

NAAC ACCREDITATION
GRADE 'A' | SCORE 3.31

INSIGHT'19

**ACHARYA NARENDRA
DEV COLLEGE**

... WHERE EDUCATION MAKES A DIFFERENCE ...



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FROM THE PRINCIPAL'S DESK

Dr. Ravi Toteja, Principal (Acting)

As I sit down to write a few lines for *Insight*, our annual magazine, I am reminded of Seneca, the well-known Roman philosopher and dramatist who, very rightly said, “Every new beginning comes from some other beginning’s end.” I took over as the Acting Principal of Acharya Narendra Dev College on 30 November, 2018 after the superannuation of Dr. Savithri Singh. Dr. Singh will always be remembered for her immense contribution to the College, for transforming ANDC from being one of the lesser known colleges of the University of Delhi to an institution of national repute. Stepping into her shoes was not going to be an easy task but I am not the one to shy away from challenges and responsibilities. I was ready to give my best shot in my new innings at ANDC. As I embarked on my new journey, I was ably supported by the staff, teaching as well as non-teaching. I would like to take this opportunity to thank my colleagues for cooperating with me at every step. Together we will take ANDC to newer heights!



The magazine of a college provides a platform to its fraternity to voice their opinions, give expression to their feelings, thereby showcasing their creativity. It is the manifestation of the vision of its members, especially the students. I feel immense pleasure to see that *Insight* has come of age since we decided to give students a greater role in the contribution, editing and selection of entries to giving it a final shape. The student editors have risen to the challenge thrown at them and under the able guidance of the faculty members of the Editorial Committee, they have been rolling out fresh editions of *Insight* year after year. It is heartening to see that through this magazine, the students of our college are able to escape from the mundane world of Science and fly on the wings of their imagination to places hitherto unknown.

With each passing year, ANDCians have been keeping up the high standards we have set for ourselves, whether it is the quality of research or publications or performance at various inter-college events. What can be more gratifying for an educational institution than seeing its main stakeholders making a name in their respective fields! The teachers as well as students continue to bring laurels to the College by striving to do their best. I congratulate the faculty members and students for their efforts.

I would like to conclude by quoting T. S. Eliot, “For last year’s words belong to last year’s language and next year’s words await another voice.” So, let us give voice to our aspirations and scale greater heights!

Best wishes for a bright and successful future.

EDITORIAL

Sakshi Saraswat, Editor-in-Chief (English)

“You can’t own your words until you love them enough.”

I cannot really say whether I own mine but I’ve definitely fallen in love with them all over again in the past three years.

It’s ecstatic to see what a writer can create with words that might seem ordinary to everyone else. Choosing your words wisely and putting them across, not just expressing yourself but striking a cord with your readers as well, is indeed an art.

Unleashing this beautiful form of art, we bring to you, Insight 2019!

The beauty of this edition definitely lies in the diversity it has to offer. Ranging from the basic human emotions to the multifarious cultures of India, from literary masterpieces to well-researched scientific articles, from a simple poem to a complex play; our budding writers at ANDC have written it all.

It does not end here. There’s a little more than the stories and poetry to the magazine this time, which you must look out for!

We have not only taken up issues of social importance this time but also incorporated your take on them. For what’s a college magazine without the opinion of its own students!

I’ve been a part of the Students’ Editorial Board since the first year of my college and it would be wrong on my part to not admit, that this is the best team I’ve worked with. I was happy to see how each and every member was receptive enough to incorporate new ideas and meet the deadlines to make this magazine more readable.

Being a part of the Editorial Board is definitely going to be a special memory in my little trunk of happiness. As I pen down my last words here, it’s hard not to reminisce the day I rushed to Room Number 37, all dressed up for my birthday, and appeared for the screening test. I wonder how much I would have regretted today had I not come to college on 9 November, 2016. Yes, I was thinking of completing my Botany file instead of going to college that day! Just first semester things...

From editing three articles in the first year to writing Editorial 2019, it indeed has been a great learning as well as overwhelming experience.

I quote A.E. Housman:

“That is the land of lost content,

I see it shining plain,

The happy highways where I went

And cannot come again.”

So, here’s to my last contribution to our beloved magazine; here’s to Insight 2019!



सम्पादकीय

आकाश गुप्ता, मुख्य सम्पादक (हिंदी)

"साहित्य का मानव से वही नाता है जो विज्ञान का प्रकृति से है, साहित्य मानव का इतिहास है।"

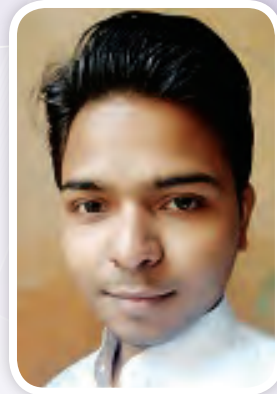
प्रकृति, संस्कृति और विज्ञान को एक दूसरे का पूरक बताते हुए प्रसिद्ध कवि "जॉन हेनरी न्यूमैन" का ये कथन सार्वभौमिक सत्य जैसा है, क्योंकि जैसे प्रकृति के रहस्य को जानने के लिए विज्ञान आवश्यक है, वैसे ही प्रकृति के सौंदर्य को निहारने के लिए आवश्यक है 'साहित्य'। विगत तीन वर्षों से कॉलेज के सम्पादकीय मण्डली में कार्य करते हुए, अनेक लेखों-कविताओं के माध्यम से इस संस्कृति, साहित्य एवं प्रकृति को विविध दृष्टिकोणों से निहारने और विचार करने का अवसर प्राप्त हुआ, जो बेहद ही शिक्षाप्रद रहा। जिसने मुझमें निहित संस्कृति, साहित्य और विज्ञान के अंश को वंश में रूपांतरित करने में सहायता प्रदान की। इन्हीं सब तथ्यों को स्वयं में समाहित कर मन के भाव, जो कला के विभिन्न रूपों-कविता, कहानी, कटाक्ष और चित्रकारी आदि में समर्पित होकर प्रस्तुत है - "इनसाइट", आधुनिक विचारों की प्रकृति एवम् संस्कृति को अंतर्दृष्टि प्रदान करती वार्षिक पत्रिका। जिसे सम्मानित समय सीमा और बहुलक सौंदर्यता के साथ प्रकाशित करने में, मैं अपने सभी संपादक मित्रों, दिशा-निर्देशन करने वाले शिक्षकगणों एवं अपने विचारों की गहराईयों से हमें शब्द देने वाली सभी सहभागी कलमों का धन्यवाद प्रकट करता हूँ। प्रस्तुत पत्रिका में समाहित प्रतियाँ विभिन्न समस्याओं, विचारों पर लेखक के निजी दृष्टिकोण हैं, जो सत्य को परिलक्षित करने का प्रयत्न करते हुए पुनः पुनः ये पंक्तियाँ दोहरा रही हैं -

"साहित्य हूँ, विस्तार का मैं सार करता हूँ।

सत्य हूँ, पदों को तार-तार करता हूँ।।"

इसी सारगर्भित साहित्यिक सत्य के साथ, मैं आशा करता हूँ कि आप सभी को ये अंक प्रभावित करेगा और विचार करने के लिए नए विषय एवम् दृष्टिकोण प्रस्फुटित करने में सहायक सिद्ध होगा।

धन्यवाद





ACHARYA NARENDRA DEV COLLEGE
(UNIVERSITY OF DELHI)
ACCREDITED GRADE 'A' BY NAAC

ANNUAL DAY





ALUMNI MEET





ORIENTATION 2018



A DRIFT TOWARDS 'INSIGHT'

Ankit Pant, B. Tech. Computer Science (2013-17), Pursuing M. Tech. CSE, IIIT Hyderabad

2013 was a novel and exciting year for me in many ways. The thrill of entering college life, meeting new people and making friends, not having to wear a school uniform anymore, and tons of extra-curricular activities were things that I, like most teenagers, was looking forward to with anticipation. The all-new “Four Year Undergraduate Programme” or the infamous FYUP had also added some spice to the already zesty college life. Embarrassingly though, getting disoriented on the first day due to the labyrinth of *galis* in Govindpuri was not a great start to college for me but from then on, things kept getting better.

After a few weeks since starting college, my name was recommended for the Editorial Board by some Computer Science faculty members. Having prior experience as a member of my school’s editorial board, I was enthusiastic to be a student editor. Little did I know that it was going to be the beginning of an association that would remain till I graduated from ANDC and which to a great extent, remains with me to this day. The first semester was a little sluggish for me as an editor, not because there was any dearth of articles to edit but because I spent a large amount of time working for *Antardhwani* – the University Fest. This left me with little time for *Insight* and for a brief period, I feared I might be asked to leave the Editorial Board. However, to my relief, the team was accommodating and so my association with it continued.

The next semester meant a new issue and this time I played an active role towards collaboration, selection, editing and all that one would expect from a good editor. We even added some new members to the team. Preparing the “screening test” was one of the highlights for me. Fast-forward to the next semester and the real work began when entries by students came pouring in. I knew I was not able to contribute as much as I had wanted to the previous year, so I was determined that it’ll be different this time. The best thing to happen this semester was that the student editors were given a more active role in shaping the magazine. And so it began – meetings with fellow editors, selecting and editing from a plethora of entries, designating tasks and having discussions pertaining to the layout (sections, etc.). I must admit that what would have been a little inconvenient for both the student editors and the faculty members alike, was my reluctance to use WhatsApp messenger (you must be curious why but that’ll be material for a long article so we’ll leave it for some other time). Though in my defense, I must add that I never missed any important call or message. So, things ultimately turned out well. Looking back, I’m amused that I had my friends and sometimes even faculty members complaining that I refused to join WhatsApp. As the Annual Day drew nearer, we (the editors) improved our editing skills and hence the quality of the magazine. The time we spent to get a group photograph of the editors is also memorable, mostly because it, surprisingly, took more time than one would expect since the team was diverse and the members belonged to different departments, and setting a common time to meet was difficult. As the deadline neared, we finalized the sections we wanted to include in the magazine and even went a step ahead to order the entries such that they either added humour or context. Looking at the final draft, I was happy that the team had worked well. I was also conferred the title of “Editor-in-chief (English)” as an acknowledgment of my work which made me

happier. The next two years were similar. The team continued to learn with experience and became more organized. The process of compiling and editing entries for the magazine became increasingly seamless and I'm hopeful the trend continues to this day.

Being a part of *Insight* was a tremendous learning experience for me. Reading through various experiences and perspectives while editing, broadened my outlook. At one end, I got to read some thought-provoking articles and profound poetry and on the other, hilarious pieces of comedy (both intentional and unintentional) and while reading them (often critically) as an editor, I found myself closer to the viewpoint of the author. A large part of this wonderful experience was possible due to the faculty members associated with the magazine. We (the student editors) were given the freedom to explore and take decisions which were both unprecedented and vital for the growth of the students' editorial team. The faculty members that I closely worked with during my time as the Editor-in-chief made this experience cherishable and I'm grateful to have worked with them.

As it happens with fond memories, when one begins to talk about them, one wants to keep talking. However, like all things, my monologue must also come to an end. I hope *Insight* continues to get better with each edition and keeps inspiring students to share their experiences and perspectives without hesitation or fear and help them understand and feel understood.

A NIGHT HAS SEVERAL THINGS TO SAY

Vikalp Bajpai, B. Sc. Physical Sciences (Electronics), I Year

A night has several things to say,
Several things to feel,
It can destroy you and it can heal.
Have a night of your choice!

Sometimes the silence seems to scream,
Being strong feels like a big deal.
Old things are ramified in a new fashion,
But every night holds its uniqueness.
You can get influenced,
torn,
polished,
lose hope
and be determined,

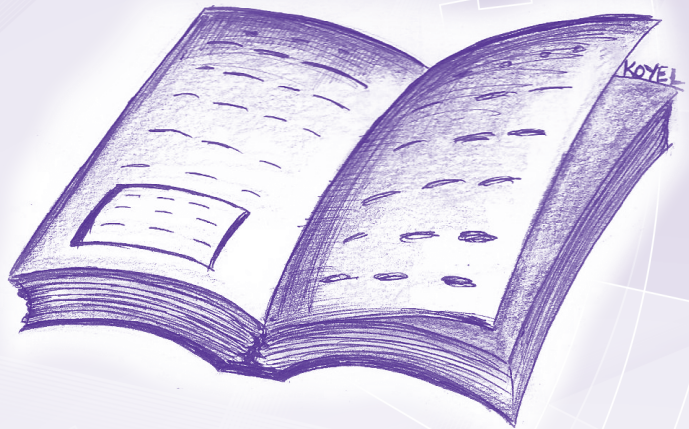
Have a night of your choice!
As nothing waits and dawn arrives.



बच्चे माँ बाप के लिए पुस्तक

यश गुप्ता, वनस्पति विज्ञान, द्वितीय वर्ष

बच्चे माँ बाप के लिए पुस्तक होते हैं,
कुछ इन्हें अपने हाथों से सँजोते हैं,
तो कुछ इन्हें नोटों से सँवारते हैं।
कुछ पन्ने इस पुस्तक में स्वयं ही लिख जाते हैं,
और कुछ पन्नों को नशे की आग में भस्म कर जाते हैं।
जो पुस्तक को नहीं संभाल पाते हैं,



वो इनको कुछ समय बाद राख पाते हैं।
कुछ इन पर स्वर्ण अक्षर लिख जाते हैं,
और जीवनभर उसके तेज से खुद को रोशन पाते हैं।
कुछ लोग इस पुस्तक पर प्रतिबन्ध लगाते हैं,
तो कुछ इसे यूँ ही खुला छोड़ जाते हैं।
परन्तु फिर भी कई बार ये पन्ने व्यर्थ हो जाते हैं,
जब वे पुस्तक के अच्छे मित्र नहीं बन पाते हैं।
कुछ पुस्तकों में बिना कुछ किये भी गुलाब खिल जाते हैं,
तो कुछ में प्रयास के बाद भी अंधकार के बादल छाते हैं।
कई बार इस पुस्तक के पन्ने खुद को जलाते हैं,
और वे आग लगाने से पहले अपने पाठक को भूल जाते हैं।

पुस्तक कैसी भी हो उसे सीने से लगाते हैं,
उसके जलने के बाद भी उसे भुला नहीं पाते हैं।
कुछ पुस्तकों से लोग केवल धन कमा पाते हैं,
और कुछ इनसे जीवन भर खुशियाँ पाते हैं।

A GIRL WITH INFINITE SHADES

Munendra Kumar, B. Sc. Life Sciences, III Year

Neither is she supple,
Nor is she arduous,
She is just in chaos!
Neither is she broken,
Nor is she in pieces.
Her own expectations hurt her!
Neither is she suffering,
Nor is she in trouble.
She just holds onto a part of her memories!
Neither does she speak much,
Nor does she show off.
But her gloomy eyes,
Evince everything!
Neither does she need support,
Nor does she need love.
She just needs a pure soul,
A soul within her, alone.
And this time she will rise high,
But all alone.



आसमाँ

जनेद इकबाल "राज़", भौतिक विज्ञान, तृतीय वर्ष

आफ़ताब मज़लूम है सितारे भगा देते हैं।
हमारी हुजूम है किस्मत मारे डरा देते हैं।
करता है रोशन वो पूरे आलम को
ज़ालिम आते हैं तो चिराग बुझा देते हैं।
सोचता था फ़क़त इन्सान ही है फ़िल्नाबाज़
अब्र आते ही सितारों को छिपा देते हैं।
मंज़र जो देखा हसीन आसमान में
बुग़ज़ देखो काली चादर ओढ़ा देते हैं।

मुंसिफ़ फिर इक आता बड़ी तेज़ रफ़्तार से
रुबरु होते ही ये गिड़गिड़ा देते हैं।

अंगार लिए आंखों में अदालत में हो बरक़
डर के मारे फिर ये आंसू बहा देते हैं।

मिट कर फ़िल्ना ये जब बनें पुरअमन माहौल
राज़ ये फिर दुबारा से आग लगा देते हैं।

अपरिचित गलियाँ

अंकित, वनस्पति विज्ञान, प्रथम वर्ष

कुछ खो गया था,
उन गलियों में जिनका रास्ता तक नहीं जानता था।
पागल था – जो उन्हीं गलियों को सही मानता था।
शायद इसलिए, कि होगा क्या अंजाम नहीं जानता था।
मगर,
एक सवेरा हुआ, जब
मेरे सपने ने नींद से बाहर आ मुझे छुआ।
बदल दी मैंने वो गलियाँ,
अब चल पड़ा हूँ,
अपने सपनों की ओर।
त्याग दिया उन मस्तियों को, त्याग दिया उन हस्तियों को,
जो मेरा और मेरे सपने का रास्ता रोके खड़ी थी।
अब, उड़ान भरनी है,
ताकि, हर नज़र पूछे इतनी आग क्यों है,
क्योंकि, इन हवाओं से मेरी यारी है।
अब मेरी बारी है।
अब मेरी बारी है।।



HATE

Annie Singh Batra, B. Sc. (H) Biomedical Science, 1 Year

It's snowing outside
as I stand under the shower.
Ice cold water, running down my body
Chilling me to the core.

I hope it washes away the emptiness within
Cleanses me and transforms me into a better
person – Purifies my sinned soul.

And I stand here motionless,
With a melancholic feeling emerging from deep
within
That sees no limit.
It consumes me, turning me into a person
I hate.

DEMYSTIFICATION OF ALTERNATIVE MEDICINE THROUGH RESEARCH

Rohit R. Gokhale, B. Sc. (H) Biomedical Science, I Year

In this era of conventional medicine featuring the dominance of Allopathy, traditional medicine is often belittled and branded as “unscientific”. Ayurveda, Homeopathy, yoga, and meditation are a few examples that were projected to be scientifically baseless by the glittering and “scientific” western world. Our susceptibility to the herd mentality made sure we drifted away from our traditional medicine towards the modern western medicine and in no time, we got trapped in the web of Allopathy! However, the current situation presents a strange paradox with the world now focusing a lot more on understanding the tenets of alternative medicine. Have we Indians just been caught on the wrong-foot?

These changing paradigms can be attributed to recent research breakthroughs which are making it clear by the day that diseases no longer can just be cured by quelling the symptoms with drugs – the overriding philosophy of Allopathy. Also, western medicine lacks personalization for patients. Two different people with a given condition, get the same drug whilst ignoring the differences between their body’s responses and physiology. No wonder the biological complexities are making it harder to find actual cures and with the cumbersome procedure of drug development, it is surely going to be a race against time to keep finding newer drugs. Thus, it may not be incorrect to say that the age of this “concept-based” and symptom-specific conventional medicine is now changing!

Alternative medicine, on the other hand, has been shown to have healing effects but is largely observation-based. Ancient Indian and Chinese civilizations, for example, have perfected treatments by simple observation and documentation. Concepts such as why curd should not be eaten at night, why *chhaach* or buttermilk is medicinal but curd or normal milk aren’t as much, the concept of *surya namaskara* and so on, are not mere myths as foreign people perceive them to be. These are statements backed by solid scientific reasons that are continuously being unravelled by modern-day research. Personalized treatment for patients that recognizes the difference between individuals and provides nature-derived medicines is a key feature of alternative treatment methodologies. No wonder, now the concept of gut microbes is becoming an important facet of human health.

Germany-born Homeopathy was also based on the observation of “like-cures-like” which essentially means that if you are being treated for a bee sting, you are likely to be treated with bee venom! Also, its concept of “dilution increases potency” which was thought to be illogical on the physical level, is now being shown to have some sense by contemporary research on low-dose cytokine regimens. Also, the world is finding anti-toxins by using low concentrations of snake, crab and scorpion venoms which are actually the reason of their toxicity in the first place.

This type of traditional medicine seems mythical because of patients being misled by people, lack of knowledge and less scientific evidence. Although alternative medicines do work on the placebo effect (in fact, all medicines do!), to an extent, we are ultimately heading towards the unconventional and alternative direction with advancements in research!

It is the need of the hour to keep squashing myths related to alternative medicine and with the

inception of fields such as Ayurgenomics (Ayurveda), Biomechanics (yoga) along with the promotion of Homeopathy, we are achieving what we want! However, I should emphatically underline that we should stay away from whimsical claims and irrational talks that do more harm and take the focus away from the need for developing rational scientific approaches.

With the winds of change blowing and the world re-shifting its focus back on the principles of alternative medical therapies, we must set sail and continue proving that the facts, which were once labelled “myths”, are in fact, rooted in scientific principles.

Alternative therapies are now being aligned in such a way that they gain maximum public outreach. Without a doubt, it will surely compliment conventional medicine along with any other further advancements in biomedicine. What the world perceives as myths can be validated through research and development which will establish them firmly in facts and Science.

The onus is on us, the next generation scientists, to “demystify” alternative medicine through research and develop a scientific basis for all the observational theories such that we can use its benefits for the human race!

Suggested Further Readings:

- 1) https://www.researchgate.net/publication/228439943_AYURGENOMICS_A_NEW_APPROACH_IN_PERSONALIZED_AND_PREVENTIVE_MEDICINE
- 2) <https://www.disabled-world.com/medical/alternative/>



दिनांक: 15 अगस्त 1947

दिव्यांश विजय सिंह, फिजिकल साइंस(रसायन विज्ञान), द्वितीय वर्ष

हे राम!

यह पत्र मैं तुम्हें तब लिख रहा हूँ जब भारत एक स्वतंत्र राष्ट्र है। आज अंततः अंग्रेजों के जाने के साथ 1200 वर्षों की गुलामी का चक्र टूट गया। आज हर तरफ खुशी ही खुशी है। पर राम! मुझे एक चिंता खाए जा रही है।

मैं चिंतित हूँ कि यह निःस्वार्थ प्रसन्नता कब तक रहेगी। मुझे चिंता है कि हमारे स्वातंत्र्य समर में जिन वीरों ने अपना सर्वस्व न्यौछावर कर दिया, उनके योगदान को आने वाली पीढ़ियाँ किस प्रकार याद रखेंगी? हे त्रिकालदर्शी! देशहित में स्वतंत्रता सेनानियों के बीच जो मतभेद थे, कालांतर में वे मनभेद बना तो नहीं दिखाए जाएंगे?

मैं भयभीत हूँ कि क्या आज से कुछ दशकों बाद भी हिंदी-उर्दू में आज की तरह ही प्रेम बना रहेगा। क्या कालांतर में भी हिंदी व्यवहार की और उर्दू प्यार की भाषा बनी रहेगी? मुझे डर है कि जिस तरह से तुम और खुदा ऊपर साथ रहते हो, कहीं वो एकता आपके अनुयायियों के मध्य से गायब ना हो जाए।

सत्ता सुख के लिए अपने ही अपनों का क्षरण तो नहीं करेंगे राम! मैं भयभीत हूँ कि हाल ही में हुए विभाजन से भविष्य के भारत को कई तरह की परेशानियों से दो-चार होना पड़ेगा। मैं चिंतित हूँ कि यह सारी धार्मिक, सांस्कृतिक व राजनैतिक एकता महज चार दिन की चांदनी ना बनी रह जाए। सांस्कृतिक विविधता के देश भारत को एकरूप करने के प्रयास तो नहीं किये जाएंगे ना।

मुझे एक और डर है कि इतिहास में जो गलतियां भारत ने की, उन्हें हम दोहरा ना दे। कहीं हम और जयचंदों को ना जन्म दे दें। इसके अतिरिक्त, मुझे डर यह भी है कि भविष्य में लोग वतन को ताक पर रखकर वेतन कमाने की चेष्टा को सर्वोपरि रख देंगे।

हो सकता है कि मेरे सभी कयास गलत हों पर मेरा डरना जायज़ है, आखिर मैं अपने भीतर इतने किस्से जो समेटे हूँ।

अपने सारे भय के कारणों के गलत साबित होने की आकांक्षा में

तुम्हारा

‘समय’

दिनांक: 26 जनवरी 2019

हे राम!

स्वतंत्र भारत के सत्तरवें गणतंत्र दिवस पर 15 अगस्त 1947 को भेजा पत्र पुनः संलग्न कर रहा हूँ, मेरे सारे डर सही साबित हुए।

अब तुम ही निवारण करो।

तुम्हारा

‘समय’

A JOURNEY TO FORGET

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

End of the odd semester exams. And it was time for everyone to retreat back home for the winter break. Time to wave goodbye to rubber-esque *chapattis* and underdressed vegetables. Like every other guy in the hostel, I packed my belongings and left for the railway station.

6 pm. A bearded 20-year-old boy boards the train. The train almost filled up. He takes his seat, puts on his headphone and falls asleep.

When I woke up, it was dark outside. Cold winds were blowing. The train was almost empty by now. Almost everyone had got down. The few people who were still on the train, had fallen asleep. A beautiful girl was sitting in front of me. She had just boarded the train. The wind lashed her hair on her face. Since the wind was quite cold, I chose to pull the window down. I noticed she was quivering due to the wind. So, I pulled down the window on her side too.

“Thank you”, she uttered.

“Welcome”, I replied to her.

“Student?” she asked.

“Yes”, I said.

“Back home for the winter vacations?” she asked.

“15 days”, I replied.

She then took out a book and started to read. And when she started reading the book, she had already finished 90% of the book. I put on my headphones again and stared at her.

And by the time she finished the book, the train stopped at the next station.

“Coffee?” she offered.

Well, you don’t deny a coffee offer from a girl. “Sure”, I gladly accepted the offer.

She went out and came back with two cups of coffee.

Over a cup of coffee, our conversation started to grow. Both of us started enjoying each other’s company. From politics to sports, our conversation covered every aspect. Our laughter and jokes quite a few times drew the attention of the co-passengers. Amidst talks and jokes, we reached the station where we would be separated.

She took all her belongings and got down.

I noticed almost immediately that she left behind the book she was reading. I picked up the book and ran outside. But she was already gone. I was surprised. How did she disappear so fast? It’s not that she vanished in the crowd because there was no crowd at all! It was 3 A.M. and dark outside. The platform was empty. Not even the vendors were awake. Surprised, I went back to my seat. I opened the book and saw her name and her address on it – Jane. So, I decided to keep the book and return her afterwards. I got off the train at the next station.

A few days later, I remembered the book. I decided to read it before returning it to her.

The summary of the book was:

It was winter break and all the students were preparing to go back home. Sid was no exception. He packed his belongings and boarded his scheduled train. On the way, he came across a beautiful girl, Amy. She was reading a book. The girl offered Sid a cup of coffee. And their conversation began. When she departed, Sid found the book and ran after her. But she had disappeared in the crowd. Sid opened the book and saw her name and address on it. A few days later, he went to return her book at the given address. She made coffee for him. And thereafter, they started to talk and meet up quite regularly. Finally, Sid married her.

A beautiful love story, I thought. Happy endings are always welcome. Like every 20 year old boy, I also hoped that my story would take a similar turn when I return her book.

On the following weekend, I reached her house. A middle-aged woman opened the door.

“I am sorry, I didn’t recognize you”, she asked hesitantly.

“I met Jane on the train and she left this book behind.” I answered.

“Please come in”, she said. A middle-aged, clean shaved and well-combed man in a blazer came down from upstairs.

I sat down and was offered a glass of water. The woman explained to him my purpose of visit.

“After four long years, how did you suddenly decide to return the book?” the man asked.

I was shocked. Four years? I just met her a few days ago. Not even a month. And four years?

“I am sorry but I met her only a few days back.”

“How can that be possible?” the lady was shocked.

“You might have met someone else, my boy. It is not possible that you could have met her a few days back,” the man uttered in a calm voice.

“Why not? She was travelling a few days back. That’s where I met her and she left behind this book. From the address in the book, I reached here. I have never come to this place before. I don’t know this place. If I didn’t meet her then how did I get the book?” I explained my point.

“My dear, Jane died four years back in a train accident while she was traveling with us. We took the train from Viscleland and the accident took place near the Welchylnd station,” the man explained.

I remembered quite precisely that she boarded the train at Viscleland and got off at Welchylnd. I was shocked. I was dumbstruck. I decided to move. I decided to return immediately. While returning, my eyes were caught by the nameplate. Sid and Amy. While entering the house, I might have overlooked it. But this time around, it was quite clear to me.

I went back home. I remembered the name of the book and searched the internet for information regarding it. There was no such book printed! No such book published! And probably, it will never be published...

क्या मुझे ये हक नहीं

शिवम् शाक्य, फिजिकल साइंस(इलेक्ट्रॉनिक्स), प्रथम वर्ष

[राष्ट्रीय सेवा योजना द्वारा "हिंदी दिवस(१४ सितम्बर)" के उपलक्ष्य में आयोजित कविता प्रतियोगिता में प्रथम स्थान प्राप्त कविता]

क्या मुझे ये हक नहीं कि आसमाँ पर चढ़ सकूँ मैं,
क्या मुझे ये हक नहीं सब की तरह कुछ कर सकूँ मैं?
माना कि मेरे पैर नहीं, माना कि मेरे हाथ नहीं,
मन में विश्वास तो है मगर बस आपका ही साथ नहीं।
चाहता हूँ हार कर भी लड़ सकूँ मैं,
क्या मुझे ये हक नहीं की आसमाँ पर चढ़ सकूँ मैं,
क्या मुझे ये हक नहीं सब की तरह कुछ कर सकूँ मैं?
क्यूँ दूर भागते हो मुझसे,
क्यूँ अहसान दिखाते हो।
मैं कोई बेचारा नहीं,
जो यूँ मुझ पर प्यार लुटाते हो।
चाहता हूँ तुम जैसे ही पढ़ सकूँ मैं,
क्या मुझे ये हक नहीं कि आसमाँ पर चढ़ सकूँ मैं,
क्या मुझे ये हक नहीं सब की तरह कुछ कर सकूँ मैं?
शरीर नहीं है साथ मेरे,
पर आत्मा तो है सही,
मस्तिष्क तो मुझमें भी है,
फिर मुझे क्यूँ हक नहीं।
हक है मुझे भी आसमाँ पर जा सकूँ,
हक है मुझे भी जो चाहता हूँ पा सकूँ।
मत गिराओ विश्वास मेरा,
मेरे लिए भी होगा सवेरा
पर तुम्हें ये हक नहीं, साहस को मेरे तोड़ सको तुम।
पर तुम्हें ये हक नहीं, रास्ते को मेरे मोड़ सको तुम।।



परियाँ

विमल कुमार पाण्डेय, भौतिक विज्ञान, द्वितीय वर्ष

[राष्ट्रीय सेवा योजना द्वारा "हिंदी दिवस(१४ सितम्बर)" के उपलक्ष्य में आयोजित कविता प्रतियोगिता में द्वितीय स्थान प्राप्त कविता]

वो नन्हीं सी थी एक परी,
जो बना रही थी फूलझरी।

उसने आगे बढ़ने का ठाना था,
उसको सबसे आगे जाना था।

थे हाथ नन्हीं फिर भी मन था कुछ करने का,
उसका मन था जीने का ना डरने का।

कुछ करने का, कुछ थोड़ो को मौका मिल पाता हैं
वरना तो ऐसी परियों को या तो

पृथ्वी पर आने ही नन्हीं दिया जाता,
या मार दिया जाता है।

दुनिया वालो अब तो जागो,
बेटियों और विकलांगता से मत भागो।

नज़रिया

पूजा रंजन, कम्प्यूटर विज्ञान, प्रथम वर्ष

[राष्ट्रीय सेवा योजना द्वारा "हिंदी दिवस(१४ सितम्बर)" के उपलक्ष्य में आयोजित कविता प्रतियोगिता में तृतीय स्थान प्राप्त कविता]

तेरी खूबसरती तेरी सोच से है,
तेरी चमक तेरी कोशिशों से है।

शुरुआत को शुरू करना तेरे ही तो अंदर है,
तेरी सोच का तू ही तो खुद सिकन्दर है।

तेरी कीमती पलों को तूने ही जाना है,
चलते रहना और चलते ही रहना तुझे ही तो आता है।

आसमाँ को छूने की कोशिश की है तूने,

बिना छुये निराश बैठने की हिम्मत ना की तूने।
तूने खुद ही अपने पंखों को बनाया है,
तो रुक कर क्यों करता है उन्हें बेकार।
खूबसरती को नई दिशा देकर तो देखो,
उस परिदे की मुस्कान को महसूस करके तो देखो।
निराशा, उत्साह मान लिया यह ही है जिंदगी,
पर उम्मीद पर ही तो दुनिया कायम है।
तू अकेला न समझ खुद को,
खुद खुदा है बस्ता तेरे अंदर।

ख्वाबों का ख्वाब

जनेद इकबाल "राज़", भौतिक विज्ञान, तृतीय वर्ष

आओ ज़िन्दगी में मेरी हिस्सा-ए-शबाब बनो
डूब जाओ जिस में वो सैलाब बनो।
दे कर ज़खीरा मुहब्बतों का मुझे तुम
महफिल में मेरी मौजू-ए-खिताब बनो।
वरक़ जब खोलूँ तो पढ़ता ही रहूँ
तसनीफ़ का मेरी ऐसा निसाब बनो।
रूफ़क़ा के मेरे सवाल हैं लाइक़-ए-तरक़
आ जाओ अगर तुम तो एक जवाब बनो।
शरमा जाएँ सभी गुल की खुशबू
गुल्सिताँ में तन्हा ऐसा गुलाब बनो।
देखने में जिस को कम पड़े शब मेरी
राज़ के ख्वाबों में ऐसा ख्वाब बनो।

CHOICE

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

I saw her ranting over
her complexion,

Dancing around her
reflection

And expecting her heart
to make a connection!

I understand life is cruel
sometimes,

It doesn't let you live
through all the sunshines,

You might sleep with
some wizard thoughts

And wake up with no
motivation at all.

But you, yes YOU,

You need to know that
the smile you fake,

The appearance you hate

And the sympathy in the name of empathy you demand

Are all making you someone

You never wanted to be!

I saw her losing to her insecurities,

Escaping with the satisfaction of acceptance

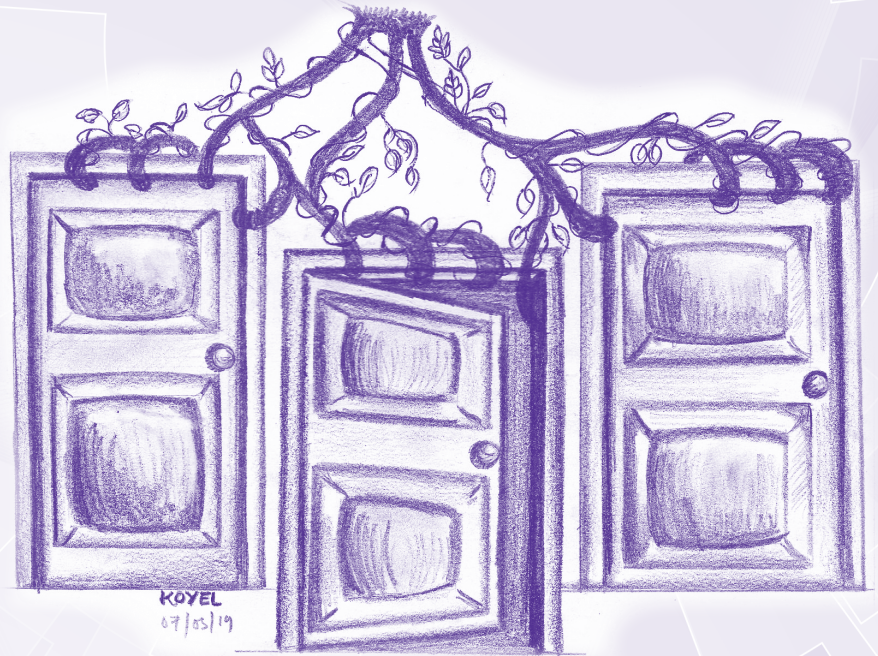
And landing into her own convolutions.

It was her choice,

But you can still make a better one,

Because just like the road not taken,

The choices not made will create a difference.



महाकुम्भ (प्रयागराज)

प्रवीण कुमार गुप्ता, फिजिकल साइंस (कम्प्यूटर साइंस), द्वितीय वर्ष

प्रयाग राज की देवनगरी में, गंगा, यमुना, सरस्वती के संगम पर
द्वादश वर्षों में मैं आता हूँ, महाकुम्भ, मैं कहलाता हूँ।
लेखक-कवियों की इस नगरी में, स्वागत गीत गाए जाते हैं
आगमन के इस आयोजन पर, मीलों रोड सजाये जाते हैं।
फिर जुटाता जो लोगों की भीड़, कोटि-कोटि भक्तों का,
पाप धोने के इस लालच में, दूरियाँ छोटी पड़ जाती हैं।
आते हैं यहाँ काले हृदय के लोग भी, पवित्रता के इस संगम में डुबकी लगा
अपनी काली करतूतों के पापों को धोकर, फिर नए पापों के लिए हो जाते हैं तैयार।
आती है यहाँ भोली जनता भी, दुःखों से परेशान, रोगों से पीड़ित,
मन साफ, होठों पर लेकर हरि नाम, तीन नदियों के इस संगम पर,
लगा डुबकी पुण्य कमाना चाहते हैं, अगला जन्म सुखी बनाना चाहते हैं।
आते हैं यहाँ तांत्रिक और मदारी, जादू-टोना की आड़ में होती है इनकी दुकानदारी,
अंगूठी-तावीज और जड़ी-बूटी बेची जाती, जनता इनके पैरों में शीश भी नवाती।
आस्था पवित्रता का यह महाकुम्भ, बन जाता है अन्धविश्वास का अखाड़ा।
श्रद्धा तो लुक छिप कर फिरती है, ढोंग का है यहाँ बोला-बाला।
आशा है, एक दिन यह जनता जागेगी, लूट, अन्धविश्वास को जड़ से उखाड़ेगी,
तब मैं जनता की खुशहाली देख कर, अमृतमय हो जाऊँगा।



ख्वाब

मुनेंद्र कुमार, जीवन विज्ञान, तृतीय वर्ष

दूसरों की कशती को किनारा करते करते, खुद की कशती भूल गए।
दूसरों को महसूस करते करते, खुद को महसूस करना भूल गए।
दूसरों की परछाईं बनने के चक्कर में, खुद का वजूद ही भूल गए।
आज फिर किसी ख्वाब देखने वाले को, ख्वाब दिखाकर, खुद के ख्वाब भूल गए।

A PACT SO ILLUSIVE

Nabarun Sonowal, B. Sc. (H) Zoology, I Year

My body aches past midnight.
A deathly pact with the devil of suicide.

My heart beats many times faster
Such a fear of death...so sinister.

The last words is what I revise
A funeral planning so precise...

My hand moves as it shivers
Won't let me sign any waivers.

My death knocks at the front door.
Such painful is my hope when it will all be over.

My angel of death starts his recital
Free of expenses

And suddenly, there was a longing of revival
Under these circumstances.

My soul is what my loved ones want in peace.
Such mystery that I am so near but out of reach.

My mind says it is alright
Such an illusion it is to think what to decide.



Subly

A FATHER AND A DAUGHTER

Ms. Sangeeta Relan, Associate Professor, Department of Commerce

Parents love each one of their children unconditionally but what a father feels for his daughter is special, so heartwarming. And the relationship becomes extra special when the daughter reciprocates the father's sentiments. This is the story of Mila and her father, George, and of the bond that they shared.

Mila was the youngest child of her parents, one who came in their lives when they were well into their middle age and parents of two other children, a boy and a girl. Since they were quite old when she was born, she was given the name of an "Accidental Child" by most of their friends, a name which George simply hated. It, in fact, made him feel extra protective towards her because he did not want her ever to feel that she was not wanted or loved by her family. Actually, he wanted to love her, care for her much more than he had done for the other two. Fortunately for him, by the time she came, he and his wife, Gina, were financially secure and comfortable which meant that he did not have to work as hard as he had had to when the other two were growing up.

So, right from the moment the little bundle of joy was handed over to him, he was available for her, no matter what. It gave him an immense amount of pleasure to do every little thing for her, from changing her diapers to feeding her, to helping her take her first few steps and taking her to school on the first day. In fact, in many ways, he had taken over a number of things which in the case of his older children had been his wife's responsibility. All this obviously meant that the father and daughter became very close to each other. And this sometimes made Gina feel like an outsider, someone who wasn't always needed.

Initially, it was quite strange and amusing for Gina to see George like this but with time, she started appreciating this change in him and started depending on him for many things related to their daughter. He could drop anything to be with Mila at any time of the day or night. Mila was an integral part of their lives and always stayed with them. They would avoid all those places where she couldn't be taken or wasn't welcome. Once she entered school, George was involved in pretty much everything that concerned Mila. He loved to take her for all her hobby classes and wait for her while she finished. All this had been Gina's responsibility in the case of the other children but now George was there to share all the work with his wife which made her life much easier.

To her siblings, Mila was like a toy with whom they could fool around whenever they felt like it. But they could never get upset with her or hurt her because if they ever did that, George would step in and not spare them. She was his favourite and he made no bones about it. Since the siblings were much older, they themselves were pretty protective about her and therefore never felt bad when they were pulled up by George over something concerning their kid sister. Mila was only five when her brother left the country to study in the US. His contact with the family steadily diminished because after finishing his studies, he decided to stay on in the US. Five years later, her sister also followed suit. So, by the time she turned ten, Mila was the only child of her parents who was living with them. She always had their undivided attention and their world revolved around hers. It seemed as though the other two children had ceased to exist for the parents. They were like those relatives who visit once

in a while and that's it. The family comprised only these three. They did everything together, went out, watched movies, read books, cooked meals, went on holidays. This obviously made the three extremely close. The parents did not seem to miss the other two, so wrapped up were they in the world of Mila.

Getting so much love, affection and attention, Mila grew up to be a self-assured, loving and compassionate person. She was academically bright and a popular figure in school, a matter of great pride for the parents. And though she was close to both the parents, the closeness between the father and daughter had to be seen to be believed. George's entire demeanour, when Mila was around him, never ceased to amaze Gina. It was as though she was his universe and he could put everything on hold for her. On her part, Mila also always depended on him for everything and felt close enough to be able to discuss everything with him, from academics to boyfriends, to issues with her mother. This kind of a secure and comforting upbringing laid the foundation of a secure and confident life ahead.

Very soon it was time for Mila to leave the portals of school in order to enter college. Like her siblings, she had also decided to pursue her further studies in the US. Her impending departure was something that George could not really come to terms with. He felt that since Mila was going to be in the US for the next four years, it made perfect sense for all of them to move there. For him, it was the most natural thing to do while it obviously wasn't for Gina. She couldn't understand why, in this case, they had to put their own life on hold when they hadn't even considered doing so in the case of the other two children. The husband and wife could not see eye to eye on this, leading to arguments and fights between them, something that had never really happened before. It was quite a shock for Mila as well to see them like this. It disturbed her to think that she was the reason behind it. She tried talking to them, trying to enable them to come to some sort of an agreement but no matter what, George would not budge. He was clear that if Mila decided to go to the US, he would follow suit. Gina found the whole exercise ludicrous and pointless and Mila could see her point. When she could not make him understand her point of view, she threatened her father saying that she would shelve her own plans if he continued to be so stubborn. This had the desired effect and George agreed to let Mila go by herself but on the condition that they would visit each other at least four times a year. Not wanting to argue further, Mila gave in and thus began a new stage of her life. It was for the first time that she was going to be by herself for a long period of time. She had been on school trips, been out with her friends but it had never been so far and never for so long. It was new, it was scary but it was exciting. Also leaving behind her parents, her home, her friends was not easy but she knew she had to do it, so off she went to explore newer pastures. Of course, her brother and sister were close by which was pretty comforting.

Meanwhile getting used to life without Mila wasn't at all easy for the parents and especially for George. Many times Gina had to sit down and explain to him to build a life of his own, pursue his hobbies, his interests rather than moping around in the house. She kept herself busy by working for an NGO, meeting up with her friends and also developing various interests. The transition from a life totally devoted to his daughter to one where she didn't figure anywhere in his daily routine was quite challenging for George. In the first few days, all he did was look at her pictures, wait for her calls and write sentimental emails to her. But finally, Gina's counseling and Mila's explaining had the desired effect. George decided to pick up the reins of his life. His passion for photography now found its way

back into his life. He decided to pursue this interest in a serious way. This, of course, provided a huge relief to the mother and daughter who could now focus on their lives rather than getting worried about him all the time. George started taking up photography assignments which would take him all over the country, to begin with, and then to other countries as well. The motivation behind visiting other countries was, of course, the remote possibility of being able to meet Mila more than four times a year!!!

Life moved on, Mila graduated from college but unlike her siblings, she decided to move back to be with her parents. She didn't want them to be alone and since she managed to get a good job, it was fine. The parents were overjoyed and the smile on George's face assumed permanent proportions. Her homecoming was celebrated in a big way. Again George wanted to just revolve around his daughter but now the mother and daughter didn't let him do that. Mila, in particular, insisted on him focusing on his life and letting her focus on hers. Thus, the family settled into a routine. Though they were all busy in their respective lives, they still made it a point to spend time with each other. They largely ate together and spent at least one day in the week with each other. In the meanwhile, the older children got married but continued to live abroad.

Soon people started suggesting that Mila should also be getting married but anytime anyone proposed an alliance, George would do a double take and refuse point blank. It was impossible for him to think of letting his daughter go away forever. Sending her to the US had been one thing but sending her to live with someone else forever was not a thought he wished to entertain. His attitude both amused and infuriated Gina. She felt that when it came to Mila, he became like a little child who wanted to hold on to his favourite toy no matter what. She had to counsel, she had to cajole and at times even give him a piece of her mind to make him see sense. In fact, with the prospect of marriage looming over his head, now he wanted Mila to stop meeting boys or going out with them. If she ever wanted to do that (which was pretty often), he would insist on meeting the boy, asking him a hundred different questions and embarrass his daughter no end. In fact, he started avoiding all well-meaning souls who made the mistake of proposing an alliance for his beloved daughter. But of course, the inevitable could not be avoided. It wasn't long before Abhijit literally waltzed into Mila's life. They met at a party on the dance floor, something clicked and before they knew it, they were head over heels in love with each other. This development was like a bolt from the blue for George and also a reality check for him. He couldn't avoid the reality any longer and of course, he wanted Mila's happiness under all circumstances. He agreed to meet Abhi as he was called but this time he knew things were different. The shine in Mila's eyes, the expression of a little shyness on her face said it all. She wanted George and Abhi, the two men in her life, to not only like each other but to get along with each other as well. George could sense her anxiety, her fear when she introduced them to each other. On her part, Gina also gave him a nice, long lecture on letting Mila get on with her life, on letting go of her in a graceful and dignified manner. Thus, with a sense of trepidation and foreboding, George agreed to meet Abhi, not being able to shrug off the feeling that he was there to take away his daughter from him.

But there was something in Abhi, something about Abhi that greatly endeared him to George. He had walked into the room to shred Abhi into pieces, to intimidate him, to reject him (notwithstanding the instructions from his wife) but he just couldn't do it. There was something that made the parents, the father, in particular, fall in love with the suitor. His easy and friendly manner, his polite and courteous

demeanour and the love in his eyes for their daughter did the trick. Much to the astonishment of Mila and Gina, George agreed on letting the two get married. However, the fact that he had agreed did not mean that he was going to step back from his daughter's life. In fact, the impending event, that is the marriage of his beloved daughter, had given him a lot of food for thought, the main point of concern being, where Mila was going to live after getting married. Thankfully, the couple was going to be in the same city. But George wanted to be a part of the planning process right from which part of the city they were going to be, into what kind of a house they were going to live, to whether it was going to be a rented one or whether they were going to buy it. Though his enthusiasm was initially accepted, after a while, it started to get to Abhi who couldn't do with so much of this well-meaning interference. His efforts to push him back by getting Mila and Gina to speak to him were rendered ineffective which is when he decided to have a heart to heart chat with his future father in law. He sat him down and explained to him that much as he respected his sentiments and feelings, he could not have him running his life. He assured him that he was perfectly capable of taking care of himself and his wife-to-be and though he was open to suggestions and advice, he wasn't prepared to hand over the reins of his life to anyone.

The conversation had the desired effect and George realized his mistake. He stepped back but of course found it difficult to do so. He now put his heart and soul into making sure that Mila's wedding was one of its kind with no expense being spared. Many times Gina had to step in and hold him back and cut down on the unnecessary expenditure. She had to keep reminding him that they couldn't afford to spend all their savings on this wedding and also of the fact that he had never been so lavish at the time of the other weddings. It both amused and frustrated her to see him like that. But what broke her heart was the look on her husband's face when, at the end of the ceremony, it was time for Mila to leave. It seemed as though his world had fallen apart, he had tears in his eyes and just wouldn't leave his daughter. Their relatives had to gently pull him away, at which point he just broke down. It took him quite a while to get used to the fact that his daughter's world was different from his own and no longer would he be the most important man in her life. But gradually he learned to accept this reality, of course with a lot of support from the two women in his life.

A year and a half of this state of affairs and one of the women decided to leave him forever... just like that. Gina, who had always been hale and hearty, had never known a day's illness, went off to sleep one night and never woke up. It was a day which began normally for George till he realized that his wife, always an early riser, had not joined him for the early morning tea. He went in to wake her up where to his horror he figured that he would never be able to do that. Panic-stricken, he called up Mila who rushed with a doctor who told them that it had already been two hours since Gina had passed away. The father and daughter were stunned. It was shocking, it was unbelievable and not something they could accept. Gina had been the anchor, the rock-solid presence in their lives. How could she leave them and go? How were they supposed to function without her? It was Abhi who had to step in and take charge of the situation. He made the necessary arrangements and informed all the relatives and friends. Once it was all over, Abhi decided to stay back and help George get his life back on track. It was difficult, almost impossible but gradually, the acceptance came. George had to come to terms with reality and also with the fact that he had to move on and let his daughter and son in law get on with their lives.

Time moved on as it had to. For George, living alone was not easy but he had no choice. Of course, he wasn't left alone by Mila and Abhi. They would visit him practically every week, speak to him every day and be there for him. On his part, George immersed himself in his photography, his reading, and gardening. Never one to indulge in self-pity, he kept himself busy so that he had less time to sit and brood. He missed Gina terribly but chose to remember all the good times that they had had and the beautiful memories that they had created. He would look forward to having all his children over who had now made it a point to visit him twice a year. At those times, with the house teeming with his children and grandchildren, he would wonder if Gina could see how happy they all were and then feel happy herself.

But once they all left, George would feel very lonely and forlorn, especially for the first few days. Though Mila and her husband were there, they did have a life of their own and couldn't always be around. One day, while George was buying his groceries at the local supermarket, he saw someone who seemed very familiar but he couldn't place the woman till the time she walked up to him. The moment she said hello, it all came back to him. She was Megha, his friend, who had just moved into the neighbourhood. They had been good friends in school and were meeting after more than thirty-five years. They sat down to have coffee and to catch up. George came to know that Megha had just moved close to where he lived as she wanted to be close to her son. She told him about her life, how she had lost her husband twenty-five years ago and had brought up her children single-handedly. George was quite impressed by the story of her life and by her grit and courage. He told her about his life as well. They parted ways after promising to stay in touch.

This chance encounter with Megha stirred up many an old memory in George. He remembered how he had been completely besotted by her in school but had never had the courage to approach her. It felt good to see her after so many years and yes, he did want to see her again. Another chance meeting with her, this time at the local doctor's, set the tone for many more coffee evenings and afternoons. Meeting her added that spark to his life which had gone missing ever since Gina had died. Though he loved spending time with her, he didn't want anyone to know about it, especially not his children. He loved them a lot and didn't want to jeopardize his relations with them because somewhere he had a feeling that they may not like his meeting Megha. They might think that he was being disloyal to their mother. But was he being disloyal??? Though he knew that he wasn't doing anything wrong, he was just spending some time with a friend, the feeling of guilt wouldn't leave him. He tried to rationalize the situation by trying to understand as to what was bothering him. And yes, he knew the answer, just because the friend was a woman, he was feeling guilty. Had it been a man, it wouldn't have bothered him at all. He then decided to consult a few friends who told him to stop worrying about others and to do what made him happy.

This made him feel better and he decided to stop overthinking and get on with his life. But the more he met Megha, the more he liked spending time with her and he could see that the feeling was being reciprocated. They had started to depend on each other for a lot of things, initially with the feeling of not bothering their children too much to the feeling of wanting to be a part of each other's lives. But then the guilt??? Was he being unfaithful??? Was he being selfish??? He had no answers to these questions. He tried discussing with Megha but she was sailing in pretty much the same boat. In the meanwhile, Mila could sense that her father had become strangely quiet, a little uncharacteristically

quiet. There were no morning and evening phone calls, no entreaties to her to come and see him, no surprise visits by him on Sundays!!! Something was definitely amiss!!! Her natural instinct told her that something was not quite right. She hoped that it wasn't a medical condition. So, one Sunday morning, leaving her family behind, she decided to pay a surprise visit to her father. And what did she see on her arrival!!! Her dad was going out for lunch and when she wanted to know the name of his friend, he turned just a little shade of red and wouldn't tell her. She found his behaviour both odd and funny. Not wanting to give up, she kept questioning him till he had no option but to tell. When she heard the story and sensed the embarrassment behind it, she had this sudden urge to hug her father and tell him that it was fine for him to have a woman friend. It was no big deal. She decided to do just that. She sat him down and like a parent would explain to a child, she started to explain to her sixty-five-year-old father that he had every right to feel happy and if that happiness meant being with another woman, so be it!!! And there was no question of being unfaithful or disloyal to his wife because Gina would feel happy to know that he was happy. She told her father that her mother had always loved him unconditionally and always wanted to see him happy. Therefore, he could choose to be happy in any way without going on a guilt trip.

Mila's pep talk and her handling of the situation made George feel better. It felt as though he had been pulled out from under a ton of bricks. He decided to go ahead and meet Megha. He didn't know what the future had in store for him, he didn't know how long he would live, he didn't know how long Megha would live but he knew one thing... his life ahead would include her, no matter what.

The daughter had made the father's life easier just the way he used to do it for her when she was a child..."the child is the father of the man"!!!

EUPHORIA

Rupam, B. Sc. (H) Zoology, I Year

Its glee... its pleasure... its jubilation,
Residing in the warmth of your
origin's affection
Fighting with your kin over
glittering marbles,
Watching the gladness on your
forebear's face
Getting candies after a leading
engagement,
It's peace of mind, its delight.

Running on the vine trails,
Gazing at the radiated starry night sky,
Inhaling the incense of the wet grime,
Colouring one's self with the radiance
of spring blossoms,
Its pleasure, its paradise.

Shaving off the anguish,
Hugging the alluring bonbons,
Forming pleasant images together,
Moving towards a new fascinating expedition;
Yes, this is my euphoria...
Yes, this is my paradise...

LIFE IS A ROAD

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

Most of my best memories come from an old dirty road,
Leaving them behind, I wandered on the road.

I took every chance I got in life,
For being happy in every moment, I gave up all the strife.

I headed forward and met a cully,
Sad to say, his mask slipped and he was my adversary.

I didn't stop but headed forward,
The citizenry of sinners habitually tried to drag me backward.

I was dogged and unflinching,
And all my ways were then unblocked, isn't it surprising?

Life rewarded me with a great deal of episodes,
I believe in leaving a spark wherever I board.

No matter where life takes me, "find me with a smile"
Consciously at present, I go an extra mile.



RAKSHA

Amit Raj, B. Com. (H), II Year

The eyes spoke a different story,
What the face was too afraid to portray,
Thousand virtual hands pulled me down,
Gathering courage is not as easy as they say.

What was forced upon me that moment?
My spine shivers every time, I think about.
How my cries were lost in the silence of the crowd,
How I lay naked on the streets without a shroud!

Thousands of people were awake that night,
Not a single soul did help.
The abandoned room where I was raped,
My soul was stripped and demons ate.

My name is Raksha, laugh all you can.
One named to protect, lost everything against a man,
Not one he was, there were four,
And God knows I fought, till I could no more.

What's sad is not that I was molested.
For I live in a country where men do it instead.
Yes, I am a man, will you believe me?
That I was raped and torn apart with no mercy!

How can I even dream of speaking my truth?
Even to the people I love,
For I live in a country,
Where rape doesn't discriminate but it is the society that does.



COME BACK

Amit Kumar, B. Sc. (H) Mathematics, III Year

Come back, where are you?
Without you, everything is still.
A part of my heart aches
Every fraction of my soul grieves,
And panting, I am all alone.

I am rushing through my emotions
And find no hope, no light
Only darkness, outside your abode.
And I try to peel every emotion,
But you are intact in my skin.

When you left and went far
I fell like rose petals
Naked, grieving and all alone
It felt a thunder-like heart cramp.

And it hurt me just
Like a Valerian steel, a gentle strike
On my soul, raw and tamed
And everything faded into nothingness.

There was a time when
I laughed at your giggles.
You admired even my weaknesses,
We saw tons of intense orange sunsets.

And your voice, my addiction
For you, I was all insane
We were embedded into each other,
Like we emanate from the same.



When you left, I thought
There is a beauty in letting you go,
But it would never be the same.
Or I would have stopped you.

Now I don't watch the sky and the stars
As they hide behind your eyelids.
Give me back all my stars.
Come back, my only joy.

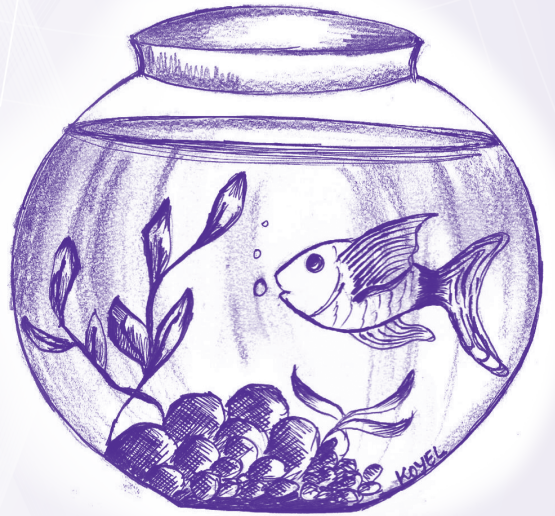
Stars are meant to glow in the dark
And this star needs his moon to glow
Come back, my blissful rainbow
Come back, my heaven.

Come back into my life.
Come back, where are you?

प्यार मुझे भी हुआ था

भानूप्रताप शेखावत, फिजिकल साइंस (कम्प्यूटर साइंस), प्रथम वर्ष

हाँ, प्यार मुझे भी हुआ था,
मुझे भी इश्क की हवा ने छुआ था,
उस का आना कुछ प्यारा सा, कुछ अजीब सा लगता था,
छुट्टी के बाद घर जाने पर भी उसका दिल कुछ करीब सा लगता था,
उसका सपनों में आने से मुझे मेरा नसीब भी खुशनसीब सा लगता था,
मैं उसकी अदाओं का जुल्म सहता था,
उसे मैं प्यार से चुटकी कहता था,
ना, मैंने ये नाम छोटा भीम से नहीं लिया था,
मुझे तो उस चुटकी ने इन्स्पायर किया था,
जो लोगों का तो माऊथ फ्रेश करती है,
लेकिन इसने तो मेरे जीवन को फ्रेश किया था,
जिंदगी एक फैटेसी की तरह चल रही थी,
इस इश्क की रेस में एक और था जिसे ये इश्कबाजी खल रही थी,
ऐसा लगता था कि बेचारे के दिल पे आरी चल रही थी,
मैंने उसको पूरी तरह इग्नोर किया,
और सिर्फ अपनी चुटकी पे गौर किया,
मुझे भी पता था कि वो मुझे चाहती थी,
क्योंकि हर क्लास में सौ दफा तो उसकी नज़र मुझपे ही आती थी,
मुझे उसको अपने दिल की बात कहनी थी,
मुझे अब ये कयामत जरा नजदीक से सहनी थी,
वो रोज ही स्कूल जल्दी आती थी,
ऐसा क्या था ऐसी ठंड में जो वो जल्दी आकर पढ़ पाती थी,
क्योंकि इश्क तो था बस इज़हार करना था,
मोहब्बत तो थी बस इकरार करना था,
फिर क्या अगले दिन स्कूल जल्दी चले गये,
घर से दूध के साथ लेकर हल्दी गये,
क्योंकि पिट जाने पर रीकवर भी तो करना था,



लेकिन हमको हमारा प्यार डिस्कवर भी तो करना था,
क्या पता उसका इश्क हमारे लिये वहम हो,
क्या पता हमारी बजाय और कोई उसके लिये अहम हो,
अब इन सारे सवालों का जवाब मिलना था,
क्या पता इश्क का फूल मुरझाने वाला था या खिलने वाला था,
पाँच मिनट बाद वह आ गयी,
हमेशा तो सब सही रहता था पता नहीं क्यों उस दिन दिल में बेचेनी सी छा गयी,
वो मुझे देख कर मुस्कराई और पढ़ने लगी,
और इधर मुझे ये सन्नाटा और खमोशी खलने लगी,
दिल पे कोई मीठी छुरी चलने लगी,
मैंने अपने धड़कन को महसूस किया,
और उसकी ओर चल दिया,
मैं उसके आगे जा कर खड़ा हो गया,
थोड़ा एक घुटने को झुका दिया,
और जेब से गुलाब निकाला और उसकी ओर बढ़ा दिया,
अपनी दिल की बात कहते कहते अपनी आँखों को उसकी आँखों से लड़ा दिया,
उसने गुलाब तो ले लिया लेकिन एक चुप्पी सी छा गयी,
या उसे गुस्सा आया था या मेरी बातें कुछ ज्यादा ही भा गयी,
लेकिन इस चुप्पी में कुछ बात तो थी,
क्योंकि ये हमारी पहली मुलाकात जो थी,
ऐसा लग रहा था,
मानो ट्रैफिक पे पीली लाइट जल गयी थी,
मेरी बातें उसके दिलों दिमाग पे चल गयी थी,
मुझे पता था की लाइट हरी होने वाली थी,
लेकिन ये कुछ पल की चुप्पी जान लेने वाली थी ,
आखिर,
एक सुपरिचित लेकिन खास मुस्कुराहट के साथ शर्माते हुए हाँ कर गयी,
ऐसा लगा की वो रेल सी गुजरी ओर इस थरथराते जंग लगे पुल को स्टेनलेस स्टील का कर गयी।

क्या कहेंगे?

जनेद इकबाल "राज़", भौतिक विज्ञान, तृतीय वर्ष

हम ज़ेर-ए-खाक रहें बुलंदी-ए-आसमां छूएँ
हम अगर नम ना रहे तो क्या कहेंगे?
राह हमवार हो मंज़िल खूबसूरत होती है
ज़िन्दगी में गम ना रहे तो क्या कहेंगे?
दे अगर तख़्त-ए-सल्तनत सर-ए-फकीर पर वो
हम अगर हम ना रहे तो क्या कहेंगे?
पहुँचे ऊँचाई पर अकदामात-ए-सीढ़ी से
कोई कदम ज़ेर-ए-बम ना रहे तो क्या कहेंगे?
मजसमे में दम हो तो ज़िन्दा कहते हैं
दम में ही दम ना हो तो क्या कहेंगे?
समझा दी बात-ए-दिल अशार में तकरीबन
अब राज़ भी कम ना हो तो क्या कहेंगे?



नव युग धारा

राजकमल, रसायन विज्ञान, तृतीय वर्ष

बहती इस युग धारा में नवज्योति शिला बना देंगे।
भूतकाल हो या भविष्यकाल, प्रतिपल को हम खिला देंगे।।
बहती इस सरिता का मुख हम पहले ही मोड़ चुके।
हर क्षण उनकी बातों को हम तोड़-मरोड़ देख चुके।।
मूर्ख नहीं बैठे इस पल वो मिथिला न चल पायेगी।
हम वीर हैं इस धारा के कोई शिला रोक न पायेगी।।
बहुत हो गया खेल फिरंगी अब ये हमारी पाली है।
कई पीढियाँ देख ली हमने जेब तुम्हारी काली है।।
छल दण्ड भेद अपनाकर तुम आज यहां पर आओगे।
प्यार विश्व में फैला कर तुम हमको पहले पाओगे।।
बहती इस नव युग धारा में हम शान्ति दूत बन जाएंगे।
हो शान की बात इस भारत पर स्तम्भ दूत बन जाएंगे।।
विश्व धरोहर बनकर यह इस लोक में लहरायेगा।
नव युग की इस धारा में भविष्य निकलकर आयेगा।।



FOR WHOM

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

For whom silence is joy.
For whom peace is a jewel.
For whom knowledge illuminates the world.
For whom knowledge means to know nothing.
For whom implementation is power and wisdom is strength.
For whom creativity is indispensable.
For whom passion becomes their virtue.
For whom failure becomes an inspiration to try again.

For whom being observant is a boon.
For whom memory is not the only criteria for intelligence.
For whom experience is the best teacher.
For whom the strongest force is their internal drive to achieve their aims.
They are the ones –
who embrace challenges,
who know that without consciousness,
evolution of the human mind is worthless.
They are the RE-SEARCHERS!

MY EXPERIENCES AFTER COLLEGE

Priyanka Dasgupta, B. Sc. (H) Zoology, 2013-2016

College was a journey into discovering responsibilities along with independence and many more unexpected adventures along the way. It seemed to be the “outside world” that teachers used to talk about back in school. It was only after leaving that the true attachment of college life hit me.

After graduating from ANDC (which wasn't that long ago) I went on to pursue a Master's in Zoology. It was soon clear that the “outside world” was still something to be discovered. Be it the people, the camaraderie, the atmosphere, everything had a different face in this new phase.

The Master's through two years was intense, to say the very least. Post-graduation is where one can actually figure out whether or not one is interested in research work as a long career option. The hours are long, the effort quadrupled and so is the knowledge gained.

Going through days of papers and stacks of hefty books, Master's will give you a clearer perspective for your future. From this point on, you may choose to pursue the curious love for the lab, or veer off into newer directions with this education as its core, or jump into something entirely new. The choice would be yours.

Mine was to pursue a career essentially based on the same lines as my education.

During my Master's, I also delved into the world of Science Communication and discovered a new passion. I was a bit like never before. After an internship, travelling through half of India communicating Science, numerous conferences, a job, hosting International Science Communication Meets, a science fiction movie, a foreign trip as a prize and three months of frustrating “nothing-to-do” later, I finally joined Vikram Sarabhai Community Science Centre.

It is amazing to be able to find a job that you love and even better to be working for an institution, whose principles you admire. For now, I am grateful to be doing something that feels like the perfect fit!

I have worked extremely hard to reach here and faced my own chapters of hardships. However, I know this as well, that there is so much more that I have yet to discover, not only in this job but also elsewhere. Higher studies? Maybe. Knowledge never goes in vain. So, as grateful as I am for this marvelous job, I also know that further growth requires new exploration.

Comfortable though your current cocoon may seem, be it your college, your master's or your current job, you have to step out to spread your wings. Whether you find something new or step out of your comfort zone to try something bigger in your current institution itself, is best known to you.

So, the last thing that I want to leave you with is (one of the things that I have realized from the little experience I have had since my graduation), there will always be another level of an “outside world” that you haven't yet been to, waiting with new experiences and lessons in its wake. With fearless determination, set your goals high. The worst thing that can happen is that you would fail. Even at your lowest, you would know that time only moves forward. It can only get better from there on.

So, as I keep falling and rising in my own journey, I wish you all the very best for yours!

अभी तो बदलना है मुझे

उज्ज्वल कुमार मिश्रा, गणित, द्वितीय वर्ष

रास्ते दूर मंज़िल कठिन है, लेकिन चलना है मुझे
माना मैं कठोर हूँ लेकिन अभी पिघलना है मुझे
चाहत तो है सब रहे यूँही साथ ज़िन्दगी भर
पर क्या करूँ इंसान हूँ, वक्त के साथ बदलना है मुझे
सुना है लोगो से पत्थर में कभी आग नहीं लगती है
पर मैं पत्थर थोड़ी हूँ अभी तो जलना है मुझे
अंधा सा बन बैठा था मैं उनके इश्क़ में
बहुत ठोकरें खाई हैं अब तो संभालना है मुझे
किसी के मोह में उलझी है ज़िन्दगी मेरी
फंस चुका हूँ, पूरी तरह अब इस भीड़ से निकालना है मुझे
उसे भरोसा नहीं मुझ पर ये गलती मेरी है
दर्द देती है अक्सर यादें अब उसे भूलना है मुझे
हैसियत से अंदाज़ा कब होता है इंसान का
लोग कीचड़ समझते है बन कमल अभी खिलना है मुझे
तुम्हे जो अच्छा लगे वो काम करो तुम भी
मैं तो बन गया शायर अभी बहुत कुछ लिखना है मुझे
चाहत तो है सब रहे साथ यूँही ज़िन्दगी भर,
पर क्या करूँ इंसान हूँ वक्त के साथ बदलना है मुझे।



HERE'S TO US

Donglianlal Samte, B. Sc. (H) Biomedical Sciences, III Year

Here's to the unsung warriors, the lone soldiers and the wounded samurais –
to all those fighting a war in their lives, that is, life itself.

Here's to the fake smilers, the silent sufferers and the disguise wearers –
to all those hiding beneath a veneer prescribed by society.

Here's to the grieving hearts, the betrayed hopefuls and the dejected lovers –
to all those who have had their love, heart and hope trampled on the ground.

Here's to our concealed heartbreaks, broken smiles and heavy hearts –
to all the bitterness life has afflicted our way.

Here's to the weary pilgrims, the lost travellers and the confused wanderers –
to all those who have lost their way in the search for meaning.

Here's to us – the survivors, the real heroes and the humans.

Here's to better days, to freedom and to salvation – to all the obstacles coming our way and the fight
we shall put up, to all the love we shall receive and the love we shall give.

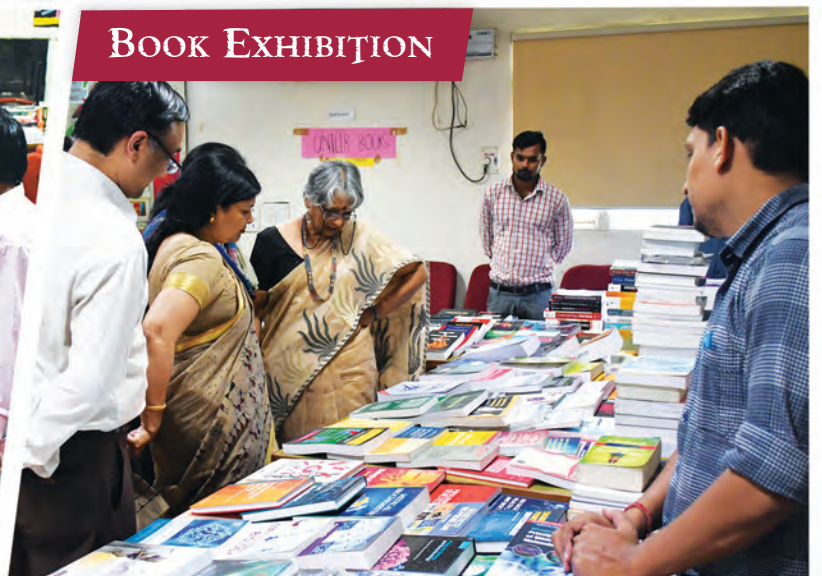




BMS WORKSHOP



BOOK EXHIBITION





PROCEDURE (Contd.)

1. Single band: Using Exonuclease-I and Shrimp Alkaline Phosphatase (Exo/SAP). Exonuclease I degrades single stranded DNA molecules (remaining Primers). Shrimp Alkaline Phosphatase removes Phosphate groups from remaining dNTPs.

Reaction Mixture	
PCR Product	0.5 µl
Exonuclease I	0.5 µl
Shrimp Alkaline Phosphatase	1.0 µl
Autoclaved MQ	1.0 µl
TOTAL	3.0 µl

Incubation cycle:
 Step 1: 37°C – 15 min.
 Step 2: 80°C – 15 min.
 Step 3: 4°C – hold

2. Multiple bands: Gel extraction method using Gel Extraction Kit

BOTANY FEST





CATHEXIS' 19

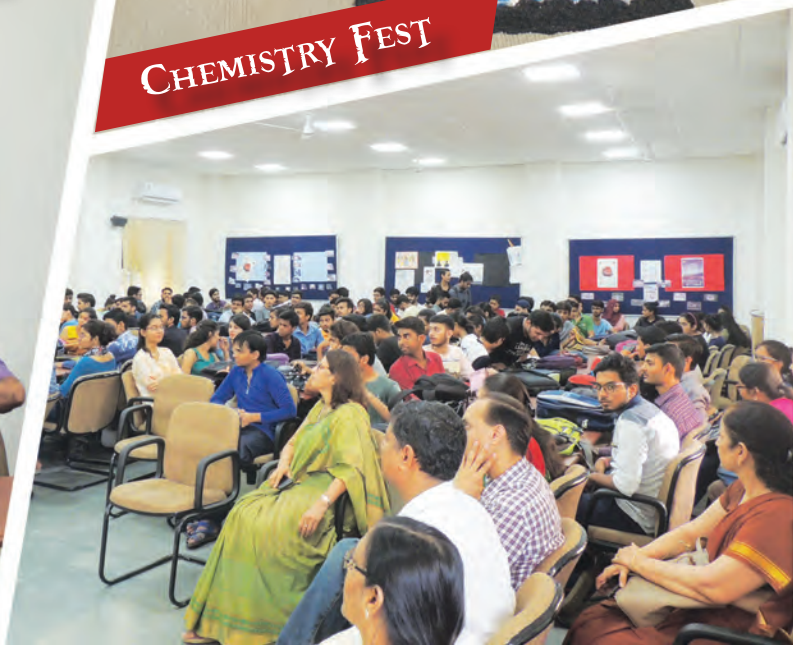




Eco CLUB



CHEMISTRY FEST







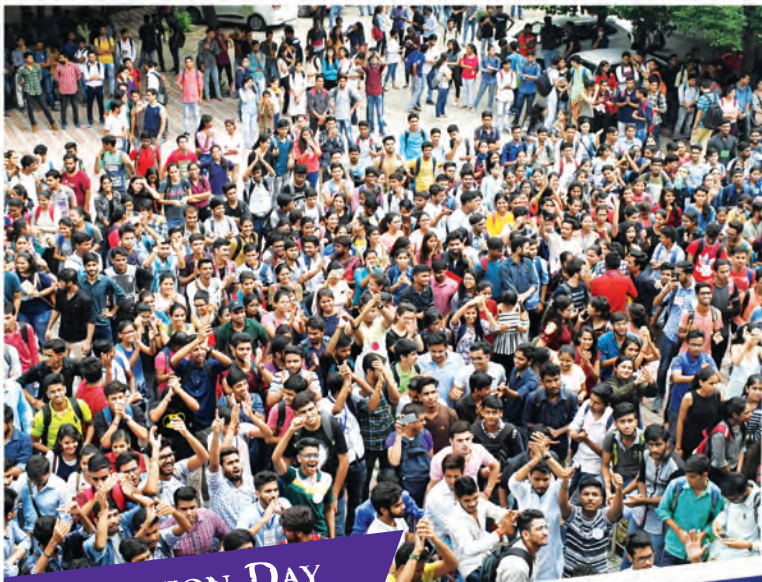
DHWANI - THEATRE GALLERY





ECPDT CULMINATION





ELECTION DAY



OVERLOAD ++



THE RISE OF ANTI-VAXXING

Sarah Parwez, B. Sc. (H) Zoology, I Year

The discovery of the first vaccine against the dreaded smallpox by Edward Jenner back in 1796 is probably one of the most significant medical revolutions in the modern world. This new medical innovation paved the way for a novel approach – deadly diseases could now, not only be prevented but on mass immunization, could possibly be completely eradicated.

Since then (more than 200 years later), smallpox has been eliminated (100%). Polio and diphtheria (86%) would be the next, with whooping cough, neonatal tetanus and measles (60-65%) just behind them (Source- UNICEF). While the WHO works towards their pledge in attempting to check the global healthcare crisis, their annual health report shows statistics that concretize the erraticism and the heterogeneous distribution of medical facilities among people, undeniably more prevalent throughout the developing and poorer nations. With the number of people added to the population with no or minimal access to medical and healthcare facilities, the efforts to provide for the same aren't met with the required magnitude. The World Health Organization has named vaccine hesitancy one of the top 10 global health threats of 2019.

The UNICEF and WHO certified India as polio-free in the March of 2014. The government vaccine scheme which devised compulsory immunization for all children has been regarded a great success. The coverage rates in a developing nation are around 80% (though not complete), which is an impressive figure. Children in war-torn countries like Syria continue to be at great risk of infections.

Vaccines have saved millions of lives and have been instrumental in stabilizing and thereby increasing the global population. However, they have met with severe opposition from various social and some religious groups, who either believe the risks to outweigh the benefits and bear general misinformation and taboo regarding immunizations.

The 'anti-vax' movement became popular after the Wakefield studies that went viral back in 1995. The study linked the MMR (Measles, Mumps, Rubella) vaccine to autism. It was conducted by the British gastroenterologist, Andrew Wakefield, MD et al. who published a cohort study in the Lancet showing that individuals who had been vaccinated with MMR were more likely to have bowel disease than individuals who hadn't and speculated that persistent infection with vaccine virus caused disruption of the intestinal tissue that in turn could lead to bowel diseases and autism.

However, this hypothesis is now proven to be false. The errors in Wakefield's research were pointed out and his study was refuted. Later, a legal battle ensued and his monetary interests and frauds came to light.

Another concern that was raised was the use of mercury-containing preservative – thimerosal in some vaccines. The dose of mercury present was found to be greater than the recommended value (seen with respect to methylmercury, which is found in fish and causative of neurodevelopmental disorders). Mercury was present in the form of ethyl mercury and wasn't believed to be hazardous. However, the fear pressurized the Institute of Medicine for a review and in 2004, the committee rejected the links between thimerosal and neuropsychiatric disorders. The use of thimerosal in childhood vaccines was nonetheless eliminated and is no longer used today. Some influenza vaccines still use the preservative

in multi-dose vials. Aluminum used in vaccines was also a focus of controversy but the amounts used were not implicated to cause any health problems.

Breakouts of vaccine-preventable diseases have been on a high rise in the US, where much of the anti-vaccination movement is concentrated, followed by Europe and the Philippines. Measles rates have increased in the past few years and its highly contagious nature could catalyze its spread further. “Herd immunity” is when a high proportion of a population who are immunized, restrict the spread of a disease to immunodeficient individuals, people who cannot be vaccinated such as patients undergoing chemotherapy, infants and the elderly. Unvaccinated individuals threaten to breakdown herd immunity and endanger these persons, who have a far greater chance of fatality on contamination.

A lot of anti-vax activists harbour sentiments stemming from personal experiences. It is true that sometimes some vaccines might have certain side effects, but those chances are close to one in a million. Also, doctors usually inquire of previous reactions to any vaccination and suggest discontinuing the same. A trend of distrust in medical professionals, skepticism and repudiation of their knowledge is on the rise. The myriad of lives saved from vaccination and the revenue in medical cost saved in turn is tremendous. Doctors and healthcare professionals are on a constant evaluation of the vaccines being administered and, on a lookout, as to how to introduce the weakened pathogen with greater safety. Not vaccinating your children isn’t just putting them at the risk of infection, but it also poses a far greater risk to other vaccinated/unvaccinated individuals and could possibly jeopardize the overall herd immunity of the community.

The number of children who are now able to see their 5th birthdays are more than ever. In hindsight, it would be nothing short of foolishness or retrogressiveness to voluntarily return to the conditions before 1796.

FROM THE BYLANES OF GOVINDPURI TO STATE-OF-THE-ART LABORATORIES ABROAD: A BRIDGE NOT TOO FAR

Dr. Arijit Chowdhuri, Assistant Professor, Department of Physics

Life after school is all about making a path for oneself and a successful one at that!

In college, days aren't planned out by someone else and nobody tells one what to do. Every new entrant to college gets new freedom that feels extremely liberating at first but soon turns pretty scary as career options gain focus. This is primarily because of two reasons: a) Life in the real world is not like what was taught in school and b) the future DEFINITELY isn't like that.

Post-school education, most students do not have a clear goal or are confused with the myriad opportunities available in the big bad world. Parents and relatives, more often than not, only add to the confusion by having unrealistic expectations from their wards. A good college education and training therein is what stands between a success story and the also-rans.

Enter Acharya Narendra Dev College, a fledgling college by University of Delhi standards but with

dreams of imparting wholesome education by going “beyond the classroom”. Daring to dream, under the able leadership of Dr. Savithri Singh, the College started the pioneering scheme of ELITE (Education in a Lively, Innovative Training Environment) offering summer fellowships to undergraduate students. During the summer holidays, the students were introduced to cutting-edge research in frontier areas of Science. Both students and faculty members sacrificed their time in comfort zones to delve into realms of Science, much beyond the scope of the curriculum. Students who survived the grind gained knowledge about various aspects of career and life, acquired a sense of responsibility, showed improvement in confidence, general awareness and communication skills. They also learned the fine art of identifying opportunities for college graduates so that higher studies and research became viable career options.

The next logical step was to acquire the best postgraduate education available worldwide. However, exorbitant education fees and stiff competition, especially from engineering graduates, were soon identified to be major constraints. The College again rose to the occasion, managed funds and acquired international research grade instruments to boost students’ practical skills by providing them hands-on feel on the equipment. Simultaneously, the College also garnered enough funds to allow undergraduate students to present their work at international conferences and communicate through international journals of repute.

The undergraduate students of yore thus got an opportunity to differentiate themselves, acquired new skills and carved their identity at the international level! The twin effects of brandishing the latest research training skills and recognition at the international level have helped students land up positions in reputed universities worldwide with financial support. Some of the undergraduate researchers of the ELITE projects who have made it to higher studies abroad and have carved a niche for themselves and the College can be found in -

1. Czech University of Life Sciences, Prague, Czech Republic
2. University of Freiburg, Germany
3. Bonn-Cologne Graduate School of Physics and Astronomy (BCGS), Germany
4. Ecole Nationale des Travaux Publics de l’Etat, Lyon, France
5. University of Eastern Finland, Joensuu, Finland
6. Université Jean Monnet, Saint Etienne, France
7. Radboud University, Nijmegen, Netherlands
8. University of Bologna, Italy
9. University of Wien, Austria
10. University of Glasgow, United Kingdom

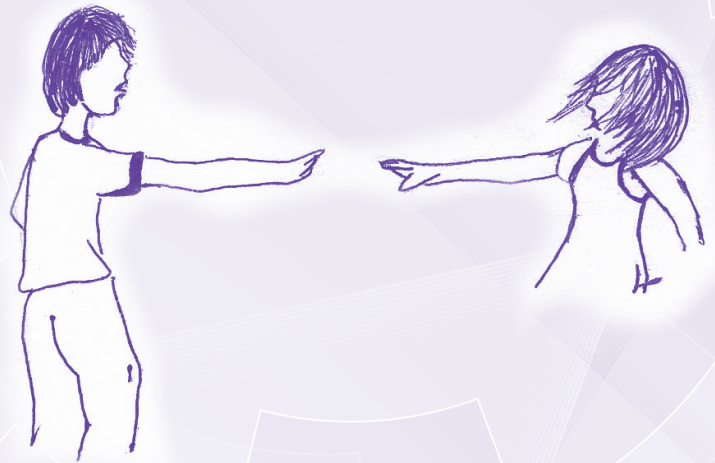
The College firmly believes that what has started as a trickle would continue to flow as a stream as more and more undergraduate students find that the future of work is all about being adaptable and learning skills which can help them in new environments and in places with diverse people, armed as they are with diverse skills needed to thrive.

No comebacks!

दहलीज़

मुनेंद्र कुमार, जीवन विज्ञान, तृतीय वर्ष

तेरी दहलीज़ को मुड़कर देखना
अब मैंने बंद कर दिया है,
तेरे वो आखिरी शब्दों
को भी याद करना बंद कर दिया है।
वो दरवाजे का अचानक से खुलना,
तेरा मुझे देखकर मुस्कुराना,
वो तेजी से बढ़ कर मेरी तरफ़ आना,
और मुझे गले से लगा लेना,
अब तूने भी बंद कर दिया है।



कई मर्तबा सोचता हूँ कि
जाकर दरवाजे पर आहट दे दूँ,
फिर मुझे याद आता है
अब तो अपना मिलना बंद हो गया है,
और यादों की बस्ती में तंग हो गया है
सवाल है मन में कुछ,
तुम पहचान लोगी क्या?
बिछड़ा कोई अपना मान लोगी क्या?
या फिर हमेशा की तरह मीठी मुस्कान
दोगी क्या?

और फिर सवालों की बौछार करोगी ना?
ना कोई खैर,
न कोई खबर,
बता कर जाते
तो क्या हो जाता,
और फिर खुद को रोक लिया
खुद को यही समझ कर कि
शायद तुम खुश होगी,
उस अपनी ही दुनिया में
बस खुद को रोक लेता हूँ
उस दहलीज़ पर कदम रखने से।

भूख

ऋषभ जैन, फिजिकल साइंस (कम्प्यूटर साइंस), द्वितीय वर्ष

यह जो पेट की भूख होती है ना
सारी ख्वाहिशों को मिटा देती हैं।
यह, सारे शौक भुला देती हैं
सारी इच्छाएं भी सुला देती हैं
नन्हे बच्चे की क्या कहूं, अच्छे अच्छे को भी रुला देती हैं।
मुश्किल होती है ज़िन्दगी, यह हमें उठना तो क्या!
झुकना भी सीखा देती है।
भूख से लड़ते जो यह उन्हें भी सुला देती हैं।
यारों रिश्तों की जो डोर है, बहुत कमज़ोर बनाई है खुदा ने,
गैरों का क्या कहूं, इज़ज़त से ना संभालो तो अपने ही भुला देती हैं।
दूर होते हैं सब अपने देखते-ही-देखते जन्नत में बुला लेती हैं।
रहमत है रब की जो कमजोर को भी दुआ देती है,
मां है बनाई उसने जो खुद भूखी रह कर बच्चों को पेट भर के खिला देती हैं।
उठता है जब वक़्त तो सोते हुए को भी उठा देती हैं
हल्के में मत लेना तुम ज़िन्दगी को, अपने पर आई ना
तो ये भूखा भी सुला देती हैं॥



GUNS AND GRENADES

Amit Raj, B. Com. (H), II Year

Dunes of Memories and Sands of Time
The hollow bark of dogs, trying to rhyme.
It was the darkest of nights but clearer than day
Off you go, for now, alone I'll stay.

You failed me when I needed you the most
Your promise of love disappeared like a ghost.
“My love, I'll love you always”, you promised,
With your hands you closed my eyes and kissed.

I bite my lips and curse in despair
Punch on the walls and pull apart my hair.
I am in a duel with me on either side
Burnt with lava and sinking below the tide.

Don't worry my love, for I'll be back
Out of cards but I still have my Jack.
All our memories tied in a sack and tossed into the sea
Enough worrying about us, now it's time for “me”.

You can check me for guns, I got grenades,
Swear on my grave, you'll wish you hadn't betrayed.
I served you every night, being your white slave
Now, give me your measurements, it's time to dig the grave.

Our relationship may have been between us
But your execution will be watched by all.
Let the world know, the one who says sorry isn't weak
And the one who cheats isn't so tall.

I blot the paper with only half of what I feel for you,
Imagine what is for you in store.
You've seen my shades of yellow and blue,
But my purple, my love, will shake you to the core.

When it comes to love, I know I messed up,
But dear sweet revenge, my love, “good luck”.



THE BEAD OF A SOUL

Prateek Kumar, B. Sc. (H) Botany, II Year

‘Twas a moonless night. He, Prudo, a most innocent boy, did kneel by his bed and he did pray, “O heavenly Mother, do descend from heaven and enlighten me for I do fear that I am too naïve for this world.” And, lo, unto him did appear the Almighty, and She did smile with a pleasant countenance at the agape boy. And She did touch his head with Her soft hand and spake, “Say, dear child. Do express thy most troubling of predicaments.”

And in a humble voice the boy did answer, “O Mother, I must first declare that I am a scholar who goeth to school for the very purpose of achieving academic excellence, very much like others. But, Mother, I am indeed afraid that the education I receive tainteth my mind.” Upon the boy’s confession, the Mother did say, “Child, thou must not fear the corruption of thy mind but must believe that thou art pure. The solution to thy predicament art within thyself.”

And unto Her, the boy did speak again, “Mother, ‘tis certain that thou knowest all and hence, thou art the greatest and the purest source of enlightenment. Therefore, I beseech thee to afford my humble soul with answers and free it from the smallest of vestiges of doubt that do lurk in my heart.” Unto his plea, the Mother did answer, “Surely, child. If thou dost require me, I must help. Speak without hesitation.”

“I thank thee, Mother” spake the boy, “for thy beneficence”. “They, who consider themselves venerable and knowledgeable, command me to learn about material things. But what about the spirit, Mother? Is understanding ourselves not important?”

The boy did sigh as she did listen, Her mien still serene. The boy did further state, “Mother, I do believe that virtues art vital for everyone. Is it not true, Mother?” And She did happily answer, “Yes child. It most certainly is.”

“Then why Mother,” the boy did resume, “do we study the planets and the sun? Why do we read about wars, Mother? What good art these to humanity? Who teacheth me and my peers about kindness, the most important of virtues? Art we to dwell in a world where humans fight with each other for pride and where love is a sin?”

The boy did heave another sigh and at once did say, “I know, Mother, I am, but too young to have such notions but when I behold people quarrelling and witness them scuffling, I do ask myself: What is to become of us all? Tell me, Mother, what must I do? Shall I abide by their rules and only learn about material things by rote or shall I help others instead to abate their ire and instill in them kindness somehow?”

And She did smile again and spake unto him, “Dear child, thou art innocent and pure. Thou thinkest of others. Thou art kind indeed. Thou must follow thy path. Do let them teach thee what they shall. But do not ever stop believing in thyself. Always be kind as thou art and be brave. And in following thy path, you must face thy fears with courage. Thou shall spread kindness with kindness. As I did say

before, thou may find the answers within thyself as thou grow. Thou only needest to believe for belief engendereth truth.” And upon her kind declaration, she did disappear out of sight.

The boy, thereafter, thus spake, “I thank thee, Mother. I shall believe in myself and create my own destiny.” He then did climb onto his bed, covered himself in his blanket and fell asleep blissfully as the night did silently proceed.

WHAT IS LIFE?

Neeraj Varshney, B. Sc. (H) Mathematics, III Year

What is life?

Is it a bundle of struggles

Or a difficult song?

Or a short word with a

Meaning too long?

What is life?

Is it a tempest

Or a conquest?

Is it a lesson of faith

Or a journey towards death?

What is life?

Is it a difficult question

Or a kind of sensation?

Is it a dream

Or a flowing stream?

What is life?

Is it a gift

Or a long shift?

Is it a comedy

Or a tragedy?

What is life?

All that we know

And yet don't know...

मुझे याद है

दीपांश, कम्प्यूटर साइंस, तृतीय वर्ष

गर्मियों की छुट्टियों का वो इंतजार याद है,
खेलते थे जो साथ में, वो खेल हजार याद हैं।
छुट्टियों के वे दिन भी कितने बेफिक्रे होते थे,
खेलते थे साथ में, कभी हँसते थे, कभी रोते थे।
इन्हीं शरारतों में पूरा दिन मशगूल रहते थे,
नियम हमारे खेलों के थोड़े ऊल-जुलूल रहते थे।
आउट होने पर मानने से वो इंकार याद है,
गर्मियों की छुट्टियों का वो इंतजार याद है।



शॉट ऊँचा मारने की जब हम होड़ लगाते थे,
पड़ोसी के छत गेंद जाने पर फिर लंबी दौड़ लगाते थे
पहली बैटिंग उसकी होती थी, जिसका बल्ला होता था
सुबह से लेकर शाम तक पूरे घर में हल्ला होता था।
टूटने पर काँच फिर, पड़ने वाली मार याद है।
गर्मियों की छुट्टियों का वो इंतजार याद है।

स्मार्ट फोन्स, टीवी, गैजेट्स से थोड़ी दूरी रहती थी,
छोटी छोटी चीजों में ही मस्ती पूरी रहती थी।
छोटे भीम और टॉम एंड जैरी में जान हमारी होती थी,
बेल बजाकर भाग जाना शान हमारी होती थी।
मामा-मौसी के यहाँ का वो मज़ा बेशुमार याद है।
गर्मियों की छुट्टियों का वो इंतजार याद है

सरहद

स्वर्णसंखा अचर्जी, बायोमेडिकल साइंस, द्वितीय वर्ष

हम रजाई ओढ़ कर भी शिकायत करते हैं।

और वो शौक से बर्फ ओढ़ लेते हैं।

हमें शादी की शेरवानी से भी शिकायत रहती हैं।

और वो खुशी-खुशी तिरंगे में लिपट जाते हैं।

हम पटाखे फ़ोड़ कर खुशियां मनाते हैं।

और एक पटाखा फट जाए तो उनकी ज़िंदगी में गम छा जाते हैं।

हर त्यौहार खुशी खुशी इसीलिए मना पाते हैं,

क्योंकि वो लोग कोई त्यौहार नहीं मनाते हैं।

हर सुबह उगता सूरज देख पाते हैं

क्योंकि वो लोग सरहद पर तैनात हैं।

हमें अपनी दुश्मनी से फुरसत नहीं।

और वो देश के दुश्मनों से लड़ रहे हैं।



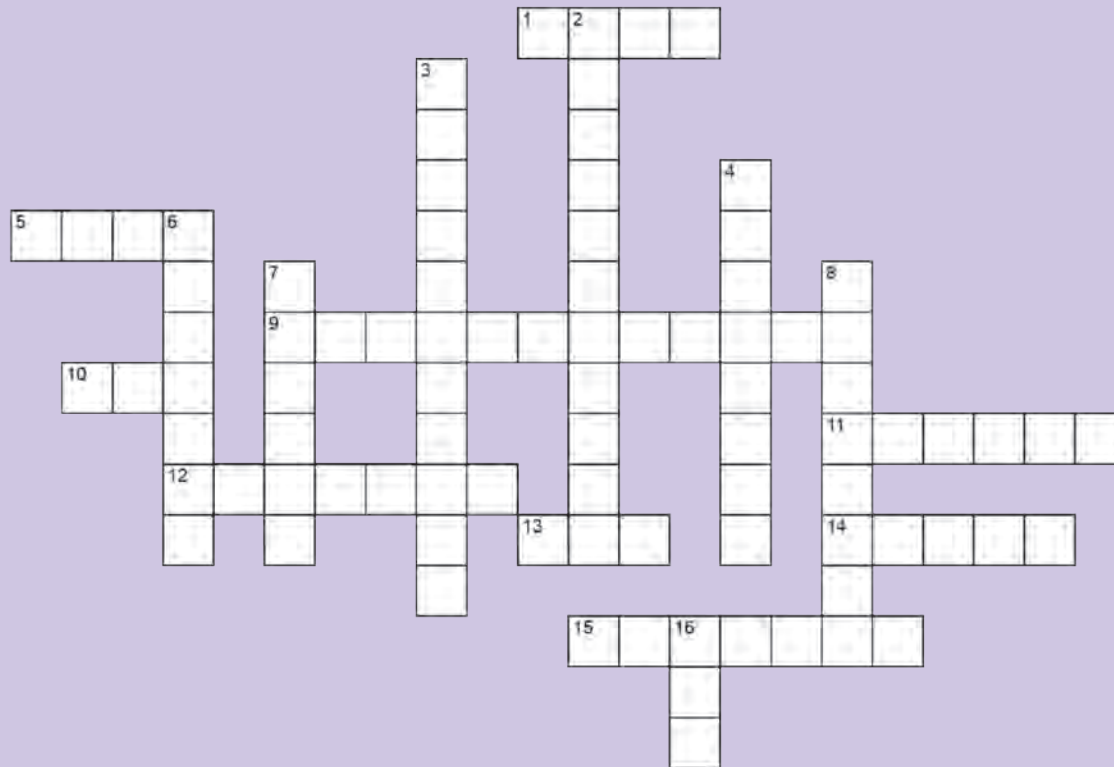
SUDOKU

Compiled by Kartik Mishra (Member, Students' Editorial Board)

	5	9			8			
		2	9			8		
				7	5	4	9	
1	8					2		9
			1	4				3
9			5				1	
7			6	9				
				1	4			6
	3	8				9	4	

CROSSWORD

Compiled by Kartik Mishra (Member, Students' Editorial Board)



ACROSS

- 1 parallel case(4)
- 5 rat race result(4)
- 9 word similar to the noises they describe(13)
- 10 Kendrick Lamar hit with a genetic title(3)
- 11 colds that last multiple lifetimes(6)
- 12 difficult; complicated(7)
- 13 they come in last, always(3)

14 cell terminal(5)

15 gets ensconced(7)

DOWN

- 2 related to fishes(12)
- 3 part, portion(11)
- 4 mercurial(8)
- 6 trade restriction(7)
- 7 Roman Military Unit(6)
- 8 vodka, Japan, typhoons and Eminem(8)
- 16 use one's peepers(3)

THE ANATOMY OF A MEMORY

Barsha Changkakoti, B. Sc. (H) Botany, II Year

Come here.
Sit down.
I would love to hear you talk,
But I fear your stories aren't that impressive,
So quieten for a while.
And let us time travel
To the dingiest nooks and
dustiest corners of my brain.
And as you tap your foot impatiently
against the floor,
I'll tell you of that dancer
Who danced without pause
for four days straight –
in that yellow room under the red light
For her lover
Who promised to return.
But oh! He never did.
And as she spun and glided and moved
in a rhythmic motion to a tuneless song
that played on repeat,
Her hands flowed along to what felt like longing.

I'll tell you about the colourful bangles my mother wore,
That would match her saree,
She looked so very beautiful
That every time, I almost never noticed the scars that they masked.

I'll tell you about the letters
which I wrote to the first girl
I ever loved.
They still lie hidden, all seven of those sepia pages,
And they still smell of pain that dwells in broken hearts,
Of young love tainted with time.

I'll let you in this other memory,
The most vivid of all,
Of that girl with the auburn hair
Whom I met, in this very bar,



At that table,
Who poorly flirted whilst she drank her Diet Pepsi.
Yet, had the most enchanting eyes that reflected the deep
stories that she was.

Oh!
You're leaving now because you're bored?
Spare me a minute, will you?
So that I can memorize your face.
Remember the curve of your smile
And the dimples on your cheek,
The length of your skirt and your fading mehendi.

I beg you don't leave before I do all these.
Otherwise, I will have nothing to talk about
To the next girl, I'll meet.
I am way too boring, you see.

हार जीत

भानुप्रताप शेखावत, फिजिकल साइंस (कम्प्यूटर साइंस), प्रथम वर्ष

परास्त हुआ हूँ मैं बार-बार,
हर ओर दिखती है मुझे हार-हार,
फिर भी नहीं रुकूँगा मैं!
फिर भी नहीं झुकूँगा मैं।

क्योंकि अभी मुझे जीतना है बार-बार,
फिर आगे बढ़ूँगा मैं,
फिर सबसे लड़ूँगा मैं!
अब ना मानूँगा हार।

परास्त होना क्या है चीज़
इससे मुझे लेनी है सीख,

फिर कोशिश करूँगा बार-बार,
क्योंकि अभी
मुझे जीत की है प्यास,
मुझे जीत की है आस।

मन भले ही है हताश;
लेकिन मन नहीं है निराश।
मुझे पहुँचना है सफलता के द्वार-द्वार,
क्योंकि अभी मुझे जीतना है बार-बार॥

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

Amrit Dutta, B. Sc. (H) Physics, I Year

It was the auspicious morning of *Makar Sankranti*. Subodh dressed himself in his finest clothes and got ready to leave with his friends for the grand fair organized in the nearby village of Patuli. Subodh, a child of ten, had got the second position in his annual exams. His father had given him rupees 40, three more than the sum of money his friends had in their pockets. He considered himself the leader among his group of five, at least for the day.

They walked their way, through the village paths, crossing over the fields to reach the fair at eleven. It was being held in a large field near the Ganga river. On the banks of the river, people were flying colourful kites. Funnily enough, the number of catchers was greater than the number of flyers. They made their way through the crowd and entered the fair. They were left awestruck by the colourful atmosphere. It was their day. They were free to do anything, if not for the limitation their pockets imposed. But the innocent children were happy with whatever little they had.

Subodh was enjoying, watching everything and was contemplating on how to use his share, when he noticed a crowd, gathering in front of the peepal tree. A banner spelled “Mind Game”. Under it, a man was seated on a mat, with 3 cards, the King of Spades, the Queen of Hearts and the Jack of Diamonds in front of him. He kept the cards face down, shuffled them randomly and said, “Hundred for twenty! Hundred for Twenty! Identify the Queen!” A young boy of about fifteen came and pointed at the middle one, after handing rupees 20 to him. The man opened the card and it was the Queen of Hearts! He congratulated the boy and handed him a 100 rupee note. Then, a middle aged man came and tested his skills and he too left with a smile.

Subodh was watching all this with great interest. Both the times, he had chosen (in his mind) the Queen. He was a smart student and had stood second. Well, rupees 40 is good but if he makes it 200, then he could have all the fun he ever imagined! He was sure that he would easily spot the card and was feeling sorry for the man who had no idea that it was not too hard to find it. But that didn’t discourage him to try his hand at it.

He sat in front of the man. The man shuffled randomly and Subodh, with a confident smile, handed over a 20 rupee note and claimed the first card. Alas! It was the King of Spades! But he was sure that the Queen was the first one. He realized that he had made a silly mistake of not being focused enough. He became upset and thought that he had lost half of his money. He could eat *Ghugni*, *Jhalmuri* and *Sitabhog* with all that money but lost everything in a blink. He decided to take back his money and give his remaining half to the man. This time, he observed each and every step carefully and kept track of the Queen. He chose the third one and was sure that he had not missed even a single stuff.

But out of nowhere, the Jack spoilt his game, once again. He was shocked and couldn’t believe it! He lost everything in a couple of minutes and wasn’t left with a single penny. The people around the stall didn’t seem to feel sorry and the man seemed untouched by his loss. Subodh held back his tears and with a broken heart, walked away aimlessly. Now the colourful air, the festive mood, all seemed to mock him. The music seemed like noise, the fragrance of food rancid. He watched his friends buying sweets. He could have bought more than any of them had he not succumbed to this foolery.

It was evening then and all the children had so many stories to tell after they got back to their village. But poor Subodh, spent the day sitting outside the fair, staring at the kites in the sky. He had wild dreams in his eyes which were now shattered. He stood up to leave, turned back and was surprised. His father was standing behind him. “What happened?” his father enquired. Subodh couldn’t say anything and tears came rolling down his eyes. He hugged his father tightly and cried his heart out.

His father told him to calm down and asked again. Subodh narrated the whole incident and felt sorry for picking the wrong card.

“No, son, don’t feel sad for picking the wrong one.” “But Dad, I lost all the money you gave me. I should feel sorry,” he said sobbing.

“You would have lost even if you had chosen some other card. He cleverly replaced the Queen with a King or Jack. I know this trick but never thought that someone would use it as a weapon of fraud. Those who won before you were his own people. If you have to feel sorry then it should be for playing in the first place.”

Subodh now realized his mistake. He would have lost anyway, no matter what. It was his first taste of losing his possessions and the reason was his greed. His father looked into his eyes and said, “No one gives anything for free in this world. If someone is offering to increase your money miraculously, understand what he gets out of it. As you grow up, you will see people playing lotteries, gambling in the hope of getting rich quickly. You will hear about the ones who turn from rags to riches in a moment. But son, there are thousands like you who lose everything in this meaningless pursuit. Nothing can replace hard work and you can do anything and everything if you are honest, patient and have faith in yourself. What one glorifies as a struggle, is actually the first step of a man towards understanding how the world functions.”

The sun had already set in the west. A smile lit upon the face of the young boy. He held the hand of his dad, kissed him and pointed towards the left. They bought a packet of sweet potatoes and *Jhalmuri*, and went back to Simuldanga, their village, eating and chatting all the way. All his worries vanished in a moment, in his father’s compassionate arms.

TOUCH

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

Your touch is like a river,

Flowing through my valleys and hills

Quenching the thirst of my soil,

That’s gone dry.

Nourishing it with your love,

It's been devoid of

Taking along with it,

The dirt of the invaders,

Leaving behind seeds,

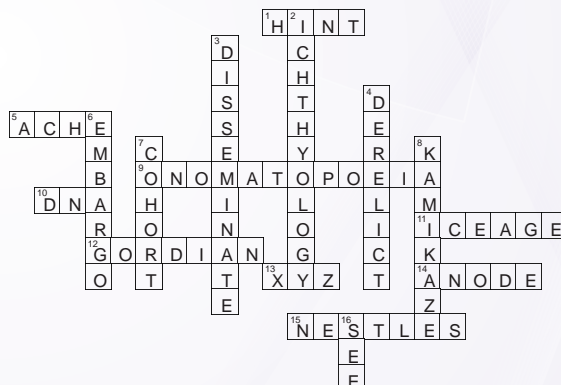
For our love to bloom.

ADULTING

Ipshita Mishra, B. Tech. Computer Science (2013-17)
Pursuing PGDM, Great Lakes Institute of Management, Gurgaon

It is 2019. We are two years out of college and well, for me, 31 days left for my post-graduation to be completed. Two years ago, at this time, I was spending every day thinking about my future and trying to get admission in a reputed college in the domain of Analytics for management studies. No, not everyone had figured out what they wanted to do further and believe me, it is overwhelming when you are the only one in your group of friends to have taken a step forward. Even then, certain moments remain vivid as if they are happening to you this very moment. Looking back at the last year spent at ANDC, memories merge with one another like a colourful film. The best takeaway for me from ANDC are my friends, their hands still go around me as we roam around and I still laugh like a school girl at their lame jokes. I remember celebrating the new year at a friend's house near college, taking random selfies between classes as the last photos of college life, going to Kalkaji for coffee or snacking whenever we got the time, celebrating birthdays, preparing for interviews for the to-be college, going places for interviews, getting shortlisted sometimes, sometimes not. In no time, college had ended but I was still tensed because making a choice is hard. Eventually, I made it to Great Lakes Institute of Management, Gurgaon. Things were a lot different here. With nearly 7 subjects in every trimester, different academic groups for each subject, different hobbies and committee activities of each individual, MBA is fast paced but not limited to the aforementioned. It gives you an amazing experience, hard to describe in words. Most people who come in are in the last stage of their studies and one gets to grow among such people, understand their perspectives, learn about their experiences and backgrounds, realize responsibilities and shape one's future. "Adulting" is an extreme sport indeed and having played it, I am looking forward to my joining Droom Technology under Product Management and Analytics. And even as I write this, I have a mid-term examination lined up for tomorrow, have filled out a Google form for contributing glimpses of our campus, made up my mind to perform on the upcoming Foundation Day and I am thinking of watching another movie with my girlfriends. Well yes, today I am spending every day wishing my college days last a little longer.

The 'Insight' Crossword solution



Sudoku Puzzle solution

3	5	9	4	2	8	1	6	7
4	7	2	9	6	1	8	3	5
8	1	6	3	7	5	4	9	2
1	8	4	7	3	6	2	5	9
5	2	7	1	4	9	6	8	3
9	6	3	5	8	2	7	1	4
7	4	1	6	9	3	5	2	8
2	9	5	8	1	4	3	7	6
6	3	8	2	5	7	9	4	1



TARK



ELECTROBLITZ



ACHARYA NARENDRA DEV COLLEGE
 (University of Delhi)
 NAAC accredited 'A' grade
Department of Electronics
 (under the aegis of DBT STAR College scheme)
ElectroBlitz
 The Electronica Society cordially invites you to a lecture by
Mr. Sourabh Basu
 Scientist/ Engineer 'SE' ISRO Satellite Centre, Bangalore
 On
**A preface into Wireless Communication and Elect
 Warfare**
 Date: 29th January, 2018 (Monday)
 Time: 10:00 A.M.
 Venue: College Conference Hall



CONTEMPORARY ENVIRONMENTAL CONCERNS 2018



Need of Gas sensors

Air pollution in India rises 13% in 5 years

- Increasing population demands
 - Increase in industrialization
 - Increase in automobiles
- Destruction of vegetation and formation of concrete jungles
- Airborne particles and toxic chemicals that make up the smog where merely breathing the air is, at its worst, like smoking 50 cigarettes in a day
- Most cities in India are failing to meet these National Ambient Air Quality Standards (NAAQS) by a wide margin.





'LEELA'- ANNUAL THEATRE PRODUCTION 2019







PLANTATION DRIVE



LIFE SCIENCE WORKSHOP






MATHEMATICS FEST



MICROBIAL TECHNOLOGY WORKSHOP - BOTANY






NICHE – The Zoological Society
(Under the aegis of DBT Star Scheme)
Organizes
Inaugural Talk
“Contemporary Approaches in Antimalarial Drug Discovery”
By
Dr. Shailja Singh
Special Center for Molecular Medicine
Jawahar Lal Nehru University
On
October 10, 2018

NICHE - INAUGURAL TALK



कॉलेज की पत्रिका

नीरज वाष्णीय, गणित, तृतीय वर्ष

कॉलेज की पत्रिका छप रही
यह मिला मुझे समाचार।

सोचा मैं भी कुछ लिख डालूँ
आर्टिकल या कविताएँ दो चार॥

कविता लिखूँ, कहानी लिखूँ,
या लिखूँ कोई लेख?

इसी सोच में बैठा हूँ,
सिर घुटनों पर टेक॥

समझ नहीं आता मुझे,
क्या लिखूँ, कैसे लिखूँ?

सोचा बहुत पर लिखने का
कोई कथावस्तु न मिली!

ये उलझन संध्या भी
रात्रि में बदली॥

पर मैं कैसे लिखूँ
ठहरा जो अनुभवहीन

इन्हीं विचारों में खोकर
टूटे-फूटे शब्दों में,

यह सारी कविता लिख डाली
आशा है सब पढ़ेंगे बारी-बारी॥

फिर याद आती है

अखिलेश पांडेय, भौतिक विज्ञान, द्वितीय वर्ष

फिर याद आती है,
वो गाँव की गलियाँ वो मिट्टी की खुशबु।
वो निर्मम सा पानी वो रंग आसमानी॥

फिर याद आती है,
वो पापा की डांट वो मम्मी का लाड।
वो बाबा की ठाठ वो दादी का प्यार॥

फिर याद आती है,
वो मक्के की रोटी वो सरसों का साग।
वो मक्खन का घुलना वो दूध का स्वाद॥

फिर याद आती है,
वो चिड़ियों की चह-चह वो जुगनू की चमचम।
वो बैलों की घंटी वो उपलों के टीले॥

फिर याद आती है,
वो होली का रंग वो दीवाली के संग।
वो पीपल की पूजा वो तुम सा न दूजा॥

फिर याद आती है,
वो बारिश की रिम-झिम वो मेढ़क की टर्-टर्।
वो बच्चों की पलटन वो गाँव की हल-चल।
फिर याद आती है॥

FROM SCIENCE TO SOCIAL SCIENCE

Shrutika Jha, B. Sc. (H) Biomedical Science (2015-18)

Pursuing MA Social Work in Criminology and Justice, TISS (2018-20)

Looking back, March-April 2018 seems like a nightmare. There was this impending sense of failure and no assurance of any sort of a bright future. The results of many M. Sc. entrance exams were awaited; exams that I had taken purely because I had been brought up to keep going in the direction of the natural progression from B. Sc. to M. Sc. But amidst these, I had taken a short detour to a Social Work course at Tata Institute of Social Sciences, Mumbai. I never really thought I would actually get in, it just felt like one last attempt to do something different. But somehow, the forces aligned to help me crack this entrance test. My pre-interview test was based on the research I had done on the experiences of the parents of disabled children under ELITE in my first year, exposure to research that other undergraduate colleges usually don't provide. My interview was based on the numerous street plays I had done with *Dhwani* and the skills I had acquired there. Theatre taught me how to manage numerous things at the same time, be it academics or *Dhwani* or the Editorial Board; I tried to give my 100% to everything. This was only possible because theatre gave me the confidence to believe in my abilities and the people around me helped me out at every stage possible. It taught me how to lead a group of 50-60 odd people, to look out for everyone's individual needs and the needs of the group at the same time. It taught me how to take decisions, not just at a personal level but also decisions which would affect the society as a whole. It taught me how to deal with people external to my immediate group; be it the teachers who were handling various things or the students and event managers of other colleges, I learnt how to be assertive while being polite. It taught me the power and importance of research; every play we did, every short skit we performed was thoroughly researched and discussed. In essence, theatre, and ANDC taught me the basic skills every social worker needs. The transition from Science to Social Science was in no way easy. Everyone I meet has the same question, "Why did you change your field?" It is easy to answer the questions because I deeply believe in it. But it is not as easy to sustain this change in my life. I have had to read papers and authors that I had never read before. I have had to compete with students who have been studying all these things since their undergrad days. Every time I feel that everything is utterly new and maybe I should just quit, I remind myself about how much I love this newness, this field. I remind myself that it is never too late to learn and never too late to embrace your happiness.

INDIAN HERITAGE AND ENVIRONMENTAL CONSERVATION

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

We are humans and these days humans have become cold – made insensitive not by the winter chill but by greed – greed for money, for comforts, for material happiness. We need resources to satisfy this demon. We need something to exploit this and we need something to dig out from, all for this imposter. We look around and find that we are standing on it – the immensely large resource reservoir – Nature!

All that we want, we find on earth. We are intelligent enough to find it, we are capable and hence we misuse our capabilities. We acquire resources by any means. We know we are intelligent, educated, learned, and we pretty well know what Mahatma Gandhi said: “Earth provides enough to satisfy every man’s needs, but not for every man’s greed”. But somewhere along the way, we deliberately forget this or just forget to interpret the intended message.

We live in perceptions of what we think the other person said and work on those perceptions, knowing not whether that is right or wrong. Otherwise, we would have better understood what our ancestors taught us, what our scriptures tell us, what our heritage imparts to us – the way of living in harmony with Nature.

We can just go and ask our parents and grandparents, they will tell us about a lot of plants and animals being considered sacred since time immemorial. Peepal, banyan, bel, ber, neem, and tulsi are worshipped everywhere. So, people worship them and thus, do not harm them. And from a third person’s perspective, we can understand that the tree is protected from being cut and conserved for generations to come.

We can see a similar relationship being shared with a number of animals since ancient times. We all know there are certain animals or birds associated with each God like ‘Garuda’, the eagle, is the vehicle of Lord Vishnu, ‘Nandi’, the ox, is the *vaahan* of Lord Shiva and the lion is associated with Goddess Durga, the snake around the neck of Lord Shiva are all just some examples to quote from the innumerable list. This strikes our conscience that the animals associated with the Gods are themselves divine. So we pray, we feed and we care for these animals. We don’t even think of harming them because they are sacred. And so again, seeing things from a third person’s perspective, we see, in the long run, these animals are protected.

A similar kind of relationship is what we share with some rivers and mountains like the sacred Ganga and the Govardhan hill which we all have heard was lifted by little Krishna using his little finger. And till date, people worship and thus, protect these. Though, in the case of Ganga, all the piousness we have shown has polluted it but back then it was clean and as holy as ever.

So these are ideologies that have been instilled in our communities by the wise and learned men of the ancient times who could foresee how essential these components of Nature are. Communities learned, practiced and passed it on to their younger generations, giving origin to our heritage. Certain things instituted by those ancient communities are like sacred grooves. All of us have heard about it in our geography textbooks, considered a pretty boring subject. Those are actually the *kavu* and the

nagathara of our hometowns – small temples inside a forested land, where local people worship their local deity. So, all the plants and animals in and around that region are worshipped and not harmed. People fear the wrath of God if they do any harm to any living thing in that region, even a thing as small as an ant.

All these conservation techniques that the wise *rishis* and authors of the scriptures found is what I would like to call - “protection by divinity”. They proclaim something is divine and the people believe that the divine is not to be harmed, simple!

Then later there were texts like Kautilya’s *Arthashastra* and the *Manusmriti*, which directly claimed that harming animals is a sin and they also instituted specific punishments for various types of harm done to animals and plants which included an act as trivial as teasing an animal.

Our epics are full of short stories and small incidents which elicit the concern for Nature in a subtle and simple way. In the Ramayana when Hanuman was instructed to get the *mrita-sanjeevani* plant to heal Lakshman, he brought the whole mountain because he was not able to identify that particular tree. Later, after Lakshman was healed, the *vaidyaji* told Hanuman to go and keep the mountain back at the exact place in the exact same position, explaining to him that objects of Nature, in their original position, have a lot of purposes to fulfil, and if changed, will lead to adverse effects.

The most handsome of Gods, Lord Krishna, was a cow herder, always found with cows and calves, caressing them and many a times, playing his ever melodious flute.

Coming forward in time, looking at one of the greatest kings, Ashoka, who was very strict with his rule that animals should not be harmed in any way. To remind people about this order he put up stone edicts at different places in his kingdom.

So these are tales of the care people have shown for Nature as we can see in our Indian heritage. The greatest of this which we have got from our Indian heritage is the idea of seeing the earth as our mother and that we live by her mercy, her help. This idea could have been propagated with the thought that if we worshipped the earth as our mother, we would not harm it. But alas, we are living in an age where we would even harm our mother to get what we want, whether that is money or worldly pleasures. This age is blinded by greed and is exploiting all our resources, ruthlessly.

Teachers have taught us in school, parents have discussed with us and things are written in the scriptures but we care not a bit for these things. It has harmed us a lot, all this ignorance. We have cyclones, tsunamis and earthquakes, we have global warming killing our crops, we have famines, droughts and demonic floods. The floods in Kerala, the time people saw hell in God’s own country, at the end of which, all that we could do was to just count the dead bodies of humans and animals, counting the losses incurred in all terms – social, financial and mental. If we could give up our greed, all the exploitation we did, we could have had a better life, a more beautiful life, even though it would be simple and less fancy.

We know what happens if we don’t care for Nature and we know how to care for Nature. In the ancient times, wise men shaped the life of the communities in such a way that they lived in harmony with Nature and not in a tiff with Nature. And this is why we are part of a wonderful heritage, our Indian heritage, the heritage of Bharat Mata.

We, on our part, just need to get up, dust off our regrets, go back and learn from our heritage.

राष्ट्रहित और राजनीति

उज्ज्वल कुमार मिश्रा, गणित, द्वितीय वर्ष

राष्ट्रहित के पक्ष में जब भी कोई कुछ बोला है,
शब्दों को तोड़-तोड़ कर उन्होंने जहर घोला है।

जात-पात का मुद्दा बनाकर एक दूसरे को काटा है,
राजनीति के नाम पर हरदम देश को बांटा है।

मंदिर मस्जिद का मुद्दा हर चुनाव से पहले आते देखा है,
हमने तो यहां चुनाव में पाकिस्तानी झंडे फहराते देखा है।

अनपढ़ बनते मंत्री यहां इस देश का युवा ठोकर खाता है,
फेसबुक और ट्विटर का पोस्ट लोगों का धर्म बताता है।

जब कभी किसी ने अबला के दामन पर दाग लगाया है,
राजनीति के आग में वो घी का काम आया है।

रक्षक बने हैं देश के भक्षक दोगले देश चलाते हैं,
खुद चलना नहीं आता जिन्हें वो हमें चलना सिखाते हैं।

बलात्कारी और आतंकी है मासूम यहां पर,
देश की रखवाली करने वाले सैनिक पत्थर खाते हैं।

और जिनको कुछ कभी समझ में नहीं आता है
वो हमें राजनीति का पाठ पढ़ाते हैं।

बहुत हो चुकी राजनीति यहां हमें अब जागकर आना होगा,
राजनीति का मतलब क्या है अब उन्हें समझना होगा।

राष्ट्र विकास की बात अब हर युवा यहां बोलेगा,
खत्म होगा भ्रष्टाचार यहां से, जय भारत संसार बोलेगा।



बताओ और क्या करते?

विजय प्रताप सिंह ठाकुर, वनस्पति विज्ञान, द्वितीय वर्ष

जब खुद सामने से पूछ बैठे, इश्क है किससे;

जो ना उनसे नज़रें चुराते हम, तो बताओ और क्या करते?

वो खत जो लिखे थे उनको, मगर पहुंचा ना सके;

जो ना उनको फिर जलाते हम, तो बताओ और क्या करते?

वो गमगीन दुनिया, कोई था ना जिसको हँसाने वाला;

जो ना उनको फिर हँसाते हम, तो बताओ और क्या करते?

वो जो ख़्वाब में मेरे खुद ही चले आते थे;

जो ना उनको फिर बुलाते हम, तो बताओ और क्या करते?

वो मेरे गुस्से से रूठा है, या हंसी से मेरी;

जो ना उसको फिर मनाते हम, तो बताओ और क्या करते?

वो जो शीशे और हीरे में सदा अनजान रहते हैं;

जो ना फिर अंतर बताते हम, तो बताओ और क्या करते?

वो जिसको जहां ने सदा ठुकराया, कमतर माना;

जो ना अपना बनाते हम, तो बताओ और क्या करते?

वो शमा-ए-इश्क ही बुझने लगे तो "मोहित" क्या करे,

जो ना उसको स्याही चटाते हम, तो बताओ और क्या करते?

LIFE FIGHTS

Amit Kumar, B. Sc. (H) Mathematics, III Year

Life shows us its true shades

In dismay, it slowly fades.

Time heals one's scar

Ahead of time, life buries them so far.

Life forces us to fight

But it is hard to strive.

Life is dull yet so bright

Full of hopes and beautiful sights.

Sometimes fierce, full of atrocities.

At other times calm, a paradise serene.

In this life so profound, some wail,

And others miserably fail.

Life was always this capricious.

Those who believed succeeded to sail.

Life, like a deep dark wood

Yearns for a shimmering good,

Glow and scatters its essence

To all sad and gay souls.

SOCIETY SPEAKS

Compiled by Divyansh Vijay Singh, Koyel Ray and Sakshi Saraswat (Members, Students' Editorial Board)

We have a lot many societies in our college which work round the year and knowingly or unknowingly create a great impact on the society in general. It might not be evident to us right now, but their efforts are definitely creating a ripple effect!

Let us know what the different societies of our college have to say about their initiatives this year, which have brought a change even in the smallest way possible.

Dhwani

Nukkad natak or street play, as we all know, has been a great way of creating awareness amongst the common public. In the past few months, *Dhwani* has performed a street play, '*Hawabaazi*' at various places like Nehru Place, Govindpuri Metro Station, Aastha Kunj Park, DLF Saket etc. The play revolves around the problem of air pollution in Delhi (which holds the status of one of the world's most polluted cities) and its impact on the people living here.

The play also initiated the idea of Right to Breathe, the role of the youth in the current alarming scenario and the ignorant behaviour of political parties and the people themselves. It obviously brought to light many issues and problems which increase the pollution manifolds as well as talked about the contribution we could make as responsible citizens in checking this problem.

The kind of awareness that was generated among the masses was heartening.

Paritantra

Eco Club *Paritantra* @ANDC has made various efforts to protect the resources of our environment. Here's a glimpse of the events organised in the previous year!

Save paper and ultimately trees: Handmade dustbins were prepared by the different departments to collect the paper waste generated in classrooms and labs so that direct or indirect wastage of paper can be controlled.

Paper Recycling: All kinds of papers from practical files, notebooks and answer sheets were collected for recycling from all the departments of the college.

Plantation Drive: The most important event of the year was the plantation drive which was conducted on the college campus. Saplings of neem, tulsi, asvagandha, aloe vera etc. were planted by the students, teachers and non-teaching staff of ANDC in the college as well as in their homes.

Different competitions were organised by the Society like quiz competition, poster making competition, slogan writing etc. A very interesting competition organised by the Eco Club on the occasion of *Sahyog, Diwali Mela* was *Akhbare Libaas* in which newspaper dressing was done by the students. The idea was to use waste paper and to enhance creativity in the students. A rally was also organised against the use of crackers in the neighbouring areas. Along with the rally, a *nukkad natak* was performed by the students at metro stations and on the streets of Govindpuri on the same theme.

The Eco Club also collaborated with *Dhwani* and Mayra to organise a competition on the theme of environment conservation and successfully gave out the message to the masses. It also distributed

glasses and spoons made of steel to each and every student to avoid the use of disposables which are harmful for our health as well as for the environment.

NSS

"NOT ME, BUT YOU" is the motto inculcated in NSS volunteers through community service. The Society worked extensively in various domains including blood donation camps, Swachh Bharat, social service at adopted villages, different awareness workshops etc.

During the admission process, the volunteers took up duties to streamline the process for the newcomers. It created a conducive environment for them and a sense of cooperation was generated.

Swachhata is an integral part of our society. So, NSS celebrated *Swachhata Pakhwada* in and around the college. Door to door visits were undertaken to make people aware about cleanliness. School children, who are the future of our society, were involved through videos and competitions where they could actively participate. The result of this hard work was seen when common people also joined the cleanliness drive.

The blood donation camp organised by NSS attracted a large number of students who volunteered to donate blood. This showed their willingness to work for a social cause. Throughout the year, NSS celebrated different days as Unity Day, Voters' Day, Vigilance Awareness Week, Road Safety Week etc. It provided an opportunity to learn new things and created awareness for the same. The engagement of the students displayed their sense of duty towards the nation. NSS volunteers participated in the National Integration Camp where they got an opportunity to work with people from diverse regions. It was a great experience and proved the saying, "Unity in Diversity" true.

NSS is working for a better future making its volunteers spread the message of "NOT ME, BUT YOU" in the community. The young minds working for community service will surely give positive results for the society.

TARK – Think Argue Refute Kindle

Moving along the lines of these words, Tark ensures that an opinionated youth is created. The Society believes that a big change can be brought by taking small steps.

An informed youth can lead to a better future and that's exactly what Tark aims to do.

It follows a no-rejection policy and tries to instill confidence in each and every student through various practice sessions, workshops and guest lectures. This year, a step was taken forward and MUN (Model United Nations), a new form of debating, was introduced to the students through a session with an expert. It not only gave exposure to them but also motivated them to participate in MUNs and bring laurels to the Society! Through these sessions, the Society tries to hone the skills of the students, for they're our future.

THOUGHTS

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

Thousand thoughts one has in mind,
some beautiful, some vague, some bad

I wonder if it is possible to sit thoughtlessly
with a blank mind and blank expression.

Every now and then there must be something
going on in your wonderful machinery called brain.

I wonder if it is possible to stay blank!

To me it seems impossible

You see, I turned from thoughts to the mind,
the origin of thoughts

But does it connect to the heart?

How I wonder...

I believe they come from the brain

Our brain is more than what we think, it acts as a manipulator!

See, it entered my thoughts unknowingly.

Now let us move back to where we started – thoughts

Our thoughts hold the power to control our actions, to control the world.

Imagine if we could not think...

I can't even imagine it!

Your thoughts may try to hold you back or give you the zeal to march ahead.

But who is going to decide which thoughts to follow, which way to go?

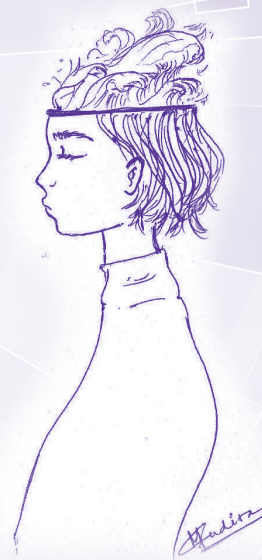
It's just you!

But we are silly to let our thoughts and actions be shaped by society,

What the society thinks, for us, that matters the most.

Give it a careful and timely thought, reach a conclusion and you will yourself find out the truth.

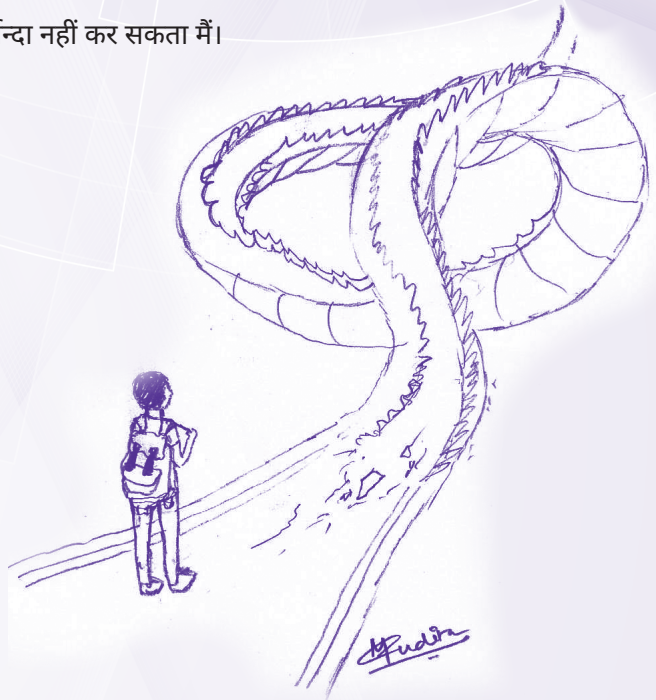
When you have arrived at the right conclusion, no one will ever be able to stop you from turning your thoughts into reality.



राह

विकल्प वाजपेयी, फिजिकल साइंस (इलेक्ट्रॉनिक्स), प्रथम वर्ष

मैं तुम्हें राह दिखा तो दूँगा,
पर साथ नहीं चल सकता मैं।
ज़िंदगी की बहती धारा में
और विमर्श नहीं कर सकता मैं।
खाली बैठने से लगता है मन खाली,
अब अपने सपनों के संघर्ष में पीछे नहीं हट सकता मैं।
बाधाओं की नींव दृढ़ निश्चय से गहरी हो नहीं सकती
ठोकर खाकर भी पीछे हट नहीं सकता मैं।
सबका नज़रिया है, अपने विचार है और अपनी सोच है,
उनकी बातों का सम्मान करता हूँ पर अपनी सोच नहीं बदल सकता मैं।
टालमटोल करना है तो ज़िंदगी भर करते रह जाऊंगा,
थोड़ी और मेहनत कर लूं,
अब और इंतज़ार नहीं कर सकता मैं।
हाँ, है मेरे कुछ ख्वाब जो जुगनू बन मेरी आँखों में चमकते रहते है,
अब तो रोज कुछ सीखना है, आने वाले दिनों को शर्मिन्दा नहीं कर सकता मैं।



THE DYING ARTIST, THE BURNING DOLL

Barsha Changkakoti, B. Sc. (H) Botany, II Year

Baba returned home late at night. He clutched his *dhoti* with one hand and in the other carried a white packet. "I have brought *jalebis* for you", he announced, his sunken eyes gleaming with excitement. That only meant one thing in this destitute household. It was the time of the *Navratras*. He had finally got his full payment and had spare money for the delicacy. My lips curved to form a weak smile. The child in me danced with joy, the son in me wept.

Baba was a full-time barber and part-time effigy maker. The scissors were sewn in the family history and were passed down to the next generations. The paintbrush that fuelled Baba's talent was a gift from *Dadaji*. However, poverty had crushed and reshaped both of the tools to fulfil the sole purpose of livelihood. Baba worked day and night to make both ends meet, just enough to feed and clothe us, not enough to fix the roof over our little heads.

We all went to see the *mela* the next day. The place was lit up with lights but it was the people's smiles that seemed to make it brighter. Food stalls of *jalebis*, *mathris*, and cotton candy lined the place. Little children, holding their toy cars in one hand and ice cream in the other, filled the space. Balloons were bought and released. That day rupees 10 for once didn't mean as much as it did on the others. And in the midst of it all, stood the immaculate paintwork of the mighty Ravana. The meticulous work of a glorious man, the work of my Baba!

Baba shed a tiny tear as it was lit amidst the enjoyment and fanfare. No one seemed to recognize him. The artist. No one to appreciate perhaps the only thing that brought him joy. As he held me close, I looked at him. This man I loved, respected. He had spent plenty of his days cutting greasy hair and feeding the egos of well-groomed men. The flames did engulf his art today but the artist in him burnt every day, with every strand of hair that he cut, every stroke of his brush and every drop of water that fell on the floor, reminding him of his incompetence.

Next day, I sat out for work. The leaking roof had to be fixed before the next Dussehra.

SCIENTIFIC PLAY FOR EASY SCIENCE COMMUNICATION VIRUS: BATTLE BETWEEN VIRUSES AND THE IMMUNE SYSTEM

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

Virus: I am going to enter the body, no one will see me (enters). Now I will go to the cell and make my progeny there! (evil laughter) Ha ha ha!!!

Event I [The virus attaches to the cell membrane and injects its genome]

Immune system (To T-helper cell): I have realized that some invaders from outside have infected the body. Go and try to find its nature and try to bring one hostage so that we can identify it and take further action.

Event II [Troops of T-helper cells go looking for the invader]

T-helper cells (to each other): Oh look! There's the foreign invader!

T-helper cells (unanimously): Attack!!! Remember, we have to take one back for identification!

T-helper cell (to the immune system): My Lord! This is the foreign invader! As you commanded, we have brought it here to have its nature analysed.

Event III [the immune system concludes that the foreign invader is harmful and requires immediate action for its elimination]

Immune system (to T-killer cell): Brave troops of T-killer cells, the Saviours...Go and destroy these viruses immediately. They mean us great harm.

[In a parallel event, the immune system also orders the B-lymphocytes to make antibodies against those specific viruses]

Killer cells (to each other): As per the order, we have to kill all these viruses by attacking them immediately so that we can provide the body with some relief.

Event IV [the Killer Cells kill the viruses]

B-lymphocyte: We have got the order to make antibodies. All of you, start at once so that we can protect the body from these hostile invaders the next time they attack! Get down to work!!!

Event V [Antibodies are prepared for the specific type of virus]

[Now antibodies go and surround the cell which is infected by the viruses]

Antibody1 (to others): I suspect, the invaders inside the cell are making their progeny there.

Antibody2 (to Antibody 1): Yeah, you are right! The same realization dawned upon us too!

Antibody3 (to Antibody1 and Antibody2): The battle is in our favour. Our troops greatly outnumber them!

Antibody4: These viruses are going to be sorry for waging a war against us. Attack!

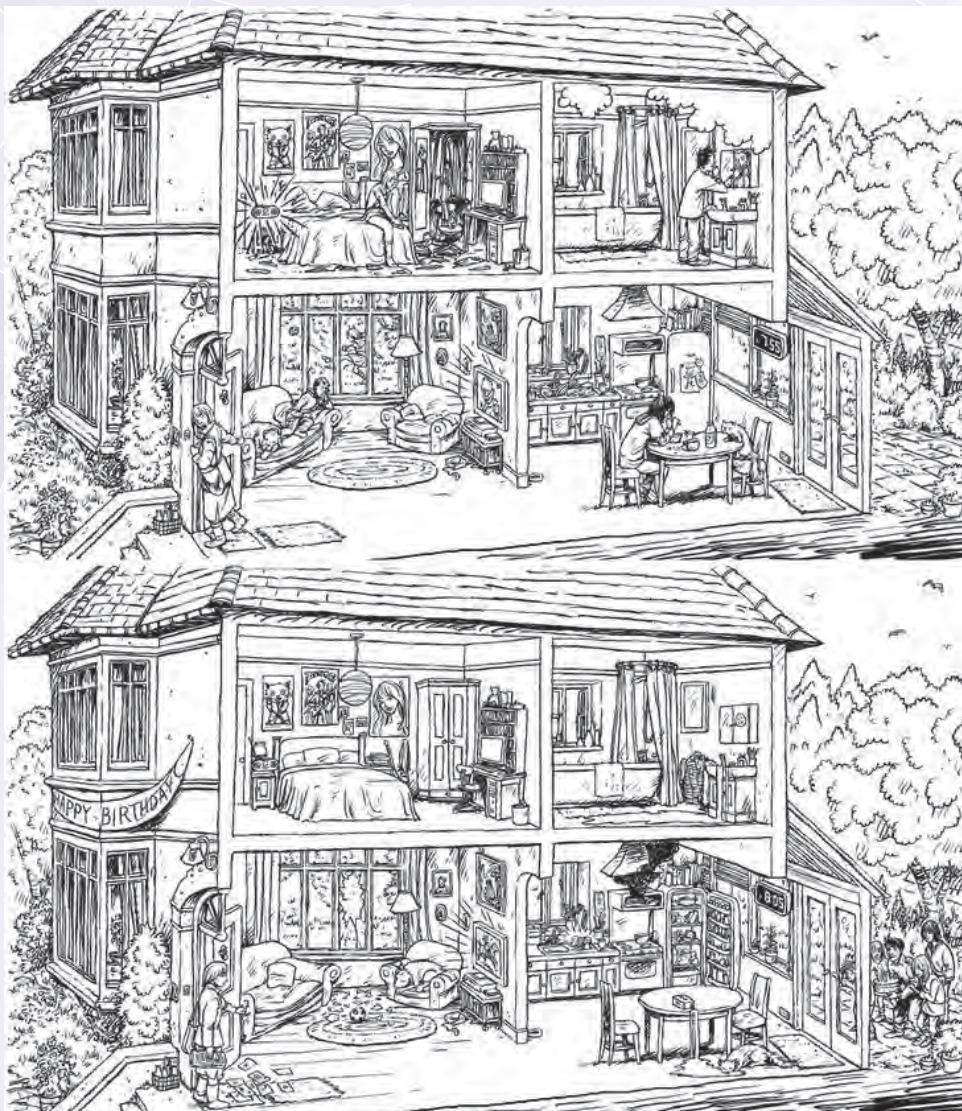
Event VI [a fierce battle between the antibodies and viruses takes place and continues for a long time. Finally, the antibodies emerge victorious with viruses succumbing to death.]

Antibody N (to immune system): Some antibodies have been destroyed during the battle. We have survived the battle. Is there anything more you want us to do, my Lord? Please tell us.

Immune system (to Antibody N): Well done! The antibodies that have remained after this battle (for the specific antigen) should be converted into memory cells so that immediate response can be mediated in case of a secondary attack.

Event VII [the remaining antibodies are converted to memory cells]

This was a play about the battle between viruses and our immune system – VIRG. And our immune system has won, overtaking the harmful viruses!



SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

AWARENESS SURVEY ON THE LGBTQ+ COMMUNITY

Compiled by Sakshi Saraswat, Sarah Parwez, Kartik Mishra (Members, Students' Editorial Board)

The LGBTQ+ community consists of individuals who don't align with their birth-assigned sex, identify with different sexual orientations, the third gender, or no gender and don't restrict themselves to societal labels and norms. The rainbow flag represents their community, depicting the spectrum of sexualities that exist.

India witnessed one of its most colourful days on 6 September, 2018. The Supreme Court of India decriminalized homosexuality by deeming the colonial, 157-year-old Section 377 of the Indian Penal Code, "unconstitutional". The news was welcomed with great enthusiasm. Immense joy resonated nationwide with pride flags being hoisted up everywhere and the community celebrating its new-found freedom.

An awareness survey was conducted by the Students' Editorial Board to gather an idea regarding the on-campus awareness about this issue. We circulated our questions via Google forms and were overwhelmed by the astounding 233 responses that we received. We were pleased to see that nearly 90% of all the participants were aware that homosexuality was previously illegal. It was good to see that at least 54% of the respondents knew what the initials LGBTQ+ (Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, Queer) meant; but only about 20% answering correctly that 'Q' stood for both "queer" and "questioning". 66.46% of the students were aware that the abolishment of Section 377 signified legitimacy for carnal intercourse, as opposed to the 33.2% who wrongly believed it meant same-sex marriage legalization. Over 59.6% of the participants agree that the rainbow community has opened up and become freer ever since the decriminalization.

As 92.5 % people were unaware of the term SSOGIE, it becomes important to describe what it stands for. SSOGIE is a particular definition used by the Global Interfaith Network (GIN) for people of all Sexes, Sexual Orientation, Gender Identity and Expression.

Even though queers have been a part of many ancient scriptures from the subcontinent, transgenders face discrimination in India even today! 65.9% of the participants believe that the stereotypical representation of the community in the media has invoked taboos and feelings of mild homophobia. Over 58% of the participants considered themselves free from such taboos and rated themselves 8 and above. It was incredible to see that 14.7% of the participants rated themselves 4 and below; thus, honestly admitting that they still have such notions about the community.

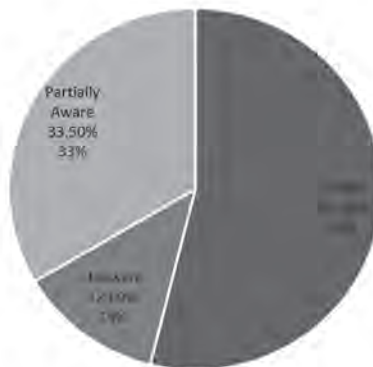
Being ignorant isn't half as dangerous as choosing to remain ignorant. When we admit to our lack of understanding and open up to educate ourselves, we move towards creating a more harmonious future where everyone and anyone, regardless of whether they are cis/trans, straight/bisexual, binary/non-binary, is safe and free from hate, bigotry and discrimination.

Were you aware that homosexuality was illegal in India, before it was decriminalized in 2018?



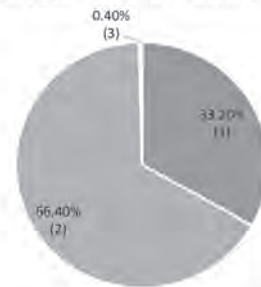
■ Yes ■ No

Are you aware what LGBTQ+/LGBTQIA stands for and what individual terms mean?



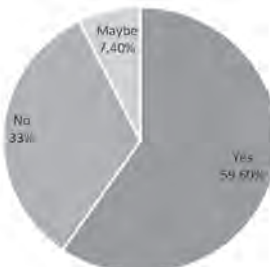
■ Aware ■ Unaware ■ Partially Aware

What does 'decriminalization' of Section 377 in India mean?



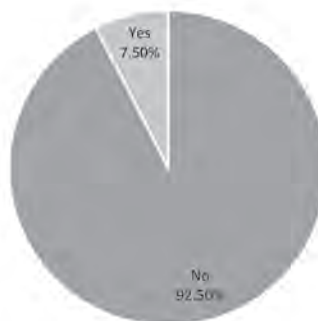
- (1) Same gender couples can legally marry
- (2) Sexual activity between people of the same gender is legal now
- (3) Same gender couples can adopt children

Do you think the removal of Section 377 has helped the rainbow community to be more fearless and free?



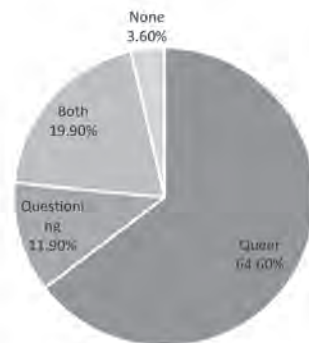
■ Yes ■ No ■ Maybe

Have you heard of SSOIE before?



■ No ■ Yes

What does 'Q' in LGBTQ stand for?



■ Queer ■ Questioning ■ Both ■ None



Transgender



Other gender



Gay



Transgender



Genderless



Hetero



Lesbian



Non-binary transgender



Intersex



Bisexual

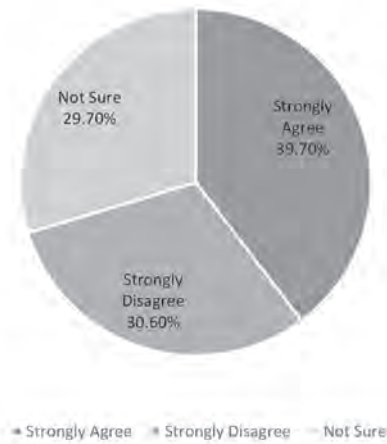


Male

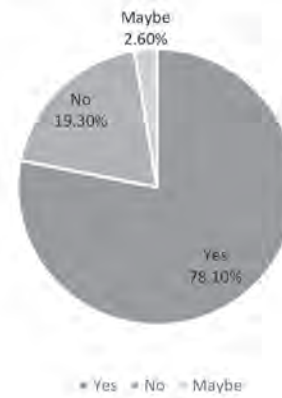


Female

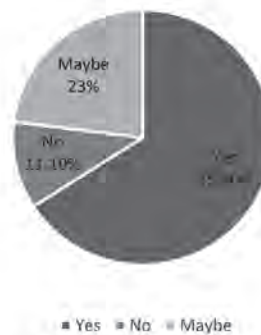
LGBT is a new-found; new age community.' Do you agree?



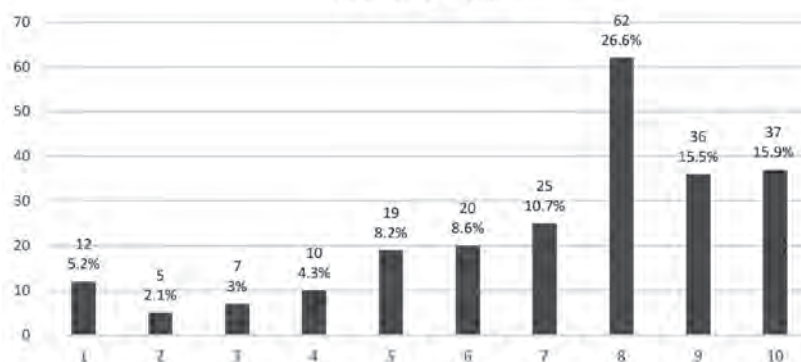
Do you think the transgender community in India faces discrimination even after decriminalization of Section 377?



Do you think the stereotypical portrayal of homosexuals in films/TV shows and other media forms encourage taboos against them?



A lot many taboos exist against the LGBTQ+ community. If you had to rate yourself showing how free you are of such taboos, what would it be?
(233 responses)



#ME TOO

Compiled by Barsha Changkakoti and Sarah Parwez (Members, Students' Editorial Board)

The #MeToo Movement was a movement against sexual harassment and sexual assault that became viral in October 2018 as a hashtag on social media. No one knew, at that time, that a simple hashtag would create such a major wave among the masses and become such a debatable topic. This movement, which started with a mere spark, lit a fire so bright in the hearts of the victims that it finally engulfed all their fear and gave them a voice.

Women from many fields took to various social platforms to share their stories with the hashtag #MeToo. In a patriarchal society like ours, where talking about sexual abuse is considered a taboo, this movement allowed women to talk about their harrowing experiences and assured them that they are not alone in their struggle.

It's been months since this movement gained momentum but the topic of sexual abuse and harassment still remains an untouched one. We've only just scratched the surface. This movement, that became a phenomenon overnight, has certainly helped survivors raise their voice but has also been criticized much. Despite everything, this movement has taught us one thing and that is, harassers do not discriminate. This movement is just a small step in our journey to bring about a change, raise our voices and help survivors of sexual assault do the same.

Here are some of the people who, in keeping with the spirit of this movement, have shared their opinions on #MeToo.

"The MeToo Movement was the culmination of years of pent up frustration of the whole community that has tirelessly attempted to fight issues such as patriarchy and misogyny. However, the movement is not a fight between the two genders. It is a collective fight towards a healthier mindset and a culture where no section of the society is dominated by the other and where differences are celebrated instead of leading to discrimination."

Dr. Geetika Kalra, Convenor, Sashakt

"The victims are raising their voices but are we listening to them? Their stories are our stories, their problems ours. We must be grateful for their intrepidity in telling their stories and deter the calumny that they face, for they are leading us to the assaulters and helping us build a world where no one will ever have to say 'me too' again."

Prateek Kumar

B. Sc. (H) Botany, II Year

"The light of the Me Too movement has reached every nook and corner of the globe and has helped women to gain the confidence to come up and speak against the harassment they've been facing for so long. This has not only revealed the true faces of the famous personalities but has also empowered the women of smaller towns to fight against injustice."

Diksha Tiwari

B. Sc. (H) Botany, II Year

"Yes, of course, it was a movement that changed the "appearance" of our society completely and I am glad it took place, changing so many lives, hopefully, for the better. These stories need to be heard."

A. S. Anudeep

B. Sc. (H) Physics, I Year

"We heard the victims. But there was no justice seen."

Sarah Parwez

B. Sc. (H) Zoology, I Year

"I feel that the celebrity list is longer. If we go through all the speak ups about this movement, most of them are from Bollywood and the incidents happened in the 90s. It's a great start to put your "back" emotions ahead. But there is no doubt that several people misused this movement which is not fair."

Komal Sharma

B. Sc. (H) Zoology, II Year

"It started with a good motive. But just like in the US, it took a turn for the worse and false accusations were a big part of it. Still #MeToo was an eye opener which exposed many faces."

Viren Tyagi

B. Sc. (H) Physics, I Year

"It's really heartening to see people opening up. But at the same time, I fear wrong allegations and the authenticity of each allegation. It's high time that people find the courage to put forth everything in the moment they suffer."

Rohit Kumar

B. Com. (H) II Year

"Wrong voices are also being raised in the name of Me Too. Also, strict action should be taken against the defaulters but after proper verification."

Supreet Shukla

B. Sc. Physical Sciences (Computer Science), III Year

PUBLIC COURAGE BEHAVIOUR WEAKNESS
POWERSEXING EXPLICIT DISCRIMINATION
SHAME COMPULSION JOB CATCALLING GENDER
SEXUAL TOUCHING WOMEN FEAR CONCERNS
MEN RUDE **#MeToo** SILENCE
DREAD SEXUALLY
PRESSURE HARASSMENTSEXING RAPE
INTERNET SEXISM JUDGEMENT ATTACK
SUPPRESSION INAPPROPRIATE INTIMIDATION
ASSAULT SECRET PATRIARCHY PERVERT

"Although the authenticity of all the stories cannot be confirmed, the least we can do is to stand by the women or men who show immense courage by sharing stories of their sufferings. We should not shun their narratives away because if we don't support them today, we might be in their shoes tomorrow."

Asutosh Tiwary

B. Sc. (H) Zoology, III Year

"This movement has encouraged people to share their survival stories and testimonies which motivated other women to come out and speak for themselves."

Samridhi Uppadhyay

B. Sc. (H) Botany, II Year

"People shouldn't be criticised for how long they took to tell about it".

Anonymous

HILLS AND CHILLS

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

In December 2018, I went to Gangtok and Darjeeling with my parents. The trip was of 7 nights and 8 days.

Gangtok – The Buddhist Heaven!!!

Gangtok, the capital of Sikkim, is located in the eastern Himalayan range at an elevation of 5,410 ft. **Mount Kanchenjunga**, the world's third highest peak is visible from this city.

We took a flight from Delhi to Bagdogra (West Bengal) and then headed towards Gangtok by road. We had already booked a taxi to Gangtok. There was huge traffic in Siliguri but the journey was pleasant on the hills. We reached our hotel in about 4 hours 30 minutes which was located at a distance of about 500m from the Mall Road of Gangtok. At 7:30 pm, after freshening up, we went to **Mall Road** for dinner. M.G. Marg (Mall Road) was gleaming in the dark. It is the hub of shopping and cultural activities in Gangtok. Mall Road is a brilliant place to interact with people and learn about many new cultures and traditions. As far as food is concerned, Gangtok serves both vegetarian and non-vegetarian food.

The next day, we went for some local sightseeing. The weather was too cold with heavy rain, yet it was enjoyable. We first went to **Ridge Park and Flower Exhibition Centre**. The place was not very large but it had amazing collections of flowers of many different types.

Namgyal Institute of Tibetology (NIT) was our next spot. It was spectacular to see statues, coins, *thangkas* (scrolls with hand paintings and embroidery work), Tibetan artwork and objects and ancient manuscripts in Sanskrit, Tibetan, Chinese and Lepcha. Thereafter, we went to **Ban Jhakri Waterfall** – a 100-feet waterfall located in a landscaped park with a forested area close to Ranka Monastery. Ban Jhakri means “Jungle Priest”. The water was very much clear and flowed with great intensity.

Ranka Monastery (also known as **Lingdum Monastery**) has the most beautiful view I have ever seen. When we reached the car parking area, we saw a series of prayer wheels fixed on a long wall. It



was a two-storey building and had several classrooms where the young *lamas* undergo training. Our car driver informed us that during breaks, the courtyard is crowded with the young monks wearing their red and saffron robes. When I entered the prayer room, I was astounded to see a huge golden statue of the Buddha. The walls had intricate hand paintings. Outside the prayer hall, magnificent views of the mountains could be seen.

Our last viewpoint for the day was **Bakthang Waterfall**. There's not much to say about Bakthang Waterfall!



We planned to visit **Nathula Pass** but unfortunately, we couldn't get the permit due to heavy snowfall over there. We were given access only till **Tsomgo Lake**. On the way to the lake, we covered **Tashi Viewpoint** and **Ganesh tok**. From both of these points, Kanchenjunga can be seen, covered with white snow against the blue sky.

Tsomgo Lake or **Changu Lake** is a glacial lake located at 12,310 ft. It took us two hours to reach there

by car. Ropeway rides and yak rides were some special ways to absorb the adorable beauty of the place.

We spent our next day in **Namchi** (meaning "sky high"). It is located at a height of 5,500 ft. On the way to Namchi, we saw **Temi** tea gardens which were wonderful. I was delighted by the calmness of that area. Namchi, has the biggest statue of Guru Padmasambhava and the replica of all the four centres of pilgrimage in India (*char dham*).

Throughout the trip, I was astonished to see that the women-folk take care of the shops and other activities like tea farming whereas the male members are engaged in driving or other jobs. It seemed that there is employment for all.

This completed our Gangtok tour and we headed towards Darjeeling the next morning.



Darjeeling – The Queen of Hills!

Darjeeling is located in the Lesser Himalayas at an elevation of 6,700 ft.

We had two days in Darjeeling and hence, planned to go for local sightseeing on the first day and Mirik valley on the other.

In local sightseeing, we saw **Padmaja Naidu Himalayan Zoological Park, Himalayan Institute of Mountaineering, Tibetan Refugee Self-Help Centre, Peace Pagoda, and Rock Garden**. Each was unique in its own way.

Next day, we went to **Tiger Hill** from where we saw a clear sunrise. As the sun rose, its rays dived through the sky and the Kanchenjunga peak, covered with snow, appeared golden-orange. It was so magnificent...I just loved it!



On the way to **Mirik Valley**, we visited the **Nepal border** and a market in that area. There were numerous tea gardens on the way. Each looked like another planet decorated with tea leaves. It was spectacular!

How can I forget the **Toy Train** of Darjeeling! It was a small steam engine (diesel engines were also there but I was much more fascinated by the steam engines, a remnant of the British rule) pulling mini coaches up the steep mountains, through breath-taking landscapes and crossing almost impossible curves and gradients using sheer engineering ingenuity and

creative skills. Toy train joy rides operate from Darjeeling Railway Station. It's a two-hour round trip from Darjeeling up to Ghum and back, covering a total distance of 14 kms. There are several such round trips throughout the day. The train stops for ten minutes at the Batasia loop. On that route, is the Ghum Monastery which is one of the oldest Tibetan Buddhist Monasteries of Darjeeling.

The **Mall Road** of Darjeeling (also called as *Chowrasta*) is the hub of many art galleries and local food stalls (momos and chowmein). There are many shopping centres for tourists and the rates over there are reasonable. But I was disappointed with the noise and heavy crowd of Chowrasta.

To sum up, I feel that Gangtok is much more beautiful and serene for tourists. There were no barriers in communication at either of the two places – everyone understood Hindi very well. The shops close earlier compared to Delhi, especially on Sundays. In both these hill stations, the steep slopes and the frosty weather were a challenge for me.

MARK THE DATES!

Compiled by Kartik Mishra, Koyel Ray and Asutosh Tiwary (Members, Students' Editorial Board)

Wondering what to do after Bachelors? Wondering to be or not to be? Don't sweat! Research! If you know things, half your problems will disappear. Note these important exams and their tentative dates!

Exam	Tentative Schedule
TOEFL	Monthly, round the year test dates
IELTS	Monthly, round the year tests
JAM	Application in September, Exam in February
TIFR	Application in October, Exam in 2nd week of December
BHU-PET	Application in February-March and Examination in May
DU-PG	Application in May and Entrance in June
GRE	Year round, one may take the test upto 5 times a year
CAT	Apply in August and be tested in November
CDS	Exam is organised twice a year in February and November

Hello there! Don't you doze off seeing this high and mighty stuff! Practically everybody thinks about an M.Sc. or Civil or Management after their Bachelors but those are tedious and dull.

Why not explore and do what you're really passionate about? Following are the areas and tests that will take you in the direction of your desire...

	Entrances/Programmes	Colleges/Centers
Defence	AFCAT, CDSE, Graduate Direct Entries	NA
Law	BHU-UET (Law), DU LLB, LSAT-India, IIT-Kharagpur	Faculty of Law (BHU and DU), IIT-Kharagpur (Rajeev Gandhi School of Intellectual Property Law), Jindal Global Law School
Humanities	History, Political Science, Literature, Art, (there are so many that can't be listed)	JNU, DU, BHU...
Computer Science	Embedded Systems, VLSI, AI, ML	University of Madras, IIIT Hyderabad, IIT Mumbai
Photonics	Masters	The International School of Photonics, CUSAT, IIT Madras, Manipal Institute of Technology, IIT Delhi
Performance Arts	Masters in Performance Arts, Dramatic Arts	DU, University of Mumbai, NSD
Content Writing	Henry Harvin, Content Writing Training	Online and Offline Local Centres
Geology	Masters in Geology	Indian School of Mines, Jadavpur University, DU, BHU
Fashion	Master of Design, Master of Fashion Management, PG Diploma in Fashion	Pearl Academy, Global Institute of Fashion Technology, International Institute of Fashion Design, NIFT
Mass Communication	PG Diploma and Masters in Mass Communication and Journalism	IIMC, SIMC Pune, Christ University, Delhi School of Communication

Never sweat, for those good old courses ain't so bad, eh?

Masters in respective majors and then research or join the plush jobs in the academia or jobs in public and private sectors!

Civil Services are so hot! Not at all old school!

Management; CAT, MAT, XAT, CMAT, GMAT, you get the point?

Government Jobs (SSC, CGL, Bank, Railways) are as evergreen as chlorophyll!

Some wanna fly the plane! So, pull up your socks for GRE, GMAT and Individual Applications (those are gruelling, SOPs anyone?) accompanied by language proficiency tests like TOEFL, IELTS etc. But, what matters most is the research. Research about the country, courses, application procedure, deadlines, applications for scholarships and assistantships. Organize letters of recommendations and statement of purpose. Start preparing 15 months before admission and be organized! And don't miss the dates!

Life after Bachelors is just the first step, your career is an island in the ocean, the journey long and arduous.

Good luck!

EDITORS SPEAK



I love to read and write but mostly music is the thing that keeps me going. I'm interested in creative writing and debating. Simple things in life make me happy and so does food!

Asutosh Tiwary
B. Sc. (H) Zoology, III Year



Making your own choices isn't easy. There's going to be a lot of struggle to succeed in whatever path you choose to tread on. There will always be someone better than you. Take it as a motivation to strive harder. You must believe in yourself and endeavour to furnish a better version of you.

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



A wise man once said that in order to write good stuff, you need to read. And that I did. Being a member of the Editorial Board, I got to do much more than read articles. Gaining insight into people's thoughts and working diligently with my fellow mates imbibed in me a sense of dedication and ignited a passion that often goes missing amidst a routine life. I am very grateful for this opportunity.

Barsha Changkakoti
B. Sc. (H) Botany, II Year



Working as an editor, along with my seniors, was a novel and wonderful experience. I've always had a calling for art and the Sciences and I'm beyond grateful to my parents for inculcating and supporting my passions. I'm also greatly fond of travelling and watching animated movies in my spare time.

Sarah Parwez
B. Sc. (H) Zoology, I Year



It won't be wrong to say that being on the Editorial Board has made me believe in the power of words, more than ever before!

Being a part of *Insight* since my first year has been a great learning experience and to say that I'm ready to leave, would be no less than a lie!

Sakshi Saraswat
B. Sc. (H) Zoology, III Year



कविता इंसान को उसके मन और आत्मा से जोड़ती है। मुझे खुशी है इस महाविद्यालय ने मुझे हिन्दी सम्पादन के क्षेत्र में कार्य करने का अवसर प्रदान किया। यह महाविद्यालय विद्यार्थियों में निहित प्रतिभा को निखारता ही नहीं अपितु उसको समझने का अवसर भी प्रदान करता है। धन्यवाद!

राजकमल
बी.एससी.(विशेष) रसायन विज्ञान, तृतीय वर्ष



Now that I'm not new in this game, I can say with certain certitude that putting words together is a delectable exercise. Working on the editorial team of *Insight* has taught me to value others' time, respecting engagements, fine tuning, giving principal preferences and accepting criticism.

Among the many delightful writings that students sent, some were outright cringe worthy but helped me expand my constricted human horizon. I had a rainbow experience reading etchings by people very different from me and fortified in me a belief that thoughts and meanings are infinite and consist of myriad colours.

Kartik Mishra

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



The famous scientist, Paul Dirac, once said, "Science and literature are both opposite to each other, contradictory". But as I see it, they are complementary. In poetry, we try to say something that everybody is aware of but nobody understands and the same goes with Physics.

That's why I am drawn towards both of these fields. Both are an important part of human experience. Knowing about Nature and our culture can only be done by Science and literature together, not separately. That's why I am a Physics student and also on the Editorial Board of this magazine.

Physics and poetry make up my personality.

Akash Gupta

B. Sc. (H) Physics, III Year



साहित्य का कर्तव्य केवल ज्ञान देना नहीं है, परन्तु एक नया वातावरण देना है।

मेरे लिए लेखन अपने और समाज के बारे में बेहतर समझ पैदा करने में सहायक हुआ है। मुझे इस बात का हर्ष है कि सम्पादकीय मण्डल का सदस्य होने के साथ ही विभिन्न रचनाओं को पढ़ने का भी अनुभव मिला।

रोहित नैलवाल

बी.एससी. फिजिकल साइंस(कम्प्यूटर साइंस), द्वितीय वर्ष



भावों को माध्यम देना भाषा है, और उस भाषा को एक विशेष आधार में रेखांकित करना साहित्य है। संपादकीय मण्डली का सदस्य बनकर मुझे इस साहित्य को और समझने तथा विश्लेषित करने का अवसर मिला।

'आचार्य नरेंद्र देव महाविद्यालय' की 'इनसाइट' पत्रिका निश्चित ही छात्रों और साहित्य प्रेमियों के लिए लगातार महत्वपूर्ण योगदान दे रही है और मुझे गौरव है कि मैं इस पत्रिका का संपादकीय सदस्य रहा और अपने साथी संपादकों के सहयोग से महाविद्यालय के छात्रों की रचनात्मकता को समझने और उसे संपादित करने का अवसर प्राप्त हुआ।

शैलेन्द्र कुमार

बी.एससी.(विशेष) इलेक्ट्रॉनिक्स, तृतीय वर्ष



वहीं से खुलते हैं जहाँ के सब रास्ते, वहाँ ना जाऊँ तो कहीं भी जाऊँ कैसे?

कुछ ऐसा ही रिश्ता है मेरा और साहित्य का। पुस्तकों से प्रेम हमेशा से रहा। लिखता पहले भी था और आगे भी लिखता रहूँगा, परन्तु सम्पादन का कार्य करने का अवसर पहली बार मिला और यह अनुभव अद्वितीय रहा, अपने ही हमउम्र रचनाकारों की रचनाएँ पढ़ना और उनमें सुधार करना अद्भुत व अविस्मरणीय रहा। यह अवसर प्रदान करने के लिए धन्यवाद 'इनसाइट'।

दिव्यांश विजय सिंह

बी.एससी. फिजिकल साइंस(रसायन विज्ञान),
द्वितीय वर्ष



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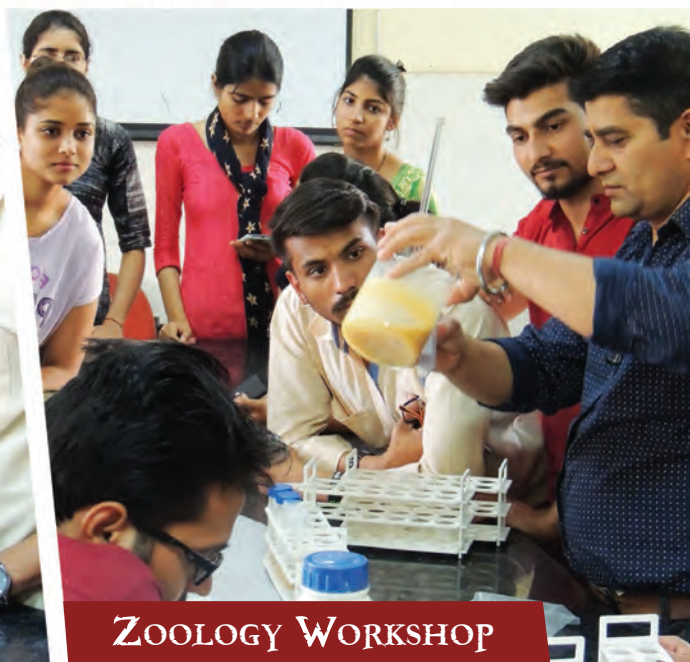


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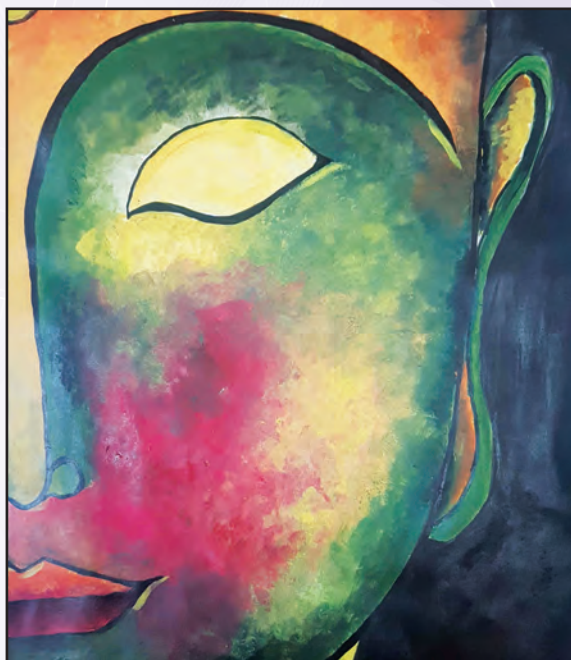


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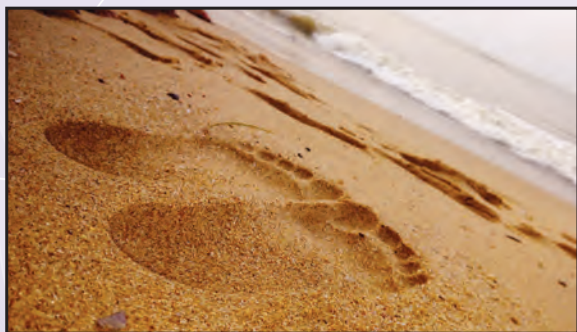


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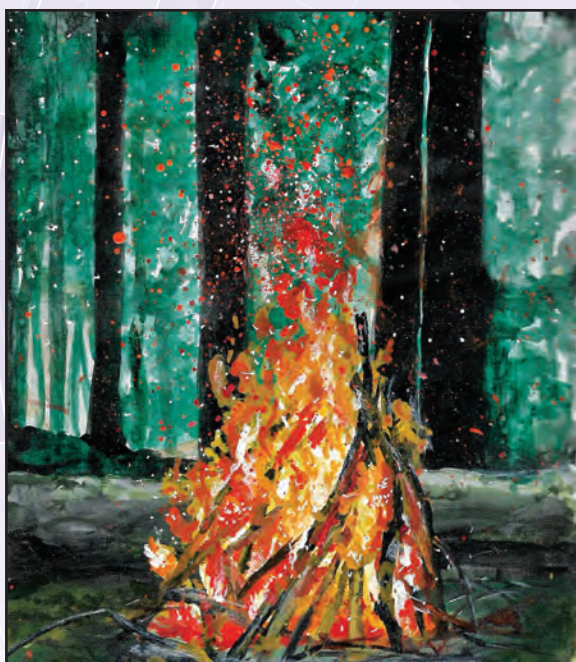
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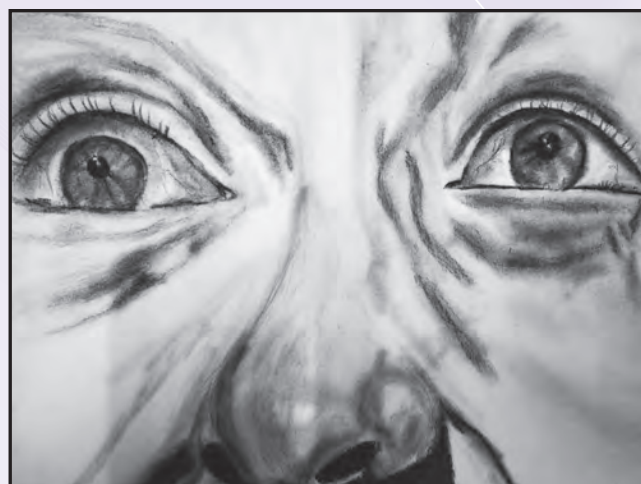
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The Editorial Committee acknowledges the contribution of the following students towards sketches:

Mudita Sanjive, B.Sc.(H) Computer Science III Year; Surbhi Singh, B.Sc.(H) Zoology II Year; Koyel Ray, B.Sc.(H) Bio-medical Science II Year; Sadaf Samra, B.Sc. Life Sciences III Year

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