

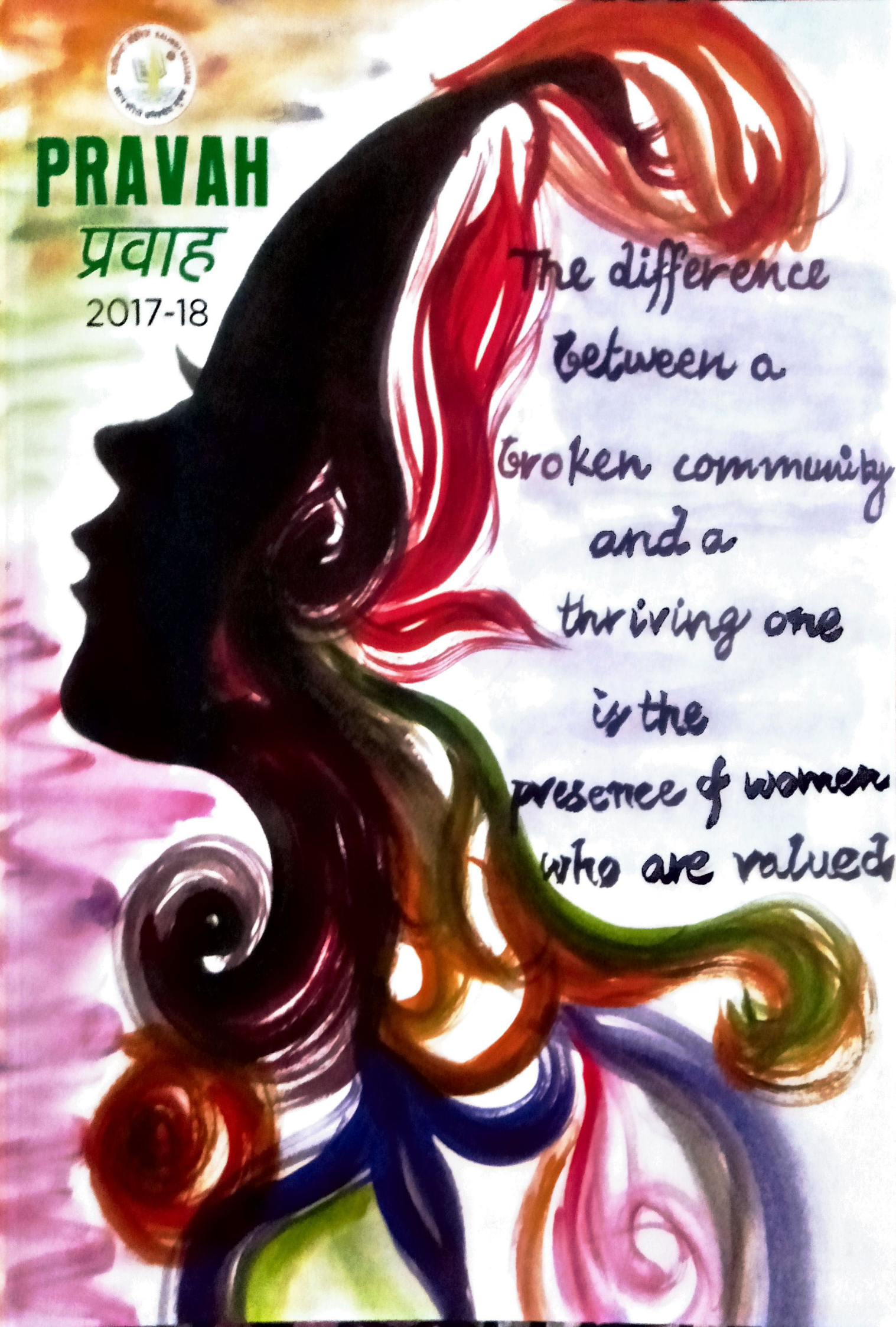


PRAVAH

प्रवाह

2017-18

The difference
between a
broken community
and a
thriving one
is the
presence of women
who are valued



Pravah

2017-18

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प्राचार्य की कलम से...



शोचन्ति जामयो यत्र विनश्यात्याशु तत्कुलम्।

न शोचन्ति तु यत्रैता वर्द्धते तद्धि सर्वदा।। मनु 3/57

(अर्थात् जिस समाज में स्त्रियों को कष्ट मिलता है वह शीघ्र ही नष्ट हो जाता है, किंतु जहाँ ये प्रसन्न रहती हैं वह समाज निरन्तर वृद्धि को प्राप्त होता है।)

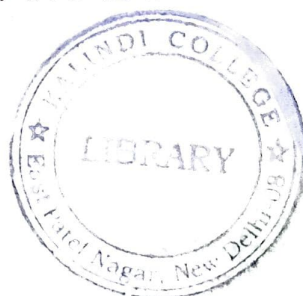
वर्तमान युग महिलाओं के लिए अनेक चुनौतियों से भरा है। कालिंदी महाविद्यालय महिला-सशक्तिकरण के लिए अपने स्थापना काल से ही प्रयत्नशील रहा है और व्यक्ति, समाज, राष्ट्र एवं विश्व को सक्षम बनाने में अपनी सहभागिता के लिए दृढ़ प्रतिज्ञ है। सामाजिक दायित्वों का निर्वाह करते हुए इस वर्ष की 'प्रवाह' पत्रिका का विषय 'आधुनिकता के आईने में स्त्री' रखा गया है।

प्रतिवर्ष की भांति इस वर्ष भी छात्राओं ने अपनी सतरंगी सृजनात्मकता को 'प्रवाह' के माध्यम से प्रस्तुत कर सिद्ध कर दिया कि वे किसी भी क्षेत्र में सफलता की ऊँचाइयों को छूने की क्षमता रखती हैं। 'प्रवाह' अनवरत गतिशीलता का परिचायक है। महाविद्यालय की पत्रिका 'प्रवाह' छात्राओं के मन-मस्तिष्क में उठने वाले विभिन्न भावों, कल्पनाओं की उड़ान और मस्तिष्क को आंदोलित करने वाले विचारों का समुच्चय है जो सामाजिक-सांस्कृतिक चित्तवृत्तियों का प्रतिनिधित्व करती है। 'प्रवाह' पत्रिका छात्राओं व प्राध्यापकों के रचनात्मक मौलिक प्रयासों का संकलन है। भविष्य में कालिंदी के प्रवाह की अजसता और पवित्रता बरकरार रहे, यही मेरी शुभकामना है।

'प्रवाह' पत्रिका के इस अंक के प्रकाशन पर स्वयं को गौरवान्वित महसूस कर रही हूँ। कालिंदी महाविद्यालय कदम-कदम अपनी शैक्षणिक व रचनात्मक प्रतिभा के बलबूते, विश्वविद्यालय स्तर पर नए प्रतिमानों को स्थापित कर रहा है।

छात्राओं के मार्ग दर्शन के लिए मैं समस्त कालिंदी परिवार को धन्यवाद देती हूँ जिनके भागीरथ प्रयासों से छात्राएं निरंतर प्रगति कर रही हैं। 'प्रवाह' पत्रिका के इस अंक की संयोजिका सुश्री मोनिका जुत्शी (अंग्रेजी विभाग), सह-संयोजिका सुश्री रेखा मीणा (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 शुभकामनाएँ देती हूँ। अंत में, 'प्रवाह' पत्रिका से लम्बे समय तक जुड़ी रहीं हमारी वरिष्ठ सहयोगी डॉ. अनीता गुप्ता जी को भावभीनी श्रद्धांजलि अर्पित करती हूँ।

धन्यवाद



डॉ. अनुला मौर्य

Committees



Internal Quality Assurance Cell



Students' Union



National Service Scheme Committee



NCC

Committees



Annual Report Committee



Academic Journal Committee



*Power & Boxing Team I & II championship
in Inter college competition*



*Outstanding players of
National & International Levels*

In Memory of
Dr. Anita Gupta (1956-2017)



From the Editor's Desk

As another academic year comes to an end, we are once again ready with this edition of Pravah. Our theme this year is one that is very close to the heart of all our students: "Women in the Face of Modernity". Even though India is fast marching into the future with the intention of being at the cutting edge of innovation and technologies in all fields, as a collective society, our perspective on the role of women lags behind.

In spite of the equality of sexes enshrined in the Constitution of India, we find rampant prejudice against women. Even as the glass ceiling in many fields have been broken by pioneering young women, on a daily basis women continue to be subjected to some of the worst discriminatory practices of orthodox customs, which resist giving up the traditional patriarchal bastions of privilege and entitlement.

Given the rapid changes that are taking place around us globally, are we as a society ready to look at how these transformations have affected women and their role in contemporary India? Through their creative work, our students examine how these entrenched prejudices influence and inform their lives, even as they find ways of negotiating with them to create spaces of freedom and self-expression for themselves.

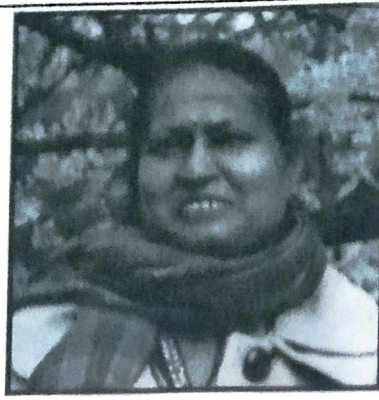
In this edition, we also pay tribute to Dr. Anita Gupta of the Hindi Department, who sadly passed away last year. She was intimately connected to Pravah and for many years steered the Committee efficiently. We remember her and pray that her soul rest in peace.

Our publication is the result of collaborative work. We are grateful to our Principal, Dr. Anula Maurya for her support and encouragement. I thank Ms. Rekha Meena, Co-Convener, Ms. Sneha Sawai and Ms. B. Lakshmi Priya (English Section), Ms. Ritu, Dr. Brahmanand (Hindi Section), Dr. Deshraj, Mr. Vishvajeet Vidyalankar, Dr. Richa and Dr. Divya Mishra (Sanskrit Section), and the photograph subcommittee of Dr. Kalpana Kumari (Botany), Dr. Sanavar Soham (Botany), Dr. M. Arunjit Singh (Botany) and Mr. Pankaj Sambhyal (Computer Science) for their valuable contribution. We thank the Teachers in Charge and Conveners of Societies, and the Journalism Department for the photographs. Last but certainly not the least, I am deeply appreciative of the hard work put in by the entire team of student editors: Khansa Kubra and Mehak Khurshied, both from III B.A. (H) English (English Section), Jyoti and Vandana, both from III B.A. (H) Hindi (Hindi Section), and Geetanjali Thakur III B.A. (H) Sanskrit (Sanskrit Section). We hope you enjoy this edition. Happy reading!

Monica Zutshi

Editor and Convenor

Pravah Magazine Committee 2018



डॉ अनीता गुप्ता

(1956 – 2017)

विनम्र श्रद्धांजलि.....

आत्मविश्लेषण

आज मैं सबसे सुखी हूँ
क्योंकि शायद आज मैं अपने भीतर ताकने की शक्ति रखती हूँ
शादी के बाद के वे दिन याद आते हैं
जब सबसे सुनहरे दिन होने के बाद भी
शायद मैं अंदर से सबसे अधिक कोफ़्त रहती थी
इन्होंने मुझसे यह क्यों कह दिया
और यह नहीं कहा तो क्यों नहीं कहा
खुद खाना खाने से पहले
मुझसे पूछ तो लेते
मैंने खाया या नहीं
कब से, दो घंटे से इनके
साथ खाना खाने के लिए प्रतीक्षा कर रही थी
और
दिल की यह प्रतीक्षा वाली बात

जबां पर यों ही ले आई थी
तो लो हो गया था घमासान युद्ध
इन्होंने तो बोलना शुरू कर दिया
मेरी बखिया के धागे उधेड़ने शुरू कर दिये थे
अवाक् हो

स्वयं को समझाने की स्थिति से बाहर पाकर
चिन्ता के चक्रव्यूह में डूब जाना ही
मेरी एकमात्र विवशता रह जाती थी
कितना फर्क है

तब मैं और अब मैं
अब इनकी हर बात

मेरे लिए ब्रह्मांड वाक्य की तरह होती है
मैं उनमें छिपे अर्थों को तलाशने की कोशिश करती हूँ
उनको अपने ऊपर लागू करती हूँ
केवल एक मुस्कराहट बिखेर कर
वह लम्हा गुजार देती हूँ
वह एक लम्हा

जो पहले दावानल का काम करता था
वही लम्हा अब मुझे जिंदगी जीने का मंत्र सिखा जाता है
देखती हूँ हर दिन सुधरती ही जा रही हूँ
जितना अधिक स्वयं को टटोलने की कोशिश करती हूँ
स्वयं को सुधारने की कोशिश करती हूँ
उतनी ही निखरती जा रही हूँ
लोग कहते हैं

आजकल बहुत अच्छी लगती हूँ
मन ही मन
शतप्रतिशत

क्रेडिट इनको देकर
जिंदगी का गीत गुनगनाते हुए
अपने पंख फड़फड़ाते हुए
जमीन की जिंदगी जीते हुए भी
स्वयं को

जमीन के जवानों से फर्क समझने लगी हूँ
अब मैं बहुत सुखी हूँ
क्योंकि मैं अब भीतर झाकने की शक्ति रखती हूँ
अब मैं बहुत सुखी हूँ
यह सुख का रहस्य रहस्यातीत करने के लिए
लिखने भी लगी हूँ
अब मैं बहुत सुखी हूँ

डॉ. अनीता गुप्ता
हिंदी विभाग ,कालिन्दी महाविद्यालय



ENGLISH SECTION

CONTENTS

S.No	Title	
1	Students' Editorial	3
2	Scar Stories	4
3	Mad Woman	5
4	Yellow Rose	6
5	The Conflict of Womanhood	7
6	An Ode to Writers	8
7	Monday	9
8	Delilah	10
9	The First	12
10	Hush! My Darling	14
11	Toes	15
12	My Bairns	16
13	Opaque	17
14	Feminist in the Time of Modernity	19
15	An Odd Beauty	21
16	The Hermitage	23
17	The End	24
18	The Epitaph	27
19	Women in Modern Times	28
20	Bitter Smile	30
21	The Portrait of a Woman	32
22	The Mirror	33
23	Story of My Foot	34
24	Words and Battlefields	34
25	Medusa's Locks	35
26	No Insurances	36
27	I Will Never Do It Again	38
28	Morality Gone Wrong	40
29	Right	41
30	The Way Forward	42
31	Not a Poet	44

STUDENTS' EDITORIAL

"Anon, who wrote so many poems without signing them was often a woman."

- Virginia Woolf

With these words by one of the most celebrated female writers we, as the student editors of the annual magazine 'Pravah' introduce to you the theme, "Woman in the Face of Modernity". This year's issue of the magazine engages with many discourses centred on women. Through a creative exposition, the articles show how many women have subverted the gender norms that have subordinated them from centuries. We have kept in view the various women-oriented movements that have been gathering momentum and have highlighted the creativity and passion of the female experience. It is a "womanist" narrative, thus contributing its bit towards feminist discourse that is increasingly visible, complex and dynamic.

The response that we have received has been quite overwhelming. Students have come forward to share their own narratives which might be the stories of other women too. Their works not only include the sufferings and struggles of women in our society but also the unflagging strength of these women and the hope towards a better future where women are not let down by the social construct.

For us, it has been opportunity of immense pleasure to work through these write ups and submissions that were brimming with creativity and ideas. One can almost see something powerful emerging from these revelations.

We would like to thank Ms. Monica Zutshi for providing us this opportunity. A special thanks to Ms. Sneha Sawai and Ms. Lakshmi Priya Balakrishnan for their support.

We also thank all the students for contributing towards the issue and for designing the cover pages.

We hope you have a happy reading!

Khansa Kubra, B.A. (Hons.) English, III Year
Mehak Khurshied, B.A. (Hons.) English, III Year

Scar Stories

"Why hide your scars? They always tell some interesting stories," asks the man who paints my picture, as I cover the brown lines etched on my arms.
I look at him and roll the word across the tongue of my mind,
Scars, scars, scars.
Those deep cuts with spaces in them have often made me forget my safety with their occasional shrieks,
And I used to think space was supposed to be silent.
You're disgusting, disgusting, disgusting,
My body compliments me in fits and starts as it finds out that I've made a poor job of hiding its damage.

I smile.
The pattern of my lips tricks the casual observer.
Smile.
Like my scars are old news.
Smile.
Like memories were jars of honey.
Smile.
It's the only choice.
Smile.

The girl in the portrait smiles back.

Coward, coward, coward.
She doesn't cry out at me, the mirror does every day,
As I chop, chop, chop my skin and hack my bones to their marrow.
She doesn't know how far in her memory I've buried her teenage years,
No faceless men in her rumpled sheets, no faceless men, no men in her rumpled sheets to stick their fingers in her jar of honey so much that it starts to taste like poison to her.
She mustn't know when poison starts to taste like poison.
See the girl has no scars.
The mirror has no praises to offer, the world has no questions,
Every line on her face mesmerizes them.
And I, coward, disgusting, scar-faced,
Stay to look if eyes are the only way to see and death the only way to die.

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

[This piece won the first prize in Slam Poetry Competition, Lehren 2018.]

Mad Woman

They said she looked gay and at times obscure,
That she was a lady; all affable and all demure.
Those lovely dove eyes and a dark tan.
But all they knew was that she was
A mad woman.

She turned up mad revolts,
An anomaly of her cloned lot,
With steps like that of a panther,
Gait like that of a swan,
All they could remember:
She was a mad woman.

Her voice roared melodies,
Her passion mistaken for her malady.
Flailing with her eyes,
Her claws in the hearts of every man,
They dreaded saying that she was
A mad, mad woman.

Her loins had the jars of a fire ablaze,
Curtailed behind the long Simar's haze,
The wild fire grew and informed the clan,
That inside the tinselled robe,
Lived a mad woman.

History written all over her forehead,
Future curled up inside her womb,
Destruction in a single nod, she only was the tomb.
From a far away desert, then came a man,
Telling about a vociferation rising from the sand,
Beware! From a pit of fretters had emerged a mad woman.

She said she remembered visages,
Not a single name,
That she was repugnant of being called one heck of a dame.
How at the dread of her snaky hair,
The bawdy onlookers ran,
And all they could do was nothing but to name her
The Mad Woman.

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

Yellow Rose

Go on.

Crush that yellow rose between your fingers.
Let those cloud-petals land on my human feet.
That sticky, yellow syrup dripping down your arm,
Oh! The beauty of destruction.
Yellow to rust, rust to dust; the journey of a flower.

You buy me yellow roses.
You buy life to sell it to death.
Death is your sublime.
You see death in me.

Those frigid hands of my murderer smell so sweet.
Death must smell sweet.
You press me, squeeze me, crush me.
And yet, in my garden I grow a row of yellow roses.

I am shrivelled. I am dead. I have turned to earth.
I rot. I smell. I am mortal.

Pearly dewdrops drop from your eyes as you see me dead.
A rose-stick bearing a fully bloomed yellow rose twirls between your fingers.
You know I am a yellow rose.
Your yellow rose.

You give me one last crush with your large feet and are gone.

Shubhi Makholia

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

[This piece won the second prize in the Slam Poetry Competition, Lehen 2018]

The Conflict of Womanhood

19th century and feminist strikes,
But what about the norms of being lady-like?
They'll continue to talk about your career stride,
But will not let you sit with legs open wide.
Everyday I'm encouraged — "say what your heart, so shall you do"
But being unmarried at 30 is something you'd not like to do.
Politics is something they want me to step in,
May I ask when you're planning to bring a reservation act in?
The whole corporate sector is welcoming, then why do they restrict me with a 'glass-ceiling'?
Why don't they take pride in letting me do something,
I do not need their permission for any undertaking.
Strict laws and candle marches against rape,
Oh! No No!
Post-marital sex is the best escape.
Virginity is the only proof of my purity,
Then why associate me with any deity?
A red crimson mark on my forehead is not an issue,
Then why a red mark on my pants becomes an "ewww".
'Kanya daan' is a virtue in this country,
Why am I a subject of your 'philanthropy'?
Do not call me Kali, Durga or Saraswati;
All I ask is equality for the sake of humanity.
What is the need for all this pretence?
You consider my call for dignity—a sheer nonsense.
I don't want special attention and space,
All I want is to walk with confidence and grace.

Ayushi Sharma
B.A. Programme, I Year

An Ode to Writers

Virginia Woolf left a suicide note to Leonard Woolf before she killed herself. The note said, "If anybody could have saved me, it would have been you." But in reality, even he couldn't really save her.

The last line of her letter read, "I don't think two people could have been happier than we have been." And maybe, that was the last time she felt happy. She fought sadness as much as she craved for it. And in the last, she couldn't take it anymore and therefore, she drowned herself. She stuffed stones in her pockets before drowning herself because maybe she didn't want to be found. Her whole life was marked by a series of mental breakdowns, to which the doctors suggested 'rest cure': something which made no sense to her.

In the 19th century, doctors didn't understand completely how dangerous mental illness could be, and this problem still exists in the 21st century where if you confront anyone about suffering from mental illness, they'd roll their eyes and laugh at you for thinking of having such a petty disease. But it's not. People have actually killed themselves because of mental illness.

Vincent Van Gogh shot himself. Sylvia Plath killed herself by putting her head in the oven. Things should have been pretty clear to everyone when she wrote in her poem Lady Lazarus, "I have done it again. One year in every ten. I manage it." Maybe she wanted to escape grief. But grief comes back to you when you try to escape it. It comes back to you especially then. But at least we have therapists in the 21st century who think of mental illness as something serious

Unlike in the 19th century where 'rest cure' was one of the prevalent options available. In the 21st century, your therapist pastes a smile on her face while listening to you, but she knows that you are a misanthrope having existential crisis.

I think, we are millennials who are saved by words more than anything else. The other day I was reading a book by Mitch Albom which said "Everything is impermanent and we must learn to detach." The only problem with human beings is that we don't feel a particular emotion completely for it to detach itself from our body completely.

So, we should allow ourselves to feel a particular emotion completely for making the process of letting. Go easier. Maybe we won't be able to eradicate mental illness completely. But we can try. Murakami said that "Human beings in their final analysis have to survive on their own." So maybe we can start from ourselves because the only person who'd be with us until the very end is the person who stares you back when you look in the mirror.

So we can start with ourselves, taking small steps from today. We can try and not let our mind control us every single time. That way, maybe we can save a Sylvia Plath. Maybe we can save a Virginia Woolf from killing herself.

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

Monday

The carnival of this lane is yet to begin.
Right now the curtains veil that concussion,
That would arise along with the Sun.
The ticking clock is all that can be heard.

First the fog will smear away.
Clocks would align to a formulated harmony.
Bitto's kettle would bubble the tea.
A tramp would ask for his share.
The temple bells would partake.
Nearby, Mr. Sinha's scooter shall blare its cacophony.
The whimpers of some stray dog would intrude Nimmi's sleep.
The orchestra would seek its crescendo,
The show will begin.
The cattle will drag their existence to their jobs.
Some will chatter, "Politics! Politics!"
A coin they would bequeath to the tramp.
The children will haul to their beleaguered schools.
Lola will scowl at men.
A man will be bereft of his possession by the deceit of another man.
A cat would overtake Manish.
He will alter his exit from the lane.
A car will bump into another.
Their owners will resonate the rupture.
Honks from each vehicle will gain its voice,
The show will progress.

But right now the curtains are closed.
Gloom consumes the arena
Mice emerge from an ulterior fissure
The tramp dozes over the pavement along dogs.
The fog exists.

Samriddhi Raj
B.A. (Hons.) English, II Year

Delilah

It's been thirty years, added with two;
That's my age, if you want to know.
A woman with golden blonde hair and eyes bright blue,
Which have seen the neon lights flickering in the hearts,
And saw them dim into a black nothingness.
Ah! Life can be so untrue.

If he ever asks about me,
Tell him about the gentleman who wished to carry my soul,
Heavy as iron dough;
That melted infinite times,
Like the late winter's snow.
Pendulum women; swinging, swinging,
Ricocheting to the joy and back.
Smiles made her look older,
No one knew that I had marble white teeth,
Stuck in the mouth full of silences.

Tell him about the men,
The ones who loved me and who couldn't too.
Men of each color, of all age groups
Ready with their hammers to break my iron heart into two
Under the red ChapStick, waiting to moisten my lips,
That looked like bloody crescent moon.
Tell him I tasted like an old wine,
Stagnant in a jug for decades,
That I was intoxicating, but evil too.
And each man who promised to last,
Left a gaping hole inside my heart.

The sadness stuck in my bones like the stains of shoe polish on a white carpet,
Rub, rub, rub, it just wouldn't do.
So I locked myself into the air tight jar of numbness,
Where senses couldn't sneak through.

My mother used to tell me that I was no less than poetry,
But was also full of asterisks,

Delilah

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The First

I have thought about you a thousand times,
In my million dreams
And gazillion plight
What remains unsaid,
Has been a sad ride
To a journey of lies.

If the tendencies are forgivable sighs,
Then why is it me, who cries all night.
I blame some, I take some;
Call me prude, once, twice or thrice,
I'll accept the label as you like.
Why?
If the mask you've worn
Is the growth that is sworn,
Then I am better off,
Naked, numb and vegan.
This shall have no course, loops and hooks,
'Cause songs are inked down for lost ones and bad feuds.
I'll try one more time.
Oh no, it doesn't make sense anytime.
"Graces, I am so privileged to be your first,"
"Monsieur, it's always a privilege to be someone's first."
Twists and turns,
Grips and kisses hurled,
Took a pause and sighed:
Her neck was his home for a while.
Deaf by warmth, she says,
"Oh! If that's fine,"
Chaos is the true inertia.
Now come, be the character of this prose."

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



Hush! My Darling

Sitting under the tree, casting the shadows of her past,
Drowning in loathe in the waters of the society;
Roots of anger churn her loins,
She's contemplating the ways.
"Oh! Hush, my darling, what will the society say?"

Reminiscing the nights her body was known to be unknown,
But how fate, pride and hormones turn a so-called chaste,
She dare not know.
A demure disobedience in every walk of life,
Flamed with her beloved man's chauvinism:
The covers of 'innocence' were peeled...
The shouts turned into silent whispers.
She ran and stood by the crying waters,
Flashbacks of her own tears strike the waves of her heart.
The markers of her pain were to be wiped.
Still her air bears the sound that said,
"Oh! Hush, my darling, don't be scared."

Standing wouldn't take her anywhere,
The winds that surround her need a change,
Different routes to different souls
But she took the one back home.
Epiphany hits her wounds; the winds would bear a cross to wherever she ran to,
She was going back Home.
Home was where she had to scar her mother's heart.
Reaching the doors that twisted the clock of her happy hours,
Brave-faced she encounters her mother,
And speaks.
The dry, teary face of her mother takes her back to that night,
And she says in consolation the only thing she knows to say,
"Oh! Hush, my darling, don't cry and be stronger."

Gunjan Tripathi
B.A. (Hons.) History, 1 Year



Toes

I am a soldier.

It's an unexceptionally wet September morning and I'm standing at a dead man's feet. The rain has turned the surroundings into a river and the dead man's face is covered in wet brown leaves and his lips show the traces of the mud that may have been filled in his mouth. His eyelids are dark and his hair looks like that of a baby who has just been bathed. I cannot make out the look on his face. I look at his body. I cannot figure out the difference between it and the rotting leaves that cover it. My eyes rest upon his feet which stick out from the brick-colored water that he is lying in. He has a shoe missing and there are only four toes on the foot that's missing the shoe. Also, his toenails are missing. They seem to have been plucked out from his toes.

This dead man was our prisoner. He tried to run away. I shot him. And now he lies dead at my feet. I had been watching this man for many days. He was afraid of closed spaces. We both knew I was afraid of them too. Only he knew this about me. He also knew that the sound of ripping flesh scared me. But he let them rip his flesh anyway. Only he knew what went on my mind. He knew where I had kept the secrets of my imagination and his eyes would follow me every time a cobweb fell on his face in that small space of his. He would eye my clean, ideal life and haunt it with his live, bloodshot eyes. Sometimes we went into each other's mind and it worked in the same way as acid works when it's poured on human flesh. I knew this man could keep my secrets so I tried to soothe his pain with an occasional smile. And he would respond by rubbing his bloody face or arm with his finger and then licking it as if it were honey, assuring me that he was swallowing the secrets that lay beneath the warrior body.

I was brave. I let him run. But would he be safe? I thought as he turned to give me one last lick of assurance. I felt my insides burn as he disappeared into the rain. The rain? It must have washed him clean, I thought. There would be no blood left on his face and arms now. Will he still be able to keep my secrets?

I picked up my weapon and followed him. And now I'm trying to look at his body through all the mud and the leaves that cover him. There's a little blood near his right eyebrow. I squeeze it with my fingers and begin to taste it. I can't make out the taste. I seem to have lost the sense altogether.

I shrug and turn to leave. I resume my clan, warrior position and start to walk. After I've walked a mile or so, I feel something in my boot. I remove my shoe and look at my foot. There are only four toes on my foot.

My heart begins to race but then I remember that I am a soldier.

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

[This piece won the first prize in Creative Writing competition in Lehren 2018]

My Bairns

I raised a daughter,

I raised my son,

I raised a fowl,

I raised a bird.

She covers her mouth even before her laughter is heard,

Her smile is slight,

Her dress long enough.

Her scars are hideous, unlike his markers of courage;

That acne doesn't let her go out to play.

He walks around, she carries herself.

He strolls on paths, she struggles to follow.

She's thirteen and her distress begot,

A man spanked her grace.

She wept that day.

The same day my lad learnt to dive.

That moment he leaned into his fears, the girl had come to recognise hers.

She's seventeen and abhors her body,

Paints her visage a pretty pink.

Yet her frown asks her existence,

"Is that enough to fit in?"

He now calls himself a man; no question comes up.

One day he'll pursue achievement,

She shall be married too.

He will earn recognition,

She'll have a family too.

They are my kids. I raised them up.

I raised a daughter.

I raised my son.

I raised no daughter but only my son.

I raised no daughter.

I raised no son.

I raised a coward.

I raised her terror.

Samriddhi Raj
B.A. (Hons.) English, II Year

Opaque

I

"Papu Bhaiya, please press my Kurta Pajama, the black macho jacket and ask Madhuri to prepare my red vermillion tilak for pooja," said Mr Khanna to his servant. Mr Khanna was the district magistrate of a small village in Hyderabad. He was not just known for his unbiased judgment but also for his macho looks. His triceps were overtly visible from his black coloured kurta that he used to wear. His beard and looks made every man in the town envious of him. His eyes were sharp and were firm as his judgment. The only thing that the villagers could not understand was Mr. Khanna's decision to not marry.

"Madhuri do not let anyone disturb me," said Mr Khanna. His pooja time was the only time when Mr. Khanna did not allow anyone to disturb him. Sometimes he used to sit for hours in the temple and sometimes he would just pay a fleeting visit to it.

"Papu Bhaiya," said Madhuri "why is Sahib taking so long to come out of temple? Is everything alright?"

"Madhuri, don't you know the new case of Babu Lal's son? I think that has perturbed our Sahib. Babu Lal's son has started behaving like a woman. He has started walking and dressing up like a woman. Babu Lal came to sahib to seek for advice regarding his son. He even asked him what kind of punishment can make his son behave like a 'MAN.'"

II

"Prabhu, please guide me as to what I should do? Chotu's case has brought back my memories. I am reminded of my time, when I started behaving like a girl," Mr Khanna asked the question to idols in front of him. He closed his eyes only to be flushed by his past memories. He could recall the clear memories as to what happened when he told his father about the woman inside him.

"Father! I know what you want from me. But please listen to what I feel," said the young Khanna to his father. Mr Khanna remembered his father's response. He was shut in a room for three months and was beaten every day. He remembered how his mother stopped giving him food until he practiced walking like a 'MAN'.

Tears rolled down Mr. Khanna's cheeks. "I do not want the same ordeal for Chotu," said he with a pause and continued, "I am also not a 'MAN', Prabhu, please tell what I should do?" He stared at the void inside him for some time as every god refused to speak. At last he said, "I think I know

exactly what is to be done. I will never let Chotu suffer....never....never”.

III

That night Mr. Khanna did not sleep well. He stared at the fan with salty eyes. He then summoned Chotu at five in the morning and took him for the walk.

No one knew what had happened to them until next morning. Babu Lal found the slit throat of his son, Chotu, and a hanging body of Mr. Khanna. Their bodies were found near the marriage ground of the village.

IV

Mr. Khanna talked at length to Chotu during his walk. For the first time he told someone his story. “Sahib, I know what will be my fate. But do you think I will have space to live on this huge earth?”, said Chotu. Crying, Mr Khanna said “Oh! Chotu, you will get everything you want but only if you follow this society . You know I have been hiding my real identity in my heart for years. Can you do the same?” asked Mr Khanna.

Chotu replied, “No”.

Mr. Khanna said, “Neither can I anymore.”

Shweta Kalra

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

[This piece won the second prize in the Creative Writing competition, Lehen 2018]

Feminism in the Time of Modernity

"It took me quite a long time to develop a voice and now that I have it, I am not going to be silent" is the motto of women today. It is high time that we stop talking about the backwardness of women in Indian society. Gone are those days when women used to be only a 'sex object' to satisfy male desire. The need of the hour is to talk about the hurdles that women have faced and claim an equal footing with men.

In order to bring positive changes in the society, we need to talk about the positive changes that have happened since the 16th century. Today, women are progressing in every field—be it in army, business, entrepreneurship, or any other for that matter. From just being the "slaves" to their husband, they have successfully emerged as individuals who are the source of livelihood for their families. There were times when women used to hesitate while talking about menstruation, but today the call of the day is 'I bleed, so what?'

I ask, why do we need to talk about women only as the 'help meat' of men? Why do men take it upon their ego if their wives earn more than them? The root cause doesn't lie in the society but in the minds that shape a society. Thus, women can only turn out to be completely independent when the minds of people will change.

People talk about becoming modern but the fact is that in the process of becoming modern, Indian society has 'westernized'. But becoming westernized merely in terms of appearance will not suffice. People need to respect the fact that women are also born free just as men are and hence men have no right to enslave them in chains.

To conclude, women are indeed in the face of modernity and all that is required to make them reach the zenith of success is to accept them as being outspoken. This can happen only if the mindset of the society changes and only when women are motivated to take a lead in all spheres. This can be initiated by the parents who should inspire their daughters to become independent and to lead the society.

"We need to come together—Activists, Artists and Feminists — and cooperate together, no matter how hard it is. Everyday we have to fight for solidarity."

Shriya Bajpai
B.A. (Hons.) English, II Year



YOUR ABILITY COUNTS,
GENDER DOES NOT.

An Odd Beauty

I am the girl who has been told that she is beautiful, but made to feel that she is not.
For too long, I've been hiding my face on social media, wearing the face of insecurity.
You see, even Darcy couldn't find Elizabeth "handsome enough" to tempt him.
But was that the point of it all? To tempt someone? Is that even worth it?
People would always have a shining board of validation in their hands, telling you,
You could be a little broader from the hips,
A little wider from the bottom,
A little taller because that's the way he'd like it.

How about I ask you to be what you are because that's the way you have always been?
How about I ask you not to give up cigarettes because you think society would look you in the
eye and call you a whore?
How about you dance with the sky in your mouth, without hiding your teeth to allow people to
look at your beautiful, beautiful face?
How about I ask you to be yourself?

I was the girl who was caught in empty cafés, reading Shire without lifting her eyes up only to
look at the empty chair in front of her.
I saw tables for two, four, six, eight everywhere.
Were people scared of being the odd number?
But lately, I have become comfortable with the idea of tables for two.
Because I am not at all scared of being the odd number, of being called a lonely girl who is
more comfortable in her own skin.
You see, there was a long road I had to travel before I could reach to a point and say "TO HELL
WITH YOU" on the faces of people who had made me feel blotted from the universe.

So save yourself the pain and stop being with people who make you feel you are not enough,
Because ten years down the line you would not want your daughter to cry her eyes out because
Someone body shamed her.
Stop quoting Shahid's verses to someone whose eyes never gleam when you speak your
favourite line.
Stop painting your nails in their favourite colour and stop colouring your lips in darker shades.
Stop chasing love for a while and let it come to you.
Stop.

For
A

While.

Because you will never have to try and make space for yourself in someone's life because you, my dear, are the universe that's complete in itself.

So next time when people would hold a validation board in their hands, have enough audacity to

smile on your imperfections and walk away as if it doesn't matter to you.

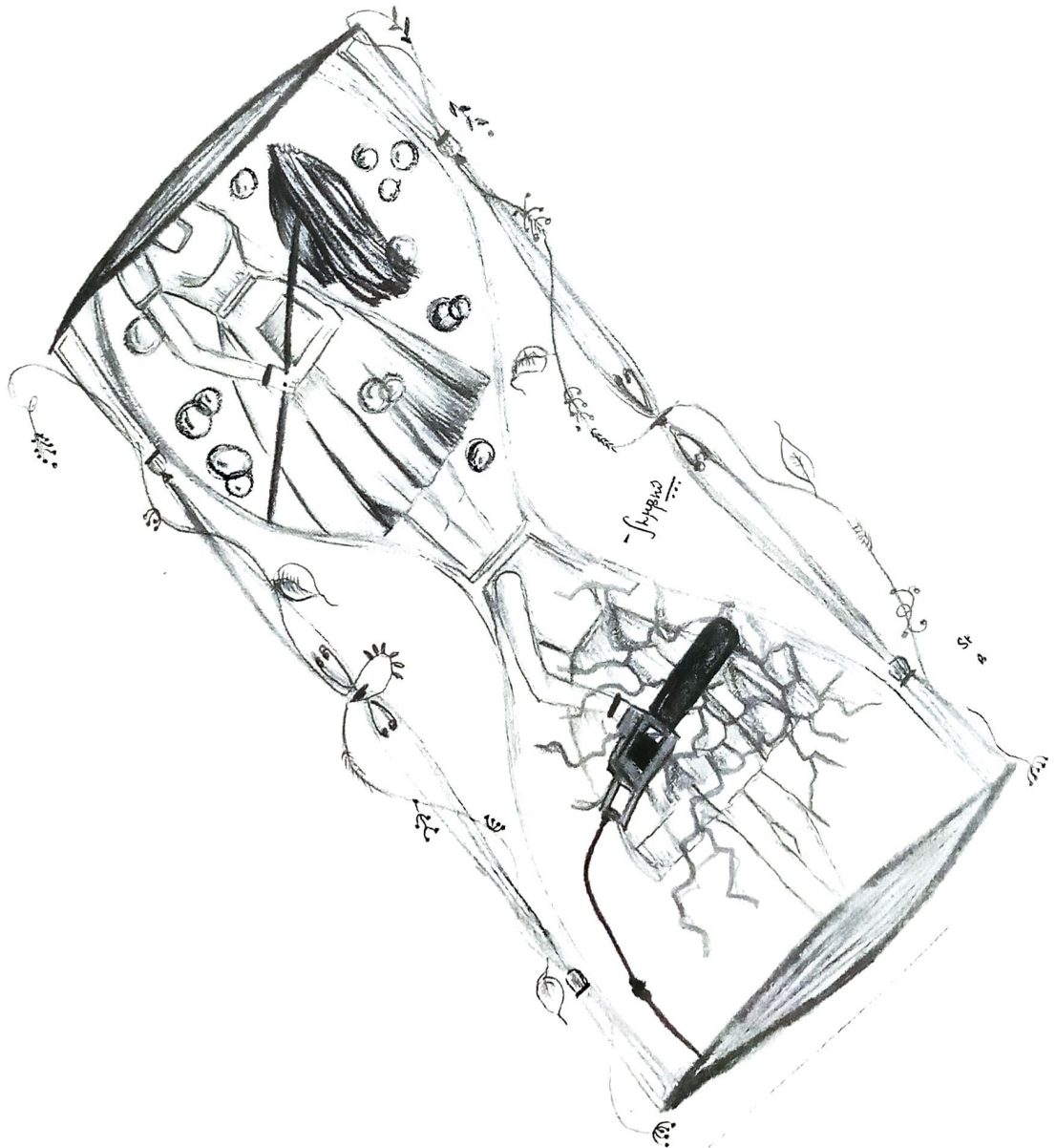
So maybe next time, I will post a picture of myself smiling wide from ear to ear without hiding my teeth, my smile with Phil Kaye's voice echoing in my ears,

"You are Beautiful"

"You are Beautiful."

Rashi Bareja

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



The Hermitage

I remember the yellow house of mine
The bedrooms and the paint peeling from the sides
The wooden furniture and the kitchen, all mine.
My home, my heaven
Where I was smitten by each wall, brick and stone
It was the temple I entered first after my marriage
Gave birth to my children, saw them crawl and walk
And saw my toddlers grow up and apart.
My home that I remember being my summer,
My spring, my season of happiness
Now has become a squalid four walls, with no fragrance of egg curry
But wrapped in fetid putrid and dirt
The house has become a winter now
Where I long to live again with my husband,
Mow the lawn and make egg curry
My life is circumscribed by an irony
I cannot reside in my own house.
The crippling disease that god cursed my daughter and me with
Glued with perennial ageing
My curved knees ache and so does my heart
That longs to go back to my loving home
I wish to say again with a contented sigh
"Home, Sweet Home".

Shweta Kalra
B.A. (Hons.) English III Year

The End

She pressed her head against the dark, cool wall, wishing silently for it to calm her. Every nerve of her head was pulsating strongly as if to make their presence known. But her chest felt cold like the stillness of the dead. She tried to feel her heartbeat but her numb hands refused to move even an inch.

She should cry, shouldn't she? But the tears, the wretched tears won't leave her eyes. The last time she remembers them flowing down was when he...

No! There was no last time. She won't remember it at any cost. But despite her choice, she could see it. It was there right in front of her, as if it was real rather than imagination—her own self lying down like a corpse.

"NO! NO! NO!", she howled, but maybe not loud enough for the figure of the white dressed old man, filling the girl with himself to wither away.

She hit her head against the wall, hard—hard enough to cause a black out in order to make the memory vanish in its recesses of darkness and the sobs to dampen in its pain.

She tried getting up, but even her legs won't help. She knew she had to get up, they will be here any minute. But this time she will not run or hide or even beg anymore. She tried to get up again supporting herself with the temple stand. For the first time—and maybe for the last—it helped her. Her face lifted in a dry laugh, though her eyes still remained cold like the stone idols. Her other hand was clutched tightly to the sacred metal. Slowly she loosened her grip and set the knife on the table. She stared at it for the last time, memorizing the bend of its blade, its sharpness and its coldness. It was the most cherished sight for her, a sight of her pined freedom to the everlasting doom. She knew that her freedom will be taken away from her soon and all she would be left with will be its haunting memory.

Her churning stomach pulled her to the kitchen. She will cook something today, something delicious, something mouth-watering to go with hot chapattis. She opened the flour jar but it was empty. Maybe there is some rice with which she can cook pulao. Her mouth watered at the thought, but all her eyes saw were beetles in the jar, dying of hunger. She sighed; she still had something for herself, a half-eaten chapatti and a soiled onion: her price for victory for which she contested with a street dog. He even bit her, but that didn't hinder her or her strength when she needed it, today of all the days. But where did she keep it? Her eyes wandered around, unable to find anything. Her memory clicked, she had thrown it at the door in a shock and forgotten all about

it until now. She won't go out now; she will sit here, savoring her precious moments. But her groaning stomach poked her again, maybe this is our last free meal, the last I could enjoy, but her cowardly heart shivered at the very thought of it. But something in her spirit asked, if she was strong enough to do it, then why not strong enough to face it.

Crushed under her own weight, her body sank on the floor, but the wall was not there behind her back anymore. Maybe that is why memories from the past started flooding her brain. The woman, she does not remember her face well enough, but she used to call her "Ma". She remembered the warmth of her eyes and the calm of her lap. But the woman was shrieking that day and her shrills were piercing her ears. Stop it! She wanted to shout but the large figure of the man lounging upon the woman made her tremble fiercely. Something was wrong, beyond her imagination. She had often heard her muffled cries at nights, but this was different, something like the last shriek of the dying.

Goosebumps covered her shivering body. She needs to stop these memories. The dark wall and its cool heat will block them and embrace her like the woman used to. She tried to shift her body towards the same corner where the woman often sat, but her body refused to oblige. Her ears could listen to the growing rustle outside, the crying, the shrieking, and the lamenting. Any minute now, she thought. But before that, she needs the wall and its cold warmth.

The door flew open and the light burst in. They were here, but she wanted the wall, to touch it for a moment, to remember its texture, its cracks, and its coldness. They grabbed her hair, but her eyes remained still on the wall, tracing her own scribbling on the black white patches. Her head flew on one side. Her cheeks burned. Blood. She could taste the salty iron taste of blood in her mouth, just like the one on the blade of the knife. Maybe her tooth was broken, but she could not find it. She twisted her tongue in her mouth. Maybe in this corner. This time her head fell in the other direction. More blood filled up her mouth, but the pain made her lips curl—neither in a cry, nor in a whimper, but in a smile. Her pain was outside, lying dead.

They grabbed her hair from the back. It should have helped. It should have helped to rein back the surge of memories overpowering her. But they came like the unstoppable curses from the men around her. The woman, her 'Ma', was struggling, shrieking, trying to keep the shadow of the large man away from her. "No, not her, she is just a child, a small child. She won't be a devdasi. Please, I beg you in the name of the god you serve," she said as she embraced her tightly.

"Devdasi? Why was she fighting for a Devdasi," the girl thought. She should give this man dressed in white whatever he wanted and stop this. The woman was still shouting, louder now, and her embrace growing suffocatingly tight, when the man grabbed her by her hair and threw her. At least she will stop shouting now, the girl thought, but despite the blood gushing out of her head, she won't stop. But now it was not the shriek and the cries anymore that mattered, rather her own self. She was flying; the old man was pulling her like one of her rag dolls. She should tell the woman that something is wrong. She must shout, but the woman was not shouting anymore. Blood had formed a pool around her. She was still staring at the girl. Helplessness, love, pain, fear—all swimming with

the tears in her closing eyes when she whispered, "Daughter, she is your daughter, Pandit."

Blood splashed out from her mouth, along with the tooth. Her stomach was hurting. "Well, it won't be hungry now", she chuckled. Her head flew again. "You piece of dirt, you prostitute, you killed the head priest," two eyes bore into her. Her smile grew wider now, red teeth glistening behind it. They dragged her, they wanted her to cry, to lament, to beg, to shout like she did on the other nights, but today she was different—maybe mad, for she was smiling shamelessly after such a heinous crime, she killed the messenger of god, the head priest.

They dragged her out in the crowd, here there were many hands, many mouths, and many eyes. But her eyes wandered searchingly through the crowd. They fell on the corpse, soaked in blood just like the woman. They were dragging her, but her eyes were still wandering, searching, hoping, craving. Tears welled up in them. There she was, her own little girl, in the corner of the wall, but she was crying, alone there, no she should not cry, not now, she should not be scared. Nobody was going to fill her with his darkness now, nobody would auction her, nobody would rape her, beat her, she was safe now and she was free. Maybe I should tell her, her mother had killed the darkness. But the hold of the crowd was far stronger than her. They were still dragging her, she resisted, one last time with all the might she had. "Let me tell her once that she need not fear the dark. Can't they see? She is crying, my daughter is crying. She is still afraid of the white dresses and darkness." She pushed her body towards her daughter, but in the next moment she was lying face down in the mud. Sunlight startled her eyes. They were abusing her, hitting her, as they dragged her through the village, away from her daughter, but her daughter was safe in the corner of the wall. She turned one last time to see her house. Tears welled up in her eyes. There in the broad daylight, her house stood, still engulfed deep in the darkness.

Bharti Yadav
B.A. (Hons.) English, II Year



The Epitaph

They ask, what do you want them to say?
To call you after you are gone long away.

Should we call you as the most beautiful woman that ever was?
No. She said, as there is no beauty that cannot be surpassed.

Should we call you as the woman with the most accomplishments?
No. She said, as for excellence, there is no end.

Should we call you a woman who brew the best wine?
No. She said, as the flavor resides in the mouth of the one who tastes the wine.

So, should we call you the woman who knew her weapons well?
No. She said, as weapons are the means of death, gore and hell.

Then you tell us fair lady! they exclaimed,
With what name, what praise,
Your heart desires to be claimed?

Thus, rose the lady, bowed and smiled,
To be known as a woman of words.

A woman whose flavor will never be gone,
Of the accomplishments that will never be forgone.

She who stabbed the hearts below
And moved the heavens above:
A WOMAN OF WORDS!
A WOMAN OF WORDS!

Bharti Yadav
B.A. (Hons.) English, II Year

Women in Modern Times

I always felt myself to be talented, skilful, and extraordinary;
But I couldn't show it: For I was busy cleaning, cooking and doing laundry.
I have always amazed everyone with my beauty and charm;
I am Noor Jehan, I am Isabella and I am Kareena.
An acid puddle on my face will definitely not define my identity.
I have always known physics; after all I have drawn water from the well, remember?
Maybe it's time for you to ponder?
Pay attention! Now I know it all: from the sensex to ISIS to my tiny car's gears,
Gone are the days when you look at my beautiful face and find fear.
It's all about a good change, reconsidering and breaking stereotypes.
Trust me; doing wonders together would be a sheer delight.
Because having 'egalitarian', 'leeway', and 'liberty' in our constitution is not at all about
democracy.
The day I would be able to roam freely on the roads: Oh! It'll be a total ecstasy.

Diya Bundela


B.A. Programme, I Year



Sarah
Hill
Kane

Bitter Smile

People ask me to smile a bit more.
I say I smile only this much.
I don't like my teeth to be visible to people.
But the smile on this face has been stolen away.
This face used to smile,
Laugh rather.
My mother used to say extreme laughter ends up in a cry.
But I ignored her advice,
And started to laugh and laugh and laugh even more.
I loved to laugh.
'Haters of innocence,'
Yes they exist.
They exist, they are beasts.
One of those beasts used to watch me.
I thought the beast was harmless...
He used to look at me like he wanted something.
But I ignored him and I laughed,
Because I used to love it.
I used to laugh showing my bright white teeth.
But Maa was right.
Hater of my smile!
'Bad thoughts, bad intentions'.
That beast, his eyes were turning red,
And my smile? Ohh leave...
Alas!
I respected that beast sometimes,
Because he was aged and wrinkled,
With face like a raisin.
He came close to me,
Asked me to smile.
I did.
And I laughed because I used to love it.
But that beast, throttled me down.
And my laughter? It was fading away, slowly.
I looked into the beast's eyes,
'Bad thoughts, bad intentions',



His 'thing' on my face.

My laughter? It was fading away, dying with its final shrieks.

"Laugh now!" the beast said.

My smile turned into tears!

"Laugh now!" I want to see your teeth, stick your mouth open. Take this." He ordered.

I was petrified and angry too,

So I pushed him back and ran away,

I cried a lot that day.

But the beast laughed, he laughed at me.

I was shattered.

My laughter was stolen away from me that day.

My laughter: now long gone.

It is his fault.

The beast's fault.

Now, I only smile,

A pretentious smile.

Because my laughter is gone, robbed.

It is lost,

Because of that beast.

I used to laugh, I used to love it.

But now it has gone and now I smile

But only a little.

Only this much.

Kanika Attri

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

The Portrait of a Woman

The enigmatic smile of Mona Lisa,
Was she really smiling?
A broken vase,
Mended, cannot hold the beauty
Of the flowers.
The fragrance is decayed.
She drapes herself with fear and disgrace.
Her dry skin—unseasonable,
Scars on her moon skin,
Were the jewels she learnt to adorn.
Pity for the self?
Warnings to be hushed, are now subverted.
There she stands with the smile that really is.
Unadulterated.
Now, she is the bird you told stories about.
Now, she is fierce and bold,
Graced with the beauty she was sold.
Like the Sun, which emblazes the moon,
She too, has the fire
To rebel her ruin.

Smriti Dadhich
B.A. (Hons.) English, I Year

The Mirror

The knocking on the door disrupted the music of her sewing machine. "Madam, there is a new admission". Her fingers stopped dead on the machine, a low sigh escaped her lips. She had always felt the word 'admission' a misfit. It should better have been one more death of humanity, one more shameful act of violence. The knocking grew urgent. "Coming!" she shouted. The footsteps slowly receded away, leaving her alone in the calm of the soft sunshine peeping in through the wire mesh of the window. She was glad for the solid wooden material of the windows and the doors. They gave her privacy which the glass could not afford. After all, you can see everything through the glass, even the ones you don't want to see, especially your own self.

She gathered her shawl and wrapped it tightly around herself and hurried downstairs. The clamour of the sewing machine, the tearing of the clothes, the snapping of the scissors and the excited chattering of the girls brought a faint smile on her face. But like the other smiles of her life, it soon got repressed under the sight of a small girl sitting in a corner, scared as a bird under a cat's paw. She made her way towards the girl amongst the staff and smiled as warmly as she could. The large eyes of the bird just stared wide at her as the staff members introduced them. She went forward to embrace the girl, but the girl sprang back as if she was scared or maybe was disgusted by her sight. It was nothing new for her and she did not blame the supposedly natural reaction of the girl towards her, after all she was the one who was unnatural here.

Emotions were brimming out of her mouth which, if repressed, compelled to be expressed through her eyes. "Show her the room, and make sure she is comfortable", she ordered in a restrained voice and hurried back. She wanted to run back to her wooden box room, shut off all the windows, the doors, the world, too—all her emotions, her pain, her cries, her past and, if possible, even her life.

Just one more floor—she thought, when a voice called her from the back. She again pulled her shawl and her emotions tightly against herself and looked back. A girl of twelve stood before her at a distance, nervously. "Madam ji, I got a scholarship ", she beamed and the contagious hope in her eyes made her emotions melt inside. "I am proud of you ", she smiled, still maintaining the distance." I made something for you", the nervousness returned on the girl's face as she handed out a drawing page. She took it with her left hand, still holding the shawl tight over her face with the right one.

The pencil sketch on the sheet made the paper seem alive. But as soon as she saw the drawing, her heart froze. It was her own portrait, but something was missing. The shawl was not there in the picture. It was her whole face, along the side which was scathed in an acid attack. She wanted to tear it apart and run away. But somehow she kept staring at her own image. It had been a long time since she had last seen herself with her own eyes. The dam broke, tears rushed down her cheeks—which she felt them only on one side. But she knew that the other side was crying too. However, the image in front of her was smiling with a sense of self sufficiency and her eyes gleaming with hope.

Bharti Yadav
B.A. (Hons.) English, II Year

Story of My Foot

I have no value in a crowd.
I want to move across four directions all around.
Tell me humans, where can success be found.
Everyone is busy in the chaos around,
But I am looking to search the real ground.
Took a single step forward and then a step back,
My journey has begun on the right track.

Aishwarya Vijay
B.A. Programme, I Year

Words and Battlefields

Fighting with mouth wide open,
Gasping for air,
Gasping for life.
Fighting with mouth wide open,
Welcoming the insects, the irritants with a 'genuine' smile.
Fighting with mouth wide open,
Words never make sense.
I speak.
I falter.
Fighting with a mouth wide open,
Unarmed and unhappy.

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

Medusa's Locks

Ava hated it. Restrained ideas and constrained structures—this is how she would define a “column writer”. The higher you're paid, the more 'razor-tongues' you have to cater to. Throwing away the millionth piece, she raked her hands through her hair.

Staring despairingly at the mirror, she heaved a sigh. Nobody, at first, knew what their colour was. Settling on black made them appear brown, and vice versa. They even cast a hint of burgundy; a colour that came out under the warmth and brightness of the sun. Certain angles even brought out some white shade; whitened maybe because of the responsibilities. So, Ava settled on brown, a classic comfort colour, to answer the “hairy-confusions”.

These curly mass of brown strands refused to submit to the constraining hair-ties. The forceful grasp of sharp-edged clips didn't do any good; half of them escaped anyway. Ava tried combing them. However, the locks were gracefully wild, almost breaking the comb speeding through them. Carefully, Ava smoothed her hair through her fingers, giving them an unhinged look, before she resumed combing. This time, the comb only served to make her hair better and it was uniformly combed together.

Running her hand through her hair, she noticed few escaped strands. “These strands... Just give them some time,” she mused, “and once again, they will get out of hand.” Pausing briefly, she said, “Not out of hand, but out of head”, and gave a short, hearty laugh.

With no writer's block, Ava picked up her pen again and with her hair behind her ears, she wrote, “fierce women are everywhere—your mother, friend, sister or even your colleague. Unique as different colours in a rainbow, they all stand together, kept in line by their dreams, hopes and aspirations. Anything else, to keep them in line, is poor enough of a job. Because some beauty will always step out of line and break the rules. You know why? Amazing women do not listen to anyone, except their own. Good luck dealing with a strong woman who knows what she wants.”

Bhavya Srivastava
B.A. (Hons.) English, II Year

No Insurances

I.

Every morning at nine Maya paddled a cycle rickshaw to her work from her 5 BHK apartment in Narayana which was a mile away. Her belongings which included her purse and lunch bag were safely chained to her vehicle. Tassels decorated the rickshaw with their bright colourful formation and a small speaker fixed at the seat played '80s pop music. Maya was an accountant at a government assurance company. Hers was a rather dignified and significant job. From ten to five every day, she delayed heavy transactions of clients, earned some dough from obscure sources, signed account books maintained by assistants, deceived with taxes and deficits and participated in office politics.

"Nathji, crime branch called, claiming that their car has been stolen." "The insurance money has been transferred to an employee's account instead of the department", she said.

"I know, the moron claims that he won't redirect the transaction", Nathji said. "If the money won't reach the department, the DM and Regional Officers will get suspended and we two would lose our job. I warned about allocating too much tasks to these assistants. Don't worry so much. Crime branch is a government department. That phony coward won't make any dough. Taxes and a government job label are inevitable to him as well. The matter is under consideration. Calm down." "Yes. Since when did the crime branch begin to lose their resources? The guys who play Sherlock Holmes all day for the rest of the world have lost their car now."

"Haan... it's strategic. Anyway Maya you and your rickshaw shouldn't feel so threatened. If you look up for some insurance policy for your pretty little ride, feel free to contact my office." To this remark, Maya turned deaf and didn't bother any further.

Later in the evening, Maya drove to the nearby market, bought some groceries, accessories and then rode to her home. There was a spot reserved for her rickshaw in the parking lot. It stood there amongst fancy cars of her neighbours and that of her husband. Maya started to show Naman the new bell she bought. "This one sounds so piercingly loud. It will serve its purpose right and, besides, it looks pretty." Naman took the bell from her and gave it a long gaze. He placed it on the table and took Maya's hand instead. "Yes very pretty indeed", he said. He then noticed the back of her palm for a moment and looked up at her. Maya caught the sign and curled her fingers to a fist. "Look at those scars. Don't you think you are being too hard on yourself with all the rickshaw pulling business?" he said. Maya seized her hand from his hold. "It's not rickshaw pulling. I drive a rickshaw." "Of course it is rickshaw pulling. Nobody drives a rickshaw. Why wouldn't you just take the car? Do you know what all people say every time you take that dolled up trash to work?" "You paid for that dolled up trash Naman. You don't get to complain." "I asked you to buy a gift for your birthday." "Well then, thank you so much for the wonderful gift." Naman held her palm again, planted a soft kiss and left the room.

II.

Six months before this evening there was another sombre evening. Maya was driving her car. She had to meet a client at a cafe. She parked the car opposite a small grocery shop in a narrow lane and walked some hundred meters to the cafe. At the end of a rather convincing evening Maya was eager to go home and share her excitement about her huge plan to Naman. She walked out of the cafe. It was barely four steps when she stopped. Maya stared ahead. Some men stood in front of her. On moving further, Maya noticed how a crowd stood before the shop where she had parked her vehicle. The shop was on fire. The car was on fire.

The car's assurance funds couldn't be claimed because the company couldn't find enough evidence to exempt it from being a case of moral hazard. The car was beyond repair. The car was a sham. "Is there no scheme against such a case? Can't you talk about it in your office?", Naman asked. "It wasn't insured by my company. They don't deal with it. Someone burnt it and there is no way to prove that it wasn't either of us. The agents see it as a means for us to gain insurance claims." "But why would we burn the shop then?" "The shop caught the fire. We might have to pay compensation for that as well." "No, we won't. We won't make any such payments." "You don't get to decide." "Fine. Get your fixed deposits and make the payments. We won't pay, but you will. If someone has to take the responsibility then it's you." "But I told you about the project and the client. I need to invest that money. I may quit soon. I planned to switch my job remember." "You don't get to decide", he said. A couple of months later, on Maya's birthday Naman made a transfer of sixteen thousand to her account. He was aware that Maya had slacked down her expenses. Maya's indifference didn't bother him. What bothered him was that she never complained. She made no arguments, taunts or anything. She didn't regard him. But what pestered him most was how she never asked for any financial support or for any help.

III.

On a lazy Sunday Maya washed her rickshaw. She then wiped it with some shiny ointments and painted it with flower patterns. Every now and then she donated some more colour to her joy ride. Later, she allowed the taint to dry and went back home. When she came home Naman suggested to take her out to some place nice. On their way, Naman stopped by a warehouse and then later resumed to walk along. It was a wonderful day. They talked for hours. Maya bought plenty of clothes and beautiful things. When they came back home Maya noticed in the parking lot that her rickshaw was gone.

Samriddhi Raj
B.A. (Hons.) English, II Year

I Will Never Do It Again!

'This is perfect!' exclaimed Sophie with much excitement and enthusiasm in her eyes, as she stood in front of a row of water lily plants in the garden, holding on her camera in one hand and a water-bottle in the other. The weight of her bag, which at first seemed to her unbearable, was now nowhere, as was clearly evident in her countenance which had suddenly changed the moment she got her ideal shot after a series of vain attempts. She had always been interested in photography since she was twelve and never missed an opportunity to click and capture nature's most intimate moments. Her hazel green eyes always searched for some greenery around her and she always rejoiced at the prospect of finding the same.

Since the age of twelve, she has been working on a collection of her own, in which she records all her encounters with a variety of trees, plants, flowers etc. She always tilts her head covered with light brown hair, on either side, in a very unusual manner, whenever she gets the 'perfect-picture' she has intended to and smiles ardently for sometime looking at it.

'Why are you doing this to us?', asked a voice suddenly, loud enough to break Sophie's long meditation as she stood in amazement looking at the 'perfect-picture' she had just clicked. Sophie, upon hearing this, turned around to see the one who disrupted her peaceful reverie, though she wasn't yet conscious of what was exactly said by that person. She looked around the corner where she was standing in the garden, but only found that all the people around her were at a significant distance from her and that the voice she had just heard, seemed to have come from somewhere very close to her.

'This is wrong!', came the voice again, before Sophie could decide who was the one who was speaking.

She thought it to be an imaginary voice because she couldn't make out from where the voice was coming.

She felt tired and thought that voice just to be a matter of sleeplessness and so decided to go back to her home. Just as she was proceeding to turn away from the Water Lily plant which stood right in front of her camera, she was startled and stopped by a voice which came from it.

'Don't you dare to do it again!' exclaimed the little Water Lily.

Sophie was so shocked and surprised with what had just happened to her that she stood there like a statue. She couldn't believe her eyes and ears. It was not because of sleeplessness or tiredness that she was hearing such voices, but it was really someone who was trying to talk to her, a little Water Lily plant!

'Immediately delete the pictures you have taken, and don't you dare to take our picture again without asking for our permission', said the little Water Lily angrily. Sophie was still not able to make a sense of what was happening around her, she almost appeared to be out of her senses, when the enraged Water Lily started again—'I have seen you many times coming here and taking pictures of me and my fellow beings. Don't you know that what you are doing is wrong and we don't like it at all? Tell me?'

'Ah-oh!' replied Sophie still in a shock.

'Now don't scare me like that, it really makes me uncomfortable. Answer my question!'

'I...um...I didn't know', replied Sophie with a look of embarrassment mixed with shock and confusion.

She cleared her throat to say something but was interrupted by the Water Lily again.

'You don't respect our privacy!'

'What?' replied Sophie with a great deal of confusion.

'Yes, our privacy, how would you feel if a stranger just comes around every day and starts clicking your pictures without your permission? Tell me?'

'Ah...Yes, I will, I will feel bad.' replied Sophie.

'So why are you doing this to us? When you don't want such thing to happen to you? Have you ever seen us taking random pictures of you?'

'I...I am sorry, I was not aware of it, I am already very confused...'

'Just remember to delete all of our pictures before you go from here, we will never accept any intrusion into our private space, intrusion of any kind.'

Just before Sophie could reply to the Water Lily, she was suddenly distracted by the voice of her alarm clock which indicated 7 a.m. Her mother shouted from the drawing room of her house.

'Sophie, get up child, otherwise you'll miss your bus again, come on hurry up!'

Sophie tried opening her eyes slowly while still on her bed and kept murmuring in a low voice—'I will never do it again!'

Priyanka Yadav
B.A. (Hons.) English, II Year

Morality Gone Wrong

I don't care what it's like
To shove aside the world for the sole Me
This is what it exactly teaches:
To trample over others and rise in degree.

Our future is in our hands,
If we make our present best.
Focus on today; tomorrow lies in oblivion,
Should have your own bread-winning tactics.

Glorified are those who sit in brick and mortar;
The feeding farmers are pushed to the edge.
I have to chap it down: I need a home,
But I park my car in its shade.

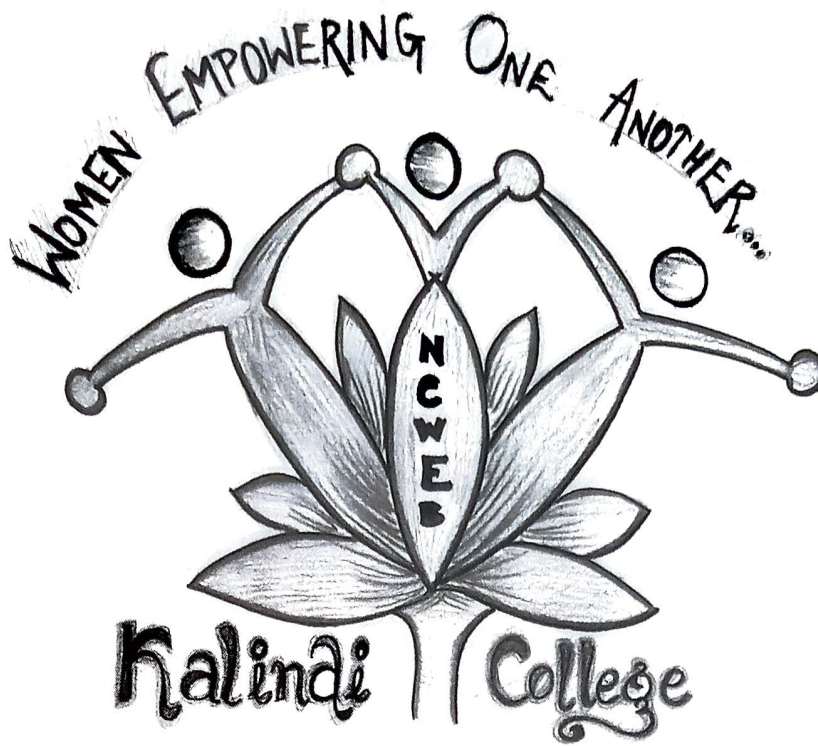
It's a residence in the outskirts,
Oh my gosh! Tigers do come there.
Clash is everlasting—Nature vs. Us;
It's the only thing, maybe, we're scared.

But basically, I don't care.
My pot belly is so comfy in this A.C. room.
The rising temperature is a matter to be solved.
So as a compensation, there's a flower-bed.

Family comes first, before anything else;
And when his head aches, I get tense.
From animals so rare to a gene endangered,
I bring him medicines rich in ingredients.

Yes, I do love and care for them,
Wish for their safety more than mine.
It is the way of the world and I am a part of it,
I am a breathing human, for me 'humanity' is important.

Shaguna Ganguly
B.A. (Hons.) English, II Year



Right

There was a time when I was in fear;
I wish I had a beer and someone to cheer.
So that I can smile without any fear,
And here and there, no one to fear.

You might not want to hear,
But I want to make it clear.
I will laugh aloud right now, right here;
So here goes the fear, and I am here.

So alive, shining so bright.
Ready to fly, not even scared from the heights.
It's our chance to make it right,
Even when it's dim light.

But what is right? Am I right?
This world with its beautiful sunlight;
Or the stars which are shining so bright.
Just remember it's alright, even when it's not right.

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

The Way Forward

"Feminism isn't about making women strong. Women are already strong. It's about changing the way the world perceives that strength."

— G.D. Anderson

Modernity in its literal sense means rejecting the old and connecting to what is new and contemporary. Modernity has introduced a distinctive idea about women in the Indian society. In the Indian context, modernity for women means the enhancement of skills, opportunities and abilities of women, thereby making them independent and competent.

Modern times are frequently referred to as 'Info-age', where information is considered to be important. With change in time, technology has also become an essential component of our daily lives. Social networking sites have rapidly grown thereby increasing new challenges for humankind. Whereas in earlier days, the purpose of women in a family or society was to look after the household, take care of the family and perform domestic work, today modern women are confident, independent, empowered and are tech-savvy as men. Women are not just restricted to household arena but also go out, work and achieve incomparable success with their amazing professional competencies.

Women empowerment plays a significant role in the development of the society and the economic growth of the nation. Participation of women in all areas and sectors helps a country to build a stronger economy and also improves the quality of life and bring gender equality in the society.

Though women have achieved great success and independence in the modern times, the safety of women is still questionable. Rape, molestation, sexual harassment, eve teasing still continue to be prevalent in India, which prides itself in mythological female figures like Radha and Sita.

Women, in the face of modernity, are like a wide canvas that exhibits which has many strong and diverse personalities like Malala, Serena Williams, Hillary Clinton, Angela Merkel, Kalpana Chawla, etc. Hence, it is important for today's women to emulate such powerful personalities and become empowered.

Himangini Rathore
B. A. (Hons.) Political Science, I Year





Not a Poet

Today , I am no poet.

No paper can endeavour the turbulence of my words today ,
No amount of ink enough to color the barrenness of my toxic ruminations.
Shambles look like shambles today ,
I can barely see any metaphors scattered in them.

Those visibly puffed veins of his hands don't allure me today,
A deep paper cut on his thumb ; the sole thing that my eyes today can behold.

I can mark the darkness encircling her drowsy eyes.

Today, I cannot compose the verses admiring her rebellious eyes
or intricate nuances of her sharp kohl.

I can see no poetry today , I can see no love.

My words stubbornly put together ,
Today, they can faintly reflect my soul.

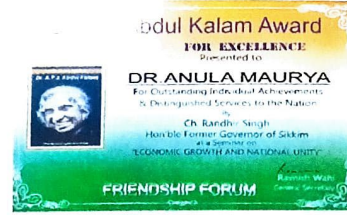
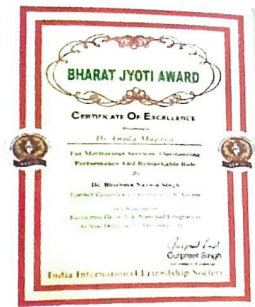
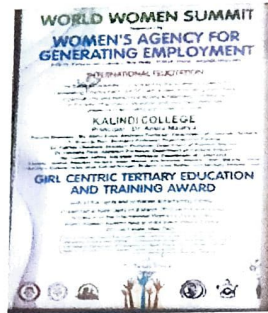
All poets are fools they say ,
But how can I believe it to be true?
For I feel like a fool today but not a poet anymore.

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

Orientation & Oath Ceremony



Principal's Awards & Achievements



Principal's Awards & Achievements



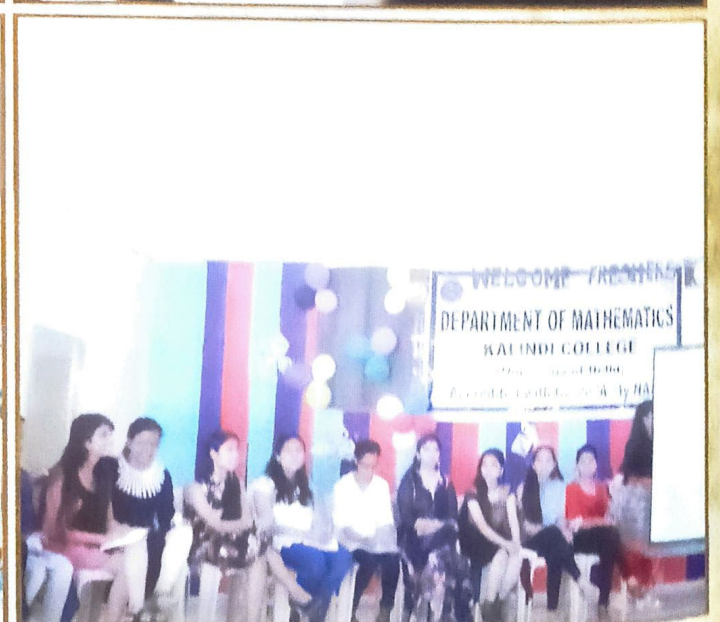
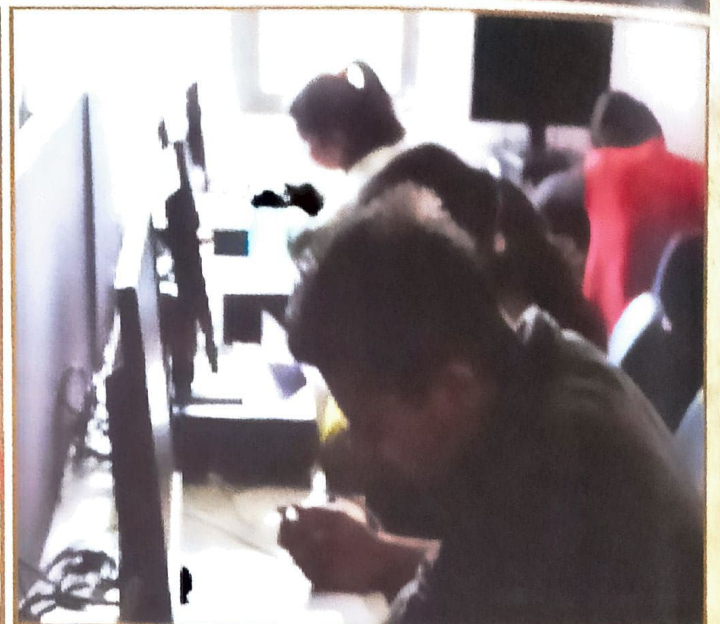
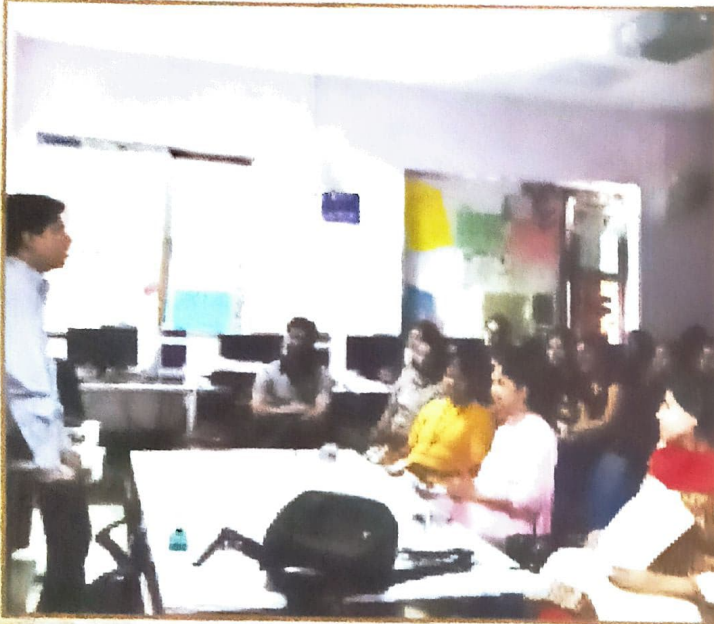
National Festivals



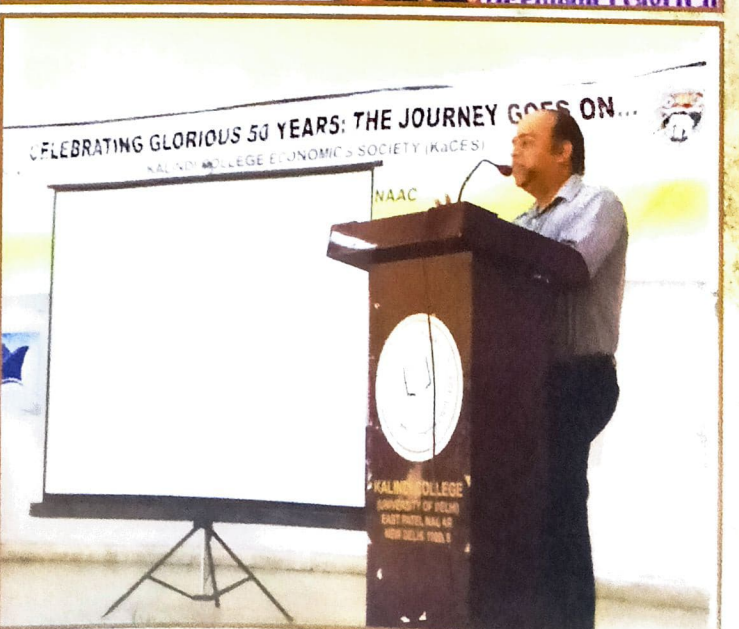
Departmental Activities



Departmental Activities



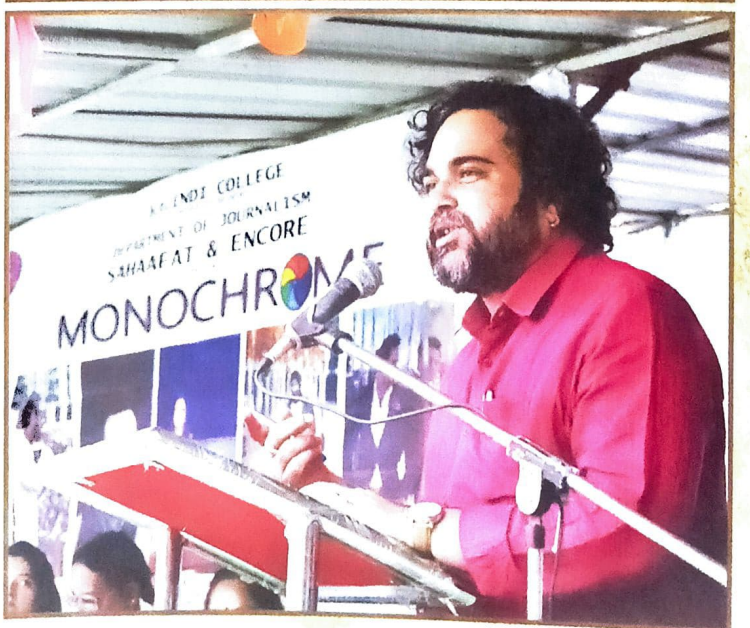
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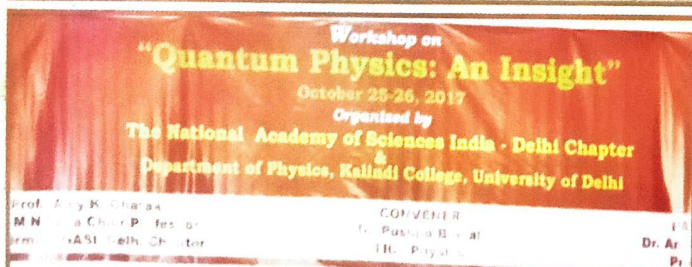


Departmental Activities



Developmental Activities

Seminars, Workshops & Training Programmes



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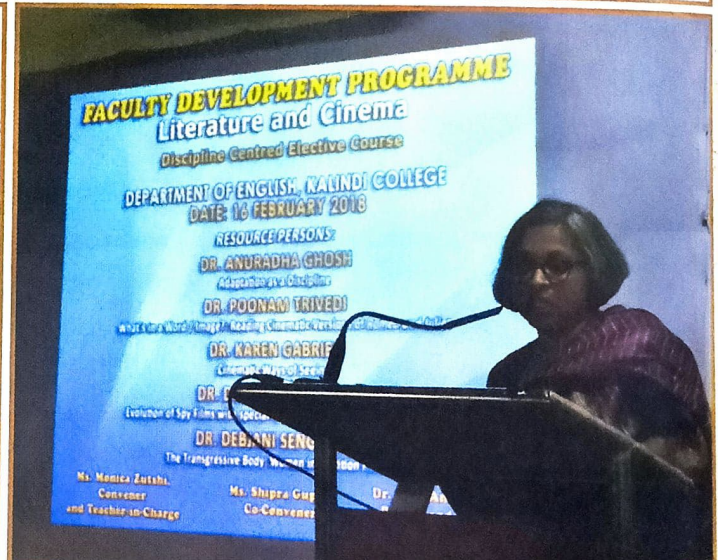


Developmental Activities Seminars, Workshops & Training Programmes



Developmental Activities

Faculty Development Programme by English Department



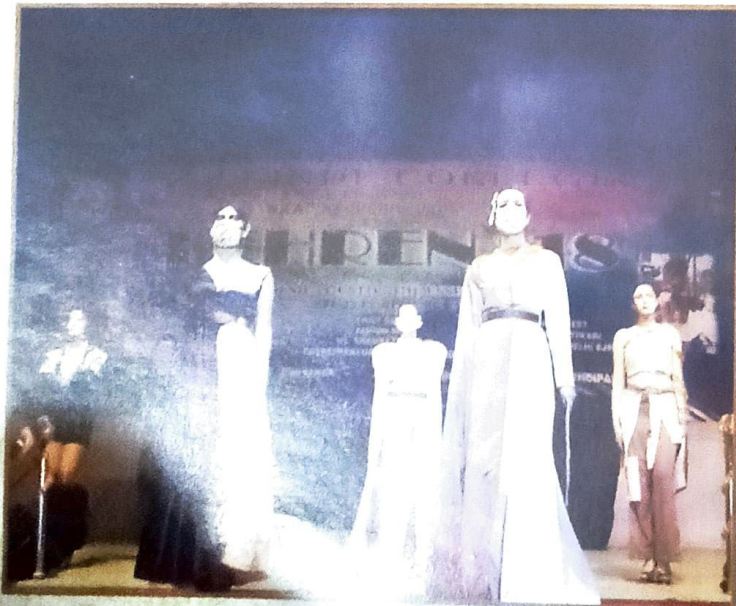
Developmental Activities Educational Trips



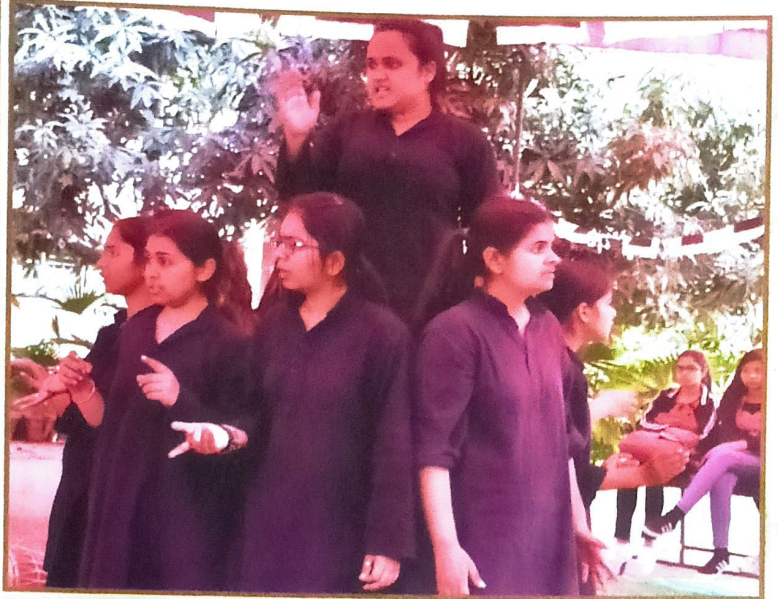




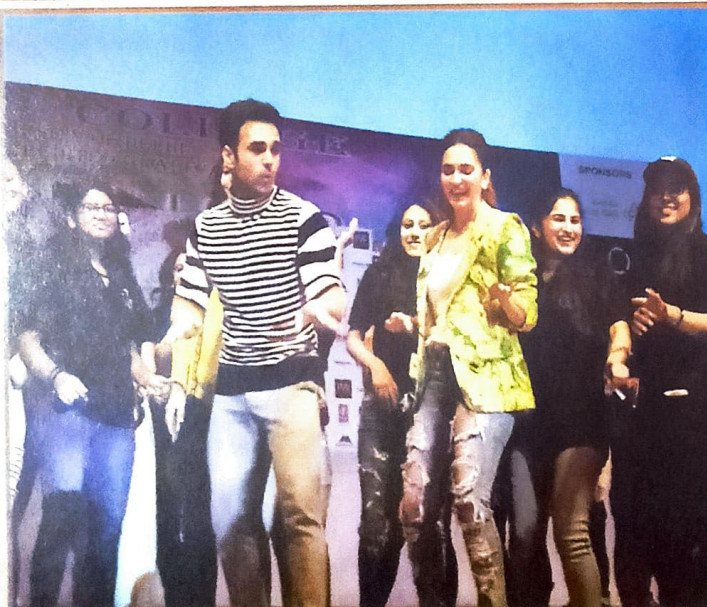
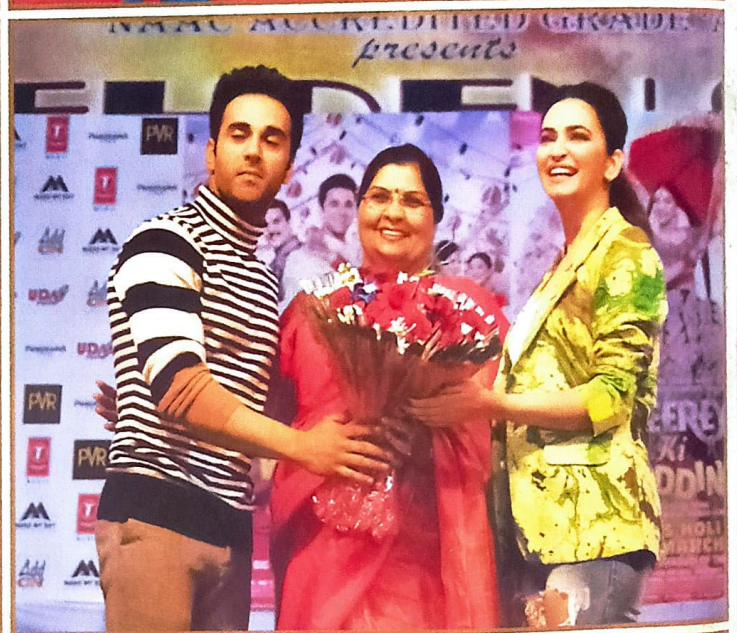
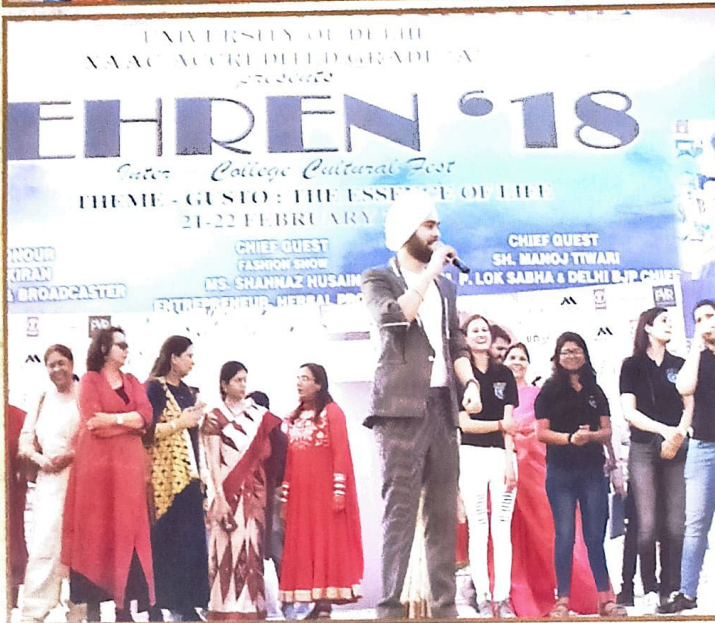
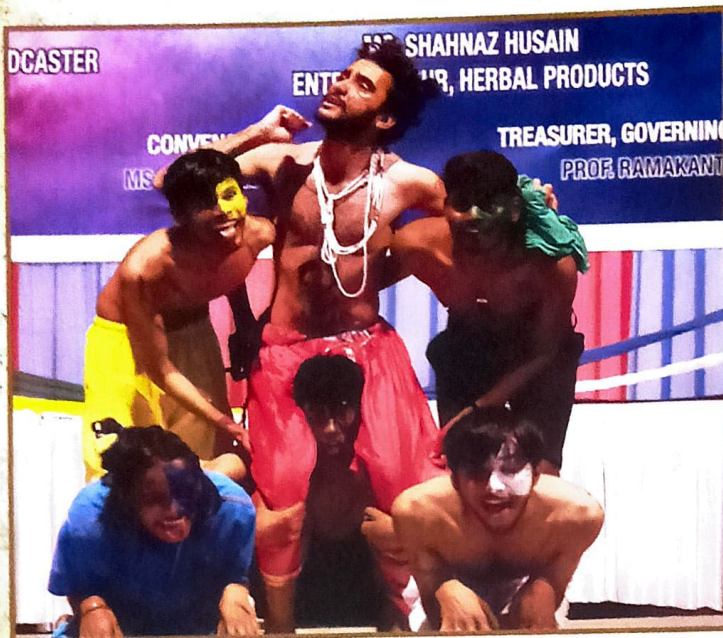
Lehren



Lehren



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हिन्दी अनुभाग

विषय-सूची

1.	सम्पादकीय / ज्योति, वंदना	3
2.	मुझे भी उड़ना है / प्रिया.....	4
3.	मेरी ज़िंदगी / बिन्नु.....	4
4.	मेरा बचपन / बिन्नु.....	6
5.	वर्तमान भारत / प्रिया.....	7
6.	मुस्कराहट / रूपममिश्रा.....	8
7.	आधुनिकता के आईने में स्त्री / संध्या.....	8
8.	तारा / प्रियंका.....	10
9.	अनकहे सवाल / प्रियंका.....	11
10.	अगर तुम न होते / प्रिया.....	12
11.	क्या होगा इस देश का? / साक्षी शर्मा.....	12
12.	पहेलियाँ/ साक्षी शर्मा.....	13
13.	एकांत / प्रियंका.....	14
14.	मुझे उड़ना है / बिन्नु.....	15
15.	खारा पानी / आकांक्षा.....	15
16.	बेटियाँ / रुचि.....	16
17.	उड़ने दो बस / निष्ठा गिरी.....	17
18.	औरत / तृप्ति.....	18
19.	आधुनिक मीरा /श्रेया	19
20.	मैं कुछ कहना चाहती हूँ / नूरजहाँ.....	20
21.	उड़ जाऊंगी / श्वेता.....	21
22.	यह कैसा जीवन है / श्वेता.....	21
23.	खुला आकाश / आयुषी खंडेलवाल.....	22
24.	तू लड़की है / बरखा.....	22
25.	शिक्षक / अंजलि	23
26.	माँ / नेहा.....	24
27.	स्त्री एक रूप अनेक / अफ़ा.....	25
28.	मुझे भी उड़ना है मुझे पंख दे दो / पूजा.....	25
29.	उड़ान / ज्योति मिश्र	26
30.	कालिंदी का आह्वान / डॉ. अभिषेक.....	27
31.	जमीन / डॉ. बलजीत कौर	27

सम्पादकीय हिंदी-अनुभाग

प्रिय प्रबुद्ध पाठकों,

कलिंगी महाविद्यालय की पत्रिका 'प्रवाह' 2018 के हिंदी-भाग का सम्पादक होना, मेरे लिए गौरव की बात है। आप सभी की प्रिय पत्रिका 'प्रवाह' का यह संस्करण आपके समक्ष प्रस्तुत करते हुए मुझे बेहद हर्ष और उल्लास का अनुभव हो रहा है।

महिला महाविद्यालय की उपलब्धियों को ध्यान में रखकर महाविद्यालय की वार्षिक पत्रिका 'प्रवाह' का केंद्रीय विषय 'आधुनिकता के आईने में स्त्री' रखा गया है। इस अंक में संकलित लेख, कविताएँ, निबंध आदि रचनाएँ स्त्री जीवन से जुड़े विविध पहलुओं - पुरुषों के कदम से कदम मिलाकर चलना, घर और बाहर तालमेल बनाना, पंख पसार उड़ना और अपनी अस्मिता की रक्षा के लिए प्रतिरोध करने के भावों को चित्रित करती हैं। 'मुझे उड़ना है', 'मुझे पंख दे दो', 'महिला सशक्तिकरण', 'आधुनिकता के आईने में स्त्री', यह कौन तय करेगा?' इत्यादि रचनाओं में समसामयिक, संवेदनशील, मार्मिक और विचारों को उद्बलित करने वाले भावों को शब्दबद्ध किया गया है। नारी चेतना से सम्पन्न यह रचनाएँ पाठक को सोचने पर मजबूर करती हैं। 'आजादी के तराने' में स्त्री गुलामी की बेड़ियों को काट कर अपनी आजादी की बात करती है, तो अन्य रचनाओं में उन्मुक्त गगन में उड़ने की। आधुनिक स्त्री के संघर्ष के साथ नैतिक शिक्षा और अधिकारों के साथ-साथ समाज के प्रति हमारे कर्तव्यों को भी याद दिलाने वाली कविताएँ इस अंक में संकलित हैं। 'प्रवाह' पत्रिका के कुशल मार्गदर्शन के लिए मैं अपने गुरुजनों सुश्री रेखा मीणा, डॉ. ऋतू और डॉ. ब्रह्मा नंद सर का आभार व्यक्त करती हूँ, साथ ही टाइपिंग में सहयोग देने के लिए मैं अपनी सहपाठी साक्षी मिश्रा, बिन्नु कुमारी व रूपम मिश्रा को कोटि-कोटि धन्यवाद देना चाहती हूँ इनके सहयोग के बिना यह कार्य असम्भव था। जिन नवोदित सृजनात्मक प्रतिभाओं को 'प्रवाह' पत्रिका में स्थान मिला है, उन्हें मैं शुभकामनाएँ देती हूँ और जिनके लेख किसी कारण वश नहीं छपे, उनसे क्षमा प्रार्थी हूँ। आशा करती हूँ, कि आप सभी को 'प्रवाह' पत्रिका का यह अंक पसंद आएगा।

ज्योति, वंदना

बी.ए. हिंदी (विशेष) तृतीय वर्ष

मुझे भी उड़ना है

मुझे भी उड़ना है,
मुझे पंख दे दो।
रंगबिरंगी खुशियों के,
रंग दे दो,
फूलों-सी महकूं मैं,
वो वर दे दो।
मुझे भी उड़ना है,
मुझे पंख दे दो।
पानी-सी बहूं मैं,
मुझे वो तरंग दे दो।
चाँद-सी चमकूं मैं,
मुझे वो चमक दे दो।
मुझे भी उड़ना है,
मुझे पंख दे दो
जो भी हो गलती,
उसका सबब दे दो।
तोड़े-सा न टूटे,
ऐसा संग दे दो
मुझे भी उड़ना है,
मुझे पंख दे दो।

प्रिया, बी.ए. हिन्दी (विशेष) तृतीय वर्ष

मेरी ज़िंदगी

ग्यारहवीं से थामे मेरे हाथ तुमने दीदी
मेरी खुशियों की पहचान बन गई
कभी दोस्त बन के साथ दिया मेरा
कभी माँ बनके मुझे डाटा
वो छोटी-छोटी खुशियों में
हम खिलखिलाए....
वो शाम ढले पार्क जाना

और अपनी सारी बातें मुझे बताना
 सुनकर मेरी बेतुकी बातें
 तुम्हारा जोर-जोर से हँसना
 मुझे अच्छा लगता है दीदी
 तुम्हें हमेशा खुश देखना
 मेरी हर गलती पर डाँटना
 उसके बाद मेरी गलतियों को माफ कर देना
 अच्छा लगता है मुझे तुम्हारा ये अंदाज़ देखना
 तुमसे अच्छा कोई और नहीं होगा
 मेरी ज़िंदगी में, ये बात आज है मैंने जानी
 इसलिये तुम मेरी दीदी नहीं
 मेरी ज़िंदगी बन गई हो
 बहुत याद आओगी दीदी
 वो इशारों में बातें करना
 इतनी रह ली तुम्हारे साथ
 अब एक लम्हा तुम्हारे बिन न बिताना
 जब भी मैं किसी मुसिबत में पड़ी
 खुशी की किरण बनके आना
 हाँ तुमसे ही सीखा है मैंने
 गम में भी मुस्कुराना
 जिस पल साया बनके तुम मेरे साथ रही
 वो पल मेरे जीने का एहसास बन गया
 वे बिताये तुम्हारे साथ एक-एक पल, बातें बन गईं
 आज वही बातें मेरे लिए यादें बन गईं
 भुला दो तुम भले मुझको
 मैं ना तुम्हें कभी भूल पाऊँगी
 कितना तुम्हें मैं चाहती हूँ
 ये शायद, कभी मैं बया नहीं कर पाऊँगी

बिन्नु कुमारी, बी.ए. हिन्दी (विशेष) तृतीय वर्ष

मेरा बचपन

मेरे बचपन का जमाना था
जिसमें हर किसी का प्यार सुहाना था
स्कूल न जाने का
पेट दर्द का बहाना था
चाहत थी आसमा में उड़ने की
पर दिल फूलों का दीवाना था
मम्मी-पापा के लाख मना करने पर
चूरन छुप-छुपकर खाना था
मेरा बचपन का जमाना था
जिसमें खुशियों का खजाना था
दादी ने कहानियों में, राजा-रानी के
सोने का महल बताना था
स्कूल में दोस्तों का लंच
चुप के से खा जाना था
थके-हारे स्कूल से आना
खेलने भी मुझे जाना था
सच बचपन में सोचती थी
मैं बड़ी क्यूँ नहीं हो रही
अब सोचती हूँ
मैं बड़ी क्यूँ हो गई
जब बचपन था, तो जवानी एक ख्वाब थी
और जब जवान हुई तो
बचपन एक जमाना था
वो बचपन के पल बातें बन गयीं
आज वही बातें यादें बन गयीं
एक बचपन का जमाना था
जिसमे हर मौसम सुहाना था

बिन्नू कुमारी, बी.ए. हिंदी (विशेष) तृतीय वर्ष

वर्तमान भारत

इस वर्ष भारत को 69 साल पूरे हो गए हैं एक गणतंत्र बने। 69 साल पूर्व भारत एक स्वतंत्र गणराज्य बना और देश में कानून का राज स्थापित किया गया। नोट किया जाए "कानून का राज"। इस पंक्ति पर हँसा जाए या शोक मनाया जाये? रोज़ तो अखबार अपराधों की खबरों से भरा हुआ है। खैर कोई भी देश पूर्णतः अपराध मुक्त नहीं हो सकता। अब इंसान हैं, कुछ अच्छे हैं तो कुछ बुरे और यह हर जगह है। देखा जाए तो बुरे लोग अपना काम शिद्दत से कर रहे हैं लेकिन यह अच्छे लोग जो घर में दुबक कर बैठे हैं और कोई इनीशीएटिव नहीं लेना चाहते, देश तो इनके वजह से बदनाम है। 26 जनवरी 1950 को यह संविधान लागू हुआ (तथा कथित तौर से) कौन मान रहा है इस पवित्र संविधान को ! जो कानून तोड़ते हैं उनको सज़ा न के बराबर मिलती है। इसलिए बेबाक तोड़ा जा रहा है यह "सोकोल्ड" कानून। अब आते हैं मेरे विषय पर, एक घोर स्त्रीवादी होने के नाते महिलाओं की ओर मुद्दे को मोड़ती हूँ। सुनो बहनों हमारे लिए न कोई स्वतंत्रता दिवस है, न कोई गणतंत्र दिवस है, और नहीं कोई अन्य त्योहार है। शायद किसी को यह लेख निराशावादी लग सकता है। पर यह निराशावादी नहीं है। बस सच्चाई बयान कर रहा है। अधिकतर लोग हमसे कहते हैं कि हम नारीवादी हर जगह नारीवाद घुसाते हैं, हमेशा लड़ाईयां करते हैं, कहीं भी समझौता नहीं करते। इन सब का उत्तर अंत में दिया जाएगा।

पुरुषों के लिए ही यह देश आगे बढ़ रहा है पर अगर बारीकी से देखा जाए तो महिलाओं की स्थिति बुनियादी रूप से वहीं की वहीं ही है। खैर इस स्थिति की जननी भी वह खुद औरत ही है। कब उठेंगे यह लोग कोई बताएगा। यह लेख पढ़ने वाले सज्जन यह सोच रहे होंगे कि गणतंत्र दिवस में भी नारीवाद क्यों लाया जा रहा है। मुख्य मुद्दा यह है कि कानून का राज वास्तविक रूप से स्थापित हुआ है या नहीं। कानून की धज्जियां उड़ाने वाला यह पुरुष ही तो हैं। यह बलात्कारी पुरुष। बलात्कार करने से पहले किसी पुरुष के दिमाग में यह आया है कि यह कानून के विरुद्ध है या उसे कड़ी सज़ा हो सकती है। आई डोंट थिंक सो। न ही यह दरिंदे कैंडल मार्च से डरते हैं, न ही यह दरिंदे कानून से डरते हैं, न ही यह दरिंदे संविधान से डरते हैं। हम इस तरह के समाज में समझौता करें ? इस तरह के समाज में एडजस्ट करें? जहाँ हमारा मान नहीं वहाँ कोई एडजस्टमेंट भी नहीं चाहे कुछ भी हो जाए। जो स्त्रियाँ कॉमप्रोमईस करना चाहती हैं वो भी संभल जाए कि सिर्फ एडजस्ट होने से ही तुम्हारा थोड़ा महत्व है, जब नहीं हुई तो तुम्हारा मान भी नहीं या तो रेप होगा, एसिड अटैक हो गा या मार दिया जाएगा। खैर जो स्त्रियाँ एडजस्ट कर रही हैं उन्हें भी कहाँ छोड़ा है इन दरिंदों ने।

सुनो नारियों, इस समाज को हमें ही अपनी बहादुरी, होशियारी और हिम्मत से बदलना होगा।

प्रिया, बी.ए. राजनीतिक विज्ञान (विशेष), द्वितीय वर्ष

मुस्कराहट

क्यों मैं इतनी मुस्कराहटों के बीच,
बस तुम्हें ही ढूँढती हूँ
क्यों पागलों की तरह,
तुमसे यूँ बेपनाह प्यार करती हूँ
मेरे दिल में है तू सिर्फ तू,
तो क्यों मैं तुम्हें हर जगह ढूँढती हूँ
क्यों सबका प्यार होते हुए भी,
सिर्फ तुम्हारे प्यार की चाह रखती हूँ
क्यों इतनी मुस्कराहटों के बीच,
बस तुम्हें ढूँढती हूँ

रूपम मिश्रा, बी.ए.हिंदी (विशेष) तृतीय वर्ष

आधुनिकता के आईने में स्त्री

आधुनिकता की जटाओं में
उलझा हर आईना,
उसकी पैरवी कर जाता है,
उसकी परछाई की छांव में
अब सूरज उगता है यहाँ,
तिमिर होती निगाहों में
भरती पहर-सी,
वो रोज़ किरण-सी बिखर
जाती है,
कि जिस पर गिरे वो जाकर,
उसके चहरे की शिकन मिट
जाती है,
स्त्री आज की दुनिया में
आधुनिकता का आईना
कहलाती है।
कदमों के छाप पर उसके,

दुनिया हिसाब करती रह
जाती है,
वो स्त्री है,
जिसके पैमानें को नापने को,
ज़मी भी कम पड़ जाती है।
ज़िन्दगी भी सीख लेकर उससे,
एक ज़िन्दगी का संचार करती है,
शब्दों में शब्द नहीं
रह जाते,
जब उसकी हसरतें,
आसमां छू जाती हैं,
आईना भी खुद को
उसमें देखने से पहले,
खुद को संवार लेता है।
कुछ इस तरह स्त्री
सबमें होकर भी,
खुद को एक मिशाल
बना देती हैं।
बिगड़ती, सिमटती कहावतों को
अपने अक्ष की रचनाओं
में सजाती है,
स्त्री आज आधुनिकता के आईने में,
आधुनिकता को खुद के आईने
में दिखाती हैं।

संध्या, बी.ए. पत्रकारिता (विशेष) द्वितीय वर्ष

तारा

चल आ तुझे एकराज़ कहूँ
जो कही नहीं वो बात कहूँ।
कहते तो रहते सब अक्सर
सुन सके कोई वो बात कहूँ।

जब था चारों ओर सन्नाटा
था अंधकार आँखों में भरा।
शांति का स्वर था गूँज रहा
सब देख मन भी मौन खड़ा।

तब स्याह रात को रोशन करता,
एक तारा दिखलाई दिया मुझे
बिखरे हुए अस्तित्व को मेरे
उसने ही संजो कर दिया मुझे।

रहता, था दुनिया से वो अलग-थलग
अपना जहाँ वो बसाए हुए
मैं बेजान हो गई स्तब्ध
कांधे पर उसके, सिर टिकाए हुए।

थर-थर कांपते थे अधर मेरे
कहना उससे कुछ चाहते थे।
होठों पर टिके कई मिसरे
कागज पर उतर न पाते थे।

फिर बातों ने ऐसा मोड़ लिया।
बिन कहे सभी जज़्बातों को, उसने तो सब जान लिया
मैं उसे एक टक देखती रही
उस गुज़रते लम्हें को बस थाम लिया।

असंभव लगा कुछ देना उसे
जो उसने मुझ पर एहसान किया।
न आया प्यार जताना मुझे
तब मन ही मन विलाप किया।
और आज मन अति प्रसन्न हुआ
उसे लिखने का जब ठान लिया।

अनकहे सवाल

तुम को लिखूं
या तुम पर लिखूं
इस सवाल में उलझूं
या खुद ही जवाब बनकर सुलझूं
इन ओझल आँखों से नमी हटाऊँ
तो भी बस तुम को पाऊँ
जितना सोचू डूबती जाऊँ
तुमको लिखूं
या तुम पर लिखूं
खुद को खोकर तुम को पाती हूँ
फिर.... अपनी नजरों में तैरती जाती हूँ
कभी तुम पर जान छिड़कना
कभी तुम्हारा मुझे यूँ झिड़कना
फिर नया सवाल.....
गुस्सा हो जाऊँ या चुप - चाप
ये प्यार वाली डांट खाऊँ
तुमको लिखूं
या तुम पर लिखूं
तुमसे गुस्सा होना अच्छा लगता है
गलती मेरी हो..... पर तुम्हारा मनाना अच्छा लगता है
कभी अकेले में हँसना
और कभी भरी महफ़िल में भी चुप रहना
पर..... सवाल अभी भी वही
तुमको लिखूं
या तुम पर लिखूं
तुम्हारे एहसास से ही मुझे नया अंदाज़ मिलता है
मेरी टूटी - फूटी कविताओं को भी साज़ मिलता है
आंसू रूपी मोती बन जाऊँ
जब भी लिखती हूँ तो बस सोचती हूँ
तुमको लिखूं
या तुम पर लिखूं

प्रियंका, बी.ए. हिंदी (विशेष) द्वितीय वर्ष

अगर तुम न होते

अगर तुम न होते तो क्या होता तो शायद ही कुछ होता। अगर तुम न होते तो शायद मैं न होती, इतना प्यार करने वाली 'माँ' न होती, इतना ख्याल रखने वाले 'पापा' न होते, शायद इतना सुंदर जीवन न होता, अगर तुम न होते.... आपके होने से ही मेरा जीवन सुंदर है, भले ही उसमें दुःख है पर सुख भी है और एक सुख की घड़ी सारे दुःखों को भुला देती है। जीवन सुंदर तभी होते हैं जब उसमें दुःख भी हो क्योंकि दुःख मनुष्य को माँजता है।

अगर तुम न होते तो शायद मैं यहाँ न होती, इतना अच्छा परिवार न मिलता, इतने अच्छे मित्र न मिलते, इतने अच्छे अध्यापक-अध्यापिका न मिलते, अगर तुम न होते। अगर तुम न होते तो शायद इस समाज से, इस जीवन से परिचित न हो पाती। इस जीवन की अच्छाईयों को, बुराईयों को नहीं समझ पाती, नहीं समझ पाती कैसे हर मुश्किल रूपी जमीन को भेदकर अंकुरित हुआ जाए और विषम परिस्थितियों का सामना करके हरा-भरा वृक्ष बना जाए।

क्योंकि आपने ही मुझे इस जीवन में जीना सिखाया है हर मुश्किल को भेदकर आगे बढ़ना सिखाया है। बल्कि आप के होने से ही मैं इस संसार की छोटी-बड़ी चीज से कुछ न कुछ सीख रही हूँ कि कैसे 'कुटज' की तरह विषम परिस्थितियों में भी मुस्कराया जाए। एक छोटी-सी चीटी की तरह बार-बार प्रयास कैसे किया जाए क्योंकि अभ्यास करके कुछ भी सीख सकते हैं।

अगर तुम न होते तो शायद यह लिख न रही होती अपने मन के भावों को यूँ शब्दों में न पिरो रही होती। जीवन को जीने का सही सलीका न सीख रही होती क्योंकि बहुत किस्मत से मिलते हैं मम्मी-पापा, गलतियों को बताकर उसे सही कैसे किया जाए ऐसा गुरुजन। अगर तुम न होते तो शायद ही कुछ होता। अगर तुम न होते तो.....तो शायद हम साथ न होते।

प्रिया, बी.ए. हिन्दी (विशेष) तृतीय वर्ष

क्या होगा इस देश का?

क्या होगा इस देश का?

जिसमें ऐसे-ऐसे लोग।

नहीं जानते करना वे, पारस्परिक सहयोग,
डॉक्टर हैं पर दूर नहीं कर सकते, किसी के रोग।

योगी बन जाते हैं, पर जानते नहीं योग।

क्या होगा इस देश का?

कुछ भी कर सकता है आदमी

मात्र कारण लोभ,
यहाँ के युवा करते हैं, नशे की दवा का उपयोग,
यहाँ के लोग नहीं कर सकते, सृष्टि का सदुपयोग।

क्या होगा इस देश का?
और अधिक धन पाने की, लगी है इनमें होड़,
समान जुटाने की, लगी है इनमें दौड़।
सच पूछो तो सृष्टि के विनाश का,
कारण हैं ये लोग।

क्या होगा इस देश का?
जिसमें ऐसे-ऐसे लोग

साक्षी शर्मा, बी.ए. हिन्दी (विशेष) तृतीय वर्ष

पहेलियाँ

(1) ऐसी सी चीज है
जिसे जितना चाहे खा लो, पेट नहीं भरता?

उत्तर - हवा

(2) मुझमें पानी-पर न बादल
रहूँ पेड़ पर-पर न चिड़िया
कठोर बहुत हूँ-पर न पत्थर
साधु नहीं-पर दाढ़ी बढ़िया

उत्तर - नारियल

(3) एक अचंभा हमने देखा,
काया के संग दूसरी काया,
लाख बंदूक तलवार चलायी,
उसको कोई मार न पाया,

उत्तर - छाया

(4) जब पैरों को संग में पाती,
मिलों तक सबको पहुँचती,
स्वयं चलने की बात करे तो
एक पैर खड़ी रह जाती

उत्तर - साइकिल

(5) इसमे जड़ें हैं बहुत से हीरे,
नीला-नीला रंग हैं इसका,
बोलो क्या ?

उत्तर - आकाश

(6) ऐसा कौन सा गेट हैं, जिसमें घुस नहीं सकते ?

उत्तर - कोलगेट

(7) एक है माँ,

8-9 हैं बच्चे,

हरी है वो, तो काले हैं बच्चे

उत्तर - इलायची

(8) ऐसी कौन-सी सिटी है जिसमें जा नहीं सकते ।

उत्तर - एलैक्ट्रीसिटी

साक्षी शर्मा, बी.ए. हिन्दी (विशेष) तृतीय वर्ष

एकांत

अब एकांत में रहना अच्छा लगता है..... कुछ अजीब सा मोड़ लिया है ज़िन्दगी ने, सब कुछ बहुत अटपटा-सा लगता है पर वो क्या है ये समझ नहीं आता। शांत बैठकर भीतर के कोलाहल को महसूस करती हूँ तो खुली आँखों के आगे अनेकों तस्वीरें-सी खींच जाती हैं..... और फिर होश में आते ही वो सब गायब। अपने बीते दिनों के उस अल्हड़ से स्वभाव को याद करूँ तो आँखों में एक चमक लौट आती है, पर यहाँ मैं वास्तविकता से कहीं दूर हूँ..... फिर भी वो चमक मुझे अनंत सुख देती है। मैं वहाँ फिर से लौटना चाहती हूँ, पर अकेले नहीं और पता ये भी है कि वक्त लौटता नहीं, आगे बढ़ता है। एक डर मन को झकझोरता है कि ना जाने ये बदलता वक्त कैसा वक्त सामने लाएगा..... शायद इसी कारण इसके साथ खुद को बदलने में असमर्थ दिख रही हूँ। कभी मिलता ही नहीं कोई अपना-सा और कभी कुछ होता ही नहीं कहने को। रंगों की अब आदि नहीं हूँ..... अंतर्मन की खुशियाँ चाहती हूँ। हाँ, अब मैं एकांत प्रिय हो गयी हूँ।

प्रियंका, बी.ए.हिंदी(विशेष) द्वितीय वर्ष

मुझे उड़ना है

वक्त उड़ता है पंख लगाकर
मैं भी उड़ना चाहती हूँ
उन पंछियों की तरह
आज़ादी चाहती हूँ
बस मुझे भी खुला आसमा चाहिए
अपनी उड़ान भरने के लिए
मुझे प्यार है, अपनी आज़ादी से
मत बाँधो इन बंधनों में
मैं भी आज़ाद रहना चाहती हूँ
पिंजरे से निकालकर देखो
मैं हर बागों में चहक उठूंगी
फूलों की तरह महक उठूंगी
मुझे उड़ना है बादलों के बीच
जहाँ मेरा सपनों का संसार है
मत बाँधो मुझे इन सीमाओं में
मुझे भी देखना पूरा संसार है
मत रोको मुझे उड़ने से,
उड़ने का मेरा भी अधिकार है।

बिन्नु कुमारी, बी.ए. हिन्दी(विशेष) तृतीय वर्ष

खारा पानी

मैंने तो खारा पानी चखा है,
खुशबू जिसकी ज़हन में,
उतर-सी गयी है
सुकून जिससे आत्मा में
भर-सा गया है
निखर रहा है धीरे-धीरे वो

जिसमें आग बसी हुई है
उस आग से खारा पानी निकलता है
खारा पानी जो अनमोल है
हीरे के जैसा, पाक-साफ
जग की कटुता व छल से परे
वो खारा पानी बहता है, हर्षोल्लास परिपूर्ण
उपलब्धियाँ नहीं ला पाती, अंतर मेरे स्वभाव में
क्योंकि मुझे उनका कोई मोल नहीं
मोल है तो बस उस खारे पानी का
जो हृदय को प्रसन्नता से परिपूर्ण कर जाता है ।

आकांक्षा, बी.ए.अंग्रेजी (विशेष) प्रथम वर्ष

बेटियाँ

जरूरी नहीं रोशनी
चिरागों से ही हो..
बेटियाँ भी घर में
उजाला करती हैं..
जरूरी नहीं खुशियां
त्योहारों से ही हो..
बेटियाँ भी घर में
रौनक करती हैं..
जरूरी नहीं बारिश
मेघों से ही हो..
बेटियाँ भी घर में
प्रेम की बौछार करती हैं
जरूरी नहीं बूंदें
छलकती जाम से ही हो..
बेटियाँ भी घर में
सुधा रस बरसाती हैं
जरूरी नहीं खुशबू
फूलों से ही हो..

बेटियाँ भी घर, महकाती हैं
जरूरी नहीं खनक
घुंघुआँ से ही हो..
बेटियाँ भी घर में
हँसी खनकाया करती हैं
जरूरी नहीं घर की शान
बेटों से ही हो..
बेटियाँ भी घर की
जान होती हैं..
जरूरी नहीं पिता का मान बेटों से ही हो
बेटियाँ भी पिता का गुमान होती हैं

रूचि, राजनीति विज्ञान (विशेष), प्रथम वर्ष

उड़ने दो बस

उड़ने दो बस, मुझे तुम उड़ने दो
छूने दो तारों को
सूरज की गलियों में खोने दो मुझको

सागर की लहरों में गोते में लगाऊँ
सीपों से चुराकर मोती मैं लाऊँ
गंगा की तरह बस बहती जाऊँ
नदियों के किनारों को मिलना सिखाऊँ
जो कर न सके तुम, वो करके दिखाऊँ

सपनों की नगरी को गठरी में कस कर
आँचल में रखकर उड़ने दो
मुझे तुम उड़ने दो.....
तारों की भाषा मैं तुमको सिखाऊँ
जो कर न सके तुम वो करके दिखाऊँ

निष्ठा गिरी, बी.ए. (प्रोग्राम) द्वितीय वर्ष

औरत

दिलों में बस जाऊं मोहब्बत हूँ
कभी बहन कभी ममता की मूरत हूँ
मेरे आँचल में हैं सैंकड़ों चाँद सितारें,
माँ के कदमों में बसी एक जन्नत हूँ।
हर दर्द और गम को छुपा लिया सीने में,
लब पे न आये कभी वो हसरत हूँ
मेरे होने से ही है यह कायनात जवान,
जिंदगी की बेहद हसीन हकीकत हूँ।
हर रूप रंग में ढल कर संवर जाऊं
सब्र की मिसाल, हर रिश्ते की जान हूँ।
अपने होंसले से तकदीर को बदल दूँ
सुन ले ऐ दुनिया, हाँ मैं औरत हूँ

तृप्ति, बी.ए. संस्कृत (विशेष) प्रथम वर्ष

आधुनिक मीरा

मीरा हर रोज़ सुबह उठ कर स्नान करती है। अपने भीगे बालों को तौलिये से लपेट कर आईने में अपने आप को निहारती है। सुरमे से अपनी आँखों के दायरे को उभार कर अपने गँहुए रंग को सुनहला बनाती है। और फिर माथे पर वो भड़कीली लाल बिंदिया। सुरमे का तेज मानो काली की ऊर्जा मगर आँखों की ममता उसे दुर्गा बना देती है। आज साड़ी नई है। पीले रंग की कड़क सूती साड़ी। गर्मी बहुत हो रही है और शाम तक उसे सरकारी आफिस के पंखे के नीचे बैठना है जो पैसैंजर ट्रेन से भी धीरे चलता है।

चौखट की ओर बढ़ते हुए रोज़ हिचकिचाती है वो पर पाँव कभी रुकते नहीं। अब उसे जाना है उस चारदीवारी के पार जहाँ वो मीरा नहीं, मात्र एक विधवा है और उसके माथे की वो लाल बिंदी श्रृंगार नहीं, उसके ओछे चरित्र का प्रमाण। वो रोज़ उन्हीं गलियों से गुज़रती है जहाँ उसे सामने से नमस्ते और मुड़ते ही कुल्टा कहते हैं लोग। "कहो तो ये साज-श्रृंगार इसे शोभा देता है भला?" "ना जाने किसको अपना रूप दिखती है?" "रोज़ बन-ठन के कहाँ जाती है कौन जाने।" "होगा कोई प्रेमी, उसको मिलने जाती होगी रोज़।" "पति को तो खा गई। ऊपरवाला सब देखता है, एक तो विधवा ऊपर से बाँझ, पापियों का यही हाल होता है।"

कुछ लोग पापी और कुछ लोग अभागन समझते हैं उसे। जिसकी संतान नहीं जिसका सुहाग नहीं वो

औरत खुश क्यों है? उसका रूप क्यों नहीं उजड़ा हुआ उसके बाल क्यों नहीं बिखरे हुए? वो टूट क्यों नहीं जाती वो मुरझाई क्यों नहीं रहती? उसपे रंग खटकते हैं लोगों को। उसपे हँसी खटकती है लोगों को। सौ बात की एक बात हो तो उसपे ज़िन्दगी खटकती है लोगों को।

इक्कीस बरस की थी वो जब ब्याही थी एक डॉक्टर से। बाइस बरस की थी सास ने दोनों हाथ पकड़ के चूड़ियाँ तोड़ दी थी। डॉक्टर से एक बरस में प्रेम ना हो पाया। लगाव हुआ था मगर उनके जाने पर दुनिया खत्म तो नहीं हुई ना उसकी। रोयी थी वो कुछ दिनों तक मगर दुनिया रुक तो नहीं गयी उसकी। रोने से डॉक्टर वापस तो नहीं आता। रंगों को क्यों त्यागती मीरा? डॉक्टर के माँ-बाप तो अब भी वही कपड़े पहनते जो पहले पहनते थे। डॉक्टर की बहन भी वैसे ही सजती संवरती थी। मगर उसकी लाल साड़ी पर इतना बखेड़ा क्यों हो गया? डॉक्टर के परिवार ने उसके जाने पर बसंत नहीं छोड़ा, कल की ब्याही मीरा ने पतझड़ को गले नहीं लगाया तो इतना बखेड़ा क्यों हो गया?

ऑफिस में उसके साथ वाले टेबल पर शुक्ला जी बैठते हैं। काम के वक़्त काफी गंभीर मालूम पड़ते हैं मगर जब चाय ब्रेक में सब जन साथ बैठते हैं तो शुक्ला जी की हास्य कविताओं का दौर चलता है। पारिवारिक क्लेश और कुछ अन्य कारणों के चलते अविवाहित रह गए वो। मीरा उन्हें पसंद करती है। रोज़ इसी उम्मीद से सजती है कि कहीं वो आज थोड़ी और देर निहार लें उसको। अब तो उसे लगता है मानो वो उनसे प्रेम करती है। तो क्या गली के वो लोग सही थे? क्या मीरा का चरित्र पवित्र नहीं? कुमार विश्वास की एक कृति थी " कोई दीवाना कहता है कोई पागल समझता है" जिसकी एक पंक्ति थी " अभी तक डूब कर सुनते थे सब क्रिस्सा मोहब्बत का, मैं क्रिस्से को हकीकत में बदल बैठा तो हंगामा।" मीरा का भी कुछ वही हाल है। तुम्हें प्रेम से परेशानी नहीं। अब तुम विधवा को सती कह के जलाते भी नहीं। जब मारते नहीं तो जीने तो दो। वो जीती है तो हंगामा? वो सजती है तो हंगामा? उसमे भावनाएं हैं तो हंगामा? तुम कुल्टा कहते हो तो कह लो। तुम्हें वो अपवित्र लगती है तो वो भी सही। पर तुम्हारी ओछी सोच की बेड़ियां ना कृष्ण की मीरा को रोक पायी थी ना आज की मीरा को रोक पाएंगी। क्या मीरा का चरित्र पवित्र नहीं? क्या ये भी पूछोगे? गर पूछने की ज़रूरत है तो ना तुम जान पाओगे ना समझने की क्षमता रखते हो तुम। कल भी मीरा बैरागन थी आज भी मीरा बैरागन है और कल भी उतनी ही पवित्र थी जितनी की आज।

श्रेया, बी.ए.इतिहास (विशेष) द्वितीय वर्ष

मैं कुछ कहना चाहती हूँ

मैं 'कुछ' कहना चाहती हूँ
अपनी आवाज से लोगों तक पहुँचना चाहती हूँ
प्रगति के पथ पर चलना चाहती हूँ
खुशी को सब के साथ बाँटना चाहती हूँ
अपनी भावनाओं को समझना चाहती हूँ
हाँ, मैं कुछ कहना चाहती हूँ
अपनी आवाज़ से लोगों तक पहुँचना चाहती हूँ
अपने दर्द को बताना चाहती हूँ
अपनी पहचान बनाना चाहती हूँ
लोगों को समझाना चाहती हूँ
उनका प्यार अपनाना चाहती हूँ
सब का सहारा बनना चाहती हूँ
हाँ मैं भी कुछ कहना चाहती हूँ
अपने पंखों को खोल कर उड़ना चाहती हूँ
दुनिया की सैर करना चाहती हूँ
सपनों को सच कर दिखाना चाहती हूँ
हाँ मैं भी कुछ कहना चाहती हूँ
माँ के आँचल में सोना चाहती हूँ
पापा को समझना चाहती हूँ
भाई संग खेलना चाहती हूँ
सबकी सोच में परिवर्तन लाना चाहती हूँ
सफलताओं की सीढ़ियों पर चलना चाहती हूँ
हाँ मैं भी कुछ कहना चाहती हूँ
अपनी आवाज से लोगों तक पहुँचना चाहती हूँ

नूरजहाँ, बी.ए.हिंदी (विशेष) प्रथम वर्ष

उड़ जाऊँगी

मुझे मुक्त कर दो
मुझे उन्मुक्त कर दो
पिंजरे में न रह पाऊँगी
आसमान के चक्कर खूब लगाऊँगी
खूब करूँगी बातें तारों से
चाँद से गप्पे लड़ाऊँगी
मुक्त कर दो मुझे, उन्मुक्त कर दो
में पिंजरे में न रह पाऊँगी
एक दिन आसमान में उड़ जाऊँगी

श्वेता, बी.ए. हिंदी (विशेष) द्वितीय वर्ष

यह कैसा जीवन

ये कैसा जीवन है
न सुर है, न ताल है
सुबह उठने के चक्कर में,
रात भी बेहाल है
यह कैसा जीवन है, न रोटी है, न दाल है
'नौ टाइम' के चक्कर में फास्ट फूड कमाल है
बस माल ही माल है
मँहगाई के चक्कर में सब पैसे पर निहाल है
यह कैसा जीवन है न दवा है न रुमाल है
भाग दौड़ के चक्कर में तबीयत भी निढाल है
यह कैसा जीवन है न ईमान, न सम्मान है
बड़ा बनने के चक्कर में इंसानियत भी हलाल है
बस ढोंग का बवाल है
झूठ की मिसाल है
यह कैसा जीवन है यह बिना जवाब का सवाल है

श्वेता अग्रवाल, बी.ए. हिन्दी (विशेष) द्वितीय वर्ष

खुला आकाश

खुला आकाश देख ,मन कहता है
मुझे पंख दे दो ,हवा में उड़ने दो,
चाहे कठिन हो कितनी भी डगर हम मंजिल से मुहँ न मोड़ेंगे
चाहे हो कितनी बड़ी चट्टान ,
हम पीछा न छोड़ेंगे, ज़मी कितनी भी आग उगले
समंदर में कितनी भी लहरें मचलें
पीछे हम न देखेंगे आगे बढ़ते जायेंगे
रूखे रेगिस्तान में भी
हरियाली से लहरायेगें

आयुषी खंडेलवाल
बी.ए.हिंदी(विशेष) द्वितीय वर्ष

तू लड़की है

लड़की होना आशीर्वाद है ,
लड़की बिना ये जीवन बेकार है,
लड़की एक नई उड़ान है
लड़की समाज की पहचान है
शिक्षित लड़की देश की शान है ,
तुझ पर तो सबको अभिमान है ,
अगर "सिन्धु" बैडमिंटन की शान है ,
तो "मानुषी" भारत की खूबसूरत पहचान है ।
"लता" की मीठी आवाज
,सम्पूर्ण सृष्टि को एक सोगात है ,
तू लड़की है, तुझसे हमारी पहचान है ।

बरखा,बी.ए.हिंदी (विशेष) द्वितीय वर्ष

शिक्षक

वह नायब तोहफ़ा
प्रकाश पुंज जीवन का
धैर्यता की मूरत वह
ज्ञान का भंडार है।
वह प्रकाश की किरण है,
चीरकर निकले अंधकार को
जले स्वयं
प्रज्ज्वलित करे सबको
प्रेरक है वह
प्रशसित करे मार्ग उन्नति का
अजीम है वह अर्थ भी
सूर्य -सी ऊर्जा उसमें, अंबर सा विस्तार
जल -सा नितांत वह, पर्वत - सा अविचल
वह अल है ईश्वर का
आइना अहयेता का
अदिष है वह, अदिल भी
गुमनामी से उठाकर
एक मुकाम तक पहुंचाए
हमारे खवाबों को यथार्थ बनाए
गुमराह हों हम तो सही राह दिखाए
तृष्णा और लाभ से नाता तोड़
निश्चलता का भाव सिखाए
गुणों को तलाशे
शिद्धत से उन्हें तराश
सही गलत का पाठ पढाए
शत् शत् नमन उस 'नषी' को
शिक्षक जो कहलाये

अंजलि, बी.ए.राजनीति विज्ञान (विशेष) प्रथम वर्ष

माँ

घुटनों से रेंगते-रेंगते
कब पैरो पर खड़ी हुई
तेरी ममता की छांव में
जाने कब मैं बड़ी हुई

काला टिका दूध मलाई
आज भी सब कुछ वैसा है
मैं ही मैं हूँ हर जगह
माँ प्यारी तेरी बच्ची हूँ

सीधी-सीधी, भोली-भोली
मैं ही सबसे अच्छी हूँ
कितनी भी हो जाऊं बड़ी
माँ, मैं आज भी तेरी बच्ची हूँ।

नेहा, बी.ए. संस्कृत(विशेष) प्रथम वर्ष

स्त्री एक रूप अनेक

पुरुषों के कन्धों पर नारी नहीं रही,
अब बोझ है।
बीते दिनों की बात हुई अब नारी
बदलते युगों की सोच है।
पहले नारी के चारों ओर होती थी चार दिवारी
अब की नारी रॉकेट की करे सवारी ।
शिक्षा की ये पुजारी है ,
नहीं रही अब ये बेचारी है।
समय ने इसे बलवान बनाया,
शिक्षा का अलख जगाया ।
जीने का अरमान है नारी
हम सबका सम्मान है नारी
नारी नहीं तो जग सुना है
कण - कण में विद्यमान हैं नारी॥

अफ़ा, बी.एस.इ.कंप्यूटर साइंस (विशेष) प्रथम वर्ष

मुझे भी उड़ना है मुझे पंख दे दो

कुछ सपने, कुछ अधूरे खवाब लिए
बंदिशों को तोड़ते हुए
बाधाओं को पार करते हुए
कठिनाइयों को तोड़ते हुए
मुझे भी उड़ना है
अरमानो को पूरा करना है
मुश्किलों का सामना करना है
हौसला और हिम्मत बनाए रखना है
हाँ मुझे भी उड़ना है, मुझे भी पंख दे दो
चाँद सा रोशन होना है
तारों की तरह चमकना है
सूरज-सा जलते हुए
उन खवाबों को पूरा करना है
हाँ मुझे भी उड़ना है, मुझे भी पंख दे दो

पूजा, बी.ए. हिंदी(विशेष) द्वितीय वर्ष

उड़ान

अपनी जिन्दगी में ऊँचा उड़ना चाहती हूँ मैं
जिन्दगी में आगे बढ़ना चाहती हूँ मैं ,
जानती हूँ रास्ते पर खतरे बहुत हैं
हर खतरे का सामना करना चाहती हूँ मैं ,
अपने सपनों पर पंख लगा कर
आसमान को छूना चाहती हूँ मैं ,
एक ऊँची उड़ान भरना चाहती हूँ मैं

ज्योति मिश्रा ,बी.ए.हिंदी (विशेष) द्वितीय वर्ष

कालिंदी का आह्वान

कालिंदी से सीखा है,
पल-पल बढ़ते जाना है।
परम वैभव पाने को,
तिल-तिल जलते जाना है।
समता के संदेशों से,
माँ का श्रृंगार किया।
कालिंदी की लहरों ने,
मरु-भूमि का उद्धार किया।
साधना होती रहे निरंतर,
कालिंदी यही वरदान दे।
जन-जन के काम आऊँ,
यही सुभ-सरस ज्ञान दे।
कालिंदी का पुष्प मात्र हूँ,
सेवा ही अधिकार मेरा।
आहूति देकर जल जाऊँ,
सपना करूँ साकार तेरा।
गौतम के अभिषेक से,
माँ को मिली है पहचान।
कालिंदी के सन्देश से,
माया- कोविन्द का जय-जयगान।
लिख तो दिया बुद्ध ने,
भारत का नया विधान।
पर रो रही है आज भी,
कोटि-कोटि माँ की सन्तान।
माँ की आँखों में आँसू,
माँ के अधर हैं सूखे।
स्रोत जीवन का उलझा रुका है,
कोटि उसके पुत्र हैं भूखे।
सबसे ऊँची विजय पताका लेकर,
हिमालय तभी खड़ा रहेगा।
समता और समरसता का भूषण,

जब माँ के श्रृंगार में जड़ा रहेगा।
यही है भारत माँ की इच्छा,
यही है कालिंदी का आह्वान।
एक जल, एक पथ, एक मंदिर,
सब जन हो एक समान।

डॉ. अभिषेक, (गणित विभाग)

जमीन

भूले हुए पंछी,
भटके हुए परिंदो,
फिर लौट आओ,
अपने बसरोँ की ओर!
नई उड़ान, नये मुकाम,
पाना तो है बहुत खूब!
पर रुक कर साँस लेने,
जिंदा रहने को,
धरती पर टिके रहना भी है जरूरी!
भूले हुए पंछी,
भटके हुए परिंदो,
फिर लौट आओ,
अपने बसरोँ की ओर.....!

बलजीत कौर
सहायक आचार्या , हिन्दी विभाग

भरी आदिमता
कहा

मुझे उड़ना
मुझे पंख दे

प्याय
चाहिए

फूल
प्यार

समानता
चाहिए

(तृतीय वर्ष)

उपेति (4026)
बी.रु. हिंदी विभाग

संस्कृत अनुभाग

सम्पादकीय...

पठामि संस्कृतत्रितयं वदामि संस्कृतं सदा
ध्यायामि संस्कृतं सम्यक् वन्दे संस्कृतमातरम् ।।

अहं स्नातकतृतीयवर्षस्य छात्रा गीतांजलिः, अहं च स्नातकद्वितीयवर्षस्य छात्रा दीपिका, आवां संस्कृतमातुः
समुपासकेभ्यः सर्वेभ्यो गुरुजनेभ्यो अथ च छात्राभ्यो धन्यवादं व्याहरावः, येषां मार्गनिर्देशनेन अथ च
सहयोगेन प्रवाहपत्रिकायाः ज्ञानप्रवाहोऽयं अजस्रं प्रवहते ।

सृष्टि-सर्जक-तत्त्वस्य अर्ध-नारी-नटेश्वरस्य अङ्गभूतास्ति प्रकृति-स्वरूपिणी-नारी । इयमेव च वस्तुतः आदिशक्ति-
रूपेण सकल-जगतो-व्यवहारान् संचालयति । अस्माकं प्रवाहपत्रिकायाः संस्कृतवर्गोऽपि नारीशक्तीनां लेखैः
सुशोभितः वर्तते । अन्ते च भारतीय-नूतन-संवत्सरः पदमादधाति संवत्सरोऽयं समस्त-पाठक-गणानां कृते
सिद्धिप्रदः मंगलकरः भवतु इत्येव कामनापूर्वकं विरमावः आवाम् ।

शुभं भूयात् ।

गीताञ्जलिः ठाकुरः

दीपिका बिदलानः

विषयानुक्रमणिका

नारीशक्तिः	- गीताञ्जलि: ठाकुरः (स्नातक तृतीय वर्ष)	2
एषा मम धन्या माता	- आस्था आर्या (स्नातक प्रथम वर्ष)	4
जीवनसन्देशः	- वीना गुप्ता (स्नातक प्रथम वर्ष)	5
प्रहेलिकाः	- बेबी (स्नातक द्वितीय वर्ष)	5
नीतिपरकश्लोकाः	- पूजा (स्नातक प्रथम वर्ष)	6
स्त्रीशिक्षायाः महत्वम्	- पूजा मौर्या (स्नातक प्रथम वर्ष)	6
नान्दीवाक्	- प्रिया यादव (स्नातक प्रथम वर्ष)	7
मनोगतम्	- ज्योति शिवान (स्नातक प्रथम वर्ष)	7
मातृदेवो भव	- अन्जुम खान (स्नातक द्वितीय वर्ष)	7
नारी महिमा	- शिवानी, (स्नातक द्वितीय वर्ष)	8
विविधक्षेत्रेषु नारीणां योगदानम्	- दीपिका (स्नातक द्वितीय वर्ष)	8



नारी-शक्ति:

यत्र नार्यस्तु पूज्यन्ते, रमन्ते तत्र देवता

यत्रैतास्तु न पूज्यन्ते, सर्वास्तत्राफलाः क्रियाः ।।

(जिस कुल में नारियों की पूजा अर्थात् सत्कार होता है, उस कुल में दिव्य गुण दिव्य भोग और उत्तम सन्तान होते हैं और जिस कुल में नारियों की पूजा नहीं होती वहाँ उनके सब काम निष्फल हैं।)

जननी जन्मभूमिश्च स्वर्गादपि गरीयसी ।।

(अर्थात् जननी और जन्मभूमि स्वर्ग से भी बढ़कर हैं।)

माता गुरुतरा भूमेः ।।

अर्थात् माता इस भूमि से कहीं अधिक भारी होती है।

मातृ देवो भव ।।

अर्थात् माता देवताओं से भी बढ़कर होती है।

अथ शिक्षा प्रवक्ष्यामः ।।

मातृमान पितृमानाचार्यवान् पुरुषो वेदः ।।

अर्थात् जब तीन उत्तम शिक्षक अर्थात् एक माता दूसरा पिता और तीसरा आचार्य हो तो तभी मनुष्य बुद्धिवान् होगा।

नास्ति मातृसमा छाया, नास्ति मातृसमा गतिः ।

नास्ति मातृसमं त्राण, नास्ति मातृसमा प्रिया ।।

(माता के समान कोई छाया नहीं है, माता के समान कोई सहारा नहीं है। माता के समान कोई रक्षक नहीं है। और माता के समान कोई प्रिय नहीं है।)

गीताञ्जलि: ठाकुरः, तृतीय वर्ष

एषा मम धन्या माता

एषा मम धन्या माता
एषा मम धन्या माता ।
एषा मम धन्या माता ॥
ध्रुवपदम्
कुरु दत्तं गृहकार्यम् त्वम्
कुरु सुत पाठभ्यास त्वम् ।
आदेश ददती एवम्
योजयते कार्ये नित्यम् ।
एषा मम धन्या माता ॥
मधुरं दुग्धं ददाति या
स्वा फल च ददाति या ।
यच्छति महान् मिष्टान्नम्
यच्छति महान् लवणत्राम् ॥
एषा मम धन्या माता ॥

आस्था आर्या , प्रथम वर्ष

जीवन-सन्देशः

अक्रोधेन जयेत् क्रोधमसाधुं साधुना जयेत् ।
जयेत् कदर्यं दानेन जयेत् सत्येन चानृतम् ॥
तृणानि भूमिरुदकं वाक् चतुर्थी च सूनृता
एतान्यपि सतां गेहे नोच्छिद्यन्ते कदाचन ॥
सन्तोषामृततृप्तानां यत् सुखं शान्तचेतसाम् ।
कुतस्तद्धनलुब्धानामितश्चेतश्च धावताम् ॥
अधमा धनमिच्छति धनवानं च मध्यमाः ।
उत्तमाः मानमिच्छति मानो हि महतां धनम् ॥

वीना गुप्ता, प्रथम वर्ष

प्रहेलिका:

कस्तूरी जायते कस्मात्
को हन्ति करिणां कुलम्?
किं कुर्यात् कातरो युद्धे
मृगात् सिंहः पलायते? ।।

सीमन्तिनीषु का शान्ता
राजा कोऽभूत् गुणोत्तमः?
विद्वद्भिः का सदा वन्द्या
अत्रैवोक्तं न बुध्यते? ।।

कं सज्जधान कृष्णः
का शीतलवाहिनी गंगा ।
के दारपोषणरताः
कं बलवन्तं न बाधते शीतम्?
वृक्षाग्रवासी न च पक्षिराजः
त्रिनेत्रधारी न च शूलपाणि ।
त्वगवस्त्रधारी न च सिद्धयोगी
जलं च बिभर्ति घटो न मेघः ?
भोजनान्ते च किं पेयम्
जयन्तः कस्य वै सुतः ।
कयं विष्णुपदं प्राप्तम्
तक्रं शक्रस्य दुर्लभम् ?

बेबी, द्वितीय वर्ष

नीतिपरकश्लोकाः

आलसस्य कुतो विद्या, अविद्यस्य कुतो धनम् ।
अधनम् कुतो मित्रम् अमित्रस्थ कुतः सुखम् ।।
आलस्यं हि मनुष्याणां शरीरस्थोमहान् रिपुः
नास्त्युद्यमसमो बन्धुः कृत्वयं नावसीदति ।।
यथा ह्येकेन चक्रेण न रथस्य गतिर्भवेत् ।
एवं परुषकारेण बिना दैवं न सिद्धति ।।
बलवानप्यशक्तोऽसौ धनवानपि निर्धनः ।
श्रुतवानपि मूर्खोऽसौ यो धर्मविमुखो जनः ।।

पूजा प्रथम वर्ष

स्त्रीशिक्षायाः महत्वम्

अस्माकं देशे स्त्रीणां विशेष स्थानम् अस्ति । इदं सर्वविदितं यत् पूजयन्ते स्त्रियाः यत्र, तत्र रमयन्ते देवताः । प्राचीनकाले नारीणां विशेषस्थान अस्ति स्म । कालान्तरे मध्यकाले तासां दशा शोचनीया जाता । यथा- सभ्ये सुसंस्कृते समाजे पुरुषाणां शिक्षा आवश्यकी तथैव स्त्रीणामपि शिक्षायाः आवश्यकता समानरूपेणैव वर्तते । नारी एव स्वसन्ततेः निर्मातृ भवति, अतः तासां शिक्षायाः अनिवार्यता सुनिश्चितमेव करणीयम् । माता एव प्रथमो गुरुरुच्यते । यथा माता भवति तथैव सन्ततिरपि जायते । शिक्षिताः स्त्रियस्वसन्ततेः शिक्षा यथा कुर्वन्ति न तथा अशिक्षिताः नार्यः कर्तुं पारयन्ति ।।

पूजा मौर्या प्रथम वर्ष

नान्दीवाक्

ममोत्तमकथानिकाः ममोत्तमगीतिकाः
ममोत्तमलघुरूपकाणि चेति सकलनत्रयं मया
पूर्वप्रकाशितरचनाभ्य एव सकलस्य मित्रवर्याणां
श्रीचमूकृष्णशास्त्रित्रणां प्रीतये समुपन्यस्तम् ।
किन्च नृत्यसाहित्यानुशीलनपक्षधराणां सचेतसां
प्रत्यग्ररचनासु प्रीतिमतां कुमारानां यूनान्च
हृदयानुरन्जनमपि तत्र वर्तते ममोच्छेद्यम् ।
विश्वसिमि इमा विविधसामाजिकसमस्यासमीक्षापरा
कथानिक पाठकानुरन्जयिष्यन्ति ।

प्रिया यादव, प्रथम वर्ष

मनोगतम्

जीवनमूल्यान्येव भारतदेशस्य संस्कृतेः सारभूतानि
वर्तन्ते । अस्माकं मनीषिभिः चिन्तकैश्च स्वजीवने
प्रयोगं कृत्वा अनुभूतानि श्रेष्ठमूल्यानि अस्मभ्यं
दत्तानि सन्ति । भारतीयसंस्कृत्यां श्रद्धावन्तः सर्वेऽपि
जनाः ईतन्ते यत तेषां बालकाः तानि जीवनमूल्यानि
स्वजीवने आचरेयुः । समाजे तेषां बालकानां व्यक्तित्वं
प्रेरक प्रशंसितः भवेत् ।
व्यक्तित्वस्य सर्वांगीण विकासाय तेषां सामाजिकविकासः
नैतिकविकासः आध्यात्मिक विकासश्च अपेक्ष्यते तदर्थं
बाल्यकालादेव गृहे कथामाध्यमेन वयं बालान् जीवनमूल्यानि
शिक्षितुं शक्नुमः तेभ्यः उत्तमसंस्कारान् दातुं शक्नुमः ।
अस्मिन् कार्ये प्रत्यक्षं परोक्षं वा येषामपि सहायता
मया अधिगता तान् सर्वान् प्रति हृदयेन कृतज्ञा अस्मि ।

ज्योति शिवान , प्रथम वर्ष

मातृदेवो भव

नास्ति मातृसमा छाया, नास्ति मातृसमा गतिः ।

नास्ति मातृसमं त्राण, नास्ति मातृसमा प्रिया ।।

अथ शिक्षा प्रवक्ष्यामः ।

मातृमान पितृमानाचार्यवान् पुरुषो वेदः ।

प्रशस्ता धार्मिकी विदुषी माता विद्यते यस्य सा मातृमान् ।

अञ्जुम खान , द्वितीय वर्ष

नारिमहिमा

अस्माकं भारतवर्षे समाजे महिलायाः स्थानम् अति महत्त्वपूर्णं वर्तते । ऐतरेयोपनिषदि “सा भावयित्री भावयितृत्वा भवति” अस्य मन्त्रस्य अयम् आशयः यत् नारी गर्भे अपि भावयित्री पुरुषस्य एकोऽहं बहुस्याम् इति इमाम् इच्छाम् अनुकूलयन्ती भावयन्ती च गर्भस्थं पुमान्सं भावयति पोषयति पालयति अत एव सा मातृशक्तिकृपा पूजनीया च भवति ।

भारतीय-इतिव्रते यदा यदा पुरुषशक्तिः पराजिता भवति तदा मातृशक्तिः सुसंघटितमानवसमाजं विपद्भ्यः रक्षति । अस्य उदाहरणं मार्कण्डेयपुराणे प्राप्यते । यदा महिषासुरनामधेयेन असुरेण सर्वे देवाः सुसम्बद्धाः मानवाश्च पराजिताः तदैव मातृशक्तिः सुसंघटिता ससैन्यं महिषसुरं महारणे हत्वा समाजं सुव्यवस्थितं प्रत्यस्थापयत् ।

शिवानी ,द्वितीय वर्ष

विविधक्षेत्रेषु नारीणां योगदानम्

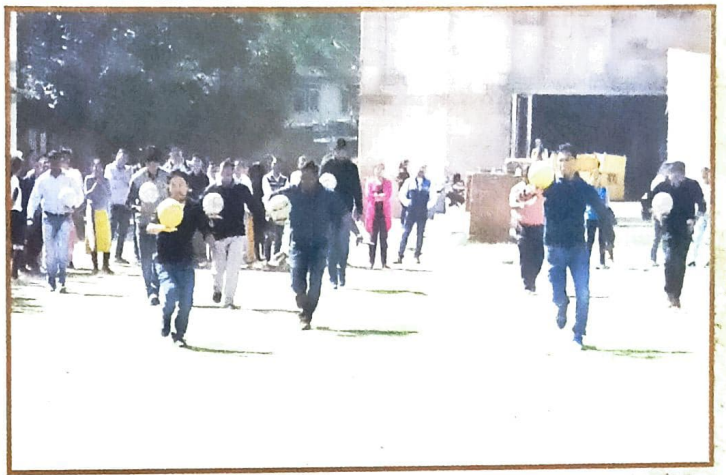
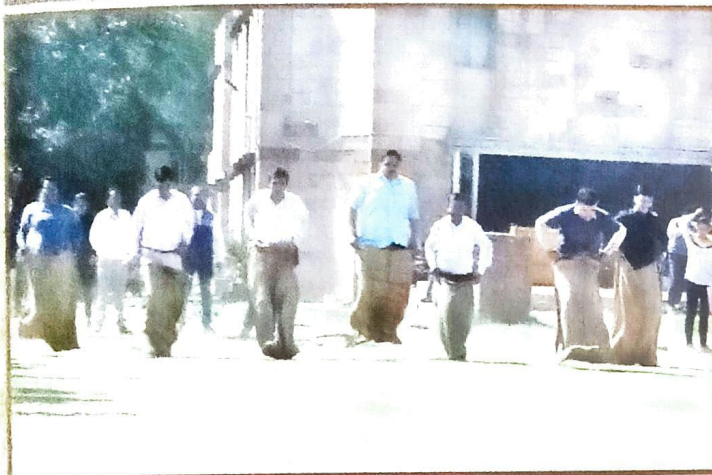
सिक्किमदेशम् अपि प्रेम्णा राजनैतिकदूरदृष्ट्या भारतसंघराज्ये अमेलयत् । पाकिस्तानं च भारतेन सह अकारणशत्रुतां कुर्वन्तं तथा अमेरिकाबलं प्राप्य युद्धोन्मादग्रस्तं अभवत् । एवं पराजित्य द्विधा अभिन्दत् यतः बङ्गलादेश-आख्यराष्ट्रं नूतनम् एव समुन्द्रितम् । अधुना अपि प्रान्तीय शासनेषु केन्द्रीयशासने च बह्व्यः नार्यः भारतीयशासन आकाशे देदीप्यमान-नक्षत्राणि इव शासनं संचालयन्ति । सुषमा स्वराज महाभागा अपि अस्य उदाहरणं वर्तते ।

अस्य देशस्य सर्वाङ्गीणविकासे समभागिन्यः महिलाः अधुना अपि सर्वथा सम्माननीयाः राष्ट्रनिर्माणे सर्वेषु क्षेत्रेषु तासाम् अपि सहयोगी गृहीतव्यः । देशस्य सर्वाङ्गीणविकासे ताः कथम् अपि नोपेक्षणीयाः ।

नरनार्योः समाजे समानं स्थानम् अस्ति । इति अयं सिद्धातः अक्षरशः अनुपालनीयः अस्माभिः ।

दीपिका द्वितीय वर्ष

Annual Sports Day



Power lifting



Deepika Singh
B.A. (P) - IIIrd Year
Gold Medal in Inter College
and Gold in Delhi State



Deepika Gupta
BJMC - IIIrd Year
Gold Medal in Inter College
Gold in Delhi State



Pooja Singh
B.Com. (P) - IIrd Year
Gold Medal in Inter College
and Gold in Delhi State



Shivakanti
Pol. Sc. (H) - IIrd Year
Bronze In Delhi State



Shivangi
B.A (P) - Ist Year
Silver in Delhi State

Football



Anjali
Hindi (H) - IIIrd Year
Participation in All India Inter University

Tennis



Lisa Jha
B. Voc (Printing) Teaching - Ist Year
Participation in All India University

Sports Achievers 2017-18

Boxing



Bharti

B.Sc. LS - IIIrd Year
Gold Medal in Inter College,
Participation in All India
Inter University



Arti Rawal

Zoology (H) - Ist Year
Gold Medal in Inter College
and Participation in All India
Inter University



Vandana

B.Sc. LS - IIInd Year
Silver Medal in Inter College



Janvi

B.Com. (P) - IIIrd Year
Bronze Medal in Inter College



Varsha Sah

History (H) - IIIrd Year
Bronze Medal in Inter College



Sapna

B.Sc. LS - IIIrd Year
Bronze Medal in Inter College

Ball Badminton



Kanchan

B.A. (P) - IIIrd Year
Bronze Medal in National



Simran

B.A. (P) - IIrd Year
Gold Medal in Inter National and
Participation in National

Tang Soodo



Harshita

B.A. (P) - IIIrd Year
Gold Medal in National and Delhi State



Taekwondo



Pinki

B.Com. (P) - IIIrd Year
3rd Place in Inter College



Varsha

Pol. Sc. (H) - Ist Year
3rd Place in Inter College



Anjali

B. Com. (P) - IIrd Year
Bronze Medal in Inter College



KALINDI COLLEGE

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