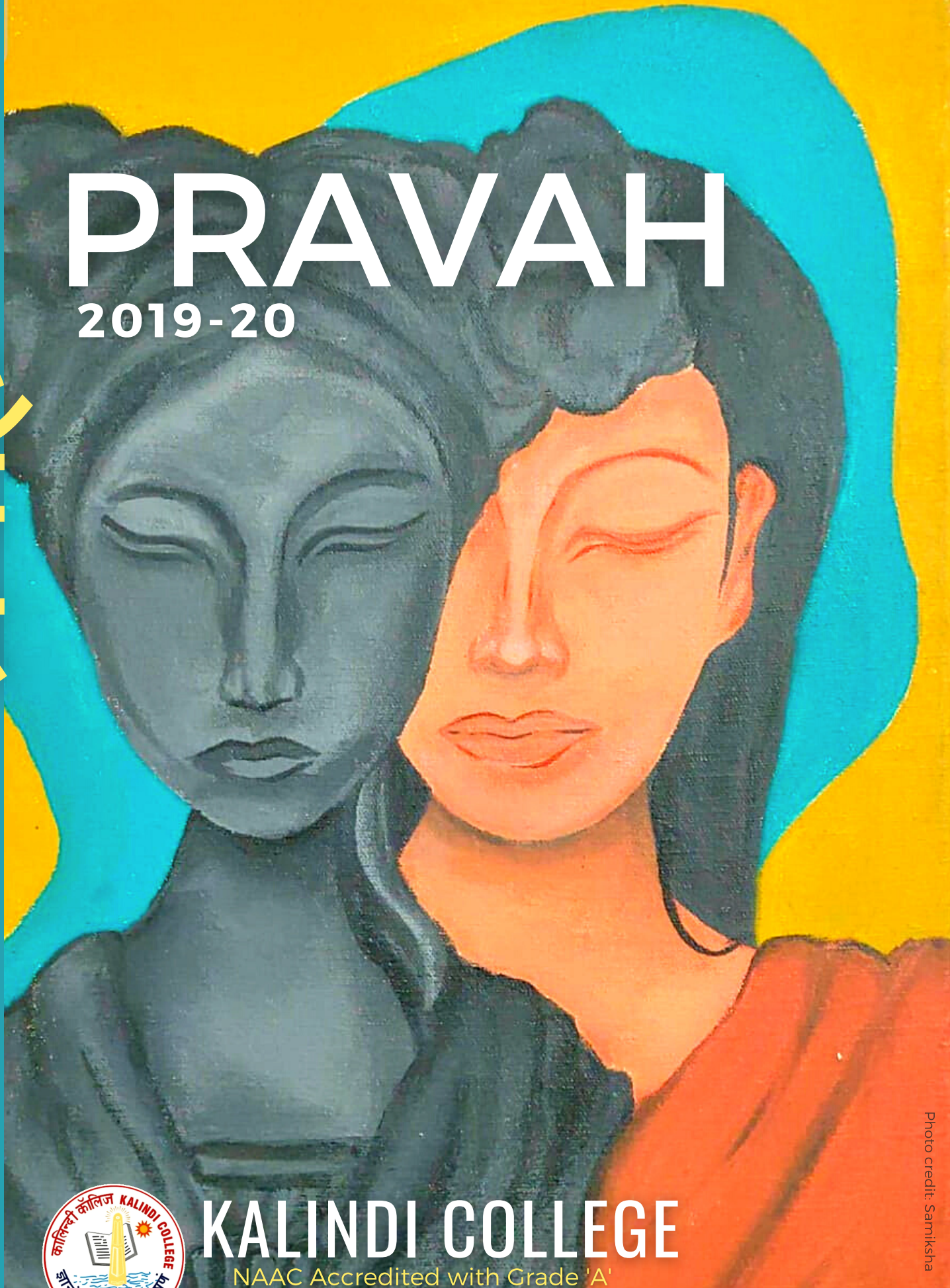


PRAVAH

2019-20

प्रवाह



KALINDI COLLEGE

NAAC Accredited with Grade 'A'

UNIVERSITY OF DELHI



प्राचार्या की कलम से...

कोरोनाकाल के इस दौर में सम्पूर्ण विश्व असंतुलित नज़र आ रहा है। सभी तरफ अराजकता, निराशा, अवसाद, भय, अशांति का मंज़र है। विश्व में फैली अशांति और निराशा का कारण संवादहीनता की स्थिति है। सूचना-क्रांति के युग में सूचनाएं, संवाद का रूप धारण कर समाज का कल्याण कर सकती थी परन्तु अब वह केवल शोर बनकर रह गयी हैं। वर्तमान दौर बोलते जाने का, बोलते-बोलते उस हद को पार कर जाने का है जिसे शोर कहते हैं। इस शोर में सुनने का कोई स्थान नहीं। सुनने से पहले प्रतिक्रिया देने की प्रवृत्ति ने समाज में संवादहीनता की स्थिति को जन्म दिया है।

‘संवाद’ स्वस्थ समाज के निर्माण के लिए मूलभूत आधार है। वर्तमान परिस्थितियों ने हमारी सामाजिकता और उसे ठोस आधार देने वाले संवाद पर गहरी चोट पहुंचाई है या कहें तो इन्हें नवीन संदर्भों एवं स्वरूपों में व्याख्यायित किया है। ‘संवाद’ प्रत्येक समस्या का समाधान माना जाता रहा है लेकिन अनेक कारणों से उत्पन्न संवादहीनता देश और समाज के लिए विध्वंसकारी होती जा रही है। समाज, वर्ग, धर्म, समुदाय, जाति, पीढ़ी, लिंग के मध्य बढ़ती संवादहीनता ने अराजकता की स्थिति उत्पन्न की है। जिस भारतवर्ष में छोटी-छोटी घटनाओं, अवसरों एवं त्योहारों में सामाजिक संवाद होते रहते थे, आज वही सामाजिकता ‘दो गज की दूरी’ में सिमट गयी है। नये परिवेश में सामाजिक-दूरी स्वस्थ समाज के लिए अनिवार्य शर्त बन गयी है। यद्यपि संवाद की निरंतरता को अन्य माध्यमों से बनाए रखना भी स्वस्थ समाज के लिए जरूरी है।

‘दो गज की दूरी लेकिन संवाद भी है ज़रूरी’ – इसी सूत्रवाक्य को ध्यान में रखते हुए इस वर्ष की ‘प्रवाह’ पत्रिका का यह अंक ‘संवाद’ विषय पर ही आधारित है। मैं ‘प्रवाह’ पत्रिका के इस अंक के प्रकाशन पर स्वयं को गौरवान्वित महसूस कर रही हूँ। कालिंदी महाविद्यालय की छात्राएं अपनी रचनात्मक प्रतिभा से समाज की समस्याओं को उकेरती रहीं हैं और इस वर्ष भी ‘संवाद’ विषय पर छात्राओं ने अपनी रचनात्मक ऊर्जा का परिचय दिया है।

छात्राओं के मार्गदर्शन हेतु मैं समस्त कालिंदी-परिवार को धन्यवाद ज्ञापित करती हूँ जिनके भागीरथ प्रयासों से छात्राएं निरंतर प्रगति के पथ पर अग्रसर हैं। ‘प्रवाह’ पत्रिका के इस अंक की संयोजिका सुश्री मोनिका जुत्सी (अंग्रेजी -विभाग), सह-संयोजिका डॉ. मंजू शर्मा (हिंदी-विभाग) और उनकी सम्पूर्ण टीम को बधाई देती हूँ जिनके सहयोग एवं निर्देशन से पत्रिका का यह अंक आपके हाथों में है और विशेष रूप से छात्र-संपादकों को हार्दिक शुभकामनाएं देती हूँ।

धन्यवाद !

Anjula Bansal
डॉ. अंजुला बंसल

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Greetings! We are proud and pleased to present to you our latest edition of Pravah.

The theme of Pravah this year is "Dialogue/ Samvaad". We are today in the midst of a time of great conflict. Globally there is an increasing tendency of seeing all opinions and beliefs in black and white, right and wrong, us and them. It appears as if we are unable to appreciate the many shades of grey that lie between these extreme positions of black and white. What is worse is that these notions are now becoming so entrenched that we, empathetic human beings, are unable to be more open-minded.

By definition, a discussion allows people to air one's views and learn about others' perspectives, with an understanding that the latter would be considered in a fair-minded way, and was usually conducted in an open-ended manner till recently. Now, however, most "discussions" soon turn into quarrels due to the compulsive need of the participants to establish their viewpoint as the "only right one" and to "prove" that they are "right". All this has led to an alarming bitterness in our interactions with one another and an even more heightened sense of division of "us" versus "them". This pattern has percolated into almost all aspects of life, be they affiliations that are national, ideological, political, religious, community, or gender, etc.

We must realize the irreparable harm that this is doing at the social and individual levels, and bring a soothing balm into our daily interactions through dialogue or samvaad, a conversation with a genuine sense of open-hearted curiosity about those who hold divergent views. As our youth look to the future, they see that the need of the hour is this sense of dialogue with the purported other. This is the only way to seek refuge from divisive conflict and its consequences of brutal violence, obsessive xenophobia and inevitable ghettoization.

No publication is the work of an individual. We are grateful to our Officiating Principal, Dr. Anjula Bansal for her support. A number of colleagues and students have made their contribution to this edition: Thanks to each one of them, though there are too many to name in the limited space available here. We also appreciate the hard work put in by the entire team of student editors: Tushita Sinha from III BA(H) English and Antara Dutt from II BA(H) English (English Section), Kavita Saini and Neha Raikwar, both from III BA(H) Hindi (Hindi Section), and Shri Mishra from III BA(H) Sanskrit (Sanskrit Section).

We hope you enjoy this edition. Happy reading!

**Ms. Monica Zutshi
Editor**



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Pravah 2020

प्रवाह



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Student Editorial

The whole of human existence is an exchange. It is an exchange of ideas, emotions, solicited and unsolicited opinions and advice. And since we haven't yet developed a way to read brain synapses, we make this exchange through dialogue. So, for this issue of *Pravah* we decided to have a dialogue about dialogues.

There's a reason why the adage, 'Think before you speak', hasn't gone out of fashion. But does that constitute a dialogue? How about adding to this adage – 'Think while you listen'? In this world of information overload, while it is easier to listen to what you want, you might also have to hear what you don't like. Ignorance germinates from a lack of dialogue, understanding emanates from our openness to it. And isn't that what makes us human – our need to be understood and our desire to understand? And isn't ignorance at the heart of every conflict – personal, cultural, political? Imagine how a small change in our opinions can be a catalyst to us shedding our cocoons. Imagine how dialogue can help us emerge as colorful butterflies to create a world of greater empathy and understanding.

In our personal lives, dialogue is connection. Dialogue is found in the 'good-morning' of a smiling voice, in the comfort of reminiscing about childhood stories and the joy of a phone call from a long-lost friend. All our relationships rest on what we say and how much we listen.

So why is it that we find conversations so difficult? In our increasingly 'social' world it is ironic that being social is what we struggle the most at. With all our gadgets and technology, dialogue is only a click away and yet we fail at it every passing day. Is it not true that all that we do is a way to form new connections, to meet new people, to talk about unheard of things, to share stories and to collect tales? So, why is it that we stay silent? What makes us silent spectators? Is it the phone screen or the 'norms' that stop us from speaking out? Who made these norms and why do we follow them unquestioned?

In the vulnerability of distance and the threat of the pandemic, we come here to answer these questions – to open new chat boxes, to challenge the silences, to add voices, to pen a narrative of dialogue. Words and colors now speak louder than ever.

Humans always find metaphors for things made too difficult to talk about. Literature, music, art and all forms of imagination have bridged this gap of the speaker and listener for centuries. Through the creative endeavours of our college students we bring you stories and songs of things we forgot to talk about. The responses that we received speak of joy, grief, nostalgia, faith and hope. But above all they speak of power and courage to bring change in the society we inhabit. We present to you, stories out casted, unpopular opinions and poems on 'difficult' topics.

We would like to thank all students for their beautiful contributions. Thank you for the beautiful artwork that fills our pages with color. This has been an amazing learning experience for us, to be able to work with so many talented people. Our heartfelt thanks to our teachers. To Ms. Monica Zutshi, thank you ma'am for giving us this opportunity. We would like to thank Ms. Sneha Sawai and Mr. Sushrut Bhatia for their constant support and guidance, without which this would not have been possible.

Happy reading! Let's keep the conversation going!

Antara Dutt, B.A. (Hons.) English, II Year
Tushita Sinha, B.A. (Hons.) English, III Year



Mrinal Chawla, B.A. (H) English III Year

Apocalypse of New Age

Stillness persists
Restlessness in the mist
Where birds never chirped
I heard them chirp today, from far away
These turbid skies turned pellucid today!

Inhabited in our homes
We are left to talk
With dear ones
Of our own.

The world seems to be in *-pause*
With only *talk*
Of some apocalypse of new age,
Deserting people away,
From each other's space!
Restricting dialogues
To righteous monologues.

With no monasteries near me
With such silence abounding me,
I feel like I'm a sage.

Ayushi Srivastava
B.Com. (Prog.) II Year

Another Chapatti

I wonder if I and my housekeeper are just two different people,
Feeling a similar emotional wave.

She sits silently while eating because no one talks to her, just like they don't to me.

I see her longing to peep in, while my mother uses her phone, just like how I wish to sit
with her and know what's new.

She goes to sleep hungry whenever my mother asks her to cook alone.
We both lack will.

Her running off to the balcony or roof reminds me of the escape I look for in music or the
sky.

We laugh a little too loud on not-so-funny jokes,
We speak a little too loud,
We struggle a little too loud.

She must hate it too when she sits to rest and my mother hands her another chore.

I, just like her, want to cry a little more.

She takes more time to clean the stairs and balcony than needed.
I waste more time outdoors than needed.

We both want to stay out and away from home for as long as we can.

I wonder if she too, just like me, sometimes exaggerates her sickness just to feel pampered
and being taken care of.

I hate the fact that my confidant can't be around me everytime.
She must hate her absence too.
I wonder if she had a soulmate before she came here.
And if now, her soul is lonely.

She comes up to me, and asks, "Do you want another chapatti?"

I look at her, and wonder if I and my housekeeper are just two different people, feeling a
similar emotional wave.

Jia Dhaka
B.A. (Hons.) English, II Year

The Colors of Womanhood

The lady in my house,
She forgets her name often.
Her vermilion tracing her veins
Down her face
Mingles inseparably with her tears.
What is the color of sadness?

Out in the sun,
She sits churning the pickles
The flavoured mustard oil, embraced
Around her fingers,
Sweat dripping off her chin,
She's melting little by little.
What is the color of idleness?

Another lady in my house
Transcends into times unknown
As Ramayana telecasts on the television.
This gleam in her dull charcoal eyes
Has visited her after ages.
She doesn't conceal it,
The saree slipping off her head.
R-e-l-i-g-i-o-n is an eight lettered word,
And so is S-t-r-e-n-g-t-h.
What is the color of faith?

Over the evening cup of tea,
These women talk in whispers.
One of their faces turns pale
As a cup falls into shards,
While the other one already has
The bone china fragments piercing her finger.
Blood refuses to flow anymore.
What is the color of fear?

They mistake repudiations for
Compliments
And apologies for introductions.
Last time they heard their voice was
In muted sighs,
The threads lost their track
While they are stitching.
What is the color of rage?

The color of henna
Once on their palm is
Now over all those utensils.
Daffodils, plucked on the way to temple,
Slip out of their wardrobe.
Mirror has known them only in flashes.
What is the color of self-love?

Kavya Agarwal
B.A. (Hons.) English, I Year

Conversations Not Had

Dear Father,

I know I haven't been a good son lately but the sheer disappointment in your eyes is the reason for my swollen eyes. If you could give me enough attention to scold me and say, "Why aren't you studying?" I also would have gathered enough courage to answer, "I want to paint and not read." If you would have bothered enough to ask me, "Why do you spend so much time on Instagram and Snapchat?" I would have confessed that, "Behind these filters, I try to hide my ugly self." and you could have said, "Man up, nobody cares about how you look!" or "You are the most beautiful boy." You could have encouraged me or argued back. We could have talked. We could have been something more than blood related strangers or if I only had enough courage to initiate the conversation, I wouldn't be sitting here, wondering how much of a coward I am to not be able to talk to my own father.

Your Son

Dear Husband,

You look down upon me. I am not accusing you, it's just the way it is but you know it that I am not one of the stupid bimbos who rely on their husbands for money. In fact, I have far better qualifications than yours and can easily earn more but when I was sacrificing my career for you I didn't know I was also giving up my hard earned respect and dignity with it. I still question myself; how can I be stupid enough to give up so much for you? I think that it was the promise of a marriage filled with happiness, love, and respect, but all I got was five minutes of meaningless sex that was socially approved. I used to be a strong smart woman and now, just look at me! I am questioning myself, I am questioning my identity, my purpose of existence and even 'my existence' and as I am writing this I am left to ponder "Gosh! Since when did I become so dramatic?" I never needed your acknowledgement and respect, but guess what, I do deserve it.

Your Wife

Dear Mother,

I blame you. I blame everyone, but I blame him the most because he was the one who repeatedly abused the seven-year-old me. As I grew up I started realising what happened to me and how my memories were so much more terrifying than the actual abuse, but I also started questioning what kind of mother you were to not notice what I was going through? Were you that blind or just so weak that you didn't dare raise your voice even for your own daughter? As I grew up, I realised I was not the first one to be sexually abused and he was definitely not the first abuser of mine. Seven out of ten women are abused at some point in their lives and most of the times they are too young to even understand what is happening to them. Mostly, the abuser is a close family member. So why didn't anyone warn me, talk to me or teach me? If I had known that I am a victim, could I have done something differently? Or if he, a 12-year-old boy, would have received a proper sex education and not seen abusive porn as his first introduction to sex, would he have done something differently? Now, I don't even know if I blame him, but I still blame you and I still blame this society that has suppressed the most natural human desire to an extent that it has taken a destructive form.

Your Daughter

Ruchita Jalan
B.A. (Hons.) English, II Year

Why not talk?

I liked her picture,
It's been a while.
She responds with a smile,
We chat a bit and stop.
Why not talk?

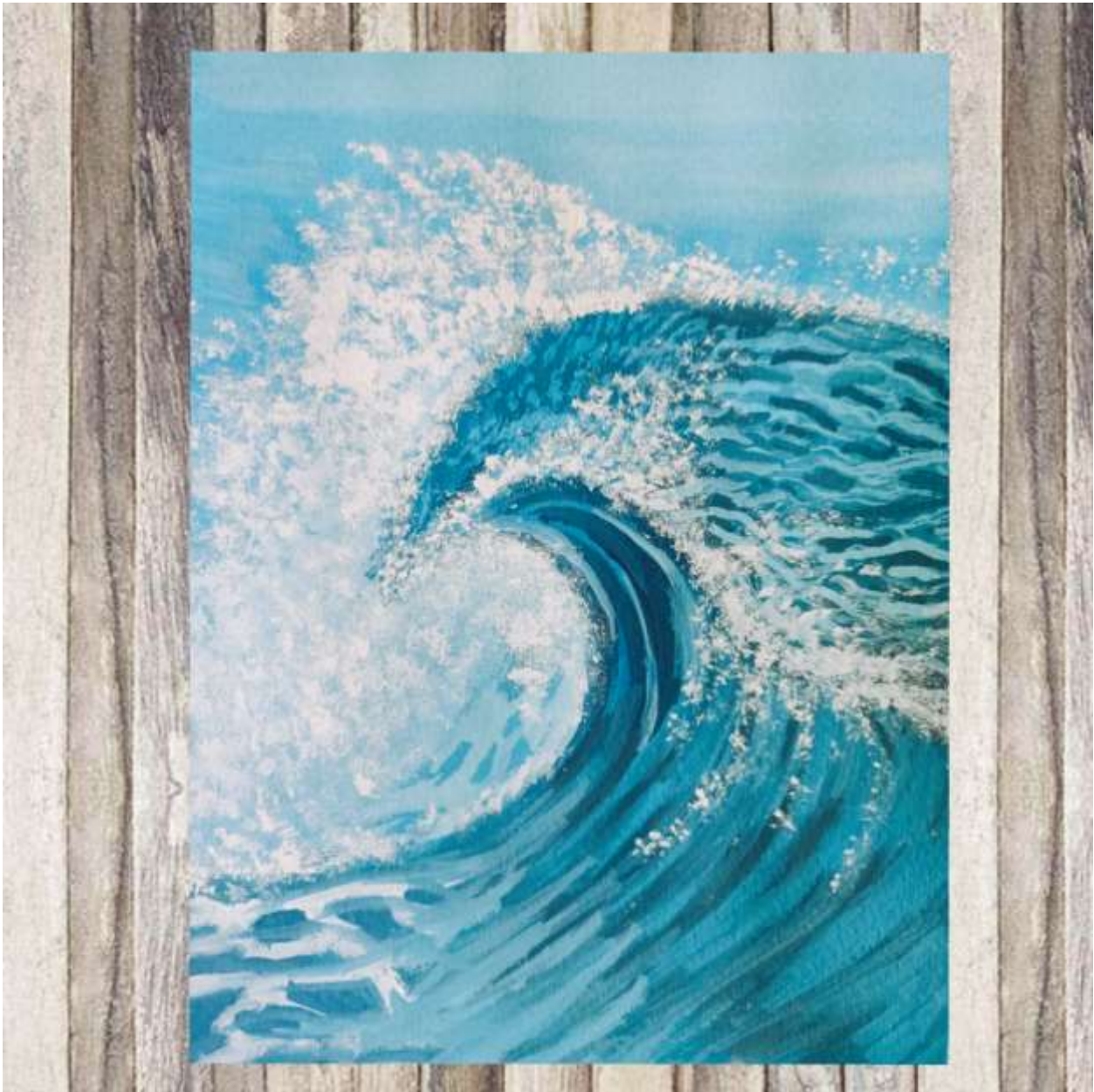
You post a picture with me
And tag
I send hearts, you hashtag!
Why not wish and talk?

A scenic view
Me and you
But a post first!
Hold on!
Why not pause and talk?

Skeptical about the news
Yet, a story first!
Just for views?
Why not think and talk?

Why not pause and talk?
Why not wish and talk?
Why not talk?

Ayushi Srivastava
B.Com. (Prog.) II Year



Shaboor Rizvi, B.A. (Hons.) English, I Year

Stouts and Catkins

I have often wondered what life means when I would be sitting alone on the blue, damp, ice-cold stairs. Wondering about life, the dampness within and without. I would sit and stare at other people, I would look for frowns, dimples, crinkled eyes, eyes wide like saucers, listening to the dew drop from the tree, letting some fall on my hands. I would listen to someone planning a party with their boyfriend, or someone murmuring to themselves, their face inside the book, trying to evade this world by going into another. I would stare for hours, finding the answer too easy at times, at times not finding it at all.

Then I would promise myself that, one day, I will...

I would decide to sit until at least two more leaves fall from the branches of the tree I don't even know the name of. Then I would wonder and debate over its actual color; not being able to decide, I would then ponder about the leaves, contemplating which are the courageous ones—the ones who let themselves fall or the one who decides to stay? The debate would go on until even the thought of it would seem absurd. Then I would remember, as a gale of wind passes over my face, of the promises I had made, the appointments which I so often forget about. I would take a deep breath, like the soil feeding on water and sunlight. I would not let myself see the tree again; I would close my lips tight, as if the volcano would erupt. Then I would envisage how a gale of wind can cause a volcano to erupt. I would still hear and feel the leaves falling; the indignant leaves outnumbering my count would falter my steps. I would halt for a second, as if wanting to go back and stick all the leaves on the trees, even the ones I had counted.

Then, I would shake my head, just a little. Neck stiff, a small movement of the head like a tiny little hole filled with water in a big muddy ground.

I would feel like a warped window then, trying to look at the world. I would know that the world is much, much bigger but I would selfishly, mulishly, assume it to be just like the one I see.

I would gulp then, like the Bermuda triangle, and move forward with resilient straight legs.

The aim of direction quite clear in my head.

But then after some years, I would end up on a road I haven't ever seen before. I would blink once. Letting the rockets inside my head explode, how did I end up here, I would think.

The rain would fall then, drowning me in. I would feel like I am underwater. Grasping for breath, I would look right and left. Something green and brown stuck on my legs. Methodically, my hands would reach my legs, trying to get free from the green and brown.

I would be drowning in blue.

Then, all of a sudden, a yellow would strike.

On my face. On my hair. I would be free from the grasp, and I would find myself on that unrecognised road again. I would check my legs and hands. An orange shine on my skin.

I would suddenly see that tree again. The same tree I didn't know the name of, the leaves somehow stuck back, the bark conscientious, the bough suddenly coloured with blossoms, the catkins shrewdly moving with the gust of wind. I would wonder about the corm then, thinking about how much it must save to send it to its foliage. I would touch the gall to make sure it's real.

Suddenly, there would be thousands of different trees on the road. Some even bare, their bole thin, some stout.

The volcano, bustling inside me then, and I would find that it's nothing but a sudden gust of whim. I would look at the blossomed tree again. Carefully looking at each leaf and flower. Then, just like a waterfall falling from the high mountains, I would let myself depose.

Some stout would grow to trees then.

I would remind myself of the catkins, the promise again, to find the meaning of life.

Shubhangi Ojha
B.A. (Hons.) English, III Year

The Bluebird

'There is a bluebird in my heart that wants to escape...'

Some days, it thrashes and screeches trying to fight.

On others it sulks and shrinks up away from sight.

The first time I'd let it out,

It trembled from the chortles and mocking of the crowd.

Later that day it slipped out again,

But that self-assured smile it could no longer feign.

From one branch to another it hopped all night.

Surviving the cynical hunters — green-eyed and uptight.

Bruised and scared it was cradled by the breeze,

Until I hid it away, now fluttering in my diaries.

Being too tough for it...I say, stay.

While it whispers a shout, "Carpe Diem, seize the day".

Sakshi Tewari
B.A. (Hons.) English, I Year

The Girl in the Red Frock

Memories before and after rain are the smell of nostalgia. It's a complete circle bringing together every rain witnessed by the window across mine. Last monsoon, I saw a little girl in the brightest of red frocks squealing at the wind; she succeeded in catching five water droplets from the roof above. I counted, so did she.

As the season faded into rusted leaves on the sidewalk, the little girl moved onto silent introspection. I followed her eyes following the color patterns on a leaf. No other form of meditation has proved as inspiring. That night I dreamt in happy colors after years of blank canvases. The first color was red, blood, for the first murder I committed in my dreams. The second was white, because I was reading Murakami and I couldn't forget Menshiki's white hair. The last color was not so much a color but the little girl and her eyes following the dry leaf, so I painted one in red and white trying hard to make rust out of the color of blood and snow. To what extent I succeeded is a secret even I am not aware of.

But school was starting and, I had to get back to the job I had refused to accept initially, teaching art. I picked the nursery class out of a sense of ease of the job, you can hardly teach them to hold a paint brush and I had all the justifications to just let them flow with their imaginations.

What I did not expect was what I am writing about now. The little girl and her red frock that never came to my classes.

In a city like this one, I could hardly find any moment of peace, except when I was locked up inside my flat. On my off days I would walk a circle around my living room with a half-cold cup of green tea that I eventually threw away. Until this season my human interaction was limited to the bare necessities of landlords and Amazon deliveries.

In the middle of summer vacation, a particularly orange day, the red frocked girl looked at my hands after I had just finished a rather angry piece and tried to match the paint stains on my palm lines. The next day I woke up to a paper slipped under my doorway with two little handprints on them, they looked too quiet compared to mine. I hung it over my worktable and went on to unwrap my last ten pieces. For the last two years I had had the habit of hiding my paintings as soon as they were dry enough, but the handprints tempted me to look at them again.

A series of warm and cold colors lined my floor. I looked at each one of them carefully, starting May of last year to May now, a year scratched on canvases - Red frock, the little girl, and the mellow handprints on the wall. I looked closer at the seemingly unconnected lines of her hand. Palm lines are never unconnected, each will always tell a story. They are

confused as a map to your future, but they are the map of your past. Each line traced and carved by some experience that struck.

Exactly a year ago, I sat cross legged on the floor staring at a window overlooking the Himalayan mountain range while he traced the lines on my hand.

“You have three lifelines”, he barely whispered. I didn’t respond, just smiled. “You must be living three different lives”, I shiver at the memory now. Which one did he fit in?

Which one of my life has this little girl stolen? I notice how similar the story of her palm lines and the trajectory of my paintings are. This is too much pain for a small girl to have in her past. Who is she?

Too shrill! This is an unpleasant doorbell. It must be my new box of paint. Red! I need more red.

I left the paintings on my floor for a week, went about my days as if they weren’t there. Cat stepped, careful and calculated. I haven’t seen the red girl for a while. Maybe they have moved somewhere. I wonder what her family is like; I never noticed if she had any. School is starting next week, and I must prepare a ‘method’ of teaching. Too much sugar, I need a new coffee machine. As if art can be taught by method, but nursery kids don’t know that. Why did she never attend my classes?

In my next dream I saw my favourite tree with its yellow bunch of flowers. I think I was born partial to monotonous; all my favourite trees are overloaded with flowers of a single color until the green is peeking from behind them. Yet when it rains, green is my favourite color. The red frock hung from one of the branches, fluttering with the winds. I fell from the tree trying to get it and woke up before hitting the ground.

When dreams trigger impulsive action, you should go along; so, I bought myself a similar shade of red dress. I put it on the highest shelf, unopened.

*

There’s an eleventh painting added to my collection of hidden work. I don’t remember wrapping them again. I have a wedding to attend and I found an unopened red dress in my cupboard. I don’t understand why I have so many hidden things around in this flat.

Tushita Sinha
B.A. (Hons.) English, III Year



Shipra Singh, B.Sc. (Hons.) Computer Science, II Year

Her

You love her?

She's a girl.

It's not allowed.

But I like her.

That's allowed?

Does she know?

She inspires me to love,

To dream

And she doesn't even know.

She breaks my heart everytime she goes away

And she doesn't even know.

Will you tell her?

I wish I did.

I wish I could.

But love doesn't make you brave.

It made me a coward,

Afraid that I'll lose even the little that I have.

Rama Singh
B.A. (Hons.) English, I Year

An Ode to Modern Relationships

one of us must be left at the altar

one of us must die a slow death

one of us will tremble at the point of a gun

and one of us will always be the one holding the gun.

one of us is writing this.

wonder which one has the gun?

I have a fishbone stuck in my throat kind of feeling about you. Except that the fishbone is not there, just the feeling. I google it every night to find a home remedy and I haven't found any yet. They say it happens due to anxiety, stress, depression, mental breakdown...what other names have they given you?

You've turned me bitter, not that I have ever been sweet. But I have now transitioned to 'make a face at the young people in love two rows away from me' bitter. I put students in detention for being in love; I confiscate love letters and chocolates and sacrifice them in my personal bonfire. I am the old witch with too many cats that the neighbourhood kids are afraid of. I'd like to challenge the stereotypes of it but the general horror it produces is too tempting. Maybe, I should buy a witch's hat as well.

I add blasphemous amounts of sugar in my coffee, it keeps the thought of you at the rim of the cup. And I bake now, early morning pancakes at the height of afternoon heat. They end up tasting of nauseating levels of baking soda and pungent love. Even though I have tried and retried, bitterness seeps into anything I try with love. I break my glasses because they fog up each time I take a sip, and I refuse to get contacts because they don't let me break glasses. I have been painting old canvases into new colors because I want to destroy all proof of my thoughts. I write dark jokes as footnotes to happy books, and apocalyptic tones below love poems. Human race is my punching bag and everyone in love is the one spot I enjoy hitting the most. I stay an extra minute on the Starbucks counter messing up my order if there is a couple behind me and I pass by them with the smile of the grandma that knows how every relationship pans out.

I am too young to be so bitter. I should be writing about the prime of my life, romance, and alcohol, of smoking the first pot and getting high on a college night, breakdowns in classrooms, emptiness but why am I so sad all the time? The generation of self-awareness and healing! Have you no answers for me?

I have digressed, so I'll open your Instagram account for inspiration. Our relationship was like bipolar disorder, we stayed high on the idea for most of it and couldn't deal with the sudden dip in serotonin. I now remember you every time I read a poem about emotional abuse. I remember myself every time I read a poem about addiction. I put on songs about domestic abuse in hopes to find a metaphor for the scars on my psyche, bloodless death, and attempted murder with no evidence. The closest I have come to understanding how I got here, a closet closed with a blade on my wrist, a whirlpool of promises that you made and your voice telling me that I am the crazy one. I google words like psychological abuse now, I look up narcissism as a disease.

Before you, narcissus was only the pretty white guy that just loved the mirror too much.

Tushita Sinha
B.A. (Hons.) English, III Year

Colorblind

Were you blind throughout,
Or did you choose to stay quiet
When my life's a misery
And yours is bright?
Cool shade to you,
Hot sun to me!
Light to you,
Night to me!
Fruit to you,
Weed to me!
I've tried being mute,
I was suppressed.
Now when I'm loud,
The masters feel the dread.
Impassiveness won't have mattered,
Had our lives weren't thus tattered.
They burn us with fire and call us rabble-rousers,
They turn a deaf year and abuse their powers.
How are you Grace and I the Curse?
Do you an answer to this verse?

Pooja Aggarwal
B.A. (Prog), II Year

Lonely Cat

I had picked up a spine-split, old paperback of one of those thrillers that leave the voice in your head breathless. To hear the panting, I looked for silence. I sat at a bar stool of a café overlooking the street. On a table next to me was a girl typing rapidly on her laptop, making that annoying taptaptap noise.

The more I sought after silence, the louder was the clickclickclick.

I yanked open my book in protest. But right before my eyes got lost in it, I saw a lithe, black cat. It was standing alone on the street outside, scratching behind its ear with its hind leg.

Tap, clicktap.

An old man walked out of the gate wearing a wide-awakehat, a walking stick in his hand. The cat was suddenly all attention. It slid close to him, as he trudged on the pavement with careful attention to the puddles of grimy water. He walked with slow, painful steps.

Click, tap, tap.

Soon the cat was rubbing itself on his legs, purring at him. The old man became the picture of annoyance — a red face and furrowed eyebrows. He tried to shush the cat away with his walking stick but to no avail. The more animatedly furious he got, the more endearingly the cat followed him, purred at him and tried to rub its cheek against his leg.

Taptap, click.

At last he gave up, bent down with much effort and picked up the cat. It stuck out a long, pink tongue and started licking his face. He agitatedly tried to avoid its tongue but held on to it. The black cat was snuggled on the old man's shoulder and together, they walked away. I was smiling.

I dog-eared my book, turned towards the girl with the laptop and tried to catch her eye. When she looked my way, I smiled.

She said a chirpy, "Hi".

I could no longer hear the tap, tap, click, click.

Antara Dutt
B.A. (Hons.) English, II Year

Every-Lonely-Self

There's an ordinary night
With the balance of darkness and light, just right.
Another when you feel like sinking in,
One extreme corner of your bed.
And the claustrophobic you, feels like,
Ripping your hair off your head.
You feel it's just you, who's been a hostage to loneliness
But perhaps, being lonely,
Is when you are not lonely, instead.

You say you are alone,
But so is everyone else.
The father who stands at the funeral of his son,
The day his son's nuptial rites were to be done.
The girl who starved herself to death and beyond,
Because her girlfriend shuddered to acknowledge their bond.
The boy who choked on tears in the bathroom
stall
Because he was told, "Boys do not get raped",
"Hey! They never get raped, after all!"

The cheater, the cheated, the brutally mistreated.
The liar, the lied to, the one who vehemently cried.
The ones who lost the place called home.

The ones who never had the place called home.

The ones who had but hated the place called home.

You knock any door and you will be greeted by,

A face sadder than yours and eyes that weep.

Loneliness doesn't grip the string of just your heart,

It is the tune to which every heart sleeps.

You scroll down your Instagram,

And are gripped by a post,

With conditions akin to you.

And that is when you know,

There's someone else too,

Who's struggling to beat the blue.

No, I won't ask you to,

Make castles out of your loneliness.

I won't ask you to paint them,

With hues of self-love.

I won't write metaphors about it,

Or call you a masterpiece in progress.

But I'll write poems to tell you,

How you're like everyone else.

And how it's okay, to be like everyone else,

To feel like everyone else.
And how loneliness,
Is still time spent with everyone else.

We are all just another piece,
Coming together,
To complete the jigsaw puzzle called world.
So next time, you think it's just you,
With grey above your head.
Remind yourself that we're all,
Under the same roof.
This shared sense of loneliness,
Is what makes,
Conversations longer,
Bonds stronger.
The way we find our reflection,
In other struggling souls,
Is what makes,
You and me, us.

We have all had days when the sun shone
brighter,
But we swim placidly through the night because,
We know, soon there'll be a shore,

With the Sun shining brighter than ever before.

So don't let your loneliness be your handcuff,

Instead, wear it on your sleeve.

And believe,

There were better days,

There will be better days.

Kavya Agrawal
B.A. (Hons.) English, I Year

[This piece won the I Prize in English Slam Poetry, Lehen 2020]

Chargesheet against Memories

I look at my screen and feel,
I feel, "*khali-bhara, khali-bhara*" in my stomach
I look at those pictures, one after another, over and over.
Of the places that housed me,
The ones I grew 'home' into,
The gardens, the roads - the living-rooms,
And the noon-walks, the clicking conversations,
The places, the people who have grown onto me,
That I have grown into.
I grow from nostalgic to resentful, of its
Indifferent edifice, while I turn to rubble at its gate.

I stare at them, teary eyes red of resentment, threatening
To drag them, or more cruel, lure them
Out from their homes and forever lock them out.
To turn them into hard copies,
To stick their flappy skins to the hard skeleton of boards,
To frame them and hang them on my wall,
Or more slyly, to slide them into closed scraps, isolated from the world.
But they don't react to my hurls, they stay motionless.
I charge them of felony, and inform them of their only right,
"To remain silent, as anything they say...."
Yielding to my arrest, they don't ask for warrants.

I read in their silence, my affirming fears.
They fear my abandonment, as I dread their loss.
They too seem aware of the schematic mind and inadequate time,
Both contemplate each other's aggression and silence.
I no longer know, why am I prosecuting them

And who are they defending?

I still put them in the witness box again and again for extraction,

And they begrudgingly repeat their testimonials.

I whine my, Objection, Objection ...to echoes of "Overruled".

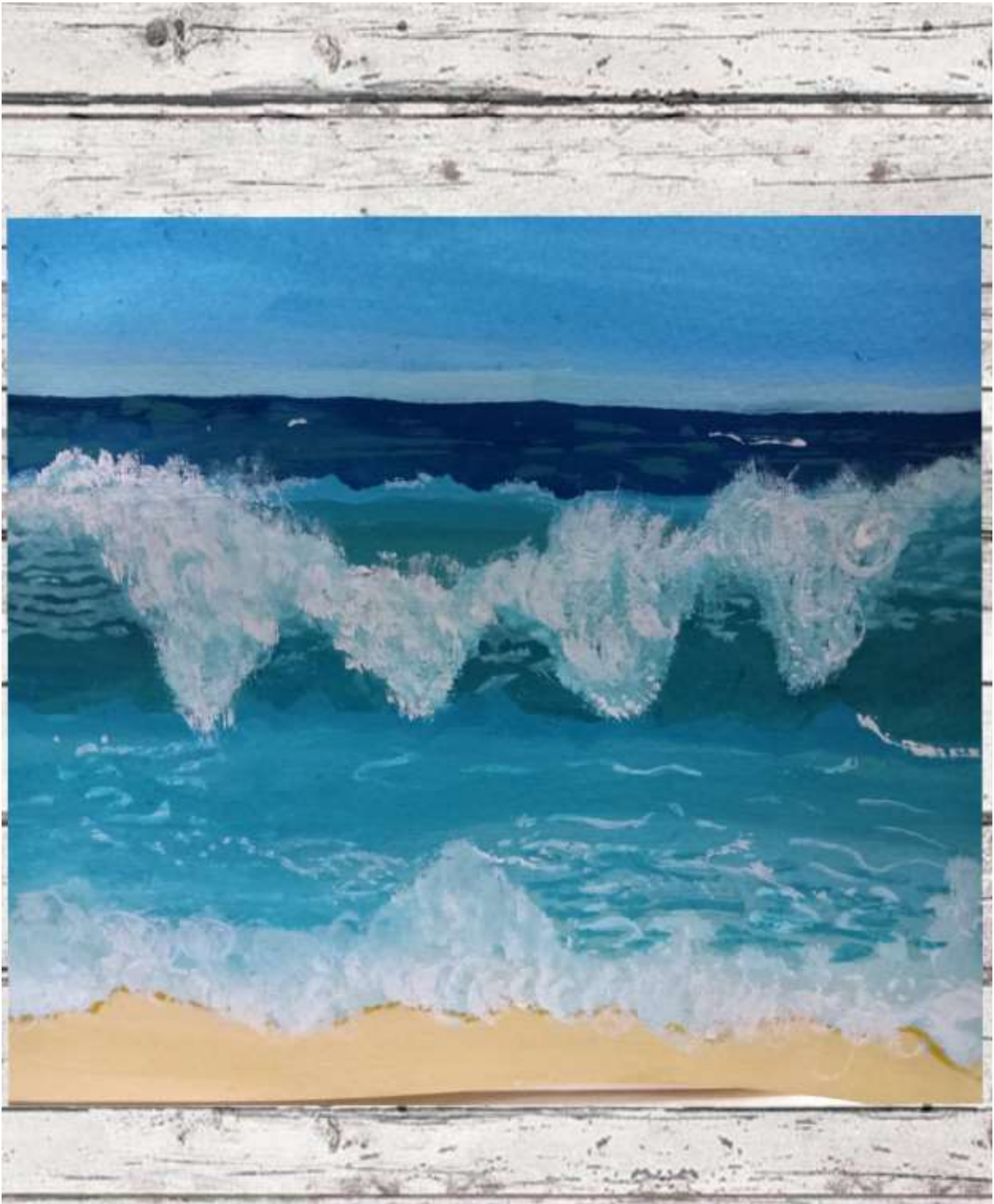
They look down at me from those boxes now with pity in their voices

And whisper, "they're sorry that they are '*shiraz*'" and plead me to "drop it",

"We are here, and we'll hold, we are Your WITNESS and we'll be your tales."

Harshmita

B.A. (Hons.) English, III Year



Saboor Rizvi, B.A. (Hons.) English, I Year

Hopes of Humanity

Carcasses of ripped bloodlines
Floating over a red sea of egoistic rivalries whisper
A question lingering on bloody breaths,
"Was it nature's nurture?"
Some could discern
The debris of detrimental indifference on the shores, a heaping
Few uttered with remorse,
"What good was it to become warriors
In a war where none are defeated yet none had victory?
Destroyed are the waters of peace
Now engaged in tides of rebellion."
But all complied, with the wise that preached
The dead are not important and death an opportunity,
This is what happens
When narrow shores
Send their ships to claim the
Shallow waters running deep.
The fight is for that mighty tide which claims its own hierarchy.
The ocean was silent yet a privileged participant.
Did it fail in empathy?
Or was it the wave who boasted superiority?
Stupid jumps to conclusions, it would be said.
Naive are but we, the passengers on the ship
To believe the boisterous
And trust the apathetic

Or was it knavery disguised as sanity?
Was it an idiot's dream or a corrupted scheme?
The ships were wrecked,
But nonetheless,
The corpses celebrated in victory.
Their lives decaying, yet drowned even the enemy,
An upsurge of rotten humanity drawing glory from the floating flesh
Creating a freshly rustic paradigm of Mankind
Where sadist minds lured rebellion
But seldom, kind hearts yearned peace.
Unbothered shores, orchestrating new ships,
The dead dissolved in the sea cursing
The drops of insanity gnawing the last morsels of compassionate minds,
A faceless pool of blood gushing in mankind's various hues sinking in an abyss of
calamitous sanity.
The ripples frown with concern and speak calmly,
"The dead will be forgiven, but their death not.
The calamity is calm but the aftermath will be not.
The living decipher death as the absence of life
And the dead live among the living
Still questioning their unparalleled journey, but paralleled destinies."
All destruction is a time construct
And all of mortality depends on time to live.
The inquisition of time with mortality,
The ocean silent as ever?
The waves move with the same purpose?
Mortality whispers in answer, a mere tremble of a voice,

"The dead die and their death still an opportunity,
To pick up battles, to
Test the patience of the living."
How many calamities will they endure?
And how much death can they watch
before they revolt?
Will it be before their souls turn irrevocably irrelevant
With no desire to live?
A walking flesh, with pulsating heart, functional limbs
But rotten consciousness, and decaying conscience
A new race of no empathy, the dead will then be lost forever
With the passengers ready to board the ships. Yet again.
Time assures mortality.
The matrix of human civilization would alter,
The climates of change will weather new possibilities,
The ocean will raise its voice,
Tides shall move with humble dignity,
The winds would be celebrating,
Ripples of peace will dance
When all the ships from all the shores carrying all of mankind's diversity
Will be surfacing over the waters of humanity and equality.

Gunjan Tripathi
B.A. (Hons.) History, III Year

Walk Away

It was a normal day in school and Sky was sitting on one of the corner tables of the cafeteria, hoping to remain unseen.

“Jay is looking, he is looking over here. Act normal.” Daisy warned excitedly.

“Act normal? Is that even advice?” Elise exclaimed.

“Itis, but works only if you know what normal is. Do you?”

“Oh my God he is walking towards us. Oh! The look on his face, I bet he finds us weird.”

Elise tried to compose herself.

“When he comes, just say ‘Hi’ and then shake his hand and don’t forget to let it go. Don’t smile too much and make him uncomfortable because we know what your forced smile looks like. Be polite and try not to look already heartbroken. Quick, clean your eyes.” Daisy blabbered as she frantically ruffled Sky’s hair away from her face.

“Shut up guys. Look, he ignored us and went away. Well, he had to. I knew you two would do this again. I should never even try to make new friends. You saw his face? The awkwardsmile and the doubtful look. I put my weird self, up for display. If it was not for you guys, I would have spoken to him a month ago. Ugh! The embarrassment!” Sky finally spoke.

Jay walked by her table and the confused look on his face triggered a heavy, sinking nostalgia in her heart. She glanced at her hand and the blurred visions of her bleeding wrist and her dreadfully baffled parents appeared in her mind. They had failed to notice her sudden months-long period of silence, until the storms whirling in her mind and the hurtful numbness took the form of this terrible event. It’s been six months since that.

It was quiet now. Daisy and Elise seemed to have walked away too.

“Daisy? Elise? Now you don't want to chatter? This is so unfair. You guys messed my only chance with Jay!”

Sky could feel the silence.

Daisy and Elise were gone. Though they were mere creations of her darkness from six months ago, now she could never let them go. She didn't know if she should call them her friends as she had never made friends. The therapist had been trying to dissociate her from them, but Sky wasn’t ready for it. She needed them because she needed the sense of normality even if unreal.

Jay had left, but the awkward smile would haunt her for some nights or, maybe, forever. She wondered if he had suspected the mess in her mind.

Finally, her mind was silent. However, the silence seemed to be piercing her skull. She put her head on the table and fell asleep, alone.

Vanshika Pandey
B.A. (Hons.) English, II Year

Midnight Thoughts

In the dark hour of night,
I saw the bright moon light.
In its soothing shine I found peace,
But my heart is heavy and full of stress.
What could I do for this distress?
Tears roll down from my eyes
While I keep looking at the moonlight.
To console myself, I think such is the world.
But then why am I not like that?
Struggling with these, I feel the breeze.
Thoughts came running to my mind for ease,
Doesn't matter if people are rude.
Just forgive them, dude.

Ifra Khan
B.A. (Hons.) English, III Year

Death of a little girl

Spring of my thirteen,
I was happy and
Still a child.
I remember one evening
I felt something not normal between my thighs;
I felt an ache
And something wet,
I ran to the washroom
And found my pretty white skirt
All red.

I panicked,
For the little me
Was never told before
Puberty hits this hard.
So I began to think
Of all the possible reasons
For all this blood.
I was bleeding and in pain.
Oh! The pain
Dragging the little girl to her
Imaginary death.

Weeping and sobbing
I went to Mother
Told her what was wrong,
Kissed her and said,
'Please do not cry
But I think I am going to die.'

She laughed and smiled
And said,
'Now you are a grown up,
Your childhood ends.'

Shweta Kumari
B.A. (Hons.) History, III Year

Home

What is home?
Home is comfort and a place to relax.
Home is safety and joy.
But will it be a home If I am not safe?
Will it be a home if it burns down to ashes?
Will it be a home if I am safe but not at ease?
Will it be a home if it looks safe, but I fear?
Home can be a tree or a boat.
It can be on a mountain or a road.
But if my mind is in constant pain,
Am I home?

Ifra Khan
B.A. (Hons.) English, III Year

Revelation

Today I decided to keep my blindfolds down. I was astonished as I found out that it wasn't as dark, scary and confined as I thought it to be. I could see hope for the first time in my life. It's like that faint light you know, still glowing around you though you are blind-folded. No matter how hard you squeeze your eyes shut, that faint light finds its way to you.

Let me assure you again that darkness is not that scary and pitch black as the legend has it. It's just that it is so simple, so simple that there isn't any chance for pretension. When it's dark, our masks drop, a vulnerable me and a more vulnerable you, skin patches melting off from our naked souls. It is this simplicity of darkness that complicates things. A soft sophistication if I may put it. And today when I put my blindfold away, the blindfold — the one thing I used as my shield to protect myself from the mistresses of darkness, I had a revelation that it wasn't the murk that was eerie; it was me myself.

The blindfold was just a screen between me and myself.

ArjaDileep. K.
B.A. (Hons.) English, II Year

No, It's about Me

Amita had been in a trance since that July day of less rain and more clouds. She was waiting for the metro, rubbing down her face with an already wet handkerchief. A squeak, a gust of air and the doors of the metro open, a push from behind and she was inside. She stood paralyzed, caught between the sullen rolls of fat and bulky backpacks, without complaint.

It was nine o'clock when she reached her college. A yawn slipped through her lips as she dragged her feet to the canteen. Arriving early had its benefits.

She sat alone under the shade of the canteen's tin roof waiting for a cup of chocolate milkshake, cracking the knuckles of her clammy hands. Her eyes were wandering, to keep her eyelids from drooping, when they chanced on Saisha. There was nothing extraordinary in her built, yet she stood out in a throng of ten or so ordinary-looking students.

Amita, with quick glances, observed Saisha's haughty smirk and her hand gestures slicing through the air accompanying her tirade. She had the undivided attention of the group collected around her. No one's eyes wandered from her. The angry specks of red in her hair flashed bright amidst the swarm of dull, black. She did a mic drop and sauntered away from the crowd, all eyes still on her.

Her demand for a cup of strong, black coffee was quickly met by the canteen staff. They seemed to know what she would ask for or just didn't wish to tick her off.

Amita fished out her copy of *Lolita* and busied herself with it, to appear inconspicuous while she observed Saisha.

"Light of my life, fire of my loins," Saisha walked over and sat down in the seat opposite Amita, "How do you like it so far?"

"Huh? Who, me? I... don't know."

"Well, beware the power of eloquence."

Before Amita could make sense of this, Saisha was long gone.

She was reeling from this jolt of opinion till she left for her class. She could've said so many things, instead she stuttered. What a fool she had made of herself. The incident kept replaying in her head and each time she heard herself say something better, something as good as Saisha's words, something that was worldly.

On the metro ride back home, Amita's eyes once again honed-in on the red in all that black. She sat close to it, blinded by its gleam, eavesdropping on the casual conversation Saisha was having with her friend. They talked of Goethe, Flaubert, Camus, Sartre, Woolf,

Wollstonecraft, and Butler. Amita felt like a kid. A kid who shouldn't even be allowed to listen to them, she shrank away.

On arriving home, an hour or so of internet stalking ensued. She read Saisha's blogs and tore away the pages of her diary in shame and disapproval. She watched the ceremony where Saisha received an award for her "remarkable academic performance" and unpinned the proudly stapled result sheet from her bulletin board.

A month went by in this bit by bit tearing, scratching and gnawing. A month in which Amita's pillow saw the strands of her dully-coloured red hair, her mug was filled with tasteless black coffee and her bookshelf became peopled by many half-finished books that she started reading with half-interest. A month of being in a trance.

She woke up on a mid-August morning to the sound of her alarm, felt around her pillow for her phone to stop its ringing. Her eyes quickly sifted through her messages and emails. Her fingers typed 'Saisha Sachdeva' in the web browser like every day and waited for it to load.

A drop landed on the screen and distorted the image, her eyes were blurred with tears and she saw Saisha in and around herself. She rushed to the washroom and, holding tight on the toilet seat, puked. An overwhelming disgust for her crouched form stayed back with the rancid taste in her mouth.

With a shaking pen touching the rugged edges of the torn pages in her dairy, that day, Amita wrote: "I had been in a trance since that July day of less rain and more clouds."

She couldn't believe her luck when Yasmine, a magazine editor, wrote back. Her piece was going to be published.

Saisha walked up to her one day, when the trance was still trying to hang onto her with its fingernails. She said she had read her work in the magazine.

"I quite enjoyed it."

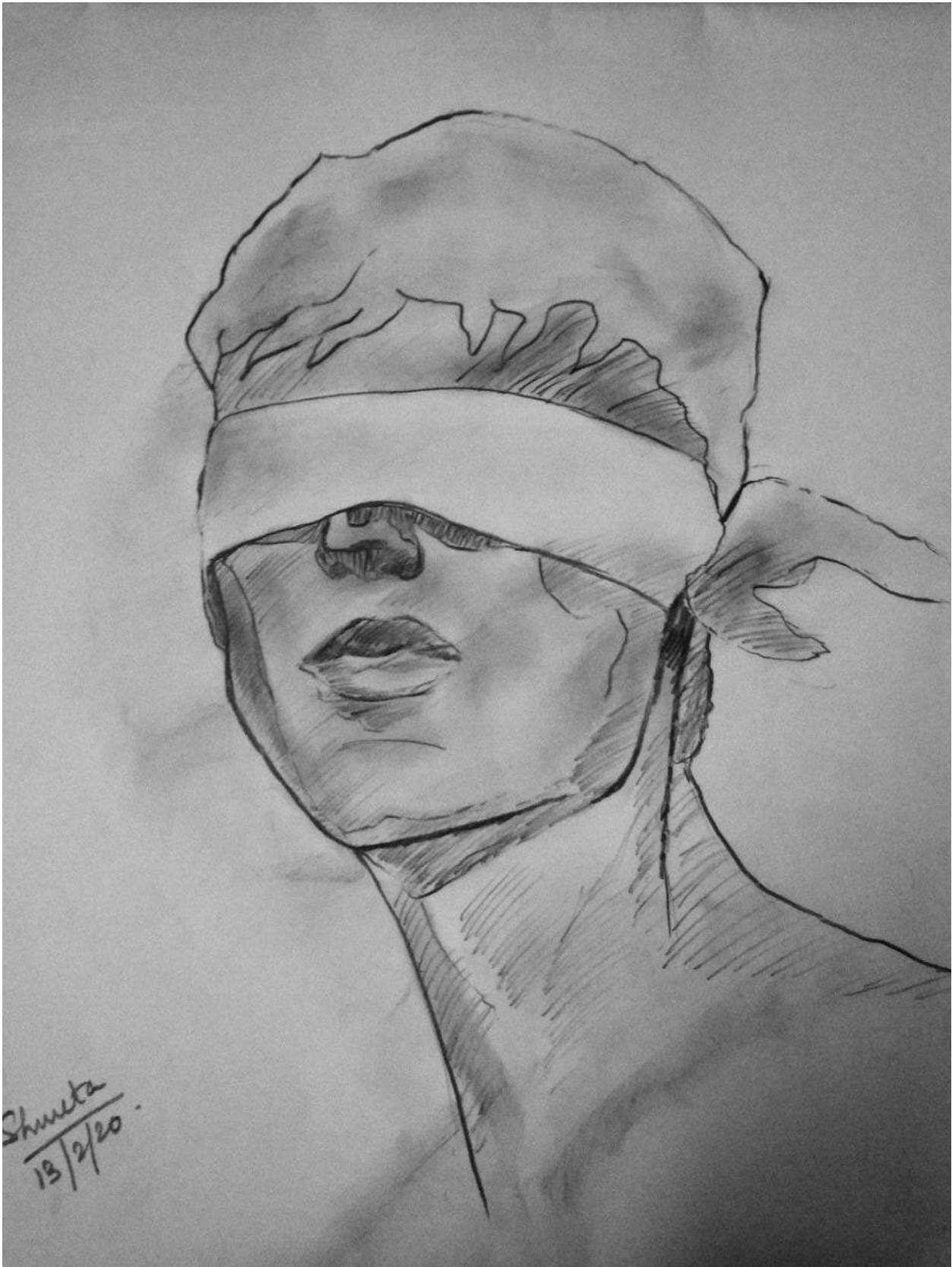
Amita tried to restrain the elation this brought, an elation which she hadn't felt with the other messages and words of appreciation.

"Thanks."

"Oh, sure. So, who is it about? Are your characters based on someone I'd know?"

"No, it's about me," she said.

Antara Dutt
B.A. (Hons.) English, II Year



Shweta Kumari, B.A. (Hons.) History, III Year

The Capital You

I look for a better way to begin this,
God, I have been trying to find you.
I have been trying to find You since the ordeals of highest importance included brushing
my teeth before bed.
Since then my cape of sincerity needed to swim as high as it could,
The rewards of which would whimper on a foggy Christmas morning,
"The wait would be sweet",
Until
This yearn to find You
Reached out to this "good-girl syndrome",
Where I am suspended between looking cordial
And attaining wisdom enough to not alarm others.
The patriarchs of various kinds have handed down this rulebook to find You.

They say, "look less wry, nod your head with this speed and in that direction. The Almighty
might bless you a man, foolish enough to let you conduct a household on your whims."
They say this recipe needs to be passed down,
But recited through whispers and in ears for one must look selfless in finding You.
God, they make this journey look preposterous and the passengers, desperate.
Still,
I try to find you, your origins
Limp on how to refer to You.
I see a black void, a visage,
I marked it as You,
At times as my conscience.
Anything to reach to You, if not necessarily true.

But God,
I have found You in chaos of a young mind pushed into an unwanted wedlock.

I see you in eyes when withered morals return home.
I see you in atheists like me sighing, "God forbid."
I've found you in failures of mine,
To unsolicited perfection of my mother.
Flipping pages of the rulebook again,
I have tried looking for you in amulets of my papa's choice and places of your consequence,
But growing up made my own flesh, a better shrine.

God!

I have found you at places of absolute deceit,
When the wicked and materialists
Greet each other, "how are you?"
I found you on facial standstills,
A response to a heap of sadness.
I've found you in the dirtiest corner of my mind,
In the most outcast of us.
In this blasphemy
It's safe to say,
Now I know where to find you.

Anukriti Singh
B.A. (Hons.) English, III Year

Canvas of My Dreams

My grandma tells me to rub my sad chest lightly with warm hands when I feel isolated and say,
'You're not alone but one of a kind.'

The rate of blood flowing in my body suddenly escalates,

As if the walls built between two neighbors falling to pieces, seeping deeply into the ground,
Slowly... slowly... slowly...,

As if borders of continents were now turning into castles of hope.

Hope of holding on to something not only to live but to fall and rise together,

Hope of mixing your colors in my pallet to paint the canvas without worrying for gender.

Because the roots of my country have witnessed the sacrifices of brave hearts,

And the sand stands for Hindustan's pride.

On the canvas there's no discrimination but symmetrical shades of, some dark and others light.

Shades of red for love,

And that of pink for sky.

Daffodils blooming in everyone's heart,

Spreading the rays of sunshine.

Glowing stars under the dark clouds,

Beneath them You and I,

Beside each other.

Jews, Hindus, Muslims, Christians,

Dressed in *sarees*, suits, skirts, tees and ties.

On the left, the nightingale sings and everyone twirls in sync.

On the right, I see church, temple, mosque, gurudwara, bunching up together,

Sharing the festive *laddos*, *biryanis*, and *sevains*,

Lighting up *diyas* for diwali and warm hugs on Eid.

The seeds of animosity and bitterness have found their way to autumn,
Love and life are being saved, not religion.
Shivers and silence, the birds are now chirping *janagana mana*.

On the canvas,
Brighter are the shades of,
Saffron, white and green,
Ashoka chakra in blue, stands strong for peace.
So I paint, by blending colors of different castes and creed,
Where no one is cold or alone,
But liberal, and free,
Making a portrait of the country of our dreams.

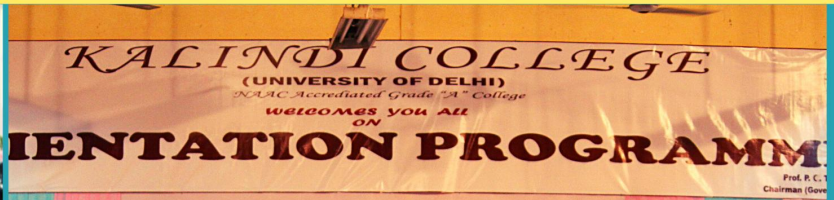
Sonal Sawhney
B.Com. (Prog.) II Year

[This piece won the II Prize in English Slam Poetry, Lehren 2020]

PRINCIPAL'S ACHIEVEMENT



ORIENTATION PROGRAMME



NATIONAL FESTIVALS



DEVELOPMENTAL ACTIVITIES



DEVELOPMENTAL ACTIVITIES



DEPARTMENTAL ACTIVITIES



DEPARTMENTAL ACTIVITIES



NATIONAL CADET CORPS (NCC) & NATIONAL SERVICE SCHEME (NSS)



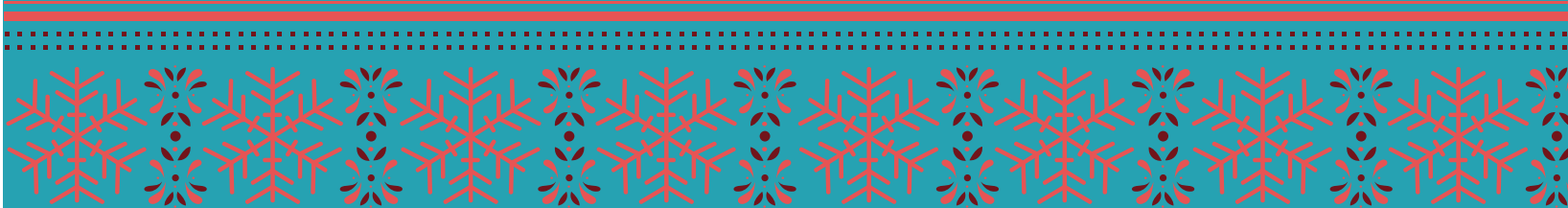
LEHREN-THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL



LEHREN-THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL



ANNUAL SPORTS DAY & ALUMNI MEET



SPORTS ACHIEVERS 2019-20



Shama Praveen
B. A. Hindi (H) III year
Silver in Asian Powerlifting Champion;
Gold in Powerlifting National
Championship, Benchpress & Delhi
state Powerlifting



Aarti Rawal
B.Sc. Life Science II year
Participation in University Boxing
National Competition; Gold in Delhi
state Boxing Competition & Intercollege
Boxing Competition



Srishty Arora
B. Com. (P) III year
Participation in Interuniversity Hand
Ball Competition & Bronze in
Intercollege Competition



Ritika
B. Com. (P) III year
Gold in Delhi State Softball Competition



Priya
B. Sc. Pol. Science (H) II year
Silver in Intercollege Boxing
Competition



Saloni
B. A. (P) I year
Bronze in Intercollege Boxing
Competition



Megha
B. A. Hindi (H) III year
Bronze in Inter College Boxing
Competition

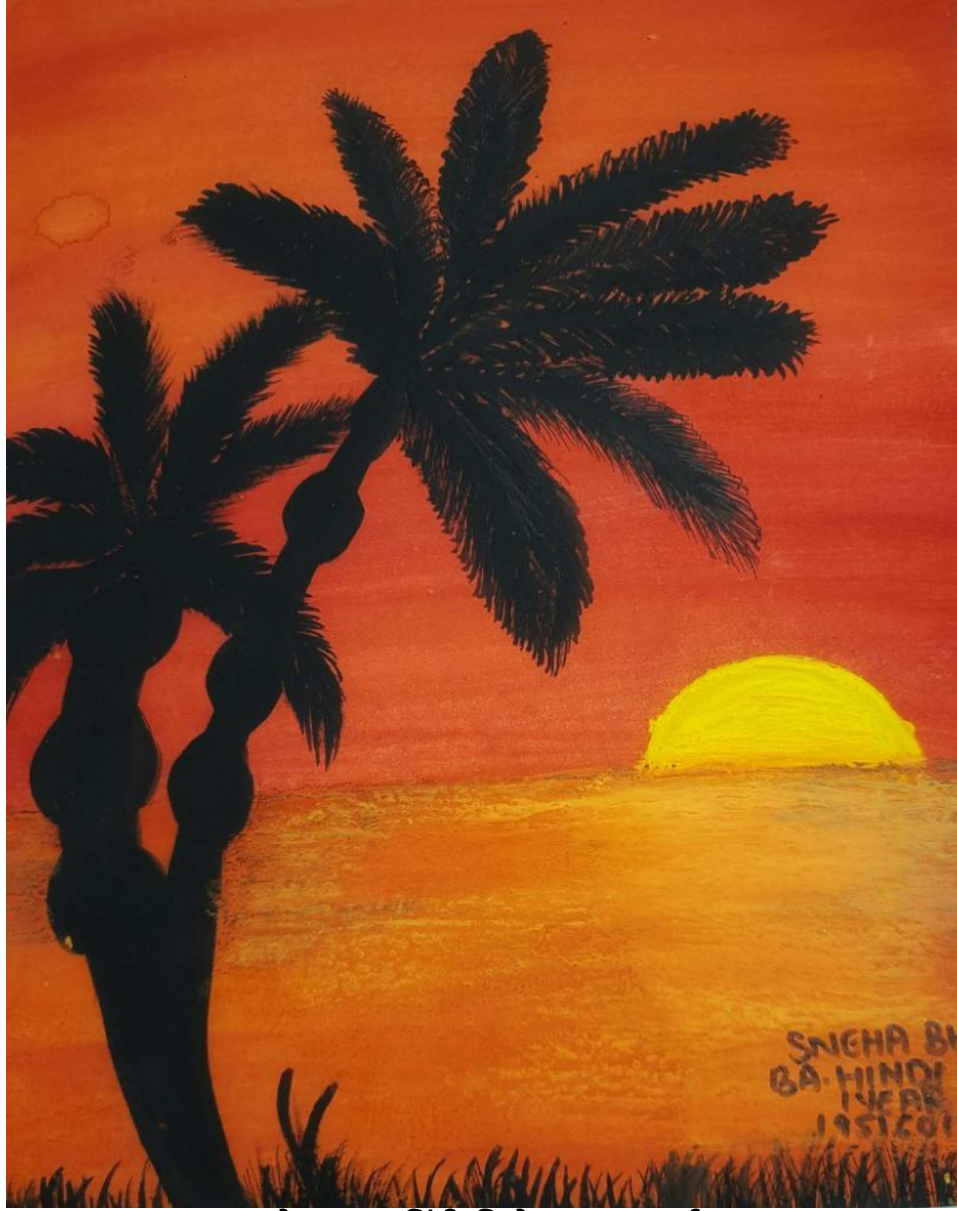


Tanu Gupta
B. Sc. Physics (H) I year
Bronze in Intercollege Indo
Competition



Neha Prakash
B. A. Hindi (H) II year
Bronze in Delhi State Athletics
Championship

हिन्दी अनुभाग



स्नेहा भट्ट, हिंदी विशेष, प्रथम वर्ष

अपनी कलम से... ✍️

हमारी सृजनात्मक अभिव्यक्ति हमारे रचनात्मक विचारों के बिना परिपूर्ण नहीं है और विचार अभिव्यक्ति के बिना अपूर्ण है। उसी प्रकार विचारों के बाग में हर एक फूल का अपना अलग चरित्र विकसित होता है उसी तरह हमारा भी एक चरित्र विकसित होता है। कालिंदी महाविद्यालय की वार्षिक पत्रिका 'प्रवाह 2020' का संपादन करते हुए मैं अत्यंत गौरवान्वित महसूस कर रही हूँ। इस पत्रिका में रचनाओं के प्रकाशन में मेरी सहपाठी छात्राओं व अध्यापकों का सहयोग प्रशंसनीय रहा है, जिसे आप सभी के समक्ष प्रस्तुत करने में मुझे अत्यंत प्रसन्नता का अनुभव हो रहा है। हर वर्ष की तरह इस वर्ष भी हमने छात्राओं के साथ अध्यापकों की भी नई सोच, नया उत्साह, नया अनुभव, नए विचारों को समेट कर आपके समक्ष प्रस्तुत किया है।

इस वर्ष महाविद्यालय की पत्रिका 'प्रवाह 2020' का केंद्रीय विषय "संवाद" है। "संवाद" पर आधारित छात्राओं की स्वरचित रचनाओं, भावनात्मक विचारों को पाठकों तक पहुंचाने का प्रयास किया है। पत्रिका के इस अंक में संकलित रचनाएँ स्त्री-सशक्तिकरण, राजनीति, पिता, प्रेम, ख्वाइशें, कालिंदी का गान, निःशब्द प्रेम व अन्य कई विषयों की ओर हमारा ध्यान आकर्षित करती हैं।

'प्रवाह' अपनी विशिष्ट लेखनी, महाविद्यालय के गौरव व उसकी अस्मिता को प्रकट करने का माध्यम है। जिसमें छात्राओं को अपनी भावनाओं को अभिव्यक्त करने व अपनी रचनात्मकता को सामने लाने और कुछ नया सीखने का अवसर मिलता है।

मैं संपादन कार्य के मार्गदर्शन के लिए पत्रिका की सह - संयोजिका डॉ. मंजू शर्मा, डॉ. ऋतु, डॉ. ब्रह्मा नंद को हृदय से आभार व्यक्त करती हूँ। अपनी सहयोगी सह-सम्पादक नेहा रायकवार व संपादन कार्य में सहयोग हेतु शिवानी कुमारी, नूरजहां को धन्यवाद देती हूँ। जिन नवोदित प्रतिभाओं की कविताओं को पत्रिका में स्थान मिला उन्हें शुभकामनाएँ देती हूँ। साथ ही उनसे व अपनी सहपाठियों से अनुरोध करती हूँ कि हर वर्ष पत्रिका में छोटे-छोटे लेख, संस्मरण, कविता, कहानी, चुटकुले, लिखने का प्रयास अवश्य करें। क्योंकि - क्योंकि - रचनात्मकता बनी रहेगी तभी सृजन का प्रवाह यूं ही बना रहेगा।

कविता सैनी एवं नेहा रायकवार
(सम्पादक)

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स्त्री

मैं जो थी अब मैं नारही
ना जाने मैं क्या से क्या हो गई

मिला था मुझे वो रात के अंधेरे में
देख कर मेरा खुला बदन।

उसकी नियत क्या से क्या होगी हो गई।

आयी नहीं उस दरिदे को देखकर दया
अपनी हवस में नोच डाला बदन मेरा।

मैं चीखी चिल्लाई पर तुझे शर्म ना आई
तू तो था मेरे वालिद की तरह।

क्या तुझे उस वक्त अपनी बेटा की याद ना आई।
मैं क्या थी मैं क्या से क्या हो गई।

क्या मिला तुझे मुझे बर्बाद करके
तू जीत गया मैं हार गयी।



स्नेहा भट्ट, हिंदी विशेष, प्रथम वर्ष

बीत गई रात सुबह निकल आई
दिन के उजाले में अपवित्र मैं कहलाई।

दर्द तूने दिया उम्र भर की सजा मैंने पाई।
मैं क्या थी मैं क्या से क्या हो गई

बच गया तू
बदनामी की चादर मुझे उड़ाई।

मिला मुझे ताना
बाप की इज्जत तूने गवाई।
मैं क्या थी मैं क्या से हो गई।

अब मर गई मेरे जीने की आश
एक ही तो थी इज्जत मेरे पास।

पर तेरे वासना की लालच में
इज्जत मैंने गवाई।

मैं क्या थी मैं क्या से क्या हो गई ॥

ख्वाइशें

ख्वाइशें इस जहाँ में सभी की हैं
एक सी है वो आँखें भी जो इन्हें देखने का जज्बा रखती है

हाँ, फर्क है तो सिर्फ इतना के
इनके हालात कुछ अलग हैं

कुछ को मिलती है उन ख्वाइशों को पूरा करने की आज़ादी
वे बेबस बेहाल नहीं

उनको फ़िक्र नहीं दो वक्त की रोटी की
और कुछ के कंधों पर जिम्मेदारियों का बोझ थमा दिया जाता है

या कहें कुछ यूँ कि
वो जिम्मेदारियाँ इन्हें विरासत में मिली होती है

आँखों के सामने की धुंधली चादर हटा दी जाये
तो सच्चाई एक ये भी है कि

उनकी जरूरतें उनकी ख्वाइशों पर भारी सी हो जाती है...!!

अंजलि
राजनीति विज्ञान विशेष, (तृतीय वर्ष)

बचपन

वो दिन भी कितने अच्छे थे
हम तो बच्चे ही अच्छे थे ।
ना किसी के खोने का डर ना किसी की फिकर ।

वो कागज की कश्ती बनाना
वह मिट्टी में खेलना ।

ना रोने की वजह
ना हंसने का बहाना ।

हाथों में रेत की तरह सब फिसल गया
वह वक्त भी कितना सुहाना था जो निकल गया ।

मंजिल को ढूंढते कहीं खो गए हम
ना जाने वो बचपन कहां छोड़ आए हम ।

वो दिन भी कितने अच्छे थे
हम तो बच्चे ही अच्छे थे ।

हिना शर्मा,
बी.ए. राजनीति विज्ञान विशेष, तृतीय वर्ष

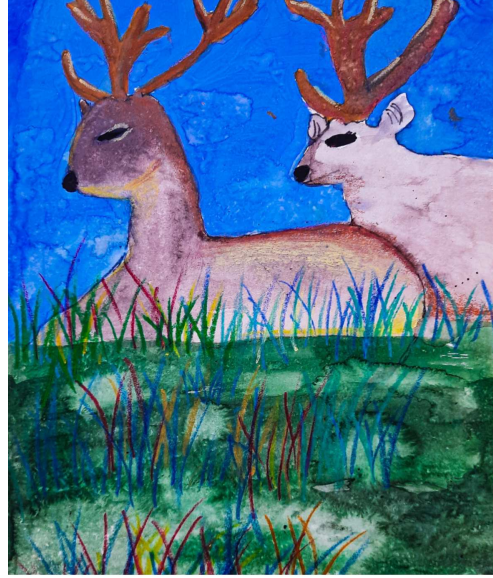
ईमान

कोई कहे हिंदू, कोई कहे मुसलमान
कोई कहे हिंदू, कोई कहे मुसलमान
सब लेने पर तुले एक दूसरे की जान ।
अब इस युग में नहीं है कहीं ईमान
अब इस युग में नहीं है कहीं ईमान
जो कराए दंगे, सिर्फ उन्हीं की शान।

भगवा वस्त्र ओढ़कर ही, मिल जाता संतों को स्थान
अब न शास्त्रीय ज्ञान चाहिए, न ही अनुभव ज्ञान।
इस युग में संत जीवन है सबसे आसान
इस युग में संत जीवन है सबसे आसान
आराम से खाओ-पियो नहीं करना है कोई काम ।

लोग कल भी थे और आज भी है
इन बड़े-बड़े ठेकेदारों के गुलाम।

धर्मों के बीच की दूरियाँ , अब बन चुकी है खाई
न कोई ईमान बचा, सिर्फ हिन्दू-मुस्लिम देता है सुनाई
आधी जनता सो चुकी है, आधी सोती है जाई
इनको जगाने वाला कोई कबीर, बचा नहीं है भाई



स्नेहा भट्ट, हिंदी विशेष, प्रथम वर्ष

चंदन का भार, अब हर कोई उठा रहा है ।
भक्ति का व्यापार, अब हर कहीं हो रहा है ।
अब दूसरे के लिए नहीं करता है कोई विलाप।
अब तो अपने ही सबसे बड़े आस्तीन के साँप।

कबीर तू चलने पड़ा था बदलने दुनिया
कबीर तू चलने पड़ा था बदलने दुनिया
अब कोई वाकई में दुनिया बदल चुकी है
पहले घट- घट बसते थे राम
अब अच्छाई का नामोनिशान नहीं है ।

लेकिन है, अब भी एक, आशा की किरण
अगर जाग जाए ये सोया संसार
बदल जायेगा इस देश का दृश्य
जहाँ कर्म-कांड को त्याग कर लोग
देंगे प्रेम को पहला स्थान
देंगे प्रेम को पहला स्थान।।

शमा,
बी. ए. (प्रो.) प्रथम वर्ष

मैं रो कर नहीं,
हंस कर लडना चाहती हूं
मैं नाजुक नहीं.....
मजबूत बनना चाहती हूं,

मैं रो कर नहीं हंसकर.....
लडना चाहती हूं ।

मेरे उन जख्मों के दाग को अब छुपाना चाहती हूं.....
जी हां मैं रो कर नहीं हंसकर.....
लडना चाहती हूं ।



नेहा जैन, हिंदी विशेष, द्वितीय वर्ष

जमाने की परवाह नहीं अब मुझको ,
शैतानों का सीना फाड़ना चाहती हूं ।

जी हाँ मैं रोकर नहीं हंसकर.....
लडना चाहती हूं ।

मुझे समाज की अब कोई लाज नहीं
अपने ख्वाबों को लेकर उड़ना चाहती हूं ।

मैं नाजुक नहीं मजबूत बनना चाहती हूं ।

अंजलि,
हिंदी विशेष, प्रथम वर्ष

मोहब्बत

पहली मोहब्बत का मलाल नहीं....
मैं तो तेरी आखिरी मोहब्बत बनना चाहती हूँ ।

तुझे जान से ज्यादा चाहना चाहती हूँ,
मैं तेरी पहली मोहब्बत नहीं....
आखिरी मोहब्बत बनना चाहती हूँ ।

मैं तेरी राधा नहीं स्वप्नी बनना चाहती हूँ....
पहली मोहब्बत का मलाल नहीं
मैं तो तेरी आखिरी मोहब्बत बनना चाहती हूँ ।

जो तू सब भूल जाता है ,
आज तुझे वही किस्से सुनाना चाहती हूँ ,
तेरी हर बातों को दिल में छुपाना चाहती हूँ....

किसी से कुछ ना कहकर भी आज तुझे सब बताना चाहती हूँ ।
पहली मोहब्बत का मलाल नहीं....
मैं तो तेरी आखिरी मोहब्बत बनना चाहती हूँ ।

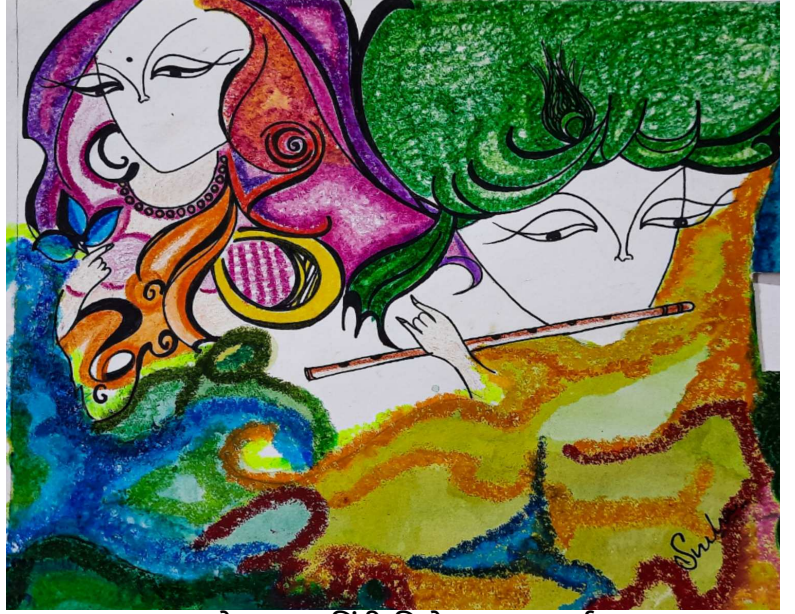
तुझे चकवी की तरह प्यार करना चाहती हूँ ,
माना मोहब्बत में दूरियां भी होती हैं ,

लेकिन मैं तुझसे चांदनी रात में मिलन की आस लगाना भी चाहती हूँ ,
एक चकवा-चकवी की तरह बेशुमार प्यार करना चाहती हूँ ।

पहली मोहब्बत का मलाल नहीं....
मैं तो तेरी आखिरी मोहब्बत बनना चाहती हूँ ।

मैं पार्वती की तरह तुझे पाना चाहती हूँ,
हर जन्म में तेरी आस लगाना चाहती हूँ ।

पहली मोहब्बत का मलाल नहीं....
मैं तो तेरी आखिरी मोहब्बत बनना चाहती हूँ ।



स्नेहा भट्ट, हिंदी विशेष, प्रथम वर्ष

अंजलि,
हिन्दी विशेष, प्रथम वर्ष

बीती घड़ियाँ

खामोशी से भरे मेरे मन को तोड़ो मत....
माना समय की सुई अभी अटकी है कहीं

वह वक्त नहीं तो क्या
पर उस अटकी सुई को छोड़ो मत

खामोशी से भरे मेरे मन को तोड़ो मत
चंद घड़ियाँ जो मुझे तुमसे लपेटी है

अब उसे मुझसे छीनो मत
खामोशी से भरे मेरे मन को तोड़ो मत

यदि याद आए कभी वो शाम
तो उस लम्हों को भी याद करना जरूर

लेकिन उन यादों में मुझे फिर खोना मत
खामोशी से भरे मेरे मन को तोड़ो मत

शांभवी,
हिंदी विशेष, प्रथम वर्ष

दो पल

मैंने दो पल में जिंदगी को लूटते देखा है
बाबुल के आंगन से पिया के घर तक का सफर देखा है

तेरी गुड़िया से ,
किसी की पत्नी बनते देखा है

मैंने दो पल में जिंदगी को लूटते देखा है
खुद की डोली से

जनाजे तक का सफर देखा है
लक्ष्मी से एक अछूत बनते देखा है

मैंने दो पल में जिंदगी को लूटते देखा है
मंडप में साथ जीने की कसम से आज शमशान तक का सफर देखा है

तेरी परछाई से खुद को रात बनते देखा है
मैंने दो पल में जिंदगी को लूटते देखा है

शांभवी,
हिंदी विशेष, प्रथम वर्ष

गुड़िया

गुड़िया है वो
गुड़िया है वो, गुड़िया से खेलती है
उसके जीवन को खेल न समझ...
मासूम-सा दिल है वो
उसका इस्तेमाल न कर...
उसके तन के कपड़ों से उसका चरित्र तय न कर...
तू मर्द है, खुद को दरिदा साबित न कर...
सलीखे में रहती है वो
उसके सलीखे की कद्र कर...
राहों में अगर तन्हा खड़ी है वो
तो उसको अपना मौका न समझा...
किसी की बेटी, किसी की अमानत है वो
उसको दहेज लेने का मोहरा न समझ...
खुद के अस्तित्व की पहचान खुद है वो
उसको किसी की मोहताज न समझ...

मेघा,
हिन्दी विशेष, द्वितीय वर्ष

मजबूर

मैं वापस आऊँगा
अपने घर के आंगन से बहुत दूर हूँ
ये ना समझना के मैं मजबूर हूँ...

गंगा और यमुना सा पवित्र हूँ
सावन की हरियाली सा पावन हूँ..
मेरी माँ करती जिसका इंतज़ार
उस माँ का लाडला वीर हूँ..
श्रृंगार सजी राह ताके मेरी दुल्हन
उसके विरह वेदना में तड़पन की कहानी हूँ..
बैठी है मेरी प्यारी बहन थाल में राखी सजाए
उसकी राखी का हकदार हूँ..
सुनाते मेरी बहादुरी के किस्से गर्व से सबको
अपने बूढ़े बाबा का अभिमान हूँ..

कहा था मैंने माँ से अपनी
माँ तुम चिंता मत करना....,,
बस थोड़ी सी मजबूरी है
कुछ मीलों की ही दूरी है..
मैं फिर वापस आऊँगा
सबके चेहरे की खुशी बन जाऊँगा...

वादा है मेरा मैं वापस आऊँगा
भारत माँ के मुकुट की शान बनकर दिखाऊँगा..
लेकर जान हथेली पर मैं ऊफ तक ना कहूँगा
भारत माँ का वीर हूँ मैं सारे फर्ज निभाऊँगा...

भूला नहीं हूँ माँ तुझसे किया वादा मैं अपना
खुद ना आ सका तो..
तिरंगे में लिपटकर आऊँगा..
रोना मत मुझे देख तुम सब
लड़ते-लड़ते कठिनाईयों से
अपना सर कटवाऊँगा..
सेना का जवान हूँ मैं
देश की शान में शहीद हो जाऊँगा।।।

मेघा,
हिन्दी विशेष, द्वितीय वर्ष

वाहरे बचपन

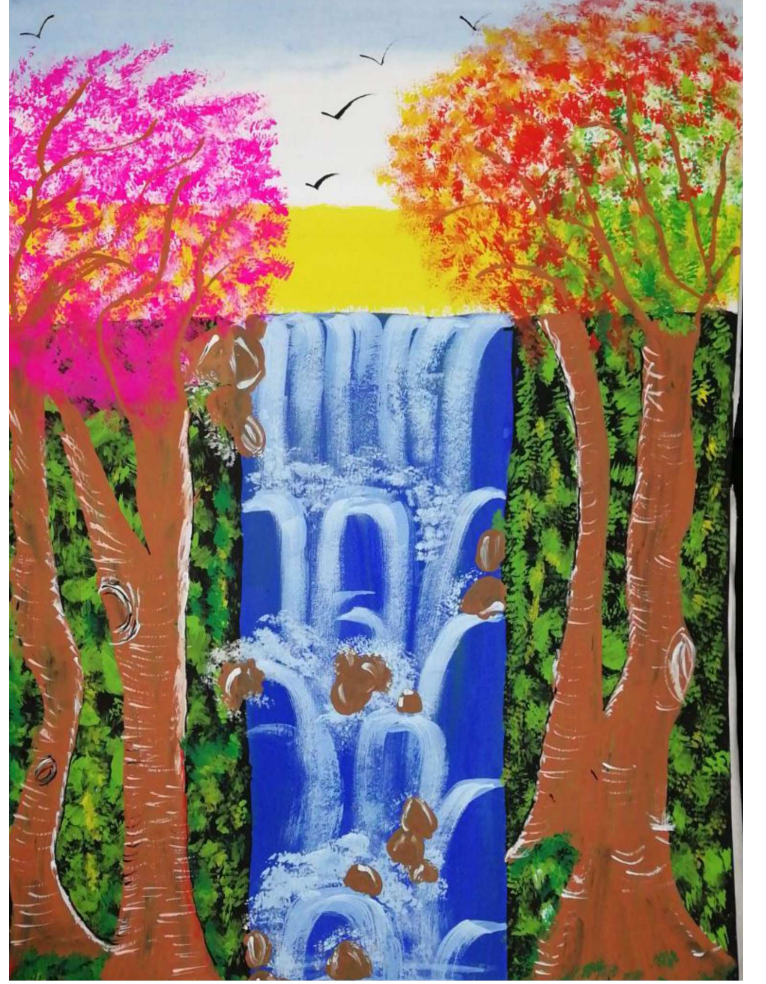
वो पल भी क्या खूब था... जब हम बच्चे थे
वो बचपन का पल जब...
बिन बात हम हँसते थे ।

आंखों में आंसू होता था...
पर फिर भी दिल कभी दुखी नहीं हुआ...
वो बचपन का पल भी क्या खूब था...

जब ना कुछ तेरा था और ना मेरा था
रोज एक दूसरे से लड़ते थे...
फिर भी हर रोज एक दूसरे के साथ होते थे...

कितने अच्छे थे वो दिन...
जब रिश्ते हमारे समझ नहीं आते थे...
ना किसी की बात बुरी लगती थी...
ना कोई रिश्ता...

वो पल जब सब हमें अपने लगते थे...
सब हमें प्यारे होते थे ।
काश वो पल एक बार फिर लौट आए
मेरा बचपन मुझे फिर मिल जाए ।



संजना, हिंदी विशेष, द्वितीय वर्ष

पूजा,
बी. ए. (प्रो.) प्रथम वर्ष

बेटी की पुकार

सोन चिरैया हं माँ, मैं तेरे आंगने की,
मुझको परख, ना तू यूँ जुदा कर ।

बचपन में मेरी एक चीख से,
तू दहल जाती थी ।

जब मैं आज यूँ चिल्ला-चिल्लाकर रो रही हं ,
तो तुझ तक आवाज ही नहीं जा रही ।

बाबू तुम ही तो कुछ बोलो,
मां तो चुप्पी साधे है
अगर जुदा कर दोगे अपने आप से तो किसको तुम लाड लड़ाओगे

दफन कर दोगे मुझे उस मिट्टी में,
कितना मैं तड़प रही हं कैसे बताऊंगी ।
सूना कर दूंगी तुम्हारे आंगन को,
तो मेरे बिना कैसे रह पाओगे ।

सोन चिरैया हं माँ, मैं तेरे आंगन की
मुझको परख ना तू, यूँ जुदा कर ।

मैं तो मरने के तत्पश्चात भी आई हं
कुछ क्षण में पंचतंत्र में लीन हो जाऊंगी
ईश्वर से यही दुआ करूंगी।

बेटी बनूँ तो तुम्हारे आंगन की ही
तुम समझा देना माँ ना रोए, अब मेरे लिए
क्योंकि अब मैं उससे बहुत दूर जा चुकी हं ।

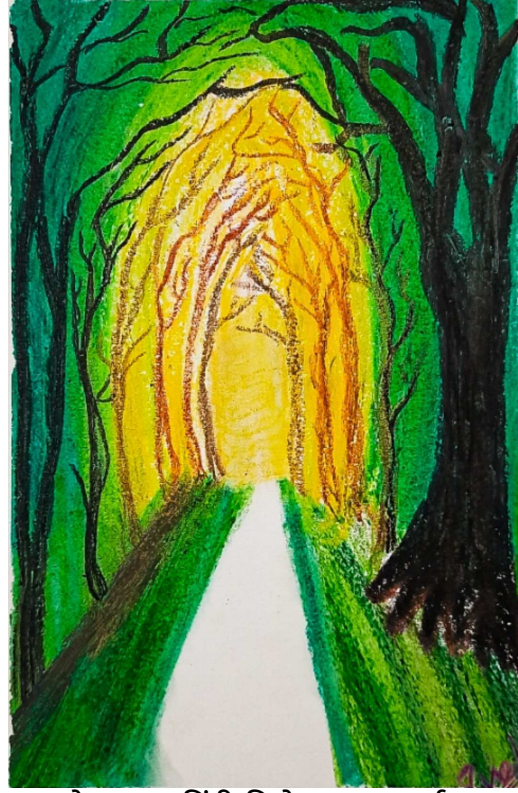
माँ की थी ना जो मैं सोन चिरैया आंगन की
उससे बाहर आकर खुले आसमान में अब मैं विलय हो गई हूँ ।

कविता कुमारी,
बी.ए. (प्रो.) द्वितीय वर्ष

स्त्री

कितना रोई होगी वह स्त्री
जब उस पर हंस रहा था जमाना।
कितनी तडपी होगी वह तब
जब उसका अपना ही उससे हो रहा था बेगाना
बेच दिया उस शख्स के हाथों
जो था उससे बिल्कुल अनजान
कितने निर्दयी थे वह लोग
जिसने उसे दिया पल पल उलाहना
किसी ने जरूरी नहीं समझा उसे अपना
बेआबरू कर दिया सब के सामने
बना दिया उसे किसी का सिरहाना
कितने अभागे हैं बेचारे वह लोग
जिसने आज तक एक स्त्री का महत्व न जाना

नूरजहां,
हिंदी विशेष, तृतीय वर्ष



स्नेहा भट्ट, हिंदी विशेष, प्रथम वर्ष

बाज़ार

सब बिकता है इस दुनिया के बाज़ार में
इंसानियत बिक रही है संसार में
अमीर बने बैठे हैं राजा
गरीब बन गया गुलाम
कोई धर्म के लिए लड़ता है
कोई लड़ता है सरेआम
व्यक्ति -व्यक्ति से लड़ता है
पैसों में बिकते हैं भगवान
फूलों से सजते नेता सरेआम
झूठा का बोलवाला हो गया आम
हर जगह मचा है कोहराम
किसी को चाहिए सत्ता तो किसी को पहचान
इन सभी में युवा भी बनता जा रहा है बलवान
सभी की अपनी अभिलाषा
सबका अपना गर्व मान
सभी होते जा रहे हैं बेईमान
हर जगह संप्रदायिकता की होड़ है
युवा में भी इसका जोर है
चल रही है यह कैसी हवा है
देश जा रह है कहाँ ?

नूरजहां,
हिंदी विशेष, तृतीय वर्ष

सत्य वृष्टि

आने दो यह अंधरी रात
छिपी है जिसमे कुछ बात
जो बताएगा एक तारा
जब घड़ी में बजेंगे बारह।

ना है आज कोई उसके साथ
जिससे करते थे सब मीठी बात।
माँ कहती थी गुड़िया मेरी,
पापा कहते थे रानी बेटी।

"कहाँ गया वह लाड प्यार?"
पुकार रही वह बार बार।
अश्रु की धारा फिर बह उठी
जब उस घटना को वह फिर जी रही।

अंधेर कोने में बैठी बेचारी,
सिसकियां लेती वह ना हारी।
आंखें खोले तो वे स्मृतियां,
बन्द करे तब भी वे कुरीतियां।

क्यों है दुनिया का यह हाल
"अब कौन बनेगा मेरी ढाल?
क्या वह पाप था मैने किया,
जो पापा ने घर से बेदखल किया?"

क्या वह गलती मेरी थी ?
मैं रात को बाहर निकली थी
क्या पता था मुझको कि
हर कोने में है दरिदगी।"
सोच-सोचकर वह सो गयी थी
कि "वह लड़की थी यह गलती थी"।
ठिठुरती-सी, वह कांपती-सी,
नींद आयी कुछ हल्की-सी।

ठंड की नहीं थी वह ठिठुरन,
वह तो था किसी भय का कंपन।
आंखों के सामने फिर से वे स्मृतियां
जीवित हो गयीं हो जैसे वो दुनिया।

चिल्लाकर वह फिर गयी थी उठ,
समाज क्यों उससे गया था रुठ।
सुनसान सड़क पर बैठी भयभीत
याद आया उसे कोई गीत,

"दुनिया बनाने वाले क्या तेरे मन में समाई,
काहे को दुनिया बनायी...तूने काहे को दुनिया बनायी?"
बस एक हाथ सहायता का
बन जाएगा सहारा उसकी नैय्या का।

अरदास करती वह ईश्वर से,
"कहाँ है तू, कहाँ है तू रे?
तू नहीं तो कोई दूत भेज,
दूत नहीं तो यमदूत भेज।"

सही है गुड़िया, सही है बच्ची,
ऐसे जीवन से मौत ही अच्छी।
फटे कपड़े ओढ़े, टूटी चप्पल पहने,
खाने को दो बिस्कुट थे एक देने में।

भूखी बिटिया ने हाथ बढ़ाया खाने को
तो देखा सामने उसके खड़े थे आदमी दो।
वे भी किन्ही रक्षसों-दरिन्दों से कम नहीं थे,
जलती हुई ज्वाला में घी डालकर चले गये थे।

अब कौन मानेगा उसकी गाथा
जब साथ में ना पिता ना माता।
अब कौन होगा उसका साथी, कौन देगा सच्ची गवाही
जब सत्यवानों का इस धरती पर नामो-निशान नहीं।

सच्चे होने का दावा करते हैं
फिर भी उनका साथ देते हैं।
ऐसे राक्षस-दरिंदे इस धरती पर एक बोझ हैं,
इनका विरोध करने वाले वीरों की हम को खोज है।

कौन बनेगा उस अंधेरी रात का सितारा,
सत्य वृष्टि कौन करेगा जब बजेंगे बारह?
"सत्य वृष्टि कौन करेगा जब बजेंगे बारह?"

सौम्या मिश्रा,
बी. कॉम. विशेष, प्रथम वर्ष

समय की पहचान

तू खुद की खोज में निकल
तू क्यों हताश है,
तू चल, तेरे वजूद की
समय को भी तलाश है

समय वो फरिश्ता है
जिंदगी में आकर वापस चला जाता है,
ढूँढते रह जाते हैं ख्वाबों में ही
समय चाहकर भी नहीं आता है,

क्यों जिंदगी बर्बाद करता है कल और कल में
तू जिंदगी जी आज और आज में,
समेट ले अपने सपने इस दरिया में,
क्योंकि सपने पूरे करने हैं इसी दुनिया में।

समय तुझे नहीं तू समय को लेकर चल
तू ख्वाब को नहीं
तू मज़बूत इरादों को लेकर चल
माना कि पहले कद्र नहीं थी
लेकिन अब तू समय को मुट्ठी में लेकर चल।



स्नेहा भट्ट, हिंदी विशेष, प्रथम वर्ष

अंजलि रानी,
हिंदी विशेष, तृतीय वर्ष

मेरी दुनिया, मेरे पापा

पापा, मैं आपकी नन्ही-सी परी,
आप मेरे सुपर हीरो हो।
मैं आपकी प्यारी-सी गुड़िया,
आप मेरी सारी दुनिया हो।

खुश तो मुझे होना चाहिए आप मुझे मिले, पर
मेरे जन्म की खुशी आप मना रहे हो।
जब मम्मी डॉट लगाती है तो,
आप चुपके से हंसते-हंसाते हो।

मेरे सोते हुए चुपके से,
मेरे सिर पर हाथ फिराते हो।
मैं सुबह लेट उठती हूँ और,
आप थककर भी काम पर जाते हो।

अपने सारे शौक भुलाकर,
मेरी हर इच्छाओं को अपने शौक बनाते हो।
सपने तो मेरे हैं पर,
उन्हें पूरे करने का रास्ता आप बनाते हो।

मेरे घर से दूर होने का गम आपको भी है,
पर मेरी खुशी देखकर, आप अपने गम भुलाए जा रहे हो।
मैं आपकी बेटा होने का फर्ज़ निभा रही हूँ या नहीं,
आप अपना हर फर्ज़ निभाए जा रहे हो।

पापा, जिसकी शीतल छाँव में संपूर्ण परिवार सुखी से रहता है।
आप वो एक वटवृक्ष हो,
अगर माँ घर का गौरव है, तो आप घर का अस्तित्व हो।
पापा, मैं आपकी नन्ही-सी परी, आप मेरे सुपर हीरो हो,
मैं आपकी प्यारी-सी गुड़िया, आप मेरी सारी दुनिया हो।



स्नेहा भट्ट, हिंदी विशेष, प्रथम वर्ष

निशा रानी,
बी.एस.सी. द्वितीय वर्ष, गणित

माँ प्यारी माँ

तुम मेरी जननी हो, तुम देवी हो माँ।
मैं एक पौधे जैसी हूँ, जिसे तुमने सींचा है।
9 माह तक कोख में तूने, अपने प्यार से पाला है।
मुझको इस दुनिया में लाकर, पापा की मुस्कान बनाया है।

माँ तेरी ममता की छांव में, न जाने कब मैं बड़ी हुई।
घुटनों पर रेंगते-रेंगते, अपने पैरों पर खड़ी हुई।
तेरी हर डांट में मैंने, अपने लिए बेशुमार प्यार पाया है।
मेरे हर आँसू को तूने, इस तरह आँचल में छिपाया है।

मेरे हँसते चेहरे के पीछे का दुख तुम जान जाती हो।
अपने नरम-नरम हाथों से, मुझे फूलों की तरह सहलाती हो।
माँ तेरी ममता के आँचल में, हर दुख को सुख में पाया है।
तेरे साये में मैंने अपने आप को, कभी ना बेबस पाया है।

तेरी हर दुआ में मैंने, अपने लिए वरदान पाया है।
तूने मेरी हर खुशी को अपनी खुशी बनाया है।
मेरे हँसते चेहरे को अपनी पलकों में बसाया है।
माँ तूने सिर उठाकर निडर इस जहान में चलना सिखाया है।
तेरे इसी प्यार ने हमारे रिश्ते को इतना खूबसूरत बनाया है।।

निशा रानी,
बी.एस.सी. द्वितीय वर्ष, गणित

मेरा बचपन

काश के जमाना।
फिर लौट आए।
मैं माँ की आँचल में खेलूँ।
और माँ प्यार से सहलाए ॥

काश के जमाना ।
फिर लौट आए।
मैं जब भी स्टूँ ।
माँ प्यार से मनाए॥

वो मीठी- मीठी रोटी।
माँ प्यार से खिलाए।
मैं शान्ति से सो जाऊँ।
माँ फिर से लोरी गाए॥

वो प्यारी-प्यारी बातें।
जो माँ ने बतायीं।
मैं संग में बैठी रहूँ।
माँ फिर से वही सिखाएँ॥

पूजा,
बी. ए. (प्रो.) प्रथम वर्ष

बदलता भारत

कहा जाता सोने की चिड़िया जिसकी संस्कृति उसकी जान थी।
विकसित नहीं विकासशील ही सही पर ईमानदारी जिसकी मान थी।

मानती हूँ शिक्षा और विज्ञान से यह धरती अनजान रही,
पर कार्य कुशलता और एकता सदा ही इसकी प्राण रही।

धर्म, जाति, ऊँच-नीच पर जब भी पड़ी एकता भारी है,
इतिहास है रहा गवाह अंग्रेजी सरकार भी हमसे हारी है।

पर पता नहीं गाँधी के सपनों के भारत को क्या हुआ,
खुद के विषयों को छोड़ मीडिया पाकिस्तान से घिरा हुआ।

कर्तव्यों को भूलकर लोग अधिकारों की बातें करते हैं,
हिटलर के जाने के बाद नेता खुद को हिटलर पार्ट- 2 समझते हैं।

शर्मसार खबरों को छिपाकर रिपोर्टर पाकिस्तान को खबरदार करते हैं,
सरकार पर टिप्पणी करने पर लोग देशद्रोही समझते हैं।

जिस खाई को पाटना था उसे मीडिया और चौड़ा करती है,
पाकिस्तान को मुद्दा बनाकर भारत के नंगों को दरकिनार रखती है।

दुख होता है देखकर, देश की जैसी हालत है,
दो-चार सच्चे लोगों की जहाँ न कोई कीमत है।

रिश्वत और बेईमानी जैसे संविधान में लिखित नियम हैं,
यमराज की कोई जरूरत नहीं, आदमी ही यहाँ प्रत्यक्ष यम है।

उठिए अब भी इस क्षण सोचिए,
देश है आपका और आप इस देश के।
धर्म, जाति से ऊपर उठकर हम रहें बिना द्वेष के,

इंसानियत धर्म हो हमारा, न रहे ईमान बेच के,
ताकि बने भारत वैसा ही जैसा गए गाँधी छोड़ के।

कृतिका ओझा,
भूगोल विशेष, प्रथम वर्ष

एक चाह

चाह है कि निकलूँ मैं गर्भ से,
और देखूँ मैं इस दुनिया को।

चाह है मैं भरूँ उड़ान चिड़िया की,
और फैलाऊँ अपने पर इस आस्मां में।

चाह है कि मैं खिल-खिलाऊँ,
अपनी माँ के आंचल में।

चाह है कि मैं भी अपने,
सपने सच कर दिखाऊँ,
अपना भी एक नाम बनाऊँ।

बस इतनी-सी ही चाह है मेरी।
इस दुनिया से,

मत करो अंत मेरा गर्भ में,
हक दो मुझे भी जीने का।

खुद को सक्षम बनाने का,
साहस दो मुझे की मैं तोड़ूँ।

इन भेदभाव की जंजीरों को,
सशक्त मैं खुद होऊँ और
करूँ दूसरों को।

बस यही चाह है मेरी,
बस यही चाह है मेरी।

शिवानी मिश्रा,
बी.एस.सी. ऑनर्स जूलोजी

भारतीय सैनिक

वीरता का तू प्रतीक है,
त्याग व शौर्य तेरे लह में है,
थर- थर काँपे दुश्मन तेरी आहट से,
उस भारत माँ का सपूत है तू।

भारतीय सेना की श्रेष्ठता, उनकी वीरता किसी परिचय का मोहताज नहीं हैं। वे निःस्वार्थ भाव से किसी के लिए कुछ करने को तैयार रहते हैं, खुशी-खुशी अपनी मातृभूमि के लिए सब कुछ समर्पित करने का जो उनका जज्बा है, शायद ही वह दुनिया में कहीं और देखने को मिले। कड़ी धूप, तूफान, बारिश, कड़क ठंड में भी वे अपने फ़र्ज़ से पीछे नहीं हटते हैं। वे अपने देशवासियों की सेवा पूर्ण रूप से समर्पित होकर करते हैं। अपने परिवार से मिलों दूर, सामाजिकता से कटे हुए, ये अपना दर्द किसी से व्यक्त नहीं करते हैं। सच्चे प्रेमी भारतीय सैनिक हैं तथा सच्ची मानवता की झलक इनमें दिखाई देती है जहाँ क्रूरता तथा भ्रष्टाचार अपने चरम सीमा पर है। 'पुलवामा अटैक हो या 'उरी अटैक' भारतीय सैनिक अपने दुश्मनों के छक्के छुड़ाने में कभी भी पीछे नहीं हटते हैं और वे “अभिनंदन” जैसे वीर बनकर उभरते हैं, लोगों को प्रेरित करते हैं कि वे निःस्वार्थ भाव से तन – मन – धन से अपनी मातृभूमि के लिए जियें और मरें। सलाम है ऐसे वीर और वीरांगनाओं को मेरा।

शिवानी मिश्रा
बी. एस. सी. विशेष, जूलोजी
प्रथम वर्ष

मेरे पापा

जिसकी हर डॉट में छुपा रहता है प्यार,
वो अपने बच्चे को डाँटकर खुद मायूस हो जाया करते हैं,
और वो न दिखायी देनेवाली देखभाल भी करते हैं,
कि मेरे बच्चे पे कोई आँच न आने पाए इसलिए सब सहन भी किया करते हैं,
हाँ, वो कोई और नहीं, पापा हैं मेरे।
वो कोई और नहीं, पापा हैं मेरे।।

जब बच्चा बीमार हो जाए तो परेशान हो जाया करते हैं,
खुद बीमार हो जाने पर किसी को एहसास भी न होने दिया करते हैं,
दिन-रात अपने परिवार की खातिर मेहनत भी यही किया करते हैं,
हाँ, वो कोई और नहीं, पापा हैं मेरे।
वो कोई और नहीं, पापा हैं मेरे।।

खुद पुराना पहनकर अपने बच्चे को नया पहनाया करते हैं,
खुद की-पैड फोन चलकर अपने बच्चे को स्मार्टफोन दिलाया करते हैं,
खुद का पेट काटकर अपने बच्चे को खिला दिया करते हैं,
खुद के शौक मारकर अपने बच्चे के शौक पूरे किया करते हैं,
हाँ, वो कोई और नहीं, पापा हैं मेरे।
वो कोई और नहीं, पापा हैं मेरे।।

हाँ जानती हूँ वो कभी शक भी नहीं किया करते हैं,
बस समाज के डर से कुछ पाबंदियां लगा दिया करते हैं,
और हाँ वो हमारे साथ हमारे हर कदम पर साथ खड़े भी रहा करते हैं,
वो मुझे हिम्मत और साहस भी दिया करते हैं,
हाँ, वो कोई और नहीं, पापा हैं मेरे।
वो कोई और नहीं, पापा हैं मेरे।।

फिर उनकी जिंदगी में एक दिन ये भी आया करता है,
कि जब अपनी बेटी दूसरों के घर विदा कर देते हैं,
दिखावा न करके दिल से वो भी बहुत रोया करते हैं,
जाने वो इतनी हिम्मत कहाँ से लाया करते हैं,
हाँ, वो कोई और नहीं, पापा हैं मेरे।
वो कोई और नहीं, पापा हैं मेरे।।

नेहा सिंह,
बी.एस.सी. गणित, द्वितीय वर्ष

कालिदी का अमरगीत

कालिदी के बाग बहार से
नील-कंठ से गूंजेगा स्वर ।
अमर राग होगा- अमर राग होगा
भारत को जो ले जाए शिखर ॥

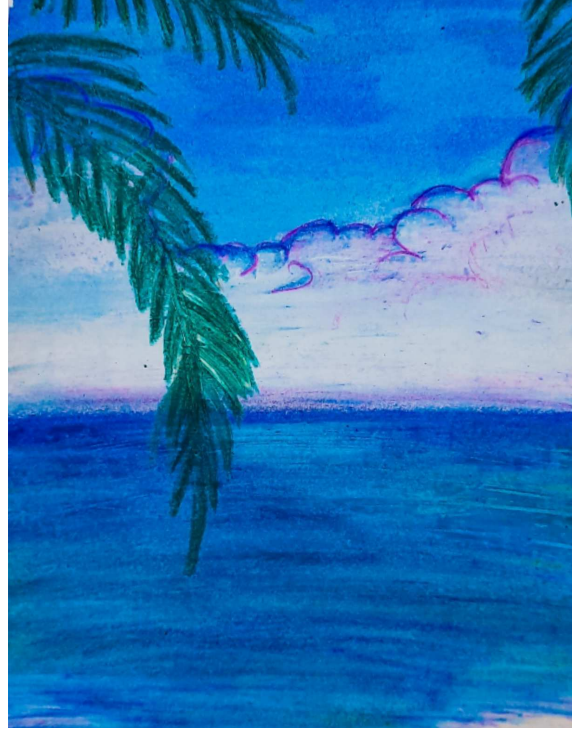
अंधकार में कर के उजियारा
राही को देकर पथ का ज्ञान ।
कालिदी के अमरगीत में
माँ भारती का है स्वाभिमान ॥

गंगा-कालिदी का अमरगीत
शौर्य गाथाएं कहती है।
तेरी गोद में आज भी
लक्ष्मी-झलकारी विरांगनाएँ रहती हैं।

अपनी ध्येय-यात्रा में
अब न कभी हम स्केंगे ।
माँ भारती-कालिदी के गीत गाकर
अब न कभी हम झुकेंगे॥

जीवन की अग्नि परीक्षा में
अर्जुन की तरह उद्गार करें ।
कालिदी के अमरगीत गाकर

विजय का पर्व हो जीवन-संग्राम
अंधेरे-का जब हो झण।
कालिदी के अमरगीत गाएं
जिसमें पूर्णिमा का है स्मरण॥
नवज्ञान-नवजीवन का हुंकार भरें॥



स्नेहा भट्ट, हिंदी विशेष, प्रथम वर्ष

आत्मगौरव के साथ
ऊँचा रहे हमारा मस्तक।
कालिदी का अमरगीत है
गगन मंडल पर हमारी दस्तक ॥

अधर्म पर धर्म की जयगाथा
हमारे राष्ट्र की कहानी ।
कालिदी के अमरगीत में
भारत के वैभव की निशानी॥

कालिदी के अमरगीत में
गौतम का है संदेश।
गंगा-कालिदी सा निश्छल
बनेगा मेरा भारत देश॥

डॉ. अभिषेक,
गणित विभाग

दौर-ए-ज़िंदगी

दौर-ए-ज़िंदगी ने क्या ख़ूब सिखाया है हमें!
कभी दोस्त को दुश्मन,
तो दुश्मन को भी दोस्त बताया है हमें!
दौर-ए-ज़िंदगी ने क्या ख़ूब सिखाया है हमें!

कहते हैं, गिर गए एक बार
तो उठना मुश्किल है
पर गिरने के बाद ही
मजबूती से उठना सिखाया है हमें!
दौर-ए-ज़िंदगी ने क्या ख़ूब सिखाया है हमें!

वक्रत के ये दौर तो ठहरते ही नहीं
पर वक्रत ने ही असली
चेहरा दिखाया है हमें।
दौर-ए-ज़िंदगी ने क्या ख़ूब सिखाया है हमें!

पिघले हुए इन अशकों की तपिश
को क्या कहें ऐ दोस्त!
इन अशकों ने भी ख़ूब हँसाया है हमें
दौर-ए-ज़िंदगी ने क्या ख़ूब सिखाया है हमें!

लोग रश्क करते हैं
अपनी जीत पर,
नाकामियों ने फ़ख़्र करना सिखाया है हमें!

गर्म हवाओं की तपिश सहना
तो मुश्किल था लेकिन
इस तपिश ने ही
सर्द हवाओं का लुत्फ़ दिलाया है हमें
दौर-ए-ज़िंदगी ने बहुत ख़ूब सिखाया है हमें!
कभी दोस्त को दुश्मन,
तो दुश्मन को भी दोस्त बताया है हमें!

बलजीत कौर 'अमहर्ष', हिन्दी विभाग

ज़मीन

भूले हुए पंछी
भटके हुए परिंदों
लौट कर आओ
अपने बसेरों की ओर

नई उडान, नए मुकाम
पाना तो है बहुत ख़ूब
पर स्क कर सॉस लेने
ज़िंदा रहने को
धरती पर टिके रहना भी है जरूरी

भूले हुए पंछी
भटके हुए परिंदों
लौट कर आओ
अपने बसेरों की ओर!

बलजीत कौर 'अमहर्ष',
हिन्दी विभाग

सृजन

सृजन का सुख, अनूठा सुख
अनूठा आनंद, अनूठा एहसास
प्रेम का उद्भव
प्रेम का उद्गार
प्रेम की अभिव्यक्ति
प्रेम की प्रतिफलित कृति

सृजन का सुख, अनूठा सुख
अनूठा आनंद, अनूठा एहसास
नवोद्भव कृति,
नवीन स्पर्श,
नवीन स्पंदन
नवीन प्रतिकृति
उल्लास ही उल्लास
आह्लाद ही आह्लाद

सृजन का सुख, अनूठा सुख
अनूठा आनंद, अनूठा एहसास
भावनाओं का अंश
संवेदनाओं की प्रतिमूर्ति
जननी का अंश
विधाता की सृजित कृति
अपने ही अंश का
सुख है अनंत

सृजन का सुख, अनूठा सुख
अनूठा आनंद, अनूठा एहसास
ममता का स्पर्श, सन्तति का सुख
सुखद एहसास
सुखद, सहज, अनुपम अनुभव
नन्हीं किलकारियाँ, तुतलाते शब्द
नन्हें पग, चलते डगमग
गिरते आकर, माँ के आँचल
ममता की छाँव, निर्मल है छाँव
थामे उंगली, सबल व सक्षम कर
मानवता का पाठ पढा।
उसे काबिल इंसान बना।

सृजन का सुख, अनूठा सुख
अनूठा आनंद, अनूठा एहसास

बलजीत कौर 'अमहर्ष',
हिन्दी विभाग

धैर्य धरो

आज धरा पर है उतरा
मानव के मानस को झिंझोड
कोई जन्तु विशाल भयानक सा
न हाथ पाँव न देह-नयन
हिलता है धर धर दानव सा

नभ में उड़ान भर भर छलांग
करता है नृत्य, तांडव सा
सब ओर जोर मच रहा है शोर
विस्मृत चकित अब मानव का

करता भरता इस सृष्टि का
तुझे देख रहा है ध्यान लगा
एक दानव है एक मानव है
देखें किसका है दाव लगा

कण कण में व्याप्त जीवन को
सुंदर कृतियों में मैंने रचा
आज भी देखो धरती पर
सुर-असुर का है संग्राम मचा

पर धैर्य धरो और प्रेम करो
वह पावन वेला आएगी
फिर मानव की दानव पर
विजय अवश्य हो जाएगी
विजय का यह संदेश, हे मानव
जन जन तक तुम पहुँचाना
प्रकृति है अनमोल रत्न
रक्षा का धर्म निभाना

रेनू गुप्ता,
संगीत विभाग

निःशब्द प्रेम

निःशब्द प्रेम की महिमा निराली
जैसे शांत सागर का पानी
उमड़-उमड़ आह्लाहन करता
स्वयं आनंदित स्वयं आह्लादित
मूक हृदय से सब कुछ कहता
शब्द के शासन से मुक्त
परम वेदना से संयुक्त
डूबे उतरे हर एक प्राणी
निःशब्द प्रेम की महिमा निराली
जैसे शांत सागर का पानी

गहन गगन में विचरण करते
अति विह्वल प्रेम रस सानी
दादुर, मोर, पपीहा, कागा
ढूँढें थोड़ा भोजन पानी
अँखियों से आभार कहे
और कहे तुम महादानी
निःशब्द भी प्रेम की महिमा निराली
जैसे शांत सागर का पानी

निःशब्दता के भीतर
शब्द कहीं पर गौण हुए हैं
भावना के प्रबल उद्रेग में
हैं, परंतु मौन हुए हैं
ऐसी भाषा ऐसी वाणी
मूक-बधिर समझे सब प्राणी
जात-पात का भेद नहीं है
और न माने ज्ञानी-अज्ञानी
निःशब्द प्रेम की महिमा निराली
जैसे शांत सागर का पानी

रेनू गुप्ता,
संगीत विभाग

संस्कृतस्य अनुभागः



वादे वादे जायते तत्त्वबोधः।

संपादकीयम्

भो पाठकाः

द्वयोः ततोऽधिकानाम् वा जनानां मध्ये कमपि विषयमाश्रित्य जायमानः वार्तालापः संवाद इत्युच्यते । संस्कृत वाङ्मये वेदादारभ्य अद्य यावत् संवादस्य स्वरूपं प्राप्यन्ते। स्वविचाराणां भावानाम् च अभिव्यंजनाय संवादस्य साहाय्यम् स्वीक्रियते। यः संवादः यावान् सजीवः सामयिकः रोचकश्च भविष्यति सः संवादः तावान् एव अत्यधिकः आकर्षकः भविष्यति।

वार्तालापे व्यक्तेः स्वभावानुसारं तस्य उत्तमाः-अनुत्तमाः वा सर्वाः वार्ताः स्थानं प्राप्नुवन्ति, एतस्मात् कारणात् छात्राणां तर्कशक्तिः विकसिता भवति। नाटकेषु संवादानाम् अतितरां उपयोगः भवति। संवादिषु रोचकता, प्रवाहः स्वाभाविकता चेति त्रयं भवेदेव। संवादः सर्वासां समस्यानां समाधानं अस्ति। संवादहीनतायाः कारणात् अनेकधा समस्याः एवं प्रवृद्धाः भवन्ति। यत् तस्य कल्पनापि न सम्भवति, अतः परिवारे स्वजनानां मध्ये संवादः संस्थापनीय एव भवति।

श्री मिश्रा।

स्नातक-तृतीय-वर्षः

विषयानुक्रमणिका

पृष्ठ संख्या

क. राम-लव-कुश-संवादः	माधुरी, स्नातक-द्वितीय-वर्षः	1
ख. क्रीडास्पर्धा	प्रेरणा, स्नातक-तृतीय-वर्षः	1
ग. प्रकृति प्रेम	पूनम शर्मा, स्नातक-तृतीय-वर्षः	2
घ. ज्ञानस्य महिमा	रूपाली कुमारी, स्नातक-द्वितीय-वर्षः	3
ङ. कोरोना-चर्चा	पिंकी भारद्वाजः, स्नातक-तृतीय-वर्षः	3
च. आतंकवादः	निकिता, स्नातक-तृतीय-वर्षः	4
छ. पर्यावरणरक्षणं	रूचिः, स्नातक-तृतीय-वर्षः	5
ज. कर्तव्यानाम् अद्वितीया यात्रा	संजना, स्नातक-द्वितीय-वर्षः	5

क. राम-लव-कुश-संवादः

रामः - एष भवतोः

सौंदर्यावलोकजनितेन कौतूहलेन पृच्छामिक्षत्रियकुल पितामहयोः सूर्यचंद्रयोः को वा भवतोर्वंशस्य कर्ता?

लवः - भगवन् सहस्रदीधितिः।

रामः - कथमस्मत्समानाभिजनौ संवृतौ?

विदूषकः - किं द्वयोरप्येकमेव प्रतिवचनम्?

लवः - भ्रातरावावां सोदर्यौ।

रामः - समरूपः शरीरसन्निवेशः। वयसस्तु न किञ्चिदन्तरम्।

लवः - आवां यमलौ।

रामः - सम्प्रति युज्यते। किं नामधेयम्?

लवः - आर्यस्य वन्दनायां लव इत्यात्मानं श्रावयामि (कुशं निर्दिश्य) आर्यो अपि

गुरुचरणवन्दनायाम्....।

कुशः - अहमपि कुश इत्यात्मानं श्रावयामि।

रामः - अहो! उदात्तरम्यः समुदाचारः। किं नामधेयो भवतोर्गुरुः?

लवः - ननु भगवान् वाल्मीकिः।

रामः - केन सम्बन्धेन?

लवः - उपनयनोपदेशेन।

रामः- अहमत्रभवतोः जनकं नामतो वेदितुमिच्छामि।

लवः- नहि जनाम्यस्य नामधेयम्। न कश्चिदस्मिन् तपोवने तस्य नाम व्यवहरति।

माधुरी,

स्नातक-द्वितीय-वर्षः

ख. क्रीडास्पर्धा

रमा - यूयं कुत्र गच्छथ?

विनयः - वयं विद्यालयं गच्छामः।

वैभवः - तत्र क्रीडास्पर्धाः सन्ति। वयं खेलिष्यामः।

रामचरणः - किं स्पर्धाः केवलं बालकेभ्यः एव सन्ति?

प्रसन्ना - नहि, बालिकाः अपि खेलिष्यन्ति।

रामचरणः - किं यूयं सर्वे एकस्मिन् दले स्थ? अथवा पृथक्-पृथक् दले?

प्रसन्ना - तत्र बालिकाः बालकाः च मिलित्वा खेलिष्यन्ति ।

वैभवः - आम्, बैडमिंटन-क्रीडायां मम सहभागिनी जूली अस्ति।

प्रसन्ना - एतद् अतिरिक्तं कबड्डी, नियुध्दं, क्रिकेट, पादकन्दुकं, हस्तकन्दुकं, चतुरग्डः इत्यादयः
स्पर्धाः भविष्यन्ति।

विनयः - रमे! किं त्वं न क्रीडसि? तव भगिनी तु मम पक्षे क्रीडति।

रमा - नहि, मह्यं चलचित्रं रोचते परम् अत्र अहं दर्शकरूपेण स्थास्यामि।

वैभवः - अहो! पूरनः कुत्र अस्ति? किं सः कस्यामपि स्पर्धायां प्रतिभागी नास्ति?

रामचरणः - सः द्रष्टुं न शक्नोति। तस्मै अस्माकं विद्यालये पठनाय तु विशेषव्यवस्था वर्तते। परं
क्रीडायां प्रबन्धः नास्ति।

रमा - इदं न्यायसंगतं नास्ति। पूरनः सक्षमः, परं प्रबन्धस्य अभावात् क्रीडितुं न शक्नोति।

विनयः - अस्माकं तादृशानि अनेकानि मित्राणि सन्ति। वस्तुतः तानि अन्यथासमर्थानि।

वैभवः - अतः वयं सर्वे प्राचार्यं मिलामः। तं कथयामः। शीघ्रमेव तेषां कृते व्यवस्था भविष्यति।

प्रेरणा

स्नातक-तृतीय-वर्ष

ग. प्रकृति प्रेम

अध्यापकः - भोः छात्राः! अद्य विद्यालये वृक्षरोपणं भविष्यति।

छात्राः - कदा कुत्र च भविष्यति?

अध्यापकः - एकादशवादने क्रीडाक्षेत्रे वृक्षरोपणं भविष्यति।

छात्राः - श्रीमन्! कथम् अद्य वृक्षरोपणं भवति?

अध्यापकः - छात्राः! वर्तमाने औद्योगिके युगे

पर्यावरणप्रदूषणस्य समस्या अनुदिनं विकरालम् रूपं धारयति।

छात्राः - श्रीमन्! पर्यावरण-प्रदूषणं किम् भवति?

अध्यापकः - प्रदूषणं अनेकरूपेण वर्तते यथा-वायुप्रदूषणं,
जलप्रदूषणं, ध्वनिप्रदूषणं च। अनेन प्रदूषणेन सम्पूर्णं वायुमंडलं
दूषितं भवति।

छात्राः - अस्यां स्थितौ प्रदूषण-निवारणं अस्माकं नैतिकं
कर्तव्यमस्ति।

अध्यापकः - आम् बालकाः! वृक्षारोपणं तु अस्याः समस्यायाः

एकं सरलं समाधानं अस्ति।

पूनम शर्मा

स्नातक, तृतीय वर्ष

घ. ज्ञानस्य महिमा

शिक्षिका - कक्षायाम् सर्वे छात्राः उपस्थिताः सन्तु ?

कक्षानायकः- आम् महोदये ! सर्वे उपस्थिताः सन्ति।

शिक्षिका - अद्य अहम् 'ज्ञानम्' विषये पाठयामि।

राहुलः - भो महोदये ! 'ज्ञानं' किं भवति?

शिक्षिका - 'ज्ञानम्' इदं तथा श्रेष्ठं भवति येन तत्त्वेन पुरुषः हानिलाभौ , अयं निजः

परोवेतिहितकरमहितकरं वा इति विषये ज्ञातुम् समर्थो भवति इत्येव ज्ञानम् अभिधीयते। सः

ज्ञानम् चेतनायाम् निहितम् ।

मुकुलः- भो महोदये ! चेतना किम् भवति?

शिक्षिका - भो छात्राः। तद् ज्ञानस्य आधारभूता चेतना एव भवति।

श्रूयताम् अवधानतया - सकल विश्वज्ञानस्याधार - भूतत्वे नावस्थितं तत्त्वमेव 'चेतना' इति

जानीहि। शुद्धचेतनां एव शुद्धज्ञानं भवति। चेतनां विना ज्ञानस्य विकासः न भवितुमर्हति ।

अतः पुरुषे, प्रथमं ईश्वरेण चेतना प्रदत्ता । चेतनातत्त्वात् स्वतः ज्ञानं प्रादुर्भवति । ज्ञानस्योपार्जने

गुरोः कृपायाः आवश्यकता भवति।

राधिका- भो आचार्यमहोदये। गुरोः का परिभाषा?

शिक्षिका- भो छात्राः। अन्धकारात् प्रकाशं प्रति नयति सः गुरुः भवति। गुरुः अस्माकं ज्ञानचक्षुषः

उद्घाटने समर्थः अन्य कोऽपि समर्थः न। गुरोः आज्ञा सर्वदा पालनीया। कदापि आज्ञा भंगो न

कर्तव्या । अस्माकं त्रिदेवाः एव सम्मानीयाः सन्ति।

कक्षानायकः- भो महोदये ! के त्रिदेवाः?

शिक्षिका - मातृदेवः पितृदेवः आचार्य देवश्चेति त्रयोदेवाः एव। अस्माभिः एतेषां आज्ञा सर्वदा

पालनीया। गुरु एव अस्मान् अज्ञानान्धकारात् उद्धर्तुम् समर्थो भवति।

रूपाली कुमारी

द्वितीय वर्षः

ड. कोरोना-चर्चा

तरुणः ---- नमस्कारः ! कथं अस्ति भवान् ?

अरुणः----- नमस्कारः! अहम् शोभनम् अस्मि । त्वं कथम् असि।

तरुणः--- अहम् अपि शोभनम् । त्वया समाचारः दृष्टः?

अरुणः--- आम्! अद्य कोरोना विषाणोः विषये अधिकाः वार्ताः सन्ति ।

तरुणः--- समाचारपत्राणां अनुसारेण कोरोना-वायरस-रोग-युक्तानां मनुष्याणां संख्या निरन्तर-वर्धमाना अस्ति।

अरुणः--- सत्यम्। अत एव प्रधानमन्त्रिणा लोकडाउन इति कृतम्। ।

तरुणः--- किन्तु चिन्तायाः विषयम् तु इदं यत् केचन् मनुष्याः तस्य पालनं न कुर्वन्ति।

अरुणः---अस्माभिः लोकडाउन इत्यस्य पालनं अवश्यमेव कर्तव्यम्। अधुना पुलिसकर्मिणः

चिकित्सकाः ईशस्वरूपाः सन्ति। । अस्माकं कृते प्रेरणास्त्रोतरूपाः सन्ति एते सर्वे।

"स्वदेशस्य रक्षा मनुष्यस्य सर्वोत्तमं कर्तव्यम् अस्ति"

तरुणः--- एवम् कुर्वति सति, वयं सर्वे स्वस्थाः वसिष्यामः।

कोरोनाविषाणोः समाप्तये प्रधानमन्त्रिणः निर्देशानां पालनं करिष्यामः।

अरुणः--- अपि च सदैव स्वच्छतायाः पालनं अपि करिष्यामः। चेत् वयम् स्वच्छतां कुर्वामः तदा वयम् स्वस्थाः भविष्यामः।

तरुणः--- आम्। स्वच्छतायाः पालनं कर्तव्यम्। गृहे भव, सुखी भव।

"स्वदेशस्य रक्षा सर्वेषां प्रधान-कर्तव्यम् अस्ति।

पिंकी भारद्वाजः,

स्नातक तृतीय वर्षः

च. आतंकवादः

निकिता- नमो नमः पूजा। कथं अस्ति?

पूजा- नमो नमः। अहं सम्यक् अस्मि। त्वं कथं असि?

निकिता- अहम् अपि सम्यक् अस्मि। भवती आतंकवादे विषये अश्रुणोत् किम्?

पूजा- आम्। अहं हयः अश्रुणवम्। सर्वत्र केवलं आतंकवादस्य-विषये वार्ताः प्रसृताः।

निकिता- मया किमपि न अवगतम्। ते किम् इच्छन्ति। एतस्य किम् प्रयोजनम्?

पूजा-ते केवलं सर्वेषां मनुष्याणां उपरि भयद्वारा स्वसाम्राज्य-स्थापयितुम् इच्छन्ति।

निकिता- सत्यं भोः! आतंकवादस्य कारणेन समाजे हिंसा, अनैतिकता, अराजकता च वर्तन्ते।

पूजा- आम् आतंकवादस्य प्रभावेण चौर्यादिकं वर्धतेतराम्।

निकिता- सत्यं भोः! सत्यं।

पूजा- यदि दण्डव्यवस्था कठोरा स्यात् तर्हि आपराधिक-तत्त्वानां तथा दुष्प्रवृत्तिर्न भविष्यति।

निकिता- आम्। सर्वे जनाः कठोर-दण्डात् बिभ्यन्ति। अत एव शान्तीच्छुकैः देशैः आतंकवादस्य विनाशाय मिलित्वा प्रयत्नं कर्तव्यम्।

पूजा- उचितम् उक्तम्। अस्तु पुनः वार्तालापः करिष्यामः। नमोनमः।

निकिता- अस्तु। नमोनमः

निकिता,

स्नातक तृतीय वर्षः

छ. पर्यावरणरक्षणं

रोहनः- नमो नमः।

भवान् कथं अस्ति ?

सोहनः- अहं सम्यक् अस्मि।

भवान् कथं अस्ति।

रोहनः- अहं अपि सम्यक् अस्मि।

सोहनः- भवान् कुत्र गच्छति ?

रोहन :- अहं वृक्षारोपणाय उद्यानं गच्छामि।

सोहनः- श्लाघनीयम् इदम् । निरंतरं वर्धमानं प्रदूषणं सर्वेषां कृते चिन्तायाः विषयः । त्वं शोभनं कार्यं करोषि।

सोहनः- यावत् देशस्य नागरिकाः पर्यावरणस्य रक्षणे दृढनिश्चयाः न भवन्ति, तावत् अस्याः समस्यायाः निदानं न भविष्यति ।

सोहनः- मातृस्वरूपायाः पृथिव्याः संरक्षणाय सर्वत्र विविधाः वृक्षाः रोपणीयाः। तेषां च संवर्धनमपि अवश्यमेव कर्तव्यम् ।

रोहनः- एहि गच्छावः वृक्षारोपणाय ।

सोहनः- आम् गच्छावः।

रुचिः

स्नातकद्वितीयवर्षः

ज. कर्तव्यानाम् अद्वितीया यात्रा

भार्या - श्रूयतां भोः !

सकलप्रयासानन्तरमपि आवयोः

गृहव्ययस्य प्रबन्धनमेव न जायते। चिन्तयामि यत् मया अपि

वृत्ये कार्यं करणीयम् ।

भवान् किं कथयति?

भर्ता - भवती सत्यमेव कथयति । अयं जीवनरथः चक्राभ्याम् एव चलति । यदि भवती अनुगच्छति चेत् जीवनं सुलभं भविष्यति ।

भार्या- पश्यतु भोः ! स्पष्टं कथयामि

अहमपि कार्यं करिष्यामि

तर्हि आवां वृत्तिकार्येण सह

गृहकार्यं अपि मिलित्वा निष्पादयिष्यावः ।

अग्रे आवां द्वौ त्रयः भविष्यावः

बालकानाम् उत्तमभविष्यप्रदानमपि आवयोरेव दायित्वं वर्तते ।एतत् सर्वं तदैव संपूर्णं भविष्यति
यदा आवां आर्थिक रूपेण समर्थौ भविष्यावः।

भर्ता- सत्यमेवोक्तं त्वया । आवाभ्यां स्व आधारः सबलः करणीयः। येन योऽपि पादपः :

अत्र जायेत् सः कदापि न म्लायेत् ।

भार्या- (स्वानुभूतं स्मरन्ती कथयति यत्) अद्यत्वे सर्वं एतावत् बहुमूल्यं वर्तते यत् पूर्वमेव
चिन्तनम् आवश्यकम् ।

भर्ता- एतत् तु सत्यम् । प्रिये! किं पक्ववती ? बहु बुभुक्षा आस्ति ।

भार्या- आगच्छतु भवान् । भवतः इष्टं

भोजनं पक्वम् ।

भर्ता - आगच्छामि ।

भार्या - (चिन्तयन्ती विहसति)

भर्ता - आयि ! किमर्थं हास्य - वयुगोलाः विस्फूरयन्ते ?

भार्या- किमपि न, केवलं चिन्तयामि यत् सम्बन्धाः कीदृशाः शिथिलाः अभवन् । द्वयोर्मध्ये
सामञ्जस्यं आवश्यकं भवति । अन्यथा जीवनयापनं कठिनं भविष्यति ।

संजना

स्नातक-द्वितीय-वर्षः





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Kalindi College
(Delhi University)

NAAC Accredited Grade 'A'

East Patel Nagar, New Delhi 110008

Tel: 011-25787604, Fax: 011-25782505

Email: kalindisampark.du@gmail.com; Website: www.kalindicollege.in

