

INSIGHT 2017

NAAC ACCREDITATION
GRADE 'A' | SCORE 3.31

**ACHARYA NARENDRA
DEV COLLEGE**

PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE...

25
YEARS OF EXCELLENCE



The thoughts and views expressed in this magazine are solely of the contributors and are not necessarily endorsed by the Editorial Committee. Though efforts have been made to check for plagiarism in the printed articles, readers are requested to report to the Editorial Committee for any such copied material in this magazine. The feedback may be sent to editorial@andc.du.ac.in

CONTENTS

	Page No.
From the Principal's Desk	3
Editorial	5
संपादकीय	6
All Good Things of Life are Free	7
समय बलवान	7
Causeless Happiness	8
राक्षस	9
An Ardour	10
Chats – The Speeder and the Policeman	11
अचर्चित प्रेम सम्बन्ध	14
Friend	15
Her Style	16
उड़ने दो इन्हें	17
I go to Seek a Great Perhaps	18
ईश्वर से उम्मीद	19
Witnessing the Future of Innovation @ Vibrant Gujarat 2017	20
उत्तर प्रदेश में कारीगरों की दयनीय स्थिति	22
Is India Ready to go Cashless	31
Search For Light	32
Let's Call it Life!	33
Lost and Found	34
संघर्ष	36
My Inspiration	37
NSS @ ANDC in Collaboration with Muskaan	38
ज़िन्दगी	40
Sail Home	41
पद्मविभूषण सोलंकी	42
Stepping out of our Comfort Zone	44
Teenage Town...	45
पिंजरा	46

CONTENTS

The Answer to Everything	47
The Art of Living	48
अंतर्द्वंद्व	49
The Eternal Questions	50
The Fault in Our Stars – One of the Best Books I’ve Ever Read	51
टूटती लक्ष्मण रेखाएँ	53
The Phenominal Reality	54
Title or The Outlandishly-Annoying-Dummy-Unwarrantedly-Eating-Up-These-Lines-Which-Could-Have-Been-Avoided	56
युवाओं के बीच में लिंग संवेदीकरण	65
Untitled	66
To The Heart Struck Indian	67
A Memory to be Cherished Forever...	68
Transition from School to College Life	71
वो लड़की	72
सरकार	74
What is Life	75
Window Side	76
सपनों का भारत: भ्रम से सच्चाई तक	76
Women’s Empowerment	78
मद	79
रावण तेरे कितने सिर	79
Alumni Speak	82
Creative Corner	84
Meet the Editors	89

FROM THE PRINCIPAL'S DESK

Years come and years go, and each year is remembered for what we achieve during the period. In the life of a young college, progress and development take place gradually over the years, with each year contributing a little to making the institution stronger, more remarkable and helping in creating an identity for itself. Last year proved to be a watershed, due to some very exciting recognitions that the college garnered due to the efforts put in by students, faculty and staff.

Our concerted effort at making a difference paid off, first, by the college being accredited with grade 'A' by NAAC, that too at a very high grade of 3.31 that was much more than what some of the more acclaimed colleges of the University were able to garner.

Secondly, it is a matter of great honour that the College was sanctioned an Incubation Centre by the Department of Training & Technical Education (DTTE), Government of NCT of Delhi, thus joining the elite group of educational institutions which have got support initially for a period of three years with an annual grant of Rs.1.5 crores. As part of this sanction, the College is in the process of setting-up a Company in Start Foundation @ ANDC under Section 8 of Company Act. The prime aim is to foster a culture of entrepreneurship, start-ups and Intellectual Property creation that can lead to value creation, jobs and employment and help social and economic upliftment.

Then, the recognition of Acharya Narendra Dev College and 7 of its science departments as 'STAR' under the Department of Biotechnology, GOI did not come too late! The award translates into more workshops for students, funds for equipment, and training for staff!

The college banner carried high into the skies by the lovely multicolored balloons released by Professor Yogesh K Tyagi in a crisp morning symbolized the heights that the college and its students aim to achieve! The occasion was the Culmination function of the year long Rajatotsav – the Silver Jubilee celebrations, where the Hon'ble Vice Chancellor Professor Tyagi was the Chief Guest. The event was also made special due to its inclusive nature – the Inter-College para-sports event with 13 colleges participating and presence of guests extraordinaire- medal winners and participants of the Rio Paralympics!

The College choir's performance at the culmination function also resulted in two singing sensations of the College – Vishal Sharma of B.Sc. Physical Science (CS) and Sakshi Tyagi B. Sc. (H) Chemistry getting selected for the University Choir for performance at the University Convocation last year. Also, our theatre society Dhvani was asked to perform a street play at the Delhi University Flower Show in February 2017 – and they did the college proud with the performance of 'Earth Sastra'. My congratulations to all of them!

A college can believe it has come of age when its alumni are willing to 'give back' to their alma mater! The academic session 2016 – 2017 will go down as a transformative one for the college because of the institution of first-ever scholarship endowment by an alumnus from the first batch of B. Sc. (H) Electronics course. Abhinav Halen instituted two merit-cum-means scholarships every year, for students of Department of Electronics. The year also saw Dr. Ravi Toteja, Vice Principal and Best Teacher awardee by DHE for the



current year set-up one merit-cum-means scholarship for a girl child in the Department of Zoology in memory of his mother.

Acharya Narendra Dev College has over the years has set high standards for itself and striven hard to work towards the challenges it set itself! It was important the college make a name and be identified amongst the best – we struggled in the beginning, but with time we did it! Our rankings in national magazines of repute at Admission time and the NAAC scores prove that! We wanted to make a difference in the lives of the students we mentor! We set up research facilities, personality developing activities like theatre, music, debate, youth parliament, sports – all as regular activities. We felt the need to support students – we set up SAKSHAM for financial aid and EXPLORE to provide students one excursion for every child in college, ELITE – for summer projects with financial support.

All this and more student friendly practices are being adopted – yet it is upsetting when many students don't grab with both hands the opportunities that the college provides! When students get left out of SAKSHAM because they did not apply, or not go for EXPLORE or ELITE because their parents did not allow, or not join ECPDT or SPIE or NSS because of simple procrastination.

Where else would they get facilities for self-issue and self-return of library books, be able to track of attendance online, pay fees from their homes; receive personalized sms's and emails that inform? Where would they get faculty that cared so much? That looked for opportunities to push and support students into activities like entrepreneurship? Research? That we care is also borne by the fact that we have a professional counsellor available 6 hours a week – where students can drop by to discuss their problems – both personal and about their careers!

My only request to students is that they should explore, give themselves a chance, not to foreclose anything without once trying, not to ever believe that there are things that they cannot do, and are beyond them. The world is an open place and it is only the brave and the persevering that can make it!! So, dream big, and believe in yourselves.....

Savithri Singh

Principal

March 16, 2017



EDITORIAL

"Periods of nostalgia are impossible to predict or explain" – these words by the Canadian novelist Russell Smith are running through my mind as I begin to pen down my thoughts. I cannot help but recall the fond memories associated with Insight – our College Magazine. It is now the fourth year for me as a member of the Students' Editorial Team and being a part of this team has helped me learn and grow.

Working as an editor since my first year in college has been a wonderful experience. Not only did I get to go through some brilliantly written articles and poems but also happened to improve my vocabulary and even pronunciation (when I sometimes used to read aloud a piece to check for any grammatical or structural errors). Compilation of the magazine also improved my managerial skills and successfully keeping track of the large number of entries we receive, as well as, assigning responsibilities to the fellow editors was both challenging and gratifying. I would like to thank my fellow editors, who, with their cooperation and dedication, ensure that each year, we are able to roll out a fresh edition of our beloved college magazine. I also express my gratitude to the convenors and all the faculty members who have been a part of the Editorial Board over the years and have been providing guidance to the Student Editors by ensuring that we (the student editors) take up new initiatives and responsibilities.

We are delighted to have welcomed some new faces in the Editorial Board, who, I am sure, will carry on the good work. The eagerness of the students to be a part of this team also reaffirms our efforts to involve a greater number of students in the process of inviting, editing and shortlisting the entries. I am happy that now Insight also acts as a platform that enables students to not only express their opinions and experiences but also helps to overcome the hesitation that one sometimes feels when submitting an entry for publication for the first time.

This year too, we received some good contributions from students in the form of articles, poems and sketches. Shortlisting the entries that you find in the magazine was a difficult task as space constraints do not allow us to accommodate all the entries that we receive. One is bound to find enjoyment in the memorable stories, poems and beautiful sketches that are weaved together to create this mosaic of ideas and expression.

I hope that this edition motivates and inspires you to contribute and also helps you to learn. I feel like plunging into nostalgia again as I realize that this is the final editorial I have written for Insight and fondly reminisce the four years that have gone by...



Ankit Pant

B. Tech. Computer Science, IV Year

Editor-in-chief (English)

सम्पादकीय

कला व साहित्य मानव मस्तिष्क के चिंतन व हृदय की स्पंदन की सहज परिणति है। साहित्य ने समाज की सोच और दिशा पर हमेशा गहरा प्रभाव छोड़ा है। मानव जीवन में यौवन व तरुणई का काल वो समय है जब हमारी चेतना स्वच्छंद होती है। युवा मस्तिष्क मानसिक व भावनात्मक तौर पर आदर्शवादी और यथार्थवादी होता है। यौवन निर्माणकारी होता है परन्तु अधीर यौवन हिंसक व विध्वंशकारी भी हो जाता है। महाविद्यालय में बिताए गए जीवनकाल अर्थात् यौवन का काल, इसलिए न सिर्फ महत्वपूर्ण है, बल्कि समाज व राष्ट्र के दृष्टिकोण से प्रासंगिक भी है। समाज व राष्ट्र तो युवा के बिना मृतप्राय है। आचार्य नरेंद्र देव महाविद्यालय की वार्षिक पत्रिका “इनसाईट” एक बार फिर अपने भीतर विविध रंगों को समेटकर आपके समक्ष नई साज सज्जा व कलेवर के साथ प्रस्तुत है।



सामाजिक सरोकार से जुड़े मुद्दे, लैंगिक समानता, युवा मस्तिष्क का अंतर्द्वंद, स्वतंत्र टिप्पणीयाँ, कहानियाँ, कविताएँ, कटाक्ष से लेकर चित्रकारी व ललितकला के तमाम बहुरंगी रंगों का समुच्चय है – “इनसाईट”। मुख्य सम्पादक के रूप में सम्पादक मंडली का सदस्य बनना एक बहुआयामी व रोमांचकारी अनुभव था। मैं आभारी हूँ अपने शिक्षक का जिनकी कृपा दृष्टि की वृष्टि में सम्पादन का कार्य सुगमता से संपन्न हो पाया। युवा मन तो स्वाभाव से ही मासूम व निष्कलुष होता और उनकी रचनाओं की व्यंजना की गूँज तो सात्विकता की चरमोत्कर्ष की विजय-गीत के सामान है। इन गीतों की मधुर तान में मैं सहसा बोल पड़ा – “साहित्य ही सुधा है, साहित्य ही स्वाबलंबन है”।

कला की इस उत्सव गीत में विभोर होते हमें अपनी जिम्मेदारियों के प्रति भी सजग रहने की जरूरत है। इस देश के तारुण्य, इस देश के वसंत होने के कारण यह नितांत आवश्यक है कि हम अतीत के अनुभवों को वर्तमान की कसौटी पर कसकर एक नूतन भविष्य की आधारशिला रखें जहाँ प्रेम, समरसता, सहृदयता, विद्वता व रचनात्मकता की प्रचुरता हो। सकारात्मकता के मकरंद का पान ही हमारी चेतना को बौद्धिक बल दे सकता जो आगे हमारे पथ पर हमें उर्जावान बनाए रखेगा। बहुत आवश्यक है कि हमारा मार्ग संकीर्णता और संकुचन का नहीं बल्कि आत्मीयता और दूरदर्शी सोच से भरा हो, अपने देश का भविष्य हमारे कंधों पर है यह हमें हर वक्त याद रखना पड़ेगा। यह पथ चाहे जैसा भी इसे हमें पार अकेले ही करना है, अपना रास्ता स्वयं ही बनाना है। बुद्ध का सन्देश – “अप्पो दीपो भव” अर्थात् अपना प्रकाश स्वयं बनो, हमें अंगीकृत करने की जरूरत है। राष्ट्र-कवि “दिनकर” के शब्दों में –

विक्रमी पुरुष लेकिन सिर पर, चलता न क्षत्र पुरखों का धर।

अपना बल तेज जगाता है, सम्मान जगत में पाता है।।

अंग्रेजी की रचनाकार पी. बी. शेली ने कवियों और लेखकों को दुनिया का “अनभिज्ञात कानून-निर्माता” बताया है। मेरे विचार से यह शब्द हमें अपनी जिम्मेदारियों के प्रति उत्तरदायी होने का अहसास दिलाते हैं। छात्र जीवन में शुचिता परमावश्यक है, हमें अपने मार्ग में आए मुश्किलों से जूझना तो है परन्तु शुचिता के दायरे में। सफलता तभी मूल्यवान और सार्थक मानी जाएगी।

यूँ तो कला एक नूरानी स्रोत है पर हर कला में पूर्णता संभाव्य रहती है। इस पूर्णता के इतर अपूर्णता को देखना भी एक कला है, जो एक पारखी ही कर सकता है, आप अपूर्णता के सौंदर्य का अवलोकन कीजिए...

अंत में सम्पादक मंडल के सभी सदस्यों का साधुवाद! अपने शिक्षकों का विशेष आभार, आचार्य नरेन्द्र देव महाविद्यालय के सभी छात्रों को उनके मंगलमय एवं सफल भविष्य के लिए हार्दिक शुभकामनाएँ।

मनीष भरद्वाज

बी.एस.सी. (विशेष) रसायन शास्त्र, तृतीय वर्ष

मुख्य संपादक (हिन्दी)

ALL GOOD THINGS OF LIFE ARE FREE

Human beings have a tendency to add monetary value to everything in life. It's true that money is important but it cannot assure fulfilment and satisfaction. With a rat race going on around us, where each of us is trying to beat the other, eliminating the weak and the trodden in the process, people have forgotten to appreciate joyous feelings, the feeling of lying on a mountain top with the setting sun on the horizon. The flight of birds over the orange hued sky, boats crossing the rivers slowly are now just reminiscent of renaissance paintings. These sights are available for free to both the prince and the pauper yet, we crib over materialistic things that have short term existence. The great American philosopher, Henry David Thoreau, has very succinctly described the endless bounties of Nature in his books: "The setting sun is reflected from the windows of the alm house as brightly as from the rich man's abode, the snow melts before its door as early in the spring." We humans have attached so much importance to money, glory and fame that emotions have very little meaning left now. Emotions come at no cost, yet they are priceless. One can't put a value tag on a mother's love, the warm hug of a true friend in the darkest of hours has no measure, the pain of a beloved one's departure and the joy of a new member in the family are beyond expression. These emotional treasure chests are infinite like the sky, yet hard cash is what we have a longing for. Wealth is not useless but at times, the need for it is exaggerated. No one can survive in this reckless world without money. However, superfluous wealth cannot buy happiness. As rightly said by the great Henry David Thoreau, "Money is not required to buy one necessity of the soul." One does not have to possess the Sun or the Moon in order to enjoy a sunrise or a sunset or the soothing moonlight.

Sukrit Kumar Singh

B. Sc. (H) Mathematics, III Year

समय बलवान

समय 'बहाकर' ले जाता है,
'नाम' और 'निशान'...
कोई 'हम' में बह जाता है,
कोई 'अहम' में बर्बाद हो जाता है...
बोल मीठे न हो तो,
'हिचकियाँ' भी शायद आती हैं...
घर 'बड़ा' हो या 'छोटा',
अगर 'मिठास' ना हो तो,
'इंसान' क्या -'चींटियाँ' भी नहीं आती ॥

मनीष कुमार

बी.एस.सी. (विशेष) इलेक्ट्रॉनिक्स, द्वितीय वर्ष

CAUSELESS HAPPINESS

Beaming eyes, several packets of food, pack of cards, badminton rackets, frisbee, etc. and of course, a well thought of itinerary. But really, all you need is to be present, the rest is always taken care of. Sounds familiar to most of us – a day out with our friends. Oh, we've all been through it – the never ending exploration of eat outs through the 'Nearby' option of Zomato, the laughter, the metro rides. Yes, college is about to end but that excitement to share home-made food, to watch some new TV show you never knew about, to fight with the 'golgappe waala' for extra 'paani', to make paper boats or planes, and so on, exists. There is an odd sense of satisfaction and familiarity in these little pleasures.

As time passes by, we grow up. We pack our bags, get going, to new cities to, may be, find the right job, the right degree to go for next or may be just to travel far enough. They say, if you travel far enough, you will find yourself. But I believe, the journey within gives us much more. But once in a blue moon, reflecting, pausing for a while to reminisce, brings so much joy that one feels content. Of course, not all experiences are as exhilarating but even those have taught us that life is a box of chocolates and you actually don't have to end up on a wrapper. There is always room for more chocolates. The last time I felt this extravagantly peaceful was back when I was in Ross Island. It was totally unexpected. My brother and I were pretty tired by the time we reached the place; we walked for quite some time and found the dilapidated church the Island is famous for. We were feeling better, we walked some more distance but as soon as we saw the beach side that view from the sea cliff, there was this energy the splashing waves and the magical wind brought to us. The wind blew my hair yet nuzzled softly on my face. May be sometimes all you want is the beautiful view of the sea to admire peace with natural wallpaper, carved in rock by the tides. Such is the bliss you want to share with your loved ones. I don't think we should ever lose out on such moments even if things don't go as planned or as expected.

This reminds me of an event I was part of in March 2016. The World Culture Festival was indeed memorable but who had thought that on the opening day when almost 1700 Kathak artists were going to attempt to enter their performance in the Guinness Book of World Records, there would be such heavy rainfall. The dresses all wet, no green room that can possibly fit in thousands of people, the make-up literally draining, and since there were no umbrellas, we all were shivering by the time the rain stopped. It was chaotic. But then as the announcement started and we saw the crew literally doing all they could to help us, from draining water from those huge speakers to giving us polythene bags to save ourselves from the rain, we, as performers, felt this urge to perform. In fact, I'd never witnessed a full arc rainbow in my life, and thanks to the extent of the stage, I saw its beauty. That too, just before doing what I love, dancing. I'm sure we all had a different glow on our faces of finally being able to dance together and we did make it happen.

Wondering where I am going with this? I don't know, I felt like writing because I was missing my friends...the last semester of college. But the best part is that I am happy and when it comes from within, it is expressed even in your work.

Ipshita Mishra

B. Tech. Computer Science, IV Year

राक्षस

'राक्षस' ये शब्द सुनते ही दिमाग में ऐसे जीवों की तस्वीर उभर आती है जिनका चेहरा भयानक, खून से सने लम्बे दांत, बड़ी-बड़ी आँखें और काला चेहरा, लंबे नाखून और न जानें क्या-क्या! जिनके ज़हन में ये तस्वीर न आए तो जरूर फिर रामायण का रावण, कुम्भकरण और मेघनाद अवश्य आते होंगे जिनका हर वर्ष विजयदशमी (दशहरा) की शाम को दहन किया जाता है। दशहरे के दिन जलाये जाने वाले ये तीन राक्षस भी लोगों के द्वारा अक्सर भयानक रूप में ही बनाये जाते हैं क्योंकि शायद उनको लगता है कि बुरा हमेशा बदसूरत ही होगा या होना चाहिये जबकि असली रावण को तो किसी ने देखा नहीं। अब सोचने की बात तो ये हो जाती है कि वास्तव में राक्षस की परिभाषा क्या है? क्या भयानक चेहरे वालों को ही राक्षस कहते हैं या फिर कभी राक्षस सुन्दर चेहरे वाला भी हो सकता है? क्या वे पशु जैसे दिखते होंगे या पक्षी, सरीसृप, मीन (मछली) या फिर मनुष्य की तरह या इनमें से कोई भी बात किसी को राक्षस कहने के लिए पर्याप्त है ही नहीं? क्या राक्षस सतयुग, त्रेतायुग और द्वापर युग में ही होते थे और वहीं समाप्त हो गए या फिर आज (कलयुग में) भी राक्षसों का अस्तित्व है?

आज कोई राक्षस है या नहीं ये जानने के लिए हमें समझना होगा थोड़ा उन राक्षसों के बारे में जो आज से हजारों वर्ष पूर्व मौजूद थे। यह माना जाता है कि रावण (जो एक बहुत क्रूर राक्षस था) भोलेनाथ महादेव का बहुत बड़ा भक्त था। शिव का इतना बड़ा भक्त होने के बाद भी उसे राम के हाथों मरना पड़ा क्योंकि वह अत्याचारी हो गया था।

यदि आज देखा जाए तो आज भी हम राक्षसों को देख सकते हैं बल्कि राक्षस जाति आज भी इसी धरती पर मौजूद है। जी हाँ यह सत्य है कि राक्षस आज भी मौजूद हैं लेकिन उन्हें प्रत्यक्ष आँखों से देखना थोड़ा कठिन है। इन राक्षसों को देखने के लिए ज्ञान का प्रकाश चाहिए और तर्क की आँखें।

आज जिन आतंकवादियों ने विश्व को दहला कर रखा हुआ है सोचिये क्या वे किसी भी रूप में राक्षसों से कम हैं? सत्य तो यही है कि ये ही हैं असली राक्षस। इनके सभी कार्य उन राक्षसों जैसे ही हैं। प्राचीन समय के राक्षस मनुष्यों से जबरन अपनी बात मनवाते थे और आज के ये राक्षस (आतंकवादी) भी बंदूक के दम पर ऐसा ही करते हैं। प्राचीन राक्षस जब किसी नर को बंदी बना लेते तो उसे बहुत यातनाएँ देते और उसकी बहुत दर्दनाक हत्या करते थे, आज के ये राक्षस (आतंकवादी) भी लोगों को बहुत भयावह मौत देते हैं। प्राचीन काल में भी कई राक्षस अच्छे थे और बाद में अच्छे मार्ग से भटक कर बुरे कार्य करने लगे और आज भी तो कई युवा, बच्चे ऐसे ही हैं जो कुछ राक्षसों के संपर्क में आकर अच्छे मार्ग से भटककर बुरे मार्ग में फँस जाते हैं और बुरे कार्य करने लगते हैं और समझते हैं कि जैसे सिर्फ वही सही हैं जोकि वास्तव में गलत होता है। प्राचीन काल में राक्षस अपने साथियों को भी प्रताड़ित करने से नहीं चूकता था।

प्राचीन काल के राक्षस कई बार महिलाओं को अगवा कर ले जाते थे, आज के राक्षस भी तो यही करते हैं। भारतीय संस्कृति कभी भी इन राक्षसों को सफल होने नहीं दे सकती। सिकंदर को भारत से वापस लौटना पड़ा, सेल्युकस को हार का सामना करना पड़ा, सम्राट अशोक क्रूर से दयावान हो गया, कारण केवल भारत की संस्कृति थी जो केवल जान लेने से ही वह मानसिक बल प्राप्त होता जो शारीरिक शक्ति को बढ़ा देता और बुरे लोगों और बुराई से लड़ने के योग्य बना देता है। आज हमें आवश्यकता है ठीक से इन राक्षसों (आतंकवादियों) को पहचानने की। सत्य तो यही है कि ये आतंकवादी ही आज के राक्षस हैं!

विजय

बी.एस.सी. फिजिकल साइंस(इलेक्ट्रॉनिक्स), तृतीय वर्ष

AN ARDOUR

The heart on fire, the mind never clearer,
As darkness and silence crawl in.
The nothingness an inspiration,
The music of silence playing,
Staring blankly into the empty space.
Unspoken words, unexpressed feelings,
Repressed emotions, untold opinions,
All reticence finally broken.
With each stroke of the magic stick,
Tiny droplets of words, unhampered,
Finding their way with each drop of ink.
Gracefully dancing on sheets of paper
As white as snow,
Accentuating each word as it comes alive,
Making a rainbow of emotions.

Donglianlal Samte

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



CHATS – THE SPEEDER AND THE POLICEMAN

“Sir,” the policeman said as he stopped the speeding car and reached its window, “Where are you going?”

“Home,” the man replied.

“And where is that?” the policeman continued.

“Wherever it might be,” the man responded.

“Sir, I’m going to have to ask you to get out of your car and give me your licence and registration.” The policeman said, irate at the man’s response.

The man, calm and nonchalant, stepped out of the car and handed the documents to the policeman and stepped aside and shut the car door.

The policeman let out a sigh, regretful at stopping this particular over-speeding car at one in the morning.

“Sir, your home address is about two hundred kilometres from here!” the policeman exclaimed in anger.

“I know,” the man went on, as though oblivious to the police man’s ire and fatigue.

“Then what the hell are you doing here?” the policeman said, finally snapping at the attitude of the man.

“Finding home,” the man replied in his usual casualness.

“You keep on with that attitude and I’ll lock you up for the night.” the policeman continued, frustrated and annoyed at the perceived casualness and general waywardness of the man.

“Nothing will happen to the car, right?” the man responded, turning a bit more serious.

“Yeah, wait, what?” the policeman said, shocked at the man’s query. “I’m this close to locking you up with homicidal maniacs and psychopaths, and that’s all you can think about? Whether your car will be okay or not?”

“Yeah. It’s my father’s,” the man responded, his casualness fading away to a more serious demeanour.

“Well, then he’s going to be mad that it spent a night in the impound,” the policeman responded, lightening up a bit, warming up to the odd man with cryptic answers to his run of the mill questions.

“Yeah. He would be,” the man continued, “but he’s dead.”

The policeman stopped checking the documents and stared at the man. He was unpleasantly shocked at the indifference in the man’s voice and his blank expression while saying it.

“Man, you’re crazy,” the policeman stated. I’ve locked up paedophiles, guys who did hit and run, a few homicidal maniacs too, but they don’t hold anything when compared to you. He was amazed and baffled at this extremely bizarre incident in his life.

“What, why?” the man responded in light humour, surprised at the accusation.

“Seriously. I catch you speeding at one in the night, you’re all damn chill about it. Then I tell you I’ll lock you up and you’re concerned about your car rather than yourself”, the policeman spoke in a fast but high pitched voice. “What’s up with that?” the policeman ended his tirade against the man’s attitude and the man burst out laughing.

“What? What?” the policeman responded, his hands thrown in the air, curious at the man’s laughter but also not very pleased at the same time.

“Well,” the man continued laughing, even more loudly than before, now breaking the silence that shrouded

the area. "Well, I've never seen a police officer say words like chill or what's up or even act like that," the man continued, throwing his hands in the air like the police officer, and eventually falling on his car's hood. "Man, I tell you. You're crazy," the policeman said, tired at trying to figure out the man's cryptic behaviour. "No, no," the man continued, controlling his laughter to give a more coherent and audible response. "No," finally ending his laughter, "how often do you look at a police officer use words like chill and act like a normal person. I mean, you all act so tough all the time that we forget you're just like us. I mean, we get so muddled in the stereotypes, we forget to look at the people underneath".

The policeman stood surprised by what he had just heard. He understood why the man laughed and realised that the man was as smart as he was crazy. "Yeah, that's because not a lot of people over speed at one in the morning."

"True," the man nodded. "Or you know, cross paths with me," the man laughed.

"Yeah," the policeman joined the man in his laughter.

The laughter soon subsided into the silence and both the men rested on the hood of the car and the policeman closed the documents and handed them over to the man.

"So, what brings you here, oh great wise wizard man of two hundred kilometres away?" the policeman asked, waving his arms in the air, trying to make mystical hand signs.

The man chuckled a bit. "You never thought you'd see a policeman do that, did you?" the policeman continued and the man burst out laughing again. The policeman joined him as well.

"Here to meet some extended family or something?" the policeman asked.

"No, no. Just passing by. Just exploring," the man replied.

"To where?" the policeman asked.

"I don't know, I just took the car out of the garage for a drive and next thing you know, I get back home, pack a bag and head out."

"All of a sudden? Just like that?" the policeman enquired.

"Just like that," the man responded. "The car had been in the garage ever since it came back from servicing a couple weeks ago and I just took her out for a spin. And while driving, I realised I needed to unburden myself," the man continued, "of all earthly and mundane affairs." He spoke, imitating a wizard in speech and action.

Both of them chuckled a bit.

"Unburden yourself? You sound like you're carrying a lot of burden on those weak arms," the policeman said, patting the man's bicep.

"I was," the man's tone was now serious. "My family died when I was seven. Ever since, I've been living with my extended joint family. So, all my other relatives looked after me," the man continued. "But they always had this feeling in their heart. They would feel bad for me and somewhere, I felt they always treated me differently. And I always felt grateful and so, in my head, I started to become what I thought they would appreciate. And I started becoming this boy who restrained himself from doing small things and burdened himself with this particular way to live and behave so much that he forgot who he truly was beneath all those self-imposed restrictions," the man ended, taking a deep breath.

"You know, they would have loved it had you been yourself," the policeman said.

“Yeah, I know. I always thought that I could be one way in front of them but always know who I was in my head and it would be all right. But it just doesn’t work out that way.”

“Yeah. You can’t wear one face to the world and another to yourself without eventually becoming confused as to which one is actually true,” the policeman added.

“And that’s the issue, isn’t it? We all think that if we know who we are and are secure about it, we can change ourselves according to people’s needs without it affecting who we really are,” the man spoke with pain and passion in his voice regarding the human condition. “It just doesn’t work.”

“It can’t work,” the policeman added. “The human brain and heart, even though used for deception, are not made for it. They falter when they know they’re doing something wrong,” said the policeman, equally passionate and irate about the human condition.

“That actually makes so much sense. You can’t fool yourself into believing what you don’t believe in. I mean, that’s why heroes and villains go so far. Because in their heart of hearts, they do what they truly believe in. Unhindered, unrestrained by everything,” the man continued.

“Because when you believe, you aren’t scared by things that scare you. You work hard to overcome adversities and succeed,” the policeman added further.

“Because only a strong immovable belief forces the will power to never give up,” the man said, even faster, stimulated by the conversation they were having.

“I’ve never talked like this without having two beers in me,” the policeman exclaimed even faster and both men chuckled a bit.

“Seems like a scene out of a Woody Allen movie,” the man said once he finished his laughter. “Two strangers meet and out of nowhere start talking about life and the human condition and the problems we all face.”

The policeman checked. “Yeah. Rightly said. Had it been longer, we could have called it a scene from *My Dinner with Andre*.”

“Yeah, but in *My Dinner with Andre*, the two know each other. We’re more Allen characters. Strangers who mysteriously empathise with each other even though they’ve known each other only a short time.”

“You sure can talk till one thirty in the night,” the policeman said.

“It’s a gift,” the man said with a slight hint of narcissism.

“Aaaaahhhh,” the policeman yawned, tired after this brief but enlightening experience. “I’d love to continue, but I’m tired and no matter how much I don’t want to, I need to finish with my duty here.” The policeman said as he got off the hood of the man’s car and raised his arm for a handshake.

“Yeah,” the man responded, jumping off the hood with his documents in hand and grabbed the policeman’s hand.

The policeman walked away and the man looked at his documents. “Wait, aren’t you going to give me a ticket?” the man screamed.

“Nah, I have a feeling you’ll be back here.”

The man nodded his head as the policeman entered his car and started it, his hand out to wave good bye and he soon drove towards the moon. The man, too, then entered his car and revved his engine and took off as well, a smile on his face, driving towards the moon as well but taking a different path.

Shrey Ahuja

B. Tech. Computer Science, IV Year

13

अचर्चित प्रेम सम्बन्ध

प्रेम सभी कलाओं का आधार होता है। साहित्यकार हो या चित्रकार, संगीत का पुजारी हो या फिल्म निर्माता-निर्देश, प्रेम उनकी कलाओं में प्राण भरता है। भावुक भारतीय प्रेम को दिल से जोड़ते हैं जबकि पश्चिम में प्रेम को दिमाग से जोड़ा जाता है। शायद यही वजह है कि जहां हमने प्यार को अध्यात्म-विज्ञान का विषय समझा तो पश्चिम ने इसे विज्ञान का विषय माना। विज्ञान ने तो प्रेम की अनुभूति को जैविक रासायनिक क्रियाओं की परिणति से जोड़ा है।

सर्दी में हमारे शरीर में मेलाटोनिन नामक हार्मोन बनता है। यह हमारे शरीर की जैविक घड़ी को ज्यादा नींद और आलस्य की ओर ले जाता है। परन्तु वसंत आते ही दिन लम्बे होते हैं, गर्मी बढ़ती है और मेलाटोनिन की मात्रा कम होती है और सेरोटोनिन की प्रचुरता बढ़ने लगती है। इसके परिणामस्वरूप हमारी सजगता बढ़ती है और उत्साह जगता है। इस समय बेचैनी बढ़ती है, घर और कक्षा में बैठने का मन नहीं करता, और व्याकुलता बढ़ने लगती है। इसी समय एक और परिवर्तन होता है- “Spring Fever”...

वसंत आते ही वातावरण बदलने लगता है, हल्की सिहरन, खुलता मौसम, हरे भरे पेड़ पौधे, रंग बिरंगे फूलों का भरपूर फैलाव, मादक रस से आकर्षित मधुमक्खियों की गुनगुनाहट विभिन्न चिड़ियों की चहचहाहट एक अनुपम और अद्भुत दृश्य दिखाती है। अमेरिका के “रोजर्स विश्वविद्यालय” की न्यूरोसाइंटिस्ट “हेलेन फिशर” का मानना है कि मनुष्य के दिमाग में प्राकृतिक रूप से डोपामिन नामक रसायन होता है जो अनूठी चीजों से उद्दीप्त होता है और इंसान को प्यार की ओर खींचता है। अर्थात् वसंत में सर्वाधिक अनोखापन होता है, इसीलिए वसंत और प्रेम में घनिष्ठ सम्बन्ध माना जाता है। पश्चिम संस्कृति में इस ऋतु में सेंट वैंलेंटाइन को सम्मानित करते हुए १४ फ़रवरी को वैंलेंटाइन दिवस के रूप में मनाया जाता था। १४वीं सदी में ज्यॉफ्री चौसर ने इस दिन को प्रेमियों से जोड़ दिया। तब से प्रेमी इस दिन एक दूसरे को फूल, उपहार इत्यादि दिया करते हैं।

एक आश्चर्यजनक बात यह है कि इटली के पीसा विश्वविद्यालय की मनोविश्लेषक डॉ. डोनाटेला मराजिती ने छह महीने से कम के प्यार में दीवाने बीस जोड़ों को बुलाकर उनके खून की जाँच की। वह जानना चाहती थी कि निरंतर किसी के बारे में सोचना दिमाग की यंत्रचना को विवशतापूर्ण मानसिक रोग (कम्पल्सिव ओबसेसिव डिसऑर्डर) के समान प्रभावित करने वाला तो नहीं है, वह था। इससे एक अत्यंत महत्वपूर्ण तथ्य स्पष्ट होता है कि अक्सर प्यार के नाम पर किए जाने वाले अपराध रोग है, प्यार नहीं। यह कहने में कोई अतिशयोक्ति नहीं की “प्रेम” को सिर्फ साहित्य, दर्शन, समाजशास्त्र या फिर विज्ञान की परिधि में सीमित नहीं किया जा सकता। यह एक सार्वभौम अनुभूति है! प्रेम आण्विक रासायनिक प्रतिक्रियाओं से लेकर मानवीय संवेदना, समझ और भावनाओं का समुच्चय है।

अनुपमा शुक्ला

असोसिएट प्रोफेसर, वनस्पति विज्ञान

FRIEND

Thanks for holding me
whenever I needed,
And for not having a single fight
that was heated.
Thanks for knowing me
from top to bottom,
And dealing with me
with a heart of cotton.

This bond of ours
makes me want to cry,
There is something
that'll always be worth a try.
This bond has made me
a better friend,
And I won't ever let it go
out of trend.
Thanks to the day
that brought you to me,
And also to the eyes
which made me see.
The friend I want
for life and beyond,
For the life I want
to create with lots of crayon.



The bond and trust that I promise I'll never break.
Again with a promise that I'll never change.
For what we've been and for what we are,
And for which I pray that this goes on, far and far.

Vaibhav Aggarwal
B. Com. (H), III Year

HER STYLE...



She is just a solo walker
Doesn't bother about the stalker
Wears only her attitude
She deserves respect and gratitude.
The style she follows, is just her own
Discovered herself as she had grown
People taunt her many a time
But she still prefers to rhyme.
The word of fools cannot arrest her
She chooses to enjoy every weather
Love is there all around
But she is listening to her heart's sound.
She needs no bling to impress
She is confident, irrespective of her dress
A compliment brings a smile on her face
She belongs to her own race.
Dress is not an issue at any moment
On every occasion, she looks decent
The power of her style and smile speak on
her behalf
She will always embrace her better half.
Her love is as pure as she is
Playing with her emotions is not a quiz
To take revenge she too knows
But she loves to live as the wind blows.

Nikita

B. Sc. Life Sciences, III Year

उड़ने दो इन्हें

उड़ने दो इन्हें,
आसमां से ऊपरा
ना रोको,
पकड़ इनके पर।
अदम्य साहस जिनमे,
भरा हौसलों का तेज है।
उड़ान नही इसकी कोई फूलो की सेज हैं।

उड़ने दो इन्हें,
ना रोको इस कद्र।
मर जाए हर पल ये,
खुद में घुट-घुट करा
खो न जाए कहीं,
कायरों की भीड़ में।
ना रहे ये उनकी जैसी टूटी नीड़ में।

उड़ने दो इन्हें,
ना रोको,
जमाने से डरकर।
सोना बनकर चमकेगी,
ताप में तपकर।
हर पल अपने पंखो को यूँ फैलाती है,
मानो पूरा आसमां घूमना चाहती हैं।
सोच अपने मन में मंद मंद मुस्कराती हैं।



आकाश गुप्ता (अर्श)
बी.एस.सी. (विशेष) भौतिक शास्त्र, प्रथम वर्ष

I GO TO SEEK A GREAT PERHAPS

"I go to seek a Great Perhaps". These were the last words of a French poet, Frank Rabelais. The words are quoted by Miles Halter in *Looking for Alaska*; after two readings of the book, they have assumed massive importance.

At the beginning of the book, Miles is bored of his life in Florida and aims to go to seek a Great Perhaps, a place where he will have adventures and enjoy his life more than he presently is. In all honesty, isn't that what all of us are searching for in our lives? A grand adventure, where we have great fun and find ourselves. For me, the Great Perhaps has been college. It has been my greatest adventure, the grandest roller coaster I have been on yet. It's gone up, it's gone down, but it's always been moving; never stopping. That's how adventures should be, shouldn't they? Always in motion; never stopping, even for a second. And alas! It's coming to an end too soon...I can sulk, cry or laugh but at the end, I must accept it. Everything that has a beginning must have an end.

I've done it all here, coming in from my previous Great Perhaps, school. I've thoroughly enjoyed my time here and done the craziest of things, some of which are: making jokes on the entire class because I couldn't write down anything as I had a plaster, leaving college at 10:40 PM after entering at 7:00 AM, jumping around in the college all the time, sleeping in the class because I had gone for a morning walk, proposing to my girlfriend at Sri Ram Centre, (arguably the best place to do such a thing), putting in four glorious years in Dhvani, organising a Street Play competition with the team and performing at numerous competitions, randomly walking on the streets all the time till late in the night, selling people everything, from soaps and shampoos to T-Shirts and sweatshirts, and many more moments which make life worth living and remembering. I have a tough time recalling everything because I don't want to flood this article and I can't explain without my voice and my body movement how much many of the little moments shaped me and how thoroughly I've enjoyed them and will remember them. I found out who I was, to an extent, and became, maybe, a better person. It's just like any great adventure should be; memorable, exhilarating, and worthwhile. I wouldn't change a thing in it; even if I had the opportunity to.

It has prepared me for my next Great Perhaps, leaving college and going out into the world; with all the memories and friends I've gained.

It's not so much the Great Perhaps without you putting your heart and soul into it, without taking risks and chances; doing what your heart tells you to; without all these little moments which constitute a great adventure, it is just a Perhaps. Perhaps, the place where there could've been fun and adventure. The Great Perhaps is the place we all want to be in, the Perhaps is where most of us find ourselves daily.

Stepping into college, I never thought it would be my Great Perhaps. It all just happened. All the craziness, all the fun, all the friends, all the fests, all the excitement, all the things which took place. It never occurred what would happen if I did any of these things. Would it add to my CV? Would I be happy doing all this? Would I love doing it? We all just did it because we wanted to. We never cared about the outcome. We just threw ourselves into it, just like every film, TV, book or video game character does, head first, without a care in the world but with the undying confidence that we will handle all the problems life throws in our way. We jumped into the water first then thought what we would do.

I guess, this is it now. The Great Perhaps is slowly coming to an end. I don't know what to make of it, how to feel. I guess, I'll know when the time comes. We learn to deal with some things when they come to us. So, everyone, go out and seek your Great Perhaps and do whatever you want. Live your life as you want to. Every place in these years of college offers an opportunity. No Photography Society in the college? Start one. Want to skip a few classes and watch a movie? Do it. Want to have a great fest? Go organise it. Just do it. Do it with all your heart and don't care about the outcome. Be the hero you adore in films and TV and books and video games. Be you.

As I leave college, my last words for all of you are these:

“College has all but ended for me. So, now I go seek a Great Perhaps...a new one.”

Shrey Ahuja

B. Tech. Computer Science, IV Year

ईश्वर से उम्मीद

धन दौलत उतना देना,
जितने से जीवन चल जाए,
शक्ति बस इतनी देना कि,
समाज का भला हो जाए।
रिश्तो में मजबूती इतनी हो कि,
प्यार से निभ जाए,
नेत्रों में नम्रता इतनी देना कि,
पूर्वजों का मान रख पायें,
चाहत बस इतनी हो कि,
बस नेक काम कर जाए।
बाकी ज़िन्दगी ले लेना कि,
औरों पर बोझ न बन जाए।।

मनीष कुमार

बी.एस.सी. (विशेष) इलेक्ट्रॉनिक्स, द्वितीय वर्ष

WITNESSING THE FUTURE OF INNOVATION @ VIBRANT GUJARAT 2017

Curiosity made us what we are...

I feel quite fortunate that I was a part of the nationwide 'Ideathon' competition held under the Nobel Prize Series – India 2017: Science Impacts Lives. It was amazing to be able to share ideas with 150 other students from every corner of the country – from the Andamans to Kashmir, from Arunachal Pradesh to Gujarat.

The journey began with the submission of a 150 word abstract on an idea of Science that can change lives. I thought what if some artificial blood group conversion system becomes possible, enabling us to provide blood immediately in case of an emergency? And this idea made it possible for me to be one among those 150 Ideathonists at the Vibrant Gujarat Summit, 2017, held in Gandhinagar, Gujarat from 9 to 10 January 2017.



The excitement doubled when we met our honourable Prime Minister, Shri Narendra Modi, at Science City, Ahmedabad, who addressed us as the foundation and the future of India and motivated us by saying that we will be scientists soon and the guardians of the planet.

It was an incredible day and getting to meet the star scientists present on the occasion was like a dream come true. It was the first time in India that 9 Nobel Laureates had gathered on one stage to enlighten us. We had Dr. Harold Varmus, Dr. Randy Schekman, Dr. Richard Roberts, Dr. Venkatraman Ramakrishnan, Dr. Ada Yonath, Dr. David Gross, Dr. Hartmut Michel, Dr. Serge Haroche, Dr. William E. Moerner as part of this grand event.

The participants were from diverse fields – MBBS, BDS, Engineering and even school students.

A student from Commerce was also a part of the event and this shows the diverse nature of Science which can be related to any of the other streams. A few students came up with the idea of controlling the growth of cancer cells by targeting the pathway mediated process. Another idea was to design a handy microscope which can scan micro-organisms, a school girl suggested to design a solar phone. I feel such platforms bring the young and innovative minds of the country together for the betterment of society and mankind. The best part of the gathering was that people were curious to know about each other and tried to learn the maximum, utilizing the opportunity to the most.



The programme at Mahatma Mandir, Gandhinagar on the second day was all about interaction with Nobel Laureates. 'Local Research, Global Impact – Addressing Global Challenges' and 'Basic or Applied Research: Fostering an Innovative Environment' were the main focus of the day's discussion and dialogue series with the laureates.

Ada Yonath, being the only female laureate, was a great inspiration for me. On being asked about how she dealt with failures and her opinion on women dreaming of higher education, she promptly replied that research in science is application based and as a curiosity-driven race, we limit ourselves.



David Gross said that we should learn from Nature as it is much smarter than we all are. Nature possess questions that are infinitely better than those of our teachers, religions, leaders and even society.

Listening to these great minds of our time was truly a motivational experience.

The Prime Minister, addressing the participants, said that the Laureates represent the peak that Science has reached and we must learn from them. He also cautioned that the peak rises from great mountain ranges and does not stand alone. So, we, who are the

foundation and future of India, should build new ranges from which the peaks will arise.

The 2 day experience was really beneficial for me. Meeting and interacting with people from IIT, NIT, IISER, IISc and all other renowned institutions of India was one of the best things of this event. I realized how diverse our group was. It was definitely an enriching experience and I hope to be a part of many such programmes in the future.

Shailya Verma

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

उत्तर प्रदेश में कारीगरों की दयनीय स्थिति

उत्तर प्रदेश के कारीगर दिन प्रतिदिन समाज के गहरे गर्त में डूबते जा रहे हैं। इस समुदाय ने अपनी मेहनत और कुशल कारीगरी से इस प्रदेश को उत्तम प्रदेश बनाया। इन कारीगरों ने उत्तर प्रदेश के विभिन्न स्थानों को कुटीर एवं लघु उद्योगों का केंद्र बनाया। इन उद्योगों की वजह से ही उत्तर प्रदेश की भारत में अपनी अलग पहचान बनी।

लेकिन समय के साथ इनकी पहचान धूमिल होती चली गयी। आज रह गया तो इनका नाम मात्र। 21 वीं शताब्दी के इस प्रगतिशील भारत में उत्तर प्रदेश यदि आर्थिक दृष्टि से पिछड़ता जा रहा है तो इसमें इन उद्योगों का पतन काफी हद तक जिम्मेदार है। यदि हम इस प्रदेश के औद्योगिक मानचित्र को देखें तो ऐसे कई कुटीर उद्योग मिलेंगे जैसे कानपुर का चमड़ा, फर्रुखाबाद का कढ़ाई उद्योग, अलीगढ़ के ताले, फिरोजाबाद की चूड़ियाँ, पीतल नगरी मुरादाबाद के बर्तन, लखनऊ का चिकन इत्यादि। लेकिन यह उपस्थिति केवल मानचित्र तक ही न सीमिति रह जाये, इसके लिए समय-समय पर इन उद्योगों को बढ़ावा दिया गया। गाँधी जी के चरखा चलाने से लेकर मोदी जी के स्टार्ट-अप तक के सफ़र का मूल उद्देश्य इन कुटीर उद्योगों को बढ़ावा देना ही है। ऐसे क्रियाकलापों के बाद भी वर्तमान उत्तर प्रदेश में उद्योगों के लिए लगाई गयी अधिकांश मिलें बंद हो चुकी हैं। जिसमें कानपुर की लाल इमली कपड़ा मिल, जे के कपड़ा मिल (कानपुर), कम्पिल (फर्रुखाबाद) की सूत मिल रामपुर की रज़ा मिल प्रमुख हैं। इन मिलों के बंद होने से बड़ी मात्रा में कारीगर बेरोजगार हो गये। इन मिलों के बंद होने के कई कारण रहे - कपास की खेती का कम हो जाना, लोगो का इन उद्योगों से बने उत्पाद का प्रयोग कम कर देना और कुछ राजनैतिक कारण।

ये बेरोजगार कारीगर आज काम की तलाश में देश के अन्य राज्यों (गुजरात, महाराष्ट्र, दिल्ली आदि) में आ गये हैं। कभी कभी इन्हें उपेक्षा का शिकार भी होना पड़ता है। आखिर इनकी इस दशा का जिम्मेदार कौन है ? क्या उत्तर प्रदेश में संसाधनों का भाव इनके पलायन का कारण है या और कुछ ? गंगा यमुना के पावन जल से सिंचित इस अवध प्रांत में संसाधन के आभाव का तो प्रश्न ही नहीं उठता !

बढ़ती हुई इस बेरोजगारी और पलायन की स्थिति को रोकना अब केवल राजनैतिक स्तर पर ही संभव है। चुनाव के वक्त राजनेताओं के कहने भर से यह उत्तर प्रदेश, उत्तम प्रदेश नहीं बन सकता। यदि यह राजनेता वास्तविक रूप से इस प्रदेश को उत्तम प्रदेश बनाना चाहते हैं तो उन्हें इन उद्योगों को पुनः स्थापित करने की दिशा में सकारात्मक कार्य करने होंगे। बंद पड़ी उन मिलों को खोलना होगा। जिससे इन कारीगरों को अपने घर में ही काम मिल सके और यह किसी अन्य राज्य पर बोझ न बने। इन प्रयासों से ही उत्तर प्रदेश उत्तम प्रदेश बन पाएगा।

शिवम मिश्र

बी.एस.सी. (विशेष) रसायन शास्त्र, द्वितीय वर्ष

ANNUAL DAY





RAJATOTSAV – PARINATI







**ORIENTATION
DAY: BREAKING
BARRIERS**



FAREWELL





INNOVATION CONCLAVE





NSS



**WORKSHOP FOR
SCHOOL
TEACHERS**



IS INDIA READY TO GO CASHLESS?

On 8th November, 2016, the honourable Prime Minister of India, Sri Narendra Modi, took a huge decision for the country by demonetizing rupees five hundred and one thousand notes. The country was stunned by the decision. There were mixed responses from the public. Some were happy because at last, a big step had been taken to attack the heart of corruption but some more were worried about the outcome of being cashless. The public knew that the next fifty days would be difficult as the budget of the whole family would suffer.

Cashless economy means that there is no involvement of cash in the sale-purchase activities. Money is like liquid, it has to flow, otherwise the economy of the country would crash and the country would move towards Stone Age. In a cashless economy, we use plastic money or digital wallets or other electronic medium for the transfer of money. It could be considered as Barter System, as the plastic money or wallets are not actual money. Unlike cash, they are just certificates of having that amount stored in a specific location.

Now let's talk about the benefits of a cashless economy. The first point that comes to my mind is convenience. The risk of carrying cash would vanish because we would now swipe cards and purchase whatever we want to. People have to stand in long queues waiting for their turn during office hours for the transfer of their money. Now it's all possible by a few clicks or let's say, a few taps on our smart phones. Nowadays, we get amazing deals and discounts on online purchases. And, by removing the VAT for goods up to Rs. 2000, the Government has added to the charm of using online modes for payment. Being cashless has also helped us keep track of our expenditure. It has created a transparent bulwark by showing us the records of heavy and useless expenditure and making us cautious about them. We really feel broken when our valued cash is lost or stolen. But, fear not, because these cashless ways are helping us a lot by minimizing those possibilities. You just need to keep the friendly plastic card in your pocket and you are at the lowest risk. People get really irritated when they don't get back change after a payment. There always has been a problem of Re. 1, 2 and 5 coins in India. This has been solved by electronic wallets to a certain extent. So, small gains really become huge savings.

Every coin has two sides, going cashless has its flaws too. The following are some of the reasons that can deter you from using it. The most notorious thing that always haunts every online user is Identity theft or online fraud. Hackers try to get your information and then try to get your money. If precautions are not taken then your hard-earned money could be used by someone else. To minimize the risk, the best policy would be to try and keep essential information safe and passwords protected. We are all familiar with the internet service provided to us. The speed is always slow and smooth internet connection is not available to us all the time. Only a small population of Indians are connected to the internet and without good speed, the situation becomes worse. And finally comes the technology on which we rely on for being cashless, i.e., smart phones. India is a country with a large population and in the present scenario, only one fifth of the public has smart phones. In such a situation, how can we expect everyone to go cashless? Moreover, a cashless economy is dependent on gadgets and if there is a malfunction, especially in case of an emergency, then it would create a lot of problems. Lastly, cyber security in India is also questionable. Laws are lenient and cases are solved at a slow pace. Cyber divisions are slow in working and are not as efficient as the ones in developed countries.

My question still remains the same, is India ready to go cashless? I think no one knows what is about to come but we should be prepared for the worst and hope for the best. I appreciate the initiative taken by our honourable PM for believing and hoping that one day India can go cashless and taking specific steps for that. We can do our best in this movement for change by contributing on a personal level and by taking certain precautions and follow our leader on the road to a cashless India.

Aman Kumar

B. Sc. (H) Chemistry, II Year

SEARCH FOR LIGHT

Time, weakness and situation
Are ironies on their own,
Breaking so many hearts,
Hopes and aspiration.
Even refusing to be good or true,
Tears in vain.
Even oceans fear the gallons we pour,
One day, one story, another day it changes.
Whirlwinds are thoughts, drifting seamlessly,
Waiting for the day when this tumult will end.
But this pain is what makes us stronger,
Giving us the strength to cross the hurdles
That life has to offer.
Even the scars that it has left on us
Is the proof of our effort, not in vain
To find the rainbow at the end of rain!

Lalita Raja

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

LET'S CALL IT LIFE!

Went to school, learnt history and science,
Admired the sun that shines.
Chased butterflies, discovered the truth amidst lies,
Let's call it Life.

Felt the heart skip a beat,
Followed someone with eager feet.
Wrote special lines, dreamt of an evening together
Enjoyed every bit of love's wonderful weather,
Let's call it Life.

Approached my goal with dedication,
Scaled new heights with determination.
Went past some, looked up to a few at the top.
Celebrated success at times and sometimes gathered dust,
Learnt that what comes to us, we must accept,
Let's call it Life.

Heard my conscience say,
Enjoy life as it unwraps.
The greenery, the friends, nice memories are all for us.

A mixed bag of joy and sorrow,
Sometimes complete, sometimes hollow,
Full of hopeful songs to encourage,
Surprising and sometimes shocking as well,
Unpredictable and hence enjoyable, I can tell,
Let's call it Life!

Anukriti Pahwa
B. Sc. Physical Sciences (Chemistry), III Year

LOST AND FOUND

What happens when Lia is taken back to the same old memories she had once longed to forget? Will she again cross those roads which she had once left behind or will she find a new road leading to her happiness? A story about how a day, an incident, a place, a memory and a person can change your life forever...

And then one cold wintry night, I was there again. Standing helpless on the streets of the place I always longed to forget. The place that never gave me happiness but only a feeling of pain, the place I never wanted to come back to. Still, I was here just in case the odds weren't against me this time, hoping maybe this time, I would find what I had lost here, my happiness.

I had been living in London since I was a child. But a time came when there was nothing else left there that could hold me back. My dad, who was a businessman, died in a major car accident when I was 13. After his death, our economic condition deteriorated miserably. But the worst was yet to come. My mother was completely broken and she didn't know what to do next. We had no money, not even enough food to fill our bellies. My mother had started falling apart. And what followed next gave me no reason to stay back. My mother...she left me too...alone...forever. At the age of 14, I saw what a normal girl of that age would never have imagined to see. Neither had I but I had to face it.

Since then, I struggled to make a living. I was determined not to stay back here at all. Somehow, after working part time in a bakery, I had enough money with me to move to New York. And I was finally out of the cage. I wasn't sure of what I was to do next but I did know that nothing else could be bitterer than what I had already faced.

Time flew on its mighty wings and the bad memories seemed to have faded away. Ten years had passed and I was finally learning to be happy. Then the day came that brought me face to face with the same old memories I was learning to forget. I had started working as an assistant manager in a sales company and as part of one of our projects, I had to go to London. I never wanted to go back to the place which snatched away everything from me. I didn't want to breathe that air again that had once become poison for me. But then again we are mere puppets controlled by our destiny. And so, I had made myself bold enough to face my fate.

The night was bitterly cold, I checked in at the hotel where I was supposed to stay. I had a meeting the very next morning and I am not the type of person who would be late and give a wrong impression on strangers. So, I just laid down on my bed and drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, I got up early and was ready to leave for my meeting when I saw a bouquet kept at the side of my table. I read the message attached to it.

"For Miss Lia. Thank you for accepting the proposal of our meeting and travelling so far. Adam (Manager)" I was impressed. And the name, it looked strangely familiar. Anyways, it was a good start to the day and I hoped that my meeting would go off well. I wanted to leave this suffocating place as soon as possible. I left for the venue on time but reached a little late after wandering and getting lost on all the seemingly similar streets. I was just about to enter the building when I dashed against someone walking out of the door.

"Sorry!", I said.

"Oh it's alright. By the way, are you Miss Lia? Umm... Adam here", said the man with a bold voice and a handsome personality, wearing a professional black suit.

"Yeah it's me. Sorry if I am late. Actually, I got lost on the streets!"

"Oh absolutely no problem. You have reached on time. I must say, you're quite punctual!"

"Thank You!" I exclaimed.

The meeting was just perfect. It was the best presentation I had given in my entire life! And fortunately enough, we won the contract.

As I was about to leave, Adam stopped me and requested me to have a cup of coffee. I readily agreed. But just then, he opened his wallet and I noticed something, something that made me go back in time. It was a photograph and I could easily figure out my parents, me and my best friend Adam. Wait! What? Adam? I was completely shaken. A lot of things were floating like clouds in my mind. What if he was the same Adam that I had spent my entire childhood with? The same Adam who was the only one I knew after my parents died? The same Adam who wept when I left? This can't be. It was so hard to believe after so many years.

"Yes it's the truth Lia. You aren't dreaming." Adam said. I was astonished how he read my mind. I didn't know what to say. I could feel the tears running down my cheeks. I had never thought that the place with which I had broken all my connections would bring me back to those very connections. It was ironic that the place where my happiness was lost, there I could see a ray of hope and happiness shining through the horizon. I could see my happy days coming back. I exclaimed with happiness and hugged Adam tightly. I was crying like a crazy woman and he was laughing like a moron.

Both of us were very happy. We went to the coffee shop and enjoyed the day to the fullest. I was finally happy. Finally, after ten long years, I had found the reason for my smile again!

And deep in my heart, I had finally accepted that every tragic end is not the end but just a beginning...

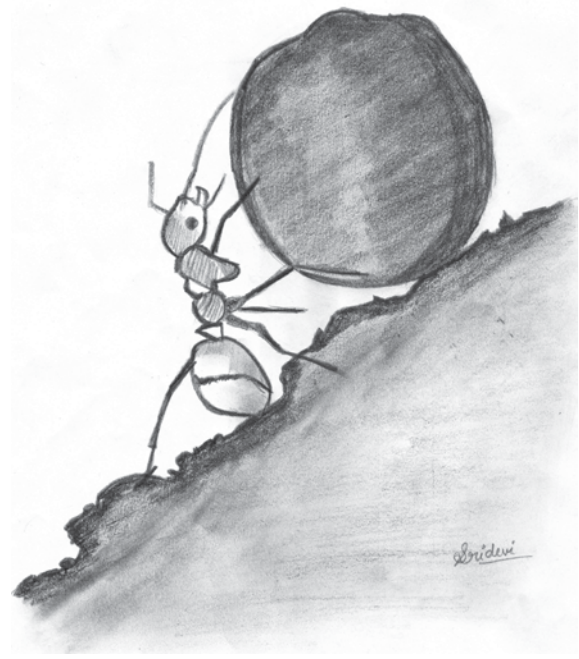
Bhavya Saini

B. Sc. (H) Biomedical Science, 1 Year



संघर्ष

संघर्ष उग्रतर
संग्राम है घना।
जिजीविषा और नियति में
आज ये रण है ठना।
जीतेगा कौन ?
ये कहना है मुश्किल
किसे मिलेगी जय।
और कौन होगा पराजित ?
किंचित् ये प्रश्न
नहीं शायद प्रतिष्ठित।
पलड़ा भारी तो दिखता है
अभी नियति का ही
पर कैसे कहें की
हार गयी जिजीविषा भी।
शाश्वत नियम युद्ध का
कहता है यही
पराजित नहीं है वो
ये स्वीकार्य जिस को नहीं।
बार बार टूटती है
प्रत्यन्चा उसकी
बार बार चूकते है
शर उसके लक्ष्यों से
कई बार विचलित
कई बार अधीर भी
होता तो है पर
हर बार एक बात
रोक लेती उसको जाने से



समर छोड़ कर
नहीं महत्ता तेरी विजय का
तेरी पराजय का सिवा तेरे
या शायद तेरे लिए भी नहीं
तू लड़ा कैसे
तेरे संघर्ष की तीव्रता
बनेगी प्रेरणा का श्रोत
लक्ष लक्ष का कोटि कोटि का
तेरी दुर्बलतायें
और कमजोरियां तेरी रणनीति की
मार्गदर्शक होगी।
इस रणपथ पर ,
रखेगी आधारशिला
विजय की, जयघोष की॥

केशव प्रताप सिंह

असिस्टेंट प्रोफेसर, कम्प्यूटर साइंस संकाय

MY INSPIRATION

You carried me with all the pain,
You bear so much with no motive of gain.
I was delighted to listen to you,
Your humming was the sweetest,
Your love was the purest
You were the one who was the keenest.
The day I was born, joy was across your face,
In your arms, devoid of all scorn,
You held me with utmost care.
And I was the one playing with your hair,
Innocent and expressive,
You were pleased seeing me there.
As I grew older,
You held my hand steadfast
You always lent your shoulder
Your love for me was vast.
Though at times I got some thrashing
For all the mischief I did,
But when lightening was flashing
Your arms comforted me as a kid.
A role model you are to me
For all your qualities are incomparable,
Who is my inspiration you may ask
The one in whose love I bask!
No problem makes me bother
I know, you are there for me, my beloved Mother.



Tanya Sharma
B. Sc. (H) Zoology, I Year

NSS@ANDC IN COLLABORATION WITH MUSKAAN



The NSS unit of ANDC has a reputation of going the extra mile in helping the society. The NSS unit of ANDC collaborates with many NGOs, training centres, special homes etc. Muskaan Training Centre is one of them. This year, the initiative was even more special because not only did we provide volunteers to them but also made these volunteers available regularly from 8 AM to 5 PM for a month. We all worked for Muskaan to help and support the organisation. Muskaan mainly works for those children who are mentally challenged. They train

these children according to their interest and make them self-dependent. Manufacturing pickles, diyas, paper bags, bakery biscuits, masala, candles, etc. are a few examples of the activities taught to the members of Muskaan. Then the materials made by these “intellectuals” (as the NGO likes to address the specially gifted children of God) are sold after segregating the ones made of good quality.

These children are fully trained to make diyas, candles, etc. However, they were unable to count or pack these products. Our volunteers visited the unit daily to help them in counting, packing, pasting price tags, etc. They worked, keeping in mind the occasion of Diwali. Anyone can purchase these materials from Muskaan itself and for this, too, our volunteers helped them to exhibit their products inside the NGO’s premises in October and November.

Our volunteers also helped them in displaying and presenting their goods. Students from ANDC visited various places to sell these objects, be it in the offices of Faridabad, or setting up a camp in the office of Google.

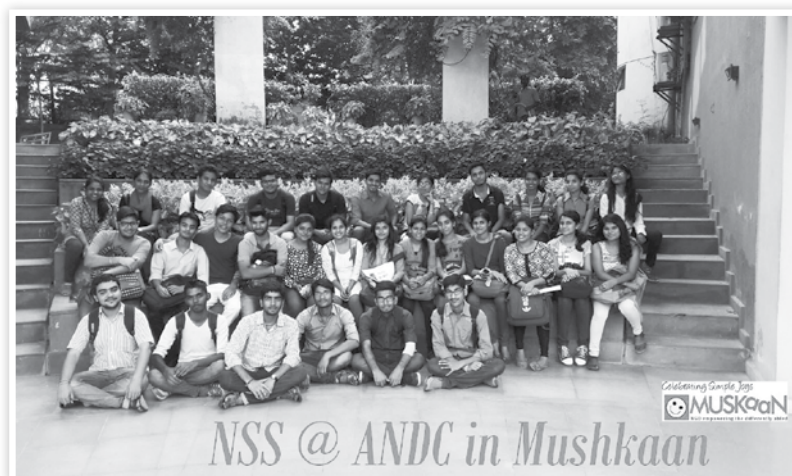


I remember our first visit to Muskaan. It was a professional meeting where I and another member, Ishank Shukla, discussed the details with them. The second visit was more special as we went along with a 10 member team to experience their work and to know how we can help them. The NGO too was quite surprised to see our enthusiasm as were we after seeing the tremendous amount of devotion and efforts Muskaan puts in to enrich the lives of these “intellectuals”. The team of 10 members spent their time

to know the functioning of the training centre well. They went through all the work stations including the stores where they pack those materials or give a final touch to the products. Then after this, from 1st October, a team of 5-6 volunteers regularly visited Muskaan to work with them. One more special visit of 30 volunteers was planned where they trained our volunteers to sell their products outside Muskaan.

Then there was the Annual Day of Muskaan for which our volunteers worked hard to make the function memorable, successful, interesting and enjoyable. A team of 14 volunteers i.e. Ishank, Shubhit, Swati, Ekansh, Vikram, Milan, Bhuvnendra, Poonam, Sachin, Amar, Nikita, Manish, Kaushal, Priyanka worked together to organise their annual function. Our volunteers helped them with the preparations for the cultural event, decoration, settlement of stalls for sale, etc.

Moreover, our college celebrates Diwali Sahyog Mela every year where we invite many NGOs, training centres or schools for differently abled students. During the Mela, these organizations can sell their products in the college campus and our volunteers help them in this. Here we also arrange different competitions and events to entertain them. On this occasion, some



of the other active societies of our college like Dhvani, Dhun, EOC also join in. The presence of Muskaan at the Sahyog Diwali Mela this year was a really special feeling for all of us. Ms. Mridula Sakle, a member of Muskaan, expressed her heartfelt gratitude to our Principal Ma'am and NSS volunteers for their help and support. We were more than thankful to have had the opportunity to work with Muskaan, be sensitized towards the plight of our fellow

brethren and also contribute in empowering the specially abled children. Apart from the appreciation we received, our real reward was the smiles we helped in spreading across their faces.

Amar Prakash Chaubey
(Coordinator-Collaboration with Muskaan)
B. Sc.(H) Computer Science, III Year

ज़िन्दगी

ज़िन्दगी बड़ी अनोखी
मिलते जुलते रहा करो,
धार वक्त की बड़ी प्रबल है,
इसमें लय से बहा करो,
जीवन कितना क्षणभंगुर है,
मिलते जुलते रहा करो।
यादों की भरपूर पोटली,
पल भर में न बिखर जाए'
दोस्तों की अनकही कहानी,
तुम भी थोड़ी कहा करो।
हँसते चेहरों के पीछे भी,
दर्द भरा हो सकता है,
यही सोच मन में रखकर के,
हाथ दोस्त का गहा करो।
सबके अपने-अपने दुःख है,
अपनी - अपनी पीड़ा है,
यारों के संग थोड़े से दुःख,
मिलजुल कर के सहा करो।
किसका हाथ कहां तक होगा,
कौन भला कह सकता है,
मिलने के कुछ नये बहाने,
मिलने जुलने से कुछ यादें,
फिर ताजा हो उठती हैं,
इसीलिए यारों नाहक भी,
मिलते जुलते रहा करो"॥

मनीष कुमार

बी.एस.सी. (विशेष) इलेक्ट्रॉनिक्स, द्वितीय वर्ष

SAIL HOME

When was the last time you set sail?
Not in a mighty ship but in a dinghy
Where you could touch the water,
Feel the waves,
See the fishes and hear the paddles.
Did you happen to cross a town ashore?
With brick houses painted in every colour,
And the sky lit up by the northern lights?
Did you happen to see children
Waving at you from the riverbank,
Wishing a stranger luck,
Sending their love with the breeze?
Did you wave back?
Did you fall in love on the way?
May be with the river?
The river with all its curves and temper,
Is after all a lovely creature.
Did you set sail in a dinghy boat?
To go somewhere and reach nowhere?
Did you find someone from the past
Someone you were earlier?

Abhishek Raiwani
B. Sc. (H) Electronics, II Year

पद्मविभूषण सोलंकी

उन दिनों नेशनल बायोडिफेंस रिसर्च सेंटर(एन.बी.आर.सी) का बहुत महत्व था। भारत ने हाल ही में पोखरण -II का सफल परीक्षण कर अपने आप को अंतर्राष्ट्रीय स्तर पर खड़ा कर दिया। अंतर्राष्ट्रीय बिरादरी में एक तरफ दमखम बढ़ा तो दूसरी तरफ भारत के परमाणु परीक्षण की कड़ी आलोचना की गई। अंतर्राष्ट्रीय बिरादरी में भारत को अलग-थलग करने का पूरा प्रयास किया गया। ऐसे में अमेरिका, चीन व पाकिस्तान जैसे शत्रु देशों की तरफ से हमलों का खतरा बढ़ गया था। अन्य हमलों से भारत आसानी से निपट सकता था परंतु अगर भारत पर जैव-हथियार (bioweapon) से हमला हो तो थोड़ा चिन्ता का विषय था।

इसलिए राष्ट्रीय सुरक्षा सलाहकार के सुझाव अनुसार 1990 में दिल्ली, जम्मू और चेन्नई में तीन एन.बी.आर.सी स्थापित कर दिये गए थे पहले यह दायित्व रक्षा अनुसंधान एवम् विकास संगठन(डी.आर.डी.ओ) का था पर यह संस्थान बायोडिफेंस रिसर्च पर खासा ध्यान नहीं दे पाता था।

एन.बी.आर.सी में नेशनल डिफेंस अकादमी की परीक्षा उत्तीर्ण किए छात्रों को बतौर अधिकारी व वैज्ञानिक के रूप में प्रशिक्षित कर शामिल किया जाता था। असाधारण प्रतिभा वाले छात्र को एन.बी.आर.सी.का प्रमुख नियुक्त किया जाता था। खास बात यह थी कि एन.बी.आर.सी प्रमुख सीधे प्रधानमंत्री को रिपोर्ट करता था।

डा.हर्षवर्धन सोलंकी उन दिनों जम्मू स्थित एन.बी.आर.सी के प्रमुख थे। वो उन दिनों एक बायोवेपन और एक अन्य एंटीडोट(मारक) को विकसित करने में लगे थे। क्योंकि उन्हें तथा भारत सरकार को लगता था कि चीन एक खास तरह के बायोवेपन से हमला कर सकता है। इस बायोवेपन से मंगोलिया नाम के छोटे देश पर हमला हो चुका था इसलिए इसका एंटीडोट बनाना आवश्यक हो गया था।

उन दिनों डॉ.सोलंकी ने अपने साथ काम करने के लिये उमर खालिद नाम के वैज्ञानिक को सहायक के रूप में रख लिया।

डॉ.उमर खालिद (24) और डॉ. हर्षवर्धन सोलंकी (38) बहुत दिनों तक काम करते रहे।

उन दोनों के बीच विश्वास का रिश्ता घनिष्ठ हो गया था, डॉ.सोलंकी अपनी नई खोज, अभिधारणा या कोई भी विश्वसनीय चीज बिना किसी संकोच के खालिद को थमा देते थे। मतलब डॉ.खालिद अब डॉ.सोलंकी के दाएं हाथ बन गये थे, डॉ.सोलंकी को गोपनीयता का खुलासा का कोई डर नहीं था।

लेकिन उमर खालिद के दिमाग में यहाँ कुछ और ही चल रहा था उसको अस्थायी वैज्ञानिक रहकर किसी के नीचे कार्य करना नापसंद था, वो अपनी अलग पहचान चाहता था जो एन.बी.आर.सी.में स्थायी होने या पैसों के बिना असंभव था।

उमर खालिद ने नकली कार्यग्रहण पत्र (joining letter) निधी स्वीकृति पत्र (fund approval letter) बना लिया उसने सोचा कि डॉ. सोलंकी तो उस पर आँख बन्द कर विश्वास करते हैं बिना सोचे समझे जहाँ ऊँगली दिखाऊंगा वहाँ हस्ताक्षर करेंगे।

अगले दिन खालिद डा.सोलंकी के आफिस पहुँचा लेकिन वहाँ वो नहीं थे, शायद प्रयोगशाला में हों !

इधर डॉ.सोलंकी अपनी प्रयोगशाला में बेहद खुश नजर आ रहे थे उनके एक बायोवेपन और एंटीडोट में एंटीडोट बन कर तैयार हो गया था। प्रयोगशाला द्वार पर खालिद को देख अकस्मात बोल पड़े-

"देखो खालिद ये काम कर रहा बोटुलिनम टोक्सिन का एंटीडोट बन गया है, अब हमारे देश पर कोई खतरा नहीं है।"

इधर पूरे एन.बी.आर.सी. में खुशी की लहर दौड़ गयी थी।

खालिद बोला

"बधाई हो सर! ये तो होना ही था एन.बी.आर.सी.की कमान काबिल हाथों में जो है!"

"सर ये कुछ पेपर हस्ताक्षर करने थे"

"हाँ बोलो कहाँ कहाँ करना है?"

जैसा खालिद ने सोचा था वैसा ही हो गया।

डा.सोलंकी को इस बात का दो दिन बाद पता चला जब उनकी शिकायत विज्ञान एवं प्रद्यौगिकी मंत्रालय में की गयी कि उन्होंने अपने करीबी को स्थायी उपवैज्ञानिक नियुक्त कर दिया है और साथ में पचास लाख का निधिशुल्क भी पास किया है। विज्ञान मंत्रालय की जाँच में डा.सोलंकी को दोषी ठहरा उन्हें भारत सरकार ने हर पद से निष्कासित कर दिया और उनकी सारी सम्पत्ति व प्रमाण पत्र ज़ब्त हो गये। वो रातों रात कंगाल हो गये क्योंकि हर जानने वाले ने मुँह फेर लिया।

उनकी पत्नी की रहस्यमयी हत्या कर दी गयी थी बस उनके पास उनका बेटा केशव था जो पाँचवी कक्षा में पढ़ रहा था उनके पास उस दिन आसुओं के सिवाय कुछ भी नहीं था। गहन हताशा और निराशा में वो रातों रात अपने हाथ में केशव और अपने कपड़ों का गड्ढर लेकर चल दिये।

एक दो दिन से भूखे वो चमोली के जंगलों में पहुँच गये। थके हारे उनके पास आत्महत्या के सिवाय कोई रास्ता नहीं सूझ रहा था, तभी उन्होंने बहुत सारे कुत्तों से एक हिरण को लड़ते देखा वो एक अकेला हिरण साहस और धैर्य से लड़कर सभी कुत्तों पर भारी पड़ रहा था। अंत में सब कुत्ते अपनी दुम दबाकर भाग गये और हिरण शांति से चरने लग गया। ये देख डॉ.सोलंकी को हौसला मिला। पहले तो उन्होंने जंगल के पेड़ों से इकट्ठा कर कुछ भोजन केशव को खिलाया। फिर पेड़ों से लकड़ियाँ इकट्ठा कर जंगल में एक पेड़ के नीचे एक झोपड़ी बनाई। अंधेरा छटा, सूरज निकला, देखते ही देखते उनमें नवजीवन का संचार हो गया।

पास में ही अमराई शहर था डॉ.सोलंकी एक व्यापारी के पास काम ढूँढने चले गये।

"अनाज की बोरियाँ उठा लोगे?" व्यापारी ने पूछा।

"हां जी जो भी काम है सब करूँगा"।

डॉ. सोलंकी को काम मिल गया। धीरे धीरे मेहनत से पैसा जोड़ने लगे और केशव का दाखिला पास के सरकारी स्कूल में करा दिया। दोनों रोज़ पैदल अमराई शहर तक आते।

डॉ. सोलंकी केशव को स्कूल छोड़कर व्यापारी के यहां काम करने लग जाते। छुट्टी होते ही केशव को व्यापारी के भण्डार गृह में लाकर स्कूल का काम करने को बोलते और खुद काम करने लग जाते थे ! शाम सात बजते ही अपनी झोपड़ी में लौट आते, यही अब उनकी दिनचर्या बन गयी थी। यहाँ उन्होंने आंधी पानी आग बहुत कुछ सहन किया।

अब अच्छे पैसे जुटना आरम्भ हो गये। केशव ने भी अपनी बारहवीं की परीक्षा अव्वल अंको से पास कर ली थी तो उसे आगे पढ़ने के लिये बाहर जाना था।

डॉ.सोलंकी ने केशव को उच्च शिक्षा के लिए दिल्ली भेज दिया, साथ में भारतीय प्रशासनिक सेवा परीक्षा की कोचिंग का भी प्रबंध कर दिया। जो पैसे बचे उसने उन्होंने कुछ प्रयोगशाला का सामान खरीदा और बाँयोवेपन बनाने का काम शुरू कर दिया जो उन्हें एन.बी.आर.सी. से निकाले जाने के कारण छूट गया था। रात को जब वो व्यापारी के यहाँ से लौटते तो बाँयोवेपन पर काम शुरू कर देते थे।

भारतीय प्रशासनिक सेवा परीक्षा में केशव को प्रथम स्थान मिला था। दो साल बाद केशव गृह मंत्रालय के उच्च अधिकारी बन गये और उन्हें उच्च स्तरीय बंगला मिल गया।

अब केशव ने अपने पापा के लिये अच्छी प्रयोगशाला का इंतजाम कर दिया और आखिरकार उन्होंने वो बाँयोवेपन विकसित कर दिया जिस पर वो सालों से काम कर रहे थे।

केशव ने अपने पापा को सभी दुख झेलते देखा था, अपने पापा के मुख पर बहुत सालों से उसने हँसी नहीं देखी थी।

उच्च अधिकारी होने के कारण केशव ने अपने पापा पर चले केस को एक बार फिर खुलवाया। अबकी बार गहराई से जाँच हुई और खालिद ने माना कि उसने डॉ.सोलंकी के साथ धोखा किया था।

भारत सरकार ने उन्हें बतौर एन.बी.आर.सी.का प्रमुख फिर से नियुक्त किया और उनके अदम्य साहस, कार्यनिष्ठा, देशभक्ति और उनकी विशिष्ट प्रतिभा के लिये उन्हें भारत के द्वितीय सर्वोच्च सम्मान पद्म विभूषण से सम्मानित किया।

शिव जाँगडा

जंतुविज्ञान (विशेष), तृतीय वर्ष

43

STEPPING OUT OF OUR COMFORT ZONE

We have all kinds of people living around us. There are the introverts, the extroverts and the ambiverts. But everyone has to step out of his comfort zone and often take risks. College is a nursery which exposes us to a whole lot of opportunities. All these opportunities, if made use of, can make or break one in those three years. If you're an extrovert, well and good. You can polish your skills and make yourself better. You probably are not afraid of trying new things out or socialising. If you're an ambivert, that is good too. You share some things while you keep the rest to yourself.

However, if you're an introvert, I can totally relate to your life. We, the introverts, are shy and reserved people. We do not like to reveal too much to others and most importantly, we enjoy our own company. But once you're in college, you need to socialise, speak up for yourself or the cause in which you believe and most importantly, ask for the thing you want. Remember that if you do not gather some courage now and hesitate and don't ask for what you want, you will never get it. Often, other college students would be more than happy to help you out. You will face situations where you will have to do something you've never done during your entire existence on this planet. Remember the time when you just used to stare at others playing volleyball but never could muster up enough courage to ask them to include you in the team? Or when you wanted to be a part of dramatics but were too timid to ask? Now is the perfect time, the right opportunity knocking at your door. Do not let this golden chance slip by. Go, walk up to people and ask them. College is the perfect place to learn new things. You probably do not know what you're really good at or have not even tried playing outdoor games. That is just fine. You can and you should learn everything you want in college. Try your hand at diverse things, do something new, let that adrenaline rush push you to new heights and who knows, you might as well find your passion in the process. So, my dear introvert friends, I know how you feel. I felt the same way. Start with all the fears you have, with whatever resources you have, try new things, do not be shy, you'll be absolutely safe. Start with the way you are. You do not need to change yourself. You just need to let go off that shell holding you back from achieving something great that you've never even imagined about. Go! Step out of your comfort zone!

Asutosh Tiwary

B. Sc. (H) Zoology, I Year

TEENAGE TOWN...

There was once a town full of teens,
Where there were no elders to be seen.

Life was fun all the way,
Nobody to remind you of the time of day.

One for all, all for one,
No one to bother till the day was done.

The teenage schools made studies look easy,
No headmaster or teachers to drive you crazy.

The teenage plaza provided all the thrills,
Music and dance with sports to match,
Snacks to take care of hunger pangs.

A dive in the pool to beat the heat,
Teenage Town was a place which no one could beat.

From 13 to 19, life is such a scream,
When I woke up, alas, it was a dream!



Roses are Red
Violets are Blue
Maybe I don't know
But I'm sure you'll

Anukriti Pahwa

B. Sc. Physical Sciences (Chemistry), III Year

पिंजरा

"हम पंछी उन्मुक्त गगन के पिंजरबंद न रह पाएँगे।
कनक तीलियों से टकराकर पुलकित पंख टूट जायेंगे॥"

ये कविता की ऐसी पंक्तियाँ हैं, जो हम सब को ये सोचने के लिए मजबूर करती हैं की हम जो सोच रहे हैं या कर रहे हैं वो सही है या गलत। हम आज़ाद हैं या फिर गुलाम, सोचने की बात ये है कि वर्ष 1947 में हम अंग्रेज़ी हुकूमत से आज़ाद तो हो गये, परन्तु अपनी सभ्यता भुला कर उनकी सभ्यता के पिंजरे में कैद रह गये। कैद हम इसलिए हैं, क्योंकि हमें अपनी नहीं दूसरों की चिंता है उनकी सभ्यता न अपनाने पर हमको लोग क्या कहेंगे? कहीं पिछड़ा, अनपढ़ या रूढ़िवादी न सोच लें।

"अरे भाई कुछ तो लोग कहेंगे, लोगो का काम है कहना"। जब तक हम पिंजड़े में कैद है, हमें दो वक्त की रोटी तो नसीब होगी लेकिन इज्जत, शोहरत, उन्हीं को हासिल होती हैं, जो लोगों की परवाह किए बिना अपने पथ पर आगे बढ़ते हैं। आज हम दिखते तो आज़ाद है लेकिन वास्तव में हमें आज भी आज़ादी नहीं मिली। कहते है जिस मकान की नींव कच्ची होती है उसको ढहते देर नहीं लगती चाहे उसमे आधुनिक तकनीक का प्रयोग क्यों न हो। इसका मतलब ये नहीं की आधुनिक होना बुरा है, लेकिन अपनो जड़ों को कमजोर बनाना मूर्खता है।

आज विदेशों में भी भारतीय युवा अपना परचम लहरा रहे हैं, लेकिन कुछ लोग ऐसे भी हैं जिन्हें हिंदी बोलने में शर्म आती हैं। इससे बड़ी शर्म की बात क्या होगी कि जिस भाषा में हमने बोलना, लिखना, पढ़ना सीखा, जिस भाषा से हमारी आत्मा जुड़ी हुई है वही भाषा बोलने में हिचक और अंग्रेज़ी या अन्य भाषा को बोलकर ही बुद्धिमान साबित होंगे। चीन आज तरक्की की ओर अग्रसर है लेकिन अपनी संस्कृति और भाषा को महत्व देता है।

अगर हमें अपने देश और खुद को ऊँचा उठाना है तो पिंजड़े रूपी मानसिकता को तोड़ना होगा। ज़िन्दगी दूसरो की शर्तों पर नहीं खुद की शर्तों पर जियें वरना वो दिन दूर नहीं जब हम अपनी इच्छाओं के पिंजरे में कैद हो जायेंगे जहाँ हमें हँसना भी नसीब न हो। पंछी की तरह आकाश में ऐसे उड़ो कि दूसरे भी कहें कि हमें भी समाज की पिंजरे रूपी सोच को तोड़ना है और एक ऐसा भारत बनाना है जहाँ प्रत्येक व्यक्ति इस पिंजरे से स्वतंत्र हो और हमारे देश के महान कवि गुरुदेव रविंद्रनाथ टैगोर ने भी तो कहा है –

"I am looking forward to an India...

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high

Where knowledge is free

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments

By narrow domestic walls"

दीपा राय

बी.एस.सी. (विशेष) गणित, तृतीय वर्ष

THE ANSWER TO EVERYTHING?

Readers, please be advised. This is not a philosophical article and I do not claim to be a spiritual guru preaching, pretending to have found the ultimate way to live life. This is an article about cold, humourless (although I have made a terrible attempt to add some humour) albeit, exciting and intriguing Science. Don't panic. I just ask for your indulgence and perhaps you may feel motivated to seek out the answers.

Science and technology have matured and evolved by leaps and bounds. Their applications in various aspects of our daily life cannot be overstated (I know you have heard and read this before but I am repeating it anyways). Modern History is bejewelled with moments of human brilliance that has completely changed our lives for good. Be it Sir Isaac Newton's 'Laws of Motion', Thomas Edison's 'Light bulb', Nikola Tesla's 'Alternative Current', Albert Einstein's 'Relativity', or Alan Turing's 'Turing Machines', just to name a few. The beauty of scientific progress is that it stays relevant or is modified to stay relevant, till the end of time.

However, despite all our progress and the comforts of life these inventions/discoveries have given us, a few big questions have eluded us since we developed the capacity to ask questions – How does our brain work? How and why did the universe come into existence? What is consciousness? Do we exist for a greater purpose, perhaps created by a superior being or do we just happen to exist? While these questions have been answered partially and all the greatest minds are at work, trying hard to solve these “ultimate mysteries”, we still are very short of anything profound and concrete. Yet, despite getting inconclusive results, we are moving at a quick pace since it can be argued that we are trying to answer questions in thousands of years while it took Nature billions of years to be what it is today with all its diversity.

The splendour of these questions lies in the fact that they are almost impossible to answer using only one branch of Science (perhaps physicists are now mad at me for such blasphemy). And why only Science, we need philosophy and even creative artists. In fact, we need human endeavour from all aspects of life. Don't get me wrong, I do not mean to imply that we use all our creativity and create a wonderful story to answer these questions. The answer to these questions will no doubt have a mathematical nature. However, after the somewhat recent developments in Physics like Quantum Mechanics and Relativity, we know that our reality does not always conform to our “common sense”. In fact, putting things into perspective, it rarely does. Thus, we need some radically new ideas and possibly even incredulous imaginations. The very recent theories like parallel universes, M theory and the like, happen to have a sense of radicalness about them (I am both flummoxed and excited just to think that at the time of writing this article, some other 'me' in some other 'universe' may be burning some rubber in Need for Speed. Ahem...if you are not a gamer, please ignore). These theories perhaps answer some questions like the force of gravity being very weak compared to other fundamental forces of Nature; although a great many questions still remain and new ones undoubtedly will arise. This particular nature of these questions (that an answer begets greater, more difficult questions) discourages many people. No doubt they are the hardest problems but this is perhaps what makes them so exciting and alluring.

“The incomprehensible thing about Nature is that it is comprehensible”, remarked Einstein. This statement gives me hope. I really believe in Napoleon Hills' remark: “What a mind can conceive, humans can achieve”. All we need to do to is open our mind, take gigantic leaps of imagination and even question everything we know now (simple...well, who am I kidding?). We humans are an amazing species and we achieve

great things (Large Hadron Collider...can you beat that?). I am not a clairvoyant but I am sure we (humans in general) will one day, provided we don't "nuke" each other or infuriate some more intelligent extra-terrestrial civilization, answer these "ultimate questions". Perhaps that would be nirvana.

So, you wanted to know the answer to everything? Well, won't you like to find it out for yourself?

Ankit Pant

B. Tech. Computer Science , IV Year

THE ART OF LIVING

Ever seen a fledgling bird on the boughs
Opening its half stretched wing,
Or a flying fish in a flowing river
Gliding in the air with the sunset tinge?
Some say they made a bid to escape
An effort to dodge a preying feed,
But do you know that effort made
A valorous tale silently said?
A tale not of the escape alone but of life
Of the hope which endures amidst strife.
The art of living is composed of them,
The flying fish and the fledgling bird,
Not of the mouth that chased and tried to feast
On the harmless, feeble, tiny souls.
When I see a butterfly fluttering in the air,
In gay abandon with no fear,
My heart jumps for an unknown joy.
Perhaps that is life, the art of living.
Amidst hundreds of thorns and the pain they give,
But indeed it's a life to live.

Ipshita Mishra

B. Tech. Computer Science, IV Year

अंतर्द्वन्द

खामोशी की अग्नि में
अंगारे लिए फिरता हूँ,
निशब्द शांत रजनी में
ले स्वचिता जलाता हूँ,
ठहर इस मरुभूमि में
मरू निनाद सुनता हूँ,
कभी श्मशान के तम में
प्रकाश लिए फिरता हूँ,
नैराश्य राग सुनकर मैं
स्वयं जलता रहता हूँ,
फिर ब्रह्माण्ड की प्रकृति में
समीर चलाने लगता हूँ,
ले विन्ध्याचल इसे मथने में
फुंकार कभी भूल जाता हूँ,
कौन डूबे इस हलाहल में
फिर दो पग मैं हट जाता हूँ,
पल भर हलाहल अपने मन में
उर संग लिए फिरता हूँ,
अक्सर दर्द कसौटी पर
वामन विष का कर जाता हूँ,
जले अमृत अपनी कलश में
कौन निहारने जाता है,
विष पड़ा अपनी रंगत में
पान हेतु सब आता है,
फिर कभी डूब उल्लास में
विष को अमृत बतलाता हूँ,
रहे बंद अमृत कलश में
में सर्वश्रेष्ठ कहलाता हूँ,
देखकर छिनी हुई आँखों में
"जयघोष" स्वयं कर जाता हूँ!



मनीष भारद्वाज

बी.एस.सी. (विशेष) रसायन शास्त्र, तृतीय वर्ष

49

THE ETERNAL QUESTIONS

If we weren't all pieces of mud
Then what would we be?
Would the world be a ball of fire
Or would it be cold ice?

If we weren't stone hearted
Then what would we be?
Would men still kill men
Or would it still be an animal?

If we weren't war mongers
Then what would we be?
Would innocent lives matter
Or would millions again shatter?

If humans were humans at all
Would wars be needed at all?
On every leader's shallow pride
Millions of lives take a ride.

When will this hatred stop?
When will man love all?
Or will this lifetime go in vain
Searching for a peaceful heaven without this blood rain?

Sukrit Kumar Singh
B. Sc. (H) Mathematics, III Year

THE FAULT IN OUR STARS – ONE OF THE BEST BOOKS I'VE EVER READ

Ever since I've delved into stories, in the form of video games, movies, books and songs, I've had a great disposition towards stories which are real, deep and heartfelt. There is a lot of variation in the presentation of stories in all the mediums; but the emotions, or what the story makes you feel when presented to you, remain constant. If a story is well executed, it will make you feel things, make you cry, or cracking up with laughter, or put you in a state of deep thoughts. It could be a movie, a video game, a song, or a book. Like I said, I have a soft spot for stories which are real, deep, and heartfelt. These are, often, stories which revolve around characters, show them growing, having beautiful interactions.



Movies about human will and love which tear you up or leave you with a single tear...I haven't been able to put it exactly...but stories which leave a deep, emotional impact on you.

The Last of Us is a masterpiece among video games. I have played over 200 games by now, from 2005, on the Gameboy, GameCube, PSP, PC and PS3. Never have I played a game remotely like The Last of Us. Its story, direction and execution are commendable. I remember applauding and having a tear at the corner of my eye when I ended this game. Naughty Dog (the developers of The Last of Us) managed to make a game and redefine what a game could make you feel. Never before had a game left such a deep and lasting impact on me.

Movies like Good Will Hunting, Wall-E, Filmistaan, Bhaag Milkha Bhaag, Up in the Air, Dil Dhadakne Do, Piku, and This is Where I Leave You, have drawn and mesmerised me. They are beautiful films with stories about the human condition; with amazing character development and emotional dimensions. These movies are amazing. However, my disposition for story has often lead me to alienate various other fantastic movies which may have great direction or cinematography but not so great a story, such as Gladiator and Zootopia. In terms of books, there are only two which have stories so powerful, so effective that you feel for their characters and are as much a part of their problems as they are. One such book is A Thousand Splendid Suns by Khaled Hosseini. The second one is The Fault in Our Stars by John Green. The Fault in Our Stars is

a tale about life, not cancer. It uses the background of people with cancer to shed light on life. It talks of such vivid and real concepts and describes them perfectly. “Funerals are for the living”, “Depression is not a side effect of dying. It’s a side effect of cancer”, “Pain demands to be felt”, “I’m on a rollercoaster that only goes up!” I cannot describe how many emotions a lot of these quotes and concepts have aroused in me. I remember reading to my friend (now my girlfriend) and she reading back to me our favourite parts from *The Fault in Our Stars*.

Then there are the characters. The book has two types of characters: those with cancer and those without. Most of the characters without cancer are in some way related to the characters with cancer. The characters are real, their sufferings are real and painful and heartfelt. All the characters, with and without cancer, are reeling from the side effects of life. John Green beautifully explains this with every sentence.

Hazel’s mother is one of my favourite characters in the story. Her character is powerful. As a parent whose child has cancer and she knows her child will most probably not survive, she embraces it and chooses one of the most beautiful, poignant ways of reacting to it. Even though that particular dialogue is never given that much attention whenever we talk about this book’s greatest scenes, it is exceptionally moving and powerful.

The Fault in Our Stars also does something which happens rarely in the world. It talks about people with diseases like normal people, not people who are less than anyone because of a disease or deserve our pity. At the same time, it does not preach about cancer. It’s simply a story about people with cancer. The emotions of this book are very well expressed and powerful, to say the least. It was a rollercoaster of emotions. I know a lot of friends who’ve cried while reading this book, who’ve sat thinking about their own feelings, while or after reading it.

I felt the same intensity of emotions on each of my five reads of this book. While there are a lot of heavy memories of this book, there are also a lot of lighter ones associated with it. While being one of the most emotionally intense stories, it is also one of the funniest and hilarious ever. A lot of the humour comes from Gus, with his combination of wit, spontaneity and word play. This doesn’t mean that the other characters don’t have their moments. They all get their moments to shine comically.

I laughed and I chuckled and I giggled a lot of the time while reading *The Fault in Our Stars*. The book doesn’t cheapen humour or depreciate it as a place holder or make it feel inappropriate or sheepish, which most modern stories tend towards. It has the best use of humour I have ever seen in a book. It made me laugh even at the most intense moments without undermining the emotions or the laughter. The humour worked very organically. With its combination of emotions, humour, reality, life and characters, *The Fault in Our Stars* stands as one of the most complete novels of this decade. It has a delicate sensitivity towards cancer; never mocking, caricaturing or exaggerating it. It is a book everyone must read once in their life. *The Fault in Our Stars* is indeed a masterpiece.

Shrey Ahuja

B. Tech. Computer Science, IV Year

टूटती लक्ष्मण रेखाएँ

हमेशा की तरह जब भी मैं उदास होता हूँ माँ की बहुत याद आती है। मैं श्याम हूँ और गाँव से दिल्ली पढ़ने आया हूँ जब मैं छोटा था तो माँ हर रोज़ सोते समय एक कहानी सुनती थी। आज मैं आपको वह कहानी सुनाऊँगा जिसे सुनकर मैं बहुत रोया था।

कहानी एक बहुत प्यारे से सफ़ेद मेंमने की है जिसे प्यार से उसकी माँ कालू बुलाती थी। वह कूदता फाँदता जब घर से भर निकलता तो भी हमेशा की तरह जब भी मैं उदास होता हूँ माँ की बहुत याद आती है। मैं श्याम हूँ और गाँव से दिल्ली पढ़ने आया हूँ जब मैं छोटा था तो माँ हर रोज़ सोते समय एक कहानी सुनाती। छः बजे से आवाज़ देकर याद दिलाती "भूरी आंटी के घर न जाना"। कालू ने कुछ दिन माँ की बात मानी फिर अपनी लक्ष्मण रेखा तोड़ दी। अब वह पास के कुँए तक जाने लगा। कुँए के पास घास कितनी नरम है और कितने जानवर हैं यहाँ, माँ पता नहीं इतना क्यों डरती हैं, उसने सोचा। कुछ दिन कुँए के पास खेलकर कालू का मन भर गया और उसने थोड़ा और आगे जाने का निश्चय किया। अब पीपल का पेड़ कालू की पसंदीदा जगह बन गया। एक दिन कालू को वहाँ दो खरगोश मिले। नटखट खरगोशों से कालू की चट से दोस्ती हो गई। खरगोश बताने लगे कि मंदिर वाली पहाड़ी पर हरी-हरी बहुत नरम घास है। जिस पर लोटने में कहीं ज्यादा आनन्द आता है। वे उसे साथ चलने के लिए उकसाने लगे पर वह नहीं गया। उसने सोचा कि वह माँ की लक्ष्मण रेखा से वैसे ही कहीं आगे खेलता है, यदि माँ को इस बारे में पता चला तो बहुत नाराज़ होगी। कुछ दिन तक तो वह अपने दोस्तों को टालता रहा। पर एक दिन तो हद ही हो गई। खरगोशों ने उसे डरपोक और दबू कह दिया। कालू को यह कतई पसंद नहीं आया। वह माँ से डरता जरूर था लेकिन अब वह बड़ा हो रहा था और अपने छोटे मोटे निर्णय स्वयं ले सकता था। कालू ने खरगोशों के साथ पहाड़ी पर जाने का निश्चय किया। पहाड़ी की चोटी पर पहुँच कालू को जो आनन्द आया उसकी तो आप कल्पना मात्र नहीं कर सकते हैं। कालू को लगा कि जैसे उसके दोस्त उसे स्वर्ग में ले आए हैं। कालू हरी मखमली घास पर जी भर के लोटा और पेट भर कर खाई भी। अब थोड़ा सुस्ताने का मन करने लगा, आँख मुंदने लगा। तभी कहीं से टप से एक भेड़िया आया और गप से कालू को खा गया।

बस, इसी अंजाम से डर रहा हूँ मैं। मैं भी माँ की बनाई कई लक्ष्मण रेखाएँ तोड़ चुका हूँ। पढ़ाई तो अब बचपन की बातें लगती हैं। लक्ष्य तो मैं भूल चुका हूँ। दोस्तों के कहने से जो मैं मंदिर वाली पहाड़ी पर चढा अर्थात् जब मैंने शराब पीना शुरू किया तो सही गलत में अंतर करना भूल गया। फिर सिगरेट की लत लगी और अब ड्रग्स लेने लगा हूँ। मैं जानता हूँ कि मैं गलत रास्ते पर चल पड़ा हूँ पर वापसी का रास्ता कोई नजर नहीं आ रहा। मैं डरता हूँ, लगता है कि अब कोई भेड़िया ताप से आएगा और मैं कालू की तरह.....

मेरे दोस्त मनोहर को कल ही पुलिस पकड़ कर ले गई है। वह मेरे कॉलेज के बाहर ड्रग्स बेचने की कोशिश करता पकड़ा गया। मेरा दूसरा दोस्त पार्थ, अमीर माँ बाप का इकलौता बेटा, हॉस्पिटल में जीवन और मौत से संघर्ष कर रहा है वह वेलेनटाइन डे की रात नशे में धुत गाड़ी चला रहा था। दुर्घटना में उसके दोस्त कृष्णा ने तो मौके पर ही दम तोड़ दिया। मैं पता नहीं कैसे अभी तक किसी बड़ी मुसीबत में नहीं फंसा हूँ। नहीं, मैं कालू नहीं बनना चाहता हूँ कि कोई मेरी मदद करे। बस, मुझे मेरी माँ से मिला दे। कोई मददगार मिले। आप मेरी मदद करेंगे ना...

रश्मि शर्मा

असिस्टेंट प्रोफ़ेसर, वनस्पति विज्ञान

THE PHENOMENAL REALITY

The game of life is a stroll till the end, the acts, the gait, the escapes are all impalpable,
Where the start seems vulnerable, the centre stage is favourable but the end is bound to be unbearable.
The stars, the moon, the universe become the cause of our triumphs and demise,
A worldly Almighty ordains our fate which we cautiously and consciously fail to realise.
A fine, transient morning so cheerful, a dark endless night so mournful, it's all magical,
A dream so fantastic, a nightmare turned so drastic, seems too mystical.
Roads crashed with the rising rivals, skies waiting for the destined arrivals, in the midst of the two you will
turn breathless,
Valleys a-wide, hills all upside, let peace abide, barriers aside, stand motionless.
A laugh that bursts, a smile, so trusted, invokes happiness to inspire,
Your despair departed, your success supported, no one to steal your desire.
You become what you think, worries leave behind a wink, just be sincere,
Let the people die, let their words lie, listen awhile but dare not adhere.
A gift of love, a shield of glove, you take help, you own a home,
Time to talk, feelings in a stock, you are not alone.
Bouts of pain, shocks that sustain, failures always make you grumble,
A relief to the crust, favours the jolly and just, it's the way you stumble.
The poverty of the poor, the royalty of the rich, the evil hell, the golden heaven,
You sought equality, you mess up with Economics and gravity, the graph is so uneven.
A strongly disciplined school, a casual college so cool, aspirations above head held high,
You act like a genius, you turn up a fool; attitude can impress, aptitude is not all you can apply.
Attractive vibes, destructive knives, an intriguing spirit swipes away all the woes,
A game of throne, a battle of stone, you win to lose in a blind faith, blood will sway from head to shoes.
Opportunities went in vain, disappointments lie deep in pain, you smile like a cat with grief-filled eyes lost
in the teary stain,
Politeness is a core issue, gullibility is a sensitive tissue, speaking frankly makes you open; keeping quiet
leaves you insane.
Truths carve your destiny, lies invite scrutiny, so foolish an astrology circled around matrimony,
Love is a miracle, hatred an obstacle, deep inside lies the thread of harmony.
Fires that burn, winds that upturn, you learn to lie stealthy,
Changes that litter, changes for the better, let your body be healthy.
A pool of friends, styles, fashions and trends, you huddle all high,
But then enemies to choose, filthy letters to abuse, you stop for a while and sigh.
If there are ships that sail, there are sharks beneath that trail, you have to look around and stay aware,

Traffic lights that control, danger signs you will not ignore, at times you couch and life turns severe.
Food that salivate, drinks that intoxicate, you may develop a taste so inanimate,
Pills of chill make you comfortable, diseases afflict and make you unstable, then arise matters that mighty complicate.
Mistakes you make, risks you take, keeping your patience at stake,
Appreciations you prove, misunderstandings you disapprove and trust is a difficult remake.
A childhood so awesome, the senescence so troublesome, let loose your emotions, get high on struggle
Songs of joy, prangs of dismay, it's a tough play where you have to juggle.
Those Monsoons that shower, those Winters that wince in shiver, the ruthless Autumn, the rainbow play,
Sunshines that brighten, Shadows that enlighten, six shunts of season in a beautiful closet tray.
Rushing Sundays with too much rest, lofty Mondays arrive like an awaited arrest, sometimes an alcoholic,
at times workaholic,
Time to listen, courage to fasten, schedules to tighten, you are left tired and sick.
A family so native, a home so captive, you feel so secure and a pioneer,
Forests if near, build up a fear, roars afar terrorise the tracks of the ear, you dream like a warrior,
Life is like the high ending fudge, paralleled with paradox no matter how you indulge, call it eternity or virtual duality,
You are born naked and hurried, die covered and buried, spread light, view it upright because so Phenomenal is this reality!

Dhara Awasthi

B. Sc. (H) Biomedical Science, III Year



TITLE
OR
THE OUTLANDISHLY-ANNOYING-DUMMY-UNWARRANTEDLY-EATING-
UP-THESE-LINES-WHICH-COULD-HAVE-BEEN-AVOIDED

A big-wig, attracting all the repulsion, rises from the depths of sincere jingoism to take the oath as the new leader of the free world.

Before making me choleric with just the anticipation of brainstorming for scribbling any composition, You, Title- looking down at every creation, assuming a higher position for yourself simply by the virtue of some corrupted sense of compliance to a standard of identification, which even if left out, will enjoy the luxury of headlining everything through the Bhartrhari's paradox, repel me.

It was you who stopped me from writing most of the stuff, not the mere realization of my apparent ineptitude in creative gibberish. Gee, right! Forgive me for my inability to imagine things that are not there. A rose by any other name would smell as sweet, so why should there be any you? You simply stand there unperturbed, like a confident cow in the busiest intersections of Old Delhi, heedless in this world getting increasingly concerned about the privacy of its inhabitants who love things as benign as wide frame selfies, giving a peek into the stories. In a world craving for more than what the Hubble has observed in all its life in ether, you sit on top, with a smirk on the face, looking around, adjusting collars and brimming inside out with the consciousness of being the smartest one-liner or an apt summation of some 300-page complex structure. As an epitome of misplaced sense of self-righteousness, you take refuge in paperbacks and hardcovers, where millions still wear the darkness of night and seek the shade of stars just for a weekend, away from the hardships of foraging in concrete jungles to tranquil places with hanging sporadic flashes synced with jingles accompanied by soothing yeast-fermented barley. While denizens of my city struggle to find a spot to even stand in wagons running dangerously below earth near inferno in their daily freights of livelihood, you stand biased, spreading across the face in brash fonts for naïve wordsmiths while giving way to the established ones, like a remorseless security personnel outside a niterie to feminine ensemble.

D. J. Trump just finished his inauguration dialogue. Now, where was I?

Sagar Patwal

B. Tech. Computer Science, IV Year



YOUTH PARLIAMENT



LEIOTHRIX 2017

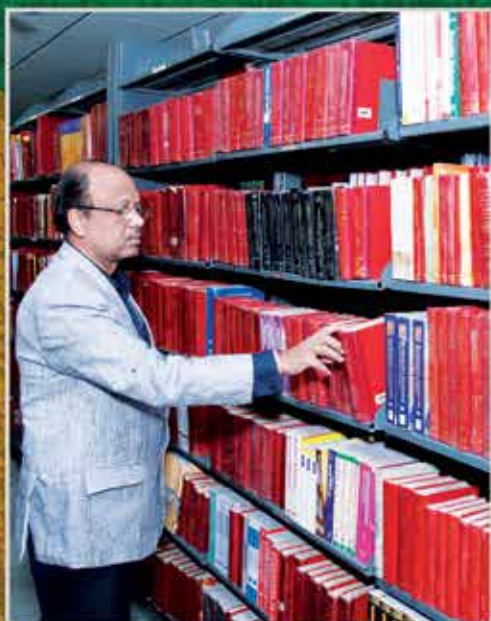






NAAC PEER TEAM VISIT





ACHARYA NARENDRA DEV COLLEGE

(UNIVERSITY OF DELHI)

SPORTS DAY
2017





**STUDENTS
ELECTIONS AND
BOOK
EXHIBITION**



युवाओं के बीच में लिंग संवेदीकरण

नर और नारी के बीच आत्मिक, मानसिक, शारीरिक और आध्यात्मिक समन्वय ही आदिकाल से सामाजिक संतुलन की आधारशिला रही है। प्रकृति हमेशा सम्मति और समन्वय से संचालित होती है ! इस समन्वय में जब भी विचलन होगा, प्रगति की ओर बढ़ रहा समाज निस्संदेह अपनी दिशा में बाधा महसूस करेगा। क्या आज हमारा समाज उस बाधा के दौर से गुजर रहा है?

प्राचीन काल में हमारा समाज कब एक आदर्श समाज के सभी मानकों के पैमानों को पूरा करता था? इसका उत्तर ढूँढना शायद कठिन भी है और निरोपयोगी भी। हमारा यह मानना कि आज हमारे समाज में लिंगभेद निहित हैं, यह सोच ही भविष्य में बेहतरी के लिए हमारा मार्ग प्रशस्त करती है। इसमें कोई शक नहीं कि समाज को आदर्श मानकों तक ले जाना कोई सामान्य बात नहीं है। कौन से मानक आदर्श होंगे इसका चयन भी हमें ही करना होगा। बदलते समय के अनुरूप मानकों का बदलना स्वाभाविक है। ऐसे मानक जिसमें समाज का हर वर्ग और लिंग अपनी सुविधानुसार जीवनयापन कर सके। इस बदलाव के लिए अपार ऊर्जा की आवश्यकता होगी। समाज में केवल युवा वर्ग ही ऐसा है जिसमें इतनी मात्रा में ऊर्जा निहित है। ऐसे साहसिक कार्यों के लिए हमें अपने युवा वर्ग को प्रशिक्षित करना होगा। उसके अन्दर से लिंग के मतभेद को दूर करना होगा।

यदि हम अपने आदिकाल को देखे तो तब महिलाओं की स्थिति सामान्य थी। समाज में लिंग भेद नहीं था। महिलाओं को पुरुषों के बराबर का दर्जा हासिल था। उस समाज में गार्गी जैसी विदुषी एवं अहिल्याबाई जैसी न्याय कुशल शासिका भी थी। भारत में जब उत्तर वैदिक काल का उदय हुआ तब से महिलाओं की स्थिति प्रभावित होना प्रारंभ हुई। इसी उत्तर वैदिक काल में समाज में महिलाओं के लिए कई कुप्रथाओं का उदय हुआ जैसे -सतीप्रथा, जौहर प्रथा, बाल-विवाह, बहुविवाह आदि। इन कुप्रथाओं से प्रभावित होकर महिलाये दिन-प्रतिदिन मानसिक रूप से कमजोर होती चली गयी। जब ये कुप्रथाएं उत्तर वैदिक काल से होती हुई भारत के मध्य काल में आयी, तब तक ये काफी प्रबल हो चुकी थी। इसलिए शायद मध्य काल को महिलाओं के लिए बर्बर अत्याचार का काल कहा जाता है। जहाँ महिलाओं को चार दिवारी में बंद रखा जाता था और केवल भोगविलास की वस्तु माना जाता था। इस काल में उनके सारे अधिकारों का पतन हो चुका था। समाज में उनके लिए कोई भी सम्मानित जगह नहीं बची थी।

18वीं शताब्दी के भारत के आधुनिक युग की शुरुआत में राजाराम मोहन राय जैसे समाज सुधारकों ने इस विषय पर काफी गंभीरता से विचार किया और समाज में इस लिंग भेद को हटाने के अनेक प्रयास किये। उन्होंने सतीप्रथा, बालविवाह, बहुविवाह जैसी कुप्रथाओं को कानूनन अवैध घोषित करवाया। विधवा पुनः विवाह का कानून बनवाया। भारत में आज महिलाओं को उनके खोए हुए सम्मान को लौटने के लिए अनेक प्रयास किये जा रहे हैं। समाज में महिलाओं की स्थिति की समीक्षा होती रहे इसके लिए वर्ष १९७५ को विश्व महिला वर्ष की घोषणा की गयी। भारत में महिलाओं के लिए संवैधानिक आयोग की स्थापना की गयी। हमारे संविधान के अनुच्छेद 15 में धर्म, जाति, लिंग व जन्मस्थान के आधार पर भेदभाव पर प्रतिबन्ध है।

हाल ही में महाराष्ट्र के शनि मंदिर के चबूतरे एवं एक दरगाह के द्वार, जहाँ वर्षों से महिलाओं को प्रवेश की अनुमति नहीं थी, सर्वोच्च न्यायालय ने महिलाओं के लिए खोल दिए। ये सारे बदलाव लिंग भेद की इस व्यापक खाई को भरने के लिए ही हैं। आज के उज्ज्वल भारत में सामाजिक कार्यों का आधार भी ज्ञान एवं कौशल हैं। उदाहरण के रूप में भारत ने २०१६ में तीन महिला लड़ाकू पायलट को वायुसेना में नियुक्त कर महिलाओं के लिए एक नया अध्याय जोड़ा। महिलाओं के सशक्तीकरण के लिए सरकार द्वारा व्यापक योजनाओं का शुभारम्भ किया गया है जैसे “बेटी बचाओ बेटी पढ़ाओ”, उज्ज्वला, स्वाधार गृह, नारी शक्ति पुरस्कार, इंदिरा गांधी मातृत्व सहयोग योजना, कार्यरत महिलाओं के लिए आवास। इन योजनाओं के बारे में जन सामान्य को अवगत कराने में युवा वर्ग बड़ी भूमिका अदा कर सकता है। इस दिशा में जागरूकता फैलाने के लिए हमारे महाविद्यालय

“आचार्य नरेन्द्र देव कालेज” ने युवाओं के बीच लिंग संवेदीकरण नामक कार्यशाला का आयोजन किया था जिसमें वाई.पी. फाउंडेशन नामक संस्था से वक्ता के रूप में दो प्रतिनिधियों ने समाज में महिलाओं की स्थिति पर व्याख्यान दिया।

आज आवश्यकता है की हम लिंग -भेदभाव को अपने अन्दर से जड़ सहित उखाड़ फेंके तथा उस आदर्श समाज की स्थापना की ओर अपना मार्ग प्रशस्त करें जहाँ नर और नारी का भेद शून्य हो।

शिवम् मिश्र

बी.एस.सी. (विशेष) रसायन शास्त्र , द्वितीय वर्ष

UNTITLED

Do you ever just lie supine?

On the grass on a cloudless night

And look up where there is no moon

And just watch the stars,

Swimming in endless darkness,

Beacons of eternal hope?

Do the constellations speak to you?

Or do you also use them

To predict what is unpredictable and

Know what is best unknown?

Do you wait for aurora or

Do you wait for an epiphany

Of your ephemerality?

Abhishek Raiwani

B. Sc. (H) Electronics, II Year

TO THE HEART STRUCK INDIAN

When you witness rejection, repeated and intense,
When adverse are all the situations you go through;
When the hurdles seem like an uncrossable fence,
And dreams look obvious not to come true;
Never ever give up and move homeward,
Be calm and keep moving forward.

When you find yourself in complete darkness,
When your steps lead you to no places;
When your voice starts losing confidence and sharpness,
And the respect for you diminishes in people's faces;
Fix the pieces of your bruised heart,
Be calm and keep moving forward.

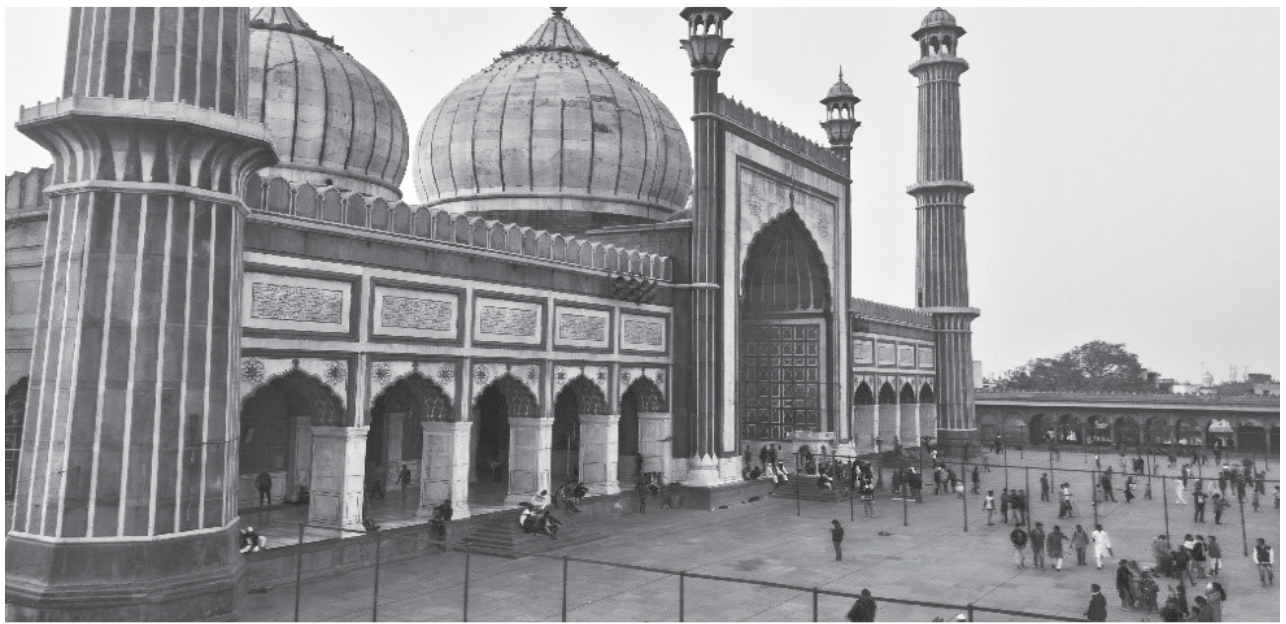
When you feel fear hover over your strength,
When your vision goes blur due to constant sorrow;
When you are almost buried in dismay,
And no sign appears of the great new morrow;
Rise up and fight, don't look backward,
Be calm and keep moving forward.

When negative thoughts wear you out,
When the pocket is empty and it's hard to survive;
When circumstances create self-doubt,
And darkness seems to eat you alive;
Act like a warrior and not a coward,
Be calm and keep moving forward.

Vikas Shukla

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

A MEMORY TO BE CHERISHED FOREVER...



Someone has well said: "Travelling alone is the finest way to explore, as it is the best to know yourself more from inside...."

It all started with the hustle and bustle to reach college before time. As it was the first day of the new semester and of course, a new year so, there was less commotion as compared to regular days. A fistful of students were present, so, our professor gave us a half-day leave, which meant a "golden opportunity" for vagrants like me! It was a pleasant day ahead and seriously, I did not want to go back home so early. So, I decided to celebrate the "emancipation" that I hardly get! I asked my fellow mates to join me but they had some project due so, instead of disturbing them, I went alone. I was disappointed but it didn't affect me much as I am accustomed to living in solitude. I wanted to explore the best place nearby but I had not yet decided where I wanted to go.

Delhi is a mega city with numerous destinations, some of them being pocket friendly for a student like me. Thus, one can get happiness with whatever the budget permits. This is the reason why Delhi is listed in the top tourist destinations. Apart from the monetary aspect, tourists love the vivacity of this place. While I was thinking about the perfect place where I could get solace suddenly, my mind suggested the name of the biggest mosque in India, Masjid-i-Jaha-Numa, colloquially



called "Jama Masjid", located in the extremely crowded and dilapidated part of old Delhi.

It was my first visit to a Muslim shrine. I practice Hinduism and Catholicism since childhood, so it was a quite distinct and unique experience for me to explore the essence of another religious belief. I was doubtful about this place but gave in to the voice of my conscience and found it to be worth it. The first sight which caught my attention was that of the sun rays

directly falling on the dome which made it shine like an eminent golden ball. I entered through the big redstone gate or Darwaza. I was welcomed by a majestic view, on having entered the edifice followed by the courtyard or Sahn.



Though there was huge crowd which included families, newly-wed couples, engaged love birds, foreign tourists and last but not the least, single vagrants like me, yet within a moment, it's serene atmosphere accepted me wholeheartedly. And then what! I thoroughly enjoyed the whole place and started capturing the finest "epitome" of Islamic architecture, which I had seen and read about in my history books. For a person like me who has an obsession with fine arts, it's a vault of treasure of extravagant architecture filled with arabesque calligraphy.

Like it's enigmatic architecture, it has an éclat history too! Shah Jahan built this exquisite mosque. The literal meaning of its name is "mosque commanding view of the world". The austere, yet beautiful, building was built in red sandstone with an extensive use of white marble. The pulpit of Jama Masjid has been beautifully carved out of a single block of marble. It has three gateways, four soaring towers and

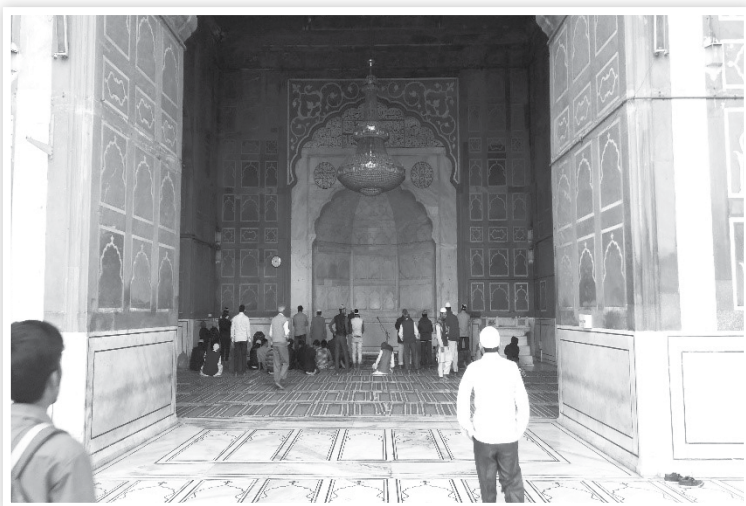




two minarets. The 130-ft high slender minarets of the mosque grace its impressive façade. The eastern gate was once reserved for the Emperor. Wide staircases and arched gateways greet the visitors of the mosque. The teachings of the Prophet and the Holy Quran are enshrined

here and its courtyard can hold up to 25,000 worshippers at one go. Designed by Ustad Khalil, the great sculptor of his time, it was built at an astounding cost of one million rupees in the early 1600s. The mosque was inaugurated by Imam Bukhari, a “mullah” from Bukhara, Uzbekistan on a special invitation from Shah Jahan. Thus, this place has a very lavish history.

When I came to know that tourists are allowed a sight from the minaret I was on cloud nine because it was my childhood dream to see the beautiful old Shahjahanabad from a height. It was a mystifying feeling for me. I also saw how Muslims do their ablutions (ritual cleansing). It was clear that it was time for the afternoon Namaaz or Asr. It was quite wonderful and emotional when the chants of the Holy Quran echoed. It is said that “All that seems easy isn't as easy as we think”. The next challenge was waiting. I had to climb up approximately



200 stairs. I must say, it was amongst the narrowest flight of stairs that I had ever climbed. It was quite exhausting but was worthwhile. The panoramic view from the height reminded me of the old map that I had seen in my seventh standard book. It was quite similar. I cherished every moment as I was exploring one of the greatest epochs of Indian history. This visit has become an experience to be cherished lifelong and these pictures will always be a reminder of one of the biggest moments of my entire life!

Next time, I would love to visit this place with my loved ones.

Piyush Singh

B. Sc. Physical Sciences (Chemistry), I Year

TRANSITION FROM SCHOOL TO COLLEGE LIFE

The transition from school to college is bitter-sweet and overwhelming but extremely rewarding. School will always be the warmest place I know, a place that nests thousands of innocent memories, a place that shaped us into the kind of individuals we are today, a place that nurtured all our skills ever so efficiently and still managed to provide us the right dose of fun and discipline. School gave us the luxury of having fewer responsibilities. Despite all these comforts, a school student still hopes and dreams of going to college and so did I. I would think of how life would change and how we would transform into somebody different, have fun and act like adults.

Now that I finally am a college student, I can definitely say some of that is true! College lets you escape from a teacher's protective shield that you had in school and although this could be unnerving initially, it certainly proves to be a major lesson in self-reliance. College definitely lets you come out of your comfort zone. You meet like-minded people from diverse cultures who are united by their similar experiences and passions in life. You learn to explore, both yourself and the world around you, with your new-found vision. All the fests, seminars, the cultural diversity, and never-heard-of-before opportunities welcome a fresher to an entirely different world where they're simply left awed at how vivid this chapter of their life is.

Another personal experience (which I feel added to this transition) was my daily commute by the Delhi Metro. Travelling by the metro had been a rare situation in my life before I entered college and now it's almost mandatory for me to travel by the metro and this too is gradually turning into a life-lesson, I would say. The busy train rides, patiently waiting for a seat, standing idly to learning how to use those hours in doing something small yet productive has in itself taught me the meaning of the words independent and self-reliant.

College made me acknowledge another fact – high school study habits do not work well here. Here, it's more about 'deciphering' than 'memorizing'. It's all about knowing yourself and your strengths and weaknesses which further motivate you to increase your knowledge, sharpen your skills and be a more functional individual overall.

So, although school was that place which moulded me with extreme love and protection into whoever I am today, college, I am sure, will turn out to be the place which teaches me to face life head-on. So far, college has made me question myself about who I am and what I would like to add to my life, has let me choose my social environment and academic priorities. School will always remain the best memory of my early years. But, I believe, this transition, though difficult, would end up being a period where tremendous growth occurs.

Senjuti Sengupta

B. Sc. (H) Zoology, I Year

वो लड़की

क्या परिचय दूँ उसका ? मध्यम कद की पतली दुबली लड़की, सांवली रंगत लिये, लंबे बाल , साधारण शक्ल सूरत वाली। पर फिर भी उसमें कुछ आकर्षण था। उसकी भोली सी सूरत पर बोलती हुई सुंदर आंखें। उसे खुद इस बात का कोई गुमान न था। शायद अपनी सीमाओं का एहसास था उसे , इसीलिए एकाकी चित्त थी। हर समय किताबों में मुंह छिपाये बैठी रहती थी। खुद ही अपने चारों तरफ एक लक्ष्मण रेखा खींची हुई थी, जहाँ उसकी अनुमति के बिना किसी का भी प्रवेश असंभव था। अपने केंद्रित विचारों के कारण निरंतर अपने निर्धारित लक्ष्यों को प्राप्त करती आयी थी। आस पास के लोगों में उसके लिए एक मिली जुली प्रतिक्रिया थी। कोई उसे किताबी कीड़ा कहता था, तो किसी के लिए वो शांत स्वाभाव की कम बोलने वाली लड़की थी। किसी के लिए वो अभिमानी थी जो हर किसी से बात करना ज़रूरी नहीं समझती थी तो करीब से जानने वालों के लिए वो एक जीनियस थी जिसके पास हर प्रश्न का उत्तर मौजूद था। अपनी गरिमा, चरित्र, संभ्रांत व्यवहार और शालीनता के लिए वो कुछ लड़कियों की ईर्ष्या का पात्र थी तो कुछ के लिए प्रेरणा स्रोत। बाहरी चमक दमक में वो कभी विश्वास नहीं कर पाई इसीलिए दूर से देखने वालों पर कभी अपनी पहचान नहीं छोड़ पायी थी।

एक मध्यमवर्गी परिवार में जन्मी, अपनी सीमाओं से वाकिफ, वो अपने लक्ष्य पर नज़र गढ़ाए अपनी ही बनाई राह पर चलती जा रही थी। अपने साधारण रूप रंग पर लोगों की टिप्पड़ियां उसे उन छोटे छोटे कंकड़ों की भाँति प्रतीत होती थीं जो एक शांत बहती नदी में थोड़ी सी हलचल तो पैदा कर सकती थीं पर उसे अपने गंतव्य पर पहुँचने से रोक नहीं सकती थीं। उसके अंदर आत्मविश्वास का स्रोत था जो उसे निरंतर ऊर्जा देता था। उसे कभी किसी ने थकते हुए देखा ही नहीं था। बाहर से शांत व्यक्तित्व, पर अंदर जुनून भरा हुआ - भीड़ में अपनी अलग पहचान बनाने का, अपने अस्तित्व की एक अलग छाप छोड़ने का जूनून। समय चक्र बढ़ता रहा। यौवन की दहलीज़ कब पार हो गयी पता ही नहीं चला। अपनी सखियों को आँखों में चमक लिए गुनगुनाते देख कर भी वह उम्र के उस पड़ाव का एहसास ही नहीं कर पायी। उसे शुरू से यही तो बताया गया था - वो इन सब के लिए नहीं है, ये सब चीज़ें उसके लिए नहीं हैं। उसे तो कुछ और करना है। वो सब लड़कियों से अलग है जिसे अपनी पहचान बनानी है। एक पल के लिए जो उसका मन भटकता, इन विचारों से वह फिर अपनी दुनिया में सिमट जाती। कभी कभी परिहास का कारण बनती पर अपने लक्ष्य से डिग नहीं पाती।

हैरानी होती सबको कि वो किस मिट्टी की बनी है ? अपनी उपलब्धियों पर वह स्वयं ही खुश होती। अपने आप को खुद ही मुबारक बाद देती। अपनी पीठ खुद ही थपथपाती। अपनी खुशियां मनाने का अलग ही अंदाज़ था उसका। सब कुछ कितना अच्छा था पर फिर अचानक क्या हुआ जो उसे अंदर तक हिला गया ? वो तो कभी इतनी कमज़ोर न थी।

बहुत समय तक उसने अपने आप को सिमेटा हुआ था। जिस एहसास ने कभी उसे छुआ तक न था, वो भावनाएं कब उसके अंदर पनपने लगीं वो खुद भी ना जान पाई। एहसास हुआ तब, जब अपनी ही धड़कनों की आवाज़ उसके अपने कानों ने पहली बार सुनी। एक अजनबी पर सुखद एहसास। उसे लगा जैसे उसका पुनर्जन्म हुआ है। अपने आस पास हर चीज़ नयी प्रतीत हो रही थी। लग रहा था पहली बार खुल कर सांस ले रही है। "आकाश का नीला रंग कितना सुंदर है। क्या सचमुच आकाश इसी रंग का होता था ? बादलों के छोटे टुकड़ों के पार से आती हुई सूर्य की किरणें कितनी चमकीली हैं। क्या यह हमेशा ऐसी ही थीं ? और यह पौधे, कितने सुंदर दिखते हैं। इनकी पत्तियों पर यह नन्हीं ओंस की बूँदें - जैसे दिन में जगमगाते सितारे।" हवा की खुशबू तन मन में समा रही थी। कुछ अजीब लगा ? पर नहीं, उसके लिए तो हवाओं में भी खुशबू थी। उन पलों को खुल कर ही तो जीना चाहती थी वो। हर पल की स्मृति अपने अंदर परिरक्षित करती जा रही थी। प्रकृति के उस रूप को निहारती रहती थी। अपनी लक्ष्मण रेखा को

खुद ही धुंधलाती जा रही थी। हर हवा के झोंके की ठंडक और मृदुलता उसे अंदर तक छू जाती। पगली इस बात से अंजान थी की कुछ हवा के झोंके अपने साथ तूफान लाते हैं।

आँखें मूंदे वो नए रंगों की दुनिया में खोई थी कि अचानक एक बर्फ सी सिहरन ने उसे चौंका दिया। आँख खुलते ही सामने सिर्फ एक ही रंग था। कभी नीला आकाश अब काले बादलों से ढका था। उस कालिमा को सूरज की चमकीली किरणें भी पार नहीं कर पायीं। पौधों का हरा रंग भी विलुप्त हो गया था। हवा की खुशबु अचानक ही चली गयी थी। हर तरफ अँधेरा और हड्डियों तक को कंपकंपाने वाली सिहरन थी। शायद तूफान के आने से पहले का एक अजीब सन्नाटा था यह। कुछ डर रही थी वो। खामोशियों से तो उसकी पुरानी मित्रता थी पर यह खामोशी मित्रता का संकेत नहीं थी। अँधेरे में उसने अपनी राह तलाशने की कोशिश की। कभी कभी बिजली चमकने से उसे कुछ दिखाई देता तो अगले



ही पल सब कालिमा के आवरण में खो जाता। तूफान आ चुका था और हर भरसक कोशिश में था उसे अपने साथ बहा ले जाने की। पर वो, वो थी - सबसे अलग। तूफान के थपेड़े उसे घसीटे जा रहे थे पर उसके पैर ज़मीं छोड़ने को तैयार नहीं थे। धूल से आँखें बंद हुए जा रहीं थीं पर हाथ अभी भी सहारा तलाश रहे थे। कभी किसी पेड़ का तना तो कभी घास उसके हाथ में आ कर छूट जाते थे। उसके हाथ में कुछ टिक ही नहीं पा रहा था। उसकी पकड़ कमज़ोर थी या तूफान का वेग ज़्यादा इसका विश्लेषण शायद आसान नहीं था। इस तूफानी समय में भी उसका मनोबल टूटा नहीं था क्योंकि उसे निरंतर ऊर्जा देने वाला उसका आत्मविश्वास अभी भी उसमें मौजूद था। उसके कानों में वही चिर परिचित शब्द गूँजने लगे - वो इन सब के लिए नहीं है, यह सब उसके लिए नहीं है। एक ही क्षण में जैसे उसमें नयी ऊर्जा का संचार होने लगा। इधर उधर सहारा तलाशना छोड़ उसने अपने पाँव ज़मीन में गड़ा दियो। अपने दोनों हाथों से आँखों के आगे आते धूल के बादल को रोका और उस गहन अँधेरे में भी अपनी राह तलाशती आगे बढ़नी लगी। तूफान के आगे वो एक चट्टान बन गयी थी। फिर वही शांत रूप लिए अपनी तक्रदीर तराशने लगी। पर अब वो एक शांत ज्वालामुखी थी। उसे अपने भीतर की शक्ति का एहसास हो गया था। इस तूफान ने उसे थोड़ा उग्र बना दिया था, उसके अस्तित्व को झकझोर दिया था, कहीं कुछ दरक गया था। उसे फिर से अपनी सीमाएं तलाशनी थीं, उन बिखरे टुकड़ों को समेटना था, एक नया अस्तित्व तराशना था।

क्या यह संभव हो पायेगा ? कहीं कुछ तो खो गया है। क्या वही स्वरूप दुबारा बन पायेगा ? अपने लक्ष्य को तो वह हासिल कर लेगी पर क्या वहां पहुँच कर अब खुश हो पायेगी ? क्या अपने अस्तित्व से खुद का परिचय कर पायेगी?

डा० मनीषा जैन

असोसिएट प्रोफ़ेसर, रसायन शास्त्र विभाग

73

सरकार

घोटालों की इस महाभारत में,
सब ही दुर्योधन और दुशासन हैं।
वही मुलजिम हैं, वही न्यायालय,
इन्ही की शासन-प्रशासन हैं।
इस रामायण का तो कोई राम नहीं हैं,
एक थैली के चट्टे-बट्टे सब हैं।
वोट से ज्यादा जनता कुछ लगती नहीं,
लम्बे हाथ, अंधी आँखों का पैसा ही रब हैं।
लेकिन खामोशी हमारी कमजोरी बिलकुल नहीं,
न ही हमारा अब तक जमीर हुआ बौना है।
बुझदिली, शराफत, को कभी भी न समझना,
दबे न घोडा, जब तमंचा खिलौना हैं।

संदीप कुमार
बी.एस.सी. (विशेष) इलेक्ट्रॉनिक्स, द्वितीय वर्ष



WHAT IS LIFE

A rich man bursting into laughter said,

"Life is money."

A poor man shivering with cold said,

"Life is a struggle."

A soldier standing in the battle field said,

"Life is a war zone."

A saint in his speech said,

"Life is the only way to reach God."

A helpless bird in the cage said,

"Life is a prison."

A sparrow flying in the sky said,

"Life is freedom."

But I say,

"Life is an unsolved mystery,

It takes the shape of whatever we do."

So, create something worth remembering!

Bhavya Saini

B. Sc. (H) Biomedical Science, 1 Year



75

25
YEARS OF EXCELLENCE

WINDOW SIDE

The window allowing the entry of moonlight
Making the bed shine so white,
The curtains are tied to the window side
I can imagine the sea at high tide.
Advancing towards the window to restrict the light
As I looked at the moon, I felt a peaceful delight,
My eyes got stuck on the moon
It was shining as the sun at noon.
The light was white and so calm
I felt it with my open palm,
No words to elaborate its glare
Seems I can spend my whole night there.
Time has paused between the moon and I
I revealed all the truth to him without any lie,
He listened to me in quiet
He is with me even though being at such a height.
But time hared off in our conversation
The moment was equal to meditation,
And the time had come to bid good bye
Alas, I wanted the mode of standby.
Because the talk was yet unfinished
And his light was getting diminished,
I promised to meet him the next night
Then somewhere he escaped from my sight.

Nikita

B. Sc. Life Sciences, III Year

सपनों का भारत: भ्रम से सच्चाई तक

राष्ट्रीय पर्व जैसे पूरे देश को एकजुट कर देती हैं परन्तु दुःख की बात है कि पर्व समाप्त होते ही वो देशभक्ति जैसे खामोश हो जाती है। पर हम यही सोचते हैं की देश का विकास कैसे हो?

एक बार अकबर ने बीरबल से कहा कि मेरी प्रजा तो बहुत ईमानदार है तो बीरबल ने कहा, “चलिए परीक्षा ले लेते हैं”।

आदेशानुसार एक बड़ी सी टंकी बनाई गयी और सभी को आदेश दिया गया की वह उस टंकी में कल 1 गिलास दूध डाले, ऐसा ही हुआ। परन्तु जब अगले दिन वह टंकी खोली गयी तो उसमें सिर्फ जल ही था, क्योंकि हर किसी ने यही सोचा कि दूसरा तो उसमें दूध ही डालेगा तो मेरे एक गिलास जल डालने से क्या?

हाँ, आज देश की यही वास्तविकता है। हम अपना कर्तव्य करे बिना दूसरो से ये अपेक्षा करते है की उनके कर्तव्यों से यह देश बदल जायेगा। हमें लगता है कि भ्रष्टाचार की लड़ाई मानो सत्ता में बैठे उन भ्रष्ट नेताओं को बदलने से है परन्तु हम भूल जाते है कि भ्रष्टाचार कही बाहर नहीं, वो तो हमारे अन्दर विद्यमान है। भ्रष्टाचार की लड़ाई किसी और से नहीं बल्कि स्वयं की सोच बदलने का एक सत्याग्रह है।

अगला दूध डाल रहा है या जल, यह सोचे बिना जिस दिन हम अपना कर्तव्य सच्ची श्रद्धा से करना सीख जायेंगे, उस दिन यह देश बदल जायेगा, जरूर बदलेगा और जो यह सोचते हैं कि यह देश नहीं बदल सकता उनकी सोच बदलकर ये देश बदलेगा। जब हम विकास की बातें करते है तो हमारा उद्देश्य होता है कि कुछ सड़के बनाओ, पुल का निर्माण करो और 2-4 कारखाने खड़े कर दो, परन्तु हम यह भूल जाते है कि यह देश का सच्चा विकास नहीं है। सच्चा विकास तो वह है कि जिस युवा पीढ़ी के लिए हम यह निर्माण कर रहे है अगर हम उस युवा पीढ़ी को संस्कारों में सींच कर खड़ा कर दे तो यह देश बदल जायेगा। हम भूल जाते है की विश्व देश से है, देश शहर से, शहर गाँव से, गाँव समाज से, समाज संस्कृति से और संस्कृति हम इन्सान से है। जब तक हम नहीं बदलेंगे हमारी सोच नहीं बदलेगी तब तक देश का विकास एक स्वप्न ही रहेगा। पर क्या बदले युवा पीढ़ी में?

जो युवा पीढ़ी यह सोचती है कि मुझे तो दो वक्त्र की रोटी मिल गयी मुझे समाज से क्या? हमें उस सोच को बदलना होगा। जब एक व्यक्ति बदलेगा तो वह चार को बदलेगा वह चार सोलह को और धीरे धीरे पूरा समाज बदल जायेगा।

भुट्टे के खेत में भुट्टे बहुत प्यारे लगते है परन्तु हम यह भूल जाते है की उस भुट्टे के निर्माण के लिए एक भुट्टे के दाने ने अपना बलिदान दिया, त्याग किया। हमारे वंश में २००-३०० वर्ष पूर्व कौन था हमें नहीं पता, परन्तु आज भी हम महापुरुषों को याद करते है क्यों? क्योंकि वह भुट्टे के दाने बने और इसी संसार रूपी चक्की में पिस गए। आज युवा पीढ़ी को वही भुट्टे का दाना बनकर दिखाना है। हमें याद रखना है कि युवा सिर्फ एक उम्र नहीं होती बल्कि युवा एक सोच होती है। एक अकेले गाँधी जी ने अहिंसा की सोच के दम पर भारत को आजाद कराया।

"चल पड़े जिधर दो डग -मग में ,

चल पड़े कोटि पग उसी ओर

जिस पर निज मस्तक झुका लिया

झुक गये कोटि सर उसी ओर।"

हमें हमेशा याद रखना है की लोग पत्थर आम के पेड़ पर मारते है। कोई नीम के पेड़ पर पत्थर नहीं मारता है। इसलिए सत्य को दबाया जा सकता है हराया नहीं। वह किसी न किसी दिन सूर्य की किरणों बन बादलों के गर्भ से निकल सबके समझ आ ही जाता है। इसलिए अगर हमने युवा पीढ़ी की सोच बदल दी तो भारत फिर गाँधी नेहरु के सपनों का भारत बन जायेगा।

वैभव श्रीवास्तव

बी.एस.सी. (विशेष), रसायन शास्त्र, द्वितीय वर्ष,

(वैभव श्रीवास्तव को ग्लोबल एक्सिलेन्स फाउंडेशन के तत्त्वाधन में आयोजित भाषण प्रतियोगिता में प्रथम पुरस्कार से सम्मानित किया गया)

WOMEN'S EMPOWERMENT

She is mighty; she is divine; she is the giver of life; and the bearer of sufferings. She has been venerated; she has been tolerated; she is compelled to fight; she is built to withstand; she has gone through it all... By no means, is a woman weak! Then why is it that she – the Goddess – has been objectified and broken and denied all things humane?

Here we are in 2017, leaving our feeble footprints on the pristine sands of the twenty-first century. Yet, the condition of women across the globe is pitiable. The world has been revolutionized and ideas have evolved but women are still tethered and imprisoned, for they are guilty of being women. Traditions continue to control the lives of women. They are still seen as creatures who are inferior to men and whose sole purpose is to satisfy the carnal desires of men.

This burning issue has set alight a lot of governments and triggered tons of criticism for the current gender hierarchy that places women beneath men. In every sphere of life, women are being denied their rights; stereotypes stuffed in the brains of the people around us. – “After all, she’s a woman; what can she do?”

Women are capable of doing much more than men. Since ancient times, physically stronger men have dominated women through the means of the unfair advantage that Nature has provided them. No matter how brilliant the ideas of women are, no matter how much they can develop, they have been seen only as objects for the continuation of the race, rather than actual human beings who need as much exposure as their male counterparts.

As the undaunted flame of struggle burns, women continue to fight for their rights. First, the suffrage movement, then the feminist revolutions; women have come a long way in a hundred years, yet plenty of work needs to be done.

Today, India is at the cusp of a paradigm change in its growth and position in the world. We – both men and women – must act decisively to capture this opportunity. We need to think big and improve rapidly in each and every area, especially women’s empowerment.

Empowerment of women is the prerequisite for transforming a developing country into a developed one. Attainment of education and economic participation are the key constituents in ensuring the empowerment of women. The government ensures opportunities for education but lags behind in its implementation. Efforts continue to flood in and changes seem to appear in our rigid society. Women will strive forth, despite everything and only then will mankind achieve the supreme status of being the most wonderful of all the creations of God.

*Dr. Seema Makhija
Associate Professor
Department of Zoology*

मद

मद अँधा व क्रूर कर देती है ,
अपनो के प्यार से दूर कर देती है।
एक बार हाथ लगा कर के तो देख ,
पूरा जलने पर मजबूर कर देती है।।

मद नशा जरूर कर देती है,
अहम् में मगरूर कर देती है।
पल में नालियों का बादशाह,
पल में नालियों का हूर कर देती है।।

आकाश गुप्ता

बी.एस.सी. (विशेष) भौतिक शास्त्र, प्रथम वर्ष

रावण तेरे कितने सिर

"कितना लोगे भाई इस रावण को बनाने में?" रावण के एक पुतले की ओर संकेत करते हुए राखी ने मूर्तिकार से पूछा, "मुझे सबसे अच्छा रावण ले जाना है दशहरे में जलाने के लिए, अमीरों और गरीबों का मुहल्ला है। यदि रावण की कद काठी एवं पुतला अच्छा न हुआ तो मुझे अपमान का भागी बनना पड़ेगा।"

राखी की बातें सुनकर मेरे चेहरे पर एक ब्यंगतामक स्मित की रेखा आ गयी। हृदय में विचार आया निश्चय ही कलियुग आ गया है। लोगों को जलाने के लिए अच्छा रावण चाहिए। एक अनोखा सा प्रश्न भी उठा कि बुराई की कद काठी ही नहीं बढ़ गयी परन्तु जन जीवन का आधार भी बन गयी , लेकिन मैं मौन रही।

"आप चिंता मत कीजिए , यहाँ मुझ से अच्छा रावण कोई नहीं बना सकता। मेरे रावण के दस के दस सिर एकदम एक जैसे हैं " , मूर्तिकार ने अहंकार मिश्रित लहजे में सीना चौड़ा कर कर्कश आवाज़ में कहा।

"दाम कम नहीं किया तो मैं किसी और से खरीद लूंगी। आज कल तो गली -गली में रावण बना रहे हैं" , राखी झल्लाई। "हां मेम साहब , रावण बनाने वालों की कमी नहीं है , पर इतना सुडौल , सुन्दर एवं विस्फोटक रावण कोई नहीं बना सकता" , मूर्तिकार प्रतिकार भरे लहजे में बोला।

मुझे अब भी हँसी आ रही थी। रावण बनाने में प्रतिस्पर्धा कैसी, क्या सचमुच रावण का व्यक्तिव इतना सुन्दर था ? मन में सवाल जागा। मैं सोच में पड़ गयी. रावण बनाना भी आसान नहीं था। उस रावण के दस के दस चेहरे थे पर वह बाहर रखता था लेकिन आज तो चेहरे पर मुखौटे लगे हुए है, मैंने स्वयं को झकझोरा। "नहीं! दाम कम नहीं लेंगे। कहो तो पटाखे और भर दूँ। इसबार यदि ले जाओगे तो हर वर्ष लौट कर आओगे" , मूर्तिकार अपनी बात पर अडिग रहा।

मेरे चंचल मन ने पुनः सरगोशी की, क्या हर वर्ष बुराई इतनी बढ़ती चली जाएगी की प्रतीक स्वरूप रावण को जलाना पड़ेगा ? क्या रावण कभी मरेगा भी ?

राखी असमंजस में पड़ गयी, सबसे अच्छा जला कर और प्रतियोगिता को जीतने का कार्यभार उसी पर था। रावण के साथ मेघनाथ एवं कुम्भकरण का पुतला दोनों दाम में दोगे , तो सौदा पक्का।

"हां! ठीक है, चलेगा। आपको मुझे कुछ अग्रिम राशि देनी पड़ेगी ,मुझे बहुत से रावण बनाने हैं" ,मूर्तिकार नम्र स्तर में कहा। मूर्तिकार के इन शब्दों ने मन में संशय उत्पन्न किया। क्या बुराई को घेरने की आवश्यकता होती है स्वतः अज्ञानवश हमें घेर लेती है। जैसे तैसे मैंने खुद को संयत किया , राखी चलो देर हो रही है ,मैं फुसफुसायी। हां राखी ने कहा और कुछ राशि मूर्तिकार के हाथ में थमाकर अनमने भाव से मेरे साथ आकर गाड़ी में बैठ गई। उसके चेहरे से स्पष्ट प्रतिबिम्बित हो रहा था कि उसकी तलाश खत्म नहीं हुई। उसे अब भी इससे आकर्षक पुतले की तलाश है।

हम नोएडा की गलियों में घूमने लगे, इस आशा से कि कोई अच्छा शिल्पी हमें मिल जाए जो एक सशक्त ,सुंदर और सुडौल रावण का पुतला बना सके जिसे जलाने में लोगो को असीम आनंद मिले।"गाड़ी रोको!" ,राखी चिल्लाई ,यह दुकान उससे अच्छी प्रतीत हो रही है।

मैंने झटके से गाड़ी रोक दी। बाईं तरफ एक शामियाना लगा हुआ था। इस शामियाने के नीचे 30 -40 कलाकार बड़ी तन्मयता से रावण बनाने में जुटे हुए थे। पुतलों को सुंदर आभूषणों एवं आकर्षक वस्त्रों से सुसज्जित किया जा रहा था। असली बालों से बनी मूर्तों पर ताव दिया जा रहा था। आभूषण तो किसी भी हृदय में जलन पैदा करने में समर्थ थे। राखी को लगा कि, हम सही मुकाम पर आ गए हैं। बड़ी शिद्दत से पुतलों का निर्माण हो रहा था। आखिर होगा क्यों नहीं, धन व सम्मान पाने की लालसा ही उन्हें इसके प्रेरित कर रही थी।

"भाई! ये वाला रावण कितने का है?" , संकेत में राखी ने उस व्यक्ति से पूछा। "ये बिक चुका है सामने खड़ी मेम साहब ने इसे खरीद लिया है" , एक पतली सी आवाज़ पीछे से आयी।

मैंने और राखी ने मुड़कर देखा, दुबला -पतला अर्धे उम्र का व्यक्ति अपने बाईं ओर इशारा कर रहा था।

सहसा राखी के चेहरे की चमक फीकी पड़ गयी। अपने सामने अपनी सखी को देख, उसका चेहरा तमतमाने लगा, अपने प्रतिद्वंदी को बेहतर रावण खरीदते देख, भला किसी को चैन आ सकता है! अनुकूल में उछलना और प्रतिकूल में उबलना ही मानव मन जानता है। मुझे लगा की अभी विस्फोट होने वाला है। राखी ने बड़ी ऊँची आवाज़ में कहा , "मैं तुम्हें दोगुना दाम दूँगी ,यह मुझे दे दो"।

"भाई! रावण का सौदा तो आप मुझसे कर चुके हो" कर्कश शब्दों में सखी की आवाज़ आयी। राखी की इस कर्कशता ने मूर्तिकार को घायल कर दिया। असमंजस में उसके माथे पर पसीने की बूंदें तैरने लगीं। राखी का ईर्ष्यालु मन भी न तो पराजय स्वीकार करने को तैयार था और ना ही उसकी सखी अहंकार वश अपनी श्रेष्ठता को त्यागने पर तत्पर थी।

मन ने फिर अंगड़ाई ली!! इन तीनों के मन में छुपे रावण को भला बाह्य पुतले को खरीदने की आवश्यकता ही क्या है।"रावण खरीदने के लिए रावण क्यों बन रहे हो" , मैंने हस्तक्षेप करते हुए कर्कश स्वर में कहा। मेरी आवाज़ सुनकर सब चुप हो गए।

मूर्तिकार पैसों के लालच को दबा न सका और राखी के पास आकर खड़ा हो गया। राखी के चेहरे पर चमक आ गई। विजय के अहसास से उसके चेहरे पर रावण का दर्प स्पष्ट प्रतिबिम्बित हो रहा था।

मैंने चाहा कि मैं समझाऊं की अहम् की तुष्टि मनोवांछित वस्तु खरीदने में नहीं परन्तु मर्यादा बनाए रखने में है। पर न जाने क्यों मेरे मुख से आवाज़ नहीं निकली। संभवतः कोई मेरी बात सुनने को तैयार नहीं था या फिर प्रतिस्पर्धा की इस होड़ में लोगों की समझने

की शक्ति ही क्षीण हो गई है। मैंने राखी से चलने का अनुरोध किया। उसने पैसों की गठरी मूर्तिकार को थमाई और मेरे साथ चल पड़ी। उसके चेहरे पर तुष्टीकरण की अजीब सी चमक थी।

रास्ते भर खामोशी छाई रही पर यह मौन भी कुछ बयाँ कर रहा था। ऐसा प्रतीत हो रहा था कि हर गली में रावण ही रावण हैं। राखी शांत थी। उसे अब किसी रावण में कोई दिलचस्पी नहीं थी।

मेरा मन बड़ा विचलित था! प्रत्येक मोहल्ले में रावण जलाने का अजीब जोश था। हर व्यक्ति बुराई और अच्छाई की विजय दिखाने के लिए उत्कंठित था। दूसरी ओर मेरे मन में सवालियों की झड़ी लग गयी थी। त्रेता के रावण और आज के रावण का अंतर मुझे स्पष्ट दिखाई दे रहा था!

मैं सोचने लगी उस रावण में अहंकार था तो पश्चाताप भी था! वासना थी तो संयम भी था! सीता के अपहरण की ताकत थी परस्त्री को स्पर्श न करने का संकल्प भी था! सीता जीवित मिली तो यह राम की ताकत थी पर पवित्र मिली तो यह रावण की मर्यादा थी! पर... बलात्कार, भ्रष्टाचार, आतंकवाद और न जाने किन किन रूपों में आज भी रावण है! लोगों का यह भ्रम है कि रावण मर गया है! हृदय से आवाज आई- मन ने ही उत्तर दिया ... उस एक रावण का अंत करने के लिए राम को वानर सेना का सहारा लेना पड़ा, हनुमान ने सहायता की, विभीषण ने साथ दिया, वर्ष भर का समय लग गया। पर अब इन असंख्य रावणों का नाश करने के लिए इतने राम कहाँ से आएँगे। हमें अपने अन्दर के राम को जगाना पड़ेगा, यही एक मात्र हल है। हाथ में काम, मुख में नाम और हृदय में राम यही एक मार्ग है बुराई पर विजय पाने का।

अन्यथा...

यह रावण ज़िंदा रहेगा!

किस रावण की बाहें काटूँ,
किस लंका में आग लगाऊँ।
घर घर लंका, जन जन रावण,
इतने राम कहाँ से लाऊँ॥

डा. सुनीता जेटली

असोसिएट प्रोफ़ेसर, बायो मेडिकल साइंस विभाग

ALUMNI SPEAK...



ANDC gave me more than what I expected and deserved. The mentorship I found in this college is something that will stay with me throughout my life. It shaped me to be a more humble person. I will be ever thankful to my faculty, administrative staff and all my peers for making my college life very enlightening.

Aishwarya Munjal

B.Com. (H), Batch of 2013-16

Audit Associate, Ernst and Young Global Delivery Services



For me, college life was an ocean of learning and experiences. Because of the methodical guidance of my teachers, I developed from an average learner to a conceptual thinker. This is one of the best gifts I have received from the college. The college provided me with the opportunity to meet wonderful people who are my best friends even now. Whenever we meet, we never fail to recall our life in college; how we were trained and motivated to set high goals for career and life. It's a training ground to be a successful person and a good human being.

Dr. Yash Mangla

Batch of 2003-06

Assistant Professor, Department of Botany



Venky, one of the finest colleges of DU, especially for Commerce, could have been my ticket to a glorious journey. But life isn't that easy-going, right? With a sudden turn of events, I went for Acharya Narendra Dev College, the first name which appears on the DU website.

I was never this outgoing before, was rather shy by nature, always into academics. My first few days in college were about attending classes and going home. With time, things changed. I ended up holding several positions of responsibility in the departmental society and college students' union. Never judge a book by its cover! My perception about ANDC changed. To me, college became no less than family. The teachers are hard-working and try to bring the best out of you. The seniors never made us feel that they're less than friends. Moreover, I was no Cristiano Ronaldo when it came to sports. But ANDC made me realize name doesn't matter. ANDC shaped me, smoothened the edges and brought out the best in me. I'm glad I ended up in ANDC because those three years were the best years I could ever think of! No other institution could've given me the same.

Kartik Sharma

B.Com. (H), Batch of 2013-16

Pursuing Post Graduate Certificate in Finance, All India Management Association (AIMA)



Brand DU is like a dream come true for most students but getting admitted to an off-campus college was dampening initially. Thanks to the FYUP batch, my journey started on a light note. Even for the faculty in college, FYUP was a new experience. ANDC is well known for its hardworking and excellent faculty who inculcate research aptitude in the students along with discipline and sincerity towards work. During these three years, one often broods over the rigidity and restrictions of the system. But today, I candidly admit that the discipline and the meticulousness, which have now become a part of me, will surely help me in achieving higher goals in life.

Kritika Anand

B.Sc. (H) Biomedical Science, Batch of 2013-16

Pursuing M.Sc. Environment Management,

Guru Gobind Singh Indraprastha University (GGSIPU), Dwarka



Whatever I am and have achieved in life till now, the major credit goes to ANDC. It not only gave me opportunities on the academic front but also helped me to grow as an individual. This college offers numerous opportunities to its students, from dramatics to sports, to entrepreneurship to event management. I got the chance to test my capabilities in a few of them. I was a part of the organising committee for the Annual Festival, Fresher's Party and Farewell, and also worked in ANDY. I gained new and challenging experiences and learnt how to tackle things in adverse situations. Apart from this, the best part of the college is its teachers. Everyone is approachable and down to earth and I took a lot along after graduating from my alma mater. Had it not been ANDC, I doubt I would have inculcated skills required in the corporate world.

Radhika Sharma

B.Com. (H), Batch of 2011-14

Business Analyst, Evalueserve

CREATIVE CORNER...



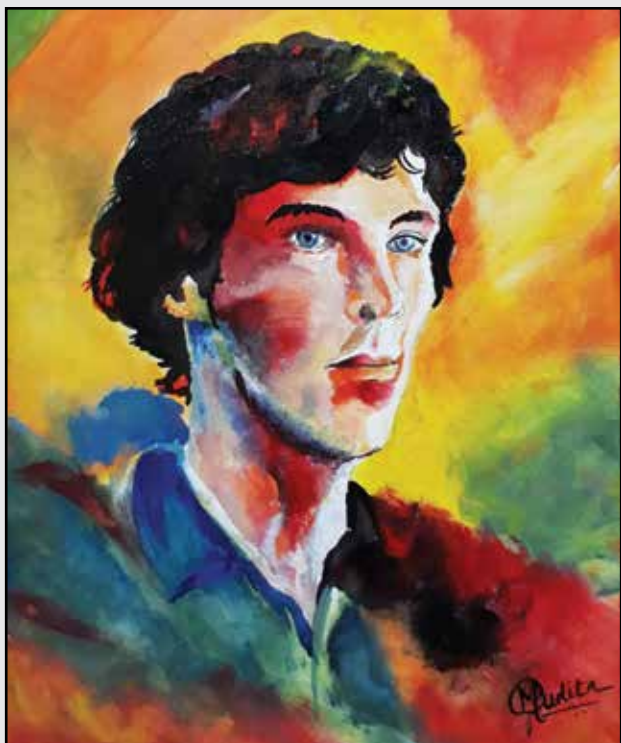
*Sketch by Mahima Kumari
B.Sc. (H) Zoology, III Year*



*Sketch by Mudita Sanjive
B.Sc.(H) Computer Science, I Year*



*Sketch by M. Sridevi
B.Sc. Physical Science (Chemistry), II Year*



*Painting by Mudita Sanjive
B.Sc.(H) Computer Science, I Year*



*Photo by Vinesh Kumar
Laboratory Assistant,
Department of Biomedical Science*



*Photo by Nitesh Kumar
Laboratory Assistant, Department of Biomedical Science*



*Photo by Prince Upadhyay
B.Sc.(H) Zoology, III Year*



*Photo by Ativir Pratap Singh
B.Sc. (H) Physics, II Year*



*Photo by Mukesh Kumar Gupta
B.Sc (H) Zoology, III Year*



*Photo by Vinesh Kumar
Laboratory Assistant,
Department of Biomedical Science*

*Sketch by Satyajeet Girdhar
B.Sc. Life Sciences, I Year*





**ALUMNI MEET
2017**



MEET THE EDITORS

ASUTOSH TIWARY (B.Sc. (H) Zoology, I Year) – I love to read and write but mostly music is the thing that keeps me going. I joined the college in the glorious year – 2016 – when our college completed its silver jubilee. I'm interested in creative writing and debating. Simple things in life make me happy and so does food.



SANDEEP KUMAR (B.Sc. (H) Electronics, II Year) – I hail from Jharkhand and am fond of reading and writing.

SHRUTIKA JHA (B.Sc. (H) Biomedical Science, II Year) – I believe that you may not always achieve what you want in life and this might make you upset but there's nothing music and books can't cure! And if nothing else works, let off steam by writing it down!



SHUBHIT GULATI (B.SC. (H) Computer Science, III Year) – A gamer by heart and designer by passion, I strive to make things perfect. My meticulous and calculative approach to things makes me wrench out those errors. Here's to a beautiful work of linguistics. Here's to Insight 2017.

SAKSHI SARASWAT (B.SC. (H) Zoology, I Year) – H.L. Mencken, an American journalist, once said, "The true function of art is to criticize, embellish and edit nature." Writing is indeed a beautiful form of art and coming across different writing styles is always exhilarating. Being fond of reading and writing, I had a great experience as a member of the Editorial Board. Going through various articles, poems and editing them was definitely not only a learning but also a novel experience.





IPSHITA MISHRA (B. Tech. Computer Science, IV Year) – I am a happy juxtaposition of seemingly disparate interests; from pursuing engineering to my passion for Kathak, to my love for desserts and more. With the magic of my belief, I am carving a niche for myself. Good reads and real conversations make me happy because the essence of what you say lies not in mere words but in their performance.

ANKIT PANT (B.Tech. Computer Science, IV Year) – “Curious” and “conscientious” describe me very well. Though reserved, I love public speaking.



MANISH KUMAR (B.Sc. (H) Electronics, I Year) – Not full of artistic merits but I like to write poetry and essays. A cricket enthusiast, lover of Indian Mythology yet an agnostic but deeply inclined towards the philosophy of the Buddha - "A friend to everybody is friend to nobody so reserve your right to criticize and offend people".

आकाश गुप्ता (भौतिक शास्त्र (विशेष), II वर्ष) - किसी भी महाविद्यालय की पत्रिका परिसर के संस्कारों, शिक्षा एवं विद्यार्थियों में साहित्य प्रेम की प्रतिबिम्ब होती है। प्रभु की असीम कृपा से मुझे अपने महाविद्यालय की पत्रिका "insight" की सम्पादकीय मंडली में कार्य करने का सौभाग्य प्राप्त हुआ, जो बहुत ही रोमांचपूर्ण और शिक्षाप्रद था। इसमें आचार्यों और साथियों का भरपूर सहयोग मिला इसके लिए उन सब का धन्यवाद।



मनीष कुमार (रसायन शास्त्र (विशेष), III वर्ष) सम्पादकीय मण्डल का सदस्य बनकर प्रतिभाशाली साथियों की भावनाओं-विचारों को पढ़ना-समझना व सम्पादन करने का एक नया अवसर प्राप्त हुआ, साथ ही साथ अपने सह-सम्पादकों की सहभागिता एवं सम्पादकीय निर्णायक समिति के सहयोग से यह अनुभव प्राप्त हुआ कि -

"केवल 'प्रतिभा' के बूते आप 'मुकाम' हासिल नहीं कर सकते हैं
बिना 'सतत परिश्रम' के 'प्रतिभा' आपको 'अंधों में काना राजा'
तो बना सकती है लेकिन 'श्रेष्ठों में श्रेष्ठतर' कभी नहीं।"



ANDC TEACHING STAFF



ANDC NON-TEACHING STAFF

Faculty Members of the Editorial Committee: Dr. Seema Makhija, Dr. Manisha Verma, Dr. Anupama Shukla, Dr. Ravi Toteja, Dr. Abhishek Kumar Mehta, Dr. Joita Dhar Rakshit, Dr. Satendra Singh, Dr. Sweety Shrimali, Dr. Rakesh Roshan, Dr. Anjali Priyadarshini, Ms. Gunjan Rani

The Editorial Committee acknowledges the contribution of the following students towards

Sketches: M. Sridevi, B.Sc. Physical Science (Chemistry), II Year; Harshita, B.Sc. (H) Biomedical Science, I Year; Astha Agarwal, B.Sc. (H) Zoology, III Year; Varun Mathpal, B.Sc. Line Sciences, II Year



Acharya Narendra Dev College

(University of Delhi)

Govindpuri, Kalkaji, New Delhi- 110019

Ph: 011-26294542, 011-26293224

Fax: 011-26294540

Email: principal@andc.du.ac.in

<http://andcollege.du.ac.in>