिडिल क्लास।



अरुण गंगवार
बी. एससी. फिज़िकल साइंस (रसायन विज्ञान)
तृतीय वर्ष

मैंने लिखना क्यों छोड़ दिया

बड़े अरसे बाद आज कुछ अल्फाज़ अर्ज़ किए,
लोग मुझसे पूछते तूने लिखना क्यों छोड़ दिया।
क्या बताऊँ किस तरह बताऊँ उन्हें कि
जो वजह थी मेरे किस्सों की
उसने मुँह अपना हमसे मोड़ लिया।
आज फिर कहीं उसकी नज़रों से नज़रें मिल गयीं
लगा जैसे वापस इस जिस्म से किसी ने रुह निचोड़ लिया।
जहाँ सोचा था सारी यादें भुला दूँगा
आज उन्हीं यादों ने मुझे एक बार फिर तोड़ दिया।

वो खाली पन्ने और बोतल की स्याही
बार बार चिल्ला-चिल्लाकर मुझे बुलाते थे
लिखें क्या किसकी यादों में
मन में ऐसे कई प्रकार के प्रश्न से आते थे।
मोहब्बत और इश्क़ की बातें सुन
उन्हीं की यादों में हम खुद को रुका पाते थे।
फिर थोड़ी बातें कर खुदसे
यूँ ही सोचते कदम आगे बढ़ते जाते थे।

लत कुछ ऐसी लगी थी हमें उसकी
घंटों इंतज़ार किया करता था दो शब्द उसके सुनने को
कमबख्त रात भी छोटी हो गई जैसे
वक्त कम पड़ जाते थे उसकी यादों में सपने बुनने को।
देखे थे ख़ाब कुछ ऐसे निराले
कि उसके नाम संग इश्क़ में मेरा भी नाम होगा
बहरहाल किस्मत पलटी है कुछ ऐसी
बातें भी न होंगी भले कितना भी जरूरी कोई काम होगा।

धीरे धीरे बिछड़े यूँ आगे तो हम बढ़ गए
दिन, हफ्ते, महीने और साल भी बदल गए
ठोकर खाई न जाने कितनी बार
पर आखिरकार बिखरते हम भी संभल गए।

चली कुछ हवाएँ, गरजे थे कुछ बादल
बिन मौसम बरसात हो गई।
उनसे मिलाने को हमें

साथ शायद सारी कायनात हो गई।
अनजाने में ही उनसे एक बार फिर
पल दो पल की मनचली बात हो गई।
अभी मन को संभाला ही था
उनके हुस्न से फिरसे मुलाकात हो गई।

जिन यादों को छोड़ आया था कहीं दूर
उन्हे वापस कहाँ से अब लाऊँ मैं।
बेचारे इस आवारे दिल को
कैसे और क्या अब समझाऊँ मैं।
मन करता इस मायावी दुनिया से
पंछी बन दूर कहीं उड़ जाऊँ मैं।
खुद को जो कहीं खो सा दिया
अब खुद को कैसे वापस पाऊँ मैं?

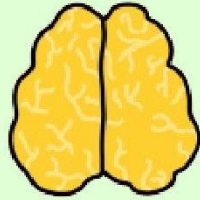
तेरे इश्क़ का अफ़ीम
मेरे रग रग को इस कदर भाया था।
आदत बन जो तू छोड़ गई थी
बड़ी मुश्किल से उसपे काबू मैंने पाया था।
न जाने क्या कमी रह गई थी जो
तुझे किस्मत ने मुझ तक वापस लाया था।
और हाँ लिखना वापस शुरू कब किया ?
अरे वक्त ने एक बार फिर से नया पाठ जो पढ़ाया था।

सानिध्य पाण्डेय
बी. एससी. (विशेष) वनस्पति विज्ञान
द्वितीय वर्ष

स्वास्थ्य



चलो करें आज फ़ायदे की बात
करें सबको आज ख़बरदार।
चलो करें आज स्वास्थ्य की बात
सुनो ज़रा सब गौर के साथ॥



स्वस्थ आहार है तो स्वस्थ परिवार
याद रखलो मेरी यह बात।
बर्गर, पिज़्ज़ा को त्यागो यार
शुरू करो अब रोटी सब्ज़ी से प्यार॥

थोड़ा सा व्यायाम करना सीखो
शरीर को तंदुरुस्त रखना सीखो।
स्वास्थ्य से करो तुम थोड़ा प्यार
तो हो जाएगी ज़िंदगी मज़ेदार॥



बुढ़ापे का सहारा है
एक स्वस्थ शरीर ही प्यारा है।
मानो मेरी यह एक बात
रखो अपना थोड़ा सा ख्याल॥

स्वस्थ शरीर तो स्वस्थ मन होगा
स्वस्थ मन तो सब चंगा होगा।
चलो करें आज खुद पर विश्वास
निभाएँगे हम स्वास्थ्य का साथ॥



राधिका गर्ग
बी. एससी. (विशेष) जंतु विज्ञान
तृतीय वर्ष

माँ भारती की व्यथा

{काव्यांजलि (साहित्य समिति, राजधानी महाविद्यालय) द्वारा गणतंत्र दिवस २०२२ के अवसर पर आयोजित कविता प्रतियोगिता "वीर गाथा" में तृतीय स्थान प्राप्त कविता}

नमस्कार!

मैं भारत हूँ, भारत माता!

हाँ, वही भारत माता जिसकी संतानें आज लड़ रही हैं।

समझ रहे हैं स्वयं को महान, क्या है इन्हें मेरी पीड़ा का आभास!

आओ, सुनाती हूँ मैं तुम्हें अपना स्वर्णिम इतिहास।

मैं वही हूँ, जिसकी धरती पर उतरा था पहला इंसान।

गवाही? गवाही देते हैं इसके ग्रंथ महान।

मेरे ही आँचल में पले थे सिंधु के आदिनगर भी,

बड़ा विकसित था उन दरो-दीवार का अतीत।

वैशाली से मैंने ही दिया विश्व को गणतंत्र का ज्ञान,

और मेरे ही मगध में पड़ी प्रथम साम्राज्य की नींव।

क्या पता भी है तुम्हें? कन्याकुमारी तक सीमित नहीं थी मैं।

गांधार से सुदूर पूर्व बाली तक था मेरी भुजाओं का विस्तार।

हाँ, मैं साक्षी हूँ!

नंदों के नाश की, अशोक के शस्त्र-त्याग की,

गुप्तों के स्वर्णकाल की, हर्ष के प्रतिकार की,

पृथ्वी की ललकार की, गुलामों के राज की,

खिल्जियों के प्रहार की, लोदियों की हार की,

प्रेम के ताज की, आलमगीर के साम्राज्य की,

और फ़िरंगियों के अत्याचार की भी मैं साक्षी हूँ!

भूल गए, मैंने ही किया संसार को ज्ञान से अभिभूत।

तक्षशिला, नालंदा, विक्रमशिला से ही उज्ज्वल हुई चारों ओर,

धर्म, दर्शन, ज्योतिष, चिकित्सा, खगोल, साहित्य आदि की जोत।

और मेरी ही गोद में पले थे कौटिल्य, वाणभट्ट, कालिदास।

मैंने अपने आँचल में पाली हैं कई विभूतियाँ

मैंने ही तो दिया जग को शून्य और दशमलव का ज्ञान।

व्याकरण में पाणिनि, तो कृषि में जीवक थे पारंगत,

और खगोल, उसमें तो आर्यभट्ट मेरे सूर्य और वाराहमिहिर चंद्रमा।

पर चरक की औषधि, सुश्रुत की चिकित्सा क्यों भूल गया संसार?

क्योंकि परायों को अपनाना है मेरी प्रवृत्ति!

मेरी शिराओं में विसरित हुए हैं कई रक्त।

फ़िरंग, मुगल, तुर्क, अरब, शक, यवन, और हूण,

और हाँ! आर्यों के बिना यह कथा कहाँ पूर्ण।

आए थे ये मेरे दर पर अपहर्ता बनकर, किंतु विधाता ने

इन्हें मेरे दामन में पाला पोसा और रचा बसा दिया।

तभी तो मेरी संस्कृति है विविधताओं से संपन्न!

और धर्म-दर्शन तो मेरे जन्मों के साथी हैं।

वेद-पुराण सुनाऊँ, उपनिषद गाऊँ या कुरान पढ़ाऊँ!

गीता भी मेरी ही वाणी, यहीं नानक ने कही गुरबाणी।

पूरब को मैंने ही दिया बोधिसत्व का ज्ञान।

और इस्लाम के लिए भी खूब उर्वर रही मेरी भूमि,

मोइनुद्दीन, निज़ामुद्दीन, अहमद रज़ा, अशरफ़ अली

ये सब थे इसी धरा के बीज।

हाँ, इतना गौरवशाली है मेरा इतिहास!

पर आज मैं दुःखी हूँ!!

है कोई मेरी व्यथा सुनने वाला?

सुनो! रंग, धर्म, पंथ, क्षेत्र, भाषा के नाम पर

मत खींचो अपनी तलवार।

अपनी विविधता को बनाओ अपनी पहचान तुम!

तभी तो अवतरित होंगे महेश, शास्त्री, आज़ाद, कलाम,

रज़िया, लक्ष्मी, सरोजिनी, हाजरा जैसे नर-नारी महान!

और पुनः मिलेगा मुझे विश्वगुरु का सम्मान!!

हाँ, मैं भारत हूँ!

वही भारत, जिसकी सुनी तुमने गाथा महान!!!

अफ़शार अजमेरी

बी. एससी. (विशेष) वनस्पति विज्ञान

प्रथम वर्ष

जो कभी

जो कभी खुले आँगन की महफ़िलों में हँसते थे,
आज अपना गम छुपाने के लिए किनारा ढूँढ़ते हैं।
जो कभी दूसरों को खुश रहने की सलाह देते थे,
आज वे खुद ही गम की बारिश में भीग रहे हैं।
जो कभी आँधी-तूफान, बरसात से जूझकर मिलने चले आते थे,
आज वे ही ना मिलने के बहाने ढूँढ़ते हैं।

जो कभी दूसरों की भलाई के लिए दुआ माँगते थे,
आज खुद के जीवन में स्वार्थपरता ढूँढ़ते हैं।
जो कभी मिल-जुलकर रहने का वादा किया करते थे,
आज वे ही खुद सरहदें बनाने के लिए तत्पर हैं।
जो अपनों के सामने अपना दिल खोलकर रख देते थे,
आज वे स्वयं से बातें करने के लिए भी वक्त की तलाश में हैं।

जो कभी विश्व प्रसिद्ध होने की चाह रखते थे,
आज वे अपनी ही नज़रो में गिर गए हैं।
बचपन में पढ़ा था कि बदलाव अच्छे होते हैं,
परंतु कुछ बदलाव ऐसे होते हैं
जो ज़िंदगी जीने की वजह छीन लेते हैं।
ना जाने क्या बदल गया
लोग, जज़्बात, या उनके हालात!

कपिल शर्मा
बी. एससी. लाइफ साइंस
प्रथम वर्ष

अधूरी ख्वाहिशें

एक हवा का झोका आया मुझे ज़िंदगी से मिलाने को...
मुझे आसमान की ऊँचाइयाँ याद दिलाने को..
मैंने ज़िंदगी का हाथ थाम चलने की कोशिश की है...
इन पंखों को पिंजरे में बंद नहीं..
इन्हें खोल आसमान में उड़ने की ख्वाहिश की है...
इस हवा के संग नहीं, इस हवा का रुख बदलने की चाहत की है...
मैंने ज़िंदगी से कुछ ख्वाहिशें की हैं।



ज्योतिका शर्मा
बी. एससी. (विशेष) कंप्यूटर साइंस
द्वितीय वर्ष

निम्नांकित संकेतों में दी गई पहेलियों के हल बताएँ

1. तीन अक्षर का मेरा नाम, उल्टा-सीधा एक समान
बताओ क्या.....

2. एक गुणी ने यह गुण कीना,
हरियल पिंजड़े में दे दीना,
देखो जादूगर का कमाल,
डालें हरा निकाले लाल
बताओ क्या

3. हरी थी मन भरी थी, लाख मोती जड़ी थी,
राजा जी के बाग में, दुशाला ओढ़े खड़ी थी
बताओ क्या.....

4. दो अक्षर का मेरा नाम, सर को ढकना मेरा काम
बताओ क्या.....

5. काला घोड़ा सफेद सवारी, एक उतरा दूसरे की बारी
बताओ क्या.....

6. एक थाल मोती से भरा,
सबके सिर पर औंधा धरा,
चारों ओर वह थाली फिरे,
मोती उससे एक न गिरे
बताओ क्या.....



अंशिका शर्मा एवं अनुभव सिंह
1. जहाज
2. पान
3. मक्का/भुई
4. तोपी
5. तवा और रोटी
6. आकाश

निम्नलिखित उपन्यास के रचयिता एवं प्रमुख पात्रों को खोजें -

- गबन
- गोदान
- निर्मला
- देवदास
- वन नाइट एट द कॉल सेंटर

मुं	शी	प्रे	म	चं	द	क	ड	ई	शा	त	द
ट	ढ	ख	व	द्र	म	ह	ल	औ	ऊ	ल	रा
ष	नि	र	ठ	मु	क्ष	श	ण	हो	री	प	धि
स	र्म	रा	ग	खी	प	र	ज्ञ	झ	वि	फा	का
य	ला	द	ब	खु	चे	त	न	भ	ग	त	सा
च	ह	घ	श	श्या	ठा	चं	भ	ती	की	थ	नि
र्थ	तो	ता	रा	म	श्र	द्र	च	मि	जा	ल	पा
स	र्ज	र्ष	म	छ	रा	च	सी	ज	ता	व	म
पा	अ	स	ना	श	ना	ट्टो	ता	य	मा	नी	व
र्व	शी	ध्रु	थ	नी	गु	पा	न	ल	ता	ख	रु
ती	ता	ज	ये	को	षा	ध्या	श	का	दी	श	ण
ध	ई	प्रि	यं	का	शू	य	ली	भ	न	ए	वी

उत्तर कुंजी :

- गबन (मुंशी प्रेमचंद) – रामनाथ, जालपा
- गोदान (मुंशी प्रेमचंद) – होरी, मातादीन
- निर्मला (मुंशी प्रेमचंद) – निर्मला, तोताराम
- देवदास (शरतचंद्र चट्टोपाध्याय) – चंद्रमुखी, पार्वती
- वन नाइट एट द कॉल सेंटर (चेतन भगत) – राधिका, ईशा, प्रियंका, वरुण, श्याम

मुं	शी	प्रे	म	चं	द	क	ड	ई	शा	त	द
ट	ढ	ख	व	द्र	म	ह	ल	औ	ऊ	ल	रा
ष	नि	र	ठ	मु	क्ष	श	ण	हो	री	प	धि
स	र्म	रा	ग	खी	प	र	झ	झ	वि	फा	का
य	ला	द	ब	खु	चे	त	न	भ	ग	त	सा
च	ह	घ	श	श्या	ठा	चं	भ	ती	की	थ	नि
र्थ	तो	ता	रा	म	श्र	द्र	च	मि	जा	ल	पा
स	र्ज	र्ष	म	छ	रा	च	सी	ज	ता	व	म
पा	अ	स	ना	श	ना	ट्टो	ता	य	मा	नी	व
र्व	शी	धु	थ	नी	गु	पा	न	ल	ता	ख	रु
ती	ता	ज	ये	को	षा	ध्या	श	का	दी	श	ण
ध	ई	प्रि	यं	का	शू	य	ली	भ	न	ए	वी

संपादकीय मंडल द्वारा अनुशंसित पुस्तकें

1. भीष्म साहनी — 'तमस'

'तमस' एक महत्वपूर्ण उपन्यास है जो देश के विभाजन से पहले की हमारी सामाजिक मानसिकता और एक अपरिहार्य परिणाम के रूप में हुए भयानक सांप्रदायिक दंगों की क्रूर और दर्दनाक कहानी को चित्रित करता है।

2. हरिशंकर परसाई -- 'पूछो परसाई से'

हरिशंकर परसाई आधुनिक हिंदी साहित्य के व्यंग्यकार थे।

'पूछो परसाई से' अपनी तरह का अनूठा साहित्य है। यद्यपि यह पुस्तक कुल व्यंग्य है, तथापि यह बहुत ज्ञानवर्धक भी है। व्यंग्य के माध्यम से आपको दुनिया, कूटनीति, राजनीति, नीतियों आदि जैसे विविध विषयों से कई सवालों के जवाब मिल जाएंगे।

3. मोहन राकेश -- 'आषाढ़ का एक दिन'

'आषाढ़ का एक दिन' पहला आधुनिक हिंदी नाटक माना जाता है। नाटक की कहानी कालिदास और उसकी प्रेमिका मल्लिका के इर्द-गिर्द घूमती है। यह नाटक उत्साहपूर्ण है और जब आप इसकी कम से कम उम्मीद करेंगे तो प्रेम की जटिलता आपको प्रभावित करेगी।

4. मन्नू भंडारी -- 'आपका बंटी'

यह कहानी है 9 साल के बंटी की। वह अपने माता-पिता के तलाक से निपट रहा है। पुस्तक इस बात का मार्मिक विवरण देती है कि कैसे एक छोटा बच्चा अपने सीमित विश्वदृष्टि से इन बाधाओं से लड़ता है।

5. फणीश्वर नाथ 'रेणु' -- 'मैला आँचल'

'मैला आँचल' हिंदी साहित्य के सबसे महत्वपूर्ण उपन्यासों में से एक है। यह हिंदी में आंचलिक उपन्यास (क्षेत्रीय उपन्यास) के सबसे महान उदाहरणों में से एक है।

यह एक युवा डॉक्टर की कहानी है जो अपनी शिक्षा पूरी करने के बाद एक पिछड़े गाँव को अपने कार्यक्षेत्र के रूप में चुनता है। यहाँ उन्हें ग्रामीण जीवन के पिछड़ेपन, दुख, अज्ञानता और अंधविश्वास का सामना करना पड़ता है। कहानी का अंत इस आशापूर्ण संकेत के साथ होता है कि ग्राम-चेतना जागृत हो गई है।

एक भारतीय बच्चे की कहानी उसकी जुबानी

(वास्तविक घटना पर आधारित)

चलना भी ना सीखा था अभी,
पीठ पीछे बैग लगा दिया।
बच्चे से क्या पूछना भाई,
सीधे इंजीनियर डॉक्टर का टैग लगा दिया।
मजबूरी से शुरू की थी इस रास्ते पर चढ़ाई
अब झेलना पड़ रहा है।
सबकी उम्मीदों को पूरा करने की खातिर,
ना जाने कितना पापड़ बेलना पड़ रहा है।



अब तो आ ही गई थी ज़िम्मेदारी,
कि कहीं पापा का सपना ना टूट जाए।
कदम जो बढ़ा दिए, तो रुकना कहाँ,
भले खुद की खुशियाँ पीछे छूट जायें।
ज़िंदगी में भी अब खुलकर मुसीबतें आने लगी हैं,
अल्लाह से खुशियाँ माँगीं,
उन्होंने भी चुनौतियाँ देना शुरू कर दिया है।

सेल को भी नैनोमीटर से पिक्टोमीटर तक नाप लिया,
डाइसेक्शन करते वक़्त अपना हाथ भी काट लिया,
किस-किस साइंटिस्ट की किससे हुई लड़ाई,
इंसानों के वजूद की भी हमने कर ली पढ़ाई,
फ़िज़िक्स ने तो सामने ना जाने कैसा इल्यूज़न डाला,
कंसंट्रेटेड H_2SO_4 ने तो सारा बचपन ही जला डाला।
इनॉर्गेनिक केमिस्ट्री जैसी किसी चीज़ से भी पड़ा था पाला,
थ्योरी से ज़्यादा जपते रहते थे एक्सेपशंस की माला।



सफ़र तो अभी भी चल रहा है,
ढूँढते हुए अपनी मंज़िल सही,
कभी उस मुक़ाम पे भी होंगे,
जो अपना इंतज़ार कर रही कहीं।

खेलोगे कूदोगे तो पढ़ोगे कब?
अभी भी बच्चे हो, बढ़ोगे कब?
खुद कुछ कर किसी क़ाबिल बनोगे कब?
नाम हमारा रौशन करोगे कब?
सुनते सुनते ये सवाल,
ना जाने कैसे बीत गए स्कूल के बारह साल।
12th के रिज़ल्ट की भी आ गई घड़ी,
और 95% ना आया तो
पिताजी सामने खड़े हो गए लेकर छड़ी।
पर अब ज़्यादा हो गए थे बड़े सो मार भी ना पड़ी।

सानिध्य पाण्डेय
बी. एससी. (विशेष) वनस्पति विज्ञान
द्वितीय वर्ष

साहित्य का क़त्ल



कॉलेज मैगज़ीन, 'इन्साइट', का संपादन कार्य करते हुए मिली एक कविता ने मुझे यह लेख लिखने पर विवश कर दिया। मुझे उस कविता को पढ़कर बड़ा दुःख हुआ। आजकल भारत के हिंदी भाषी अभिजात एवं मध्यम वर्ग के लोगों में बड़ी तीव्रता से एक भाषायी परिवर्तन आ रहा है। उसे आज के समाज ने हिंग्लिश का नाम दिया है जिसे आज के समाज में आधुनिकता के नाम पर काफ़ी प्रोत्साहन मिल रहा है और मुझे इसमें कोई विशेष बुराई लगती भी नहीं, किंतु तब तक जब तक कि यह एक बोली तक सीमित रहती। दुविधा यह है कि आज तथाकथित हिंग्लिश धीरे धीरे भाषा के रूप में विकसित होती जा रही है। हालांकि जब दो भिन्न भाषाओं वाले समाज संपर्क में आते हैं तो उनके मेल से नई भाषाओं का विकास होना स्वाभाविक है। हिंदी और उर्दू जैसी भाषायें इसी प्रक्रिया का परिणाम हैं। लेकिन हिंग्लिश का विकास मेरे मन में हिंदी के प्रति असुरक्षा की भावना को जन्म दे रहा है। कहीं ऐसा न हो कि धीरे धीरे साहित्य रचना में हिंग्लिश का उपयोग बढ़ता ही जाए। हालांकि वास्तविक समस्या हिंग्लिश का विकास नहीं है। समस्या तो यह है कि इसे हिंदी का नाम दिया जा रहा है और हिंदी समझा जा रहा है। यदि ऐसा होता रहा तो आने वाले समय में हिंदी साहित्य हिंग्लिश की किताबों में अपना अस्तित्व ढूंढती नज़र आएगी। लोग हिंग्लिश को हिंदी समझ कर पढ़ते रहेंगे, जबकि हिंदी कब की विलुप्त हो चुकी होगी। मैगज़ीन में प्रकाशित करने हेतु प्राप्त कई हिंदी रचनाओं में अनावश्यक ही अंग्रेज़ी शब्दों का उपयोग हुआ है। कुछ जगहों पर तो यह सीमा से अधिक है। अफ़सोस यह है कि रचनाकारों के पास वहाँ पर उपयोग करने के लिए हिंदी शब्द ही नहीं थे, या फिर थे किंतु हम उन शब्दों से परिचित नहीं थे, या परिचित होने के बावजूद उनका उपयोग करना हमें अनुचित या अनावश्यक लगा। एकाध अंग्रेज़ी शब्दों का किसी हिंदी साहित्य में उपयोग स्वाभाविक है, किंतु इतना उपयोग कि उसे हिंदी साहित्य कहने में ही संकोच हो, मेरी नज़र में यह साहित्य का क़त्ल ही है।



अफ़शार अजमेरी
बी. एससी. (विशेष) वनस्पति विज्ञान
प्रथम वर्ष



निलेश की कलम से



सज सँवर के आकर, हमारी कैफ़ियत पूछती हो,
खुद अदाओं से मारकर, हमारी खैरियत पूछती हो!

भरी मेहफ़िल में सूट सलवार पहनकर आती हो,
जलवों से हमें लूटके, हमारी हैसियत पूछती हो!

नज़रें ऊँची नज़रें नीची नज़रें तीखी नज़रें तिरछी,
नज़रों से नज़रें लड़ाकर, हमारी नियत पूछती हो!

इन अदाओं से काकुलें झटक कर पीछे करती हो,
दिल की ज़मीन लूटकर, हमारी मिल्कियत पूछती हो!

सबको पता है यहाँ कि जान से बढ़कर हो तुम मेरी,
एक तुम हो कि हमसे, तुम्हारी अहमियत पूछती हो!

यूँ ही नहीं हर घड़ी में मुस्कुराते हैं हम
बहुत से गम हैं जिन्हें छुपाते हैं हम

मेरे घर में आईने नहीं हैं जान
तेरी तस्वीरों के संग वक़्त गुज़ारते हैं हम

दोस्त मुझे आवारा कहने लगे हैं
तेरा नशा अब शराब से जो उतारते हैं हम

कहा था, ना छोड़ना, चूमना मुझे
अब सिगरेट से इन होठों को जलाते हैं हम

वैसे तो गुज़रा हूँ कई “गुलाबों” से
पर तेरी खुशबू भूल नहीं पाते हैं हम

न हुआ न होगा इश्क किसी जान पहचान से
नज़रें अक्सर जा मिलती हैं नज़र-ए-अंजान से

मर्ज़ ऐसा, कि दवा मिलती न किसी दुकान से
तबियत सुधरती तो बस उसकी एक मुस्कान से

मोहब्बत तो एक खेल है जुए का इस शहर में
दूर रहें वो लोग जिन्हें डर है घाटे नुकसान से

हम यूँ तो नहीं रोते उसकी जुदाई में, मगर
हम रो लेते हैं जब आँसू गिरते हैं आसमान से

ये दरिया इश्क का बड़ा गहरा है "नील" संभल के
डूब जाती हैं बड़ी कश्तियाँ यहाँ छोटे तूफ़ान से।

पर्दा ये हटा तो नहीं, कोई रंजिश है क्या ?
जानिब जानिब देखा, इस जानिब खलिश है क्या?

जाड़े से जान यूँ निकली जाती है मेरी
बाँहों में तेरे सुकून-ए-दिल और तपिश है क्या?

आँखों से कई बार इज़हार किया है मैंने
ऐ, निगाह-ए-यार, इक्रार की ख्वाहिश है क्या ?

ये जो जवाब मेरे तुम देते हो देर से
मेरी जान लेने की ये कोई साज़िश है क्या?

सितम पर सितम करते हो हम पर
सितमगर अपने सितम पर नाज़िश है क्या?

देख कर बताओ मौसम अपने शहर का
मैं रो रहा हूँ यहाँ, मौसम-ऐ-बारिश है क्या?

निलेश पांडे
बी. एससी. (विशेष) कंप्यूटर साइंस
द्वितीय वर्ष





भ्रष्टाचार

गरीबी, बेरोज़गारी, भुखमरी से लाचार
देश रहा मर, जनता करे हाहाकार।
घूस, धोखा, चालबाज़ी का प्रचार,
नेता कर रहे मौज, गरीब है बीमार।
शराफत, सिधार्ई, इंसानियत पर प्रहार
जेब में हो रुपया तो निकालो और काम कराओ यार।
धर्म, कथा, पूजा है सबमें लूटमार,
इधर से निकलो तो उधर पिसोगे!
सलाम साहब थानेदार।

कुर्सी, पावर, सत्ता के चंगुल में गिरफ़्तार
बलात्कार की फ़ाइल दब गई, था न्याय का इंतज़ार।
न्यायालय, कार्यपालिका सब सत्ता के गुलामगार
आम आदमी पिसता, करता व्यर्थ दया की पुकार।

नेता का बेटा, आईपीएस का लाल, हज़ूर का लौंडा, सब हैं मालदार
खतरे में बेटी गरीब की, बस अब उठाओ हथियार।
राशन की दुकान, हलवाई का पकवान, बीमा के फायदे, हर जगह मारामार
पैसे लाओ, मिठाई थमाओ, रोकड़ा निकालो, नहीं तो न कोई जीवन की दरकार।

भ्रष्टाचार, भ्रष्टाचार, भ्रष्टाचार, हर बार भ्रष्टाचार

खाना, दवाई, हवा, सब में मिलावट का बुखार,
महामारी है फैली, नहीं होगा मुफ्त इलाज़।
वुहान से निकाला 'फ्री', अब जनता के पैसे पर है वार।
ज़िंदा रहना है मुश्किल क्योंकि लंबी है कतार
लोग निकल कर आगे हैं बढ़ते खुद, क्यों हैं शर्मसार?
जानें कैसे हैं ये लूटते, खसोटते करते भ्रष्टाचार
नेता जी का काला रुपया है और जनता है जेबमार।

भ्रष्टाचार, भ्रष्टाचार, भ्रष्टाचार, हर बार भ्रष्टाचार।



अभिषेक कुमार प्रजापति
बी. एससी. फिज़िकल साइंस (इलेक्ट्रॉनिक्स)
प्रथम वर्ष

चलो, चलता हूँ

इन्हीं किताबों की खुशबू में मेरा मेहबूब बसता है,
ढूँढ़ता हूँ उसे हर रोज़ जो इन अर्थों में रहता है,
मेरी नाकामियों पर नजाने क्यों वो खूब हँसता है।

“हर इश्क़ को अपना मुकम्मल आशिक़ नहीं मिलता”,
उसने कहा, बस इतना समझ लो तुम अब, कि
“किताबों को भी उनके हक़ का माशूक नहीं मिलता”।

चलो, अब हम भी चलते हैं, किसी किरदार पे दिल गँवाने को,
सुना है कि इस ओर बर्बादी थोड़ी कम हुआ करती है।

चलो, चलता हूँ अब, फिर किसी को वहीं पर तलाशने को;
चलो, चलता हूँ मैं

तनीषा शर्मा

बी. एससी. (विशेष) कंप्यूटर साइंस
द्वितीय वर्ष

तुम मेरे साथ होते

खो गई हूँ मैं
इस भीड़ भरी दुनिया में
ना कोई सहारा ना कोई मंज़िल
बस दौड़ रही हूँ
जाने किस चाहत में।
एक साथ होता तो जाने क्या बात होती
जिंदगी से कुछ हसीन मुलाक़त होती।
वो साथ कुछ प्यारा होता
मेरे हाथों में हाथ तुम्हारा होता
कुछ दूर चलने के वादे होते
इस अंधेरी रात में हम अकेले ना होते
अगर तुम मेरे साथ होते ॥

ज्योतिका शर्मा

बी. एससी. (विशेष) कंप्यूटर साइंस
द्वितीय वर्ष





रात के मुसाफ़िर

अंधेरी रातों में एक कशिश अजब-सी होती है
दिन तो अक्सर होता है, पर रात ग़ज़ब की होती है

यूँ तो उगता सूरज हर रोज़ मंज़िल तक रस्ता दिखलाता है
पर रातों को तय किये सफ़र की बात अलग-सी होती है

यूँ तो रोशनी में कई राह के साथी अक्सर मिला करते हैं
पर अंधेरी रातों में असल साथी की पहचान हमेशा होती है

दिन में तो अक्सर मुझे मददगार मिल ही जाते हैं
पर रातों को असल ज़िंदगी रूबरू मुझसे होती है

दिन में जिनके चेहरों पर नेकी के नक्काब चढ़े होते हैं
रात ही तो उनके असली चेहरों को बयां हमेशा करती है

रात ही तो है जो अजनबियों को अपना बना देती है
फिर उन्हें पराया करने में चालाकी दिन की होती है

कैसे करें भरोसा दिन पर जहाँ झूठ-फ़रेब सब चलते हैं
ये रात ही तो है जिसको सबके सारे राज़ पता होते हैं

कुशल शर्मा
बी. एससी. (विशेष) भौतिक विज्ञान
तृतीय वर्ष

हौसला

चल उड़ जा 'ओ पंछी',
आसमाँ स्वच्छंद है।
खोल उन परो को, जो
पिंजरे में बंद हैं।
विश्वास ने नींव रखी,
तेरा हौसला बुलंद है।
तेरा हौसला बुलंद है।

परवाह नहीं कुछ तानों की,
भूख नहीं कुछ दानों की,
जिंदा हूँ, खुद में ही मैं,
राख नहीं शमशानों की,
शिखर प्रतीक्षा कर रहा,
माटी की सौगंध है,
तेरा हौसला बुलंद है।



हरसू है फैला स्याह यहाँ,
तुम्हें दीपक सम जलना है।
क्षणभर को विश्राम नहीं,
तूफानों में चलना है।
कदम निरंतर बढ़ा रहे,
बिगुल जीत का बजाना है।
'जग जो तुमसे ग्रहण करे',
उस लक्ष्य पर निबंध है।
तेरा हौसला बुलंद है।

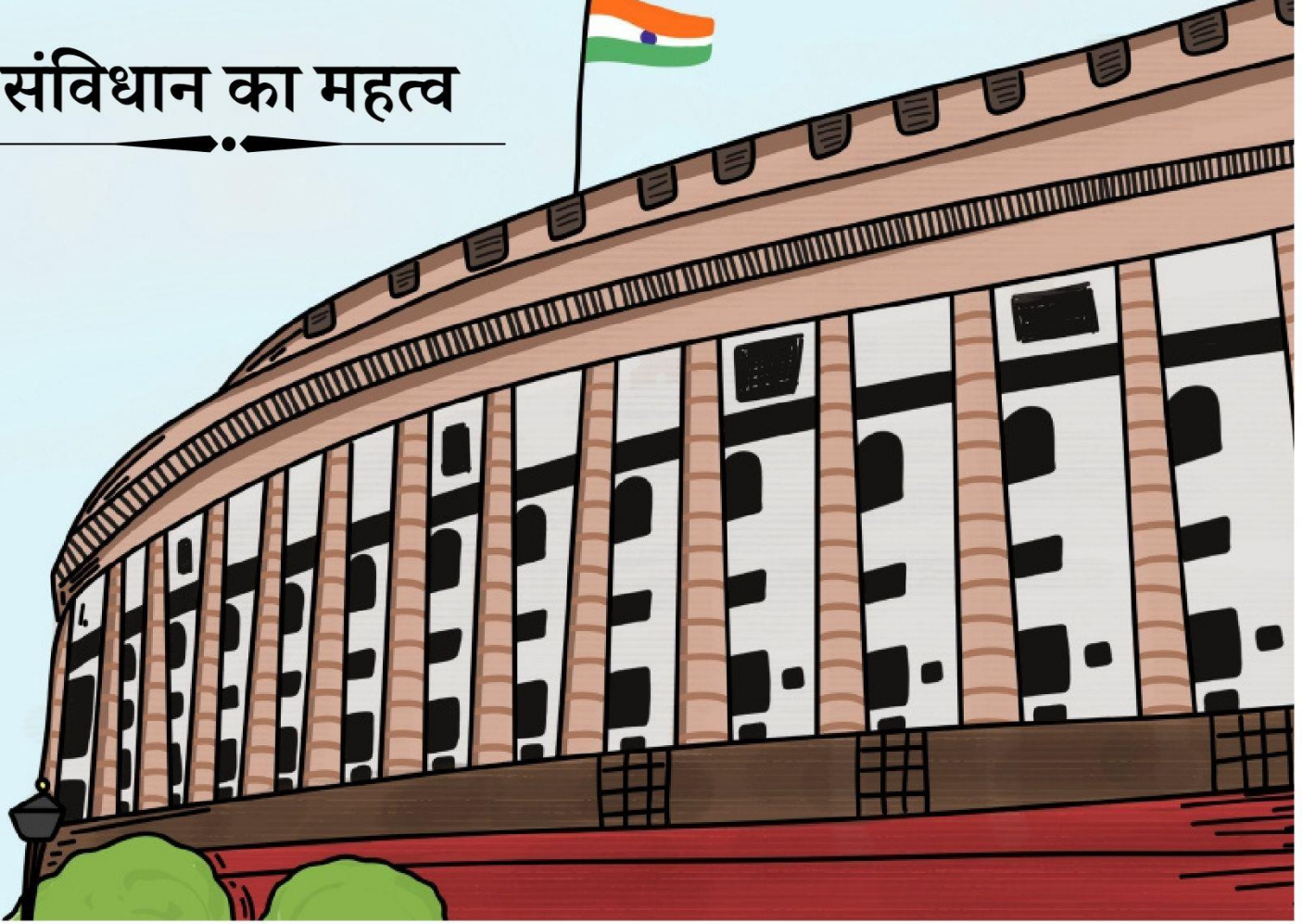


बेड़ियाँ जो गले पड़ीं,
शमशीर वहीं बन जाएँगी।
ध्वज लहरेगा, विश्व पटल पर
हुंकार भर तो सही,
दुनिया भी झुक जाएगी।
लक्ष्य समीक्षा कर देगा,
यदि वक्रत का पाबंद है।
तेरा हौसला बुलंद है
तेरा हौसला बुलंद है।



नंदकिशोर अहिरवार
बी. एससी. (विशेष) रसायन विज्ञान
द्वितीय वर्ष

संविधान का महत्व



{‘तर्क’ (वाद-विवाद समिति, आचार्य नरेंद्र देव कॉलेज) द्वारा गणतंत्र दिवस 2022 के अवसर पर आयोजित कविता प्रतियोगिता में प्रथम स्थान प्राप्त कविता।}

आज फिर आज़ादी की लहर उठेगी
तिरंगा लहराया जाएगा
फिर वही तिरंगा अगले दिन सड़कों पे पाया जाएगा।

एक दिन का वतन प्रेम सब में दिखलाया जाएगा
सबका स्टेटस सिर्फ जय हिंद के ही नारे गाएगा।

कहने को तो हिंदू-मुस्लिम-सिख-ईसाई आपस में सब भाई-भाई
फिर इन्हीं मज़हब की जंग में कितने ही लोगों ने अपनी जानें गँवाई हैं
इन्हीं दंगों को सियासी मुद्दा बनाया जाएगा
एक कागज़ पर लिखी समानता का महत्व कोई जान नहीं पाएगा।

केसरी रंग साहस का प्रतीक कहलाता
जो हर जवान में समाया है
अपने सीने गोली खाई लेकिन तिरंगा झुकने न पाया है।



नेता

आजकल के नेता
हो चुके हैं भ्रष्ट
लोगों को परेशान करने के बाद भी
रहते हैं ये मस्त।

बेईमानी तो इनके
रग-रग में बहती है परंतु,
दया जैसे इंसानी गुणों से
दूर रहते हैं ये जंतु।

खून चूसने की नीति पर
अपनी दुकान चलाते हैं,
बिना रिश्तों कोई काम करना
बड़ा जुर्म जानते हैं।

बड़े वादे करने में तो
इन्हें स्वर्ण पदक हासिल है, परंतु,
पूरा करने में हर एक नेता
बिल्कुल नाकाबिल है।

चुनाव से पहले तो
मक्खी से भिनभिनाते रहते हैं,
जाने क्यों चुनाव के बाद
डायनासोर से विलुप्त हो जाते हैं।

दूसरों की खुशी में शरीक
तो बड़ी शान से होते हैं पर,
किसी शहीद की मदद के नाम पर
उड़ जाते इनके तोते हैं।

झूठे वादे करते करते तो
पांच साल निकाल देते हैं
और फिर चुनाव के समय पर
वोट की भीख मांगते फिरते हैं।

दूसरों पर इल्जाम लगाने में
तो सबसे आगे रहते हैं और
जब खुद की बारी आती है तो
कहीं दूर उठ जाते हैं।

रक्ती भर तो शर्म करो
ऐ देश के सौदागरों,
तुम भी उसी देश के वासी हो
जिसे तुम नोच खा रहे हो।

तुषार पाण्डेय
बी. एससी. (विशेष) जंतु विज्ञान
प्रथम वर्ष

आँगन



अजीब मायूसी है चेहरे पर मेरे,
कोई समझे तो जाने कि वज़ह क्या है,
जाने कुछ छूट रहा था,
अपना आँगन अब मुझसे दूर जा रहा था।

समझ सके कोई दिल का हाल तो बताऊँ,
अपने मन ही मन में मैं रोए जा रहा हूँ,
ना जाने कितनी यादों का हिस्सा हूँ,
मेरे घर का आँगन मुझसे अब यह कह रहा था।

हालात कुछ यूँ बदल रहे थे वक्त के साथ,
माँ का दुलार, पापा की डाँट वाले जज़्बात,
अब कहीं दूर जाने वाला था अपनों का साथ,
अब कोसों-दूर, अपने आँगन से दूर जाने का इरादा न था।

वक्त की माँग है कि तुझसे जुदा हो जाऊँ,
अब क्या मुझे याद करोगी तुम,
बस यही सवाल मुझसे तू पूछता है,
कैसे बताऊँ मेरे आँगन, मुझे इश्क़ तुझसे इंतहा है।

जब होगा लक्ष्य पूरा, लौट आऊँगा मैं,
कितना भी दूर रहूँ, सदैव दिल में रहेगा आँगन,
खूब मस्ती बदल जायेगी जिम्मेदारी में,
जब तपस्या करके लौट आऊँगा आँगन में।

अभिषेक कुमार प्रजापति
बी. एससी. फिज़िकल साइंस (इलेक्ट्रॉनिक्स)
प्रथम वर्ष

SHE

**When in dilemma,
As a sister, she advised.**

**For each and every need,
As a mother, she sacrificed.**

**To make one a complete human,
As a friend, she disguised.**

**Whenever hurt, she took a stand,
Leaving the world surprised.**

**Yet, unfortunately, how pathetic
the world is,
She is still criticized.**



**Yashvardhan Singh
B. Sc. Physical Science (Electronics)
I Year**

IRONY

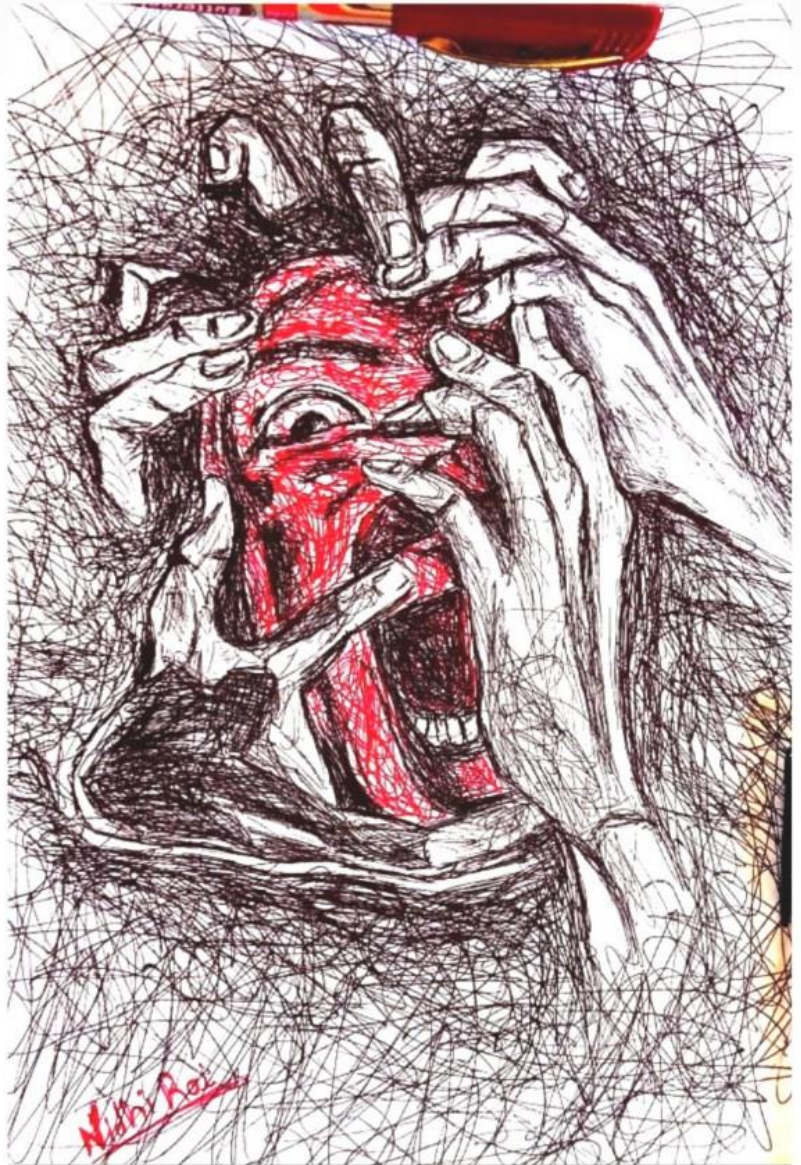
Your freedom is mine
Mine is always mine
I am your strength
You are only mine.

All those seven promises, you
have to follow
If I make any mistake, you have to
forgive.

You are the ocean, don't change
yourself
But if the need arises, try to
manage yourself.

I provide you shelter
Decorate it like heaven
Stay with me for the rest of your
life.

I can't promise the same
If I have to go away
That will not be my fault
Because I am a boy...



Yashi Choudhary
B. Sc. (H) Computer Science
II Year

IN MEMORY OF...

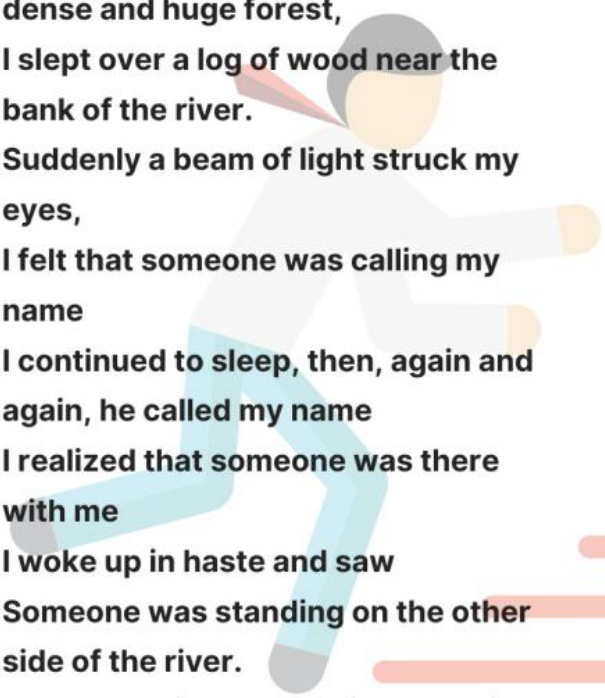
The feeling left my body,
With your soul, I tried waking up,
But this doesn't feel like a dream,
I know there is no way,
That will bring you back,
The waterfall of memories,
Drowning me with these tears,
The moon doesn't seem smiling
anymore,
But I'm trying to burn myself in
the sunlight,
I wish I could wake up again,
With you being still alive in my
life.



Anjali Bhadana
B. Sc. (H) Biomedical Science
III Year



ONCE UPON A TIME



Once upon a time,
There was a moonlit night with lots
of stars twinkling in the sky,
There was a river flowing in the
dense and huge forest,
I slept over a log of wood near the
bank of the river.
Suddenly a beam of light struck my
eyes,
I felt that someone was calling my
name
I continued to sleep, then, again and
again, he called my name
I realized that someone was there
with me
I woke up in haste and saw
Someone was standing on the other
side of the river.
I knew who it was, but I ignored him
with the greatest ignorance,
Then he started going into the dark
and dense forest,
I crossed the river and followed him
I called him several times but he
didn't listen to a single word.

He continued to go deep into the
forest,
I followed him, I called him, I cried, I
begged to stop and listen to me. But
he never stopped, as he went,
The night turned darker and darker
like charcoal
I ran and rolled down the hills and
ran after him but he neither listened
to me nor stopped.
After sometime, he disappeared in
the fog of the forest,
Disappointment and lost hope were
enough to freeze my next steps
I stopped but it still moved at its own
pace
As the enigma of the forest is
'Once you leave a place
You will never get a chance to
Return to that place.'
So I can't go back.

He is 'TIME' who waits for none.

Kapil Sharma
B. Sc. Life Sciences
I Year



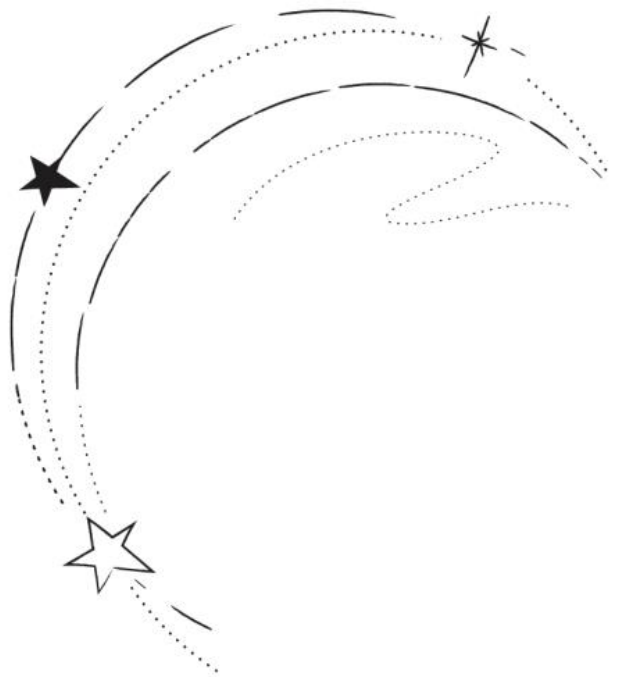
SHOOTING STAR

The sky feels like a glittery curtain,
The patterns in which are uncertain.
The stars are shimmering with all their power,
Blessing the land with a tempting light
shower.

From this firm curtain, a single glitter just fell.
It looks like in an ocean a wave is moving a
shell.
They said, "It's God's gift to fulfil the wishes."
Can this heal me and pull out these scars of
stitches?

"You are mature now and this is insane,
These prayers, hopes and wishes are nothing
but in vain."
I heard them talking, back in school.
But if I make a wish, will they call me a fool?

Still, I want a chance to escape reality,
I want liberation from this cycle of mortality.
My soul will join the curtain and become one.
Then it will fall as a shooting star for
someone.



Ankita Priyadarshani
B. Sc. (H) Chemistry
II Year



RUNNING QUESTION MARKS

I don't believe,
That life is a race,
These are just the running
question marks around us,
That make it seem fast,
And also force us to find the
answers,
But there is no answer,
Only small moments to live,
Even one breath would feel like
a lifetime,
If we breathe it at full stop.



Anjali Bhadana
B. Sc. (H) Biomedical Science
III Year



THE ONLY ONE

No matter what the situation is
Only you and you
With me in my worst.
Being a girl, I was broken
Since the day I was born
You gave me wings to fly in this fake world.
No one here cares about my feelings.
For everyone I'm just a pretty face
Only you and you, saw my heart
And said it's like a baby's heart...

Yashi Choudhary
B. Sc. (H) Computer Science
II Year

REMINISCENCE

"Grandma, is it you in the picture?", Azalea, my granddaughter, asked, pointing at the girl in the album. She was 18 years old and had come to visit us along with her twin brother since it was their winter holidays and Christmas was round the corner. It was a cold winter night, and we were sitting in the living room, basking in the warmth provided by the fire. After dinner, Lea had insisted on looking through the family album while her twin brother, Azriel, challenged his grandfather in a game of chess.

Looking at the picture she was pointing at, I met the chocolate brown eyes of the girl, who seemed to be walking down the aisle and appeared to be looking longingly at someone. Smiling wistfully, I recalled that day vividly. The picture brought back memories of the past decades. I still remember the conflict within me while I walked down the aisle in the Cathedral. Well-wishers gathered around with million-dollar smiles, and someone sang "Beautiful in white" by Shane Filan. Looking up, I saw him, all smiles and adoration on his charming face, tears of joy brimming in those ocean blue eyes, which had gotten me the first time I met him, and since that first meeting, he became my crush and perhaps something more than that.

"Is it the picture where she is wearing the lavender gown, walking down the aisle, Lea dear?" asked Xavier, my husband, without looking up from the board of chess. Both Xavier and Azriel were concentrating on the game, and by the constant tapping of Azriel's left foot, it was clear that he was losing.

"Yes, Pops, that's the one", replied Lea.

"Doesn't she look like an angel?", he smiled, "I couldn't help myself but capture that moment."

As Lea commented on how sweet her Grandpa is and Azriel remarked how cheesy he is, I relived the feeling of seeing my crush getting married to my best friend. To top it all, I was the bridesmaid for her, and it broke my heart to walk down that aisle on that day.

was brought back from the memory lane when Lea said, "So Nanna, how did Grandpa and you meet?" Her eyes were twinkling with curiosity. From across the room, Xavier's eyes met mine, briefly. Turning to my granddaughter, I smiled, "Well, that's a long story, my dear."

"And we have a long winter break!" exclaimed Azriel, his chess game long forgotten...

R Eloni Koren
B. Sc. (H) Biomedical Science
III Year

NUTRITION AND OUR ANCIENT WISDOM

The concept of nutrition is not new to us. It has its roots in ancient times. Earlier, people were aware about the importance of nutrition even without formal education.

This trait has been scripted in all the acts. People used to offer grains to workers in exchange for work; this ensured that every section of the society had enough to feed themselves. People were also aware of the importance of variety in food. They used to have multigrain flour, flour of soyabean, maize, barley, corn and wheat in their meals which is now scientifically proven to be healthier than wheat flour. Fresh flour and vegetables were consumed to exploit their full nutritive qualities.

Meals were planned according to the season and physical requirements. A child is given its first meal in the form of a liquid at about five months followed by a solid meal eventually. At postpartum, a woman is given different nutritious meals to support recovery and health. All these trends have been followed since ages thus, adding to the fact that our ancient wisdom was superior with valid points. That's why we still practice these norms.

We should cherish this ancient wisdom and take it ahead in terms of nutrition and health.

Anshika Sharma
B. Sc. (H) Zoology
I Year

WE MAY BE LIVING IN A SPACE OPERA UNIVERSE ...WITHOUT KNOWING

Yes, absolutely! We are living in a space opera universe but we are very unlucky that we have not realized it yet. Space opera is a subgenre of science fiction that emphasizes science fictional space warfare, with the use of melodramatic, risk-taking space adventures and chivalric romance. We have been living on a planet called Earth for several years. We did not explore this universe much but we are trying our best.

I will tell you something about our universe (i.e. space opera universe). It is made up of trillions of superclusters in which there is a small cluster called VIRGO; a cluster is made up of several galaxies in which there is a galaxy called MILKY WAY; a galaxy is made up of several solar systems, among which there is our solar system which has eight planets and a star called the Sun. Among these eight planets, there is a planet called EARTH where we are living. That's the creativity and the depth of the universe. Many people on Earth went far away with this creativity. As I mentioned earlier, all this happened because we did not realize that we are living in a space-opera universe. Realization is a must.

Our universe is always expanding. Our scientists are always searching for alien worlds. All these steps are the result of always being curious to know about other planets, and we are ready to explore. Sometimes we succeed, but sometimes failure is destined.

Wireless communication systems are working in space. We know that everything has some cons. Some of these steps are increasing space garbage. Some people think that meteoroids and asteroids are also space garbage but they are not. They are the final products of the death of a planet or a star; and they may end up being reduced to fine particles after colliding with each other.

For the welfare of us and our planet, we have to realize that we live in a space opera universe. We have to be aware of the real state of our universe. Although at this time we think that only we are living, and assume ourselves to be superior amongst all living organisms on this planet. And since we do not know whether life exists on another planet or in another galaxy or cluster, we can assume that only we are living in this space opera universe and only we are responsible for every action. That means, we are the sole important members of our universe.

But the main requirement for the space opera universe is **respect and love** for our universe. **Exploring** new things is not necessary. We have to be friendly with our universe. We have to respect our space opera universe. By respecting the universe, I mean respecting each element of it, whether it is a **star, planet, meteor or an asteroid**. Alien world romance is the made-up element for the space opera universe. But if we respect and give our everything to this alien world, it will become the perfect proof that we are living in a space opera universe. But acceptance is needed in our minds: by exploring our universe, by studying, reading and drawing. Using Space Encyclopaedias and books or by locating several compositions of space, by loving celestial bodies, by respecting the alien world, by knowing about the origin of the Earth and space garbage and stopping the space military wars. Please realize that we are living in a space opera universe, otherwise it will be too late.

Depth of the universe is infinity.
Explore it with full curiosity.
Do not harm it with naivety.
Take care of it with responsibility.

Mohd. Afham
B. Sc. (H) Botany
II Year

IMPORTANCE OF TIME

Time, the beautiful gift of nature, is very precious. It is priceless and free. It is not partial, which means it is the same for the rich and the poor. Each one of us has 24 hours in a day, some spend their time on useless stuff while others utilize it. Utilize it and see, it will help you gain progress in your life. You should use it wisely because your life depends on it. After all, every second can make your life easy or change it for the worse. Don't say "no" to utilizing it next time, i.e., don't waste your time because you might miss a golden opportunity one day. Give your time as a gift to someone because it is one of the most precious gifts for anyone. It can heal, encourage, inspire and bring joy to you as well as the receiver. If you lose it, you will cry at the end. This is one bitter lesson that time teaches everyone. It's your own time, hence, don't waste it. Take good care of it today then, it will take good care of you tomorrow.

Mohd. Afham
B. Sc. (H) Botany
II Year

VIRTUAL TREAT VS GROUND GALA

**Aryama Priya,
Member, Students' Editorial Board**

The era of the pandemic introduced us to a "new normal", the new normal of being restricted to our homes, constantly looking out for flu-like symptoms and disinfecting everything every now and then, so much so that we seem to have forgotten most of the past habits. As our lives switch back to the "old normal", more often than not, we tend to go down memory lane, reminiscing the good and bad parts of the days of the lockdown.

One of those is organising and attending virtual fests. Sitting in front of our screens all day long had its own ups and downs. While it brought to us the comfort of working from home, and sleeping through classes and endless meetings, it was also accompanied by the constant boredom because we couldn't step out. As we crawled back to our normal college lives, we've all tried our very best to compensate for the one year of fun that we lost to the Pandemic; attending and organising every possible fest we could, because we had realised just how valuable the experience is.

This got the Students' Editorial Board curious and we set out to explore different opinions about online and offline fests.

While talking to the coordinators for different fests, we came across some varying opinions and a lot of common ones like the relentless network issues and audio lags. Many of us still hear "Am I audible?" in our nightmares about the meetings we attended, right?

Fests are all about excitement and zest. This wow factor is almost impossible to replicate in the virtual mode. It deprives the attendees of the chance of getting to know new people and experiencing new adventures. The lack of face-to-face interaction induces a sense of monotony. Even the fest coordinators agreed that it is indeed very challenging to hold the attendees' attention throughout the function. There are just too many distractions. The additional lack of functionality of certain apps has led to entire events becoming a huge flop. Unable to skip classes in the name of fest preparation in the online mode was pretty disheartening, especially for the ones who truly relish in volunteering and decorating.

Even though this list might seem endless to some of you, we can't fail to mention some of the pros of online fests – the kind our introverted friends loved. An energy draining experience turned into an actual fun with the advent of virtual fests. Most importantly, this mode is budget friendly not only for the organisers but also for the attendees. In case of offline fests, the costs go up drastically. To cover these high costs, one has to knock on innumerable doors before they finally receive ample funding.

It is somehow a more comfortable experience for the audience as well, as they get to enjoy from the comfort of their own homes. No more standing in queues, waiting for their turn or being pushed by the crowd as you see your favourite artist perform on stage. Our socially awkward friends get to skip awkward and unwanted conversations and meetups. You can comfortably sit on your chair while you order your favourite snacks from Zomato instead. No more struggles of standing in the sun all day just to get a clear view of the stage. So, the next time you attend a virtual fest, you can get that add-on fries or coke for yourself using all that travel money you might have saved. Identifying myself as an ambivert, I can't seem to choose between the two as I enjoy bits of both. Post 2020, these events have gained popularity among both organisers and attendees. A lot of important functions have been executed in a hybrid manner over the past year. Hybrid mode events encapsulate parts of both, making it a win-win situation for almost everyone. The volunteers and performers are not compromised and the others can watch it all being streamed from the most comfortable chair of their home. However, those who love to just enjoy the atmosphere of fests – the crowd, live music and fun interactions – find this to be an equally unsatisfactory experience. Nonetheless, with Covid still around us, it is of utmost importance that we take enough precautions to keep ourselves and the people around us safe and healthy.

Remember what One Direction said,

*"Does it ever drive you crazy
Just how fast the night changes?"*

We've lately realised the truth of these lines like never before. The past two years just flew by and we couldn't do much except spectating. This points to the unpredictability of life. When we're all making elaborate plans about our life, its execution may not always be in our power. Sometimes, all we can do is sit back and relax as our lives take unprecedented twists and turns.

One Fine, Crazy Lady

I MET AN OLD LADY ONCE.
IT WASN'T THE BEST OF DAYS;
THOUGHT SHE COULDN'T MAKE IT WORSE.
SHE WAS SITTING ON THE SIDEWALK
SIPPING HER HOT CHOCOLATE.
THOUGHT I'D WALK OVER
AND GIVE HER ALL THE CHANGE
USELESS IN MY POCKET.

SHE SAID, "GEE, THANKS BABY GIRL!"
AND PASSED IT ON TO HER NEIGHBOUR
TO KEEP SOME AND PASS THE REST ON.
"I'M NOT HOMELESS, GIRL!"
SHE SAID, LOOKING AT MY EYEBROW CURL.
"I'M JUST SITTING WITH THESE PEOPLE
BECAUSE THEY KNOW LIFE SO WELL
BETTER THAN THE PEOPLE
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS HELL."
I NODDED AND WALKED AWAY.
SHE WAS A HOMELESS CRAZY LADY.

I SAW HER THE NEXT DAY,
THIS TIME PROTESTING
ON THE SAME SIDEWALK
BUT THE BOARDS SHE WAS PAINTING
SAID, "LIFE AIN'T GONNA LAST.
DON'T DRIVE TOO FAST."
I WALKED AWAY AGAIN.
SHE WAS ONE BOLD CRAZY LADY.

ON MY WAY BACK,
WHEN I WALKED PAST HER AGAIN,
BESIDE HER WAS A SMALL PORTRAIT
OF A GIRL NAMED CHUN
THE NUMBER OF PEOPLE SHE WAS SITTING WITH
HAD REDUCED BY ONE.
I HEARD HER TELL SOMEONE,
"THESE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN THROUGH IT ALL
THEY'VE SEEN THE WORST.
THEY'VE SEEN THE JUST.
THE ONES WHO PASS,
THE ONES WHO PAUSE,
AND THE RARE ONES WHO STOP.
BUT UNLIKE THE OTHERS,
THEY DON'T COMPLAIN.
THEY'VE SEEN LIFE AT ITS BEST.
THEY'VE SEEN IT ALL."

NEXT DAY I GATHERED
SOME MORE CHANGE FROM THE HOUSE
WHILE I GAVE IT TO HER
MY PURSE FELL DOWN.
SHE HANDED IT BACK.
SAID "BABY GIRL, THANKS.
I SEE YOU KEEP FINDING
CHANGE IN YOUR PANTS."
I SMILED AND WALKED AWAY
SHE WAS ONE SWEET CRAZY LADY.

I WAS CHANGING MY ADDRESS
SO I DIDN'T SEE HER AGAIN.
TILL A FEW DAYS LATER
WHEN HER DAUGHTER BARGED INTO MY OFFICE
CLAIMING A HIT AND RUN,
SHE SEEMED A SOPHIST.
SHE OWNED A LAW FIRM.
HER MOTHER OWNED A NON-PROFIT.
WHO KNEW THE LADY WAS SO FIT.

THE DAUGHTER TOOK ME TO HER,
INJURED IN A HOSPICE.
I WANTED TO INVESTIGATE
BUT THERE WAS NOTHING MUCH TO DO.
SHE WAS SITTING WITH THE HOMELESS
WHEN NO ONE SAW THE CAR RACE.
SHE SAID TO ME THEN,
"DARLIN' DO WHAT YOU PLEASE.
DON'T OVERTHINK YOUR ACTIONS
FORGET THE ORDEAL."
I SUPPOSE THAT WAS WHEN
HER HEART JUST GAVE OUT.
THE MACHINES BEEPED TOO LOUD.
THE NURSES SAID GO,
SO I WALKED OUT.

A WEEK LATER, I STOOD
AT HER FUNERAL
SHE REALLY WASN'T HOMELESS.
IT WAS SO CROWDED AS IF JESUS
HAD DIED AGAIN.
MOSTLY THE SIDEWALK PEOPLE
AND A FEW OF HER CLOSE FRIENDS.
I STOOD A FEW YARDS AWAY.
AS THEY LOWERED HER DOWN, I SAID,
"MAY YOU REST IN PEACE,
YOU FINE, BOLD, SWEET, CRAZY LADY!"

Mother

MOTHER IS A WORD THAT CAN NEVER BE EXEMPLIFIED IN PHRASES
EVEN IF ONE TRIES, HE FAILS...

NO ONE EVER FELT THE PAIN THAT A MOTHER BEARS WITH HER SMILE....

A MOTHER WHO LEFT HER CHILD, BECAUSE THE NATION IS CALLING FOR WAR.

A MOTHER WHO FOUGHT ON THE HORSE WITH HER CHILD ON HER BACK FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE
NATION.

A MOTHER WHO BEARS UNBEARABLE PAIN AT THE TIME OF CHILDBIRTH.

A MOTHER WHO SACRIFICED HER LIFE FOR THE SAKE OF HER CHILD'S SURVIVAL.

A MOTHER WHO KEPT HER CHILD ON HER LAP AND IN THE OTHER HAND, IMPORTANT FILES AND
ATTENDED BUSINESS MEETINGS.

A MOTHER WHO KEEPS HER CHILD FOR NINE MONTHS, WITH NOT ONLY WEIGHT BUT WITH MOOD
SWINGS, CONFUSION AND FEAR OF MISHAPS.

A MOTHER WHO DOESN'T KNOW SWIMMING BUT JUMPS INTO DEEP WATER TO SAVE HER DROWNING
CHILD.

A MOTHER WHO NOT ONLY NOURISHES A YOUNG BABY WITH MILK BUT ALSO GIVES ALL THE
WARMTH AND CARE.

A MOTHER WHO KEEPS SMILING AND HIDES PAIN FROM HER CHILD JUST TO KEEP HER CHILD
SMILING...

A MOTHER WHO FIGHTS WITH EVERYONE, EVEN CLOSE ONES, EVEN WHEN IT IS HER CHILD'S FAULT...

A MOTHER WHO WORKS DAY AND NIGHT, SUMMER AND WINTER, FOR THE WELL-BEING OF HER CHILD.

A MOTHER WHO CHECKS HER CHILD SEVERAL TIMES AT NIGHT WHEN HE/SHE FALLS ILL.

A MOTHER WHO COOKS EVEN AT MIDNIGHT FOR HER CHILD'S HUNGRY STOMACH.

A MOTHER WHO ALWAYS LOOKS FOR HER CHILD DESPITE ALL THE BEAUTIFUL THINGS AROUND HER.

A MOTHER WHO DOESN'T BUY EVEN A SINGLE DRESS FOR HER DURING FESTIVALS BUT BRINGS
INNUMEROUS GIFTS FOR HER CHILD...

A MOTHER WHO LEFT BEHIND HER CHILD ALONE BECAUSE SHE HAD TO TAKE CARE OF OTHER
CHILDREN AND EARN MONEY SO THAT SHE CAN FEED HER BABY AT NIGHT...

A MOTHER WHO HOLDS HER CHILD'S HAND IN ALL THE FAIRS AND CROWD.

A MOTHER WHO BRINGS US INTO THIS SCENIC BEAUTIFUL WORLD...

A MOTHER WHO ALWAYS HAS HER CHILD IN HER PRAYERS.

A MOTHER WHO ALWAYS WISHES FOR THE WELL-BEING OF HER CHILD, EVEN IF HE IS ANGRY WITH
HER...

A MOTHER WHO ALWAYS HAS A VACANT SEAT FOR HER CHILD AND HERSELF STANDS IN THE
CROWD.

A MOTHER WHO LEFT HER CHILD ALONE BECAUSE SHE HAS TO TREAT PEOPLE IN THE HOSPITAL...

NO ONE IN THIS WORLD IS AS COURAGEOUS, SELFLESS AND CARING AS A MOTHER. HER CARE,
SELFLESSNESS, COURAGE AND RIGHTEOUSNESS SHOULD BE HIGHLY APPRECIATED. SHOW YOUR
LOVE TOWARDS YOUR MOTHER EVERY DAY BY RESPECTING HER, MAKING HER SMILE AND ALWAYS
KEEPING HER WORDS IN YOUR ACTIONS...

WE ALL HAVE TWO MOTHERS,

THE ONE WHO BRINGS US INTO THIS WORLD,

AND THE OTHER WHO KEEPS US IN HER LAP AND NURTURES OUR SOUL WITH SCENIC BEAUTY AND
HAPPINESS - MOTHER NATURE...

Comic Strip

Little Things To Do At Home
To Make Yourself Feel Good
Instantly 😊😊



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I Year

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ഇച്ഛ

ഒന്നും പ്രതീക്ഷിക്കാതെ ഒരു സായാഹ്നത്തിൽ വണ്ടി കയറിയതാണ്. ഇതുവരെ പോയിട്ടില്ലെങ്കിലും പോകുന്ന സ്ഥലത്തെ കുറിച്ച് രണ്ടു തലത്തിലുള്ള കാര്യങ്ങളും കേട്ടിരുന്നു. എന്നിരുന്നാലും ഇതെല്ലാം കേട്ട കളഞ്ഞു എന്നല്ലാതെ, എന്ത് വന്നാലും അത് നേരിടാൻ തയ്യാറായിരുന്നു.

ഇന്ത്യയുടെ തലസ്ഥാനം എന്റെ സ്വപ്നങ്ങളിലൊന്നും ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നില്ല, എന്നാൽ ഇന്ന് ഞാൻ അത് ജീവിക്കുകയാണിരിക്കുകയാണ്. അങ്ങനെയൊരു നിമിഷം ആളുകൾ പറയുന്ന ഡൽഹിയിലെ ഇവിടെ നമ്മൾ കാണുന്നത്. ഇതിലേക്കുള്ള വഴിയിൽ നിന്ന് വ്യതിചലിപ്പിക്കാൻ ഒരുപാട് കാര്യങ്ങൾ ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നെങ്കിലും, ഈ പാത വിട്ടുകളഞ്ഞിരുന്നെങ്കിൽ ഇന്ന് ഈ നിലാവിലെ, തിളങ്ങുന്ന ആകാശത്തിൽ താഴെ ഇതൊന്നും പകർത്താൻ കഴിയില്ലായിരുന്നു.

ഡൽഹിയിലെ ആളുകളെ കുറിച്ചും ഇവിടുത്തെ സ്ഥലങ്ങളെ കുറിച്ചുമുള്ള സത്യങ്ങൾക്കിടയിൽ ഞാൻ കേട്ട ചില അപവാദങ്ങൾ യാഥാർത്ഥ്യത്തെ കുത്തുന്നതായിരുന്നു.

രാവിലെ

കോളേജിലേക്കുള്ള വഴിയിൽ ഒരു രിക്ഷ ഡ്രൈവർക്ക് കൈ കാണിച്ചു. സ്ഥലത്തിറങ്ങിയതിന് ശേഷം ഞാൻ അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ ഫോൺ നമ്പർ ആവശ്യപ്പെട്ടു. തനിക്ക് ഓൺലൈൻ ബാങ്കിംഗ് ഇല്ലെന്നും പറഞ്ഞു. “മേരെ പാസ്സ് ക്യാഷ് നെഹി ഹെ ഭയ്യാ” എന്ന് പറഞ്ഞപ്പോൾ ചിരിച്ചുകൊണ്ട് വണ്ടി എടുത്ത് പോകാൻ ഒരുങ്ങി. ബാഗിൽ നിന്ന് കിട്ടിയ ചിലവറത്തുകൾ കൊടുത്തു.

ഇതുപോലെ മറ്റൊരു സംഭവം ഒരു കുട്ടിയോടും ബസ്സ് യാത്രക്കിടെ ഉണ്ടായി. എല്ലാ കുട്ടികളിലുമുള്ള അനുകമ്പ നിറഞ്ഞ പെരുമാറ്റത്തെ വിഷലിപ്തത മാറ്റാത്തതിൽ എന്തോ ആസ്വദ്യമായി തോന്നുന്നു.

സ്ഥലം, ദേശം, വലുപ്പം ഇവയൊന്നും ‘മനുഷ്യൻ’ എന്ന പദത്തിനെ വിശേഷിപ്പിക്കുന്നില്ല. ഇനിയും ഒരുപാട് നല്ല മനുഷ്യരെ കണ്ടുമുട്ടുന്നതിനു വേണ്ടി, ജീവിതത്തിന്റെ ഈ ചെറിയ ഘടകത്തെ മൂല്യവത്തായി ജീവിക്കാനും, വളരാനും, കാലത്തിന്റെയും സമയത്തിന്റെയും ഇടയിൽ സഞ്ചരിക്കാനും കൗതുകത്തോടെ മുന്നോട്ടുപോകുന്നു.

English Translation

I Wish...

On a random evening, I boarded the train with zero expectations. I had heard a lot about the place I was heading to, from the worst to the appreciable. Anyway, without thinking much, I was ready to face anything that hit me.

The capital city of India was not there in my dreams, but I'm feeling it nowadays. The Delhi we hear about from far away is not wholly what we feel. There is a huge pressure that pulls me back from this, but I always keep faith in my little efforts that I had put initially. If I had listened to them and stuck to what they asked me to do by dropping my interest, I wouldn't have been writing this under the moonlight, seeing the sky with lights and the gentle breeze which adds to the vibes.

The rumours in between the truths I had heard about Delhi people and places strikes hard when it comes to reality.

A busy morning, on my way to college, a random rickshaw guy took me there. When I asked him to stop and

tell his number to make the payment, the guy replied that he doesn't have online banking. I told him, "*Mere paas cash nahi hai, bhai*". Then he smiled and was about to resume his driving. I searched for some coins and gave him all I had got.

Almost the same thing happened on the bus with another random boy. I felt so warm that not every child is unkind and is allowed to do what his heart tells him to do.

No matter the place, where the people over there belong to, or how small, big or congested it is, humanity still exists in this world where toxicity has spread all

around.

I'm looking forward to meeting many such good human beings, want to make this small part of my life worth living, worth learning and travel through time and places.

Anagha M P

B. Sc. (H) Biomedical Science

I Year



فكر بغيرك

English Translation

Fikri Bi'ghairika (Think of Others)

وأنت تعد فطورك، فكر بغيرك	As you prepare your breakfast, think of others.
لا تنس قوت الحمام	Don't forget to feed the pigeons.
وأنت تخوض حروبك، فكر بغيرك	As you conduct your wars, think of others.
لا تنس من يطلبون السلام	Don't forget those who want peace.
وأنت تسدد فاتورة الماء، فكر بغيرك	As you pay your water bill, think of others.
من يرضعون الغمام	Think of those who only have clouds to drink from.
وأنت تعود إلى البيت، بيتك، فكر بغيرك	As you go home, your own home, think of others.
لا تنس شعب الخيام	Don't forget those who live in tents.
وأنت تتام وتحصي الكواكب، فكر بغيرك	As you sleep and count the planets, think of others.
ثمة من لم يجد حيزا للنم	There are people who have no place to sleep.
وأنت تحرر نفسك بالاستعارات، فكر بغيرك	As you liberate yourself with metaphors, think of others.
من فقدوا حقهم في الكلام وأنت تفكر بالآخرين البعيدين، فكر بنفسك	Those who have lost their right to speak.
قل: ليتني شمعة في الظل	And as you think of distant others
	Think of yourself and say, "I wish I were a candle in the darkness."

Abdullah

B. Sc. (H) Biomedical Science

I Year

ਵੇ ਮਨੁੱਖਾ

ਵੇ ਮਨੁੱਖਾ ਤੂੰ ਇਹ ਕੀਤਾ ਹੈ ਕੀ
ਮੇਰੇ ਹਾਲ ਦਾ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਜ਼ਰਾ ਚੇਤਾ ਵੀ ਨੀ
ਕਓ ਬੋਲੇ ਤੂੰ ਵੇ ਮਾਂ ਮੈਨੂੰ
ਪਾਠਿ ਮੇਰੇ ਵੱਲ ਤੂੰ ਸਦਾ ਕਰਕੇ ਨੀ ।

ਵੱਧਣਾ ਤੂੰ ਅੱਗੇ ਤਾਂ ਵਧੀ ਚਲ ਵੇ
ਚਲਦਿਆਂ ਅੱਗੇ ਅੱਖ ਪਾਛੇ ਵੀ ਫੇਰ
ਹੋਣੀ ਆ ਮੈਂ ਕਤਿ ਰੋਦੀ ਫਰਿਦੀ
ਜਦ ਇਹਸਾਸ ਹੋਵੇ ਗੁਰੂਰ ਛੱਡ ਦੇਵੀ ।

ਕਥਿ ਸੁਣੋਗਾ ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਅਵਾਜ਼ਾਂ ਨੂੰ
ਕੁਦਰਤ ਦੇ ਦੌੜੇ ਸਾਜ਼ਾਂ ਨੂੰ
ਗਾਉਂਦੀ ਚੜੀ, ਕੰਬਦੇ ਪੱਤੇ,
ਸਬ ਨੂੰ ਦਖਿਅਿਆ ਦਰਵਾਜ਼ਾ ਤੂੰ।

ਸੀਸ ਝੁਕਾਵੇ ਤਖਤਾਂ ਨੂੰ
ਤੇ ਆਰੀ ਦਖਿਅੇ ਦਰੱਖਤਾਂ ਨੂੰ
ਆਪਣੇ ਮੇਰੇ ਵੱਚ ਦੀਆਂ
ਤੇੜ ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੀਵਾਰਾਂ ਸਖਤਾਂ ਨੂੰ ।

ਭਾਵੇਂ ਤਰੱਕੀਆਂ ਤੇਰੀਆਂ ਨੇ ਗੱਡੀਆਂ ਛੱਡੀਆਂ ਹੋਵਣ
ਮੈਂ ਫੇਰ ਵੀ ਚਾਹਵਾਂ ਲਾਈਆਂ ਤੂੰ ਰੁੱਖਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਮੰਡੀਆਂ ਹੋਵਣ
ਬਹੁਤ ਹੋਏ ਇਹ ਕੁਦਰਤੀ ਨੁਕਸਾਨਾਂ ਦੇ ਸਲਿਸਲੇ
ਹੁਣ ਇਹ ਕੁਦਰਤ ਵੀ ਚਾਹੇ ਹਵਾਵਾਂ ਠੰਡੀਆਂ ਹੋਵਣ॥

English Translation

O Mankind

O mankind, what have you done?
You remember nothing about me,
You address me as “mother”
But your back is always turned towards me.

Keep moving forward if you want
But while moving forward, look back.
You have left me somewhere in despair,
Leave this arrogance if you realise.

Where will you hear these sounds?
The music of nature -
Singing birds, fluttering leaves,
You show the door to everyone.

You bow down to the throne
And massacre the tree.
Break down that wall
That stands between you and me.

Even if your progress has earned you a lot,
I wish you would plant countless trees in array,
Enough of the damage now
Even nature wants cool breeze in her way.

Jasman Singh

B. Sc. (H) Biomedical Science

I Year

خوشخبریاں

یہ زمیں ترے لیے ہے ، یہ آسماں ترے لیے ہے
دو جہاں کی بلندیاں ترے لیے ہیں

ہیں اڑنے کے خواب اور چہکنے کی آرزو
تو کھول پنکھ گگن کی اونچائیاں ترے لیے ہیں

یہ ہری بھری زمیں ، وہ نیلا نیلا سائبان
سارے جہاں کی خوشرنگیاں ترے لیے ہیں

ہے قید قید جہاں ، چاروں طرف پابندیاں
تو کیا غم ، کل کی آزادیاں ترے لیے ہیں

ان در و دیوار کی یاریاں اور مستیاں
ہمارے صاحبان کی حوصلہ افزائیاں ترے لیے ہیں

نہ ڈر تو اٹھا قلم ، کر حوصلے بلند
کھول کتاب ، بس کامیابیاں ترے لیے ہیں

لوٹیں گے ہم پھر سجیں گی علم کی محفلیں
اس حسین ملاقات کی خوشخبریاں ترے لیے ہیں

English Translation

Khush Khabriyan (Good News)

This land is for you, this sky is for you
The heights of the two worlds are for you.

This dream to fly and desire to chirp
So, expand your wings, the heights of the sky are for you.

This green land, that blue sky
The pleasing beauty of the world is for you.

The world is in lockdown, restrictions in every direction
So, what's the grief? Tomorrow's freedoms are for you.

Friendships in this corridor and playfulness
Motivation from our teachers is for you.

Don't be afraid, pick up the pen, boost your morale
Open the book, only success is for you.

We'll get back, there will be beautiful assemblies of knowledge

Good news of this joyous assembly is for you.

Afshar Ajmeri

B. Sc. (H) Botany

I Year

दरिद्र नारायण

प्लेटफॉर्म, फुटपाथ सहारे,
कटते निशा-दिन हाथ पसारे,
कितने दीन-हीन जीवन हैं,
अति दारुण दुःख इनके सारे।

जीवन का एक मूल मंत्र है,
भूख मिटे बस यही तंत्र है,
फटे वस्त्र नहीं तन ढक पाते,
गातों को तप-ताप सताते।

काल-ग्रास सब ही बनते हैं,
अति दरिद्रता में ही मरते हैं,
किन्तु भूख जो सह जाते हैं,
बिना दवा के मर जाते हैं।

प्रिय मरते जब तड़प तड़प कर,
भूख सहते बिलख बिलख कर,

रात पूस की ठिठुर ठिठुर कर,
सिकुड़त हैं वे लुढ़क लुढ़क कर।

होटल की जूठन का जो कुछ,
आज मिला वह भी अपूर्ण है,
विवश नेत्र हैं क्षुधित पिता के,
सूखा वक्ष वत्सला माँ का।

हे प्रभु! यह अभिशाप न देना,
मानव तन नहीं पशु कर देना,
लेना पुण्य छीन सब उनके,
पर दरिद्रता कभी न देना।

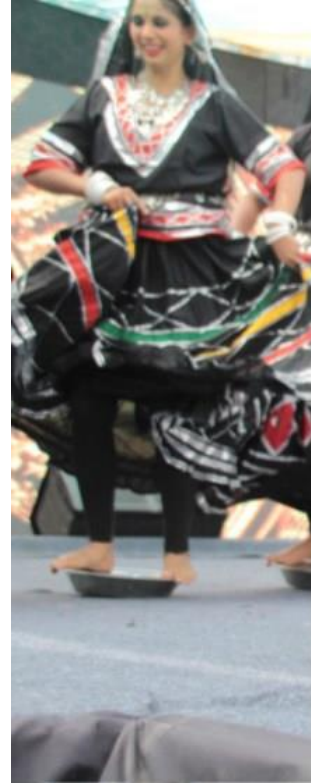
चेतन्य शर्मा

अनुभाग अधिकारी (वित्त)





NAVARATRI CELEBRATION “DANDIYA NIGHT”



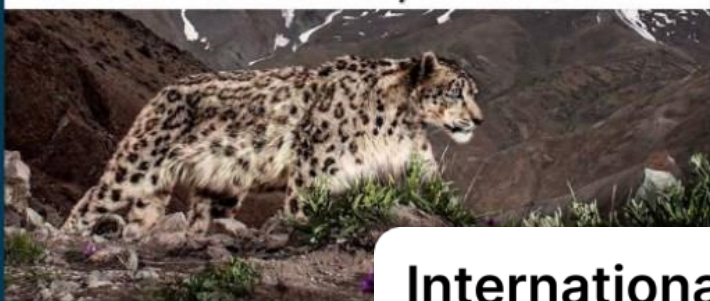
Leiothrixx Annual Fest 2022







Snow leopard
Top predator, mountain ambassador &
Icon of trans-boundary conservation



International Conference ICMCESA-2022

TRINITY MIRROR



Mitigating Contemporary Environmental Issues by Sustainable Acharya Narendra Dev Coll shows the way



Dr. Ravi Chaturvedi
Environmental sustainability covers a wide range of issues starting from a specific location to a global situation. Global issues

Environmental Issues by Sustainable Approaches". There were a total 16 keynote speakers from all over the world who shared their innovative knowledge and application methodology with regard to environment in the conference. There were 28 invited speakers from such diverse domains - Professors, Academicians, Environmentalists, Researchers from Environmental related fields, Scientists involved in Mitigation of Environmental issues and





*Workshop hands
on learning
from Kitchen to
Lab
ANDC shows the
way Covid-19*

Republic Day 2022









CREATIVE

ORNER



*A child without education is like Bird without wings
Education is a key to uplift poor from society.*

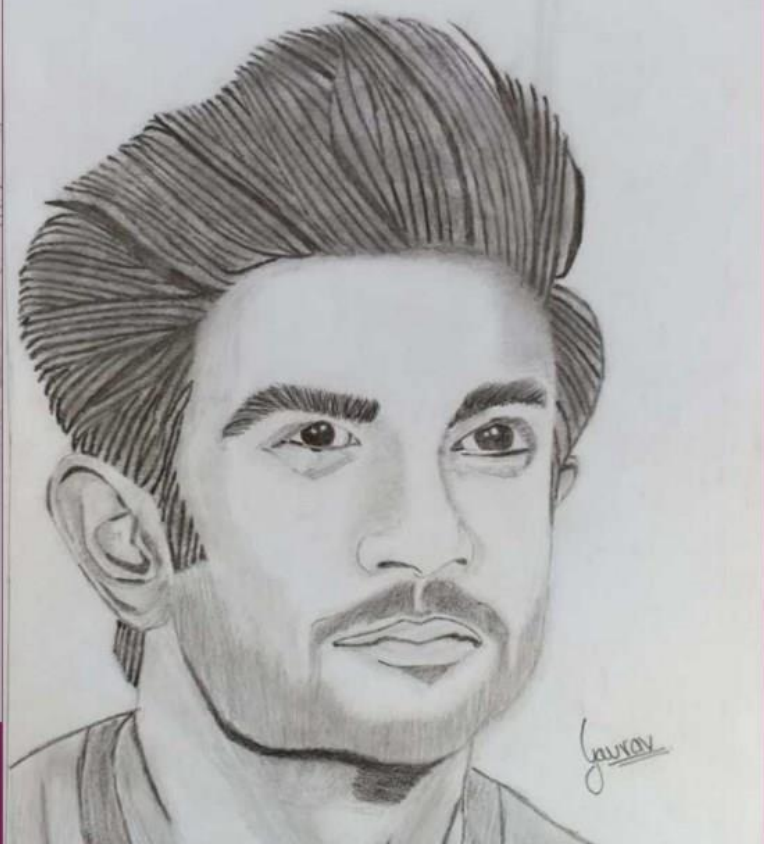
Aayushi Gupta, B. Com. (H) I Year

Page 120

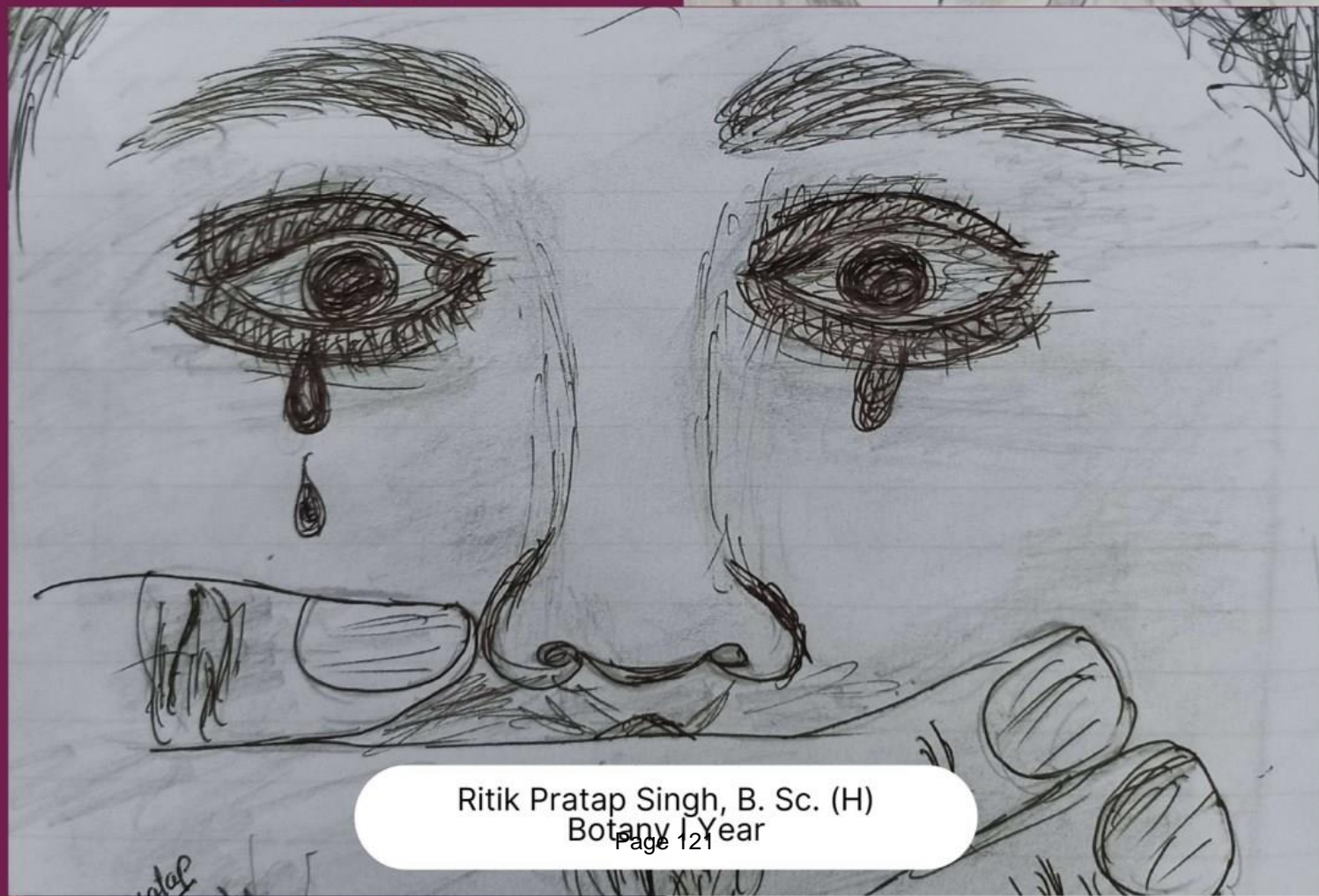


Diwakar Mahto, B. Sc. (H)
Electronics II Year

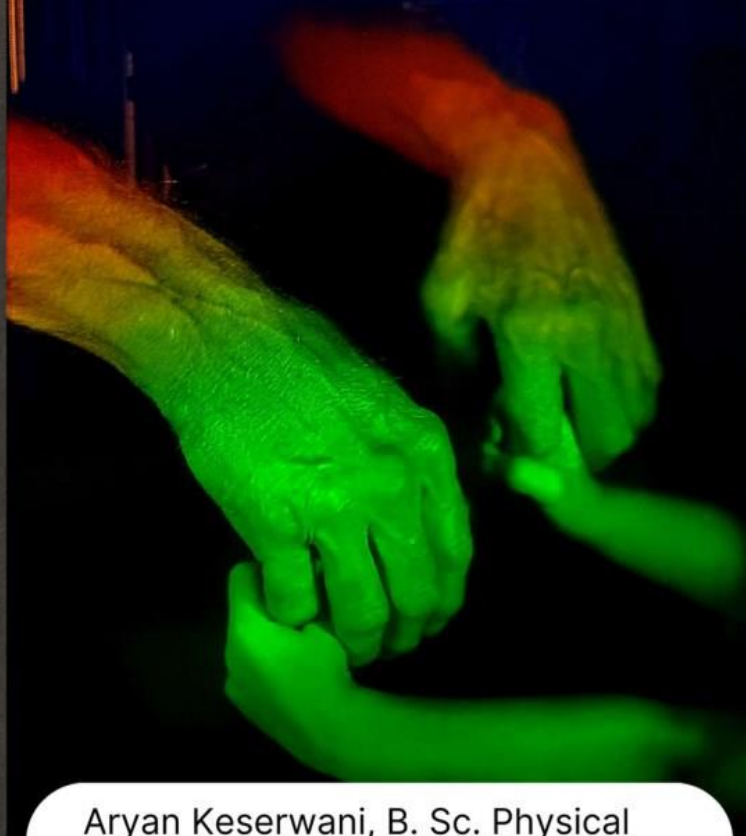
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Electronics I



Ritik Pratap Singh, B. Sc. (H)
Botany I Year



Aryan Keserwani, B. Sc. Physical Sciences (Chemistry) II Year



Kapil Sharma, B. Sc. Life Sciences I Year



Harshita Kushwaha, B. Sc. (H) Zoology I Year



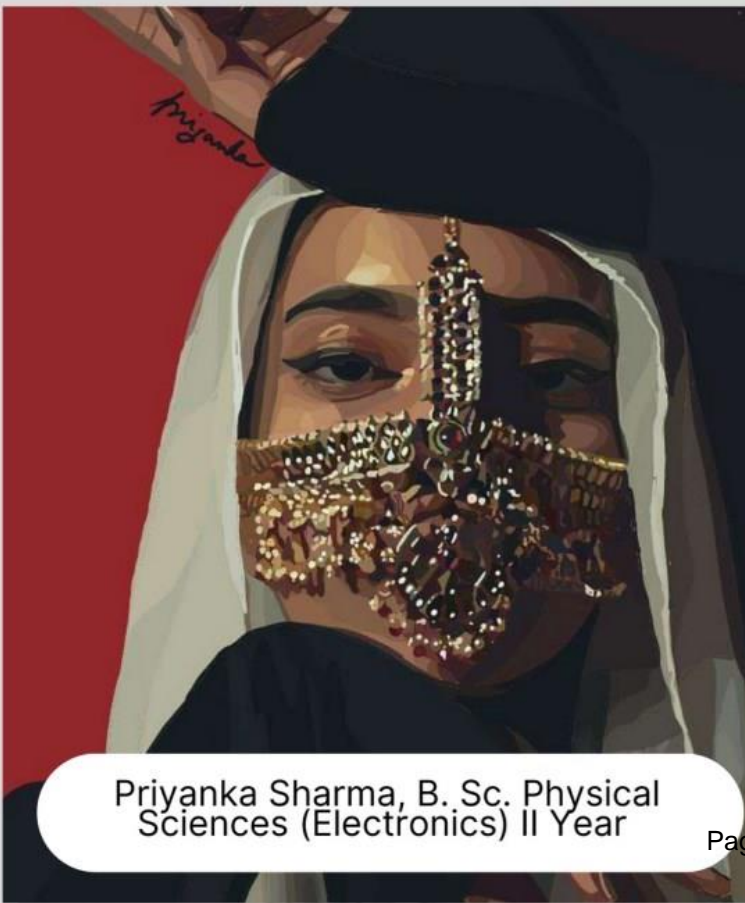
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Shailvi Swapnil, B. Sc. (H) Zoology
I Year

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Sciences (Electronics) II Year



Shruti Setia, B. Sc. Life
Sciences I Year

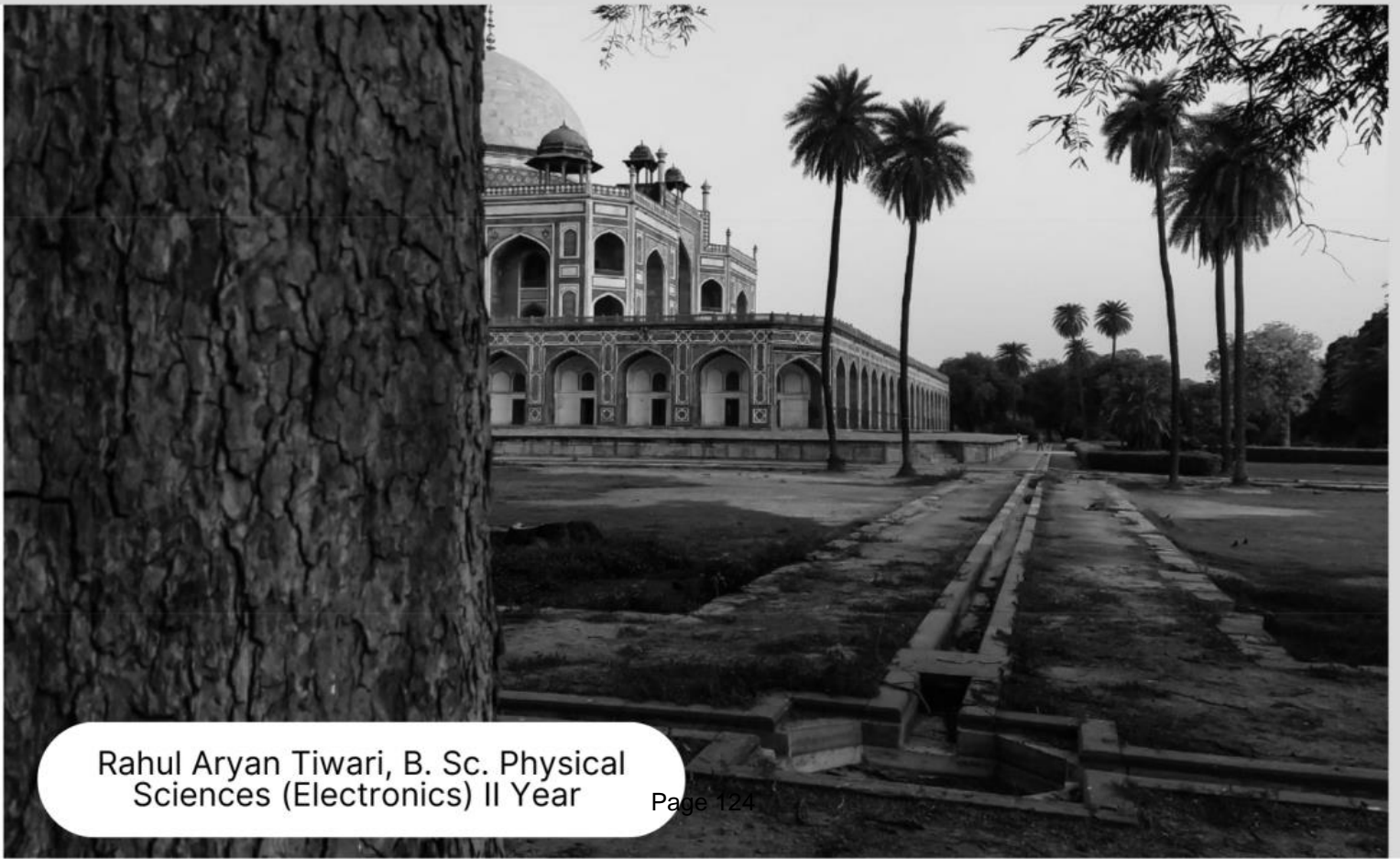


Aryan Keserwani, B. Sc. Physical
Sciences (Chemistry) II Year

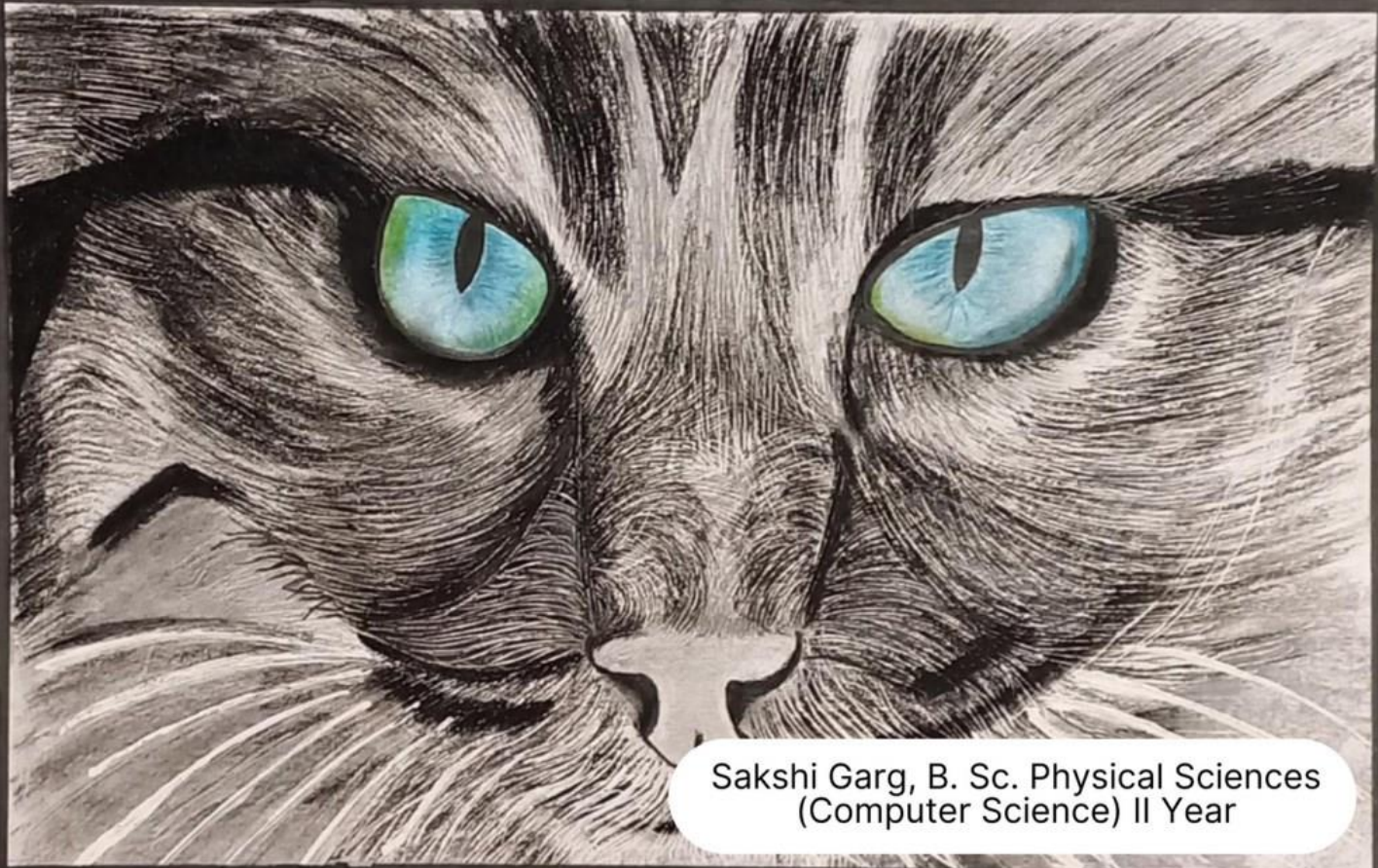


Yashvardhan Singh, B.Sc. Physical
Sciences (Electronics) I

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Rahul Aryan Tiwari, B. Sc. Physical
Sciences (Electronics) II Year

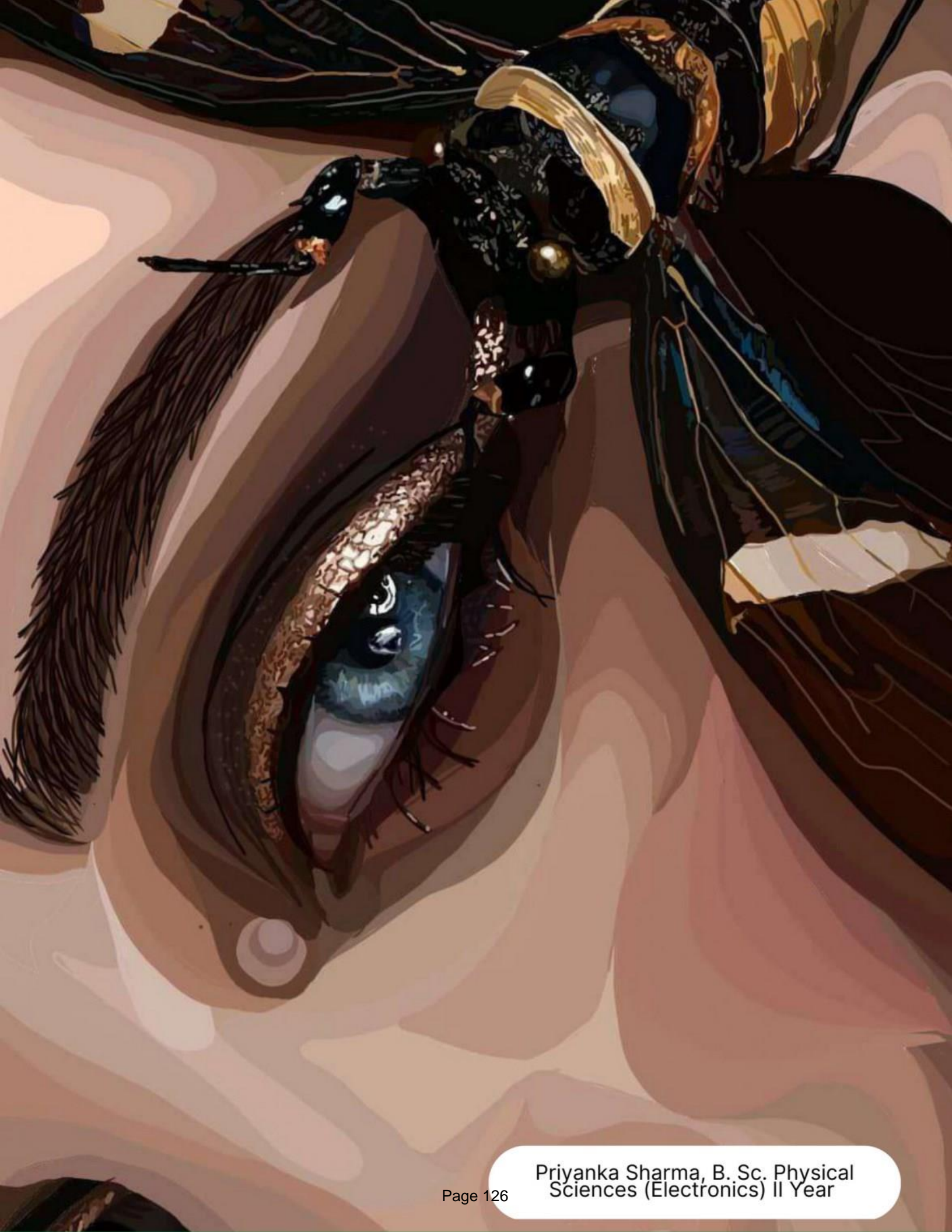


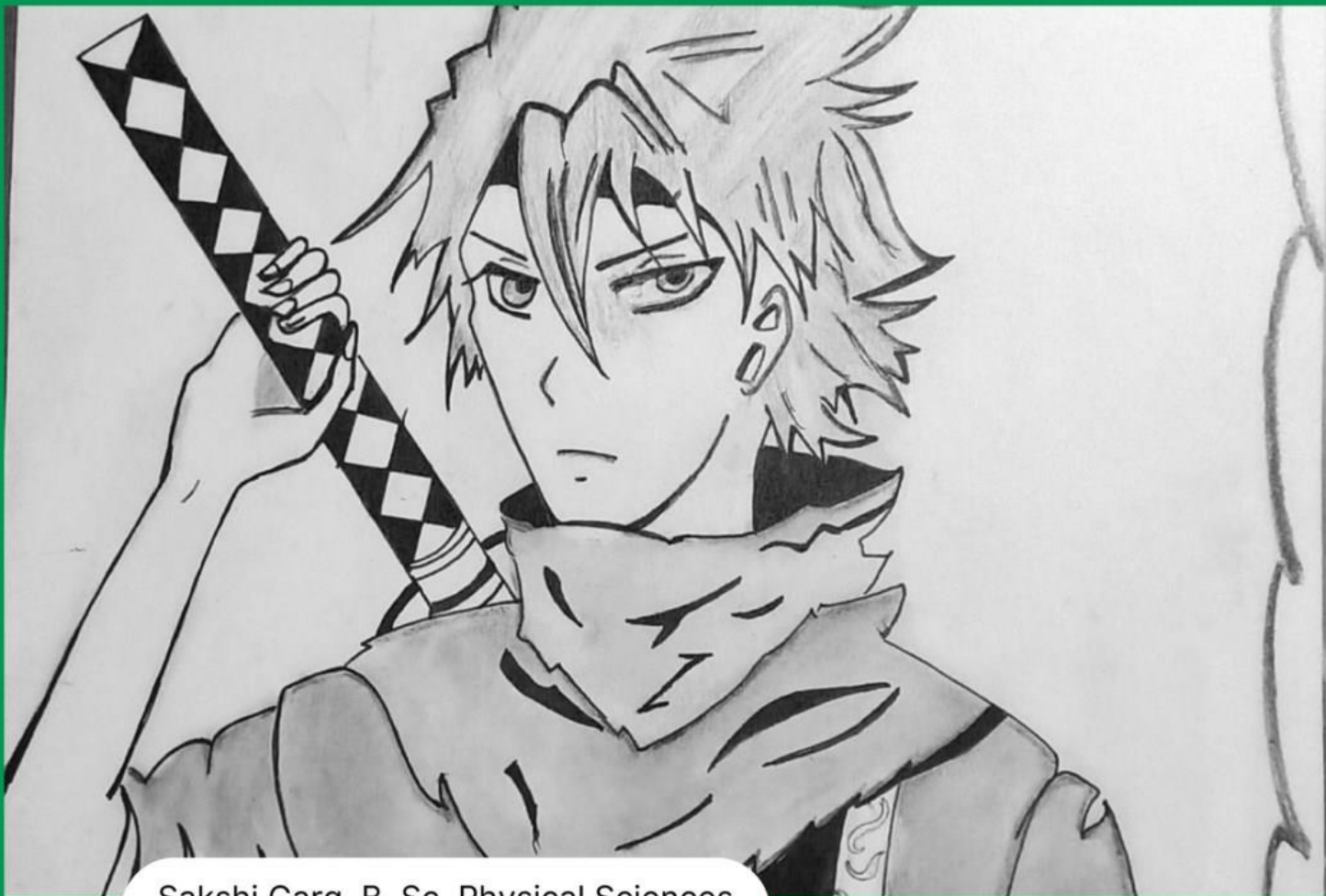
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(Computer Science) II Year

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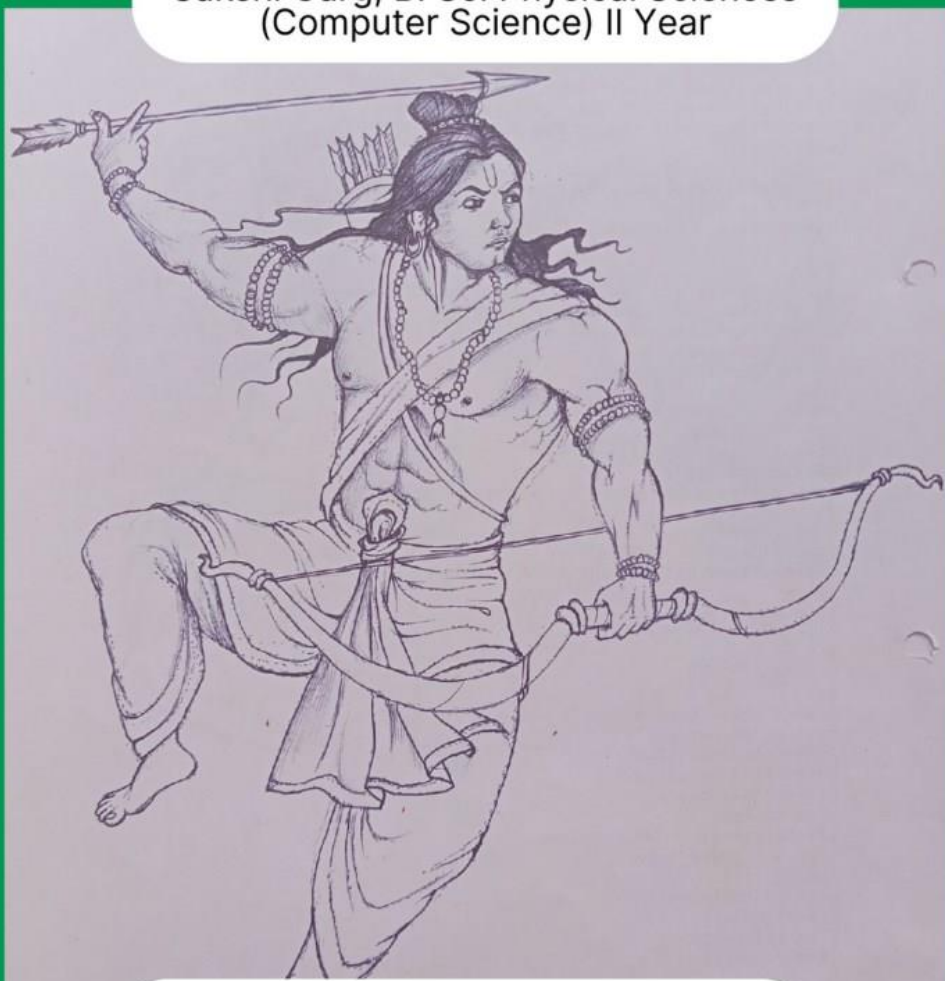


Rahul Aryan Tiwari, B. Sc. Physical
Sciences (Electronics) II Year





Sakshi Garg, B. Sc. Physical Sciences
(Computer Science) II Year



Diwakar Mahto, B. Sc. (H)
Electronics II Year



CREATIVE
GIRL

Shruti Setia, B. Sc. Life Sciences
I Year



Kapil Sharma, B. Sc. Life Sciences
I Year



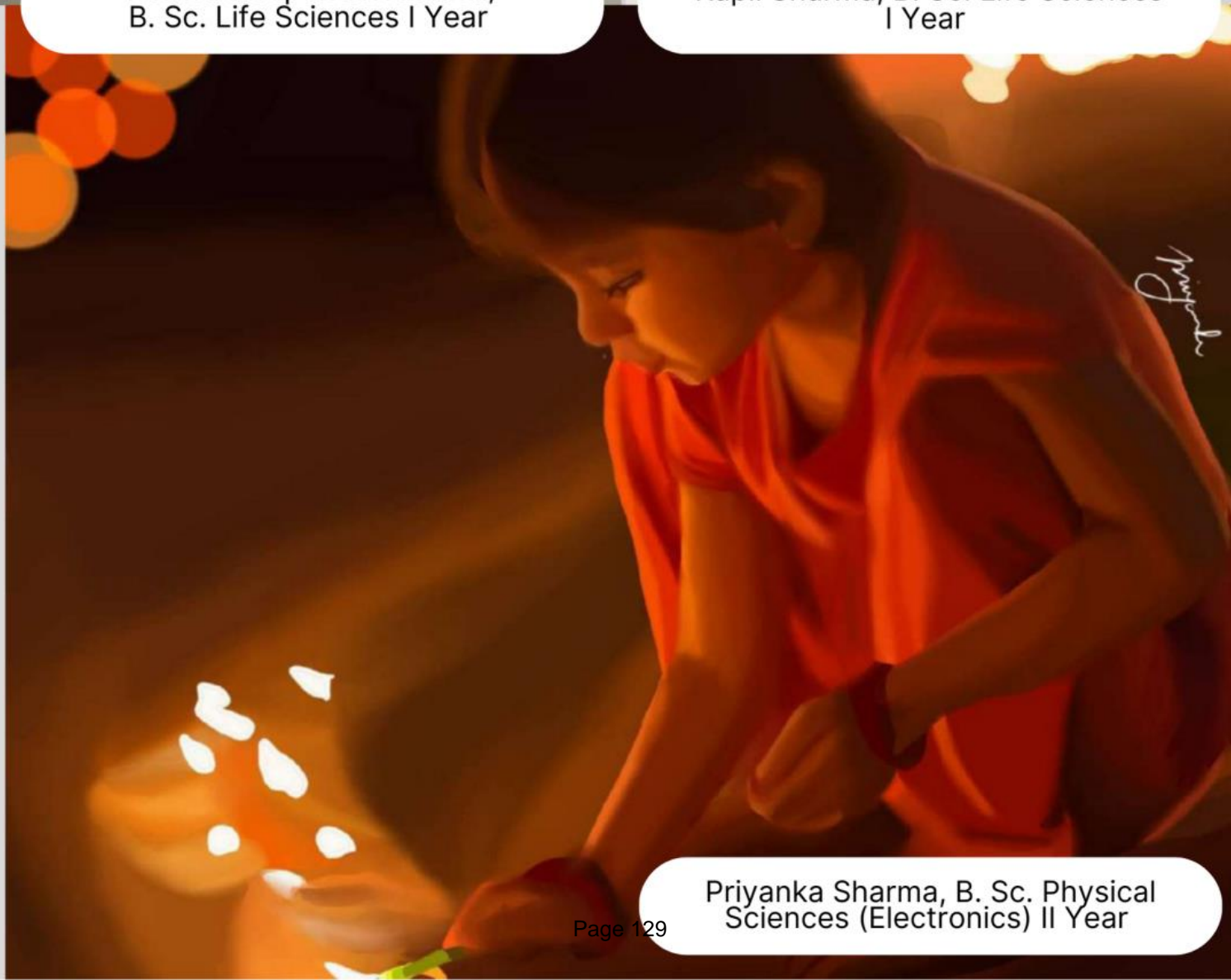
Vishwa Deepak Srivastava,
B. Sc. Life Sciences I Year



Vishwa Deepak Srivastava,
B. Sc. Life Sciences I Year



Kapil Sharma, B. Sc. Life Sciences
I Year



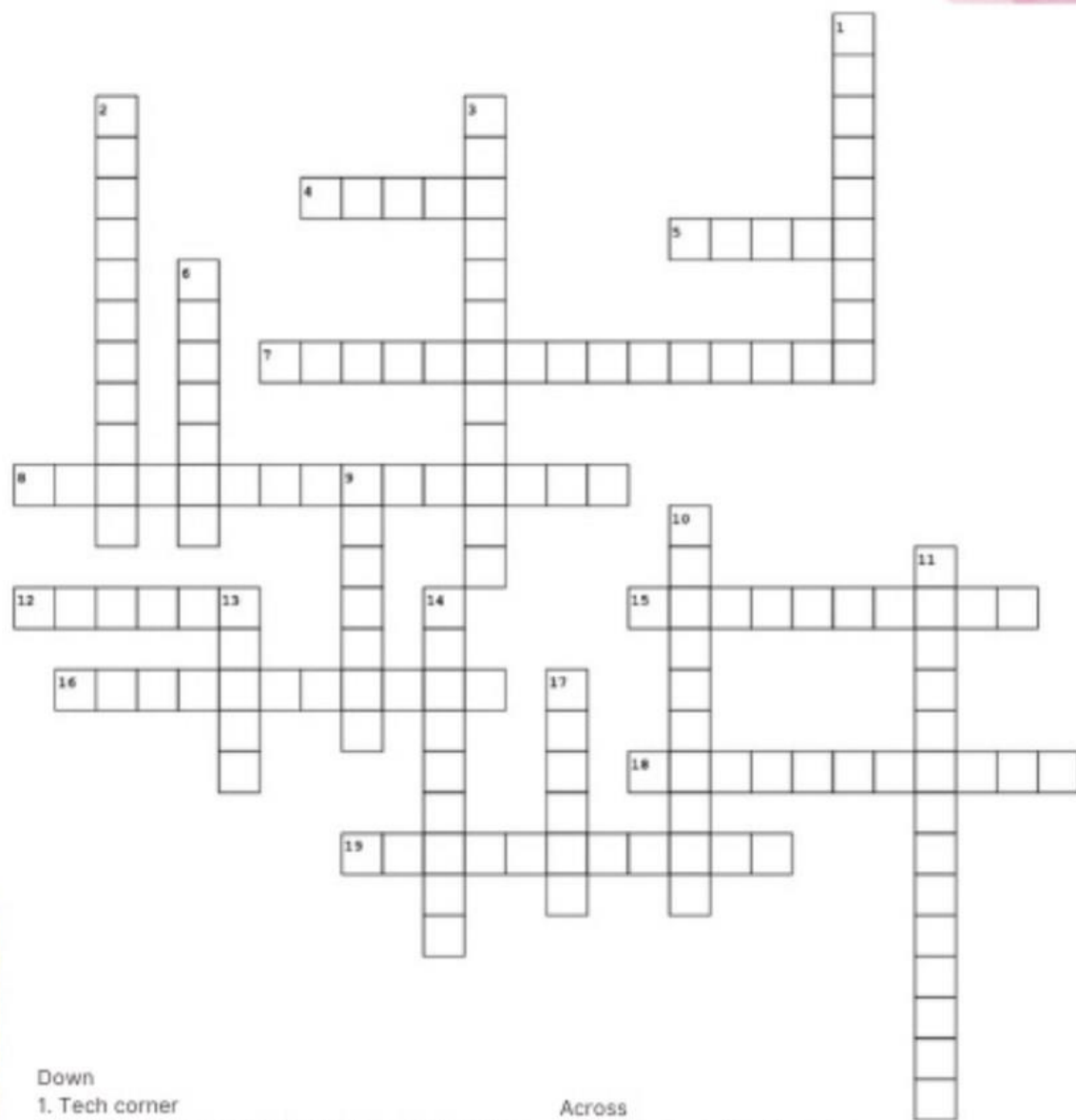
Priyanka Sharma, B. Sc. Physical
Sciences (Electronics) II Year



Shailvi Swapnil, B. Sc. (H) Zoology I
Year

Crossword on College

COMPILED BY JAY KUMAR
SIRMORIA, MEMBER,
STUDENTS' EDITORIAL BOARD



Down

1. Tech corner
2. All the knowledge gaining and fun stuff happen here
3. Our own electricity department
6. Food lovers can't miss this spot
9. Paradise of a bibliophile
10. Find all the future champions under one roof
11. Play your heart out here, just keep an eye out for the wind
13. All your research technology under one roof
14. Green welcome for all
17. Play cum chill out zone

Across

4. Perform and shine the most
5. Get your work done here
7. Head room of the college
8. Fight for those 25 points
12. All the drama exists here
15. Grow and find your experimental samples here
16. Find your teachers here
18. A place where all the Indian fans practice to be the best
19. Peaceful corner of the college



ANAGRAMS



Theme: Countries

Compiled by R Eloni Koren, Member,
Students' Editorial Board

1. Less Lychee
2. Bit Judo I
3. Iguana Car
4. Bluer Mug Ox
5. En Maria
6. Quiz Om Beam
7. Sand Hour
8. A Lair Bug
9. Jan Rod
10. Eat Ions
11. Cry Ups
12. Urea Ink

Answers:
1. Seychelles
2. Djibouti
3. Nicaragua
4. Luxembourg
5. Armenia
6. Mozambique
7. Honduras
8. Bulgaria
9. Jordan
10. Estonia
11. Cyprus
12. Ukraine

Bingo

ABSOLUTE MUST VISITS IN DELHI FROM A DELHITE

*Arpita Singh,
Member, Students'
Editorial Board*

You often get to hear from people that once you've lived in Delhi, breathed a puff of its wildly polluted air, had a taste of the variety of cuisines this cosmopolitan city holds, marvelled at the beauty of its architecture, ran into the metro just for the AC, bargained with each local market vendor and been enraged at the sheer traffic on the streets, you'll never be able to live anywhere else without comparing it with Delhi all the time. From someone who is equally in love with Delhi as she is disdained by it, here are some places that make Delhi, Delhi.

Connaught Place	Darya Ganj /Nai Sarak Sunday Book Market	Nizamuddin Auliya Dargah	Majnu Ka Tila Tibetan Market
Delhi Haat	India Gate/Amar Javan Jyoti	National Science Museum	Akshardham Temple
Netaji Subhash Place Food Street	Chandni Chowk/ Jama Masjid Food Lane	Sarojini Nagar Market	Gurudwara Bangla Sahib
Humayun's Tomb	Wall of Democracy, Vishwavidyalaya	Lodhi Garden	Hudson Lane



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Dr. Neelakshi N K Borah

Ms. Ankita Rasaily

Ms. Bhawna Kaushik

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Anushka Jain, B. Sc. (H) Computer Science III Year

Nidhi Rai, B. Sc. (H) Biomedical Science II Year

Kanchan, B. Sc. (H) Botany II Year





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Nidhi Rai, B. Sc. (H) Biomedical Science II Year

Kanchan, B. Sc. (H) Botany II Year

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Sadaf Khan, B. Com.(H) I Year - Arabic and Urdu

Prof. Seema Gupta and Afshar Ajmeri - Punjabi

Akza K John, B. Sc. (H) Botany I Year - Malayalam

