



2018-19



III B.A. (Hons.) English

Pravah

2018-19

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प्राचार्या की कलम से....



वर्तमान समय में सूचना की आधुनिक तकनीकों ने समाज में एक साथ अनेक क्षेत्रों में मूलभूत परिवर्तन किए हैं परिणामस्वरूप आज संसार एक नए युग में कदम रख रहा है। विचार और तकनीक से जन्मा सोशल मीडिया समाज और विशेष रूप से स्त्री जीवन को नए आयाम दे रहा है। सोशल मीडिया नए पुराने दोस्तों से जुड़ने का जरिया ही नहीं रहा है बल्कि यह दूसरों से संवाद स्थापित करने, दूसरों को समझने और स्वयं को अभिव्यक्त करने का मंच बनकर उभरा है। यह साधारण जनता के विचारों की अभिव्यक्ति का सशक्त माध्यम है जहां वर्चस्वशाली समाज द्वारा दबाया, कुचला, दलित, दमित और पीड़ित वर्ग अपने विचार बिना रोक टोक के व्यक्त कर सकता है। सोशल मीडिया की सबसे बड़ी ताकत समानता के स्तर पर बहुपक्षीय संवाद की है। सोशल मीडिया की यही ताकत समाज को आकर्षित करती है। निजी से लेकर सामाजिक और अकादमिक से लेकर राजनीतिक जीवन में सोशल मीडिया की बढ़ती भूमिका और प्रभाव को अनदेखा नहीं किया जा सकता।

सोशल मीडिया ने समाज में परिवर्तन के साथ-साथ नई समस्याएँ एवं चुनौतियाँ भी पैदा की हैं। हमें सोशल मीडिया की शक्तियों, बुराईयों, चुनौतियों और सम्भावनाओं को पहचानना होगा। सोशल मीडिया के बढ़ते प्रभाव के कारण समाज और इसके प्रयोगकर्ताओं पर इसका क्या प्रभाव पड़ रहा है? इसका विश्लेषण करना आज आवश्यक हो गया है। इस वर्ष की 'प्रवाह' पत्रिका के विशेषांक के माध्यम से छात्राओं ने समाज पर सोशल मीडिया के प्रभावों को रचनात्मक शैली में अभिव्यक्त किया है।

आज का युवा अपने विचारों और अनुभवों को अपने ढंग से, अपनी शब्दावली में सोशल मीडिया पर व्यक्त करता है। सोशल मीडिया ने एक नई आभासी दुनिया को जन्म दिया है जो हमारी भौतिक दुनियाँ का ऑनलाइन रूप होते हुए भी हमारी भौतिक दुनिया से अलग है।

प्रवाह पत्रिका के ज्वलन्त और प्रासंगिक विषय "सोशल मीडिया का प्रभाव" पर आधारित इस अंक के प्रकाशन पर मैं स्वयं को गौरवान्वित महसूस कर रही हूँ। कालिंदी महाविद्यालय की छात्राएँ अपनी रचनात्मक प्रतिभा के बलबूते पर समाज के संवेदनशील और अनिवार्य विषयों को प्रबुद्ध पाठक वर्ग के समक्ष रखते हुए अपनी अलग पहचान समाज में बनाती हैं।

छात्राओं के मार्गदर्शन के लिए मैं समस्त कालिंदी परिवार को धन्यवाद देती हूँ, जिनके भगीरथ प्रयासों से छात्राएं निरन्तर 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 का बधाई देती हूँ, जिनके सहयोग एवं निर्देशन से पत्रिका का यह अंक आपके हाथों में है और विशेष रूप से छात्र सम्पादकों को हार्दिक शुभकामनाएँ देती हूँ।
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From the Editor's Desk

It is a great pleasure to once again greet you as you hold our latest edition in your hands. As always, it has been a labour of love of Team Pravah as much as it is an expression of our students' thoughts and talent.

The theme of Pravah this year is "The Impact of Social Media". This topic is relevant to one and all, and to our students particularly. Students have seen and imbibed the internet since they were born and the use of social media is especially ubiquitous for the youth of today. With the proliferation of various social media platforms, both communication and expression through them have become a matter of course.

Through many platforms we find that the youth are able to speak their mind and share their thoughts and feelings openly with others. They are able to know and connect with others who are like minded and can help to further positive changes at a much bigger scale and at a much more rapid pace. These platforms also bring hope that in spite of a large number of important issues jostling for space, we can find enough people to take up cudgels for those that are closest to their heart. Social media platforms are also seen as a possibility for the flourishing of a true democratic spirit in which a diversity of viewpoints can be debated.

However, there are disadvantages that are also concomitant with the use of social media. Dishonesty, insecurity, a destructive competitive streak, stalking, shaming, trolling, rumour mongering, hate speech and mobilization of violence against groups are some of the more reprehensible effects of the use of social media. Since it is not easy to identify the culprits, those who use social media in order to spread negativity often find the freedom to spew the worst of their thoughts without responsibility, do so with impunity. Hence those using these platforms must also be vigilant.

No publication is the sole work of an individual; we have a number of colleagues and students to thank for their contribution. We are grateful to our Principal, Dr. Anula Maurya for her support and encouragement. We also appreciate the hard work put in by the entire team of student editors: Shriya Bajpai and Bhavya Srivastava, both from III BA(H) English (English Section), Priyanka, Mahima and Nidhi Tomar, all from III BA(H) Hindi (Hindi Section), and Deepika Bidlan, III BA(H) Sanskrit, and Nikita Sanskrit and Shri Mishra, both from II BA(H) Sanskrit (Sanskrit Section).

We hope you enjoy this edition. Happy reading!

Monica Zutshi

Editor and Convenor

Pravah Magazine Committee 2018





ENGLISH SECTION



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STUDENTS' EDITORIAL

"Focus on how to be social, not on how to do social."

-Jay Baer, Convince and Convert

In the present times, 'Online is old news. Online in social media is today's news.' Social media is not a subset of the internet, rather it is the internet. With these words, we, the student editors of the annual magazine, 'Pravah', introduce you to the theme: "Impact of Social Media". This year's issue of the magazine dwells upon various aspects of social media and the centrality it has come to assume in our lives.

Social media has influenced the lives of almost everyone around us. What started as a fast and simple means which fulfilled our basic need to communicate through messages and calls, has come to create our 'needs' which range from posting pictures on Instagram, to reading newsfeed and connecting on Facebook, to discussing our opinions on Twitter, or getting a whole package of everything on WhatsApp. Apps which were introduced to add something extra to our life have now become the necessary evil we cannot do without. There is no escaping this virtual reality. If social media adds value to our lives, it has also become the measure for a person's worth. We, now, judge someone's value on the basis of how active they are 'online', how many followers one has, or how adept one is, at using these sites.

On one hand, it has revolutionised the communication sector, but on the other, people spend too much time on social media which comes at the cost of actual, human interactions. Social media platforms have changed the pace at which information is shared, but one cannot deny that there is no check on the content shared among people of every age group. Having introduced a plethora of 'filters' to 'beautify' reality, it is ironic that information on social media is often disseminated with little or no filtering. The centrality of the 'visual' in social media has meant that our lives have come to be governed by the 'regime of the image'. The idea to look 'perfect' has made an abnormal impression upon youngsters, creating unrealistic expectations that lead to depression and anxiety when these superficial ideals are not met.

Through the creative minds of young college students, we bring forth many views and opinions on how social media is drastically impacting our lives. The responses that we received were articulate and stimulating; some of them have shared their experiences of online harassment and information leakage.

Apart from articles focusing on social media, we also present to you expressions on a diverse range of themes to remind us how beautiful and innovative our world was before the age of social media grasped us in its claws.

For us, it has been an opportunity of immense pleasure to work through these write ups that were brimming with creative ideas. Our heartfelt thanks to Ms. Monica Zutshi for entrusting us with this work. We would like to thank Ms. Sneha Sawai and Mr. Sushrut Bhatia for their support, without which this endeavour would not have been possible. We also thank all the students for contributing towards the issue and designing the cover pages.

Happy Reading to all!

Shriya Bajpai, B.A. (Hons.)English, III Year
Bhavya Srivastava, B.A. (Hons.)English, III Year

Social Media

Without a screen, it is no life;
It is better than my heart.
Come along radiations, towers don't matter;
I will feed my eye
That candy -
Memes, hoax, news, movies
And things I know not.
Cerebral lack, but I want knowledge
Without experience.
Sure, the world is not wide
As in a swipe or a click
Multiple universes lay before me in a matter of a flick
This is how it works.
I don't know about Gods but man surely rules the world.
Do tricks make the world a better place?
Birds make noises
We have our own music in plugs.
I'll watch you in your eye
Talk with you through the screen.
Shaking hands is awesome...
Umm... But apps are better
So let it be.

Alas! She died!
We were yearning to meet each other
But she left.
There, she cried on that land
A snap of white shroud sent.
It is weird -
We care but we aren't able to care.
Umm... But apps are better
So let it be.

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



Peace

A bit of silence,
Lighted candles and
The array of those WhatsApp statuses.
A picture of hers with sad background music,
Breaking its way through your ears, says it all.

For those who cared and not cared
Dissolved in the cacophony of those syntactic condolences
While she rests in peace with her worries unresolved
And her questions left at a blue tick.

She, the one who you have forcefully forgotten
Yet reminisced with some hint of guilt.
She, the one who could light up this room
With her 1000 watt smile and her big round eyes.

Remember how you laughed at her wit
And then you vested in her your little title 'bff'.
I hope you meant 'benefitting friends forever'
And then you walked away leaving her at her worst.

A guilty pleasure was she for you,
Her dreams, her talents, her secrets, everything...
Everything she let out with a glimpse of trust,
Only to be broken and left unresolved at the end.
Hey you... yes you, her first love
Where do all her 3:00 a.m. thoughts sum up at? At you!
Neither a yes nor a vow of your life she expected.
But a bit of concern and the warmth of your hands.

Your name was sweeter than ever before
When she called it out in the middle of her dream.
Neither you left nor did you stay but stood in between,
Suffocating her with the roots of her passion for you.

How could she forget the rest of you all?
The ones who mocked at her talent, her pure art.
Life was miserable than ever before,
When you called her a wannabe, a show off, a joker.

Bit by bit, you started eating her up
The tears that rolled down with the flow of a shower in her bathroom.
Her weird eating habits, her sinking eye-bags.
Unnoticed and rests peacefully in her coffin.

For those who cared and not cared
Dissolved in the cacophony of those syntactic condolences
While she rests in peace with her worries unresolved
And her questions left at a blue tick.

Arja Dileep

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



Made by : Mrinal, B.A. (Hons.) English, II year

To Tweet or Not To Tweet

A man lost his job and his wife,
Thanks to his Twitter addiction!

Harry was a famous editor of a men's magazine. Then, he became obsessed with twitter, lost his job, got divorced, and alienated his loved ones.

The tweetaholic describes tweeting 'Everyday, every hour, all day and night'. His tweets were a clear violation of the company's social media policy. He was given a choice to delete the account or face the termination.

He chose Twitter!

About a month later, he lost his wife after tweeting, "I would have taken a bullet for my wife but now I'd rather be the one pulling that trigger".

He claims to have reached his lowest point, when his son threatened to stop following him on twitter.

After tweeting as much as 30 times a day, 7 days a week for over 3 years, and having over 25,000 followers, Harry decided to commit 'Twittericide' and left the social platform.

Disha and Priya
B.A. Programme, I Year

Plethora of Social Media

I look out from my **Window**, and see a lady flicking a **Black Berry**, and wondering if it isn't the **Apple** season. An **Android** will never be human, but then again you can have a **Google** of friends or even write a best-selling '**Facebook**', but you won't make her heart **Twitter**, beyond a mere **Flickr**.

So no matter if you **Stumble upon** the meaning of life, you are **LinkedIn** to others or simply a **Flash** in the fax but you still need to **GoBig**. Look to the **Verizon**, before you yell **Yahoo!**, to make sure you don't piss someone else off.

Target **skype** and keep it real. Whether you are short or **Amazon**, be in **ConstantContact** with your market. Remember, some are kissable, some are **Mashable**, but there is always a **PayPal** you can trust. Don't play **Foursquare** like children in the playground and end up like a **Tumblr** in the wind. Instead engage and enjoy the **Hootsuite**, the result of social media.

Priyanshi
B.A. Programme, I Year

Alice and Her Journey into Techno-land

The curtains on the window fluttered as the cool summer breeze drifted in, making Alice even more sleepy than she already was. For a moment she opened her eyes to look for her sister – surely she was just here a few moments ago. Suddenly her eyes fell on her garden, towards the other side of the window, and what she saw over there blew her mind.

A white rabbit!

Okay, no. It was not just the rabbit that shocked her out of her sleepy state.

The rabbit was wearing a tuxedo...

And looking at his apple...smart watch!

Alice rubbed her eyes, and voila! The rabbit was still there! Jumping from the window pane, she dashed out of her house and into the garden -- spying the rabbit, she started giving him a chase and...

Ended up in front of a burrow.

Now, our Alice is an adrenaline junky, thrill-seeking-kind-of-a-modern-girl. Taking out her smart phone, she looked at the time and measured the pros and cons. "Will I make it in time for dinner if I jump down this hole?" Alice pondered, but then throwing little caution to the wind she jumped into the burrow so that she can experience an adventure of a life time.

An adventure in the Techno-land!

The pseudo-tunnel-interdimensional-portal-thingy seemed to go on and on, but Alice wasn't bored at all. She simply took out her smart phone and started clicking selfies.

The more the time taken for the fall, the more time for selfie filters to try!

After falling for minutes, or was it hours? She finally reached an underground place with large electronic doors in place. "Oh goody", exclaimed Alice, "how am I supposed to figure out the door password?"

Alice almost jumped at a voice that came out of nowhere. Looking behind her, she saw that gentlemanly techsavvy rabbit standing right behind her giving her a glare.

"Oh my God!," Alice said in a nasally voice. "You are real!"

"Well duh", the rabbit wasn't impressed with her obvious statement.

"Where are we?" Alice asked.

"This is the doorway to Techno-land, the land of science and technology wonders".

"Really?" Alice's eyes widened. "Can I come inside? Pretty, please? Just let me click a few photographs for my Instagram profile picture and then I'll leave... Please please please."

"Okay stop", the rabbit sighed. If only he was not so immersed in checking his own profile on his watch – which was, mind you, the newest apple I-watch model – he would have noticed someone following him. The girl spelled trouble, but what other choice had he! "I'll take you inside, but remember as amazing as the Techno-land sounds, it is a place filled with oblivious creatures and conceited rich people and..."

"Yes Yes," Alice was already busy skimming through all her Instagram DM's. Maybe, someday she'll wish that she should have paid some attention to what the rabbit guy was saying. "Okay then, let's not tarry. It's almost time for my favourite web series to air."

"Let's go then", taking her eyes off her smart phone, Alice grinned.

"Then I welcome you, Alice – To the Techno-land", said the white rabbit stepping towards the door. What happened next was an adventure of a lifetime but that is a story for another time.

Mansi
B.A. Programme, I Year

Life in the Little Box

30 likes, 10 comments,
And up and up it goes.
As you lay under your cover,
And watch the screen glow.

Three hours later,
And still you haven't moved.
Watching for more likes,
Oblivious to the real likes that you lose.

It was built to connect,
And let all loved ones talk.
But now you've forgotten them,
Outside your glowing black box.

Imprisoned by the chains
Of your Instagram and the snap,
Watching days go by
Not realizing that you are trapped.

If you just put down the phone
And walk out of the door,
You would see a view with no filter,
Something you might adore.

Neha Kumari
B.A.(Programme), I Year



'Web-Bed'

The world is on my finger tips,
Yet, so out of my reach.
I can talk with many,
But can trust only a few.
Social media has created a chaos,
Incomprehensible whether
To praise it or slam it.
A boy sitting miles away is confused,
Whether to thank it for letting him see his mother,
Or to curse it for not letting him feel her touch.
People out there are just completely blank,
Whether to believe the news or not.
Some are happy to have a platform to showcase their talent,
While others are afraid to get trolled,
For social media has the power to make us a star or a beggar
Because you never know what gets viral overnight!

Nitya Jain
B.Sc. Physical Science, I Year

Back-Ups

The fifty-seven-year-old Mrs. Sharma was not good with technology. The fancy cell phone her grandson bought her was only as useful to her as was the old landline on the stool in her matchbox-sized room. Yet she kept that phone in her sewed bag and held it close every time she went out. She would wipe off any scratch on its screen that could damage it. Thrice she failed to answer the video call from Puru. His exhaustive instructions left her bewildered and wondering. "Why spend this one day when my Puru is home like this? Learning how I could talk to him everyday and not talking today at all. It's not like I have too many days left for any of this", she thought.


It was easier when he lived with her. Puru would come on each weekend to read and study in peace at his grandmother's empty home. It was a quiet ritual. She cherished his mere presence. They would eat mangoes in the evenings and listen to bhajans. Then on Monday mornings, he would leave and Mrs. Sharma would withdraw to another week of waiting. This ritual ended when Puru got his job and moved to the big city. He brought her the cell phone after three weeks of absence from Mrs. Sharma's home.

The phone rang again. The ringing made her heart leap. She would drop her engagements and reach for her glasses. Then grab the phone tight in her shaky palm and tap a tentative finger on the screen. She would drag it. By the time she could attend to that green button, the call would end and she would be left disappointed and forlorn. She knew that every time she pressed the power button she could look at the wallpaper, her grandson's photograph. Puru had taught her that as well. She would spend hours looking at that picture, memorizing it. By now the neighbourhood women had noticed in flashes the huge phone in Mrs. Sharma's hands. She intimated Kumkum, her next-door friend, about her longing to attempt a video call. "Like he taught you, Aunty, just press this button and then here. That is all it takes to immediately make a call", said Kumkum.

Puru answered the call. Mrs. Sharma was fascinated. "Namaste Dadi. I am so glad you made a call." Mrs. Sharma gazed at her smiling grandson. Her eyes wandered to the desk and cupboards behind him. He was at work. "What do I do?" She said to Kumkum in a whisper. "Just talk Dadi. I can hear you", Puru said from the other end of the phone. "Oh! How are you beta?" "I am good. The weather is horrible here. How are you?" A smile went past her. "Very healthy, very well," she said. A voice came across the room where Puru was. "Dadi I should be going now. I will talk very soon. Take care."

"God Bless you beta."

This ten-minute conversation lasted with her for the entire day. She would revisit the conversation over and over until she had memorized it like Puru's photograph.



Mrs. Sharma gradually learnt to make calls. On Saturday when Puru was free from work she talked to her grandson over the video call for forty minutes. This was the most she had talked to him ever since he left.

Puru was obedient to make regular calls. This was all well established until the first few months of his work life. But then there came days when he forgot to call. A tiring day at work or endless work at home. These were rare occasions and Mrs. Sharma was kind and understandable. Then there were times when he was too busy to continue conversations.

“Namaste Dadi. I am very busy at the moment. I will call you back as soon as I am free.” He would say and the call would end before Mrs. Sharma could acknowledge his busy self. “He will call as soon as he is free. As soon as that happens.” She would repeat to herself but Puru wouldn't be 'free' until the very end of the day and Mrs. Sharma would just place aside the phone and accept his inability to find the time.

The phone and its gorgeous edges became a gem to her. She held onto it like most cell phone users of the twenty-first century did. The only difference being that she would be waiting for her grandson's calls.

Kumkum, who was much younger than Mrs. Sharma, tried to teach her other uses of the phone.

“Look here aunty. You can watch any movie from this app and here you can listen to your *bhajans*. You don't need that tape recorder for this,” Kumkum explained.

Mrs. Sharma, however, was not as keen on learning as Kumkum encouraged her to be. “It's not like I have too many days left for any of this” she thought.

Puru's father had died when the boy was only ten years of age. More than her own trauma of losing a son, Mrs. Sharma focused on ameliorating her grandson's loss. She occupied their home alone after Puru's mother decided to leave it and live with her brother far away from this home. Mrs. Sharma made no protests. She worked for the tailoring company in the locality for the years her eyes could support the needle. After that, she took up the charge of the registration desk in the nearby library where she stayed from nine to eleven in the morning. Sarita, Puru's mother, hired a maid who worked at Mrs. Sharma's place.

Puru's mother paid for the maid and other menial necessities of the home like the electricity bill.

Sarita was a school teacher and like her mother-in-law, she too focused on Puru's loss more than her own. The demise of the family was a loss that each felt equal. However, neither Mrs. Sharma nor her daughter-in-law could emotionally support each other. They both separated. There was no grudge. There was only grief.

On festivals, Puru came along with his uncle to visit his grandmother. He would spend some hours and then return home. That meant a lot to Mrs. Sharma. Puru was not her son, neither was he anything like her son. He was her family. The only one with whom she bothered herself. It was implicit knowledge between the two women that this home would belong to Puru once it was bereft of Mrs. Sharma's presence. He spent some weeks of the summer vacation at his grandmother's place. They would chat, eat and sing songs together. Puru was very fond of the liberties he got at his grandmother's place. When some more years passed and Puru was in college, his humble visits on the weekend started.

Now the smartphone lay in her lap. Mrs. Sharma tried to tap a here and a there. "A smartphone for not so smart a person," she thought.

The calls were fun and engaging but she still wondered how it was enough. The young chap buys a phone and places it on her lap and expects her old faculties to be content. How much of a solution was this phone to the distance that had emerged between them? These questions often popped into her mind but she rebuked them as soon as they arose. How could she deny the only gift her grandson brought her! The only gift anyone ever brought her. She coaxed her grandson to confess the price he paid for this gift on many occasions. Puru never told her the amount. "Did Sarita know about the phone? Did he gift her something as precious as this?" She thought at times. Yet she loved her gift.

Now the phone calls became a ritual and the solitary woman was content with it. After two years Puru returned to the town and visited his grandmother. He intimated her about his liking for a colleague and how he wished to marry her. "God bless you Puru. May you have all the happiness in the world", is what the grandmother could say.

The wedding that took place after six months of this event was a private and pious celebration. Mrs. Sharma was impressed by her grandson's bride. She was proud to watch him now. The cell phone contained all the wedding pictures which she watched repeatedly through Kumkum's assistance. The pictures made her very happy and so did her phone. She had noticed young girls and boys in the library with smartphones who would click pictures. Some would read or search through their phones. Mrs. Sharma was rather self-congratulatory for



her acquaintance to these twenty-first-century norms.

Over the passage of time, Puru got busy to an extent that he had never been before. The calls reduced from days to weeks to months. Before she could fathom, her calls and chats with her grandson had become rare privileges. The phone over the years became an old model but it was far more comprehensible to Mrs. Sharma than ever before. She could now click photographs and look up for songs and bhajans.

She would spend ample time staring at the screen of her phone and it did not matter. The matchbox-sized room of hers became spacious to her. At times when she would put aside her phone and just sit in there she felt free. It was relaxing to let go of the phone after hours of usage. The strain caused by it to her eyes would reach her head. She didn't need much from life. It was not like she had too many days anyway.


The phone was enough.

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



A Virtual War

Dilemma that circles me around
Isolation from it, illogical sounds.
I share, I connect,
I dare, I affect.
I share my story with my personal narration
Keeping my foot down and stopping this wild vibration.
I wonder whether I picked the right platform
As when I use my voice somehow my throat deforms.
I correct something irrational
Comments make me Anti-National.
They find all my words having an error
And label my mind as urban terror.
They come out as gunshots
Attack me on my weak spots
Curse me ceaselessly that
Crumbles my heart and makes me sad.
More than my post, my pictures become viral
Roaming around, edited in spiral.
How can someone come out of this mental pain?
The more I think of it, the more I call it a bane.
More I justify,
More I become the bad guy.
More I try,
More I want to die.
Social media impacts me with fear
Damaging my personal sphere
When I call privacy as my right
I myself become the victim of this fright.
When my information is used as a gage
And used against me to spread the rage
I always wonder the end to it
To clean myself from this constant blame
The only solution I could put through
Is hiding myself rather than facing the blow.
How long will I hide myself from these faceless masses



Who will always follow me through these glasses?
How long will I stay inside these four walls?
How long can I save myself from these pitfalls?
I need to gather some courage to face these people online
While preparing myself to face them offline
I can't hide as
I have become a social media show.
I type with my trembling hands
Fearing the goon's band
I seek for a ray of hope that will pull me out
But all my prestige decreases and what increases is only doubt.
I realise there exists no cut-off, no switch off
The only solution is a strong face-off.
The threat I get is often hard to forget
But I can surely bet that now I am emotionally set.
Months of strength, months of courage
Nothing makes me feel disparaged
No more a bane is public opinion
At least I learnt my mind is my dominion.
I can't shut tweets
Or fight them in streets.
All I welcome is criticism
It could come with or without heart.
Its words and only words, I have to take your heart away
After all, it's on you how you put it on a Broadway.

Mehak Arora
B.A. (Hons.)History, III Year



Near or Far?

Those who were far don't seem to be far anymore
The moods of people have become transient
Small issues create resentment for the other
Which our hearts keep as sad lore

Now we pass judgments
Whether someone is sweet or mean
On the basis of the time they take to reply,
The nature of the reply, and their last seen.

We get to see what we want
On the topics of our choice, the issues of the day.
It also gives an opportunity to talk
To those sitting miles away

It has become a topic of debate
Whether we've come closer to our companion and friends
Or are we now distant even more?
Have we become estranged in our once treasured relations?

Aakanksha
B.A. (Hons.) English, II Year

SOCIAL APP: WORD SEARCH

Take this exciting word search puzzle and have fun.

P	W	N	M	Z	A	C	N	A	Q	W	B	F	T	Y
D	H	L	X	O	N	E	W	H	A	T	S	A	P	P
M	I	T	B	U	O	B	H	F	I	P	O	K	H	U
S	N	A	P	C	H	A	T	J	B	A	W	M	G	B
T	S	K	P	L	J	U	O	P	M	I	P	U	S	G
S	T	Z	F	E	J	O	K	I	L	K	R	Y	R	L
H	A	B	P	G	C	P	B	N	T	N	Y	O	D	G
O	G	V	W	U	A	E	L	T	H	E	W	U	Y	X
G	R	L	I	F	T	I	R	E	D	D	I	T	V	B
O	A	I	F	B	W	Q	P	R	A	O	Q	U	N	V
P	M	H	Y	H	I	K	E	E	F	F	X	B	D	E
H	A	R	Q	W	T	O	S	S	T	A	A	E	H	U
V	O	L	D	E	T	U	K	T	H	C	K	H	K	S
M	O	R	T	G	E	K	O	L	W	E	P	M	S	M
F	L	I	C	K	R	S	U	R	E	B	Z	C	F	J
O	N	G	O	W	C	Y	T	F	B	O	N	I	O	W
K	M	V	T	U	V	N	D	P	H	O	T	G	E	P
T	I	K	T	O	K	J	G	L	Z	K	W	E	R	H

DIRECTIONS: Read the clues below try to locate the words hidden in the scrabble.

- 1.) Winner winner chicken dinner!
- 2.) Connecting people.
- 3.) India's first homegrown messaging app.
- 4.) Capturing and sharing the world's moments.
- 5.) Yours to discover.
- 6.) Gone with the wind.
- 7.) Broadcast yourself.
- 8.) The front page of the internet.
- 9.) Find your inspiration.
- 10.) Recipes, crafts and inspirational quotes.
- 11.) Brian Acton
- 12.) Music.ly



Reach the Sky

Tomorrow, come for me
To help me reach the sky
Like a Ruppell's Griffon Vulture,
I, too, want to fly high.

Don't let the darkness of my yore,
Break through my present.
Coming out of the unsweetened past,
Help my ascent.

Let me be a darling of subtle support,
For the people I love and meet.
Help me hear the harmony of life
And escort my every beat.

Tomorrow, come for me,
To help me reach the sky
Like a Ruppell's Griffon Vulture
I, too, want to fly high.

Aditi
B.A. (Hons.)English, II Year

Autumn in My Heart

Autumn is coming.
The wind is so wild.
The leaves are falling
One by one,
Crisp... crasp... crunch.
The sunny days will soon be gone.

I can smell autumn
Dancing in the breeze;
Leaves colorful, crumbling, whistling, blowing, falling
On the ground
Night and day.

The wind is rising,
The air is wild with leaves.
Autumn is the time of ripening,
Yellow, mellow, ripened days;
It is the season of harvesting.

Everyone has overcome
Their sweet sorrows.
Autumn in my heart
Will never fade away.
Even though times may change,
My heart will still long.

My hands refused to wave goodbye
I sing melancholy songs;
The moon and stars above,
Also sing with me.
Then came winter and wiped away all my tears.

I'm now playing
With winter
Which brings me the day of Christmas,
And my heart
Is filled with joy and happiness.

Cindy Lamneithem
B.A. (Hons.) English, II Year

Appearances

And if you've mistaken me for a mere play
On the profiles you display,
The sentiments that look
At you with dismay;
If you've mistaken me as a venture,
To your new found friendships,
Hello comrade, may the graces be with you,
For you've been so reluctant,
To acknowledge my presence.
Here is a manual as to how and when I'll knock your door,
And as to how and when you should handle me.
So I will come to you, when you might stand at a bus stop,
Or when you are calm, sleeping in your bed;
I will come to you when you might sing your favorite songs,
Or when you sit baffled at something, yes unaware.
I will come to you at places and destinations, when no one shall reach out to you.
Well, what's the point of having someone else when you can have me!
I am indeed a dweller of a place beyond
Human understanding, if I say so.
You might call me neurotic or nausea-prone, at times.
Sometimes I am just the cracking of your bone, sort of twitching of your cheeks.
On better days and occasions,
I will cool you enough so that the air around you vanishes and you gasp for the same,
Strangled.
It's usual for you to be in complete awe of me, I have heard some of you enjoying my heat.
Do you worry a little? Maybe...
But do not worry enough because that's another name of me.
Moral of this free verse,
Do not demand me to be enough,
Or flaunt me on your social mantel piece
You now know, when I'll come,
You would want me to leave
But breathe and make peace
That's exactly how you demean me.

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

Narcissus

Glued to the screen like an addict, I am slowly but surely wasting away.

Deep purple patches circled my eyes and my lips were bloodless, like a corpse. My good looks had totally vanished after the overdose but, instead of being alarmed, I was strangely apathetic. I felt a gnawing restlessness, a mix of boredom, regret and longing for something deeper.

I should have been grateful to all the 'get well' cards and fragrant flowers from my admirers-André, Sandra, Timothy...

But where were they now?

We must have met at countless parties but they were so similar that they all blurred into nothing. The men were fake and the women even more so. They were more concerned with wearing the right shade of nail polish than remembering each other's name.

Despite having seen my face appear on the front cover of every gossip magazine and having one of the most popular social media accounts in the world, I felt dissatisfied. Chasing for more likes and followers, I could never fill the lacunae left by the lack of real connection in my life.

Sometimes, I passed the entire day without having a single face-to-face conversation with another person. Maybe that was why I took an overdose, to finally feel something real.

On Instagram, it seemed as if I had the perfect lifestyle, the perfect body, the perfect face and, the perfect friends.

Glued to the screen like an addict, I am slowly but surely wasting away. The screen is a dark mirror into my innermost fantasies. If I get into the world, I might lose myself forever in the virtual world . . . watching my real-self fall apart in fragments.

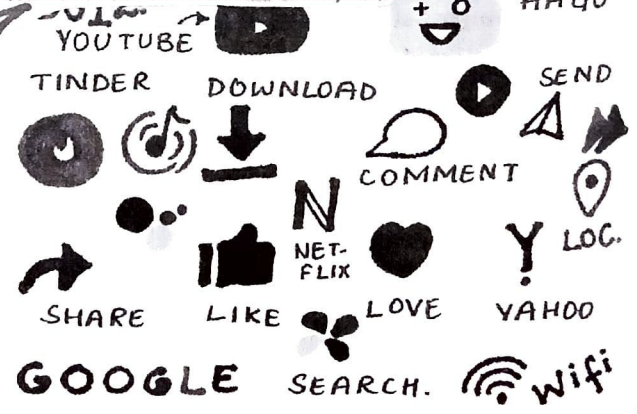
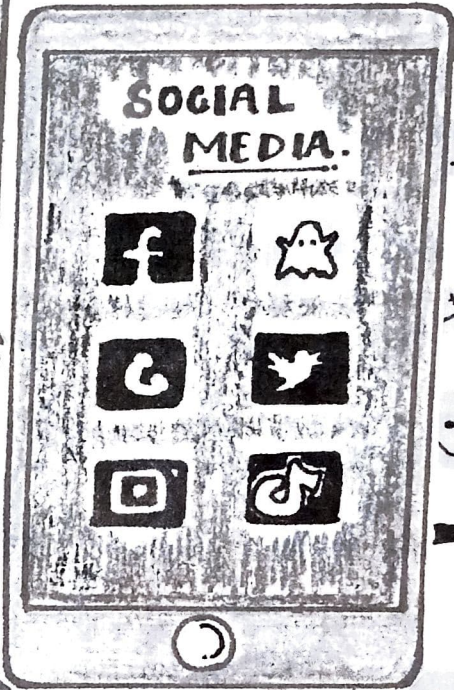
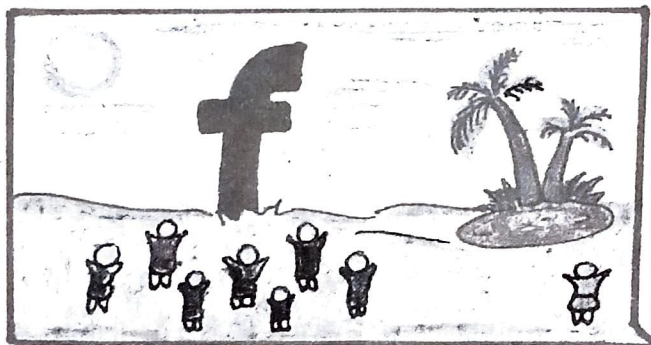
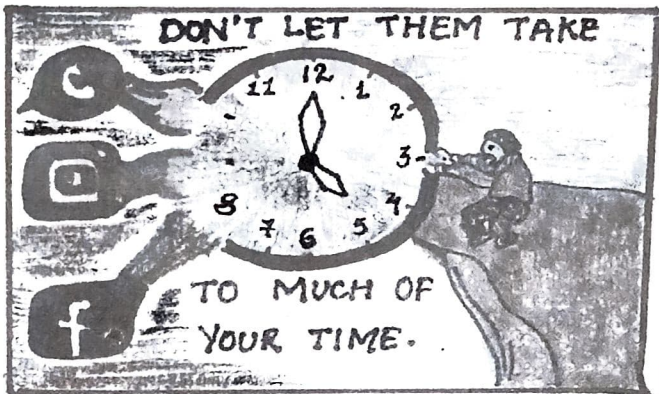
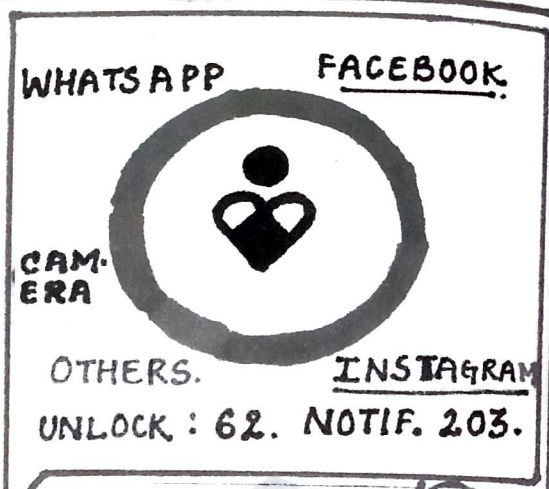
I am the Narcissus of modern times.

Megha
B.A. Programme, I Year

LIVE • LOVE • LAUGH • ENJOY •

MANNERS • RESPECT • COMMON SENSE •


TRUST • PATIENCE • INTEGRITY • MORALS •



CHARACTER • BE SECURED • HAPPY •

A Crooked Case of a Lost Kid

Thud! He fell down, hearing
The clock tick-tock, bearing
The weight of his everlasting wait.
But then, all of a sudden
The zeal overtook him.
By hook or crook, he'll get her back,
His kid's crooked case he'll certainly crack.
The child who used to play all day
All of a sudden she went astray.
He'll move the heaven and the earth
And shift the hands of the clock.
And then on his foot, straight he stood
He will do more than what he could.
Like a hound, he surfed the street for some clue.
His eyes struck on a purple shoe
With laces in a hay-bow tied
Left unheeded by passersby.
With heady zeal, that way he rushed,
The shoe in his hands, the turmoil gushed.
His daughter's shoe, when he did discern
Increased further his concern.
Walking further in his state of plight
More evidence to the case he did find.
Present before him was that present
She wore around her neck.
The pendant which he had gifted her, his eyes did meet.
The print of her shoe, the size of her feet,
Joining the details of it all,
He made from the scene of crime a crucial call.
Along with the cops, he further did stroll
Walking on, he reached his goal.
What he saw in the dark shade made him buff
His daughter's hands tied in silver handcuff.
To untie her hands, as he rushed,
There appeared who had her abduct.



"Hands up lest the pistol would speak."
Following their steps, he appeared on the scene
Besides the inspectors who stood proud and preen.
And there she was standing in his sight
With his eyes, he did the sight behold.
And he held her tight close in his arms
While hers in cuff held him tight.
The overwhelming storms in him
He could no longer hold
And he broke down yet again, the tears gushing
Down his cheeks, his emotions exploded
The mystery of this case, he unfolded.

Aakanksha
B.A. (Hons.) English, II Year

You Only Live Once (YOLO)

Let's Eat?
Noooo! First click and tweet.
Wow! What a place to see!
Noooo! Let's tell the world first, we visited the Black Sea.
The water is blue and so is the sky,
I know nobody has seen such a beautiful lie.
Last week I went for a movie night
How was it?
I wish I enjoyed it with my brothers,
But I was busy recording it for others.
If I don't take a mirror selfie,
Maybe, I'm not rich.
Who designs the Instagram story line, which
Tells us to update everything, even a pimple?
Waking up at midnight as our phone would jingle.
It is difficult to wonder who is happy
And who is sad.
We don't speak ourselves.
We tweet ourselves,
We snap ourselves.
Do we love ourselves?
We make ourselves in such a way that
Others can 'Like' us.
Make-up should be on the face,
Not on social media.
We forgot the beauty,
Even our moral duty.
When did we become so blind?
Maybe when we are connected to the world,
When we are 24x7 ONLINE!!

Aarti Trivedi
B.Com. Programme, I Year

Dear Insta

#Gram House,
Insta street,
New Facebook- 110099

14th March 2019

Dear Instagram,

Hi! I'm not a regular user of yours. I just joined a few months ago. Today, you are very famous among people, especially children and teenagers.

I want to say that you are not very useful because people use you only for their entertainment. People don't know your good features. If you are really useful, please let people know about it. As for me, I believe that you are making people crazy about posting their filtered fake lives with beautiful pictures and funny videos. If you look at Twitter, you can see it gives us useful information apart from being a mode of entertainment.

Therefore, as a concerned user, I request you to enhance your features so that you can stand out in the increasing competition.

Thanking you
Yours,
Mad User.

Anubha
B.Sc. Botany, I Year

Safe Social

I'm fat.

Wow, I'm fat.

What am I doing with my life?

Hey! Two likes. Nice!

Do I like this photo?

Does she really need more likes?

I hope I'm going to be invited to the wedding...

One more like. Nice!


Welcome to the typical interior monologue of a social media scroll - a monologue that so many of us have everyday but we don't think or talk about it. In fact, many of us can't even think that it can happen.

Imagine a holiday week without your smartphones, without any social media. Nearly all of us will become anxious without those clicks even for a single day. As soon as you'll get to see a beautiful view that the place would have to offer, your instant thought would be to click it and post it. This is the extent to which we have been enslaved to our phones that instead of living in the moments, we believe in posting them.

In social media, the likes, the comments, the shares have become a form of social currency by which we attribute value to people, beauty and the world. We participate in the trade to such an extent that we become products and let other people attribute value to us. Our self-worth becomes dependent on what others think of us and then we quantify it for everyone else to see. We become so obsessed with this process that we forget our real worth.

According to the data, 70% of the Canadian population is on social media which is not even our usual voter turn-out. And surprisingly, even our voter percentage is usually not this much. But have we ever wondered why this number is so big? The Fear of Missing out (F.O.M.O) is the actual social anxiety where we feel that we are missing a potential connection, event or opportunity. This is the foremost reason why many people don't deactivate their accounts on social media even though they want to.

How many of us can survive without checking the notifications, which are constantly popping up on our phones? Perhaps, very few. We have prioritised those virtual people more than the real ones with whom we might be sitting, resulting in our isolation.



But does this all mean that its absence is the only solution, though impossible? The right solution is to practice 'safe-social'. Social media is neither good nor bad. Twitter doesn't make us write hateful posts. So when we talk about the dark sides of social media, we are actually talking about that dark side of people that gets projected in the virtual world through their tweets or comments. It is that dark side that lets a harasser harass people with impunity, it is that dark side which makes people insecure to look at a happy family picture and wonder why their's doesn't look like that.

Thus, we must examine our social media diet and question the worth of spending so much time on it. This will automatically give us reasons enough to use social media carefully.

Happy safe-social!

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

Deep Thoughts

There is more to life than thinking about the person who walked away from you.

There are cool summer evenings where the sky is dusted in rose and peach, the kind of evenings that cleanse you, hold you and make you feel so small and so big at the same time.

There are coffee shops in street-corners with mugs in every shade of feeling where you'll read the paper and pretend that you are in Paris or Spain. Sip the too-strong-coffee as you learn to be alone. Ultimately, there you are, finding your own happiness.

Nandini Goel
B.A. (Hons.) English, II Year



Made by : Mrinal, B.A. (Hons.) English, II year

Magic

I went to places all over
Read different books
But couldn't find the essential magic
In any corner or nook.

The magical world of Harry Potter
Didn't have that special healing
Even the Chronicles of Narnia
Made me feel amiss.


Lord of the Rings
Didn't suit my binge
Even the Game of Thrones
Lacked an exceptional tinge.

Tired, stressed and angry
I gave up my search.
Lying down on my bed
I closed my eyes, when, suddenly, my head lurched.

I was about to cry
When a pair of soft hands
Pulled me into its lap
Enveloping me in a loving and warm band.

Rubbing my brow
Kneading my head
Spreading the love and warmth
As I slept on the bed.

The magic I was searching
Was all along here
Mom's care and embrace
Why do I have to go elsewhere?



That rush of feeling
Made me feel special
Oh Mom! I don't know how you do it
Making me sound less absurd.

You always make me feel it's alright
No matter what
You never give up on me, or my whiny habits,
Never giving up; is what you taught.

I thank you and love you, Mom,
For your quintessential brand of magic
I wish I would never part with you
You are that part of my life, which makes me grateful and ecstatic.

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

Tranquility

Leaves below the still Blue.
Leaves below the moving Blue.

The former,
A magnification of the latter.
The latter,
A glimpse of the former.

The ball of fire wakes up
From the sacrosanct Blue.
The ball of fire calms down
In the infinite Blue.

Creatures flying in the shrine
Creatures floating in the shrine

The lower Blue
Language of the higher Blue.
The depths of the Blue
Incarnation of the heights of the Blue.

The silence of one Blue
Gives peace to the soul.
The noise of other Blue
Gives harmony to the heart.

Soft White Mass below the still Blue.
Hard White Mass below the moving Blue.

The rhythm,
A smile comprehended from one's silence.
The music,
A laugh formed from other's noise.

The shades like seasons
Of the first Blue.
The movement like life
Of the second Blue.
Blue...
Nurturer of the breaths.
Blue...
Preacher of the breaths.

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

Oxygen

We are living in that era
Where we are defined by
The word called 'Social Media'.
We go to sleep after checking our Instagram account,
We wake up too with that.
Do we ever feel or think on what we post and share?
Wait eagerly to see likes, comments and shares on the post.
Take part in debates and conversations,
And at one moment meet so many people on a group.
Definition of being 'famous' has been reduced to those
Who have too many friends, followers,
And long contact lists.
The warning is that these platforms
For socializing and communicating,
Are vulnerable to corruption
By evil forces who aim at spreading
Fake news, propaganda, and
Stealing your personal information.
This era is the era of social media!
At every moment, we are
Connected with family, friends and our favourite ones.
Social media has become the oxygen of this modern era.

Nisha Nainwal
B.Sc. Physical Science, I Year

Are You "BEAUTIFUL" Enough?

This year, students appearing for the class XII board examination for English were asked the following question:

"To have a fair complexion is an obsession in our society". Demand of fair brides in matrimonial columns and sale of fairness creams are evidence enough. Write an article in 150-200 words giving your views on "Beautiful mind, better than a fair complexion".

It is an unwritten rule that fair is beautiful.

Fair! Complexion! Beauty! Do these words really go together? We've been told since we were kids to not stay under the sun for long. You'll get tanned! You'll get dark! But people must know that being tanned isn't something bad that needs to be hidden or cured. We get tanned because of the melanin secreted by melanocytes. Melanin is basically a pigment that protects us from the harmful UV rays. It's not a biology lecture but we need to know that whatever processes our body goes through are for our own good. But people still consider that getting tanned and dark makes one ugly. NO!!! There is no one in this world who is ugly. Not a single person! You might not be fair but that hardly matters. You're beautiful!

I don't get it and I might never get why Asians (especially Indians) want to be fair. They want white skin. It's almost like we're born with shade cards. Specifically in our society, it's something women worry about all their lives. They use fairness creams, popularised so much through media, which basically suppresses the production of melanin and thus increases chances of various skin cancers. They go to beauty salons and get their skin bleached. Do you know that bleach is used for decolourising cloth and paper! How can people use it on their bodies, even if a milder version of it? But how? And why? Maybe, I have an answer to that.

Has anyone seen the matrimonial columns in the newspaper? From where has this topic originated? Yes, arranged marriages still exist!! A friend of mine posted a picture of a matrimonial page with the word fair and beautiful being repeated around 75-80 times. Whereas intelligence was mentioned as a sweeping word, only once!! Maybe, common sense is really uncommon. Maybe, they don't need brains. All they want is a fair complexion. Then why look for a fully functioning human being? Why not just look for a mannequin then? Why don't people get it that being fair isn't all that there is to a human being, and especially, a woman!! While we, Asians, desire for a white complexion, people in other countries are getting artificially tanned in tanning booths. But is that also right?

There are completely different definitions of beauty across the world but we don't need to change ourselves for that; trying to fit into the definitions given by society by changing ourselves is not beauty.

Beauty is accepting who we are, what we are, and being normal with it. Since "Beauty lies in the eyes of the Beholder", a beautiful mind is definitely better than a fair complexion. No matter where you fall on the "scale", you're beautiful!

Poshita Sachdeva
B.Sc. (Hons.) Botany, I Year

The Good Old Days

The days, when the
Mornings were different.

The days, when parks were
The only gaming platforms.

The days, when we lived each moment
And did not capture them.

The days, when the
Mornings were different.

The days, when the inner beauty did matter
And the compliments were real and the people did not flatter.

The days, when mornings were followed by walks
Not by WhatsApp talks.

The days, when the
Mornings were different.

The days, when our memories
Were good at notifying anniversary
And Facebook reminders were not necessary.

The days, when our real families mattered
More than the virtual ones.

The days, when the
Mornings were different.

Aiza Ilyas, Arshi Dua and Nitu Singh
B.A. Programme, I Year

Outcry of Pulwama

The hearts are broken
The eyes are wet
What they have taken,
They won't be able to get.

The son of the mother,
The soldier from the nation,
The father of the new born daughter,
How will they know our frustration?


I don't want a strike but a war,
The battle has been taken now so far,
The blood will fall as rain,
There should be a Mahabharata again.

Pulwama, Taj or Pathankot,
They are just the places,
The resentment which exploded,
Will be their nemesis.

42 is just a number,
That a nation has lost.
But it is their family members,
Who know the real cost.

They are not dead,
But striking the heaven's door,
Raising the nation's head,
They answered like a lion's roar.

It's not the end,
But only a beginning.
We'll pay them now in equal measure
For their inhuman killing.



Now the end has come of terrorism,
Our soldiers have shown their nationalism,
It's no longer a matter of harmony,
But our ministers support them, that's the only irony.

The day of love has turned black,
As an upshot to this attack,
Till when will we cry for peace?
At least now we should speak -
"Come together and let's pledge to end this pseudo-jihad
Hindustan Zindabad, Hindustan Zindabad"

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

Social Networking Sites

Social media remains one of the most talked about topics these days. Many debates are going on about the merits and demerits of social media. This is the age of smart phones and micro-blogging. Everything that we need to know is just a click away.

Social media is the most widely used tools by all the age groups today. It is more popular among youth and students. We cannot ignore the fact that social media is one of the biggest elements that impacts our lives. We can get information, talk to anyone we want to in any corner of the world, anytime.

Today, platforms like Facebook, Twitter, LinkedIn, etc. are the most widely used sites by everyone and have become quite popular. For students, social media plays an important role as it makes it easier for them to access and share information. It cannot be denied that if used wisely, social media can make education better and even make students smarter.

According to statistics, students spend 72 hours per week on an average on social media. This is a significant amount of time, considering that students have to give time to studies, sports and other activities. There are serious issues that arise out of this, such as lack of attention span, anxiety, minimum focus, and other complex issues. We, now, have more virtual friends than real ones, and are losing human-to-human connection. There are other dangers associated with social media such as leaking of personal information to strangers. There are, no doubt, both positive and negative aspects of social media. It is for the users to employ their own discretion with regards to social networking sites. As a student, you must balance everything like studies, sports and social media properly to live a fuller life.

Akanksha Manna
B.A. (Hons.)History, I Year

Social Media: Good or Bad?

Here are two friends who are meeting after a long duration of five years. They were classmates in 6th standard.

Sneha: Hey...!! Ritu, right? (Surprisingly)

Ritu: Hello...!! Sneha, you remember we were classmates in 6th standard in KV no. 1 AFS Agra?

Then, your father got posted to Jammu and you went there with your family.

Sneha: Exactly! The last day when we had met, I asked you for your phone number and you said that no one is allowed to use phone in your family. Are things still the same now ? (curiously)

Ritu: Not the same as before but now we do have a phone which we are not allowed to use for more than an hour. (with a sad face)

Sneha: Though one hour is not enough, but something is better than nothing. By the way, are you on any social networking site...?

Ritu: No, I am not but... (with a sad face)

Sneha: You know what! It's great because people nowadays are just following the trend. You probably must have heard about some people who lost their lives while following these sites.

Ritu: Yeah, I did! It's just that they are unaware of the proper use of social media.

Sneha: Not at all! It has become an addiction with drastic consequences.

Ritu: But social media is not only a medium to have a conversation or following the trend. It is something that helps to stay in touch, build relationships, and get an ocean of knowledge. But just think about it ... had we been on social media, we would have been in contact since then...

Sneha: I do agree to this but I believe its negative aspects are much stronger than the positive ones.

Ritu: Negative and positive aspects are just the matter of your approach and thinking. One must use them consciously only for a limited time and not end up spending hours scrolling.

I am getting late, I need to go. See you soon. Bye! Nice meeting you.

Himanshi Singh
B.A. Programme, I Year

She

If She,
Who armed herself
With heavy clothes
Lost the battle;
Then sHE,
Who holds the
Bow and arrow
Will pierce your heart
And colour the field
In a go.

If She,
Who caged herself
With patriarchal laws
Was punished;
Then sHE,
Who stains the
White leaves blue
Will break your nib
And do her justice
In front of you.

If She,
Who cooks, brooms
And washes
All day long
Was burned alive;
Then sHE,
Who wears the black coat
Will drag you in the bars
And burn you alive
Every second, minute, and hour.
SHE...
The bird buried by you
Was a phoenix.

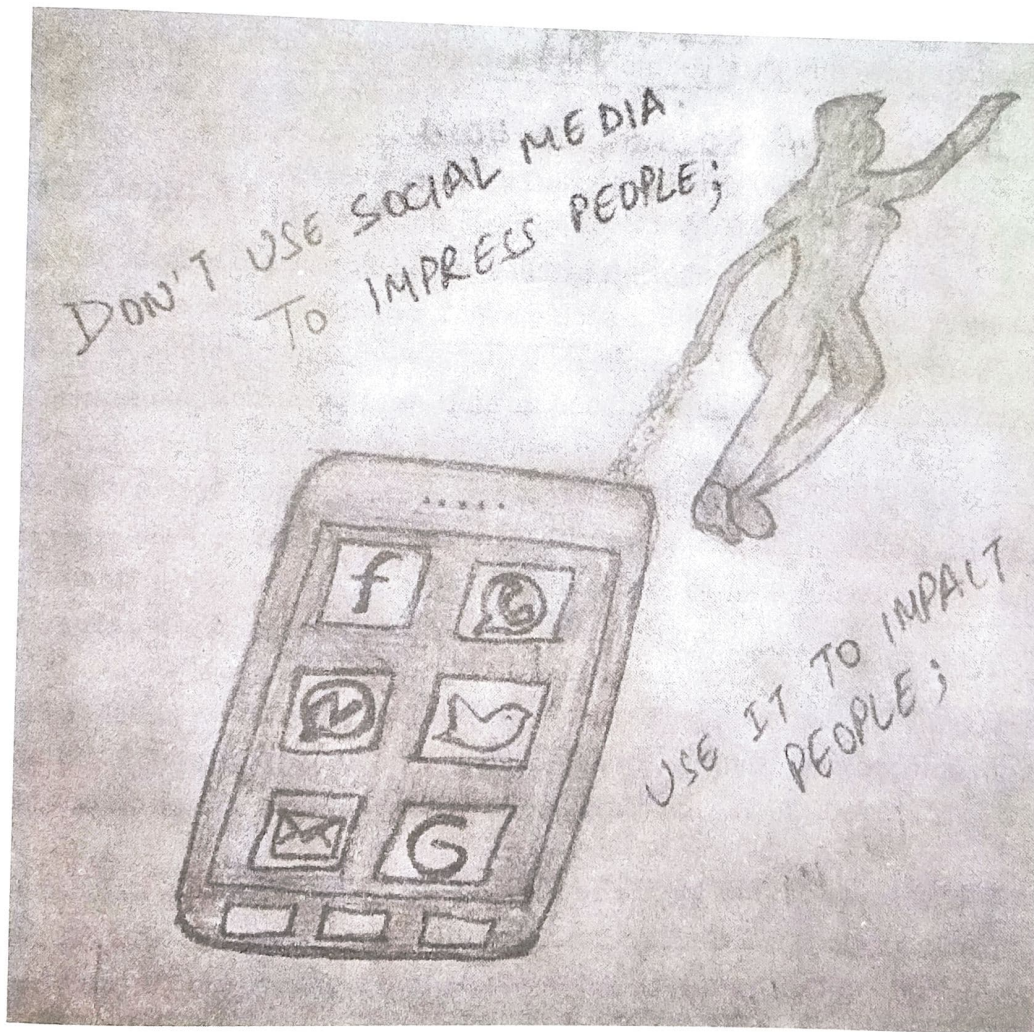
SHE...

The flower crushed by you
Was a seed.

SHE...

The witch killed by you
Was a Woman.

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



Made by : Kanchan, B.A. (Program) I year

The Viral Fever

More hands to like, fewer to think
Sharing the posts in the moment of a blink.
The videos most shared are just for fun
The element they constitute is sole intended pun.

Copyrights at stake, owners getting no credit
The legal terms are redefined, novel standards of legit
Watch, share, like, comment, suggest, what a game!
The ultimate goal remains to achieve the momentary fame.

The noblest messages too get discerned and discovered
The cyclic chain of LAN, MAN, WAN gets messages to speedily receive and deliver.
Too many heads to share thoughts, yet more to decipher.

Aakanksha

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

Net Drugged

Social media is defined as a platform that helps one to connect with others simply through an access to the internet. In recent years, social media has become an important asset in a student's life. Teenagers enjoy themselves by using social media and their life now completely depends on it to interact with each other. Not only teenagers but also kids know how to operate mobile phones and social networking sites. This new generation has become the electronically addicted generation.

Teenagers are easily amused by social networking sites due to its advancement. Nowadays, Facebook is the most popular social site amongst them. Hindustan Times, in a 2012 article, revealed that "India crossed the 100 million internet user mark". The HT survey exposed that 24% of the respondents used social media on a daily basis and 52% say that they have more than two profiles on one social site. There is a steep rise in the usage of social media by youngsters. Observations conclude that the main purpose to use the social sites was to remain in contact but the results appear drastically adverse.

When people get addicted to these sites, they start living in the virtual world of social media and their physical contact with other people decreases to a great extent. Virtual reality market is growing at a fast pace. In the year 2014, the value of the market reached an amount of 90 million dollars. By 2018, the amount touched 5.2 billion dollars. Being so engrossed in the virtual world, most of us lack interaction and positive human connections with the society. It's as if people get lost in this virtual world. When away from their phones, people who were addicted, often, show withdrawal symptoms like addiction to drugs. They become violent, often depressed, and can also be suicidal at times. Not only this, stuck in the endless loop of this virtual world, people often experience cyber bullying, body shaming on photos, harassment, black mailing, misuse of personal data and what not? It is estimated that every day 4 people commit suicide due to cyber bullying. This is not a small number or a sweep away issue.

Some teenagers can be so addicted that they start describing their daily activities on social media sites. This addiction hinders their academic performance as these sites become more important than their education, family, peers and recreational activities.

If used in a regulated way, social media can prove to be a boon and can have positive outcomes like making new friends, increasing interpersonal contacts and providing help for academic purposes. But, if used without a check they have devastating impacts on one's personal life.

Poshita Sachdeva
B.Sc. (Hons.) Botany, I Year

Masked

False are these faces
Egoistical are these people
Wearing their mask
They roam around places.

In whom shall we trust?
When all have cheated all!

Swears and promises
Are usual trends here
Godly figures they become in life without a fear.
Time has given you this chance
Then why have you made this relation a selfish one?

Today, they have been exposed
False are these faces
Egoistical are these people
Wearing their mask
They roam around places.

Their needs, their requirements
Bring them close to you.
Their sugar-coated words
Brings you close to them.
With a dagger in the heart and a smile on the face
They prove to be your 'own'.
Yes...yes they are those faces,
Who get unveiled after their cases.

This is the world of masks!
Magical it would be,
If you get someone you can truly call your 'own'!
But damn! This is the world of masks.

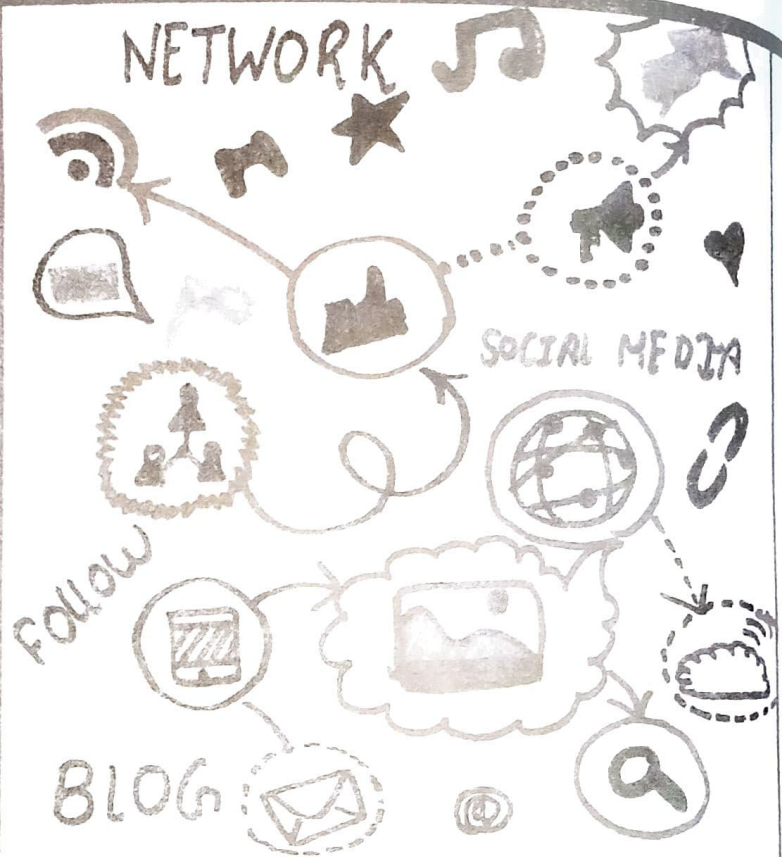
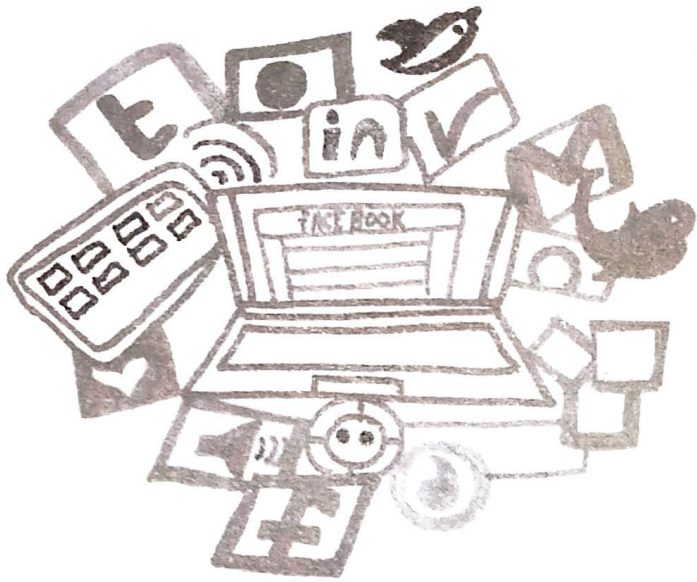
In a market of lies, and a gloomy night,
Wearing sunglasses
What hope to keep from anyone?
This world has mystical ways
They don't shudder when they say
"You are mine."

Even though you've given many pains
Yet I'm standing not been torn.
But
In whom shall we trust?
When all have cheated all.

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

SOCIAL APP: WORD SEARCH
Answers:
1. PUBG 2. Facebook 3. Hike 4. Instagram 5. Twitter 6. Snapchat 7. Youtube 8. Reddit
9. Flickr 10. Pinterest 11. WhatsApp 12. Tiktok

SOCIAL MEDIA



THINK



Is it.....

True ?
Helpful ?
Kind ?
Inspirational ?

The Internet is forever
Don't develop a bad reputation

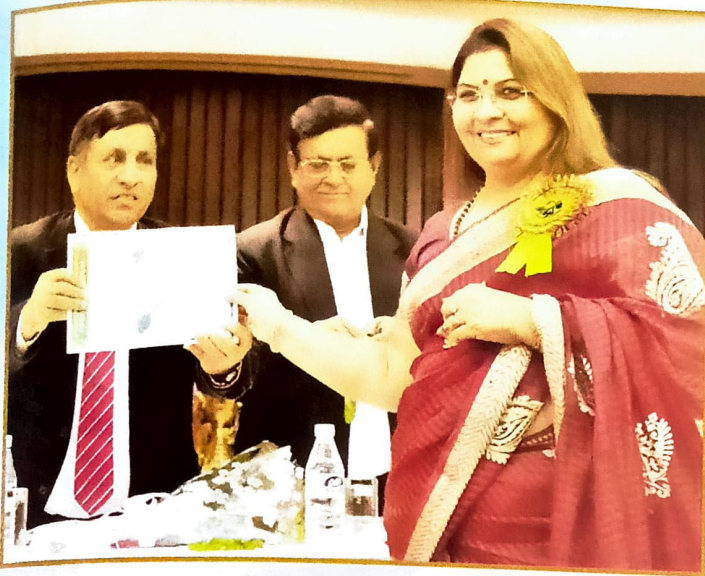
Orientation & Oath Ceremony



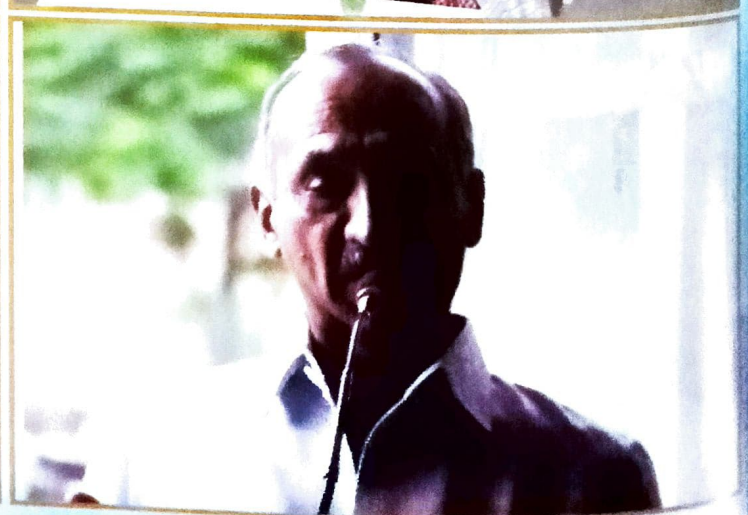
Principal's Awards & Achievements



Principal's Awards & Achievements



National Festivals



Departmental Activities



Departmental Activities



Departmental Activities

GEOFEST: RESURGENCE 2018-

Theme: The Role of Women in Social Transformation

Chief Guest
Mrs. Meenakshi Lekhi
Member of Parliament, Lok Sabha



GEOFEST: RESURGENCE 2019

Theme: The Role of Women in Social Transformation

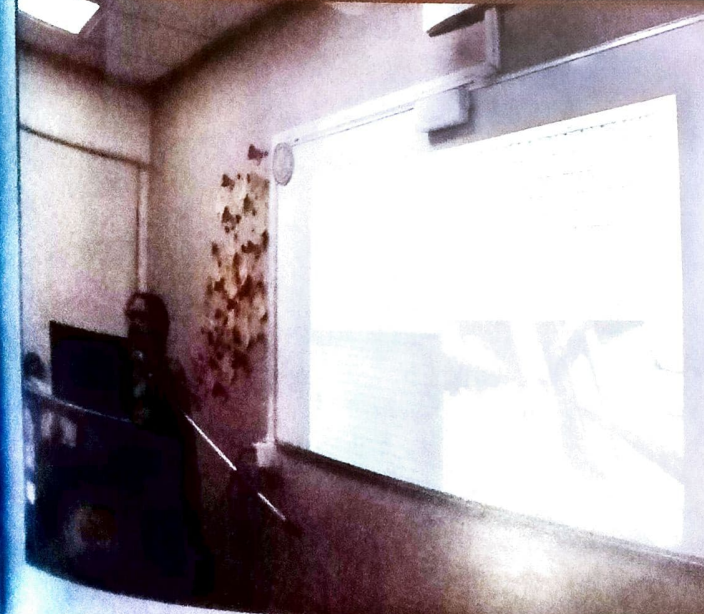
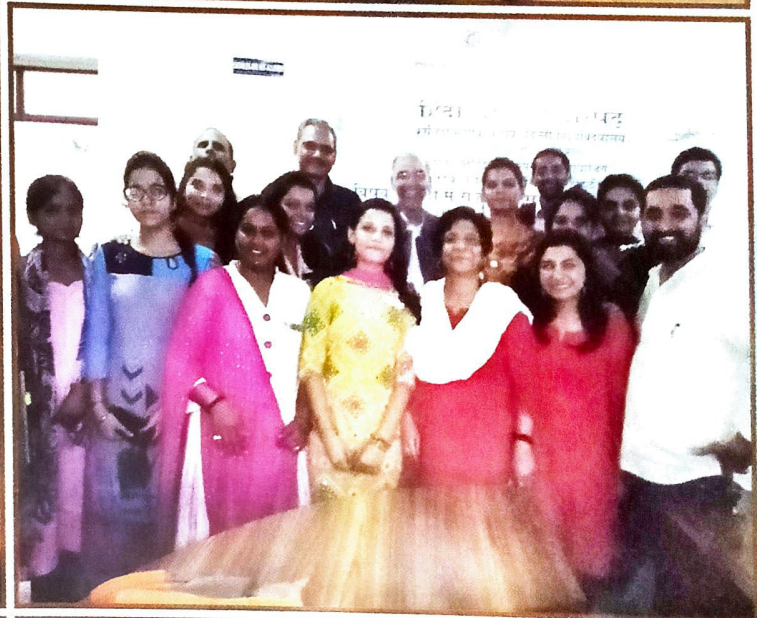
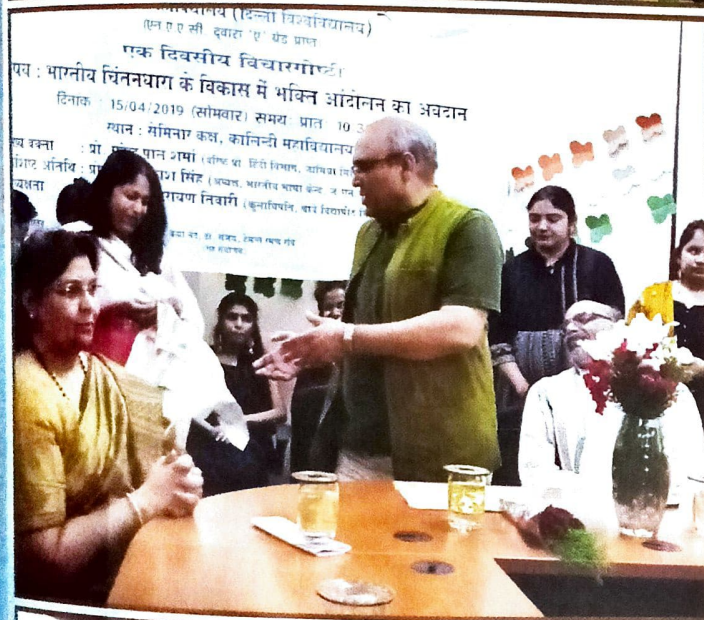
Chief Guest
Mrs. Meenakshi Lekhi
Member of Parliament, Lok Sabha

Guest of Honour
Prof. Madhu Purnima Kishore
Professor, Activist, and

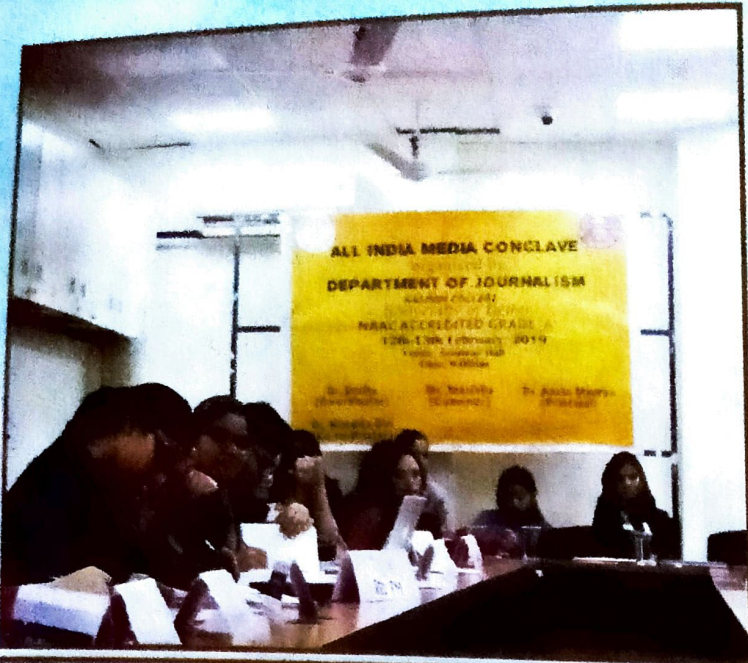
Distinguished Guest
Dr. Seema M. Parihar
Kiranimal College, (DU)

Principal
Dr. Anula Mourya

Dr. Seema



Departmental Activities



Departmental Activities



Developmental Activities

Seminars, Workshops & Training Programmes



Developmental Activities

Seminars, Workshops & Training Programmes



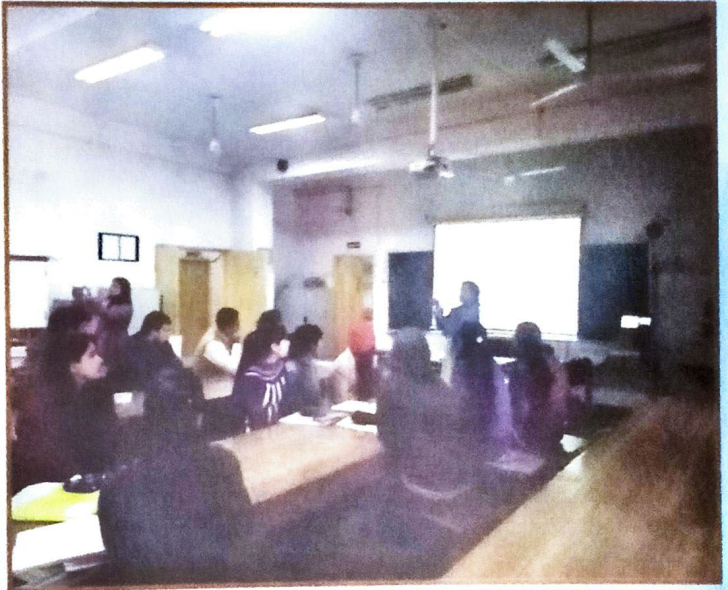
Developmental Activities

Seminars, Workshops & Training Programmes



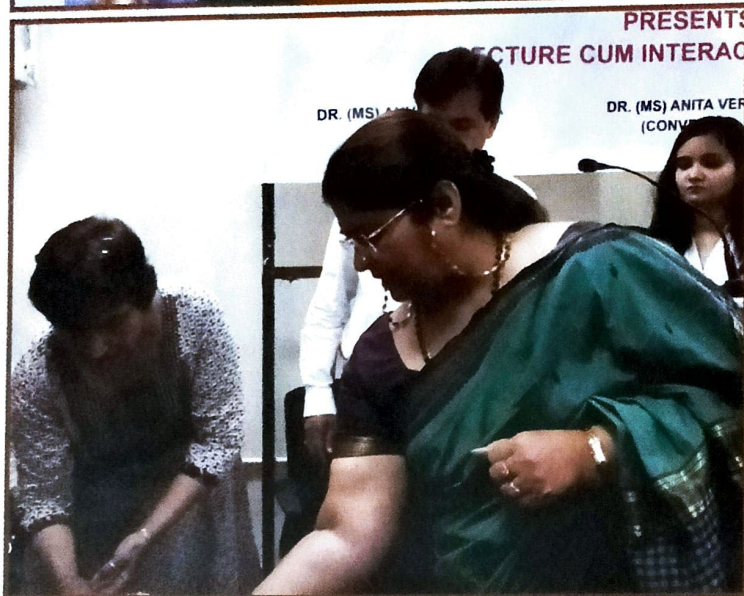
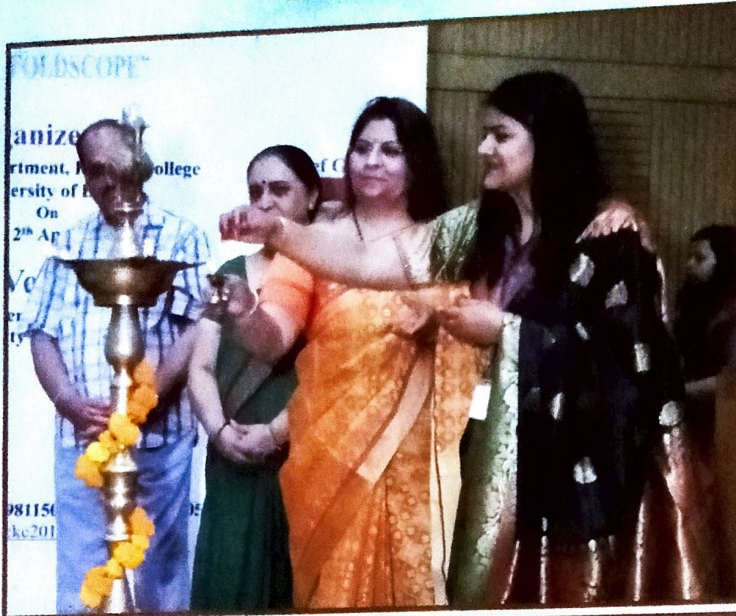
Developmental Activities

Seminars, Workshops & Training Programmes



Developmental Activities

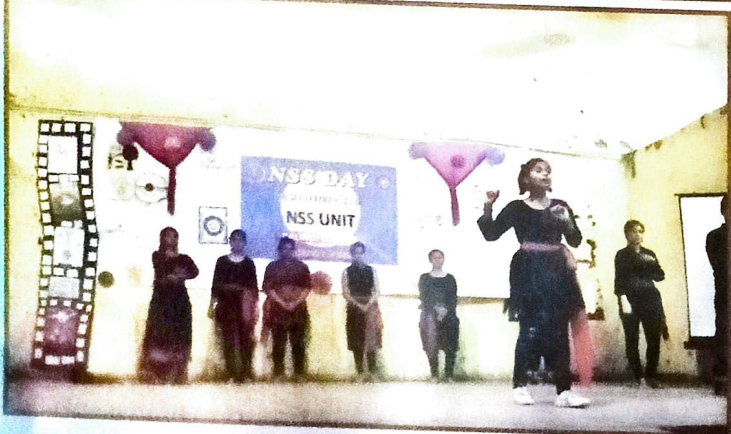
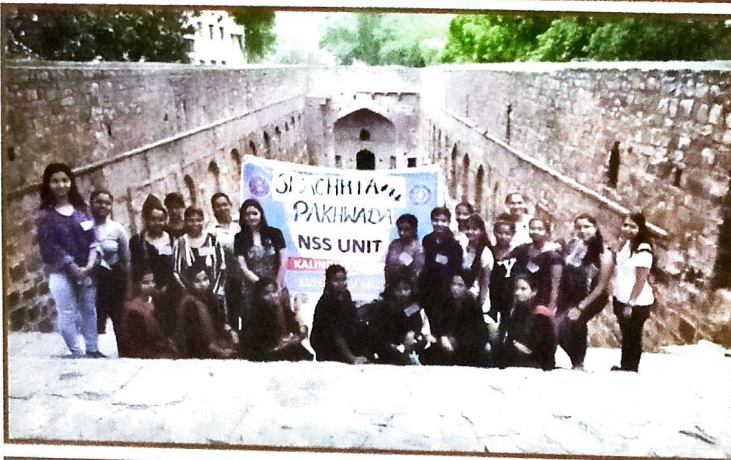
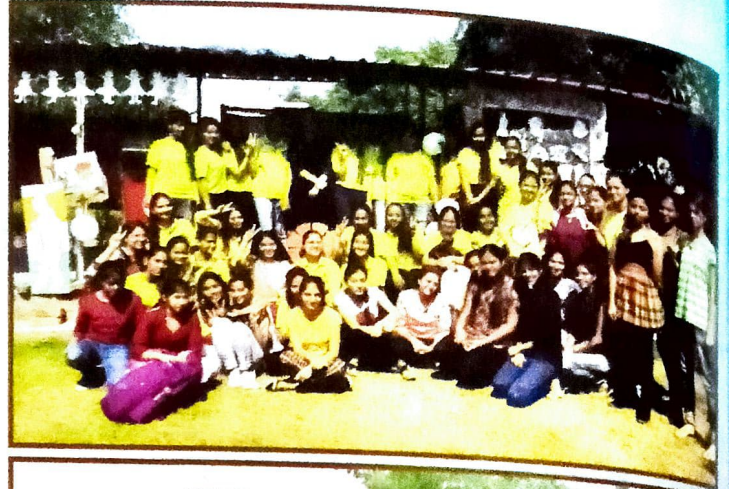
Seminars, Workshops & Training Programmes





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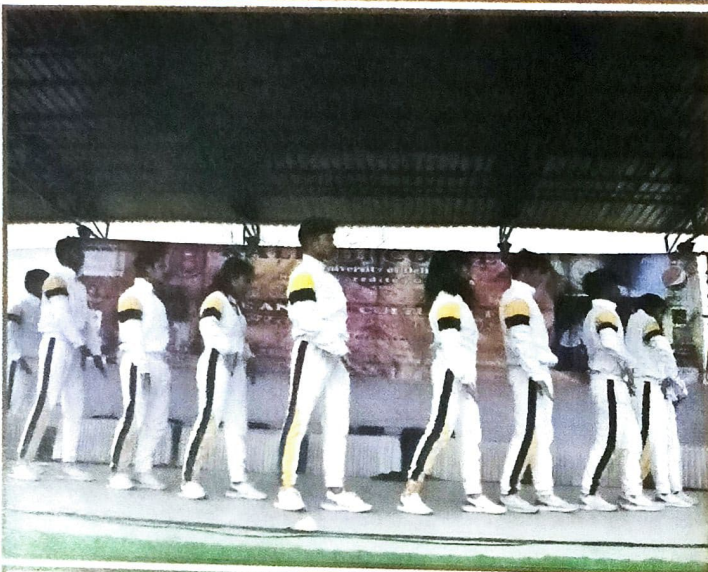




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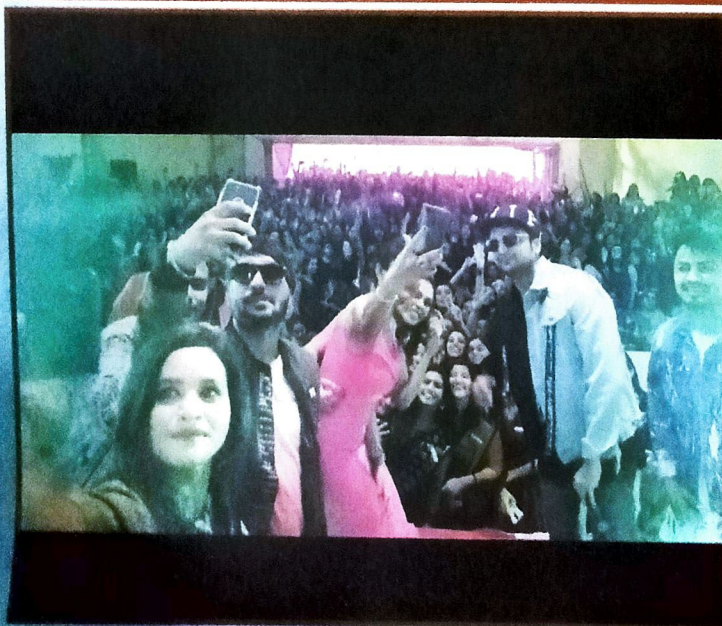
Lehren



Lehren



Lehren





हिंदी

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मेरी नन्ही कलम से

हमारे विचार ही हमारे जीवन की दिशा निर्धारित करते हैं। विचारों की बगिया में ही हमारा चरित्र विकसित होता है। कालिंदी महाविद्यालय की वार्षिक पत्रिका 'प्रवाह 2019' का संपादन करते हुए मैं अत्यंत गौरवान्वित महसूस कर रही हूं। इस पत्रिका में रचनाओं के प्रकाशन में मेरी सहपाठी छात्राओं व अध्यापकों का सहयोग प्रशंसनीय है। जिसे आप सभी के समक्ष प्रस्तुत करने में मुझे अत्यंत प्रसन्नता का अनुभव हो रहा है। हर वर्ष की तरह इस वर्ष भी हमने छात्राओं के साथ साथ अध्यापकों की भी नई सोच, नई उमंग, नए जोश व नए विचारों को समेट कर आपके समक्ष प्रस्तुत करने का प्रयास किया है।

महाविद्यालय की वार्षिक पत्रिका 'प्रवाह 2019' का केंद्रीय विषय सोशल मीडिया का समाज पर प्रभाव रखा गया। जिस पर आधारित छात्राओं की स्वरचित रचनाओं, भावात्मक विचारों को पाठकों तक पहुंचाने का प्रयास हमने किया है। पत्रिका के इस अंक में संकलित रचनाएं नारी सशक्तिकरण, बेरोजगारी, राजनीति, गरीबी, आत्मशक्ति व अन्य कई विषयों की ओर हमारा ध्यान केंद्रित करती हैं।

'प्रवाह' अपनी विशिष्ट शैली, महाविद्यालय के गौरव व उसकी अस्मिता को प्रकट करने का एक माध्यम है। जिसमें छात्राओं को अपने मन के विचार अभिव्यक्त करने व कुछ नया सीखने का अवसर मिलता है।

मैं संपादन कार्य के मार्गदर्शन के लिए 'प्रवाह' पत्रिका की सह-संयोजिका डॉ रेखा मीणा, डॉ ऋतु, डॉ ब्रह्मानंद का हृदय से आभार व्यक्त करती हूं। अपनी सहयोगी सह-संपादक महिमा व निधि को संपादन कार्य में सहयोग हेतु धन्यवाद देती हूं। व जिन नवोदित प्रतिभाओं के लेखों को पत्रिका में स्थान मिला उन्हें शुभकामनाएं देती हूं। साथ ही अपनी सभी सहपाठियों से अनुरोध करती हूं कि हर वर्ष पत्रिका में अपने छोटे-छोटे लेख, संस्मरण, कविताएं, चुटकुले, कहानी लिखने का प्रयास अवश्य करें। क्योंकि -

रचने से ही आ जाता है
जीवन में विश्वास

प्रियंका
बी.ए हिंदी (विशेष) तृतीय वर्ष
(संपादक)

बेरोजगारी

रोजगार न हुआ,
घर हुआ उदास
मां ने पूछा बेटा, क्या हुआ आज?
फिर वह भी निराश हुई मेरे साथ
क्या कहूं मां से क्या हुआ आज?

बेरोजगार हुए हो गया साल
इच्छा रही मां की अधूरी बेमिसाल
न जाने क्यों किया जा रहा है

ऐसा व्यापार जहां रिश्वत
बन बैठी है सरताज,
रोजगार ना हुआ
घर हुआ उदास
रसोई के पास बहन बैठी रही
लगा के आस
फिर वही सवाल पूछा, बहन ने आज
भाई, क्या हुआ आज?
रूह सिमट-सी गई अपनी आवाज में,
समझ नहीं आ रहा क्या दूं जवाब मैं ?
मैं कह ना सका उस से की
मैं रह गया बेरोजगार

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

नारी का रूप

नारी का एक रूप हूँ
जग का नया दीप हूँ
देती हूँ सबको जीवन दान
करती हूँ सबका सम्मान मुश्किलों में साथ निभाती हूँ
कष्टों से लड़ जाती हूँ

नारी का एक रूप हूँ
जग का नया दीप हूँ
कभी माँ, बहन, पत्नी सब बनकर
रिश्तों को निभाती हूँ
सत्य को अपनाती हूँ
सफलताओं के फूल खिलाती हूँ

नारी का एक रूप हूँ
जग का नया दीप हूँ
सृष्टि को उजागर करती हूँ
प्रकृति से बनती हूँ
पहाड़ों पर रहती हूँ
चिड़ियों के साथ पंख खोल कर उड़ती हूँ
सपनों को सच करती हूँ

नारी का एक रूप हूँ
जग का नया दीप हूँ
फूलों की सुगंध की तरह हवाओं में रहती हूँ
समय के साथ हर जंग जीत जाती हूँ
मैं खूबसूरत एहसास हूँ

नारी का एक रूप हूँ
जग का नया दीप हूँ
सोच विचार से बनती हूँ
अपने व्यवहार में ढलती हूँ
घरों से निकलकर समाज से लड़ती हूँ

नारी का एक रूप हूँ
जग का नया दीप हूँ
विश्व मेरे नाम से जाना जाता है
विश्वास मुझ में इठलाता है
प्रगति पथ पे चलना आता है

नारी का एक रूप हूँ
जग का नया दीप हूँ
मुझसे उत्पन्न होता है संसार
सृष्टि का करती सत्कार
सभी जन्म मुझसे पाते और सब मुझमें विलय हो जाते

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

हमें कुछ कहना है

मन पंछी उड़ जाने दो
पंख खोलकर जमीन से ऊपर उठ जाने दो !
हमें अपनी आवाज पहुंचाने दो
उस आकाश में !

पिंजरों में अब न रहना है हमें
इस जन्म में हमें कुछ कर जाना है
अब कुछ ना सहना है हमें
मजबूरी में ना रहना है
हमें सच से न डरना है
क्योंकि स्त्री या पुरुष नहीं
अब बनना है इंसान हमें

अब ना सुनना है,
नेता का कोई भाषण हमें और,
न देखनी उसकी राजनीति !

सोचना है, अब हमें अपने अस्तित्व के बारे में !

ना मुड़ना है, अब हमें
ना देखना है, हमें अब
ना झुकना है, अपनों के आगे ,
ना घबराना है, दूसरों से !
क्योंकि अब हमने खुद को
जाना है, पहचाना है
बस हमें, यही कहना है अभी

कविता सैनी, बी. ए., हिन्दी (विशेष), द्वितीय वर्ष

इंसान

तार-तार के पन्नों जैसे
सासे उसकी होती थी,
हाँ, वो शायद रोती थी,
घूमती थी, खुद में ।
कहीं विलय ना हो जाय,
तुम में, हाँ पता है,
ऊपर आसमां है।
मगर सपना ज़मीनी
उसका।
अलाप खुद से किया हो,
या दूसरों से
लेकिन फर्क क्या हुआ,
हुआ, ना ! ना!
ये तो अर्ज हो गया,
अरे ! बस
ये तो कर्ज हो गया ।

कविता सैनी, बी.ए., हिंदी (विशेष), द्वितीय वर्ष

छवाब

उम्मीद बहुत दी है उसने,
पर वक्त का तकाजा पड़ गया।
तराशती खुद में उसे,
पर कमबख्त, हताश!
छिपे दामन की तरह मुझ में,
वो धागा गढ़ गया।
बढ़ गया,
तो बस! वो तकाजा

कविता सैनी, बी. ए., हिंदी (विशेष), द्वितीय वर्ष

जिंदगी

ये कोई जिंदगी है बताओ?

सुबह-सुबह जब नींद खुली,
तो टाइम देखने से पहले,
व्हाटसएप पर मैसेज चैक करते हैं;
फिर उठकर बैठते हैं,
आँखें खुलती हैं फेसबुक याद आता है;
और आईडी लॉगइन करते हैं,
किसी की रिक्वेस्ट आई है,
चैक करते हैं;
बिना मतलब के दिमाग दौड़ाते हैं,
एकसैफ्ट करे या ना करें,
जब मम्मी गुस्सा करे तब उठकर भागते हैं और तैयार होते हैं,
लेकिन दिमाग फेसबुक में होता है,
खाना खाए के ना खाए,
पहले फोन जरूरी हो;
ये कोई लॉइफ है बताओ?

फिर स्कूल पहुँचे
काम करना भूल गए तो सोचे,
कि क्या बहाना बनाए;
फिर क्लास में ध्यान लग न पाए,
नीचे-नीचे फोन चलाए;
हर वैंकेंट पीरियड में
सब अपनी-अपनी पोस्ट के लाइक्स के बारे में बताएं,
टीचर आए तो चुप हो जाएँ;
नहीं तो फिर चैटिंग शुरू हो जाए,
ये कोई पढ़ाई है बताओ ?
पैसा बर्बाद हो जाए,
जब अच्छे से खाना न खा पाएं;
पढ़ाई में ध्यान न लग पाए,
दिमाग में हमेशा फेसबुक इंस्टा का खयाल आए;
तो क्या ये सही है?
क्या ये जिंदगी है बताओ?
फिर स्कूल से घर को आएँ,
भूख लगी तो खाना खाएँ;
और फिर फोन में घुस जाएँ,
फेसबुक इंस्टा फिर चलाएँ;
कुछ ध्यान न कि माँ ने कब बुलाया और पापा कब काम से आए,
फिर शाम हो जाए
कहीं खेलने चले जाएँ पर
फोन भी साथ में जाएँ, नॉट इन पॉकेट ओन्ली इन हाथ में;
पूरा ध्यान फोन में होता है,
मम्मी ने क्या काम कहा वो भी भूल जाते हैं;
रात को फिर इंस्टा पे लाइव होना जरूरी है,
यही हमारी मजबूरी है क्योंकि इसी में हम खुश हैं।
तो देखिए झाँकिए अपने अन्दर,
आज ना हमें अपनी हैल्थ की फिक्र;
और माँ-बाप से ज्यादा,
फेसबुक या इंस्टा के साथ समय बिताया;
यही हमारी जिंदगी की स्टोरी बन गई है,

जो पोस्ट करने लायक भी है और लाइक भी पा लेगी;
देखे,आज ऐसी लाइफ हो गई है
इतना सोशल मीडिया यूज करें कि,
किसी और की क्या अपनी ही सुध नहीं है;
ये क्या लाइफ है बताओ?
अब हम पूरे ऐडिक्ट हो गए हैं सोशल मीडिया के।।

गरिमा मान, बी०एस०सी० बोटनी (विशेष),प्रथम वर्ष

मौजे बहार...

मौजे बहार पूछती, हम हम किधर(किधर) से आयेंगे?
शमशान हर तरफ यहाँ,मधुमास कैसे लायेंगे?

पहले तो एक ठौर पैं,चितायें जला करती
शमशान से भरके राख फिर गंगा में बहा करती
घर घर में चिता जल रही,फुहार कैसे लायेंगे
मौजे बहार.....

कलियाँ जहाँ सहमती,निर्जीव लग रही हैं
माली के कर से कलियाँ मसली जा रही हैं
अब फूल खिल न पा रहे, उपवन कहाँ से आयेंगे
मौजे बहार.....

झूलों पे झूलती थी सावन में नित किशोरी
दुःशासनों के भय से आती नहीं किशोरी
हर डाल सूखी, भौरें कहाँ पे आयेंगे
मौजे बहार.....

कह दो बहारों से अब हर द्वार बन्द से हैं
हर होठ सूखे सूखे,मुस्कान बन्द सी है
अब सिहर कर खड़ी है,कैसे उन्हें हंसायेंगे
मौजे बहार.....

शेफाली, बी०ए० (विशेष), हिंदी, प्रथम वर्ष

लाल बत्ती

लाल बत्ती पर लाल बत्ती की तरह देखा है,
जलते हुए उन मासूमों के अरमानों को;
ये ज़ालिम दुनिया झोंक देती है व्यापारी भट्टी में उनका बचपन
और बस मापती रहती है अपने स्वार्थ के पैमानों को,
बाजारीकरण की होड़ में ये लोग चूस लेते हैं रस उन नन्हें फूलों से;
जिनकी खुशबू से महकता है एक गाँव के किसी घर का आँगन,
छीन लेते हैं, उनके बचपन के खेल
और उनका अपने गाँव में रात को जुगनूओं की रोशनी में बैठकर वो ख्वाबों को देखना;
ले आते हैं उन्हें आधुनीकिकरण के इस मायावी मॉडर्न सिटी में,
जहाँ के डुपलिकेट वातावरण में समाप्त-सा हो जाता है उनके जीने का अस्तित्व;
और उनके हाथों में किताबों की बजाय थमा दिया जाता है कटोरा नामक बर्तन,
उनके शरीर पे कपड़ा नहीं होता, ना होती पाँव में चप्पल;
कोसे किसे वो किस्मत को या फिर अपने हाथों की लकीरों को,
लेकिन फिर भी मानों फूटपाथ पर ट्रैफिक की आवाजाही में भी रहती है उनकी आँखों में
जिज्ञासा-सी

प्रतिपल; कैसी विडम्बना है? ये हमारे देश की,
कि वहीं एक ओर लाल बत्ती वाली गाड़ी में बैठने के लिए हमारे देश के युवा प्रशासनिक
अधिकारी बनने का स्वप्न देखते हैं,
और वहीं दूसरी ओर ये ट्रैफिक की लाल बत्ती है जिस पर न जाने कितने मासूम बच्चों के
ख्वाब बुनने से पहले ही टूट जाते हैं;
और कब तक यूँ ही गरीबी की चपेट में आता रहेगा उन मासूमों का बचपन?
और कब तक शहरों की सड़कों पर गाड़ियों के बीच विलुप्त-सा होता रहेगा उनका जीवन?
और कितनी सारी बत्तियाँ है और कितने सारे बचपन?

निधि तोमर, बी०ए० (विशेष) हिंदी, तृतीय वर्ष

गरीबी

गरीबी का चोला पहनकर जो खोखले सिक्के खनखनाते हैं
नहीं है खबर उनको कि कुछ मतलबपरस्त लोग जिंदगी को जिंदगी से लड़ाते हैं ।
कहते थे जो इक रोज़ गरीबों से कि उनको उनकी जिंदगी लौटा देंगे
वे सब थे झूठे वादे, झूठे इरादे जो खुद पंगु हो वो उनको कैसे जीना सीखा देंगे ।

खुद को जो राजनीति का राजनीतिज्ञ कहते हैं वो जाने कब तक इस भ्रम में रहते हैं
वोटों की खातिर जो हिंदु-मुसलमानों की बात करके जनता को बहकाते हैं।
वो नेता नहीं सिर्फ घबराये हुए गीदड़ कहलाते हैं
चुनावी माहौल में उनको अन्नदाता याद आते हैं।

कहकर ये कि दोगुना कर दिया फसलों का दाम वो किसानों को फँसाते हैं,
सत्ता के लिए कुछ भी करने को तैयार हैं।
उन सत्ताधारियों के पास जनता को दबाने की कारिस्तानियाँ बेशुमार हैं,
मगर वक्त तो जरूर बदलता है भले ही कितना भी दबा ले जनता को
मगर कोई-न-कोई नौजवान तो जरूर क्रांतिकारी बन निकलता है।।

निधि तोमर, बी.ए., हिंदी (विशेष), तृतीय वर्ष

सोशल मीडिया

सोशल मीडिया का जाल चारों तरफ छाया है,
लोगों को attract करने के लिये नये-नये features लाया है।

कहीं status तो कहीं filters का मोह माया है,
आलम ऐसा है कि सोते जागते सिर्फ इसका ही ख्याल आया है।

कितने like, कितने comment, कितना engagement पाया है,
इसी से दिन शुरू और इसी में रात बिताया है।

एक notification की रिंग सुन कर,
सबकुछ छोड़कर दौड़ा आया है।

एक आस लगी होती है, शायद like कोई बढ़ाया है,
या comment किसी का आया है।

इन उल जलूल के कामों में अपना दिमाग लगाया है,
अलग अलग pose में ढेरों फोटों खिंचाया है।

इस reputation के चक्कर में
ना जाने कितना समय गंवाया है।

अब तुम्हें खुद को समझाना होगा,
अपने दिमाग को लगाना होगा।

इस फालतू के चक्कर से बाहर निकलना होगा,
इनकी सच्चाई को जानना होगा।

और अपना कीमती समय बचाना होगा,
में सोशल मीडिया के खिलाफ नहीं हूँ।

किसी भी चीज की अति हानि करती है
और सही से इस्तेमाल लाभदायक सिद्ध होता है।

तो दोस्तों आज से ही सोशल मीडिया का अत्यधिक इस्तेमाल करना छोड़ दो,
अपनी जिंदगी को किसी अच्छे काम की तरफ मोड़ दो।

हीना चौधरी, बी. ए., भूगोल (विशेष), प्रथम वर्ष

स्वर्णिम इतिहास

कितना बेहतरीन था भारत का इतिहास
दूध दही की बहती थी नदियां
सोने की चिड़िया कहलाता था
न कोई जाति न कोई भेद था
विश्वास पर टिका था सारा समाज
कितना बेहतरीन था भारत का विश्वास

पर ये इतिहास बनकर रह गया नाममात्र

फिर गिर्यो ने बढ़ाया मित्रता का हाथ
भोले-भाले भारतवासी समझ ना पाए
करने लगे भारतवासियों पर अत्याचार
भारत बन गया अंग्रेजों का गुलाम
कितना बेहतरीन था भारत का इतिहास

धीरे-धीरे टूटता गया भारतीयों का विश्वास
अंग्रेज अब कर चुके थे अपनी हद पार
फिर कोने से लगी एक चिंगारी
उस चिंगारी से फैल गयी क्रांति की आग
जाने कितने वीर थे तत्पर इस आग में जलने को
न करते हुए जान की परवाह
कितना बेहतरीन था भारत का विश्वास

भगत सिंह ने स्वीकारा फांसी पे झूलना
बापू की लाठी से काँपते थे अंग्रेज
अहिंसा के मार्ग पर चला था सारा देश
कितने वीर हुए शहीद
पर ना हुई उनकी कोशिश बेकार
कितना बेहतरीन था भारत का इतिहास

आजाद हिंद का सपना हुआ साकार
वे वीर तो हो गये शहीद
पर आखिरकार कर गए भारत को स्वाधीन
अब था भारत आजाद
अब नहीं है भारत किसी के वश में
पर जिन्होंने किया था आजादी का संघर्ष
वे नहीं ले पाये स्वतंत्रता का आनंद
कितना बेहतरीन था भारत का इतिहास

उन वीरों का स्मरण कर
आज हम करते हैं एक संकल्प
हमारा भारत रहेगा सदा स्वतंत्र
हम से ही है भारत का सौभाग्य

हम ही लिखेंगे हिंदुस्तान का भविष्य
अब पीछे न हटेंगे हमारे कदम
अपनी जान पर खेलेंगे हम
हर जंग में होगी हमारी विजय
चारों तरफ गूजेगी भारत माता की जय

कितना बेहतरीन था भारत का इतिहास
दूध दही की बहती थी नदियां
सोने की चिड़िया कहलाता था

हीना चौधरी, बी. ए., भूगोल (विशेष), प्रथम वर्ष

शब्द

शब्द सम्भाल के बोलिये,
शब्द खींचते ध्यान।
शब्द मन घायल करें,
शब्द बढ़ाते मान।

शब्द जो मुँह से छूट गया,
शब्द न वापिस आया।
शब्द जो हो प्यार भरा,
शब्द ही मन में समाए।

शब्द में है भाव रंग का,
शब्द है मन महान।
शब्द जीवन रूप है,
शब्द ही दुनिया जहाँ।

शब्द ही कटुता रोप दे,
शब्द ही बैर हटाये।
शब्द जीवन रूप है,
शब्द ही प्यार बढ़ावे॥

हीना चौधरी, बी. ए., भूगोल (विशेष), प्रथम वर्ष

पिता का गर्व है संतान

पिता का गर्व है संतान,
रखते उसका जीवन से भी ज्यादा ध्यान

करते उसका पालन-पोषण
जैसे करता माली अपने पौधों का संरक्षण
खून पसीना और मेहनत से
सींचते उनको दिन रात

पिता का गर्व है संतान
खुद से पहले रखते अपने बच्चों का ध्यान
जिस प्रकार एक पक्षी रखता
अपने अंडों का ध्यान

पिता का गर्व है संतान
जीवन की कठिनाइयों को हंसते हंसते झेला है ,
कर दिया बच्चों की खुशियों पर निसार !

पिता का गर्व है संतान
वही संतान पढ़ लिखकर
बन जाता उनसे अनजान

रजनी, बी.ए. हिन्दी (विशेष) द्वितीय वर्ष

रमजान

ईद से पहले आता है रमजान
दुआओं की फरियाद है रमजान
बरकतों का मकान है रमजान
फरिश्तों की पहचान है रमजान

अल्लाह का तोहफा है रमजान

सभी के ईमान की पहचान है रमजान,
जन्नत का एक रास्ता है रमजान
गुनाहों की माफी है रमजान
कुरान की तलीमा है रमजान
शरब का इतिहास है रमजान
चाहतों की बहार है रमजान

बच्चों की खुशी का पैगाम है रमजान
रोजों की नियता है रमजान
नमाजों का दौर है रमजान
नेक लोगों की राह है रमजान
इसीलिए रमजान का तोहफा है ईद का पैगाम।

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

वैश्या

इसकी न उसकी, हुई कुल जहान की
एक ने छोड़ा, दूसरे ने पकड़ा
चीज बनी संभोग की
न मां की, न बाप की, तो क्या किसी और की ।

तवायफ का नाम दिया, कहते हैं कोठे वाले की
लोगों का सम्मान नहीं, मां बाप का प्यार नहीं
क्या कसूर है मेरे खुदा, क्या मैं तेरी संतान नहीं।

जिस्म को घायल कर, घर का चूल्हा जला रही थी
फिर भी घर वालों का तिरस्कार ही पाती थी
छोटी की शादी है, बारे में अपने बताना नहीं
पता भी चल जाए, तो लौट कर कभी आना नहीं।

दिन हो, रात हो, काम अपना बस ठुमके लगाना,
दिल अगर दुखे भी तो, उन आंसुओं को हंसी तले दबा देना।
हमारी वफा को, तुम जानते कितना हो...?
कोठे की तवायफ भी राजनीति से अच्छी है,

कम से कम जिससे पैसा लेती है उसके लिए तो सच्ची है।

हमारे यहां सूरज निकलता है....

नयी किरणें दे कर जाता है, नया सवेरा नहीं,

हमें बिस्तर नसीब होता है, पर नींद नहीं।

सोने के लिए खड़े रहना और खड़े होने के लिए सोना

बस यही बचा जिंदगी में,

कोई आगे न पीछे मरने भी ना दिया कुदरत ने।

लोग मुझे कहते हैं, कदमों की धूल है तू

मजबूरी नहीं पैसों के लिए, बदनाम हुई है तू

अगर है तुझ में हिम्मत....

तू अपने जिस्म को अनजान के हाथों दे कर तो देख तू।

हमारी मिट्टी से दुर्गा मूर्ति बनती है

हमसे मर्दों की प्यास बुझती है,

ये खोखली दुनिया बड़ी भली बनती है।

हर दिन सोचती हूं, इसे खत्म कर दूं

पर मुझे कोई अपनाएगा क्या?

कोई मुझे वैश्या ना कहे ऐसा होगा क्या?

हां, इसकी न उसकी हुई कुल जहान की

एक ने छोड़ा, दूसरे ने पकड़ा, चीज बनी संभोग की

न मां की ना बाप की तो क्या किसी और की

तवायफ का नाम दिया कहते हैं कोठे वाले की।

महिमा, बी. ए., हिंदी (विशेष), तृतीय वर्ष

आत्म शक्ति

तू वो शक्ति है जो अनंत है,
तू वो हवा है जो प्रचंड है।
तू जो चले तो कांपती धरा है,
तू जो मान ले तो ये जहां है।
कुछ नहीं बस तेरा ही नशा है ॥
जीत हार यह तो बस, समय के प्रवाह हैं,
दोनों कर रहे अपने, कर्तव्य का निर्वाह हैं।
तू कर वह जो तूने चाहा है, क्यों खुद को तू रोक रहा है।

अंशिका, बी. ए. (प्रोग्राम), तृतीय वर्ष

सोच

मेरी फ्रॉक थी शायद थोड़ी ऊँची,
या सोच आपकी नीची थी
दो महीने की ही थी मैं तो,
मुझको क्या समझ इन सबकी थी
जब हाथ लगाया था तुमने शायद तुम्हें देख मुस्काई थी,
Good touch, bad touch था पता नहीं,
शायद इसलिए कुछ समझ न पायी थी
एक हाथ कमर पर था रखा,
एक हाथ से सिर को पकड़ा था,
लगातार चीख रही थी मैं,
तुमने इस तरह से जकड़ा था
दुलार में होगा इतना दर्द,
ये ख्वाब मैं भी न सोचा था,
जिसे देख मुस्काई थी मैं,
आज उसी ने मुझे नोँचा था
पता नहीं था सज़ा मिलेगी,
बेटी जात में जन्म लेने की
दुनिया देखने से पहले ही,

हो जाएगी मनाही
मुझे साँस तक लेने की

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

कालिंदी का संकल्प

कालिंदी स्वयं विधाता है,
अपने सत्य विचार का।
संबल और विश्वास है,
अपने अटल आधार का।

उठ कर चलना, आगे बढ़ना,
यही क्रम है संसार का।
स्वाभिमान वैभव राग कालिंदी,
गीत है भारत के जयकार का।

नमन है इस भूमि को,
ज्ञान का धाम है कालिंदी।
तप, तपस्या, साधना, सत्य,
विजय का नाम है कालिंदी।

सरस्वती, दुर्गा, माया की धरा,
शौर्य का परिणाम है कालिंदी।
त्याग, करुणा, समता, समरसता,
बुद्ध का ग्राम है कालिंदी।

चिर विजय ज्ञान संचय,
कर्म ही है आराधना।
मां को अर्पण, युग परिवर्तन
कालिंदी की है कामना।

आओ मिलकर यज्ञ करें,
संपूर्ण राष्ट्र में शक्ति भरें।
स्वार्थ-छल से विश्व भरा,

गंगा-कालिंदी निहारती वसुंधरा।

युग-युग से बहता आया,
पवित्र पुण्य प्रवाह हमारा।
विराट सागर समाज अपना,
गौतम के न्याय की धारा।

ऊंचे गगन में लहराएंगे,
भारत का ध्वज फहराएंगे।
बुद्ध बनेगा विकल्प सारा,
कालिंदी से संकल्प हमारा।

डॉ. अभिषेक
सहायक आचार्य, गणित विभाग

चुनाव

चुनावी माहौल गरम है।
धक्कमपेल और रस्साकशी है,
कहीं किसी की टोपी उछली,
कहीं किसी की टाँग है खींची,
चुनावी माहौल गरम है।
गली-गली में शोर मचा है,
गली-गली में ढोल बजा है,
परचों से बाजार अटा है,
मक्खनबाजी का है मौसम,
भाषणबाजी का है मौसम,
द्वार-द्वार पर
हाथ जोड़े अब खड़ा है नेता,
चुनावी माहौल गरम है।
नोटों की बौछार हुई है,
फूलों की बहार आई है,
वादों की झड़ी लगी है,

जनता की अब याद आई है,
चुनावी माहौल गरम है।
कबलों के अंबार लगे हैं,
दारू की बोतलें खुली हैं,
दो-दो सौ में भीड़ जुटी है,
भूखे पेट में रोटी आई,
झुग्गी में दीवाली आई,
चुनावी माहौल गरम है।
वोट बैंक के लिए है मेल,
दल-बल का है सब ये खेल,
कुर्सी का है सब ये खेल,
मैं हूँ सच्चा, तू है झूठा,
कोई नहीं है यहाँ फ़रिश्ता,
ई.वी.एम. का है यह मतलब,
नोट छापने की मशीन,
जल्दी ही बदलेगा मौसम,
जनता जो है आज जनार्दन,
कल को होगी वो अनजान,
मैं हूँ राजा ! तू है कौन?
मैं हूँ राजा ! तू है कौन?

बलजीत कौर 'अमहर्ष'
सहायक आचार्य
हिन्दी विभाग

युग

हर युग की है खासियत,
हर युग है विशेष
बदल गया है आदमी,
बदल गया है भेष ।
भाषा के हैं वर्ण वही,
बदल गई है वाणी ।

हर पुरुष अब राजा है,
हर महिला अब रानी ।
अधिकार की बात करें,
भूले सब कर्तव्य
कर्म करें तानाशाह से,
चाहें सब जनतंत्र ।
हवा बदली, पानी बदला,
बदल गया है खून ।
मैं बदली, तुम बदले,
बदली अब हर आस ।
बदलाव की इस आँधी में,
युग है खासमखास !
युग है खासमखास !!

बलजीत कौर 'अमहर्ष'
सहायक आचार्या

सुनहरे पल.....

कुछ पल.....
ठहरे तो होते,

क्यों तोड़ दी उम्मीद तुमने!
क्यों छोड़ दिए होंसले तुमने!

ये असफलताएँ,
वो कष्ट!
ये रोग,
वो दर्द!
ये बिछोह,
वो विराग!
इतने भी तो नहीं थे वो खास!
क्यों छोड़ दी तुमने वो आस!

जानते हो कोई कर रहा था,
तुम्हारा इन्तज़ार!

किन्हीं झुरिदार चेहरे,
धुंधली निगाहों के थे तुम,
एकमात्र सहारा!
पर तुमने तो एक ही झटके में,
उन्हें कर दिया बेसहारा!

तुम्हारा यह दर्द
क्या इतना.....?
हो गया था असहनीय!
कि अपने जीते-जागते उस
अदम्य-शक्ति से भरपूर
शरीर को, बिछा दिया!
मैट्रो की पटरी पर
और
उफ़!
गुज़र जाने दिया,
उन सैंकड़ों टन वजनी डिब्बों को
अपने ऊपर से.....
वो चटखती हड्डियों की आवाज़.....
वो बहते रक्त की फुहार.....
क्या उस क्षण.....!
जीवन के वो सुनहरे पल,
नहीं आए थे तुम्हें याद!
कि कहीं से बढ़कर,
रोक लेते तुम्हें कोई हाथ!

काश.....!
कि देख पाते तुम....
उसके बाद का
वो मंज़र.....
लोगों के चेहरों पर चिपके
मौत का वो खौफ़.....!
प्लेटफॉर्म पर पसरा
वो सन्नाटा.....!

और एक वो तुम
कि जिसने.....
जीवन की असफलताओं,
अपनी कमजोरियों,
से घबराकर
लगा लिया
मौत को यूँ गले!
और फिलसने दिया
एक खूबसूरत ज़िंदगी को
अपने इन्हीं हाथों से
रेत के मानिंद

जानते हो
कुछ सुनहरे पल
कर रहे थे
तुम्हारे धैर्य की परीक्षा!
एक खुशहाल ज़िंदगी.....!
उज्ज्वल भविष्य.....!
पलक-पाँवड़े बिछाए.....
बस! तुम्हारे उन
दो सशक्त
कदमों का ही
कर रहा था इंतज़ार.....
हाय!
कुछ पल.....
ठहरे तो होते.....!

बलजीत कौर 'अमहर्ष'
सहायक आचार्या, हिन्दी विभाग



श्वेता



संस्कृत

अनुभाग



अद्यतने वयं यस्मिन् लोके निवसामः तं संचार-युगरूपेण अभिधीयते। कियद् आश्चर्यम्, यद् अधुना वयं न केवलं लोकस्य सम्पूर्णसूचनां क्षणमेव ज्ञातुं समर्थाः अपितु अत्र-तत्र-सर्वत्र किं प्रचलति, तान् सर्वान् एव झटित्य जानीमः। स्वभावनां अवविचारान् च प्रकाशनं, अन्येषामुद्घाराणां अवगाहनं, संसारस्य केचिदपि घटनायाः चलचित्रं छायाचित्रं च द्रष्टुं श्रोतुं तस्मिन् विषये जल्पयितुं च येन माध्यमेन वयं सक्षमाः तां 'सोशल-मीडिया' इति कथ्यते, येन सह प्रायशः समसामयिक-संसारे सर्वेव संयुक्ताः प्रत्यक्ष-अप्रत्यक्षरूपेण।

सोशल-मीडिया वर्तमानसमाजे अन्तर्जालमाध्यमेन, चित्र-विचार-सूचनायाः आदान-प्रदानस्य एका सशक्त साधनरूपेण अवतारिता वर्धिता स्थापिता च। अनया सह एकस्मिन् समये समयबाध्यताविना बहुभिः सह परिचितैः अपरिचितैः, दूरस्थ-निकतस्थ-जनैश्च विचारानां आदान-प्रदानकर्तुं शक्यन्ते समर्थाः च भवन्ति।

सोशल-मीडिया मावनसमाजस्य कृते वरदानं अभिशापं वा ? अस्मिन् सन्दर्भे विद्वान्सः एकमतं न। केचित् मन्यन्ते यत् अस्य कारणात् सक्ताः असक्ताः सर्वे जनाः सरलतया स्वविचारान् गतिविधिं अन्येषां सह आदानं प्रदानं कृत्वा अस्माकं सामाजिकपरिधिः स्वयमेव वर्धते। मानवजीवनस्य वैभिन्नतां अवगाहितुं स्वदूरभाषयन्त्रमाध्यमेनपि समर्थाः। अर्थव्ययस्य अथवा अनुशासनास्य चिन्तापि नास्ति। स्त्री-सशक्तिकरणम्, कुरीति-निवारणम्, जनजागरणम्, अध्यात्मम्, लोक-कलायाः सर्वेषां रूपम्, व्यवसायम्, क्रीडाम्, मनोरन्जनम् इत्यादि न कोऽपि विषयाः यस्मिन् विषये जनाः निःशुल्क-अवगाहितुं समर्था न भवितुमर्हन्ति सोशल-मीडियायाः पटले। स्वरुचेर्अपरिचितैः दूरस्थैः जनैः सह अपि सम्बन्धनिर्मातुं अवसराः अपि अत्र उपलभ्यन्ते।

विशेषतः किशोराः सोशल-मीडियायाश्च समवाय-सम्बन्धं अनुभूय चिन्तापि उत्पद्यन्ते। अहर्निशे सोशल-मीडियाया उपयोगः तेषां परिजनानां कृते चिन्तायाः कारणं वर्तते। प्रायशः अस्माकं बुजुर्गाः एवं चिन्तनं कर्तुमेव न पार्यते यत् किशोराः सोशल-मीडियायामोपरि तेषां सर्वं समयं कथं व्यतीतं कुर्वन्ति। ते इदं चिन्तयितुं असमर्थाः यत् जनाः अहोरात्र किं कुर्वन्ति सोशल-मीडियायामोपरि मनोवैज्ञानिकाः एतेषां जनानां गतिविधिं दुर्भाग्यपूर्णं स्वीकुर्वन्ति। अधुना तु वरिष्ठाः, अशिक्षिताः जनाः अपि अस्य नूतनस्य रुग्णस्य पीडिताः वर्तन्ते।

सोशल-मीडियायाः विषये सर्वाधिको प्रसिद्धो संशयः अथवा परिचर्चा एयमस्ति यद् अस्य कारणात् अस्माकं नवीन-जनाः असमाजिको अभवन्। ते परस्परं मेलमिलापं न कुर्वन्ति। सामाजिको व्यवहारः न्यूनो अभवत्। व्यापार-क्षेत्रे, जनजागरण-सन्दर्भे, विचाराणां प्रचारे-प्रसारे च, रोजगारावसरस्य अन्वेषणे, सर्वकारस्य सूचना-प्रसारणे, व्यक्तिगतमनोभावनामभिव्यक्तेः, वैश्विक-परिदृश्यस्य निर्माणे च सोशल-मीडिया वरदानरूपेण दरिदृश्यते। अपराधजगतस्य कृते उभयपक्षाणां हेतोः वरदानमपि अभिशापमपि।

विज्ञानवत् अस्याः अपि सदुपयोगेन सह महती दुरुपयोगः प्रचलति अधुना। यथा नकारात्मक, हिंसात्मक, घृणात्मक इत्यादयः समाजविरोधीछवीं प्रसार्य व्यक्तिगत-सामाजिक-राष्ट्रीयस्तरे अस्याः दुरुपयोगः भवति। अस्याः आकर्षकफ्रिचरकारणात् जनाः दिग्भ्रमितभूत्वा शारीरिक अथवा मानसिक अथवा आर्थिकशोषणस्य शिकारं भवन्ति अनायेसेनैव। अस्याः प्रयोगस्य निरन्तरता स्वास्थ्यदृष्ट्या अपि हानिकरो वर्तते। अनिद्रा, नेत्रविकारः, अनावश्यकचिन्ता, मानसिक-असन्तुलन, उग्रतादयः अनेकाः रोगाः जनयन्ति अस्य अननुशासित प्रयोगः।

उभयपक्षं दृष्ट्वा निष्कर्षरूपेण कथयामि यत् सोशल-मीडियायाः सन्तुलित-उपयोगः विवेकपूर्वक-संचालनं मानवजीवनस्य परिवार-समाज-शिक्षा-धर्म-क्रीडा-आहार-व्यवहार-राजनीति-आदयः सर्वाङ्गिण क्षेत्रे उपयोगिता अस्ति किन्तु अविवेकपूर्वकम् उपयोगः हानिकर एव नास्ति अपितु अभिशापो भविष्यति।

दीपिका बिडलान, स्नातक तृतीयवर्षः
सम्पादिका, प्रवाह, संस्कृत अनुभागः

विषयानुक्रमणिका

क.	फ़ेसबुक इत्यस्य प्रभावः	पायल, स्नातक-द्वितीयवर्षः	3
ख.	इन्टरनेट इत्यस्य प्रभावः	शिवानी राणा, स्नातक-द्वितीयवर्षः	3
ग.	व्हाटसेपू इत्यस्य प्रभावः	श्रुति गुप्ता, स्नातक-द्वितीयवर्षः	3
घ.	वर्तमानसमये सोशल-मीडिया	श्री मिश्रा, स्नातक-द्वितीयवर्षः	3
ङ.	सोशलमीडिया इति संचारतन्त्रम्	वीना गुप्ता, स्नातक-द्वितीयवर्षः	4
च.	सोशलमीडिया इत्यस्य प्रभावाः	पूजा, स्नातक-द्वितीयवर्षः	4
छ.	आधुनिक समये सोशलमीडिया	प्रिया यादव, स्नातक-द्वितीयवर्षः	4
ज.	वर्तमान-समये 'सोशल मीडिया' इत्यस्य प्रभावः	ज्योति, स्नातक-द्वितीयवर्षः	4
झ.	आधुनिक-कालः 'सोशल-मीडिया' इत्यस्य कालः	पूजा पुण्डीर, स्नातक-द्वितीयवर्षः	5
ञ.	सोशलमीडियायाः इत्यस्य लाभाः	पिंकी, स्नातक-द्वितीयवर्षः	5
ट.	वर्तमानकाले "सोशल मीडिया" इत्यस्य प्रासंगिकता	रुचिः, स्नातक-द्वितीयवर्षः	5
ठ.	वर्तमान समये सोशल मीडिया इत्यस्य प्रभावः	नगमा, स्नातक-द्वितीयवर्षः	5
ड.	फ़ेसबुक : सोशल-मीडियायाः साधनरूपेण	वृद्धि बागडे, स्नातक-तृतीयवर्षः	6
ढ.	शिक्षायां सोशल-मीडियायाः महत्त्वम्	अञ्जुम खान, स्नातक-तृतीयवर्षः	6
ण.	स्त्री सोशल-मीडिया च	अंशिका शर्मा, स्नातक-तृतीयवर्षः	6
त.	चित्ररूपेण अभिव्यक्तिः	श्वेता शर्मा, स्नातक-तृतीयवर्षः	7
थ.	मनोरञ्जन सोशल-मीडिया	निकिता, स्नातक-द्वितीयवर्षः	7

क. फ़ेसबुक इत्यस्य प्रभावः

“फ़ेसबुक” अतीव-साहायकं एष इति अन्तजालीयसमवायं अस्ति । फ़ेसबुक इत्यस्य अविष्कारकः मार्क जुकेरबर्गः वर्तते । जनानां एकत्रीकरणस्य कार्यं फ़ेसबुक माध्यमेन भवति । फ़ेसबुक माध्यमेन वयं स्वीय विचारान् प्रकटीकुर्मः । फ़ेसबुक उपयोगी तु वर्तते एव , सहैव हानिकरकम् अपि अस्ति । बहवः जनाः अस्य दुरोपयोगम् अपि कुर्वन्ति । अतः स्वीय फ़ेसबुक-पटले वैयक्तिक-सूचना न प्रदातव्या ।

पायल

स्नातक-द्वितीय-वर्षः

ख. इन्टरनेट इत्यस्य प्रभावः

आधुनिके समये जनाः इन्टरनेट इत्यस्य सर्वाधिकं प्रयोगं कुर्वन्ति । ज्ञान-लाभाय , विद्या-अर्जनाय इन्टरनेट अतीव सहायकं भवति । इन्टरनेट इत्यत्र छात्राणां कृते बहवः विकल्पाः वर्तन्ते । यथा – ज्ञानोपयोगी एष, फ़ेसबुक, ट्वीटर, व्हाटसेप् इत्यादि । इन्टरनेट इत्यस्य अधिक-प्रयोगः सर्वेषां कृते हानिकारकः भवति । अतः सुविचारेणैव अस्य प्रयोगः कर्तव्यः ।

शिवानी राणा

स्नातक-द्वितीय-वर्षः

ग. व्हाटसेप् इत्यस्य प्रभावः

व्हाटसेप् विश्वस्य लोकप्रियः एष वर्तते । व्हाटसेप् निःशुल्कं एष अस्ति । इदम् इन्टरनेट-द्वारा प्रचलति । अत्र कोऽपि जनः फ़ाइल इत्यस्य आदान-प्रदानं कर्तुं शक्यते । व्हाटसेप्-द्वारा वयं स्वीय समूहस्य निर्माणं कर्तुं शक्नुमः । व्हाटसेप्-द्वारा वयं छाया-चित्राणि, संगीतं, आवश्यक सूचनाः च प्रेषितुं शक्नुमः ।

श्रुति गुप्ता

स्नातक-द्वितीय-वर्षः

घ. वर्तमानसमये सोशल-मीडिया

वर्तमानसमये सोशल-मीडिया अस्माकं कृते अतीव लाभप्रदः -

1. व्यापारिक-सम्बन्धान् सुदृढयितुं सोशल-मीडिया अतीव उपयोगी अस्ति ।
2. सोशल-मीडिया द्वारा कस्यचिदपि जनैः साकं वार्ताः कर्तुं शक्नुवन्ति ।
3. सूचनानां आदानप्रदानयोः कृते अतीवलाभकारी अस्ति ।
4. 'सोशल मीडिया' द्वारा शिक्षायाः स्तरः संवर्धयितुं क्षमाः वयम् ।
5. वाटसेप्, फ़ेसबुकद्वारा गृहे एव स्वीय-परिजनैः साकं संभाषयितुं शक्नुमः ।

हानिः

1. सोशलमीडियायाः अत्यधिकोपयोगेन कार्यालयेषु कार्यगतिः क्षीणः प्रतीयते ।
2. अस्माकं संस्कृतिरपि क्षीयते यतोहि जनाः आंग्लसंस्कृतिं प्रति आकर्षिताः भवन्ति ।

श्री मिश्रा

स्नातकद्वितीयवर्षः

ड. सोशलमीडिया इति संचारतन्त्रम्

वर्तमान-समये 'सोशलमीडिया' जनान् स्वं प्रति अत्यधिकं आकर्षयति । अस्य माध्यमेन जनाः समाजस्य घटनानां विकासं च प्रति जागरूकाः भवन्ति । गृहस्थे एव रोजगारस्य सूचना प्राप्नुवन्ति ।

जन-समाजाय सोशल-मीडिया हानिकरः अपि विद्यते । यतोहि अनेन जनाः सत्येन सह अनृतस्यापि प्रसारः कुर्वन्ति । अतः सावधानेन अस्य उपयोगः कर्तव्यः, न तु दुरपयोगः ।

वीना गुप्ता
स्नातकद्वितीयवर्षः

च. सोशलमीडिया इत्यस्य प्रभावाः

'सोशल-मीडिया' इत्यस्य अर्थः भवति स्वीयपरिजनैः, मित्रैः साकं संयोजनम् । यान् प्रति वयं अनभिज्ञाः तेभ्यः अपि वार्ताः कर्तुं सक्षमाः । 'सोशल मीडिया' इत्यत्र नैकानि संजालतन्त्रानि सन्ति । यत्र वयं स्वीय-विचारान् प्रस्तोतुं सक्षमाः । 'सोशलमीडिया' इत्यस्य नकारात्मक-सकारात्मक प्रभावे स्तः । नकारात्मकमिदं यत् वयं अस्य द्वारा स्वीय-संस्कृतिं विस्मरणे निरताः स्मः । सकारात्मकमिदं यत् अस्य द्वारा ज्ञानं वर्धयति ।

पूजा
स्नातक-द्वितीय-वर्षः

छ. आधुनिक समये सोशलमीडिया

आधुनिककाले सोशल-मीडिया उत्तमम् अपि अस्ति हीनमपि । यतोहि अधुना नवयुवकेषु 'सोशल-मीडिया' इत्यस्य अत्यधिकः प्रभावः दृग्गोचारी भवति । बालाः अपि अनेनैव प्रभाविताः लक्ष्यन्ते । युवाः नक्तदिवं दूरभाषे वार्तालापे एव समयः नष्टी-कुर्वन्ति ! सोशलमीडिया कारणेन अनुचित-कार्याणि अपि भवन्ति । अतः मम मते सोशल-मीडियायाः अत्यधिक-उपयोगः हानिकरः!

प्रिया यादव
स्नातक द्वितीय वर्ष

ज. वर्तमान-समये 'सोशल मीडिया' इत्यस्य प्रभावः

- 1 'सोशल-मीडिया' इति संचारतन्त्रमाध्यमेन जनाः परस्परं परिचिताः भवन्ति ।
- 2 सूचनाः ज्ञातुं प्राप्नुवन्ति ।
- 3 गृहस्थे एव ज्ञातुं शक्नुवन्ति यत् दूरस्थे देशे किं प्रचलति ।
- 4 सोशल-मीडिया-द्वारा जनाः आलस-युताः भवन्ति । अपि च अहर्निशं दूरभाषे एवं संलग्नाः दृश्यन्ते ।
- 5 अधुना समाचार-पत्राणाम् अपि स्वीय-संचार-तन्त्रं वर्तते । वयं तद् वेबसाइटद्वारा सूचनाः ज्ञातुं पारयामः ।

ज्योति
स्नातक-द्वितीय वर्ष

झ. आधुनिक-कालः 'सोशल-मीडिया' इत्यस्य कालः

वर्तमान-कालः 'सोशल-मीडियायाः' कालः अस्ति । परं अस्य हानिरपि वर्तते लाभश्चापि-

१. 'सोशल-मीडिया' इति संचारतन्त्र-माध्यमेन दृश्य-श्रव्य-माध्यमेन सर्वं ज्ञातुं पारयामः ।
२. दूरस्थ विदेशेषु अपि स्वीय परिजनैः साकं सम्भाषणं कर्तुं सक्षमाः ।
३. परं हानयः इमाः सन्ति यत् अधुना बालाः सदा-सर्वदा दूरभाषे एव संलग्नाः दृश्यन्ते । अनेन समयस्य अतीव हानिः भवति ।
४. जनाः परस्परम् आलापं न कुर्वन्ति । अपितु दूरभाषे एव मग्नाः भवन्ति । अतः अस्य सदुपयोगः कर्तव्यम् ।

पूजा पुण्डीर

स्नातक द्वितीयवर्ष

ञ. सोशलमीडियायाः इत्यस्य लाभाः

इंटरनेट, ट्विटर, फेसबुक, इत्यादिः 'सोशलमीडिया' वर्तते । अस्य माध्यमेन वयं ज्ञानार्जनं कर्तुं शक्नुमः । अपि च आवश्यकसूचनाः कस्मिन्नपि देशे प्रेषितुम् शक्नुमः । ई-मेल, फैक्स, इत्यादिः अपि सोशल-मीडिया एव सन्ति । राजनैतिककार्याणां कृते सोशलमीडिया प्रभावी-माध्यमः अस्ति । पुरा काले जनसभायाः कृते तस्मिन् क्षेत्रे गमनम् अत्यावश्यकम् आसीत् । अधुना दृश्य-श्रव्यमाध्यमेन नेतारः स्वक्षेत्रतः अपरस्मिन् प्रदेशे उद्बोधनप्रदाने सक्षमाः ।

पिंकी

स्नातक द्वितीयवर्षः

ट. वर्तमानकाले "सोशल मीडिया" इत्यस्य प्रासंगिकता

"सोशल-मीडिया" इत्यस्य कारणेन जनाः तेभ्यः अपि सम्पर्कः कर्तुं शक्नुवन्ति, ये दूरं निवसन्ति । "सोशल मीडिया" इत्यस्य कारणेन सर्वे जनाः ज्ञातुं शक्नुवन्ति । यत् देशे का-का घटनाः भवन्ति । नकारात्मक प्रभावः अपि विद्यते, सोशलमीडियायाः । यथा अधुना छात्राः फेसबुक, इन्स्टाग्राम इत्यादीनाम् अनुचितं प्रयोगः कुर्वन्ति ।

रुचिः

स्नातक द्वितीयवर्षः

ठ. वर्तमान समये सोशल मीडिया इत्यस्य प्रभावः

सोशल-मीडिया इति संचार-तन्त्रं जनानां लाभाय भवति परं संचारतन्त्रस्य अस्य हानयः अपि सन्ति । सोशल मीडिया इत्यस्य नैकाः भेदाः- फेसबुक, वाट्सएप, जी-मेल, इंटरनेट इत्यादिः । सर्वे जनाः सहैव सूचनानाम् आदान प्रदानं अस्य माध्यमेन कुर्वन्ति । अत एव जनाः सन्तुष्टाः भवन्ति । अनुचित-कार्येषु अपि अस्य प्रयोगः भवति ।

नगमा

स्नातक द्वितीयवर्षः

ड. फेसबुक : सोशल-मीडियायाः साधनरूपेण

फेसबुक इति जालपुटे स्थिता एका सामाजिकीय- रस्परयोजनार्थं सेवा वर्तते, येन माध्यमेन सदस्याः स्वकीयमित्रैः, परिवारजनैः तथा आत्मीयैः परिचितजनैः सह सम्पर्कं साधयितुं शक्यते। एतत् "फेसबुक" इति इकां. नाम्ना स्वकीयसंस्था द्वारा संचालितो वर्तते। अस्य प्रयोक्तारः नगर-विद्यालय-कार्यस्थल-क्षेत्रानुगुणं च गठिताः (सेवारताः) सन् परस्परं सम्पर्के न केवलम् अपितु विचारविमर्शम् अपि कर्तुं शक्यन्ते। अस्याः संस्थायाः आरम्भः २००४ तमे वर्षे हार्वर्ड इत्यस्य एकः छात्रः "मार्क जुकेरबर्गः" अकरोत्। तादानीं समये अस्य नाम "द फेसबुक" इति आसीत्। महाविद्यालयीय परस्परं संयोजकरूपेण आरम्भसमनन्तरं शीघ्रमेव महाविद्यालयस्य सम्पूर्णे परिसरे लोकप्रियो बभूव। कतिचन मासानन्तरमेव समग्रे यूरोप इति नामकस्थाने लोकप्रियो बभूव। २००५तमवर्षस्य अगस्तमासे अस्य नाम "फेसबुक" इति घोषितम्। फेसबुक मध्ये इतरभाषया सहैव हिन्दी भाषया अपि कार्यं कर्तुं शक्यते।

वृद्धि बागडे

स्नातक तृतीयवर्षः

ढ. शिक्षायां सोशल-मीडियायाः महत्त्वम्

सोशल-मीडिया मानवजीवने क्रान्तिकारी गतिविधिरूपेण प्रकटिता। अद्य फेसबूक्, ट्विटर, ह्वाट्सप, लिंकईन इत्यादयः शिक्षाक्षेत्रेऽपि व्यापकरूपेण समाहिताः। अध्यापकाः छात्राश्च सर्वे इमां बहवः उपयोगं कुर्वन्ति। वर्तमानसमये छात्राणां कृते शिक्षाकृते जिज्ञासुनां कृते च सोशल-मीडिया विशिष्टभूमिकां निर्वहन्ति। यतो हि अस्या माध्यमेन ते न केवलं सरलतया पारस्परिकसहयोगं, विचाराणाम् आदान-प्रदानं, परिचर्चां कर्तुं शक्यन्ते अपितु दुरतोऽपि शिक्षकेन सह सरलतया सम्पर्कयितुं समर्थाः भवन्ति। अनया उपयोगं कृत्वा शिक्षाक्षेत्रे निर्धनानां गृहणीनां नियमितशिक्षणविधेः वञ्चिताश्च अपि ज्ञानप्राप्तिं अथवा कौशलप्रशिक्षणस्य सम्भावना उत्पद्यन्ते। शिक्षाक्षेत्रे सोशल-मीडियायाः निम्नलिखिताः उपयोगाः संभाव्यन्ते :-

- व्याख्यानं लाईव प्रसारणम्
- विचाराणां विमर्शे प्रकटीकरणे आदान-प्रदाने च सारल्यम्
- सीमितसंसाधने शिक्षायाः व्यापकता
- शिक्षण-कार्येषु सरलता
- अपरिचितैः सह अपि वार्तालापं समस्यासमाधानं च
- निर्धन-निशक्त-संसाधनहीन-प्रौढ-बाल-वृद्ध-गृहिणी-कर्मकाराः कृते समयबाध्यतायाः आभावः
- निःशुल्कशिक्षाव्यवस्थायाः सर्वोत्तमसाधनम्

अन्जुम खान, स्नातक तृतीयवर्षः

अध्यक्षा

संस्कृत-साहित्य परिषद्

ण. स्त्री सोशल-मीडिया च

अस्माकं देशे स्त्रीणां कृते समाजे एका-विशिष्टा-मानसिकता वर्तते। यद्यपि इयं स्त्री संसारस्य जननी अस्ति किन्तु ताषां लोकव्यवहाराणां निर्धारणं पुरुषसमाजः करोति। नगरेषु किञ्चिद्भिन्नता अस्ति किन्तु ग्राम्य-आंचलजीवने तु स्त्रीः स्वोद्धारस्य उद्घाटनं कर्तुं असमर्थाः आसन्। स्वपीडां, कष्टं, भेदभावं, शोषणं प्रति मूकदर्शकाः एव आसन्। किन्तु सोशल-मीडिया ताषां कृते वरदानरूपेण अवतारिता।

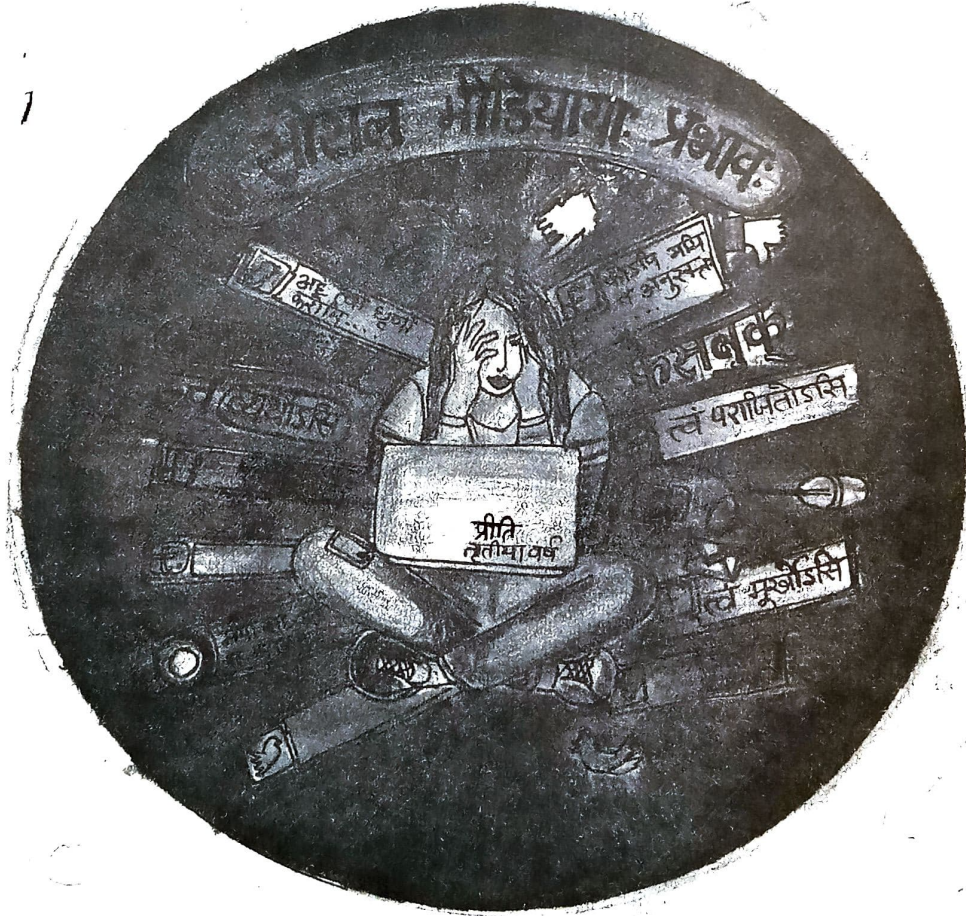
अधुना ताः अपि तेषां दुःखोद्धारान् सर्वेषां समक्षं अभिव्यक्तुं सक्षमाः । अस्या उपयोगं कृत्वा स्त्रीसमाजे शोषणं शिक्षां स्वास्थ्यं प्रति महती एवं व्यापकरूपेण जागरूकता प्रसरिता ।

अंशिका शर्मा
स्नातक, तृतीयवर्षः

च मनोरञ्जन सोशल-मीडिया

परम्परागत संस्कृतजगते सोशलमीडिया एका नूतना घटनारूपेण प्रकटिता। अधुना वयमपि कार्टून माध्यमेन संस्कृतभाषायाः पठने पाठने मनोरञ्जने जनजागरणे शास्त्रीयज्ञानस्य प्रसारे इत्यादयः विविधेषु क्षेत्रेषु संस्कृतजनाः अपि अस्या प्रयोगं कुर्वन्ति अधुना।

निकिता
स्नातक-द्वितीयवर्षः



Made by : Shweta Sharma, Skt. (Hons.), III year

Alumni Meet and Annual Sports Day



Sports Achievers 2018-19



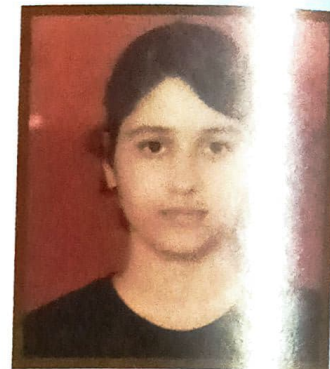
Shivani

B.A. (P) - IIIrd Year
Gold in International Wrestling



Saveri

B.A. (Pol. Sc.) (H) - IIIrd Year
Participation in Inter University Softball Tournament, and Jr. and Sr. National PL. & Ball Badminton Tournament
Gold in State Power Lifting Tournament



Riya

B.Sc. (Comp. Sc) (H) - IIIrd Year
Silver in North Zone All India Inter University and Participation in All India Inter University Football Tournament



Simran

B.A. (P) - IIIrd Year
Participation in All India Inter University Ball Badminton and Sr. National Ball Badminton Tournament



Muskan

B.Sc. (Botany) - IIInd Year
Silver in National Ball Badminton Tournament and Participation in Jr. National Tournament



Shama Praveen

B.A. (Hindi) (H) - IIInd Year
Gold in Inter College Power Lifting and Delhi State Tournament & Open Delhi State Participation in National Power Lifting Tournament



Rhythm

B. Com. (P) - IIInd Year
Participation in Sr. National Ball Badminton Tournament



Soumaya

B.A. (P) - Ist Year
Participation in Sr. National Ball Badminton Tournament



Pooja Singh

B. Com. (P) - IIIrd Year
Gold in Inter College Power Lifting, Silver & Bronze in Delhi State P. L. Tournament

Sports Achievers 2018-19



Varsha Bhatia

B.A. (Pol. Sc.) (H) - IInd Year
Silver in Delhi State Kick
Tournament Bronze in Inter College
Taekwondo Tournament



Kanagi

B. A. (English) (H) - IIIrd Year
Silver in Inter College
Silver & Bronze in Delhi
State Power Lifting Tournament



Muskan

B.A. (Pol. Sc.) (H) - Ist Year
Gold in Delhi State &
Bronze in Inter College
Power Lifting Tournament



Manisha

B. A (History) (H) - IIIrd Year
Bronze in Inter College
Judo Tournament



Harshita

B.Sc. (Life Sci.) - IInd Year
Bronze in Inter College
Boxing Tournament



Riya

B.A. (P) - Ist Year
Bronze in Inter College
Boxing Tournament



Shrishty Arora

B. Com. (P) - IInd Year
Bronze in Delhi Olympic
Games in Boxing



Shashi

B. Com. (P) - IInd Year
Silver in Delhi State Power
Lifting Tournament



Bhawna Joshi

B. Sc. (PS) - Ist Year
Bronze in
Delhi Olympic Games

Sports Achievers 2018-19



Sneha

B. A. (Pol. Sc.) (H) - IIIrd Year
Silver in
Delhi State Kick Tournament



Poorva Sharma

B. Com. (P) - IIIrd Year
Gold and Silver in Delhi State
Power Lifting Tournament



Neha

B. A. (P) - IIIrd Year
Silver in Delhi Olympic
Games in Boxing



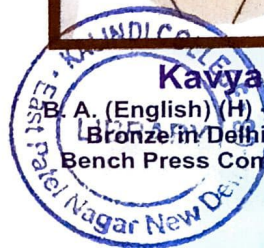
Shivakanti

B. A. (P) - IIInd Year
Bronze in Delhi State and
Open Delhi State Power
Lifting Tournament



Kavya

B. A. (English) (H) - IIInd Year
Bronze in Delhi State
Bench Press Competition



Kalindi girls groove to Shael's Punjabi hits



विनम्रता ज्ञान के लिए महत्वपूर्ण : प्रो. रमेश कुमार

नई दिल्ली। दिल्ली विश्वविद्यालय के कालिंदी कॉलेज में बुधवार को नए छात्रों के लिए स्वागत कार्यक्रम और छात्र संघ शपथ ग्रहण समारोह का आयोजन किया गया। कार्यक्रम के मुख्य अतिथि तबल बहादुर राखी राष्ट्रीय संस्कृत विद्यापीठ के कुलपति प्रो. रमेश कुमार पांडे व डीयू प्रॉक्टर डॉ. नीता सहगल रहें। प्रो. पांडे ने कहा कि ज्ञान का मुख्य मुख्य स्रोत विनम्रता, जिज्ञासा और समर्पण है। ज्ञान व्यक्ति को आत्म निर्भर बनाता है और मुश्किल समय में मदद करता है। डॉ. सहगल ने छात्रों को एंटी रैमिन और यौन उत्पीड़न से संबंधित निष्कर्षों दर्ज कराने के शौकिक बताया। इस अवसर पर कॉलेज प्रिंसिपल डॉ. अंजना शर्मा ने छात्र संघ सदस्यों को शपथ दिलाई। विभिन्न कालिंदी प्रतिष्ठानों भी आयोजित की गई। वहीं, कॉलेज की गर्लिंग बॉडी के अध्यक्ष दीपक मारवाह और कोषाध्यक्ष अंकुश की भी उपस्थिति रही। बच्चे

Kalindi students transform lives of manual scavengers

Students involved in project Reformat rehabilitate manual scavengers and provide them with a secure job with better salary

By Vikram Singh

I talied technology manual scavenging, students from Kalindi College, under project Reformat, have rehabilitated 10 women involved in the work. These women have given up their most odious work, life of scavenging, and are now working as security guards, a better work environment and earning.

Students provide safety equipment for scavengers for three months and search for better jobs for them within the time



A scavenger posing with her son (left), image courtesy of a manual scavenger, Reformat

Students provide safety equipment for scavengers for three months and search for better jobs for them within the time

most opportunities in their working area," adds Shakti.

with them for about two months and talk to them about the project at their job as a scavenger.

छात्र आवेदन न बक का विवरण जस्ट्र डालें: डीयू

नई दिल्ली | प्रमुख संकाय

दिल्ली विश्वविद्यालय में दाखिला फीस भुगतान को काफी अहसान बना दिया गया है। डीयू ने स्पष्ट किया है कि छात्र जब आवेदन करें तो अपने बैंक का विवरण अवश्य डालें। ताकि दाखिला के बाद यदि कोर्स बदलने पर उनकी

सुविधा

- दाखिला फीस भुगतान को और आसान बनाया गया
- दाखिला न करने पर आवेदक के अकाउंट में पैसे आ जायेंगे

के रूप में हिस्ट्री ऑनर्स मिल जायेंगे



लिस ने बहादुरी दिखाने वाली स्टूडेंट्स को पुरस्कार देने की योजना की है

डीयू गर्ल्स ने बदमाश को गुना, लोग बनाते रहे विडियो

स, कम्प्लैट मार्केट : पांच डीयू ने मिलकर एक बदमाश पर ऐसा पंच किया कि वह डरने लगा। ममल 11 मार्केट स्टॉक का है। मेकअप के बाद बदमाश गैंग दिखाकर लड़कों को डराने की धमकी देता है। विन डरे स्टूडेंट उस पर दूर

दिल्ली गैंग ने किसी लड़के को भजनुका निचोड़ फूट कर दोड़ निचोड़ ले लिया और फलतः निचोड़ सिर्फ सच है। ये सभी कहानी कहते हैं। मेकअप स्टूडेंट ऑनर्स में शामिल हैं। सेक्टर स्टूडेंट डेड बॉडी बनाने के लिए प्रयोग करते हैं। सच कहें

कलकत्ता पर मैकअप छोड़ देंगे तो और भी बुरा हो। स्टूडेंट्स की अखिर में फीस का भरोसा को फल दिया। फीस ने पूरे

संकेत में इस से सच कहें हमारे दोस्तों ने चेतावनी दे दी। लड़के सेना में हैं। सच है। किसी लड़के के लिए सभी कलकत्ता में रेलवे स्टेशन खूब स

at DU college

TIMES NEWS NETWORK

Applications are made by four colleges of Delhi University for various certificate courses. Jesus and Mary College is offering Certificate in Media Studies, Advertising and Marketing Communication and Camera and Photography. A certificate in Mass Communication, with specialisation in Radio Jockey and TV Journalism, is being offered at Bharati College. Kalindi College is offering certificate in Photojournalism and certificate in Films and TV Production, Direction. Campus of Open Learning, Keshav Puram, Delhi Uni-

Five students of DU chase, nab pickpocket

All of them were rewarded by the Delhi Police

Five Delhi University students chased and nabbed a pickpocket who tried to steal their money. The students were rewarded by the Delhi Police for bravery in capturing the thief. The incident was reported to the police when the students were in a library. The pickpocket was caught with a bag full of money. The students were praised for their quick action.



The five students of Delhi University were praised by the Delhi Police for their bravery in catching a pickpocket. The incident occurred in a library. The pickpocket was caught with a bag full of money. The students were praised for their quick action.

Threatened in self-defence. However, the women, who were trained in self-defence, stood up to him and threatened him.

for a few minutes before a police officer arrived. The police officer, adding that the women's mobile phone was recovered from his possession.

KALINDI GIRLS HAVE



2nd RUNNER-UP ANANYA GUPTA 1st RUNNER-UP SHIBASHREE RAJAKUMAR



D... (The text is partially obscured and difficult to read.)

सोशल मीडिया या:



भावक शक्ति प्रभाव:

Made by:
Shweta Sharma
III B.A. (Hons.) Sanskrit

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