

PRAVAH

2020-21

प्रवाह



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KALINDI COLLEGE

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UNIVERSITY OF DELHI



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Pravah 2021



प्रवाह



प्राचार्या की कलम से...

लंबे समय से संपूर्ण विश्व कोरोना वायरस से जूझ रहा है ! इस महामारी ने मनुष्य के सर्वांगीण विकास पर प्रभाव डाला है ! दुनिया को देखने और समझने का दृष्टिकोण ही बदल गया है ! इसकी दूसरी लहर मानवता के लिए पहले से भी ज्यादा घातक सिद्ध हुई ! बीमारी का भय, अपनों को खोने का गम, पलायन, लॉकडाउन आदि विपरीत परिस्थितियों ने मानव जीवन को बदल दिया ! सामाजिक दूरी और संवादहीनता ने अकेलापन, तनाव, पीड़ा, कुंठा, घुटन, क्रोध, अवसाद तथा अपने भावों एवं विचारों को अभिव्यक्त करने की बेचैनी आज मनुष्य में यत्र-तत्र सर्वत्र दिखाई दे रही है ! कुछ देर किसी से बात करो तो न जाने कितनी कथाएं-कहानियाँ हमें सुनने को मिलती हैं जिनमें महाकाव्यात्मक पीड़ा का अनुभव है ! अब अजीब सी अकुलाहट प्रत्येक हृदय में है ! मनुष्य के पास बहुत से अच्छे और बुरे अनुभव हैं जिन्हें वह साझा करना चाहता है ! अनेक ऐसे विचार हैं जो उसके मस्तिष्क में कुलबुला रहे हैं और अभिव्यक्त होने के लिए उमड़-घुमड़ कर जा रहे हैं ! आत्मा स्वयं को अभिव्यक्त करने के लिए अधीर है और युवाओं में तो खुद को अभिव्यक्त करने की बेचैनी सर्वाधिक रहती ही है !

दिल्ली विश्वविद्यालय का कालिंदी महाविद्यालय प्रत्येक वर्ष अपनी छात्राओं को उन्मुक्त सृजनात्मक अभिव्यक्ति के लिए 'प्रवाह' वार्षिक पत्रिका के रूप में सर्जनात्मक मंच प्रदान करता आ रहा है ! इस वर्ष की पत्रिका 'एक महामारी: विविध परिदृश्य' विषय पर आधृत है ! यह वर्ष अभिव्यक्ति की दृष्टि से सर्वाधिक महत्वपूर्ण बन जाता है क्योंकि कोरोना-महामारी के चलते महाविद्यालय की संपूर्ण शिक्षा-व्यवस्था ऑनलाइन हो गई है जिसके कारण छात्राएं प्रत्यक्षतः एक दूसरे से दूर हो गई हैं ! सखियों के साथ बैठकर अपने विचारों को साझा करने का अवसर उनसे छूट गया है ! ऐसे में छात्राएं अपनी खुशी, अपना दुख-दर्द और अकेलापन अपनी लेखनी के माध्यम से इस पत्रिका में अपनी रचनाओं में अभिव्यक्त कर रही हैं !

मैं 'प्रवाह' पत्रिका के इस अंक के प्रकाशन पर स्वयं को गौरवान्वित महसूस कर रही हूँ ! यह अंक कोरोना-वायरस के कारण उत्पन्न अकेलेपन की परिस्थितियों में आ रहा है और अकेलापन मनुष्य को सर्जनात्मक भी बना सकता है और तनावग्रस्त भी बना सकता है ! कालिंदी महाविद्यालय की छात्राओं ने स्वयं को तनाव से बचाया है और आपदा को अवसर में बदल कर अपनी रचनात्मक ऊर्जा का परिचय दिया है !

छात्राओं के मार्गदर्शन हेतु मैं समस्त कालिंदी-परिवार को धन्यवाद ज्ञापित करती हूँ जिनके भागीरथ प्रयासों से छात्राएं निरंतर प्रगति के पथ पर अग्रसर हैं ! 'प्रवाह' पत्रिका के इस अंक की संयोजिका सुश्री मोनिका जुत्सी, सह-संयोजिका डॉ. मंजु शर्मा, सह-संयोजक डॉ. देशराज और उनकी सम्पूर्ण सहयोगी-मंडली डॉ. कल्पना कुमारी, डॉ. एम. अरुणजीत सिंह, डॉ. ऋतू, डॉ. ब्रह्मा नंद, सुश्री स्नेहा सवाई, श्रीमान सुश्रुत भाटिया, डॉ. पवन कुमार, श्रीमान गौरव कुमार, डॉ. दिव्या मिश्रा, डॉ. ऋचा को बधाई देती हूँ जिनके सहयोग एवं निर्देशन से पत्रिका का यह अंक आपके हाथों में है ! विशेष रूप से छात्र सम्पादकों को हार्दिक शुभकामनाएं देती हूँ !

Naina
 प्रोफेसर नैना हसीजा
 (प्राचार्या)



उर्मिला
हिंदी विशेष तृतीय वर्ष
कालिंदी महाविद्यालय

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

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

Given the current scenario, it is no surprise that the theme of Pravah this year is "One Pandemic, Many Tales". We are today in the midst of a strange global crisis where a virus has challenged our life itself as well as its structures. In its wake, the pandemic has disrupted normal life as we know it at all levels. Outward restrictions on movement etc. have led to isolation and lent an urgency to the need to look within – both in terms of our physical spaces and our sense of ourselves. Concomitantly, we have a greater sense and appreciation of community and the huge impact it has on us. Within months, we have had to reassess our priorities and even our values.

Where on the one hand we have battled fear and alienation, on the other we have also risen against prejudice and divisiveness. Whether digitally or otherwise, we have reached out to, and received, help and support from others. We have found strength in our relationships with our near and dear ones, and adopted strangers, solely on the basis of humanity. Closer home, teachers and students first connected digitally, then bonded and became a group and a community. Apart from traditional pedagogic concerns, we – teachers and students – learnt to speak out and voice our anxieties as well as provide comfort. More importantly, we learnt to listen, not just to the words and the message of what was being said, but also to that which was left unsaid. Empathy, much-needed in these uncertain times, grew and expanded our hearts.

This edition of Pravah is offered to you in the same vein. Written in different moods and exploring different spaces, these "tales" reflect the myriad insights of the heart and mind that students have felt and lived. Our students have given expression to experiences they negotiated without a blueprint.

Pravah is the work of many hands and hearts. Though they are too many to name in the limited space available here, I thank each one of them for their contribution to this edition, especially in these unprecedented times. We are grateful to our Principal, Prof. Naina Hasija for her support. Heartfelt thanks to all the teacher members of the Pravah Magazine Committee for their labour and dedication. We also appreciate the hard work put in by the entire team of student editors: Mansi Sabharwal from III BA (H) English and Sheha Babu from II BA (H) English (English Section); Savita (editor) and Neeru (co-editor), both from III BA (H) Hindi (Hindi Section); and Aparna Kumari from II BA (H) Sanskrit (Sanskrit Section).

We hope you enjoy this edition. Happy reading!

Ms. Monica Zutshi
Editor



ENGLISH SECTION

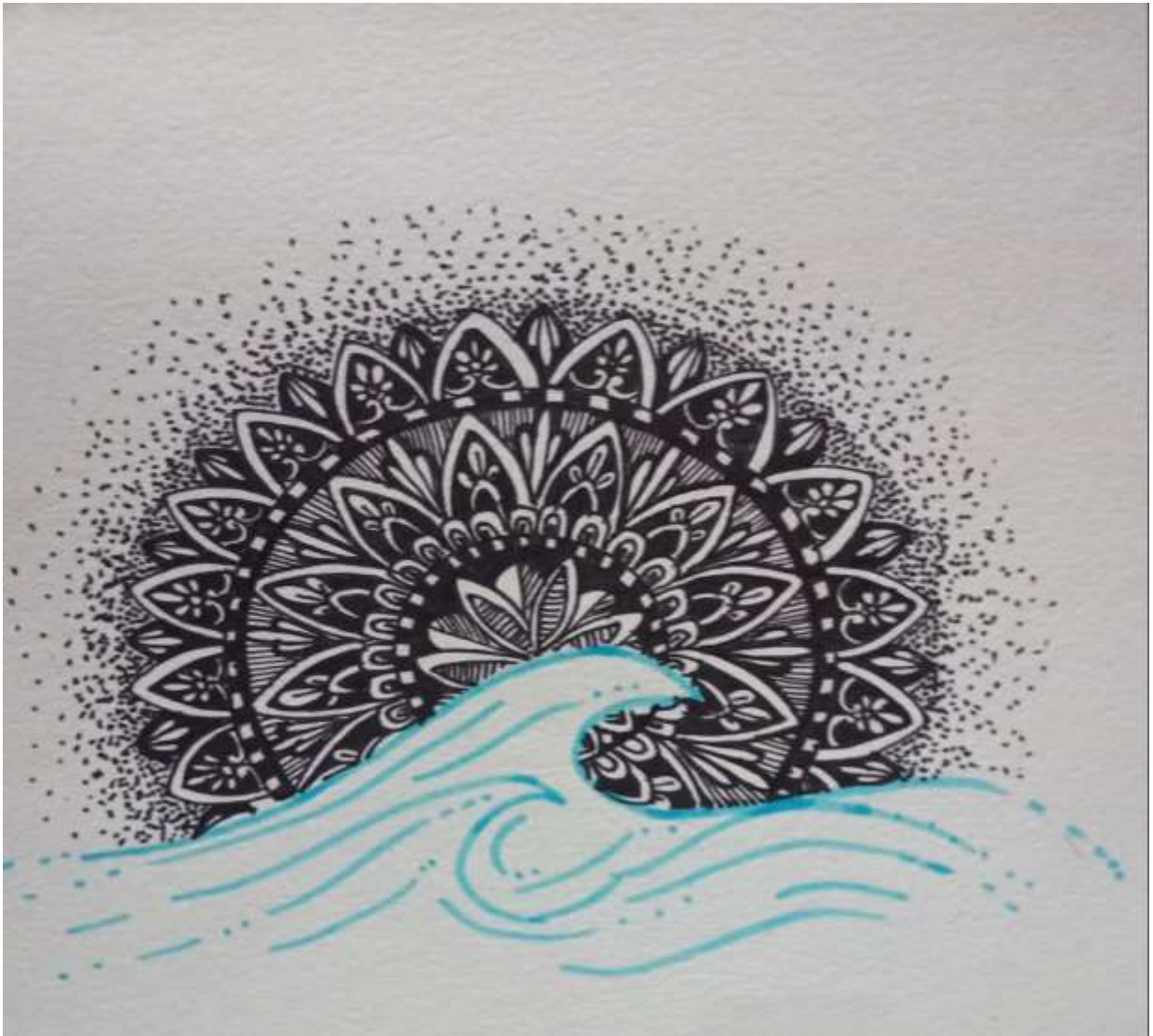


Aditi Singh

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

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Aditi Singh

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

Students' Editorial

Heraclitus once said, "There is nothing permanent in life except change." Things change around us all the time. While some people fear change and wish to remain in their comfort zone constantly, others see it as the spice of life. But the humongous 'change' 2020 brought upon humanity was not the kind which freshens up the monotony of existence; it was a cataclysmic moment in our collective history that plunged us into the unknown. The COVID-19 pandemic, they say, would redefine our very experience as the human race. The past twelve months are a testimony to just that. This issue of *Pravah*, themed **One Pandemic: Many Tales**, brings you glimpses – in prose, verse, and paint – of lives pulling through the global turmoil and change.

As the epidemic grew into a pandemic, we found ourselves locked up in our homes with little inkling of what awaits. Our schools and colleges got locked up into screens in the palm of our hands and the top of our tables, we were the lucky ones. As we knew not what to do with ourselves and with the inmates of our own homes, we watched millions walk the long and – for many – the final walk home. The busiest roads retired into silence, the leaders of the world rummaged for answers, and the Gods felt burdened with prayers.

The eerie streets, the vacant schools, the deserted marts were all in tune with the creeping storm of the pandemic that swept away millions, separated loved ones, and left many hopeless and vulnerable. The deafening silences, the sombre requiems play on. Some mournful numbers you will find here. Lest we forget.

"Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought," said Shelley. And here we are, the ones who lived to fight another day and sing our tales. In words we remember those gone too far, and those waiting on the next turn of the street, all whom we could not meet. A few notes of longing and love await you here.

We lost a lot, but we found some too. Facing the unknown, with nowhere to go, we had to light the torch in hidden, obscure corners to find our ways. We discovered parts of our selves which may have remained lost forever. We had time to introspect, time to heal, and time to notice the everyday unfolding like it always did when we were all too busy to stop and look. We found courage in us and hope in another, we found each other in the same home. Don't be surprised to find a few such gems in this trove too.

Times change, stories stay. We hope that you would feel richer after finding the snapshots of eternity in times of change captured by our contributors. Even as the pandemic forces us to keep physical distance, here we bring you a chance to connect with strangers and friends speaking of what every heart felt. The responses to this crisis in the magazine are filled with embers of memories – remembrance of losses in the suffocating smoke, dust of ashes, sparks of promise, irradiance of hope, courageous compassion, and healing love.

We would like to thank the spirited and skilful students of our college for their lovely contributions. Thank you for the beautiful artworks that fill our pages with life. This has been an enriching and positive learning experience for us, to be able to work with so many talented people. Heartfelt thanks to our teachers. To Ms. Monica Zutshi, thank you ma'am for giving us this wonderful opportunity to work for the magazine. Your faith in us gave us strength to work amidst such times of struggle. We would like to thank Ms. Sneha Sawai and Mr. Sushrut Bhatia for their constant support, guidance and understanding, without all of which, this magazine would not have taken form.

Happy reading! We hope you find yourselves in some of these pages!

Sheha Babu, B.A. (Hons.) English, II Year
Mansi Sabharwal, B.A. (Hons.) English, III Year



Smirti Panchal

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

Soul Silhouette

A mere silhouette striding up and down
From kitchen to the bathroom floor.
With the head hurling thunderstorms
And the feet yearning for the tender shore.

The mere presence of self and tingling pain,
Eyes dreaming of void at wide awake nights.
With fall in heart and muzzling eyes,
In the glowering abyss, the silhouette dives.

With Spring comes the gusty winds,
Bright ablaze days, gently blowing evenings.
With hours of magic touch and heart-to-heart,
The windswept silhouette spots new beginnings.

The lips that smile, the head that thinks,
The eyes that dream of the empyreal skies.
With the hands that give and a heart so loveable,
Upon rebirth, the silhouette lives a new life.

A definite shape and size that fits
A world where nothing's wrong nor right,
With the clear skies whispering softly above
And the tender shore beneath my feet, I write.

Saumya Mishra

B. Com (Hons.), II Year

Abode Afar

My home and heart are across the sea,
And here I am in a land so alien,
Gazing at the warmth I saw,
When the sky met the sea, his home.

I found repose once every year
Like a soldier returning from war;
To scents so familiar,
Awakening memories from days by gone;
To paths so familiar,
Without eyes I could discern;
To smiles so dear,
That would make heaven feel so near.

Now, the sky is bare,
The wind is dusty,
The setting sun is hiding
Behind the skyscrapers and desert,
And all I hear
Is laughter of my children
And the cheer of my wife,
And all I see
Are faces hiding behind masks
And demands that cautious we be.

The virus in the air
Has now a world of its own,
But it thwarted me this year
From reaching *my* world
For it made the path I longed
But dare not tread,
For the moon back home to shine,
The sun ought to set,
And I have no eclipse this year.

Sheha Babu

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

A Potential Poem

What life has put us through
This one year!
Taught us things that will bring succor
To us at times, I swear.

This poem below wasn't meant how it reads;
It could've been something else, I feel.
Well maybe it is the lockdown which has
The long-lost kid in me unveiled.

The kid is a 12th pass out who, more like an 8th grader, is confined to her home and the garden in front of her house's porch. It has been all-at-home for about 2 months now and she is metamorphosing into a stone, and along with it is losing her ability to write stuff that acted as an ointment to soothe her ego.

Life lets us be brave.
Life made us simply naïve.
Life gave us many a 'second chance'.
Life at times made us lose our stance.
But every time we fell apart,
It tightened its grip on us.
Saved us from several mishappenings,
Sometimes, like a blessing cloaked in a curse.
The tough times we face now
Will soon be surely gone.
Until then remember:
Life is a show,
It must go on.

Pragya Semwal

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

A Room Called Body

I ask you: what are you afraid of?
You tell me about all the seventeen things that
You've been breeding inside your chest
For almost twenty years now.
But then I look at your room,
With more windows than walls
And no mirrors at all.

You tell me that you've always shuddered captivity
But look me in the eye and tell me,
What is captivity if not freedom
Witnessed within a 5 feet 7inch room called body.

You've been taught how to preserve a Tupperware flask
Like it was a heritage for future generations to come.
But the love you've learnt to give yourself,
Makes you from your own self run
Even in an empty room.
And I don't know what nightmares look like
If not this.

You allow yourself to merely exist
As a blurred silhouette of a human form.
Even the man in the supermarket knows
That every time you deliberately leave
The soap bar on the counter,
He knows that you run
For you think
That running away
Reassures life
Than breathing ever did.

In every idle hour you've ever had
You'd sit with all the entangled wires in the house
Hiding yourself behind the heaps of knots
Struggling to learn to untangle them
Making sure that you neither cause nor become
A collateral damage.

As a kid you've been always taught
That to be full was the only way of life
So you take more food on your plate
Than your appetite will ever be,
Because you don't want to know
What hunger pangs sound like.

When the cries of grief become too shrill
To be mistaken for a squeaking door or a rattling fan
You abandon, you lay it in the cradle of the child
Who cries too much to be paid much heed.

You've always believed
That to make something vanish
All you need is to shut your eyes,
So you brush your emotions
Under your mattress,
As every morning you rush for work,
After they've been clinging all night
By the hemlines of your pillow
Yearning to be noticed by you.

But today with nowhere to go
You pull them out, half flung and discarded,
From beneath the mattress,

And now you know that these
Were the pages that went missing
From the book called "you",
But no one ever looked closely enough.

The grief that you left behind,
Sobbing in the cradle,
Is now a well-built man who doesn't know
If crying was a place or a bird.
But today with all doors shut when you revisit him
He lets you sob with all your body
In the ambit of his arms.

Today you know that on some days
Even as you sit with the plate full,
You have learn to let yourself hear
The pangs of hunger.
For it has its music too.

That sometimes a halt between
The supermarket and the home
Is all you need to realize
You are not something that
Resembles a faded caricature of someone else,
But everything that looks like only you.

Now you know that even freedom
Is nothing but captivity with boundaries
Set too far apart to be seen all at once.
Now you know that on most days
The room called body
Is your best abode
And the person called self
Is your best companion.

Kavya Agarwal

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

Aurora

Are you just a step away from slitting your wrist?
Or a step away from eating those pills clasped in your fist?
Or does it look like the bottle full of poison has your freedom in it?
If you think so, then wait, take a deep breath and take out some minutes.
We need to talk, what happened, give me solid reasons, around five –
Break up? Resignation? Fired? Divorced? Handicapped?
But wait, aren't you alive?
You are alive.
Isn't that just the best thing, leaving all the rest?
It's not easy to die
But living it happily, that's the real test.

Didn't hear back from the interviewer?
So what if the problems were hard to clear?
Had an exceptionally foul fight?
Or nothing anymore ever feels right?

This lockdown hasn't made anything easier: We've all been low.
Nothing seems to be working, where are we supposed to go?
You need to stop overthinking.

Let the feeling of hard work sink in.
And who am I to tell you to stop overthinking? What have I seen?
Well, let's just say, if overthinking was a trade, I'd be the queen.

You feel you're toxic; you'll lead yourself down to destruction,
Take a deep breath mate; you're just a monument under construction.

You believed in Santa Claus for 9-10 years,
Now take out just 5 precious minutes to believe in yourself dear.
It's just a bad day, it's not a bad life, so don't drown in sorrow.
You're getting second chance every day, it's called tomorrow.

Make mistakes at each step, don't worry about getting a roasting,
Even a broken clock is right twice a day, it too has a reason for boasting.
Just stop thinking about the worst, about adversity.

Just relax, sit back, and sip that positivitea.
Do not get inspired by anyone,
No celeb, no great historic ruler whose picture is lying on your shelf,
But get inspired by only your future self.
All you have to say is, it's such a short life, so much to explore.
Well, turn that statement around, honey, and you will have so much more.

Think of me as your harbinger, love.

And I'm just here to tell you that
You're like the effervescence, you're meant to rise above.
Now come on then mystique, be strong, be indomitable, be invincible,
Because glass is never half or full, it's actually refillable.
Because you can't change how your life started, it's the truth my friends,
But you can always change
How your life ends.

Supriya Lariwal

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



Smirti Panchal

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

Silent Melancholy

A smile hides her tears
A joke masks her sadness
She banished her pain, locked it away in her soul dungeon
She has thrown away the keys
So that no one could ever see her cry.

Each day as evening starts to set
The ache builds up in her chest
She knows that she must go to bed
And try to get some rest.

She tucked her melancholy
Beneath a rough mask decorated
With pretended jokes, blurry smiles,
Phony laughter and happy lies.

Others see her in the day
And think she's doing well
But every day as evening sets
She enters her own hell.

At night she hugs her tear-strained pillow
When no one is around
And cries for the one she lost
And screams without a sound
Time hasn't healed her pain at all
So every night, alone in her bed
She sheds those silent tears.

Maria Thubru

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



Smirti Panchal

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

It's Time for Class!

In the blink of an eye
Where did it go?
Click the link to join
In the chats now they flow.

Oh, wake up! It's your name
These classes got my energy drained
Dark circles they gifted me
And headaches persisted in me
A wish arouses in my mind
To refrain from it all
To press leave after all
End the call and
Sleep with peace after all.

But my unflinching quest to learn
Didn't let me leave
Holding the laptop
Eyes wide open

I didn't sleep
Hit the press button
Calculated in speed
The class was of finance after all.

In the blink of an eye, things change
To evaluate the profit,
Super,
Normal
Or a loss...
Huh! Laptop battery died
I missed my attendance again!
What a real loss!
Getting online attendance
Is like a puzzle after all!

Ayushi Srivastava

B.Com. (Programme), III Year

A Topsy Night

On drunken nights,
Under the plain sky,
He texts random strangers,
"I'm checking on you,
You matter to me."
His concern that reeks
Of alcohol and tipsiness,
Passed off as a lunatic's gesture,
An intoxicated one.

The tippler concludes the speechless night
In fabricated satisfaction
Of lives saved
And poetries penned.
As and when brain cells
Poke on his conscience,
He mutters to himself,
"You matter to me."

Arja Dileep. K

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

Hollow

I believed it was inside me,
It was the very reason why I could never be free.
It was contracting my muscles, my brain,
Each effort of being calm was in vain.
I'd wake up in the middle of the night,
I thought I'd just follow the light.
I don't quite remember when the light turned into dullness,
But I did see it taking the form of some sort of darkness.
I kept blaming this virus, it is what's keeping me up,
I was not able to see the other side of the cup.
Disasters, flu, Covid, murders, was all I heard all day,
It was as if I couldn't escape from this, there was no way.
I kept running into vast nothingness, parched and panting,
All my congeniality was now fainting.
Fear crept through my positive veins when I came to know what it was,
Truth was even murkier than it seemed.
It wasn't the darkness outside me, but the hollowness within,
Which was slowly climbing its way onto my skin?
This isolation, this lockdown made it clear to me,
I never had anyone beside me and all around me just pretended to be.
I felt like drowning, nothing new left to be seen,
My voice was muffling in this quietude,
Can anyone hear me?

Supriya Lariwal

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

Love in Quarantine

It is funny how we sink so deep into a routine that even if we miss it one day, we feel that something is strange. Stepping out of the house and waiting for the metro in the morning became an everyday thing, until in the second week of lockdown I imagined what a regular Monday would have gone like. The world outside was busy before it shut down. It was messy. There were strangers all around and along with that a latent strange feeling in me of maybe meeting the 'someone'. You know, a kind of meet-cute would not have hurt. But now, sitting at home, staring at the four pink walls for most hours of the day or at the phone screen to watch a romantic comedy, where would I get my dream meet-cute?

Four weeks into the lockdown and the world did not seem like reopening anytime soon. The collective loathing about every day to friends on WhatsApp or sending 'relatable' stuck-at-home memes on Instagram became extremely frequent. I had never done it on a regular basis. So, I opened my eyes to look around the house. I had never admired the artificial flowers in my room and thought of the process behind its making. The almirah in the corner of my room had never triggered nostalgia in me until I realized it was older than me. Why do my parents still need it? And what was the problem with the uncle living downstairs? He just never stops talking on his phone. Every day I hear him solving a new problem that echoes in my room through the strangely located window.

And how can we forget the people I have always lived with? Before the shutdown, I rarely saw my father leave in the morning for his work. And now I was seeing him every day at 7 in the morning, just sitting in front of the television for the news updates. Each morning, I saw my brother lazily getting out of the bed, pouring himself a glass of water, and then sitting down to watch the news with my father. Like father, like son.

And then my mother. She never has the time to sit. She starts the day with a little discussion on the pandemic situation with my father, then grumbling about the maid not being able to come in for work and then picking up the broomstick to do it herself. For her, the work did not stop. The only difference for her was that, instead, the load increased. On days before the pandemic, she sometimes had the privilege of skipping making a full meal lunch. But now it was proper breakfast, lunch, and finally dinner. For me, the first day of watching her do all the work was enough. From the next morning, I took half of her workload. Soon I was waking up early in the morning to make sure that she did not have the broomstick in her hand. For her, the work involved little choosing. She has to wake up early. She has to make breakfast, lunch, and dinner. She has to clean the house every day. She was still doing everything that she was doing before the pandemic, but now she had no time to rest. While the father and the son and I sat through the entire day wondering what to do because the exams were cancelled and so was the pressure of studying or doing office work, my mom was preparing to cook dinner. Apart from all her work, she was trying to keep the house calm. It is true when someone said that the mother's mood decides the mood of the house. She is a funny woman. And her laughter, very infectious. I found opportunities to crack '*filmy*' jokes just to see her smile. Her hard work of cooking something new to break the monotony of *dal-rice* or her enthusiasm to watch the telecast of the Ramayana was something I could have never noticed. She never sat down to rest. It was always something or the other. So, I also took the responsibility of cooking dinner every night. It was a selfish decision because for me it gave me those sixty minutes of spending time with her alone and talking about the most random topics. On some days she gave me valuable lessons. And on other days, we argued over who will wash the dishes later. My days were now not about scrolling through all the existing social media apps but choosing amongst my mother's many chores to make her days easier.

My mother and I had a meet-cute too. When she saw me for the first time she had fallen in love, but I had no memory of that moment when I fell for her. It took me more than twenty years and a global pandemic to experience falling head over heels for her. I still can't find the right moment and words to tell her '*I Love You*' because it feels a little strange to say these words as they are. I prefer gestures, meet-cute-gestures.

Vanshika Pandey

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



Smirti Panchal

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

All I Know

In lockdown
What I see
What others see
What I am
What others are
It doesn't matter anymore
To me
All that I know is
I love my cosy PJs.

Some are happy
Others sad
Some are busy
Others stressed
All that I know is
We are healing
Me and my Mother Earth

Banging *bartan* at 5:00 P.M
Or chanting *go corona go corona*
Was it political?
Or nonsensical?
It doesn't matter anymore.
All that I know is
I was mesmerised.

Oh, I can never forget
The brutish boards,
Every time the dates were announced
My heart was error404 not found
Books under spider web
Added to the horror.

Spent time on Ramayan
And searching for Binod
On 2-day Netflix streaming
Singing
Rasode main kon tha?

But I know
It isn't so easy
For everyone
Mother earth lost its gems
As I spent time with my family.
But we all know
We will miss this time

When we tell about this lockdown
To our grandchildren...

If we survive
This dreaded Lockdown.

Mehak Aggarwal

B.A. Programme, I Year

Misplaced Reality

Trying to store sunlight in a jar, and
Speaking the silence that's been muffled,
Chasing the moon in the middle of a day
And escaping the truth when reverie is juggled;

Lost in a world I never imagined could exist,
I try to make sense out of odds and sods
Only Katzenjammer is in this locale,
Fatuousness is the way to the lords.

Pooja Aggarwal

B.A. Programme, III Year



Kavya Agarwal

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

Diary Entry

16 July, 2020

11:12 pm

Hi Sky,

Lately, my mind has been all over the place. I have a lot of free time on my hands because of the pandemic, and free time means procrastination. I have been wondering about my career. Now that I don't have any exams my brain is getting all worked up thinking about my future. I am having second thoughts about following my dreams. Many questions are popping up in my brain, "What if I don't do well?" "What if I end up disappointing my parents?" "What if I end up ruining my future?" I just can't seem to get out of this endless loop of "what ifs". I am sinking into self-doubt. "Am I really good enough?" This question is not leaving my mind even for a second.

I feel like I have turned into an adult overnight. I want to follow my dreams but if that doesn't work out then what would I do? And even if I pursue them and excel in it, what is the guarantee that I would earn enough? When I was young, I had never once thought about earning money. It was always about my happiness and my passion, but now reality has hit me and it hit me really hard. Now I can't just make rash decisions without thinking how they would impact me in the future.

Does growing old mean to give up on one's dreams? If that's the case, then I don't want to grow old. I am scared to fail, but I am even more scared to not giving a try at all. I don't want to live in regret all my life, constantly thinking about how things would have been 'if' I would have just done what my heart told me to. My passion towards my dreams is what makes me 'me'. Without my passion, I am hollow. So why not just do it? Maybe I would fall hard, but at least I won't regret not trying.

I am going to give it some more thought before I go to bed.

Talk to you tomorrow.

Good night cupcake.

Shrizzle Shukla

B.A (Hons) English, I Year

Another Layer of Wool

It's hard to tell you that I'm trying to weave a sweater of words, a sweater I won't like to wear but keep forever in the top right corner of my almira like thoughts in my head, hidden from this ever so cumbersome world. I am telling you, I won't show you this sweater for it fits me perfectly, unwoven at the corners, wool curling up from the right end, complexities in wools of different colors intertwined, a simplicity that it doesn't leak or display. Anyone who sees me with this sweater won't see me again. If anyone does, he would never see me the same way as before, and that's not the intimacy I want with anyone.

I tell you, "*Zindagi Ek Safar Hai Suhana*" seems like the ultimate truth when I find myself sitting in this pandemic, late at night, pondering over the reunion of two souls, a reunion causing trauma to amplify exponentially.

She was a product of old Bollywood, dance in the rain, long corridors, and kisses on the forehead; he was a product of silences, distant noises, romance in "inexplicit" ways and endless books. Often, I thought, an overthinker needed an excellent communicator. The tragedy is, he wasn't good at expressing himself, and she was a lover of words. The happy part, they still stay and take care of each other's world. But they don't realize it further adds to their agony. There ever deepening chasms. Never did they convulse with laughter together. A truckload of emotions arose in a whirlwind which would be too much for them. They are always at wavelengths which never quite met, and with this sank the little love they shared into an abyss.

"Unfocus your eyes, little one," I tell myself. The truth shan't peep through the veils of your entirety; this world isn't kind. I wish I could bring myself to comprehend the idea that two souls have to stay together just for the sake of responsibilities without respecting their individualities. Getting hurt each day, trying to find happiness in mundane things, and I see them failing at it. They respect each other's world and still take care of each other.

I asked her the other day, "Why don't you dance to old Bollywood music anymore?" She laughed. The silence prevailed and my sweater gained another layer of wool, new wool. And I couldn't ask him any questions; maybe he won't answer, or if he would, I'd have an oversized sweater by the end of our conversation. Every time I see myself in this sweater, I see myself in her soft laughter dripping with pain; I see myself in his silence as his eyes stay glued to the ceiling where he isn't at peace.

So, whenever I think of showing this sweater to someone, I know they'd ask me of the different wools it's made of, and I'm afraid I would stay silent like him or speak too much like her ... or smile like I do for I know not how to react, for I know that they won't understand.

Aditi Singh

B.A. (Hons.) English II Year

Cupboard

The room is mine,
Looked at after a long time.
The sun is on the window
With fragrance of fire,
The beautiful chandelier
And a wall full of frames.
With a little engraved name
Here is my teddy,
He was given by my daddy.
Everything in my cupboard,
Nothing was lost, not even my memory,
But something was,
It was me.
Lockdown found me somewhere,
Maybe, in my life's clutter cupboard.
Now I am with me and a bling.
Oh, are you asking about this?
This is my beautiful earning.

Vishakha Kumari

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

To My Father

When you smile, I live a thousand lives:
Under the shelter of your implicit love
I thrive.
You let me fall so I can learn to stand
On my own.
I understand, for your care thus is
Rarely shown.
You give me roof for when it drops and
Rains,
Your jokes and puns are healers for my
Pains.
Now that we are all locked at home and have
All the time,
Forgetting all the troubles, with you around,
I thank the divine.

How can I express in words what I think of you?
Only does my heart know how much I love you.

Neha Kumari Yadav

B.A. Programme, I Year

Savitri

I saw her today a little while ago; she was lighting *diyas* in her balcony like the rest of us. Draped in a white saree with a thick golden border, holding a *diya* in her bare hands; her beautiful, large, and round fingers cupped around the *diya*. She stood there for a moment and went away in the blink of an eye. Just when my gaze had travelled from her arms towards her face, she was gone. I was disappointed. Gladly none of my family members could sense that except my niece. She read the expression on my face, and now I know she knew the reason too because both I and my niece share our fascination with Savitri.

Savitri is our next-door neighbour. She came here almost a year ago with her little son and husband. In my 45 years of life, I've never seen a woman like her. She is not extraordinarily good-looking, yet there's something in the air around her; some sweet and almost suspicious quality is embedded in her face, which mesmerises my eyes when she's within my reach. And when she is not around, she remains stuck in my head, and I again find myself staring at her beautiful face, immersed in her dark and intoxicating eyes, landing in the realm of eternal beauty to feel the ecstatic bliss a mortal human can't even imagine.

However, Savitri has her fair share of faults too. Take this evening: she is dressed in white, wearing not even a single bangle on the arms. Now, as much as I want her useless husband to die, she still shouldn't have worn that saree. A married woman should never be dressed in all white. But she is Savitri, and this is just one blunder out of many others committed by her.

"Here, Uncle, have this *ladoo*. It will really cheer you up," said my niece. "I don't need this. I am already cheered up. Look, we are all dressed up, lighting *diyas*, sharing sweets and namkeen with our neighbours. It's like we're celebrating Diwali in July. I told you, He can do wonders."

"You and your 'Almighty'! You can't see beyond 'Him', can you uncle?"

"Beta, don't speak ill of Him. He is ..."

"Yeah, I know, who he is ... all is his will ... his will be done! – By the way, Uncle, we oughtn't to celebrate Diwali in July in the midst of a global pandemic. Didn't our Prime Minister ask people to just light a diya? We should be practicing social distancing norms instead of sharing sweets, and here we have some genius minds bursting firecrackers!"

"When united in solidarity, we'll win our battle against this deadly virus, and nothing unites us better than sweets," I said this with feelings brimming to the top of my head.

"Sure. I wish someone could have offered a little solidarity to the millions walking home," replied my niece with annoyance in her tone.

"We are all at the mercy of His will, you know. The best is being done for all. But I know who is filling your head with all this garbage."

"Yes! The same person who is filling your heart with despair, but it's my duty to mind you uncle that she doesn't feel the same way about you at all."

"Janki! All you need to mind is your tongue and your wandering head. Stop visiting that abominable woman. If I see you anywhere near her again, I'll break your legs off." I shouted at Janki and she went away without another word.

Unable to sleep, I'm thinking about what that foolish girl has said. She says that I'm attracted to her, which is not at all true . . . it can't be true. Savitri is a married woman, and a fallen one too. I've never thought about her, even in my wildest dreams. I know she herself is stuffing up Janki's head with all this dirt. It's a trait often found in women like her. Actually, it's her impotent husband's fault who couldn't even clip her filthy wings and allows her to fly around freely, from morning to night, in her run-down beauty parlour.

Such a disgrace that man is and Savitri doesn't respect him one bit, she dresses up as if he is no longer alive. It's a scheme she has invented to entice other men, shameless wretched woman!

I always knew that this woman's influence on Janki would be disastrous. What happened today is a testimony to that fear of mine, and I'll have to make amends before anything unprecedented happens – I'll have to tie the knot before the strings let loose and the situation gets out of hand. For what feels like an eternity, I lie still, my mind wandering, my imagination peeping in the neighbour's window, trying to catch a glimpse of her...

"Uncle! Uncle, please open the door," yelled Janki, her voice full of fear and exasperation.

"Don't scream, girl! It's half-past two, go to your bed and doze off." I retorted.

"Uncle, please open the door," she cried.

I got off my bed, sluggishly. I didn't want Janki to read the look on my face once more.

"Uncle, please open the door for god's sake," Janki yelled again.

"What are you doing here so late at night, Janki?" I asked her.

"Uncle, can't you hear anything?"

Well, now I can. Who the devil is screaming?

"Savitri's husband is beating her. No one is helping her out. People are standing in their balconies listening, and they're standing like dead bodies not ready to help. That man has gone mad. Savitri is screaming like a mad dog. He'll kill her uncle!" I rang their doorbell; the pig is not opening the door.

"Uncle, please call the cops, please.... Please break their door and let us barge in. Please uncle, please, let's save that poor woman, please no one is helping her, that bastard will kill her, please... uncle please listen to me, please call the police..."

As Janki is speaking, the noise from Savitri's house is growing more intense. It's for the first time I've heard her voice, agonized with pain, begging for help, cursing. Her face is in my head again, in its wholesomeness. It's the face that remains stuck with me all the time, that face which reminds me of places unvisited, things unseen.

Janki is now at my feet, pleading with me to take some action, her voice choking with tears.

A very weird sensation is produced in my gut, my limbs are numb, my tongue tastes like iron, my throat is dry and a saddening satisfaction is running down my spine.

"We'll not call the police Janki. We should not indulge with the police," I said this with insurmountable firmness in my voice, but Janki didn't give up. She kept pleading.

I gestured towards Janki's mother to take her away from my feet and said, "Everyone, go to your beds. It's already very late; we have to get up early tomorrow to make preparations for worshipping Shakti. Tomorrow is the first Navratri."

Kashish Narwal

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

Ceiling Fan

I was locked in a house
I had my room
My world looked small
In the glass of ceiling fan.
I knew this,
As I did nothing but lie,
Lie with my own warmth.

Solitude existed
Between the fan and me.
To hide, I chased darkness.
I used to go upstairs at night.
I saw stars and a blurred moon
I saw them, but with my own eyes.

I had no one to think about
Just a fan
And a newspaper full of domestic violence.

Under the glass of the fan
I read that news
Which made me sick.

That glass and newspaper
Made me realize
That it was a blessing
To use fan for a looking-glass
Rather than using it to hang during lockdown.

Jaishree Rathore

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



Saboor Rizvi

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

Birds

In an eclipse when the sun slowly slips behind the dark shadow, all the birds fly away to their nests thinking it's the end of the day. In their nests, the streets eerily empty. The shoe rack beside the front door has acquired a colourful array of masks and a big spray-bottle of a chemical blue liquid. The blue of it has bled into their days.

Swar-na and Prer-na, like most middle-class siblings had names that rhymed as though being forced into a synchrony. They never did produce a harmony—Swarna was dark and tall and Prerna was fair, the much approved kind of fair. But with sharing a flat for almost a year they had learned to systematically tip-toe around each other's quirks. Whenever they fought, one of them just abandoned the conversation and went out. Easy.

"It's your turn to get milk," said Prerna, smoothing away the creases on the bed sheet for the umpteenth time. She was five years younger than Swarna and had first lived at home, then at this flat. She was ill-equipped in the art of 'adjust *karlo*'. Swarna had encountered one too many a hostel. Prerna didn't like sharing her towel, preferred to have her own comb and bar, hated to lend clothes to anyone—you know, all the invisible privileges that get thrown out of the window when you have to live in a small room with two extremely intrusive strangers at a barely functioning hostel.

"Yeah, yeah, I am going. But I need a shirt, can't be bothered with a bra. Yours is out, so I am going to take that," said Swarna.

"Fine. Just don't topple my stack of clothes, you *always* do that!"

"God. Chill, I won't," said Swarna letting out a frustrated sigh.

Her walk to the Mother Dairy usually had a cacophony of noises: people haggling with the rickshawala for 10 bucks, the loud street-vendors and the louder car horns. But now, it was as though someone had turned down the volume with their remote. Everything was muted. She came back with the milk and to be safe changed her clothes, hanging the ones she wore outside on the bathroom pegs. You can't be careful enough.

She and Prerna had the same parents and the same home, but they had very different childhoods. Swarna as the first child was the one who had to have the most beautiful handwriting, had to have a co-curricular activity she excels in, had to have a sport she played well. She was dragged screaming and crying to have things she never wanted. Things that could, things that should allow her to escape that struggle, the struggle she knew – even as a child she did – her parents went through at the end of the month. Prerna came later. By then, the dragging had reduced, and so had the frowns looking at prize tags.

"Where did you put my shirt?" asked Prerna as soon as Swarna entered their room.

"Calm down, *yaar*. On the bathroom peg."

Prerna clenched her teeth. "Okay," she said.

Home for them had meant knowing that there was a pattern to everything, and if something moved even an inch Ma would notice. She used to say — "Put it *exactly* where you took it from." The bottles of ketchup and vinegar had to be kept on either side of the condiment shaker. They had to be. There can be no creases on the sofa cover. Clothes had to be folded in neat stacks and in a particular way. This search for pattern, for tidiness in everything and that last bit of dust bothering you to no end had slowly, unknowingly crept into their life so that the stacks of clothes were still neat, the bottles still arranged by their height, and every Saturday was still spent dusting all the surfaces.

Swarna used to toss and turn all night long in her hostel room. The floor next to her bed covered in heaps of unsorted, unmatched, and sometimes, even unidentifiable objects. She had to make her peace with friends eating on her bed and leaving behind red-yellow stains. The falling apart of the pattern made her realise her dependence upon it. Prerna still hadn't. She got up to take a bath telling herself that that is why she was going to the bathroom and not to look for her shirt. She went in and saw it.

Lying on the floor. The wet, mould-blackened floor.

It had been Swarna's turn to clean the bathroom floor. It was Swarna's responsibility to carefully put away the shirt she borrowed. That Swarna who was better, more considerate, more responsible. That Swarna whose example had plagued her throughout childhood. Baba used to say, "Whatever Prerna touches is found in crutches." But Swarna, the older, the mature Swarna had kept *all* her toys intact, *all* her clothes without tear and was *always* responsible. Swarna was so many things she was not. Today as the shirt sat soaked and slimy on the bathroom floor, she knew that Swarna had broken the pattern; she had disturbed the balance of tidiness. She was at fault.

Lately, Prerna had noticed the disarray on Swarna's desk, the messy piles of clothes in her cupboard, her shoes sitting in the middle of the floor instead of its place on the rack. She had seen and remembered "whatever Prerna touches is found in crutches". Who deserved that now?

"What is this Swarna?" She heard herself sound just like Ma.

"What?"

"Come here. See for yourself."

Swarna walked over to the bathroom and took a look at the shirt lying on the dirty floor. "Oops. I'll clean it today, for sure."

"So you said ... three days ago."

"Yeah. So I'll do it *na*. Chill."

"Stop asking me to chill all the time like I am acting crazy. I am not! This was your share of the work. You didn't do it! You are at fault! So don't tell me to chill."

"Fine, then! Let's argue about a shirt, *that* doesn't sound crazy. At all."

"Wow. You didn't clean the bathroom floor. You took my shirt and now because of you I'll have to wash it. And still you get to be annoyed. Just wow."

"Oh come on, I'll wash your damn shirt. It's no big deal."

"It *is* a big deal."

Prerna wanted to get away. Get away from this argument. Get away from Swarna. But there was no getting away. There was no exit. They were hemmed-in within the walls of their apartment. It had been this way for far too long. It was hard to wake up with the taste of resentment in your mouth and hard to have the same argument in parts because there was no exit.

Swarna stood there thinking how much Prerna was just like Ma, for one thing she was fair like her. But she also scrunched her face and raised a disapproving eyebrow, like her. Swarna had barely escaped that stranglehold, and she wouldn't let Prerna drag her back to it. She will not go back.

They have been grating and scraping against each other. The scratches growing longer each day. The spats and the taunts, the grinding of teeth. But in an eclipse when the sun slowly slips behind the dark shadow, all the birds have to stay in their nests because it might be the end of day.

Antara Dutt

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

Summer's Here!

Leave me under the shade
And I'd still play
Gaze the nature till sun sets its shade
Dwindling across
Picked periwinkle along
Oh, please let me feel
The touch of sunbeam
Peeping through green
Meeting my eye
I feel so serene!
The wind blows by
And bees buzz free
No thunder's near
The Summer's here!

Ayushi Srivastava

B.Com Programme, III Year



Kalpana Roy

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

Lockup

Adjusting her veil to stop the smoke from entering her red eyes, she kept on blowing air in the hearth, so that the wood that she picked up from the forest nearby will bless her by burning its existence in the form of fire. It felt as if she was begging, "Oh *Agni* Goddess, come and burn this nasty wood." But her prayers went in vain and the whole *rasoi* was filled with black fumes in no time. Her throat choked. She was so absorbed in cooking that she forgot that the baby in the crib had started crying again and that her elder child too had been crying for something to fill her stomach. Then a loud cry proclaimed, "Ramchandar's wife, have you lost your senses? What will you take to feed your baby so that she gives us some peace of mind? This is the least you can give us if your barren womb can't bear us a *kuldeepak!*"

She left the cooking and went to feed her baby at once because if she did not obey her mother-in-law's orders, she will have to receive a good number of abuses and then some hard slaps too if there was any further delay. While fetching water from the well she heard other women talking about the nation-wide lockdown but she was clueless of what that meant. Someone told her that no one is allowed to go out of their house until there is an emergency. "How does that make any difference to us?" she asked the woman. "We are made to stay at homes only, aren't we? It has always been a lockdown for us, isn't it?" she added, chuckling. The other woman nodded. Both of them giggled and followed their way home. Her husband, Ramchandar along with his elder brothers, worked at a factory in Surat. Their jobs became prey to the pandemic yet she was fortunate enough to get a basic phone from her loving husband that same month.

That day, she got a call saying they would be returning home and her happiness knew no bounds. She was the third youngest daughter in law of late Ghanshyam, a petty farmer who had left only unpaid debts as property and their duty to repay their father's debt sent his three good sons to Surat. Don't misunderstand, Ghanshyam had two daughters as well but good daughters neither inherit father's property nor are they obliged to repay loans.

Ramchandar's wife had to cook meal for the whole family as she was a good daughter-in-law who didn't let her in-laws work. She would do the cleaning, washing, cooking, parenting all by herself as taught by her mother and she did it wholeheartedly because it was the sole objective of a woman's life i.e. to keep her family happy. The men finally reached a month later covering a walking journey of thousands of kilometres. They could bring nothing this year except sore feet and a heap of responsibilities. Still, she was very happy. She had plastered the floor with cow dung, dreaming of her husband, whom she hadn't seen for years now.

They came and within a few days both their savings and happiness got exhausted. There was no money to make their ends meet. The male members were stressed as there was no source of income. One day, Ramchandar's wife was not able to pacify her younger daughter who was crying out of hunger and so Ramchandar beat her heavily. Next day he heard that there were some people in the village who managed to bring a carton full of the most miraculous liquid that wipes away every sorrow; it was liquor. From then on, he regularly punched and assaulted his wife for money. Running out of money he snatched her gold bangles which she had received as a present from her deceased mother.

"God bless the kind soul!" Ramchandar had thanked not his wife but God, as he was finally going to taste the *amrit* of life after a painfully long time since the lockdown was imposed. This had become a daily routine for Ramchandar: every day, he would beat his wife finding an outlet to his anger and financial stress. His wife had accepted his behavior in the name of destiny as nobody spoke for her. Her bruises and wounds were enough to speak of her unheard screams in the lockdown.

Eight months into the lockdown she felt the atmosphere cooling down. Winter was coming. However, she still felt suffocated in her sweltering kitchen. The lockdown had been relaxed in the town. Ramchandar told his wife to prepare a good meal for the afternoon. He had found a match for his older daughter and the family would visit them anytime. He had even invited his relatives to partake in the decision.

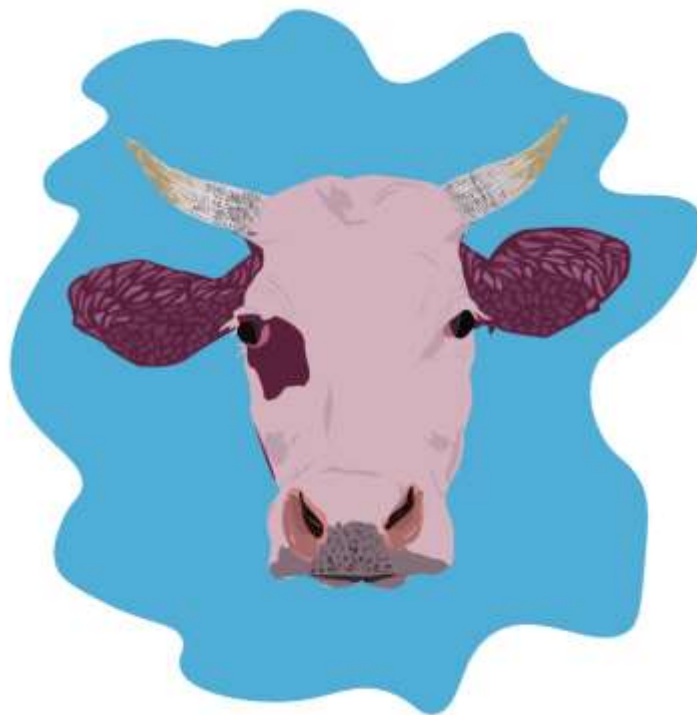
Ramchandar's wife took her tired body to the kitchen and prepared the whole meal. Her daughter served it to the guests. As she was sitting in the smoke-filled kitchen; she felt the sweat sliding inside her blouse on her back. It created a sizzling sensation and she shuddered.

As Ramchandar sat with his most respected uncle, who was bargaining with the groom about the dowry, he heard a loud scream. Every one stopped speaking but no one moved. Another moment passed and Ramchandar's wife came out, stripped to the waist. Looking at her the mother-in-law shrieked in disgust "*Haaye Ram!*" Ramchandar's red eyes were flaring with disbelief.

"My back burnt for a long time so I looked at my back in the mirror for the first time and I must show you all what I saw." She turned over and everyone gasped as her dark back gleamed with the blistering wounds and bruises. They stared at the horror yet nobody made a sound.

Diksha Singh

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



Smirti Panchal

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

The Calamitous Night

If you have to choose between being safe in a pandemic and taking shelter from a cyclone, what would you choose? This was the situation that day. It was nearly two months into lockdown. Everyone was already disturbed by it, and on top of that the news of a strong cyclone arriving was spine-chilling. This cyclone was named 'Amphan'.

I was in my hometown in Kolkata, in a small village called Naigachi. Though most of the houses are well-built and strong, there are some houses which are tin-roofed and weak. The news of the strong cyclone forming in the Bay of Bengal started coming in from 18th May. This was the first time I was about to experience a cyclone, and I was really worried.

When I asked my father, "Papa, do you think this cyclone will affect our area too?" "Cyclones generally create most destruction in coastal areas, our area won't get much affected since we are far from the coast," he replied.

His words were a relief for me but this belief turned out to be a big mistake for many others. Government shifted people from their weakly built houses to school and college buildings. Many people cooperated but a few didn't leave their homes.

On 20th May, it started raining in the morning. It wasn't raining much in our area, so I thought my father was right. In the afternoon, the electric supply was cut and there were no signs of it being restored anytime soon. By the evening, the velocity of rain and storm increased steadily, and with the same velocity increased our fears.

Maintaining physical distance with the fear of a cyclone hovering overhead was difficult. When a reporter asked a woman staying in one of those buildings used for shelter about their current situation she replied, "We were asked to keep a distance because of corona. Now this Amphan has come and we are all in one place as we huddle together to seek shelter. Now, do we save ourselves from Amphan or take precautions to be safe from corona?"

Late in the evening, I was sitting in the hall. Most of my family members were also there. Suddenly, the storm became very strong and, in a few seconds, our main door fell off the hinges. My father, brother, and uncle were trying to fix it temporarily to stop the rain from coming inside when we heard a woman shouting. It was the lady from our neighborhood running towards our house with her two little daughters. She was one amongst the people who didn't leave their homes even after the warning. She told us how the tin roof of her house has been blown away by the storm and requested us to give her shelter. Without a second thought, we took them in.

We were all sitting there and watching the storm become more furious when suddenly three trees fell at once in our yard. That was the moment when I realized that my father was wrong. It was around 9 when we all decided to sleep for some time, but the continuous noise of the storm and the trees falling was so scary that we couldn't. After some time, I could hear people crying along with the sound of the storm. At first, I thought I was imagining it, but then I tried listening with more attention - I was very sure that something bad had happened to someone. Since my room was the nearest to the road, it was just me who could hear that sound, and I got out of my room and woke everybody up. My father and uncle went to see what had happened. It wasn't raining then, but the storm was still on. This was the scariest moment for us who were waiting for some news to come.

All of us imagined all the possible bad things that could have happened. After a few minutes, my father returned and informed us that a big tree has fallen on the cattle-shed of our neighbors, so he told them to shift their cows to our cattle-shed. My uncle was still there helping them bring in their cows, who were bleeding and badly hurt. One of the cows had lost its horns. Fortunately, the calves were fine. They tried providing them as much first aid as possible in that situation. Meanwhile, the storm had also quietened a bit. After the cows got settled, we all went to sleep again.

The next morning was very silent. No rain, no storm. But when we went outside, the scene was disastrous. The roads were filled with broken branches of trees. Most of the trees in our area had been taken apart, had fallen. Electric poles were on the ground and wires were entangled. Thankfully, we faced little damage, but sadly we witnessed the damage caused to others. Thousands of people who were already struggling financially because of the lockdown were now in a much worse situation. Then for fifteen days the powercut continued, roads were blocked due to fallen trees and the repair work was going very slow because of covid.

This was the first time I witnessed a natural calamity so closely and realized what the fear of death felt like. The cries of people who lost their loved ones, their houses, their livelihoods were so painful that I can still hear them on quiet nights, on calamitous nights.

Payal Ghosh

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



Smirti Panchal

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

Her

Seal my sunburn, find my phantoms,
Close my courthouse, here are my hoaxes.
Zeal to feel at acme now,
Then it's gone in deeper grounds
Singing stolen elegies to get you out.

Build a new tank to home a fish till she drowns, drowns,
Resurrects once,
Just to pin her neck down, down
In my fortress swims a lone whale,
Sings till midnight, but you won't hear.

"Watch the step that leads you home,
I think it's time to turn around."
I'm halfway there so you can keep your whereabouts.

Just a figment of your belief,
She's too delicate for defeat.
Grab her throat even if it's yours,
She won't stand a chance to grieve or to breathe.

Build a new tank
To home a fish till she drowns, drowns,
Resurrects once.
Just to pin her neck down, down
She's all of you now,
All your rut, muse and crown, crown
In magical pools, see her cheering you loud, loud.

What if she forgets how to breathe?

If it stops to reverse and to heal?
I'm all of my heroes and
Means tied together
With golden strings through our feet.

Simran Bhatia

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



Aditi Singh

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

The Poison Pure

Her innocent eyes watched
Two bodies joined to one soul,
Impeccably.
She turns to her mother,
"Maa, who are they? What are they doing?"
Maa simplifies how they're tying up
For the rest of their lives and points to the groom.
"Maa, who's my groom?"
Bewildered, Maa hands over a beautiful idol of Krishna –
"Here, he is."
And that's how a 4-year-old lost her heart forever to Lord Krishna.

As is often said: Love ain't easy.
Her ardour and fondness for Krishna
Did put her in knotty times.
For her, it was her sheer admiration,
But to the world it was a fatal deal.

She was gobbling that poison of love
That meant more than any elixir to her.
People called her affection gullibility,
and her delusional.
But her heart was well pleased
With imbibing that bane;
It might be toxic to the world,
But it was the only thing she had ever had.

Slowly and steadily, drop by drop,
She swallowed that venomous amour
Till a day came when she had to gulp it down her throat.

The world was sure
She could do it not,
But she took the bowl
And the poison devoured;
Mira won, the world lost.
For it had thought,
That Mira's love,
For Krishna it was,
Had never been pure.

Pooja Aggarwal

B.A Programme, III Year

Quiet Heavy Steps

The Grandmother

It's been two months since the new family arrived and they are already driving me insane. They really don't know how to behave. The kids would stomp up the staircase with their muddy sandals even though they are tenants on the upper ground floor and have no business whatsoever going on the terrace. Again, I hear the tramps and murmurs. My grandson is sleeping, so quietly leaving my room I rush out to catch them. But again, they have already reached the upper floor. I've decided these slugs, sloshing up and down, should be taught a lesson this time.

You see, the family is really getting on my nerves. Last night the parents and now the kids; even now recalling the mother's savage screams turns my stomach. I could've barged in and taught them a lesson, but the main gate was shut from outside - my son and his wife had gone to buy groceries. I could already imagine the neighbors sniggering at my helplessness, so I didn't go to the balcony either. But now that I think of it, the neighbors wouldn't have come even if I did call. This apartment building houses a bunch of footslogging automatons who never wander off from the circular route of stairs to their apartment. Sitting with my grandson, I had to listen to their violent bickering for almost an hour, so much so that I got a migraine this morning.

Now I hear the kids burbling somewhere.

"So, how do you feel?" I hear Aarush saying on the stairs above as I approached the front door.

"Just like any other day," Neeva replied.

"Well, I just feel a bit sad."

"As if it's the first time we're moving out. It will be ok."

"True," says Aarush somewhere up on the tall staircase.

So that's the deal: They want to be a step ahead. All they needed was a good scolding and guidance. Anyway, it's probably for the better. But at the same time, I sensed something drop inside my gut, the same feeling as when you have prepared an elaborate dinner for your distant relatives and they fail to come; a strange mix of relief and regret. Now I must know the whole story. Despite my terrible migraine, I walked over to their apartment to talk to their mother.

The Mother

The children had gone upstairs and the room had a frightening silence. The kind that dares you, questions you, reminds you of the things you should be doing. I looked around the room, the scattered wounds of peeling paint all around the walls seemed as if they were telling stories that I couldn't be read. I peered at the top and saw a little spider in her dainty yet elaborate web shining in one of the crannies of the room. It reminded me of the day I had spent cleaning the whole house. It had been just a week since we arrived and I was trying to get rid of any trails of all kinds of insects. It wasn't as hard because it is a small house and the ceiling was low so I could reach the ceiling if I leaned. I realized that I had failed. She hadn't changed her place. She was sitting there at the same spot then as she is now retreating further into the darkness as I was shoving my new broom to kill her. I saw her glaring at me.

Almost stumbling I moved to the other room. What a mess! I started taking off all the posters and photos from the walls and found the ugly wounds there too, neatly hidden right behind them. There was a photo of Neeva showing her teeth and chipmunk cheeks. It was before she became so temperamental and moody all the time.

Finally, stripping the house, I peeped through the window. The street was silent too but the leafy tendrils in the neighbor's balcony were fresh as ever. It soothed my mind a little. I filled myself up with the silent breeze coming from outside and released it back to my room. Another moment passed by and the bell rang and then a shout,

"Sunita, are you home?"

It's Mihir's grandmother, the only one in this building who visits our home and prefers to give a shout than ringing the bell.

I opened the door, "*Namaste* Aunty," I said, inviting her in.

At first, she grimly looked into my puffy eyes, as if searching for something, but then manages to construct a tight-lipped smile on her rigid face and walked in. And I quickly went over to the kitchen to wash a glass and brim it with cool *sharbat*. As I entered the room with the glass, I saw her surveying the dirt on the fans and sores on the walls. Just then, I notice that our home had a distinct smell that was not comforting at all. I could see the grandmother being repulsed by it.

"We're leaving this house." I blurted out.

"Really, why?" she inquired.

"It is because we aren't able to afford the rent anymore. My work has reduced, you know."

"That is so sad, Sunita!" she said as I nodded to tell her to take the glass. Then as she took a sip, I blurted out

"The truth is that I'm glad we're leaving this home because this was never my home."

"That is not true Sunita," she replied putting her hand over my knee, "See, I know you. You were a good respectable woman when you came here and now you are letting the world change you. In fact, I think it might have to do with your daughter." I tried to speak up but she goes on, "Don't get me wrong, Sunita, she is a young girl, all right, but something about her face, her vacant eyes, and the curvature of her lips reminds me of all the sadness in the world. Let alone her shabby shorts and hair. And I believe you are all to blame. Sunita, you let your girl stray alone while you took up your career."

How do I explain to her what Neeva told me? That it's not my absence but everybody's presence that still haunts her. I decided to keep quiet, and she went on.

"Home is what you make it, Sunita. I know it gets hard when you are young but trust me, you should make up with your husband and everything will fall in place for you. Look at me; I remember all the phases of the trips and vacations, the visits to my mother's place and my children growing. Now I have a son I'm proud of, and I know that my family is proud of me, too - for the house that I have maintained..." she abruptly stops, smiling sadly and falls silent.

I was speechless. I felt like a mere child in the face of an older, more tormented self. I see the grief-packed wrinkles at the corner of her eyes. "How old are you?" I wanted to ask: "How long have you been in pain?"

And yet she says, “Sunita, I must go now. Mihir must be awake,” and walked towards the front door with her heavy head drooping down like a rooted banyan tree, giving me a final advice to plan and to look out for the future.

I shut the door and looked around the wretched house. I wondered what the kids are doing over there. I wondered where the father was.

Mansi Sabharwal

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



Aditi Singh

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

Unwelcomed Visitor

Waking up to a dusky winter noon, sleepy, caffeinated, and exhausted, life was wilfully slothful. Happy or sad I do not know, for that debate had been prohibited by me a long time ago, for never could I convince myself the worth to deserve the both. Yes, not even sadness. Tranquillity found me only when I stopped paying visits down the memory lane. Guilt was my enemy. There is no need to describe how strong he is- he is strong and I couldn't stand against him, for he made me feel that my very existence was a sin. The only way I could stop him was by not giving him a chance to show up in my lousy head. Enter Covid-19. I packed my bags and flew back home, a place from where I loathed to get out of, turned out to be my happy place and life couldn't get any lively.

The things I got to do because of the unwelcomed visitor were countless. Evenings with my mom and my sister, laughing our heart out for silly nonsense, to the point where our cheeks hurt. I made memories I never thought I would. My cruel heart even went to the extent of thanking Covid for the happiness I secured. A year passed away unknown and unknown he caught me. Maybe, it was the fatigue from laughter that made everything idle. We still laughed but it was to cure the fatigue of the mind. Everything turned mundane. Time travel hasn't been invented yet. Maybe, in a parallel world but not in ours.

Yet, sitting by the window in my dark room, looking out at a day so wet and cool, drops so familiar falling down home from metal-coloured skies, breathing an earthly scent so fragile yet subtle, he comes to take me back in time. Going back to that dead day, I saw the present. The cloud of the dead day was also metal; the smell of the dead day was also subtle and fresh. One moment I was in my home near the window and in another I was in a bus.

I know the day was dead because I had been there before but everything around was alive and similar. He makes me relive it, he torments me with visions I couldn't alter- and then, tears of fault soak my lashes with salt. The uninvited visitor doesn't go away without leaving me in despair. I don't ignore him like I used to. Now, at night when my bones shiver with a mind stuck in the past, I sit down and scribble poems to express the inexpressible. One would find incomplete, scribbled and hasty verses, comprehensible to anyone but me in torn sheets in between my *paradise lost*. Incomprehensible as they are, the writing shuts him up. The confrontation makes him run away far. Maybe, the guilt feels guilty for rending my heartstrings. Yes, the pandemic was hard, but it showed me the antidote to my guilt. For me, it was poetry.

Sheha Babu

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



Saboor Rizvi

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

She Exists

Dark, Dark, Dark,
Hark, Hark, Hark,
Her heart wished to speak,
Her being twitched, her soul ditched;
Who is she pondering about?
Her skin inauspicious too contains a heart
Pure as a flaming red diamond,
Un-sensed of her own self.

Her eyes shuttered,
A crimson glint
Penetrated the darkness
Dissolving into the mind,
Sublime tinted with the red hue of sunrise.
The flaring ruby light submerging
In the ocean of transcendence,
Diving deep infinite into her life
The day she was born –
"Kaali" the birth chamber echoed.
Where life sprung from heavens,
Her birth stamped "Kaali" –
Identity dammed to her attire dark.
Eclipsed as she was born,
What place does she hold?
With her every breath, she inhales
The pity of society.

She grew up a moron by social norms,

Who tried to delve deep into her psyche.
Her mercury retrograde,
Said her mind is slow;
Why not usher in
A new way of understanding?
Her embellishing eyes had hopes and fires,
But were curtained with murky dejection
And extinguished desires.
Why was it so? Her life a curse,
Legómeno Eudaimonia's constructs,
Consuming her incessantly;
Her relish, candidness,
A blemish on beautopian society.

What about her ugly charms?
What about her voice unarmed?
Who saw the longingness she wears?
In which sphere did she exist?
O sorry!! Which self am I talking about?
Her self had been persistently muted
To let others dictate
What to think and who she is.
She was sent away from her domicile,
Just like an exile, unaware
What was she supposed to do in some other town.
There she treads unaware, unwanted, unanswered.
What was she supposed to do with pondering?

Days passed, weeks elapsed, years went by,
She delved deep in inertia indeed.
One night reversed the tide of her introspection,
Contemplating on herself from other eyes she ceased,
A new upsurge emerged,
The moonlight came with news of a sudden invasion –
Of a microbe that thrived on lives.
Virus anglicized SARS-COV-2,
A pandemic to life, a life to her demise.

They were all consumed by the great humanity.
One heroized universal love,
Consumed them ruthlessly.
Assimilating all, utility they offered,
And then excreting them out as unwanted slums,
She, they, the bountiful nature, serving migrants,
And the disabled, and – to put it plainly – all muted vulnerables.
She felt the insensibility of the world,
It pierced her heart to see the apathy
Of them on whose pity
Life in her throbbed.
A beacon of life shone,
Her coming back was a sign –
A ray of hope.

She took a step, an independent step,
Her responsible step to her fireside.
Her lockdown story,
A story of rising
From death like a phoenix
She rose.

Her journey to home ignited life within.
What she learnt from it
Was what she saw,
Only one thing –

Living for oneself, fighting for oneself,
Thriving for oneself, responsible for oneself
No one came either for her
Or for the rescue of the jobless migrants;
She and they stood for themselves.
No one came;
Neither for her,
Nor for nature's redemption,
She and Her both rescued themselves.
As mutation were occurring
In the virus and her mind,
The sudden invasion
A subtle form unfolded;
In her psyche she found
Gestures of her divinity,
Eyes open, consciousness gained,
Light dawned, delusion vanished,
She knew who she was.
Yes, she apprehends, she exists,
Better than they could ever think.

Neha Singh

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

Nocturnal

Tomorrow I've got to meet the world, so I lie in the dark
In my cold bed, straining my eyes shut
From the sights of ghastly streetlights that the evenings deliver to my nights.
Ink dripping from the sky, trickling on my eyelids
Makes clamouring waves of blue, brown and red
And the faces that I miss make frantic gasps in the flow.
Drifting my feet like a tired acrobat
I strangle the shadows while they whisper things to me.

Seize the day! The advice shown on TV
Crosses my mind, as I watched it
Drown in dim despondency.

I hear the murmurs of sparrows and crows, squeaking in perfect symphony
I chime in (as I always do)
Stop! The tone is too blue.
The ink has been washed away by the movement of the sun.
My tired, frozen feet are pretending to be warm.

And my head, a wilted wildflower,
Tries to leave my bed – that isn't foreign, but feels so –
Tilts to seep the lazy light of the hazy winter gloom.
Isn't it the day I was supposed to bloom?

Another day ruined my hopes of tomorrow lost.
Yesterday is gone and the painted sky
Has fiery colours tossed.

But then I reach the balcony, the whispers are no longer there
Whistles and shouts and paws of fog are all I feel and hear.
I realise that the sky isn't perfect, nor this day destined to be
But the darkness has finally led me to a sky with brighter blues to see.

Mansi Sabharwal

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



Smirti Panchal

B.A. (Hons.) Journalism, 1 Year

Of Monsters and Men

I couldn't find her on the windows of the train,
I looked on the puddle beyond, but all in vain.
The mirrors right above had lost her sight,
Her shadows? They simply blended in light.
I couldn't find myself in that ride from home,
Or maybe I was always lost, somebody I had never known.

Self-reflection and solitude go hand in hand. The outbreak of Covid-19 and the consequent lockdown was perhaps the most transforming episode of my life. A few weeks into isolation and I could feel the monsters within me feeding on the hopeless desolation outside. The thing is, I believe in the concept of monstrosity as an aspect of our human brains, a coping mechanism created by our own disarrayed selves. Monstrosity, then, is our mind's device of survival, and it took me an entire pandemic to acknowledge, reflect upon and accept its inevitable presence.

As claimed by Montaigne everything is according to nature. Just because something exists and is unique doesn't mean it's abnormal- it's our normal (to be precise, it's your normal). We cannot get rid of this deformity, the unusual and the unwanted, unless we confront it. Label them what you may- problems, follies or madness, the inevitable presence of monsters is just another part of the deal. Everyone has their own set of insecurities and self-doubts, and the mundanity of quarantine made mine more prominent than ever. This unexpected break from the normal life then somehow served as a long awaited and much needed suspension; it made me question, challenge and improve for the better.

Having said that, coronavirus was, and is, by all means an unrivalled dystopian horror. A change of circumstances would have been more than welcome for this current shift in my thinking and mindset! Living amidst the agonizing pandemic with this relentless battle with the self, 'normalcy' finally seems to be reiterating itself with me attempting to nurse my share of bruises and scars. I hope it does the same for you;

*"There is no sweeter innocence than our gentle sin
in the madness and soil of that earthly scene
only then I am human,
only then I am clean." ~ Hozier*

Sakshi Tewari

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

Enemy

Collateral of dreaming up
Is warranted for holding hope,
Sporadic bounce from stepping up
While laying out to be stepped on.

They had you
When they baited you with the top ten fame.
Switched colours,
And they showed you world's twisted ways,
Wealth earned as one decks up their grief
For what's gone and who they'd have been.

And our enemy's one,
Cursed from the start.
Classified black and white,
Polarised,
And then it laughed
And gave us 'what's good' –
Losing is the way forward,
'Get your dream then pay for it'.

This morphine knows it all,
Chooses what I like and what I won't;
The retail cures it all,
Never failed to burden you with bills you didn't need.
I bet our wars must be fun
To watch from your golden gates.

And our enemy's one,
Cursed from the start.
Classified black and white,
Polarised,
And then it laughed
And gave us 'what's good' –
Losing is the way forward,
'Get your dream then pay for it'.

And our enemy's loved,
Cash reploughed,
Planning for civility
It set us up for tyranny
And made us pick you.
Less worse is the better choice,
With insidious moves and stolen lies.

Sedated clones best believe in sacrifices for the throne;
Pandora knew, yet she caved into temptation like we do.
And I know that I can't point the gun at you
For we both share the blame

Of settling our course with the ways of the world
And never calling out the deranged.
Just blind your sight and dare to be at peace
With what you hate, to be at places forging wars,
While they pretend they don't see.

And our enemy's one,
Cursed from the start.
Classified black and white,
Polarised,
And then it laughed
And gave us 'what's good' –
Losing is the way forward,
'Get your dream then pay for it'.

And our enemy's loved,
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Planning for civility
It set us up for tyranny
and made us pick you.
Less worse is the better choice,
With insidious moves and stolen lies.

Simran Bhatia

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

Television

I think it was a couple of months after I came back home that it really hit me. Even though people around me kept telling me about this rapidly spreading disease, it all seemed too distant. It was happening around me, and yet it was too surreal for me to truly understand. It's like when you hear about some natural disaster in some random place. You are customarily concerned but there is no way to actually grasp the terrifying realness of the situation.

Dad had been going to office as usual and mom would yell at me for my unhealthy schedule and my constantly dark room. There was, of course, the news and the lockdown, and yet everything in my immediate surrounding was so normal that the havoc outside seemed too bizarre to dwell upon. There were some immediate changes, some things I had to adapt to but nothing much that bothered me. I was used to being by myself in my room filling my head with pleasant music through my headphones. That was all that I had planned on doing when I decided to visit.

We all had our own spaces in the house. Mine was my room where I would be holed up all day. Dad's was the drawing room where he would sit and relax and watch television after coming from office. He made the evenings quite noisy (something that I didn't particularly like since the noise would travel all the way to my room). For mom and my sister, it wasn't anything so specific. They would usually be together and would often try to force dad and me into chatting with them. That's how things usually were when one day Dad came down with a fever and suddenly his and my chosen reclusiveness became mandatory.

Dad could no longer leave the drawing room. He would stay there all by himself day and night. We were in the same house but I didn't see him for a whole week. It wasn't him being stuck in a room that bothered me so much. It was the fact that everybody was as scared to go over to him as they were of staying away. Secluding him even as a mere precaution meant believing that he was, in fact, a risk. The conclusion of that belief was something that no one wanted to admit.

That's how abruptly all that bizarreness became real. None of us talked much that week. We didn't even eat together. Everybody would just stay in their own rooms by themselves. We would come out occasionally to go to the kitchen and if we had to talk to each other, we would make a call to each other even when staying right next door.

The couple of times I passed by Dad's room that week, I never saw him watch the television or look at his phone. Both times he was just lying on the bed looking at the window. The only other thing he did was read a book I had given him. Usually, he would read books with the news playing in the background but that week it was quiet. The whole house was much quieter that week. After a week, his fever came down and the results came back to be negative. After that, other than my mom forcing everyone to drink hot water and *Kaada*, everything else went back to being normal. The drawing room was again noisy in the evening and I was back to forcing my sister out of my room. Although every now and then I'd let her stick around to watch a movie, it got frustrating soon enough and I banned her completely. Even though the noisy drawing room still bothered me, I didn't feel like complaining anymore. I guess the noise wasn't as bothersome (as the silence) anymore.

Rama Singh

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



Aryanshi Naglaksh

B.Sc. (Hons.) Computer Science

A Lockdown Call

I kept chanting I'm vulnerable,
Unsure if the frozen words and
Feeble voice, split by winter breeze,
Reached the other side.

I kept chanting I'm vulnerable.
"It's okay", I heard from the other side
Muffled in a tone of suspended feelings,
If they ever were to be acknowledged.

A warmth that doesn't belong to me
Borrowed for a lonesome night,
Surpassing miles and network towers
Through my cell phone; a peck of affection.

With every breath of uneasiness
I heard words of assurance, very unlike.
One found strength in her vulnerability.
The other, comfort in that voice.

Arja Dileep. K

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

Lockdown Losses

There is no denying that the pandemic hit all of us hard financially, socially, mentally and emotionally. But something that hit me the hardest in this unprecedented time is hard to describe in words because the pain of losing our loved ones can only be felt and not described; yet, this essay is my attempt to speak about it.

When the nation-wide lockdown was first imposed, everyone believed that would be a matter of 21 days. Who could have guessed that it would extend to half a year? Among other things, the educational institutions were shut down to control the spread of the virus but we hardly noticed the trauma of the students. Especially, the problems that the students between the tender age of 10-16 were facing during the lockdown. During these sensitive years of physical and emotional growth, students become shy, and hesitate to share their feelings with anyone except their friends.

Because the movement was restricted and they couldn't meet their friends in person, their emotions and feelings, too, were locked inside their hearts, and they found no way to set their thoughts free. I realized that my beloved sister was also a victim of this loneliness. Even though surrounded by a lot of people and family members, she was unable to find her solace. One day all her worries did come out in the form of a horrible, devastating act. My family was broken and our million dreams got shattered when we found her hanging. The rope that held her neck tightly screamed of the depression she was going through.

She fell prey to the loneliness and despair the lockdown offered. Before that, I wasn't quite aware as to how much a lockdown could affect my personal world. The number of suicides that increased during this pandemic, especially in the age group of 12 – 16, is surely indicative of the enormity of the situation. It might be that the anxiety and fear of not going out and meeting their friends again made them succumb to death. In addition, the schools were shut down, and there were no guidelines or even some words of hope from the principal or any higher authority which could ensure them that everything was going to be fine. Those whom we look up to for guidance were clueless themselves.

The Lockdown worsened the condition of rural India. However, caught up in their own struggle, the families from rural backgrounds failed to understand, or rather, didn't even bother to know what's going on in their children's minds.

During this Covid – 19 pandemic, suicidal tendency among school children rose significantly. According to a government committee report, during the six months of lockdown, 173 children aged 10 – 18 died by suicide in Kerala alone. Similar reports from other parts of the world have confirmed a significant increase in the death toll of children who died by suicide during the lockdown period. These studies also claim that there was a 9.3% - 33% rise in the number of children reporting with self-harm injuries. Additionally, the lockdown has aggravated underlying issues such as parental pressure, scolding, family discord, and even domestic violence. These circumstances drove several children to take extreme steps.

The pandemic caused a havoc in everyone's life, but for me, it has been a Shakespearean Tragedy. I not only lost my sweet innocent sister with a pure soul but the nation lost a brilliant, talented mind whose dream was to become a doctor and serve the country. I choose to write on this because it is not only my story. It is the story of many parents and families who lost their loved ones due to depression during the lockdown period.

Naina Kumari

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

Mother's Daughter

Born in a man's home,
She was raised in toxicity.
Dreams in her eyes
Crushed and suppressed by the authorities alike,
Realized how rare and unique she was,
Different from the males in her family
Who never set their examples right.

Saw things she shouldn't have,
Those males treating her mother bad,
"Inhuman . . . monstrous!" she wanted to scream.
She couldn't keep it inside,
She thought, "I'm ready to fight."
She started feeling the rush,
A crimson headache and an aching blush.

She was trying something hidden to find.
Oh yes, she was rare,
Powerful and unique.

There must have been something in the water,
Or that she was her mother's daughter.
She sat on the concrete in the basement,
With no time for conversation, nor negotiation,
Confronted the patriarchs for her freedom.
They did not see their own reflection,
Committed countless sins for a single confession.

It was only her mother who told her to make it;
So, she shook the prison until she would break it.

She chose the road to a free reign,
Refusing to get any more detained.
Oh yes, she was rare,
Powerful and unique.
There must have been something in the water,
Or that she was her mother's daughter.

Taniya Roshan

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

ORIENTATION PROGRAMME



KALINDI COLLEGE
(UNIVERSITY OF DELHI)
NAAC Accredited Grade "A" College



**WELCOMES YOU ALL
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18th November 2020

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Chairperson

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Dr Rajshree Lal



- Dr. Rajshree does medical checkup and examination of the students as required as well as provides first aid
- She advises investigations if required
- She also organizes talks, posters and blood donation camps
- A well maintained medical room with stretcher-cum-bed, wheel chair, screen, weighing machine, sphygmomanometer, steamer and good quality of medicines is located in TRI block

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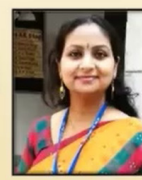
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NATIONAL FESTIVALS



DEPARTMENTAL ACTIVITIES

AIKYAM, B.A. PROGRAMME SOCIETY
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 organises

Webinar
 On

NEW CHANGES IN HIGHER EDUCATION THROUGH NEP 2020

राष्ट्रीय शिक्षा नीति 2020 द्वारा उच्च शिक्षा में नवीन परिवर्तन

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 MEMBER OF DRAFTING COMMITTEE OF NEP 2020
 ASSOCIATE DEAN OF LANGUAGE, LITERATURE & CULTURE STUDIES, IITM
 NAAC ASSESSOR

PROF. AMARJEET SINGH
 PRINCIPAL, DIR SANKALP GROUP OF INSTITUTIONS

DATE: 9TH DECEMBER 2020
 TIME: 4:00 PM

For more queries, contact:
 Prachi Singh: 918756144282
 Vipulvi Vinod Joshi: 8076969610

ANJULA BANSAL
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DR UTPAL KUMAR
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 University of Delhi
 under the aegis of IQAC

HUNAR-THE VOCATIONAL SOCIETY
 PRESENTS WEBINAR ON

CURRENT TRENDS IN DATA ANALYTICS

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 Practice Director & Delivery Head,
 HCL Technologies,
 UK, Ireland & France

12 PM, DEC 28, 2020
GOOGLE MEET
 Webinar Link
<https://meet.google.com/kja-rjgs-jwr>

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 Off. Convener

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Ye hum h algae

Ye hum h fungus

Aur ye hmari mutualism ho rhi h

***lichen**

Radioactivity: Application in Nuclear Medicines

NUCLEAR MEDICINE (AN APP)

NUCLEAR MEDICINE (MEDICAL)

don't hate...radiate!

These drugs are composed of a radioactive material attached to a targeting molecule. They can be used to diagnose, treat or monitor different diseases.

Radioactive elements in nuclear medicine

These drugs are used to diagnose, treat or monitor different diseases.

Radioactive elements in nuclear medicine

These drugs are used to diagnose, treat or monitor different diseases.

Sattva
 THE COMPUTER SCIENCE SOCIETY
 KALINDI COLLEGE, UNIVERSITY OF DELHI
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STEPPING STONES
 Crack the puzzle. Step on the next stone!

Technophilia 2.0

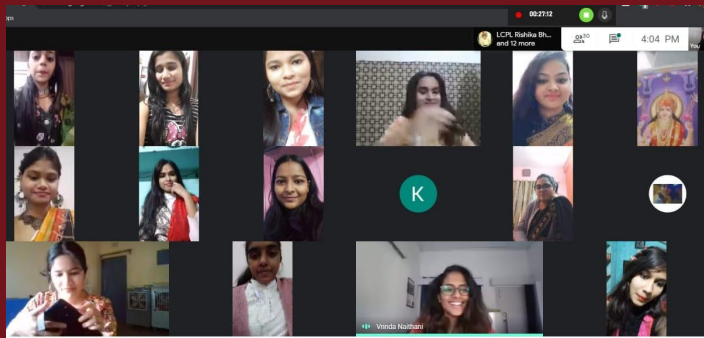
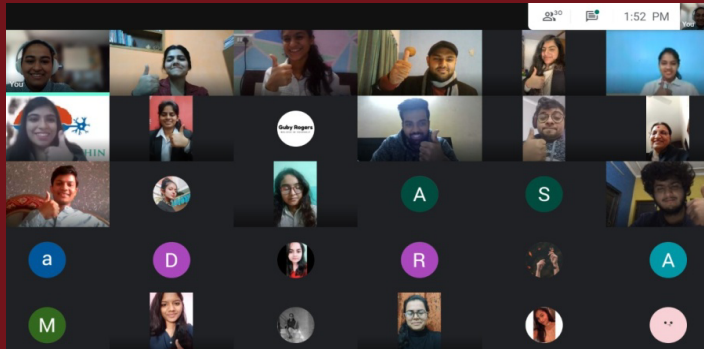
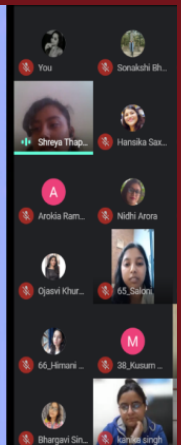
Inter College Technical Fest!

REGISTER BY 25 Feb 2021

26 Feb 2021
 12:15 PM - 01:45 PM
 Google Meet

PRINCIPAL - DR. ANJULA BANSAL
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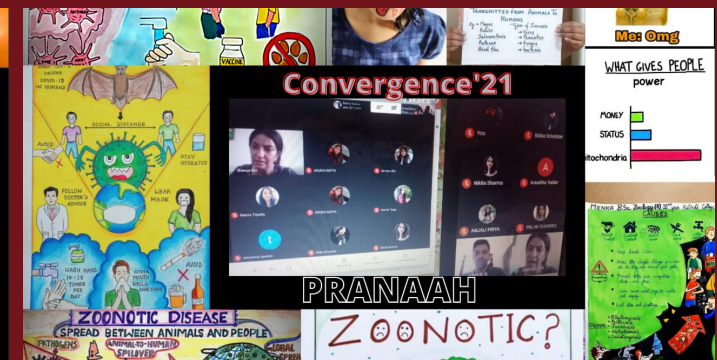
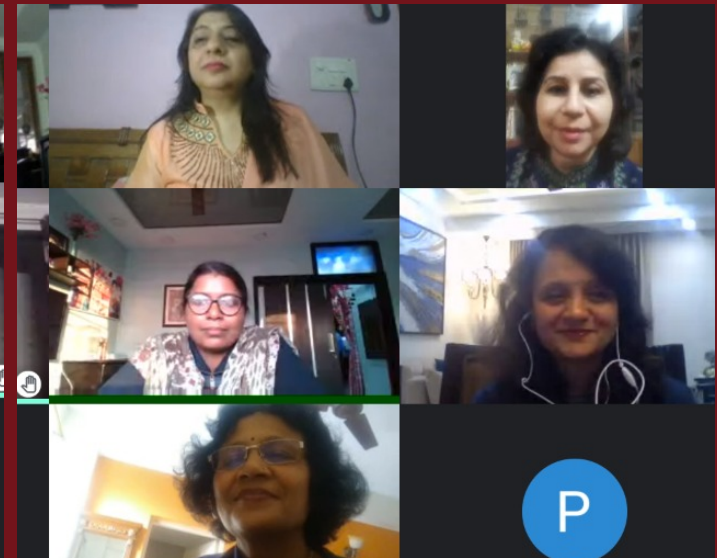
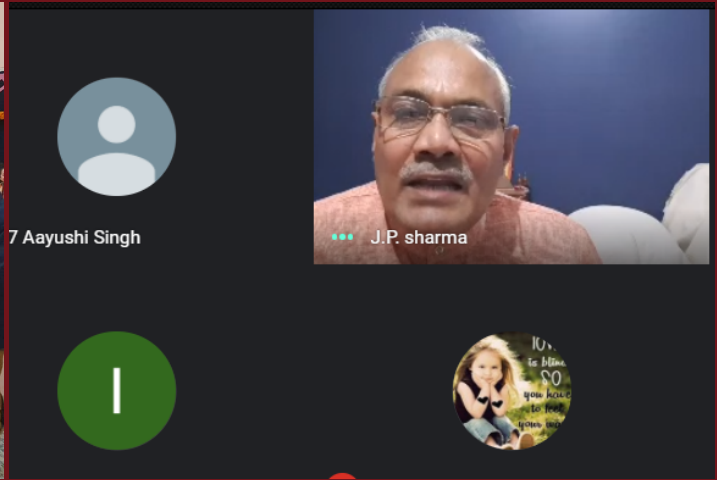
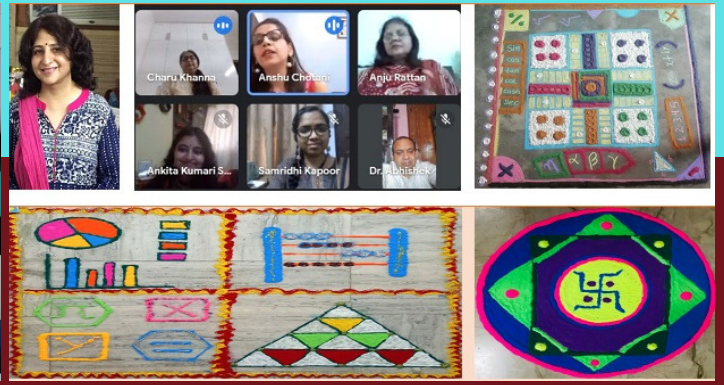
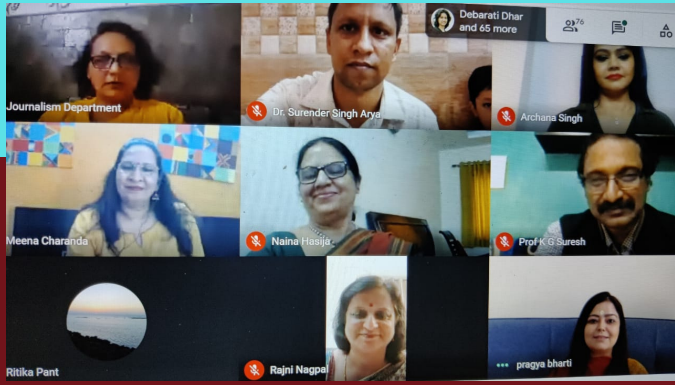
DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY
 Invites you for a virtual tour of the National Gallery of Modern Art, New Delhi

With
 Argha Kamal Ganguly
 Assistant Curator at NGMA, Delhi

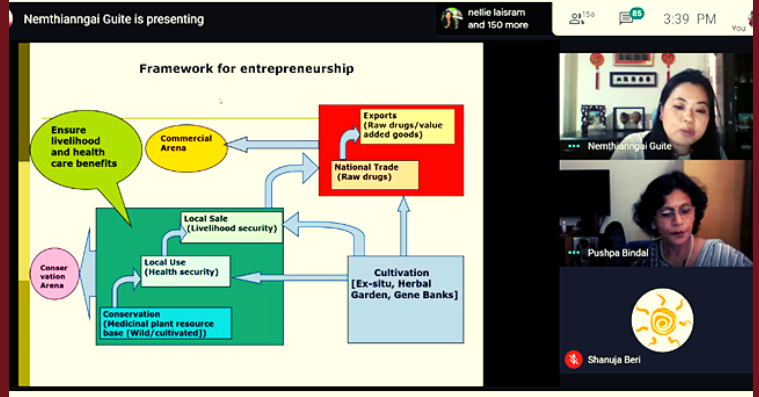
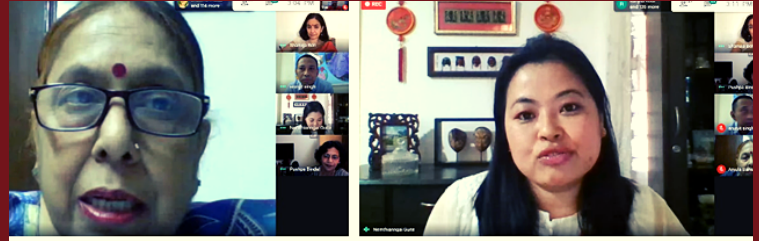
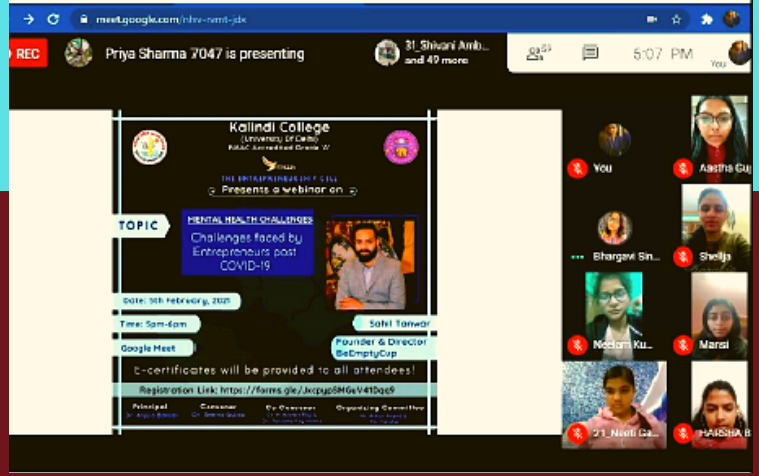
JOIN US ON THE 16TH OF APRIL, 2021
 AT 5:30 PM TO 6:30 PM
 VIA GOOGLE MEET

On 16th April 2021, the Dharohar History Society of Kalindi College organized a Virtual Tour of National Gallery of Modern Art, New Delhi. Mr. Argha Kamal Ganguly, Assistant Curator at NGMA was the speaker and guided the session.

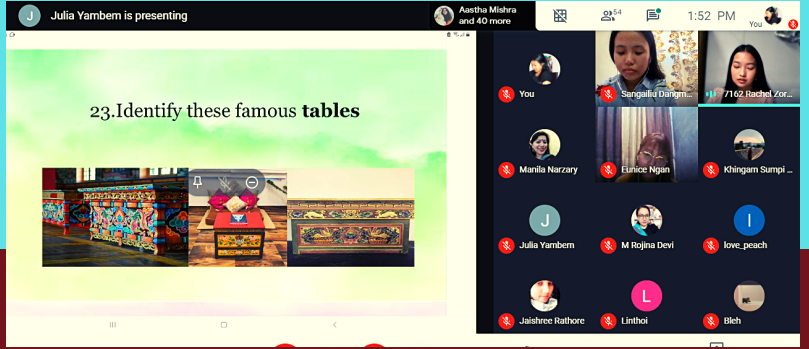
DEPARTMENTAL ACTIVITIES



DEVELOPMENTAL ACTIVITIES



DEVELOPMENTAL ACTIVITIES



Stuck to Speak-up?

Do you need a job?
 Confused with your strategy?
 Which option to take?
 What is your strength?
 Which field is booming?
 Next 5 year plan?
 Which companies you should target?
 Need strategies to crack a Group Discussion?
 Passion, Interest, Hobby - are these same or different?
 Should be associate us with any Global Movement - Such as

Gagandeep Singh
 Global Operational Excellence Lead
 (International Coach & Global Mentor)

Retail
 E-Commerce
 Health
 Ed-Tech
 Wellness
 Technology



In The Memory of Nirbhaya

Dialogue Initiative Foundation
 in association with
Connected and Kalindi College
 organising a webinar on
Women Security and Society.

15th Dec 2020

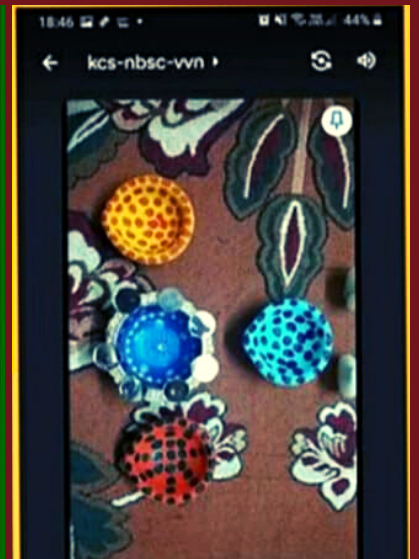
Speakers

Ms. Svati Chakravarty Bhatkal (Documentry film maker)
 Miss Kranti Khode (Jan Sahas, Thematic lead)

Moderator

Ritu Bhardwaj (Connected)

15th and 16th December, 2020
 Time: 5:00-6:30p.m.



NATIONAL CADET CORPS (NCC)



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हिंदी अनुभाग



SAVITA
HINDI HONS, 3rd year
KALINDI COLLEGE

सम्पादकीय

हम जो सुनते हैं, देखते हैं, उसी का हमारे विचारों और गुणों पर भी प्रभाव पड़ता है। हमारे गुणों , हमारी सृजनात्मकता व हमारे विचारों से ही हमारे चरित्र का निर्माण होता है। कालिंदी महाविद्यालय की वार्षिक पत्रिका 'प्रवाह' के हिन्दी - अनुभाग का संपादक होना मेरे लिए अत्यंत गौरव की बात है। प्रवाह पत्रिका का यह संस्करण आप सभी के समक्ष प्रस्तुत करते हुए मैं बेहद खुशी महसूस कर रही हूँ। इस पत्रिका में रचनाओं के प्रकाशन में मेरी सहपाठी छात्राओं व अध्यापकों का सहयोग प्रशंसनीय रहा है। जिसे आप सभी के समक्ष प्रस्तुत करने में मुझे अत्यंत प्रसन्नता का अनुभव हो रहा है। हर वर्ष की तरह इस वर्ष भी हमने महाविद्यालय की छात्राओं की नई सोच, नई विचारधारा, नई उमंग व नए जोश को समेटकर आपके समक्ष प्रवाह के रूप में प्रस्तुत करने का प्रयास किया है।

महाविद्यालय की वार्षिक पत्रिका 'प्रवाह' का केंद्रीय विषय इस वर्ष "एक महामारी : विविध परिदृश्य" है। इस पर आधारित छात्राओं की रचनाएँ - हाय रे कोरोना, तालाबंदी, कहाँ से आते हैं वो लोग, महामारी का संकट इत्यादि कोरोना महामारी से उपजी विभिन्न समस्याओं की ओर हमारा ध्यान केंद्रित करती हैं।

'प्रवाह' अपनी विशिष्ट शैली के माध्यम से महाविद्यालय के गौरव व उसकी अस्मिता को प्रकट करने का एक माध्यम है। जिससे छात्राओं का मनोबल बढ़ता है और उन्हें अपने विचारों को अभिव्यक्त करने व कुछ नया सीखने का अवसर मिलता है।

मैं संपादन कार्य के मार्गदर्शन के लिए 'प्रवाह' पत्रिका की सह-संयोजिका - डॉ. मंजु शर्मा और डॉ. ऋतु, डॉ. ब्रह्मा नंद का हृदय से आभार व्यक्त करती हूँ। अपनी सहयोगी सह-संपादक नीरू का संपादन कार्य में सहयोग हेतु धन्यवाद देती हूँ और जिन विशिष्ट नवोदित प्रतिभाशाली, प्रतिभाओं के लेखों को पत्रिका में स्थान मिला उन्हें हृदय से शुभकामनाएं देती हूँ। साथ ही अपनी सभी सहपाठियों से अनुरोध करती हूँ कि आप प्रत्येक वर्ष पत्रिका में अपने छोटे-छोटे लेख, संस्मरण, कविताएँ, चुटकुले, कहानी लिखने का प्रयास अवश्य करें।

क्योंकि-

लिखने से व्यक्ति का मनोबल व ज्ञान बढ़ता ही है..

कभी कम नहीं होता।

सविता
हिंदी विशेष
तृतीय वर्ष

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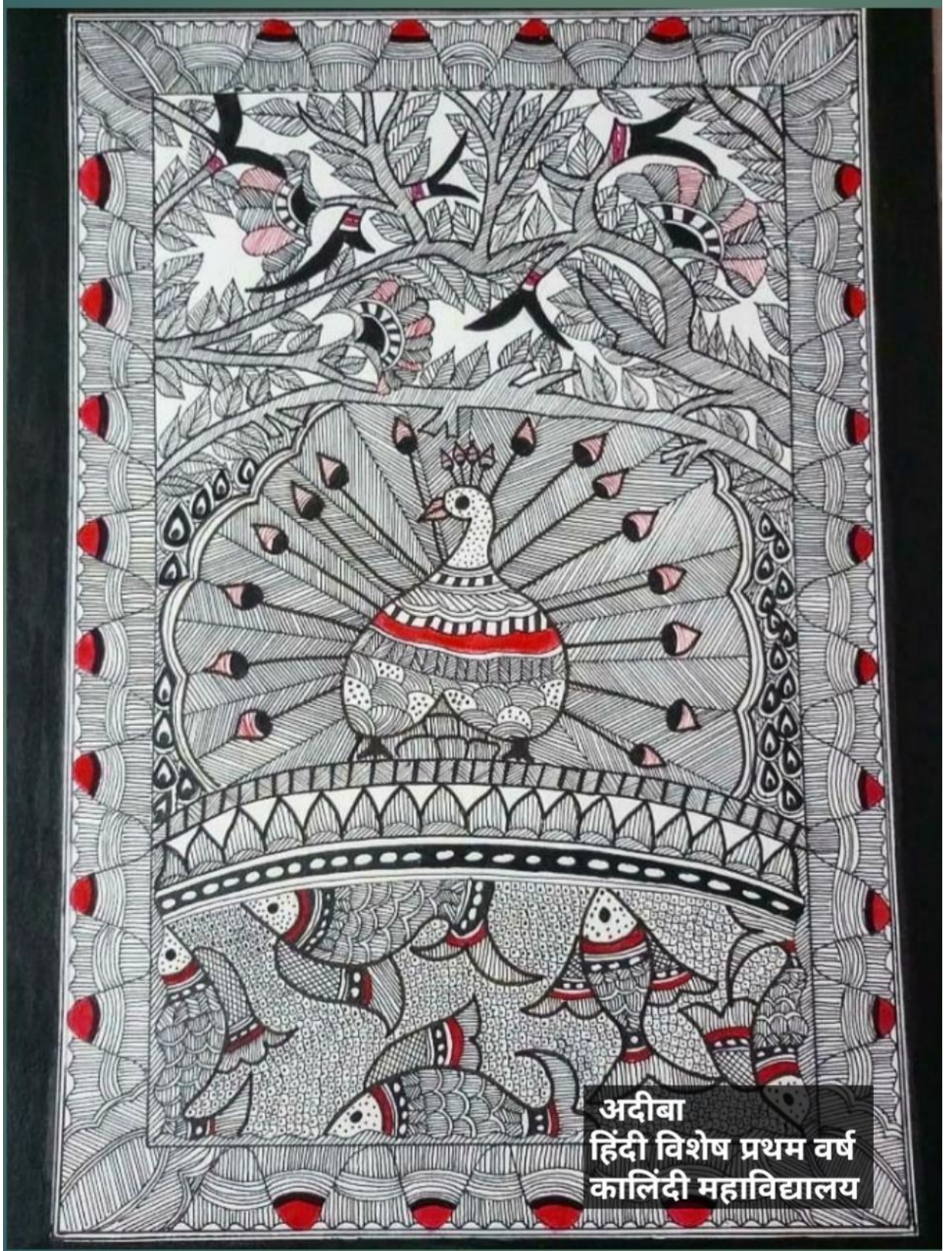
लक्ष्य

मंजिल को पाने की,
हर उम्मीद जिंदा रखो।
टूट भी जाओ तो,
लक्ष्य को पाने का
वो जुनून जिंदा रखो।
किस्मत के भरोसे कुछ नहीं मिलता,
मेहनत का दौर जिंदा रखो।
कठिनाइयों से लड़ने का,
वो अंदाज जिंदा रखो।
कामयाबी को सपनों से नहीं
बल्कि परिश्रम से जिंदा रखो।

हीना चानन

अनुक्रमांक 20516001

बी.ए.हिंदी (विशेष) प्रथम वर्ष



अदीबा
हिंदी विशेष प्रथम वर्ष
कालिंदी महाविद्यालय

कोरोना

कैसे बयाँ करूँ शब्दों में
इस त्रासदी को।
लोग वायरस से परेशान थे,
हालातों के आगे बेजान थे।
अस्पतालों में व्याकुल थे मरीज़,
दो गज दूरी थी अज़ीज़।
वायरस का ये संकट भारी,
कैसे दूर करें बीमारी,

बंद हो गए दफ्तर स्कूल सभी,
आफत के इस दौर से,
विपत्ति के शोर से,
इस लम्हें के मोड़ से।

महामारी की मार जारी थी,
अब क्रांति की बारी थी।
प्रधानमंत्री द्वारा भारत बंद,
बीमारी से जारी था द्वंद्व।

महासंकट की हार हो,
जब मास्क, सैनिटाइजर का वार हो।

हीना चानन

अनुक्रमांक 20516001

बी.ए. हिंदी (विशेष) प्रथम वर्ष

EFFECTS OF COVID-19



उर्मिला
हिंदी विशेष तृतीय वर्ष
कालिंदी महाविद्यालय

कोरोना

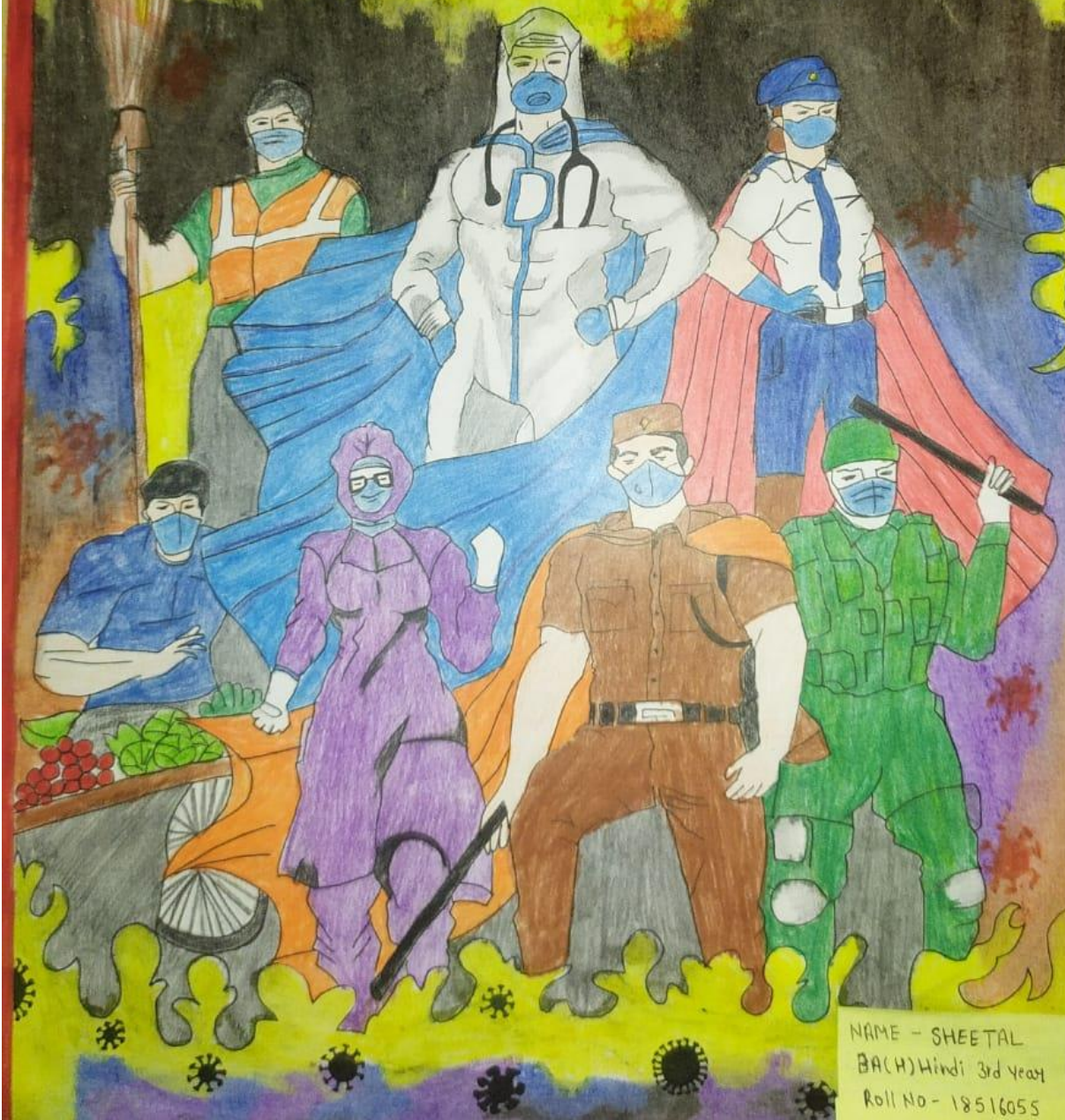
कोरोना ने संसार में कुछ ऐसा कहर मचाया है,
जिसको देख कर व्यक्ति-व्यक्ति घबराया है।
लॉकडाउन ने दिलों में कोई ऐसा ताला लगाया है,
पड़ोसी-पड़ोसी से नजरें चुराये
और पापा ने भी अपने बच्चों को स्वयं से दूर बिठाया है।
कोरोना ने सब को मास्टर शैफ बनाया है
जलेबी, केक और पिज्जा मेरे जैसी आलसी ने भी घर वालों को बनाकर खिलाया है।
डॉक्टर, पुलिस और सफाईकर्मी ने अपना ज़िम्मा बखूबी निभाया है,
कोरोना को खत्म करके रहेंगे यह संकल्प भी उठाया है।
कोरोना का कोई इलाज नहीं इस बात से पूरा देश घबराया है,
लेकिन इम्यूनिटी बढ़ाने का सबने अपना-अपना तरीका अपनाया है।
कोरोना काल में हमने अनेक महान हस्तियों को गवाया है,
सुशांत, इरफान और राहत की याद ने सबको बहुत सताया है।
अब जब वैक्सीन आ गयी तो उसके साईडइफैक्ट ने आतंक मचाया है
वैक्सीन लगवाएं ? नहीं लगवाएं ? यही असमंजस हर दिल पर छाया है।
कोरोना ने अच्छा-बुरा हर वक्त दिखाया है
हर सिक्के के दो पहलू होते हैं
उदाहरण सहित हमें समझाया है।

नीरू

अनुक्रमांक 18516004

बी.ए. हिंदी (विशेष) तृतीय वर्ष

SALUTE TO OUR CORONA WARRIORS



NAME - SHEETAL
BACH)Hindi 3rd Year
Roll No - 18516055

कोरोना और विश्व

कोरोना का जब आगमन हुआ, डर के मारे पूरे विश्व का विचलित मन हुआ ।
चीन ने जब विभिन्न प्रकार के जीवों का भोजन किया,
पूरे विश्व में संकटों का भी आगमन हुआ।
कहीं कोरोना महामारी ने पूरे देश में घर किया,
तो कहीं पूरे देश में लॉकडाउन का प्रबंध हुआ।
जब नौकरी व रोजगार ने नाता तोड़ लिया,
तब भूख व बेरोजगारी ने लाखों से गहरा नाता जोड़ा लिया।
दिन ऐसा भी आया लाखों लोगों को, नंगे पांव पैदल चलवाया।
पलायन में भी, सरकार के कड़े नियमों ने जनता को खूब सताया।
एक ने नहीं हजारों-लाखों ने भूख व गरीबी के कारण अपनों को गवाया।
कुछ तो मरे गरीबी से, कुछ को दुर्घटना ने अपना शिकार बनाया।
न्यूज़ चैनल्स ने, कोरोना के फैलाव का दिन-प्रतिदिन प्रसारण किया।
वहीं दूरदर्शन ने रामायण के माध्यम से भारतवासियों का मनोरंजन किया।
विश्व में जब कोरोना का हाहाकार हुआ,
लॉकडाउन ने एक तरफ अपनों को, अपनों से और मजबूती से जोड़ा।
हर देश में सुरक्षा का कड़ा इंतजाम हुआ, मास्क पहनने,
बार-बार हाथ धोने, और दो गज की दूरी बनाएं रखने का ऐलान हुआ।
जैसे ही पुलिसकर्मियों, सफाई कर्मचारियों व डॉक्टरों ने, पूरे देश का जिम्मा संभाला।
देशवासियों ने भी, प्रोत्साहन में थाली व ताली बजाने के साथ-साथ दीपक भी जलाया।
जब हर व्यक्ति घर में कैद हुआ, तभी तो अपने भीतर कैद कलाओं से परिचय किया।
कुछ शैफ निकले, कुछ गायक, कुछ ने तो रंगों का अद्भुत प्रदर्शन किया।
कोरोना के कारण छात्रों का भी बुरा हाल हुआ,
भारत अभी डिजिटल होने की प्रक्रिया में ही था तभी कोरोना ने धावा बोल दिया।
ऑनलाइन कक्षाओं ने आकर छात्रों को झकझोर दिया,
हमें सिखाई नई टेक्नोलॉजी पर क्लासरूम, टीचर्स और दोस्तों से भी दूर किया।
कोरोना वैक्सीन की खोज के खातिर साइंटिस्टों ने रात-दिन एक किया,

अब जब आ गया वैक्सीन उसके साइड इफेक्ट्स के कारण हर एक व्यक्ति भयभीत हुआ।
कोरोना के प्रकोप ने विश्व में सबको ज्ञान दिया,
खुद को तैयार रखना व दूसरों की मदद करना सिखा दिया।

हेमलता

अनुक्रमांक 18516060

बी.ए.हिंदी विशेष (विशेष) तृतीय वर्ष

महामारी का संकट आया

महामारी का संकट आया
दुनिया को जिसने डराया
नाम अपना बताता कोरोना
पर तुम इससे मत डरो ना ।

किसी ने अपने सपने खोये
किसी ने अपने-अपने खोये
किसी ने अपना दफ्तर छोड़ा
किसी ने अपना दम तोड़ा
पर हम नहीं घबराएंगे
कोरोना को हराएंगे।
माना यारों की महफिल रुक सी गई
गलियों की रौनक छुप सी गई
पर हम नहीं घबराएंगे
कोरोना को हराएंगे।।
चीन हो, इटली हो, अमेरिका हो
या हो अपना भारत
हम मिलकर इसे हराएंगे
कोरोना को भगाएंगे।।

मुस्कान

अनुक्रमांक 18527101

बी.ए. राजनीति विज्ञान (विशेष), तृतीय वर्ष



में हवा हूँ

अपनों से मिलकर आयी हूँ,
आपके लिए संदेश लायी हूँ।
में हवा हूँ।।
पर्वतों से मिलकर आयी हूँ,
आपके लिए संदेश लायी हूँ...
बोले...

दूर तक का हमें अब दिखने लगा है,
शायद हमारी किस्मत भी कोई लिखने लगा है,
किसने किया साफ आसमानों को,
क्या हो गया इंसानों को??
में हवा हूँ,
वृक्षों से मिलकर आयी हूँ,
आपके लिए संदेश लायी हूँ....

बोले,....

हवा से हम भी मिलने लगे हैं ,
चारों दिशाओं में खिलने लगे हैं,
नहीं काटते हमें अपना घर बनाने को,
क्या हो गया इंसानों को??
मैं हवा हूँ,
नदियों से मिलकर आयी हूँ,
आपके लिए संदेश लायी हूँ....

बोली,....

पत्थरों का रंग हमें दिखने लगा है,
कूड़ा करकट भी मिटने लगा है,
नहीं डालते सिक्के बहाने को,
क्या हो गया इंसानों को??
मैं हवा हूँ,
शाही सड़कों से मिलकर आयी हूँ,
आपके लिए संदेश लायी हूँ...

बोली,....

दौड़ती नहीं मोटर कार हम पर,
सूरज चाँद हमें भी दिखने लगे हैं,
टकराते नहीं अब हमपर रक्त बहाने को,
क्या हो गया इंसानों को?
मैं हवा हूँ, मैंने हँसकर कह दिया,
आज वो घर बैठे हैं, अपनी जान बचाने को।।।
बस यही हुआ है इंसानों को।।

मीत चावला

अनुक्रमांक:- 19501165

बी.ए. (प्रोग्राम), द्वितीय वर्ष



शना
हिंदी विशेष तृतीय वर्ष
कालिंदी महाविद्यालय

तालाबंदी

अरे हाँ वही जो आप सोच रहे हैं अर्थात् हर वस्तु की बंदी
बाज़ार में छाई मंदी और पब्लिक में छा रही थी आर्थिक तंगी
अरे कुछ ऐसी ही तो थी ना ये तालाबंदी
जिधर देखो निराशा का वास था
कोई लिए बैठा अपनों तक पहुंचने की मन में आस था
पर इस तालाबंदी ने सबको ऐसा बंदी बनाया
मजदूरों को अपना शहर ही लगने लगा पराया...
हर तरफ मातम-सा था छाया,
हे! ईश्वर तूने ये कैसा विकट समय था हमें दिखाया
जो जहां था उसने वहीं अपना आशियाना बनाया
तो कहीं किसी को अपनों तक पहुंचने की चाह ने था
सताया उस समय लोगों को यह एहसास था आया
मानव प्रगति ने आज फिर प्रकृति को है रुलाया
सेना के जवानों ने और हमारे चिकित्सकों ने उस समय भी अपना फ़र्ज़ निभाया
कोई अपनी बूढ़ी मां तो कोई अपनी गर्भवती पत्नी को छोड़ कर था आया
इस तालाबंदी ने ऐसा नया संसार,
दिखाया जहां हर कोई अपने घर में बंद नजर आया
ना किसी को इससे पहले इस तरह से किसी ने था डराया
हाँ एक बार एक जगह प्लेग जरूर था आया
परन्तु वह भी इतना लंबा नहीं था खिच पाया,
इस तालाबंदी ने तो अपना एक अलग ही रिकॉर्ड बनाया।
आज भी संसार इसकी मार से नहीं उभर पाया ,
तालाबंदी ने हर किसी को बंदी बनाया
तालाबंदी ने हर किसी को बंदी बनाया।।

मीनू

अनुक्रमांक 18527052

बी.ए.राजनीति विज्ञान (विशेष) तृतीय वर्ष



कोरोना ही कोरोना

कोरोना ही कोरोना ,

चारों तरफ बस कोरोना ।

इसे आए हुए अब तो ,

साल से भी ऊपर हो गया ।

पता नहीं ऐसा कौन सा गुनाह किया ?

जो कोरोना आ गया

कोरोना से पहले जिंदगी मस्त थी खाओ , पियो , कॉलेज जाओ और दोस्तों से मिलो ;

पर अब एक कमरे से दूसरे कमरे तक सीमित रह गए हैं ।

पहले तो इस कोरोना पर बहुत गुस्सा आता था ,

पर इसके आने से हम परिवार के लोगों के और करीब आ गए

इसने हमें सिखाया , हम अपनी जिंदगी में इतने व्यस्त हो गए थे,

अपने परिवार के साथ समय ही नहीं बिता पाते थे ।

कहते हैं ना जो होता है अच्छे के लिए होता है

तो बस अब कोरोना से सुरक्षा के लिए हाथों को धोते रहो और बाहर जाओ तो मास्क और सैनिटाइजर जरूर लेकर जाओ

खुद भी सुरक्षित रहो और परिवार को भी सुरक्षित रखो।

मधु

अनुक्रमांक 18516033

बी.ए.हिंदी (विशेष) तृतीय वर्ष

कहाँ से आते हैं वो लोग

कहाँ से आते हैं वो लोग
जिनके पास रहने को घर नहीं,
जिनके पास खाने को दो वक्त की रोटी नहीं!!
अपने बच्चों को अच्छी शिक्षा दिला सकें
इसके लिए पैसे नहीं।
कहाँ से आते हैं वो लोग
जो रोज सुबह घर से निकल तो जाते हैं,
नौकरी की तलाश में,
पर करने को काम नहीं!!
कहाँ से आते हैं वो लोग
जो रोज शाम को निराशा के साथ
घर को लौट आते हैं,
यह लोग कोई और नहीं
हमारे देश के गरीब लोग हैं।

क्या निर्धनता में जन्म लेना अभिशाप है,
या कहे की गरीब होना ही पाप है!
गरीबी आती कहाँ से है??
क्या कभी हमने यह सोचा है!
कुछ मुट्ठीभर लोग,
सत्ता को अपने हाथों में रख लेते हैं,
फिर सब काम अपने फायदे के लिए ही करते हैं,
किसी को परवाह नहीं,
गरीब की झोपड़ी में चूल्हा जला या नहीं!
जिधर देखो बस उधर मैं--मैं की धारणा है!!
कभी शायद ही कोई सोचता होगा,
कि हमें सभी को साथ लेकर चलना है।

समाज में व्याप्त ढेरों बुराईयाँ हैं,
गरीबों के साथ अत्याचार, दुराचार
और उत्पीड़न ना जाने कब तक होता रहेगा!!

आवश्यकता है तो जागरूकता की,
हमारे देश का गरीब आखिर कब तक रोता रहेगा!!
हमें अपने देश को यदि नंबर वन बनाना है
तो सर्वप्रथम हमें हमारे देश के
गरीबों को उच्च स्थान दिलाना है।
खत्म करना होगी बेरोज़गारी,
दूर करनी है भुखमरी की बीमारी।
देश में प्रौद्योगिकी, संचार व्यवस्था
को इतना विकसित करना है,
कि हमारा देश प्रगति करे।
हमारे देश के युवा, बच्चों, महिलाओं, पुरुषों
सभी में एक नवजोश भरना है,
जब हम सभी मिलकर साथ होंगे
अपने हक के लिए आवाज उठाएंगे
हिम्मत नहीं चंद मुट्ठी भर लोगों की,
हमारे देश के गरीबों का शोषण कर सकें,
समाज सेवा से बढ़कर कोई सेवा नहीं,
हर बच्चे के मन में यह भाव जगाना है,
कुछ स्वार्थी लोगों को,
हमें नैतिकता का पाठ पढ़ाना है,
हम सभी को मिलकर,
हमारे देश से निर्धनता को मिटाना है।
देश को खुशहाल, समृद्ध,
और प्रगतिशील बनाना है।

पूजा तिवारी

अनुक्रमांक 190527079

बी.ए.राजनीति विज्ञान(विशेष) द्वितीय वर्ष



हाय-रे कोरोना

चीन ने ये कैसा जादू-टोना फैलाया
लोग बोले हाय-रे कोरोना आया,

करते हैं खुद तो मरे हुए जानवरों का सेवन
अब तो डरकर किसी ने भी मांसाहार नहीं खाया
हाय-रे कोरोना आया,

फंसी हुई है ये दुनिया कैसे जाल में
समझ ना पाएं कहाँ से इसका कहर आया
हाय-रे कोरोना आया,

सबको कर डाला चिंता से बेहाल
इसने तो , अपने ही घरों में कैदी बनाया
हाय-रे कोरोना आया,

अपने आधुनिक अंदाज़ में रहते हैं जो
उन्होंने भी भारतीयों का 'नमस्ते' जैसा तरीका अपनाया
हाय-रे कोरोना आया,

धर्म के नाम पर भी कोई बाहर ना आए
पुजारियों ने भी मंदिरों में ताला लगाया
हाय-रे कोरोना आया,

लगी है सबको साफ़-सुथरा रहने की
क्योंकि स्वच्छता का इसने अच्छा सबक सिखाया
हाय-रे कोरोना आया,

बचाव करके ही इससे
लोगों ने खतरा थोड़ा टरकाया
हाय-रे कोरोना आया,

वैक्सीन के आ जाने से
खत्म कोरोना काल हो गया
साथ ही 'हाय-रे कोरोना' का सर्वनाश हो गया ।।

मेघा

बी.ए हिन्दी (विशेष)

अनुक्रमांक:-18516066

एक महामारी: विविध परिदृश्य

देखो महामारी के आने से कैसे भटका, रूठा हुआ इतिहास है,
मन में जग उठता है भ्रम, यह विनाश है या विकास है?
प्रतिबंधों संग होने लग गया आज़ादी का निकास है,
शांत बैठी धरती है और प्रचंड हो रहा आकाश है।।

हाँ भविष्य के सपनों सुन लो, आगे बढ़ स्वाभिमानी मार्ग चुन लो,
सजा कर सपने अपने मेहनत संग बुन लो,
महामारी में भूखे-प्यासों की भी आवाज़ सुन लो।।

हर नागरिक के मन में वह मदद का भाव हो,
एक साथ मिलकर चलें तब देश पूर्ण हो।।

महामारी में यह धन योजना और जरूरी हो गई,
कुछ सुधार और कमी भी इसमें पूरी हो गई,
सब लोगों की कुछ ना कुछ मजबूरी हो गई,
अधिकारियों संग कर्मचारियों की भी मजदूरी हो गई,
देखो लोगों की लोगों से कैसे दूरी हो गई।।

गरीबों के अंधेरो के लिए भी कुछ उजाले रखना,
हाँ, यूँ ही तुम देश को संभाले रखना।।

देखो महामारी में कैसे डूब जाता यह वतन,
जिसमें हो जाता है उन्नति का पतन ,
मिल कर करना है उत्थान का जतन,
ताकि सारा विश्व मिलकर करे हिंदुस्तान को नमन,
निष्ठा ,मेहनत और त्याग की लगी रहे लगन,
ताकि यूँ ही खिलता रहे भारतीय चमन।
और सदा ही जग करता रहे इसका नमन।।

सुप्रिया

अनुक्रमांक:-20518001

बी.ए.इतिहास (विशेष) प्रथम वर्ष

ऑनलाइन शिक्षा और मोबाइल रेडिएशन

भारी बस्ता उतर कमर से पलकों पर आ ठहरा है !
बच्चों के तन- मन पर देखो रेडिएशन का पहरा है !!
किसको अपना दर्द बताएं जख्म बहुत ही गहरा है !
जब अपना हाकिम ही यारों, शायद अंधा- बहरा है !!
मजदूरों के बच्चे भी क्या सच में ही यूँ पढ़ लेंगे ?
क्या ये सारे छः- छः घंटे, रेडिएशन से लड़ लेंगे?

क्या इनकी नन्हीं आंखों को है कोई वरदान मिला?
तो फिर इन मासूमों को, क्यों ऐसा फ़रमान मिला?

में ही बतला देता हूँ, अगर अपना हाकिम है अंजान !
रेडिएशन से तिल -तिलकर मरता है आखिर इंसान !!
इसी वजह से गोरैया ने अब घर -आंगन छोड़ दिया!
तितली- कीट -पतंगों ने भी हमसे नाता तोड़ दिया !!

सोचो आखिर किस कीमत पर हम ये शिक्षा पायेंगे ?
अपनी आंखों के तारों को जाने कितने रोग लगाएंगे ?
अनिद्रा अवसाद-जनक है ब्रेन -ट्यूमर कैंसर-कारक है!
रेडिएशन तनाव , बदन दर्द व नेत्र- रोग उत्पादक है!!

प्रतिरक्षा प्रणाली को दरअसल ये कमजोर बनाता है!
इसलिए इंसान अनेक रोगों का घर बन जाता है!!
कोरोना के कहर में तो ये घातक भी हो सकता है!
इसकी जद में बच्चा अपनी इम्युनिटी भी खो सकता है!!

इससे अच्छा है बच्चों तक पुस्तकें पहुंचाई जाए !
और जल्दी से ये ऑनलाइन शिक्षा रुकवाई जाए!!
वरना इसके दुष्परिणामों को झेल नहीं पायेंगे हम!
अपने ही बच्चों के संग खेल नहीं पाएंगे हम!!

वैसे भी ये शिक्षा, साधन- संपन्न तक सीमित है !
ये भी देखो आखिर इसकी कितनी ऊंची कीमत है!!
वरना ,बहुत के सपने तो ,अशकों में बह जाएंगे!
साधनहीन तो इस शिक्षा से वंचित ही रह जाएंगे !!

खुशबू गुप्ता

अनुक्रमांक 20516015

बी. ए हिंदी (विशेष) प्रथम वर्ष



हूँ मैं अपने पापा की बेटी

दिखती हूँ माँ की तरह ,
पर हूँ मैं अपने पापा की बेटी
जब भी मैं रोऊँ,
सबसे पहले मनाएँ आप
अपनी गोद में बिठाकर,
लाड प्यार दिखाएँ आप
बार-बार सताएँ आप,
ये कह कर की "चाय पसंद है मेरे हाथ की" ,
बार-बार चाय बनवाएँ आप
पर चाहे मैं खाना, खराब बनाऊँ,
फिर भी तारीफ कर जायें आप
हर मुश्किल में भी मुस्कराए आप,
पापा ये कैसे करते हैं आप
यह सीखना चाहती हूँ आपसे,
और मैं यह सोच कर इतराती हूँ कि ,
कैसे मुझे मिल गए आप ?
फिर यह कहती हूँ कि ,
"दिखती हूँ माँ की तरह"
पर हूँ मैं अपने पापा की बेटी!

नेहा कुमारी यादव

अनुक्रमांक 20503109

बी.कॉम.(प्रोग्राम) प्रथम वर्ष



नंदनी

B. A programme 1st year
कालिंदी महाविद्यालय

महामारी

क्या हो रहा है आखिर ये मेरे देश में
क्यों हर तरफ सिर्फ मौत का मंजर
छाया हुआ है।

क्यों अब अपने ही अपनों से दो गज
की दूरी बनाए हुए हैं ?

खेला करते थे जो बच्चे खुली हवाओं में
आखिर क्यों अब उनको भी चार दिवारी
में रहना सिखाया जा रहा है।

अब कानों में संगीत की आवाज नहीं
सिर्फ दर्द भरी गुहार सुनाई दे रही है।

कोई अपनी मां की जान बचा रहा है,
तो कहीं एक बाप अपने बेटे की सलामती
के लिए अपना सब कुछ बेचता नजर आ रहा है।

जिस भाई ने रक्षाबंधन पर अपनी बहन की रक्षा
की कसम खाई थी,
आज वही भाई अपनी बहन की रक्षा
नहीं कर पा रहा है।

हममें से किसी ने सोचा था क्या?
हॉस्पिटल में बिस्तर नहीं मिल पाएगा, और एक
ऑक्सीजन का नहीं होना, लाखों लोगों की
जान ले जाएगा।

व्यापार करने वाले अभी भी व्यापार कर रहे हैं,
देखो न जरा ,दवाई ,इंजेक्शन ,प्लाज्मा और ऑक्सीजन सिलेंडर
की आड़ में न जाने कितने नोट छाप रहे हैं

क्यों हर बार एक नई महामारी आ जाती है?
आखिर क्यों वो अपने साथ करोड़ों लोगों की जान ले जाती है?

१७२० प्लेग की महामारी।
१८२० कोलेरा महामारी।
१९२० स्पैनिश फ्लू और अब २०२० कोरोना।

कुछ तो गलती हमारी भी होगी
तभी तो शमशानों में आज सिर्फ
धुआं ही नजर आ रहा है।
क्रबिस्तानों में पहले से ही कब्र खोद कर
रखी जा रहा है।

अब अपनों को कोई अपना कंधा नहीं दे पा रहा है
मौत के बाद एक आखिरी मुलाकात के लिए
भी हर कोई सिर्फ तरस के रह जा रहा है।

मदद और उम्मीद के लिए तो कोई नजर
ही नहीं आ रहा है।
क्योंकि अब हमारे देश की सरकार
को सिर्फ इलेक्शन ही नजर आ रहा है।

ये महामारी ही तो है एक न, एक दिन
चली जाएगी।
पर अफसोस जाते-जाते ये हमारे अंदर
एक दर्द भरी कहानी छोड़ जाएगी।

ये वो लड़ाई है जिसे हम घर पर रह कर ही
जीत सकते हैं ।
ये वक्त डॉक्टर्स को उनका कर्तव्य और हमें
अपना फर्ज निभाने का है

और मत रहना सरकार के भरोसे
क्योंकि वो सिर्फ थाली और मोमबत्ती

से देश को चलाना जानती है।

ये बुरा वक्त मेरा या तुम्हारा नहीं

हम सब का है ।

कमजोर हो चुके हैं अंदर से,

फिर भी हाथ थामना सबका है ।

में तुम्हारा और तुम मेरा सहारा बनते रहो

अपनी इस छोटी सी कोशिश से चलो

देश में एक नया उजाला करने की

कोशिश करते हैं.....

यासमीन प्रवीन

अनुक्रमांक 20516028

बी.ए. हिंदी (विशेष) प्रथम वर्ष।

महामारी भारत में

भारत में महामारी का आना

अर्थव्यवस्था का डगमगाना

और नाम कोरोना काल हो जाना,

डरना, रुकना, सहम जाना

इसी में बस जीवन का

सिमटकर रह जाना,

अपनों को खुद से खुद दूर करना

दूरी में ही संतुष्ट रहकर

एक-दूसरे की सहायता करना,

रोटी आज की कल के लिए बचाना

व्यापार होने पर भी बेरोज़गारों-सा

जीवन व्यतीत करना,

वृक्षों को हटाना, ईमारतें बनाना

प्रकृति सारी नष्ट कर

अब 'ऑक्सीजन' की कमी का गीत गाना,

मौत का भयानक-सा मंज़र आना
अपने ही घरों में कैदियों की भाँति
कैद होना,

सब कुछ नष्ट होता देख
लड़ना, गिरना, हारना इसी के बीच
डटकर खड़े रहना और
महामारी को मात देना।।

मेघा

बी.ए हिन्दी (विशेष)

अनुक्रमांक:-18516066

एक महामारी : विविध परिदृश्य

ये आम बात नहीं कि
तुम भी इसका शिकार हुए,

ये कोई अफ़वाह भी नहीं कि
लाखों लोग मर रहे,

डरना नहीं तुम रुकना नहीं
डरकर ही दम तोड़ दो,

सुरक्षा से लापरवाही करना नहीं
कि अपनों को खतरे में झोंक दो,

चुनौतियों को बढ़ने देना नहीं
कि अब हिम्मत से काम लेना सीख लो,

रुके साँसों का चलना कभी नहीं
मानव जाति अब तुम संभल लो,

बीमारी तो ये कोई आम नहीं
कि अपनों की सहायता नकार दो,

मेघा

बी.ए हिन्दी (विशेष)

अनुक्रमांक:-18516066



कोरोना – कारण कहीं हम तो नहीं

सारे सपने धरे के धरे रह गए
सारे पैसे रखे के रखे रह गए।
उम्मीदें टूट रही हैं
मानो खुशियाँ पीछे छूट रही हैं।
ना जाने कहाँ से आया है ये
सबको रुलाया है ये।
यहाँ से आया वहाँ से आया
कुछ पता नहीं, कोई खबर नहीं।
हम तो मिसाइलों और तोपों से लड़ रहे थे न?
तो ये कौन-सा दुश्मन है जिसे हम नहीं हरा पा रहे हैं।
कहीं ये हमारे ही कर्मों का फल तो नहीं
कहीं ये हमारा अंत तो नहीं।
भगवान ने तो हमें साथ बनाया था
हमारे लिए एक खूबसूरत-सा घर भी बनाया था।
हम सारे तो उस घर के बगीचे में हँसते-खेलते रहते थे

फिर ये बगीचे को कन्स्ट्रक्शन साइट बनाने का ख्याल कहाँ से आया?
तू प्रकृति के नियमों के साथ खेलने की सोच लाया कहाँ से?
सबको साथ लेकर चलना था
सबके विनाश का कारण नहीं बनना था।
तू तो अभी भी अपने पापों का प्रायश्चित नहीं कर रहा
तू तो अभी भी अपने हथियारों से ही लड़ रहा।

आयुषी सिंह

अनुक्रमांक 20511085

बी.ए. अंग्रेजी (विशेष) प्रथम वर्ष

माँ

हां, मैंने देखा है
अपने ही शहरों में
अपने खिलाफ हवाओं को बहते हुए,
मैं कैसे कहूँ
कौन अपना है, कौन पराया
अपने ही खून के रिश्तों को
पाया है जीवन में जहर घोलते हुए।
अपने ही शहर में ,
हां मैंने देखा है
अपने खिलाफ हवाओं को बहते हुए
कैसे यकीन करती इन रिश्तों पर
सारे रिश्ते होते हुए भी
खुद को अकेला महसूस करती हूँ
कभी-कभी खुद पर हँसना आता है
कभी-कभी रोना ,
इस स्वार्थ भरी दुनियां में केवल मां को ,
मेरी खुशियों के लिए इबादत करते पाया है।

कु. वर्णिका आर्य

अनुक्रमांक 18518046

बी.ए. इतिहास (विशेष) तृतीय वर्ष



खतरा बरकरार है...

भारत की राजधानी दिल्ली पर बहुत ही बड़ा काल आने का संकेत है। मतलब की सर्दी का मौसम और कोरोना वायरस का तहलका दोनों मचने वाला है। यही नहीं, हर वर्ष लोगों को कई परेशानियों का सामना तो करना पड़ता ही है लेकिन इस बार हमारे भारत में लोगों को कोरोना वायरस का भी सामना करना पड़ेगा और सर्दी के मौसम में तो हवा जहरीली व प्रदूषित हो जाती है। जिससे लोगों को अस्थमा जैसी भयंकर बीमारी व सांस की परेशानी तथा मरीजों के फेफड़ों में प्रदूषण के कारण सोरियासिस जैसी परेशानियां भी हो जाती हैं। गौरतलब है कि इन समस्याओं से समूचे विश्व को हर साल जूझना पड़ता है। सर्दी के मौसम में प्रदूषण अधिक हो जाता है। जिससे लोग बाहर निकलने से डरते हैं और प्रदूषण के कारण सरकार भी स्कूल और कॉलेज बंद कर देती है। जिससे बच्चों को परेशानी नहीं हो, पर वृद्ध व्यक्ति को ऐसे समय में कई समस्याओं से जूझना पड़ता है। वैसे सरकार ने भी इस पर कई नियम लागू किये हैं। जैसे की ऑड-इवन नुस्खा क्योंकि कार, बाइक व अन्य वाहन से प्रदूषण और बढ़ जाता है। इसलिए सरकार ऑड-इवन जैसे नियमों का पालन करने को कहती है। ट्रैफिक के कारण प्रदूषण बहुत हो जाता है और प्रदूषण इतना हो जाता है कि आंखों में जलन और नाक में दर्द की परेशानियां तो ऐसे समय में सामान्य हो जाती हैं। बहरहाल कुछ तो मौसम के कारण होता है और कुछ दीवाली के त्यौहार पर पटाखे और पराली जलाने की वजह से प्रदूषण तेजी से फैल जाता है। दिल्ली में दिवाली और छठ पूजा के दौरान प्रदूषण बहुत हो जाता है इसी के साथ दिल्ली में वाहन भी बहुत अधिक मात्रा में चलाया जाता है। यही नहीं ट्रैफिक भी इतना होता है कि प्रदूषण बढ़ने का खतरा बढ़ जाता है। इसीलिए सरकार अब नए नियमों का पालन करने को बोलती है चूँकि कोरोना वायरस और प्रदूषण के बीच संबंध की पुष्टि विज्ञान भी कर चुका है। आने वाले दिनों में सर्दी के साथ प्रदूषण बढ़ा तो कोरोना वायरस का दायरा भी बढ़ सकता है यही नहीं कोरोना और प्रदूषण दोनों एक ही समय पर हैं, यह चिंताजनक स्थिति है। यकीनन यह कहना गलत नहीं है कि लोग इस बीमारी से डर रहे हैं पर प्रदूषण के समय भी लोगों को मास्क, सैनीटाइजर आदि चीजों का प्रयोग करते रहना चाहिए। जैसे कोरोना काल में लोग मास्क, सैनीटाइजर जैसी चीजों का उपयोग कर रहे हैं। वैसे सरकार तो इस समस्या को रोकने की पूरी कोशिश कर ही रही है। उन्हें अपने द्वारा उठाए गए कदमों पर भरोसा है। पिछली बार हम सब ने 25 फीसदी प्रदूषण कम किया था और इस बार इससे ज्यादा कम करने में सफल होंगे, पर भारत की स्थिति इस समय पर बहुत गंभीर है। परेशानी दूर होने का नाम ही नहीं ले रही, सरकार महीनों से अपने कार्य को कर रही है लेकिन उनको आज तक इसका निवारण नहीं मिला, ना कोरोना संक्रमण थम रहा है, अर्थव्यवस्था भी गिरती जा रही हैं, लोग बेरोजगार हो रहे हैं। वैसे पहले कमजोर व गंभीर संक्रमण वाले मरीज इलाज के लिए अधिक पहुंचते थे जिनकी स्थिति अधिक गंभीर थी। भारत के डाक्टरों को मेरा सलाम है। इतनी बड़ी महामारी आई पर उन लोगों ने हार नहीं मानी अपनी जान की परवाह किए बगैर वह मरीजों का उपचार किया और आज भी कर रहे हैं, पूरी कोशिश कर रहे हैं कि मरीजों को जल्द से जल्द ठीक किया जा सके। कोरोना महामारी में लोग डर के अपने घर बैठे हुए थे वहीं डॉक्टर अपने काम में जुटे हुए थे और लोगों की जिंदगी को संवार रहे थे यही नहीं वह अपने छोटे-छोटे बच्चों को छोड़कर दूसरों की जिंदगी को बचा रहे थे। खुद की जान पर खेलकर।

स्नेहा मौर्या

अनुक्रमांक 18516068

बी.ए हिंदी (विशेष), तृतीय वर्ष

उर्मिला

हिंदी विशेष तृतीय वर्ष
कालिंदी महाविद्यालय



SAVE TREES SAVE ENVIRONMENT & NATURE

साँसें हो रही हैं कम आओ पैड़ लगाएं हम

SAVE TREE. SAVE SHELTER OF ANIMALS

कोरोना : मेरे अनुभव

कोरोना वायरस को फैलने से रोकने के लिए सरकार ने लॉकडाउन की घोषणा की थी। कोरोना लॉकडाउन के अनुभव सबके लिए अलग-अलग रहे हैं। कोरोना लॉकडाउन में सकारात्मक और नकारात्मक दोनों तरह के पहलू हमें देखने को मिले हैं।

कोरोना लॉकडाउन में अगर हम सकारात्मक दृष्टिकोण देखें तो हमें पता चलता है कि कई परिवारों ने इस लॉकडाउन का इस्तेमाल परिवार के साथ क्वालिटी टाइम बिताने और आपसी रिश्ते मजबूत करने में किया है। लॉकडाउन के समय लोगों ने अपने शौक को भी पूरा किया है। जो लोग डांस सीखने के शौकीन थे और समय की कमी के कारण नृत्य कला को कहीं-न-कहीं खुद से दूर कर रहे थे, उन्होंने लॉकडाउन में अपने इस हुनर को निखारा है। जिन्हें म्यूजिक का शौक है, उन्होंने म्यूजिक सीखा है, पेंटिंग सीखी है। ऐसे कई शौक लॉकडाउन के दौरान पूरे किए गए हैं। लॉकडाउन के दौरान बच्चों को अपने माता-पिता के साथ समय बिताने का मौका मिला। जिसका मजा लोग अपने पूरे परिवार के साथ बैठकर ले रहे हैं और अपनी पुरानी यादों को वापस से जी रहे थे। बच्चों के साथ वीडियो गेम्स, कैरम जैसे खेलों का बड़ों ने आनंद लिया। विद्यालयों में छुट्टी होने के कारण घर बैठकर शिक्षकों ने ऑनलाइन क्लासेज का सहारा लिया ताकि विद्यार्थियों की शिक्षा में कोई रुकावट न आए। लॉकडाउन के दौरान प्रदूषण में कमी हुई है।

कोरोना लॉकडाउन के नकारात्मक दृष्टिकोण को देखा तो हमें पता चला कि लॉकडाउन की वजह से देश की अर्थव्यवस्था को गंभीर नुकसान हुआ। लॉकडाउन की वजह से मजदूरों को बहुत नुकसान हुआ, जो रोजमर्रा के काम से अपने घर का पेट पालते थे। उनके लिए एक वक्त की रोटी भी बहुत मुश्किल हो रही थी। कई मजदूर ऐसे थे, जो भूखे पेट ही सोते थे। अगर लॉकडाउन का सबसे ज्यादा नुकसान किसी को हुआ है तो वह है मजदूर, जो अपने परिवार का पेट पालने के लिए दिन-रात मेहनत करते थे। काम रहेगा तो नौकरी रहेगी, नौकरी रहेगी तो आमदनी रहेगी और आमदनी रहेगी, तो जिंदगी अपने तरीके से चलती रहेगी। कोरोना की वजह से हुए लॉकडाउन ने इस संरचना को - अस्त-व्यस्त कर दिया। दिन-रात सिर्फ कोरोना से संबंधित खबरें लोगों को मानसिक रूप से परेशान कर रही हैं, जो उन्हें नकारात्मक कर रही हैं। लेकिन लॉकडाउन के अनुभवों ने हमें यह भी दिखाया है कि जिंदगी दूसरे तरीके से भी चल सकती है। महामारी भले ही एक रही हो, चुनौतियां और अनुभव अलग-अलग रहे हैं।

आरजू

अनुक्रमांक 18516018

बी.ए हिंदी (विशेष), तृतीय वर्ष

कोरोना एक : अनुभव अनेक

23 मार्च 2020 सुबह 6 बजे सम्पूर्ण भारत बंद | देश वही था, सुबह वही थी पर जिंदगी जीने का अंदाज बदल रहा था | कुछ शहर छोड़ कर जा रहे थे और कुछ अपने सपनों को भी | दिनभर खबरों में एक हलचल थी गरीबों के दर्द को बयान किया जा रहा था | बिहार के बेगूसराय के रहने वाले राम पुकार ने बताया कि वह दिल्ली के नजफगढ़ इलाके में मजदूरी करते हैं | बिहार में उनकी पत्नी व दो बेटियां रहती हैं | लाख मन्नों के बाद 8 साल बाद घर में एक बच्चे की किलकारी गूंजी थी | उनकी पत्नी ने 8 माह पहले ही बेटे को जन्म दिया था | कुछ दिनों से बच्चे की तबीयत खराब थी | लॉकडाउन के कारण पत्नी डॉक्टर को नहीं दिखा सकी |

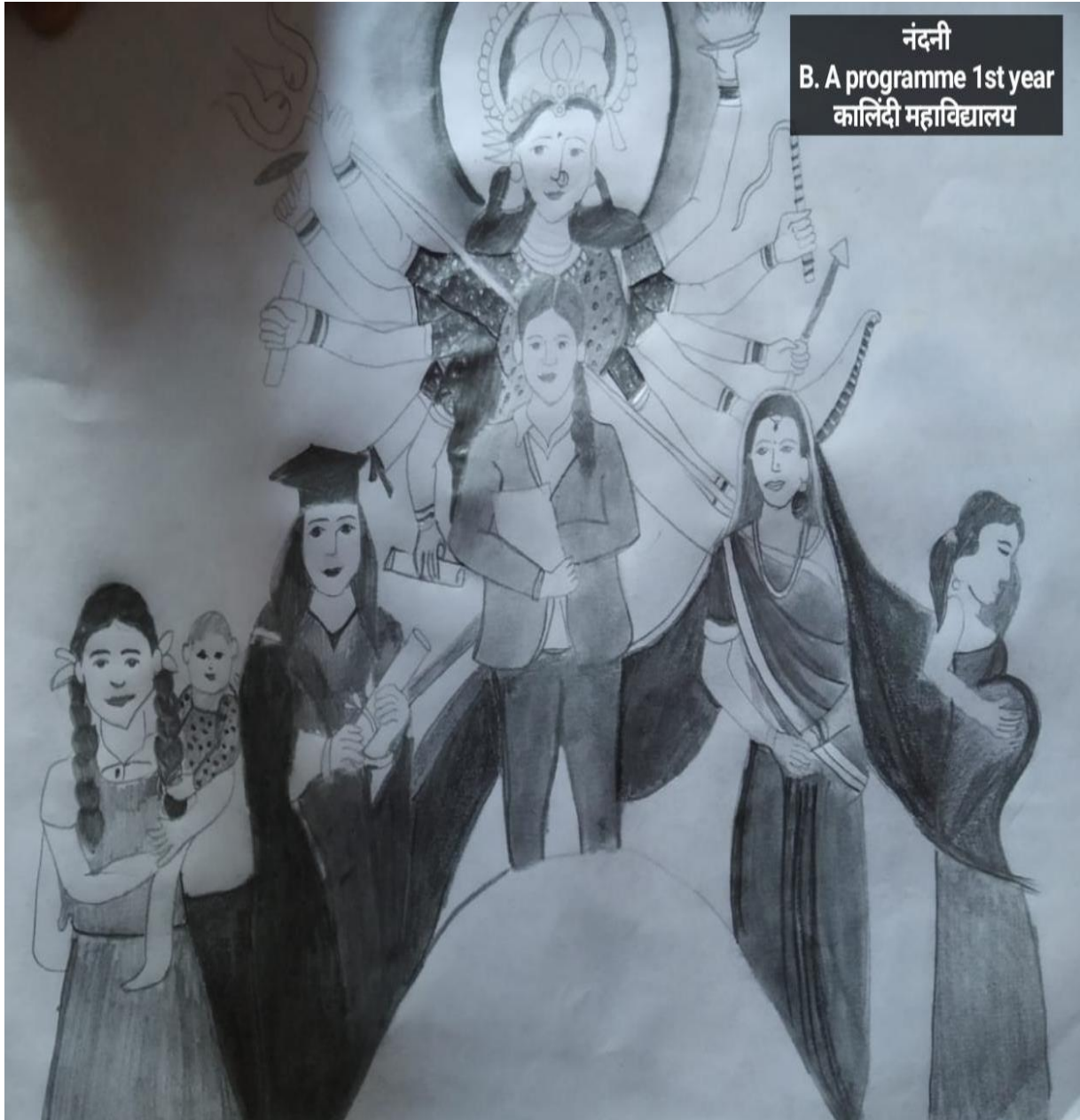
तीन दिन पहले उसकी मौत हो गई | वह दिल्ली में फंसे हुए थे और बिहार जाने के लिए कोई साधन नहीं मिला तो पैदल ही निकल पड़े | इसी बीच दिल्ली-यूपी गेट पर पुलिस ने रोक लिया | दो दिन तक भूखे-प्यासे सड़क पर रहे, उन्होंने अपनी परेशानी एक पुलिसकर्मी को बताई, उन्होंने जिलाधिकारी से संपर्क करवाया तुरंत उसके घर पहुंचा दिया गया | ऐसी एक नहीं अनेक कथाएं हैं | कुछ लोग अपने हर पल को नए रंग से भर रहे थे कुछ अपने खून से सने पैरों से मीलों पार कर रहे थे | सब अपने घरों में बंद थे हर पल अपने परिवार के साथ एक नया खेल खेला जा रहा था....

सदियों से जिन्होंने धरती पर राज करके आसमान से परियों का आशियाना अपने नाम करा था आज वही परिंदे अपने पंखों से आसमान को नाप रहे थे | हमें घरों में कैद देख खुशी से चहचहा रहे थे | इस महामारी में किसी ने अपनों को खो दिया और किसी ने अपनों को खुद के बहुत करीब पाया | सभी ने अपने जीवन के हर पल को जीना चाहा | जो आज तक नहीं हुआ सब इस महामारी ने करवाया | जब छोटे थे सुनते थे एक दिन सब बंद हो जाएगा पर पता नहीं था इतनी जल्दी सब अनुभव होगा | दोस्तों की वो हँसी, एक दूसरे से खाने का डब्बा छीनना, वो तस्वीर में साथ होना..... सब एक सपना बन गया | महामारी सिर्फ एक शब्द है जो चाहे उसका उसी तरह प्रयोग कर सकता है हम इस समय को चाहे तो उम्मीद या निराशा मान सकते हैं | उम्मीद क्योंकि परिवार के साथ एक नया अध्याय शुरू हुआ, तकनीक का ज्ञान मिला, अपने तनाव पर नियंत्रण करने की कोशिश की, छात्रों को भी कई ऑनलाइन मनोरंजक कार्यक्रम में भाग लेने को मिला, कोर्स को मुफ्त में करने का सुनहरा अवसर मिला तो किसी को अंतिम क्षण भी अपनों को देखना नसीब ना हुआ इससे बड़ी विपदा या निराशा हो ही नहीं सकती | अभी भी इस महामारी का कहर जारी है बस थोड़ी सावधानी और शारीरिक दूरी बनाने की आवश्यकता है |

संजना

अनुक्रमांक 18516009

बी.ए.हिंदी (विशेष), तृतीय वर्ष



नंदनी
B. A programme 1st year
कालिंदी महाविद्यालय

नयी सुबह

आज सुबह काफी देर से उठी, घड़ी देखी तो 11:30 बज चुके थे। पहले सोचा कि, जल्दी से नहा लूं, फिर कुछ काम करूँ, फिर सोचा कि नहा कर जाना ही कहाँ है? इस कोरोना ने सब ठप कर दिया है, अब तो जिंदगी फ़ोन से शुरू होकर फ़ोन पर ही ख़त्म हो जाती है। अनुशासन भी मानो लॉकडाउन पर चला गया हो। शुरुआत में तो लगता था कि वह क्या जिंदगी है, ना कोई स्कूल ना कोई काम बस आराम ही आराम। लेकिन लॉकडाउन के चार महीनों ने ही अक्ल ठिकाने लगा दी। उस दिन सुबह के कुछ आठ बजे होंगे, मेरा जन्मदिन था इसलिए मैं थोड़ा जल्दी उठकर तैयार हो गयी थी। तभी दरवाज़े पर दस्तक हुई, ओह ये डोरबेल अभी भी काम करता है, बेचारा चार महीने से किसी ने बजाया ही नहीं। खैर पापा ने उत्सुकता से दरवाज़ा खोला, सामने कौन है! अरे कैसे पहचानूँ मास्क जो लगा रखा था। करीब बीस मिनट बाद पापा अंदर आए। हम सब जानने को बेताब थे कि क्या हो गया? तभी पापा ने बताया कि करीब सौ मज़दूर उनके परिवार को मिलाकर हमारी कॉलोनी के पास रुके हैं, ये वो मज़दूर थे जो दिल्ली से अपने-अपने गाँवों के लिए पैदल ही निकले थे। वह लोग काफ़ी थक गए थे इसलिए कुछ समय के लिए यहाँ रुक गए थे। क्योंकि उन लोगों के पास खाने-पीने के लिए कुछ भी नहीं बचा था तो उन्होंने हमारी कॉलोनी के लोगों से मदद मांगी है। यही बताने हमारी कॉलोनी के प्रेसिडेंट अंकल आए थे कि हर घर कुछ खाने की चीज़ें, कुछ पैसे और एक आदमी खाना बनाने के लिए चाहिए। पापा से ये सुनने के बाद माँ ने कहा कि पैसे और खाने की चीज़ें तो ठीक हैं मगर घर से कोई बाहर नहीं जाएगा, पता नहीं कैसे लोग हैं? और अगर किसी को कोरोना हुआ तब क्या करेंगे। ओहो तुम्हें क्या लगता है, सोसायटी ने यह नहीं सोचा होगा, हम लोग पूरी सावधानी रखेंगे। और हमारे घर से एक शख्स जाएगा बस। पापा ने फैसला सुनाते हुए बोला।

मुझे क्या कोई भी जाए, मेरे तो जन्मदिन का कबाड़ा हो गया था, आज तो जन्मदिन हलवा - पूरी के साथ ही मनाना था किसी एक के जाने का समय हो गया, अब कौन जाएगा यह सबसे बड़ा सवाल था। पापा काफ़ी देर से कुछ गुना-भाग कर रहे थे, जाने क्या सोच रहे थे। उनका बार-बार मुझे देखना, मुझे डरा रहा था। एकाएक पापा ने चुप्पी तोड़ते हुए बोला रूपाली जाएगी। रूपाली ये तो मेरा ही नाम है। नहीं ये नहीं हो सकता। पापा की नजरों में, नहीं पूरे घर की नजरों में, मैं एक दम खाली सदस्य थी। और शायद थी भी। मैंने चालाकी दिखाते हुए बोला, मुझे तो खाना बनाना ही नहीं आता। तो सब्जी काट लेना, खाना पैक कर देना। ये मेरे जिंदगी के शरारती तत्व मेरे भाई की आवाज़ थी। अब तो मुझे जाना ही पड़ेगा।

मास्क नामक कवच पहनकर और सेनेटाईज़र रूपी तलवार लेकर मैं युद्ध के लिए तैयार थी। चल जा अच्छे से सब्जियाँ काटना। हाँ हाँ, मेरा भाई ही है। आखिर मैं पहुंच ही गयी। मेरे घर से छह बिल्डिंग दूर एक खाली प्लॉट है उसमें ही सारे लोग रुके थे। उन्हें देख कर लगा मानो किसी ने कलेजे को जोर से मरोड़ दिया हो। छोटे-छोटे बच्चे, कपड़ें भी नाम के ही थे। ऐसा लग रहा था जैसे कितने दिनों से इन्हें खाना नसीब नहीं हुआ। पैरों में बड़े-बड़े छाले पड़ गए थे। ऐसा मार्मिक दृश्य मैंने कभी नहीं देखा था और शायद कोई देखना भी ना चाहे। लेकिन देखना पड़ेगा क्योंकि ये आज की भयावह सच्चाई है। जिससे हमें मिलकर लड़ना होगा। मैंने सब्जियाँ काट ली थीं और लगभग दो घंटे में खाना भी तैयार हो गया। खाने को पैक कर प्लॉट पर ले जाया गया। पूरी सावधानी के साथ उन्हें खाना दिया गया। खाना देखकर उनके चेहरे पर ऐसी मुस्कान आ गयी जैसे बारिश की आस में बैठे किसान के चेहरे पर काले बादल देख कर आ जाती है। मैं अब बखूबी समझ गयी थी जो पापा हमेशा कहते हैं, इंसान वही है जो इंसान के बुरे वक्त में काम आए।

हमारे देश को खासकर इस विपरित परिस्थिति में हमारी जरूरत है और यह हमारा कर्तव्य है कि हम अपनी भागीदारी सुनिश्चित करें। जिस दिन हम सभी हाथ बढ़ाकर भारत का कसकर हाथ थाम लेंगे उस दिन सचमुच एक नयी सुबह होगी।

विशाखा कुमारी

अनुक्रमांक - 20516034

बी.ए. हिन्दी (विशेष), प्रथम वर्ष

अथ कोरोना-चर्चा (भय व भ्रम)

मार्च सहित 11 महीनों में समूचे विश्व सहित भारत कोरोना के दुष्प्रभावों को किस तरह सहन कर रहा है, यह सबकी आँखों के सामने है!

सरकार और नौकरशाह ने इस महामारी के बढ़ते कदमों को रोकने हेतु अनेक प्रयत्न किये किन्तु इसे एक इंच भी पीछे धकेलने में असफल रहे।

संक्रमण और संक्रमित व्यक्तियों की संख्या में रात-दिन बढ़ोतरी ही हुई है क्योंकि अब तक इसके चंगुल से छुड़ाने वाली कोई भी औषधि मैदान में नहीं उतरी है।

इन 11 महीनों से जनता के बीच जो चर्चा जारी है वह यह है कि भारत में कोरोना टेस्ट की कोई ऑथेंटिक मशीन है भी या नहीं ! ऐसा इसलिए कहा जा रहा है कि जितने भी नतीजे आये हैं उनमें से नब्बे प्रतिशत व्यक्तियों को या तो कोई अन्य बीमारी है या तीन से चार दिनों बाद उन्हें नेगेटिव करार देकर घर वापस भेज दिया जाता है।

सच कहें तो कोरोना की विभिन्न कोटियाँ देखने को मिल रही हैं क्योंकि पॉजिटिव व्यक्ति के साथ उठने बैठने वाला ,सामूहिक भोज में सम्मिलित होने वाला और ग़दर में गर्दा उड़ाने वाला व्यक्ति कोरोना को मात देता नजर आ रहा है।

आखिर चौदह या इक्कीस दिन के एकांत में संक्रमित व्यक्ति को क्या चिकित्सा दी जाती है जिसके आधार पर यह कह सकते हैं कि वह व्यक्ति डंके की चोट पर नेगेटिव होकर रहेगा!

इन सबसे इतर जो महत्त्वपूर्ण बात है वह यह है कि समाज द्वारा संक्रमित व्यक्ति को एक अपराधी की नजर से देखा जा रहा है। आखिर क्यों उसे लोग अपराधी की नजर से देखकर उसके बारे में पुराण लिखने बैठ जाते हैं! क्या बीमार या संक्रमित होना कोई जुर्म है ?

हॉटस्पॉट क्षेत्र के सन्नाटे को देखकर ऐसा लगता है मानो वहाँ मातम मनाया गया हो या गुंडों ने बलपूर्वक बस्ती खाली करा ली हो!

अभी हाल ही में अमिताभ बच्चन ने एक ट्वीट में एकांत एवं डॉक्टर्स की हकीकत बताते हुए कहा है कि यहाँ पर संक्रमित व्यक्ति के समक्ष जिस तरह से डॉक्टर्स व वार्ड बॉय उपस्थित होते हैं, उससे उस व्यक्ति के मन में भय का माहौल निर्मित हो जाता है जिसके कारण वह सोचने पर मजबूर हो जाता है कि जब यहाँ ऐसा बर्ताव किया जा रहा है तो जब वह ठीक होकर बाहर जनता के बीच में जायेगा तो उसे किस दृष्टि से देखा जाएगा?

इन्हीं चर्चाओं के बीच एकांत वार्ड से सम्बंधित तरह-तरह की खबरें देश के विभिन्न हिस्सों से आ रही हैं जिन्हें सुनकर कोई भी वहाँ जाने से कतरायेगा क्योंकि बिहार से एक खबर आई थी कि वहाँ एकांत वार्ड में एक गर्भवती महिला को कोरोना पॉजिटिव होने के नाते तीन दिन रखा गया। इन तीन दिनों में वहीं के एक वार्ड बॉय ने उस महिला के साथ कई बार दुष्कर्म किया, लिहाजा घर वापसी के दो दिन बाद ही महिला की मौत हो गयी!

बहरहाल... इस लोकतन्त्र में इस तरह की चर्चाएँ लाजमी हैं, क्योंकि यहाँ जितने आनन, उतने प्रकार की बातें!

अब बात करते हैं जीवन से जुड़े हुए अन्य क्षेत्रों की जो कोरोना के चलते लॉकडाउन का पालन कर रहे हैं।

छोटे-मोटे कारोबारी, दिहाड़ी मजदूर और प्रवासी मजदूर जो कोरोना के आतंक के भय से घर वापसी कर चुके हैं, उनका क्या होगा क्योंकि उनके सामने दुविधा उत्पन्न हो गयी है। एक ओर कोरोना के बढ़ते प्रभाव के कारण वे परदेश जाने से कतरा रहे हैं और दूसरी ओर पेट भरने के जुगाड़ में यदि आस-पास काम करना चाहें तो काम ही नहीं है! ऐसे में भला कब तक चलेगी उनके जीवन की गाड़ी!

स्कूल बंद पड़े हैं, प्रतियोगी छात्र रोजगार की आस लगाए हैं उम्र बढ़ती जा रही है और कोरोना है कि थमने का नाम ही नहीं ले रहा है!

यदि इन बिंदुओं पर गम्भीरता से विचार किया जाए तो दिल धक्क हो जाता है और भविष्य की तस्वीर की कल्पना करके कुछ पल के लिए मन स्तब्ध हो जाता है कि पता नहीं क्या होगा आगे और कैसी गुजरेगी ज़िन्दगी! क्योंकि सामूहिक भोज रुक नहीं रहे, जनप्रतिनिधि कारवाँ लेकर चलने से बाज नहीं आ रहे और अधिकांश जनता लापरवाही के वश में है।

खैर, अब लॉकडाउन बढ़ाना तो समस्या का हल नहीं किन्तु काफी हद तक सावधानी बरतने से भय व भ्रम का निवारण करते हुए संक्रमण से बच सकते हैं।

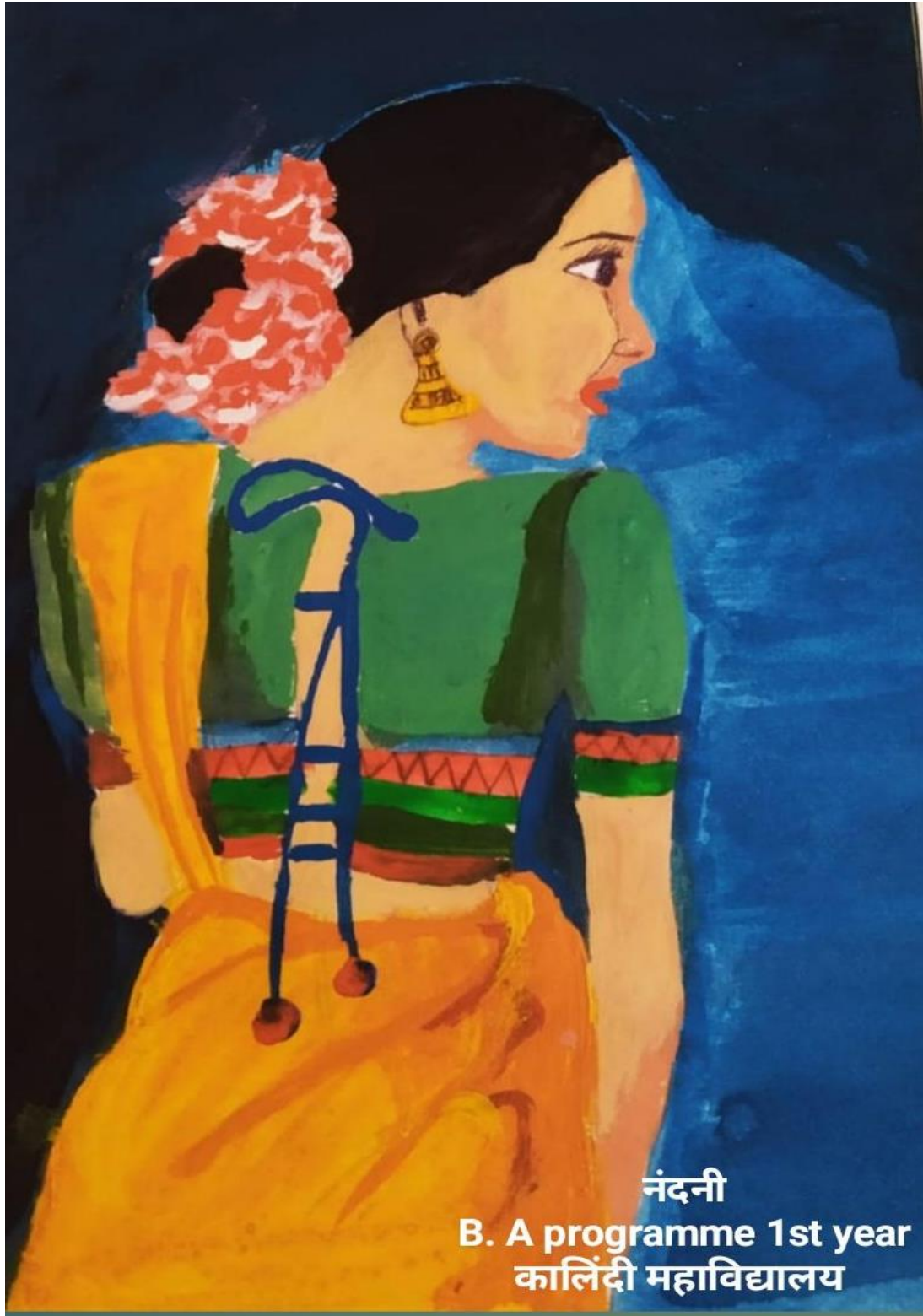
कोरोना योद्धाओं को करें सलाम

देशहित में जिन्होंने फूकें अपने प्राण

शशी द्विवेदी

अनुक्रमांक 20516016

बी.ए. हिंदी (विशेष), प्रथम वर्ष



नंदनी
B. A programme 1st year
कालिंदी महाविद्यालय

कुदरत का कहर

कुदरत ने रची अपनी कैसी माया,
चारों तरफ सन्नाटा ही सन्नाटा है छाया।
डर व खौफ का है हर तरफ साया,
डर में जी रही है हर एक काया।
सबने मास्क और सैनिटाइजर को है अपनाया।
मानो कुदरत कोई संदेश देना चाहती है सबको,
जिसे समझना होगा मिलकर हम सबको।
प्रकृति से जो किया था खिलवाड़ हम सभी ने,
उसका अंजाम भुगतना पड़ेगा सबको।

नदियों, झीलों, समुद्र को किया तूने प्रदूषित,
इन सबका ख्याल ना रखकर करता रहा तू अपने मन को हर्षित।
दरकिनार कर दिया तूने सभी जीवों का हित,
अब ये कुदरत लेगी बदला तुझसे नित।
जंगलों, पहाड़ों, आकाश हर जगह है तूने पैर पसारे,
बेजुबान पशु-पक्षी, तेरे आगे सभी है हारे।
अपना अस्तित्व बचाने को सब फिर रहे हैं मारे-मारे,
अब हिसाब होगा तेरे पापों का जो पता नहीं तूने किए थे कितने सारे।

एक सूक्ष्म विषाणु ने मानो सबक सिखाने की ठानी है,
तेरे तोपें, बम, बारूद, बंदूकें इसके आगे सब बेमानी हैं।
ए इंसान इससे मुक्ति पाना अब तेरी सबसे बड़ी परेशानी है,
जहां देखो वहां जुबां पर अब बस इसकी ही कहानी है।
इस अदृश्य विषाणु ने मचाया कैसा कहर,
खौफ के साए में गुजर रहा तेरा हर एक पहर।
मानो हर जगह फैल गया हो इसका ज़हर,
अंधकार में डूबा हुआ है तेरा पूरा शहर।

ए इंसान अभी भी वक्त है,
संभल सके तो संभल जा अभी भी,
अब न करना खिलवाड़ प्रकृति से कभी भी।
आओ मिलकर कुदरत से माफी मांगे सभी,
शायद सारी समस्या का समाधान होगा तभी।

सविता

अनुक्रमांक 18516062

बी.ए. हिंदी (विशेष) तृतीय वर्ष

दिशा की लहर

ना जाने कैसी वक्रत की,
दिशा बदल गई,
यूं इतने बे-कसूरों को सज़ा मिल गई,
ऐसा प्रवाह कभी नहीं देखा था,,
दिन की सुंदरता भी सूनी पड़ गई।।

जहां होता था शोर दिन रात,
वहां की हवा भी मंद हो गई,
ना कभी सुनी, ना कभी देखी,
ऐसी भी किया लहर आ गई।।

कुछ लोगों की सज़ा सबको क्यों मिल गई,
बेचारे मासूम-बेबस लोगों को परेशानी हो गई,
और नवाबों की ओर कमाई हो गई
ऐसी भी किया हालात बन गई।।

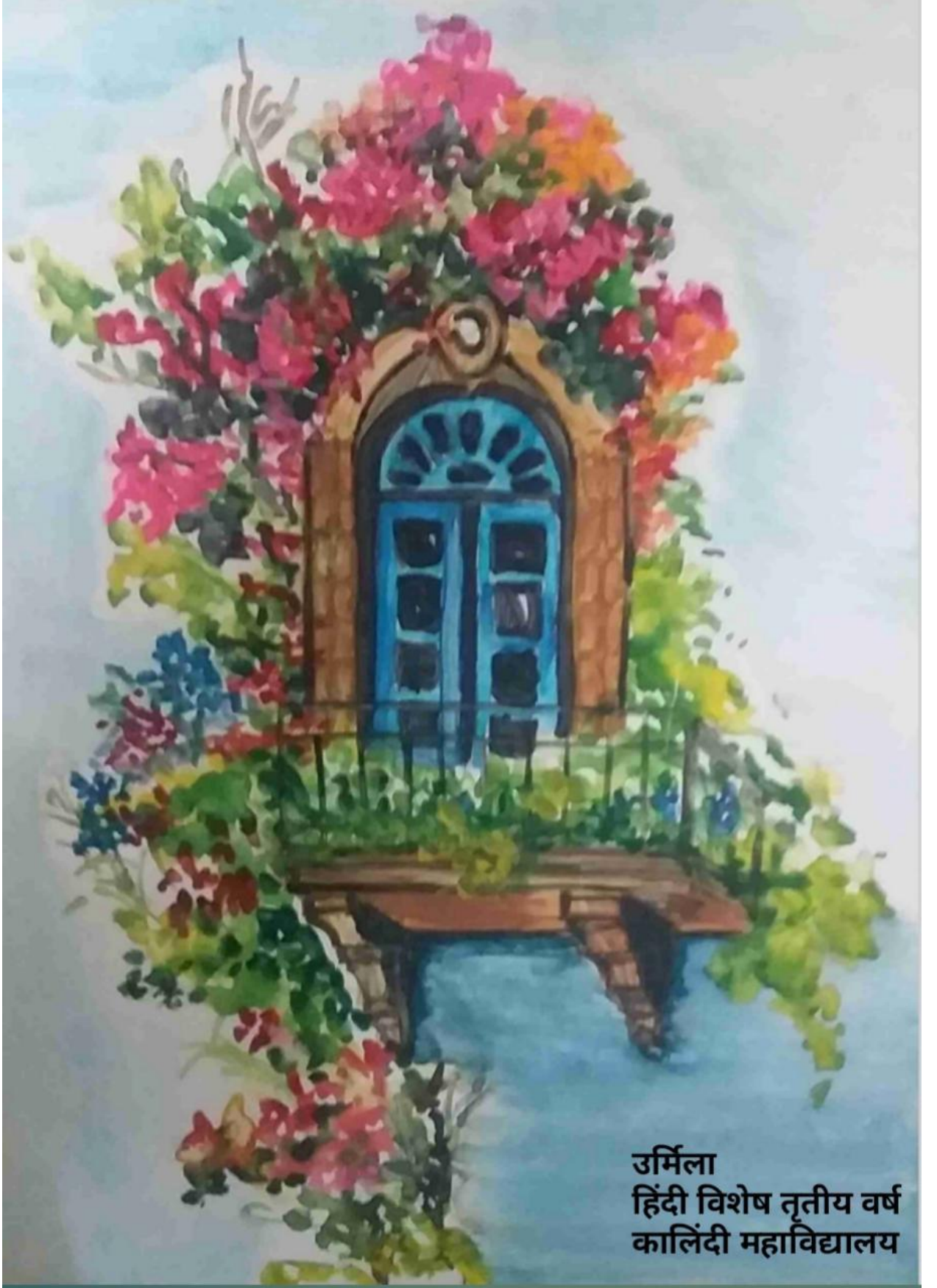
प्रकृति को नुकसान देकर,
उम्मीद भी किया रखते लोग,
पाप कई करके,
अब कहां बचते लोग।।

हालातों ने कुछ तो अच्छा सीखा दिया,
खुद को पहचानना सीखा दिया,
किसी को वक्रत ने मजबूत बना दिया,
दिशा का रुख कुछ यूं बदल दिया।।
ऐसा भी क्या दिन दिखा दिया।।

सोनिया

अनुक्रमांक 20504026

बी.कॉम (विशेष)प्रथम वर्ष



उर्मिला
हिंदी विशेष तृतीय वर्ष
कालिंदी महाविद्यालय

जिंदगी एक उलझन

रोज सवेरे निकलता सूरज
हमें यह आभास कराता है,
हर अंधेरी रात के बाद
पुनः एक नया सवेरा आता है।

बचपन जितना बेफिक्र होता है
जवानी में सर का बोझ उतना बढ़ता जाता है!!
कभी जिम्मेदारियां हमें घेरती हैं,
कभी हमें खुद जिम्मेदारियों से घिरा होने का आभास हो जाता है!!
मालूम है हमें,
के हर रात के बाद एक नया सवेरा आता है,
फिर भी यह मन बेवजह विचलित हो जाता है!!

जैसे-जैसे उम्र बढ़ती है,
खुद के भविष्य को सँवारने
परिवार की खुशहाली
को बरकरार रखने की
चिंता सताने लगती है।
यह जिंदगी है हर मोड़ पर,
नई परेशानियों से मिलाने लगती है!!

इसमें भी अगर किसी को किसी से प्यार हो जाए,
उस शख्स से जुदा होने का
डर बेहद रुलाता है।
कभी हम नौकरी को ढूँढते हैं,
कभी नौकरी ना मिलने की निराशा,
हमें बेहद दुख पहुंचाती है,

लड़की को बड़ा होते देख
उनके माता-पिता को उसकी शादी की चिंता सताने लगती है।
यह बात उन लड़कियों
के सपनों को पूरा करने में,
बाधाएं उत्पन्न करने लगती हैं।

लड़कों की स्थिति भी कुछ ठीक नहीं,
अगर सही समय पर सही नौकरी ना लगे

उन्हें बेहद सुनाया जाता है!!
आसान नहीं यह जिंदगी,
यहां हर कदम पर, हर मोड़ पर
हर इंसान संघर्ष करता जाता है,
आज पढ़ा लिखा नौजवान
भी नौकरी के लिए, जाने खुद को कितना खपाता है!!
तब जाकर एक ढंग की नौकरी,
अपने नाम लिखवाता है।
परिश्रम का फल मीठा होता है,
बस यही सोचकर हर इंसान
हर एक दिन मेहनत करते जाता है!!

मंजिल चाहे कितनी भी मुश्किल हो,
अगर मन में हो दृढ़ निश्चय
तो 60% लाने वाला भी,
आईएस अफसर बन जाता है।

सकारात्मक सोच, दृढ़ निश्चय,
सद्भाव, संभाव, सदाचार
हमारे व्यक्तित्व में चार चांद लगाता है।
निराशा से आशा की ओर बढ़ना
हमारा व्यक्तित्व ही हमें सिखाता है।
मुश्किले चाहे कैसी भी हो,
जब हमें उनसे लड़ना आता है
तो दुख का गागर सुख रूपी
जल से भर जाता है।।

रोज सवेरे निकलता सूरज
हमें संघर्ष करना सिखाता है,
मंजिल दूर नहीं,
यह हमें बतलाता है,
जब कोई इंसान उसे पाना चाहता है।
वे अपने हर स्वप्न को पूरा कर दिखाता है।

पूजा तिवारी

अनुक्रमांक 190527079

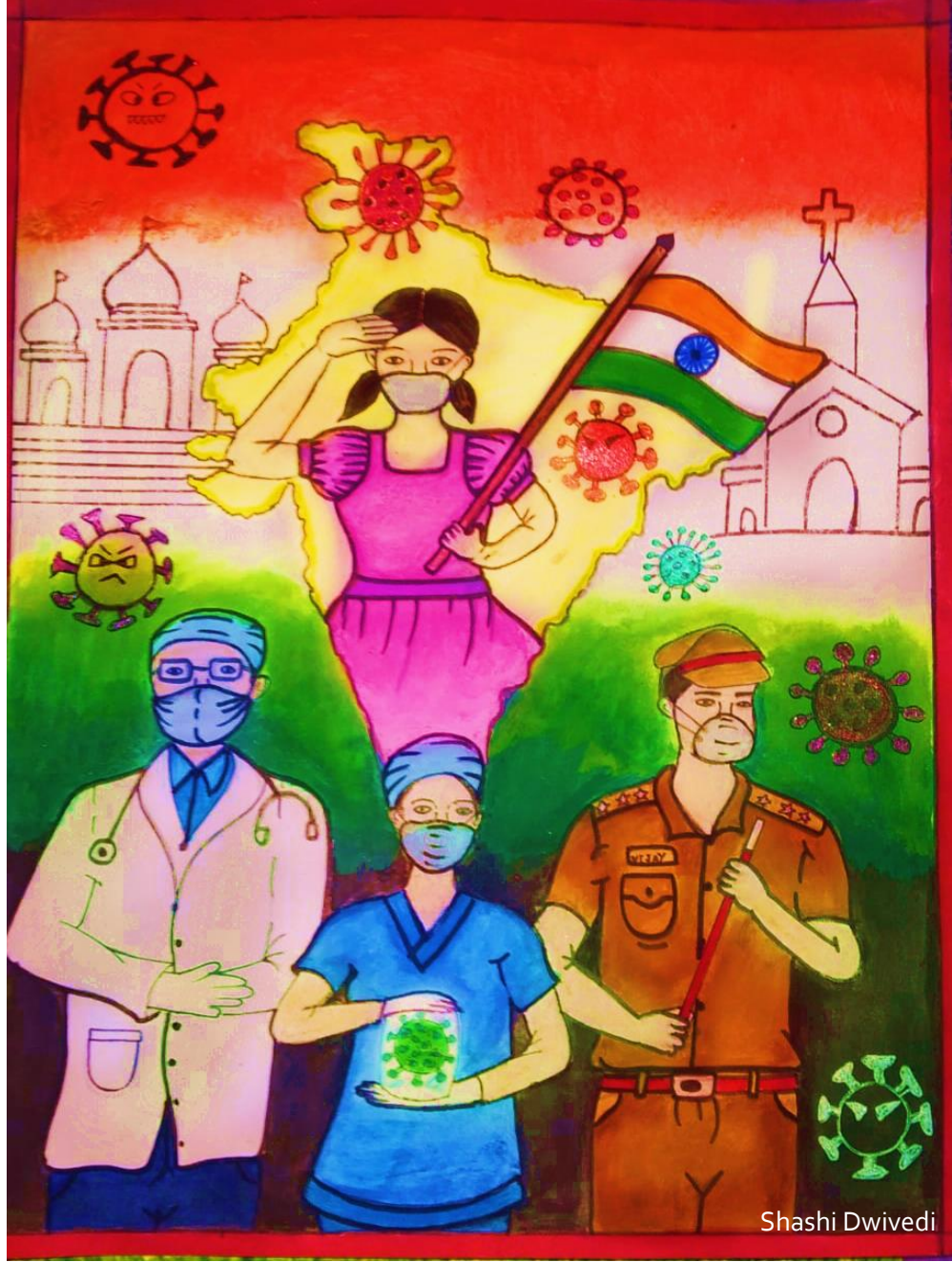
बी.ए.राजनीति विज्ञान(विशेष) द्वितीय वर्ष



उर्मिला
हिंदी विशेष तृतीय वर्ष
कालिंदी महाविद्यालय

संस्कृतस्य

अनुभागः



जयतु संस्कृतं जयतु भारतम्!

संपादकीयम्

भो पाठकाः,

भारतसहिताः विश्वस्य सर्वेऽपि देशाः इदानीं विपद्ग्रस्ताः सन्ति । कोरोना वायरसः संक्रामकमहामारीरूपेण प्रायशः विंशतिलक्षाधिकानाम् जनानां जीवनं हानिं कृत्वा अद्यापि वर्धत एव । जनानाम् अनवधानता कारणात् अस्य वायरसस्य संक्रमणम् अधिकं जायते । चीन देशे सर्वादौ अस्य आविर्भावः जातः । तद्देशस्य शासकाः सम्पूर्णस्य विश्वस्य समक्षम् अस्यवायरसस्य विषये सर्वाम् सूचनां समयेन प्राकाशयिष्यन् चेद् सर्वेऽपि सुरक्षितः अभविष्यत् किन्तु तैः सूचना सम्यक् न प्रकाशिता । इदानीं वैज्ञानिकाः चिकित्सकाश्च अस्य वायरसस्य उपचाराय औषधस्य निर्माणाय, विकासाय च निरन्तरं प्रयतमानाः सन्ति ।

अस्मिन् विषये अस्माकं भारतदेशः सर्वान् देशान् अतिशेते । अत्र जनसंख्यायाः आधिक्ये सत्यपि अधिका जीवनहानिः न जाता । कोवैक्सीन तथा कोविशील्ड नाम्ना अस्य वायरसस्य प्रतीकाराय औषधस्य अन्वेषणम् अस्माकं वैज्ञानिकैः भिषग्भिश्च कृतम् । इदानीं प्रायशः सप्तकोटिजनाः अनुमौषधं स्वीकृतवन्तः भारतदेशः अन्येषामपि देशानाम् अस्मिन् संकटे साहायम् करोति तेन अस्मद् देशस्य प्रतिष्ठायां प्रभावे च विश्वस्मिन् वृद्धिर्जाता ।

धन्यवादाः

अपर्णा कुमारी

स्नातक-द्वितीय-वर्षः



Akanksha Tiwari

विषयानुक्रमणिका

- क. कोरोनावायरसस्य उपचारः - अपर्णा कुमारी स्नातक-द्वितीय वर्षः
- ख. कोरोना : संक्रामक महाव्याधिः - आकांक्षा तिवारी स्नातक-द्वितीय-वर्षः
- ग. एका महामारी विविध परिदृश्ययानि - स्नेहा कुमारी स्नातक-द्वितीय वर्षः
- घ. कोरोना एका महामारी - श्रुतिः स्नातक-द्वितीय वर्षः
- ङ. कोरोना कालः एवं पर्यावरणम् - आरती मिश्रा स्नातक-द्वितीय वर्षः
- च. कोविडान्धकारे आशा संचारः - आकांक्षा तिवारी, स्नातक-द्वितीय वर्षः
- छ. कोरोना एका वैश्विकी महामारी - शशि द्विवेदी स्नातक-प्रथम वर्षः
- ज. विश्वस्य महाशत्रुः कोरोना - सोनाक्षी राज स्नातक-प्रथम वर्षः
- झ. कोरोना कालः - साक्षी झा स्नातक-प्रथम वर्षः

क. कोरोनावायरसस्य उपचारः

कोरोना एकः लैटन शब्दः अस्ति। कोरोना वायरसः एकः विश्वस्य संक्रामकमहाव्याधिः अस्ति। कोरोना वायरसस्य प्रारंभिक लक्षणम् अस्ति श्वास क्रियायाम अवरोधः।

कोरोना विषाणोः प्रकोपस्य आरम्भचीनदेशस्य वुहान नगरात् नवम्बर मासे 2019 वर्षे अभवत्।

कोरोनाविषाणुः अनेक प्रकाराणां समूहः भवति । एतैः मानवानां श्वासनलिकासु संक्रमणं भवितुमर्हति।

विश्वस्वास्थ्य संगठनेन अस्य विषाणु समूहस्य नाम कोविद्-19० दत्तम् । एवं विश्वस्तरस्य महाव्याधिः घोषणां अकरोत्।

अधुना विश्वस्य समस्त राष्ट्राः अनेन ग्रसिताः सन्ति । अस्य संक्रमणेन प्रभाविताः परःसहस्रजनाः संक्रमिताः भवन्ति म्रियन्ते च ।

अस्य संक्रमणस्य प्रमुखलक्षणाः -- कफः, शिरोवेदना, ज्वरः, श्वसननालिकायाः संक्रमितः, छींक्यादि।

कोरोना विषाणुनाम् शमनार्थं किञ्चित्ऽपि प्रमाणितम् औषधम् अधुना पर्यन्त न निर्मितं वर्तते। अस्य निवारणम् व्यक्ते रोगं प्रतिरोधकं शक्ते अनुगुणं भवति। अस्य मात्र एकमेव उपायः अस्ति--

एकैकम परात् दूरीं कृत्य वसेत एवं मुखसंरक्षकं आवरणम् प्रयोगम् च आवश्यकम् अस्ति। प्रतिहोरा स्वहस्तं मुखं च फेनिलेन प्रक्षालयेत् । प्रतिदिनम् गृहस्थानां कीटनाशकं तरलपदार्थेन् मिश्रित जलेम् प्रक्षालयेत् । मासपूर्वे सम्पूर्ण देशे गृहे निर्वन्धनेन् स्थरीकृतम् आसीत्। अस्मात् कारणात् विद्यालयानाम्, महाविद्यालयानाम् शिक्षण संस्थानानाम्, कार्यालयानाम्, चलचित्रगृहानाम्, दुदर्शाः

सन्ति

अस्माकम् चिकित्सकाः शोधकर्तारः औषधालयाः च युक्त अविष्काराणि कृतानि परं ते अनवरतं प्रयासरताः सन्ति। आशासे अहम् शीघ्रमेव औषधानि प्राप्स्यन्ते । तत्पश्चात् द्विप्रकारिकायाः टीकायाः

अविष्काराणि कृतानि च।

प्रथमतः कोवैक्सीन टीका भारतदेशस्य स्वनिर्मिता अस्ति। एषः वैक्सीनः भारतस्य वायोटेक कम्पनी, इंडियन काउंसिल ऑफ मेडिकल रिसर्चः च सयुक्तरूपेण निर्मितः।

द्वितीय टीका कोविशील्डः अस्ति । इदमेव आक्सफोर्ड एट्रोजेनेकानाम्ना भारतीय संस्करणम् अस्ति। इदं सीरम् इंस्टीट्यूट ऑफ इंडिया पुणे निर्मितम् अस्ति।

अपर्णा कुमारी

स्नातक-द्वितीय -वर्षः



ख. कोरोना : संक्रामकमहाव्याधिः

कोरोनावायरसः एकः विश्वस्य संक्रामकमहाव्याधिः अस्ति। एतत् श्रूयते अस्य उत्पत्तिः चीनदेशस्य "वुहान" नामकप्रदेशात् अभवत्। अधुना विश्वस्य समस्त राष्ट्राणि अनेन ग्रसितानि सन्ति। कोरोनाविषाणुः अनेकप्रकराणां एकः समूहः भवति। स्तनधारिषु पक्षिषु च रोगान् जनयति। एते विषाणवः अम्लीयाः आर एन ए राइबो न्यूक्लिक एसिड्स भवन्ति। एतैः मानवानां श्वासनलिकासु संक्रमणं भवितुमर्हति। संक्रमणकारणात् श्वासनिरोधः, अतिज्वरः, तस्माच्च मृत्युरपि भवेत्। प्रतिदिनं परःसहस्रं जनाः संक्रमिताः भवन्ति म्रियन्ते च। विश्वस्वास्थ्य संगठनेन अस्य विषाणु समूहस्य नाम् कोविड १९ दत्तम्। अस्य निवारणस्य उपायः अस्ति- एकैकम् परस्मात् दूरे स्थितिः। अर्थात् एकैकम् परात् दूरीम् कृत्य वसेत। प्रतिहोरा स्व हस्तं मुखं च फेनिलेन प्रक्षालयेत्। प्रक्षालक द्वारा हस्तौ स्वच्छीकृत्य मुखनासिकाच्छादकस्य प्रयोगं विधीयताम्। प्रतिदिनं गृहस्थानं कीटनाशकं तरल पदार्थेन मिश्रित जलेन प्रचालयेत्। आरोग्यसेतुः स्वचलदूरवाण्यां संस्थाप्य स्वपरीक्षणं कृत्वा नवदृढसंकल्पं कुर्मः इति ममाशा।

आकांक्षा तिवारी

स्नातक-द्वितीय-वर्षः

ग. एका महामारी विविध परिदृश्यानि

कोरोना विषाणुः एकः विश्वव्यापी संक्रमणव्याधिः अस्ति। कोरोना विषाणोः प्रकोपस्य आरम्भः चीनदेशस्य वुहान नगरतः 2019 वर्षे अभवत् । मार्च मासादारभ्य समपुर्णे देशे गृहे निर्बंधने सर्वजनाः स्थरीकृताः आसन् । अस्मात् कारणात् विद्यालयानाम् ,कार्यालयानाम् , चलचित्रगृहाणाम् दुर्दशा अस्ति । आनलाइन माध्यमेन कक्षाः भवन्ति किन्तु ग्रामीण क्षेत्रेषु सम्पर्कः सम्यक् न भवति अथ च चक्षुरोगाः अपि जायन्ते । महामारीतः आत्मनः रक्षणाय जनसम्मर्दस्थलेषु सर्वैः जनैः परस्परं दूरे भवितव्यम् मुखाच्छादकं च सर्वदा धारणीयम् हस्थप्रक्षालनं च निरन्तरं करणीयम् । इदानीं भारते अन्येषु च देशेषु वैज्ञानिकाः चिकित्सकैः सह मिलित्वा वैक्सीन आविष्काराय समर्थाः जाताः तेन जनाः रक्षिताः भविष्यन्ति ।कोरोना वायरसस्य प्रभावः न्यूनः भविष्यति यदि अस्माकं रोगनिरोधकक्षमता वर्धिता भविष्यति । आयुर्वेदस्य उपचारमाध्यमेन योगस्य आश्रयणेन च स्वकीयां सुरक्षां साधयितुं शक्नुमः। आयुर्वेदस्य इतिहासः वैदिककाला देव आरभ्यते , अतः पश्चात्सहस्र वर्षभ्यो अपि प्राचीनोअयं इतिहासः । शतकपर्यन्तम् आयुर्वेदस्य उत्कृष्ट परंपराः न केवलं प्रचारे आसन् अपितु तत्कालीनेषु प्रख्यातेषु नालन्दा , विक्रमशिला , वल्लभी इत्यादिषु विश्वविद्यालयेषु प्रमुख विषयत्वेन पाठ्यन्ते स्म । सर्वेषां रोगाणां प्रश्ननार्थं आयुर्वेदशास्त्र विहितस्य उपचारस्य अवश्यमेव आश्रयणं कर्तव्यम् ।

स्नेहा कुमारी
स्नातक-द्वितीय- वर्षः

घ. कोरोना : एका महामारी

कोरोनावायरसः एकः विश्वव्यापी संक्रमण महाव्याधिः अस्ति। यः केवलं जीवित कोशिकायामेव स्ववंश वृद्धिं करोति। कोरोना शरीराद् बहिः मृत सृष्टयः भवति किंतु शरीरस्य अभ्यन्तरे सजीवो भवति। कोरोनायाः प्रारम्भः चीन देशस्य वुहाननगरे सन् 2019-2020 मध्ये अभवत्। अस्य रोगस्य स्पष्टं लक्षणम् अस्ति - यथा तीव्र ज्वरः, अतिकासः श्वसने पीडा च अस्ति। कोरोना विषाणुः अतिसूक्ष्मः किंतु अति प्रभावी वायरसः वर्तते। अस्य रोगस्य कारणात् जनाः स्वजीवने अति प्रभाविताः अभवन्। अस्य निवारणस्य उपायः अस्ति ऐकेकम् परस्मात् दूरे स्थितिः। प्रतिहोरा स्व हस्तं मुखं च फेनिलेन प्रक्षालयेत्। महामारीतः आत्मनः रक्षणाय जनसमर्दस्थलेषु सर्वैः जनैः परस्परं दूरे भवितव्यम्, मुखाच्छादकं च सर्वदा धारणीयम् तथा हस्त प्रक्षालनं च निरंतरं करणीयम्। कोरोनावायरसः संक्रामकमहामारीरूपेण प्रयाशः विंशतिलक्षाधिकानाम् जनानां जीवन हानिं कृत्वा अद्यापि वर्धत एव।

श्रुति
स्नातक-द्वितीय- वर्षः

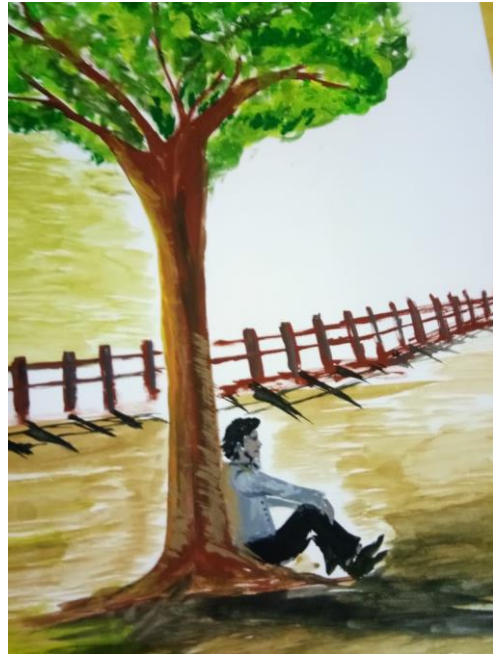


Khushboo

ड. कोरोनाकालः एवं पर्यावरणम्

कोरोनाविषाणुः विश्वस्य एकः संक्रामकमहाव्याधिः वर्तते । अस्योत्पत्तिः चीनदेशस्य वुहान इति प्रदेशात् अभवत् । अधुना विश्वस्य बहवः जनाः कोरोना ग्रसितानि सन्ति । कोरोना संक्रमणेन नैके जनाः काल कवलीभूताः । कोरोना- कालेऽस्मिन् पिहितीकरणेन सर्वेषां देशानां अर्थव्यवस्था सामाजिकजनजीवनं च दुष्प्रभावितम् परं पर्यावरणकृते कालोऽयं सुखमयः आसीत् । विगत षष्टिदिवसेषु पर्यावरणस्थितिः सवोत्तमा जाता । पर्यावरण संरक्षणाय इतः प्राक् नैके प्रयासाः अभवन् । परं कोरोना-काले अस्य स्थितिः सर्वाधिकसुखमयी वर्तते । यथा इतः प्राक् क्योटो प्रोटोकालः पेरिसजलवायुसन्धिः समेत्य नैके प्रयासाः देशैः कृताः । परं किमपि सकारात्मकपरिवर्तनं नासीत् । कोरोनामहारोगस्य संकटकालेऽस्मिन् पर्यावरणस्य सकारात्मकपरिवर्तनं अस्माकं कृते उपायनरूपमस्ति । अवसरश्चास्ति यत् पर्यावरणं प्रति जनजागरणं करणीयम् । जलस्रोतसां निर्मलीकरणं वृक्षारोपणं करणीयम् । कोरोनाकाले स्वच्छः जायते । अधुनपि पर्यावरणस्य सरक्षणम् अस्मभ्य अवश्यमेव करणीयम् ।

आरती मिश्रा
स्नातक-द्वितीय-वर्षः





च. कोविडान्धकारे आशासञ्चारः

कोविडव्यापनकाले लोके
मानवास्सर्वे संभीता जाताः।
उच्चो वा नीचो वा मध्यमो वा
नास्ति विभेदः कोरोणायाश्च॥

मन्त्री वा तन्त्री महाजनो वा
मन्त्रयेकं कोरोणामन्त्रम् ।
मन्त्रेण यन्त्रेण नैव वार्या
जाग्रता एकास्ति तन्निरोधे॥

सच्छीलानां परिपालनेन
उच्चाटनं साध्यम् कोविडस्य।
यत्र कुत्रापि वा सञ्चरणे
व्यक्तिशुचित्वं प्रधानमेव॥

कार्यालये वाऽन्यसंगमे वा
धार्यं सदापि मुखावरणम्।
हस्तप्रक्षालनं मध्ये मध्ये
कर्तव्यमेवाणुनाशनाय॥

सामूहिकान्तरं कल्पनीयम्
शारीरिकं नतु मानसिकम्।
हस्तदानं मास्तु स्वीकरणे
वक्तुमुचितम् 'नमस्ते' एव॥

आश्चर्यं कोविडवैभवेन
निश्चलं सर्वं पिनद्धं जातम्।
नास्ति गत्यन्तरमित्यतो हि
सर्वे जना गृहमाश्रयन्ति॥

पितरस्सतुष्यन्ति स्वात्मजानां
सततस्सान्निध्येन दुर्लभेन।

वाल्सल्यमन्यधा नैव लभ्यम्॥

नास्ति बहिर्मुधा पर्यटनम्
अस्ति दुराशानां संयमनम्।
भूत्वा गृहे सर्वे सन्निहिताः
स्वस्थाः परस्परं संवदन्ति॥

कोविडगुरोरनुशासनेन
कोविदा जाताः महाजनाश्च।
अन्धविश्वासदुराचाराणाम्
अन्तमभवदनेककानाम्॥

अस्ति जगदीश सर्वतोपि
ईश्वरतुल्यजनोस्ति लोके।
मानवसेवा भवति साक्षात्
दैविकसेवा वदति कोविड्॥

यानानि सर्वाणि निश्चलानि
राजमार्गाः जाता निर्जनाश्च।
अन्तस्थितेषु जनेषु बाह्ये
सर्वतो वन्यमृगाश्चरन्ति॥

मालिन्यमुक्ता जलाशया हा!
स्वच्छञ्च संजातमन्तरीक्षम्
जन्तवो विस्मिता मानवानां
मानसान्तरं कथं नु जातम्?

अस्ति कृषिकर्म गेहे गेहे
अत्ति सुभिक्षं दिने दिने च।
नास्ति पिधानवैरस्यमल्पम्
वेत्ति जनोपि कुटुम्बसौख्यम्॥

कोविद! त्वं गुरुर्मानवानाम्।
पाठाननेकान् त्वं पाठितवान्।
पाठनमत्यन्तमुत्तमं स्यात्।
कोऽपि न विस्मरेज्जीवनान्तम्॥

एवं स्थितेपि त्वां कीर्तयितुं
साध्यं कथं तव दुश्चरितैः?
मृत्युः वपसि त्वं मत्र्यलोके
मृत्योः वा त्वं भुवनान्तकस्य?

उत्सर! कोविड! रे दुरात्मन्!
भर्सयति त्वां जगदिदानीम्।
वाक्सिनागच्छेत्वन्नाशनाय
उज्झित्वा गच्छ! भुवनाच्छ्रीघृम्॥

कोविडनिर्माजनाय लोकाः!
बद्धपरिकरा सन्त्विदानीम्!
त्यज्यन्तां भेदविवेचनानि
लोकाः समस्तास्सुखिनस्सन्तु!

आकांक्षा तिवारी
स्नातक-द्वितीय- वर्षः



छ. कोरोना एका वैश्विकी महामारी

कोरोनावायरस एकः अकोशिकीयः अतिसूक्ष्मः जीवः वर्तते। यः केवलं जीवितकोशिकायामेव स्ववंशवृद्धिं करोति। अस्य संरचना नाभिकीयाम्लैः प्रोटीनैश्च मिलित्वा घठिता भवति। कोरोना शरीराद् बहिः मृतसृदशः भवति किन्तु शरीरस्य

अभ्यन्तरे सजीवो भवति। नग्नाक्षिभिः दर्शनमस्य कर्तुं नैव शक्यते। अस्य दर्शनार्थं तु सूक्ष्मदर्शियन्त्रस्यावश्यकता भवति। कोरोनाव्याधेरुत्पत्तिः सर्वप्रथमं 1930 ख्रीस्ताब्दे एकस्य कुक्कुटस्य मध्ये जाता। तदनन्तरमग्रे 1940 ख्रीस्ताब्दे अन्येषु पशुषु अपि अभवत्। अथानन्तरं 1960 तमे ख्रीस्ताब्दे एकः जनः शीतरोगाद् पीडितः आसीत्। तत्पश्चात् इदानीं एकोनविंशत्यधिकद्विसहस्रतमे ख्रीस्ताब्दे “ कोविड - 19 ” रूपेण अस्य हृदयविदारकं स्वरूपं चीन- देशाद् आरभ्य समग्रे विश्वे प्रसृतो वर्तते। विश्वस्वास्थ्यसंगठन-(WHO)- द्वारा कोरोनावायरसः महामारी इति रूपेण घोषितः। कोरोनाविषाणुः अतिसूक्ष्मः किन्तु अतिप्रभावी वायरसः वर्तते। विश्वस्मिन् कोरोनासंक्रमणं सर्वातितीव्रगामी

प्राणविघातकञ्चापि वर्तते। भारतस्य कोरोनासंकटयोद्धारः विश्वस्मिन् विख्याताः सन्ति। अस्माकं देशे कोरोनावायरसस्य नाशाय औषधस्य निर्माणमपि सर्वप्रथमं भारतीयैरेव कृतम्।

शशी द्विवेदी
स्नातक- प्रथम-वर्षः



ज. विश्वस्य महाशत्रुः - कोरोना

कोरोनायाः परिचयः-

कोरोनायाः प्रारम्भः चीन देशस्य बुहान नगरे सन् 2019- 2020 मध्ये अभवत्। कोरोनावायरसस्य प्रारम्भिकं लक्षणम् अस्ति श्वास क्रियायाः अवरोधः। विश्वस्मिन् विश्वस्वास्थ्यसंगठनं उचित समये एव अस्य कोरोनावायरसस्य अभिज्ञानं प्राप्य उचितान् निर्देशान् दत्तवान्। अस्य रोगस्य स्पष्टं लक्षणम् अस्ति - यथा तीव्र ज्वरः अतिकासः श्वसने पीडा च अस्ति।

कोरोनाकालः एवं पर्यावरणम्:-

वर्तमानकाले विश्वस्मिन् कोरोनावायरसः एकः गम्भीरः व्याधिः वर्तते। एतस्मादेवकारणात् सम्पूर्णः विश्वः अस्य प्रकोपात् आपदाग्रस्तः वर्तते। अस्य रोगस्य कारणात् जनाः स्वजीवने अति प्रभाविताः अभवन्, परञ्चः पर्यावरणे अस्य सकारात्मकाः प्रभावाः अभवन्। अस्मात् कारणात् प्रकृतिः अधिकाधिकम् शुद्धम् अभवत्।

कोरोनायाः आयुर्वेदिकउपचारः -

कोरोनायाः काले अधोलिखिताः उपचाराः आवश्यकाः सन्ति।

- 1- अधिकाधिकम् शुष्कजलस्य प्रयोगः।
- 2- आमलकनिर्मितस्य च्यवनप्राशस्य अधिकाधिकम् सेवनम्।
- 3- तुलसीपत्र सहितस्य चायपेयस्य सेवनम्।
- 4- जम्बीर्मिश्रितं पेयम् गोमुत्रस्य च सेवनम्।

सामाजिकसंगठनस्य भूमिका:-

कोरोना काले विश्वस्य सर्वेषु क्षेत्रेषु जनाः त्रस्ताःआसन्। तस्मिन् काले सामाजिक क्षेत्रे अनेकेषाम् जनानाम् विपत्तिम् दृष्ट्वा मानवानाम् मनोवृत्तिः सम्यक् न आसीत्,जनाः भयग्रस्ताः आसन् यत् न जाने किं भविष्यतीति। एतस्याम् मनःस्थिति जनान्दोलन विपदाग्रस्तान् दृष्ट्वा अनेकानि संगठनात्मक तेषां साहायाम् कर्तुम् प्रतिनिधीनाम् माध्यमेन अधोलिखितानि अनेकानि कार्यालय अकुर्वन् कोरोनायाः कारणेन औद्योगिक क्षेत्रे व्यवधान कारणात् प्रायशः बहूनाम् श्रमिकाणाम् व्यवसायहानिर्जाता।

कार्याभावे तेषां जीवननिर्वाहः अपि कठिनः आसीत् ते सर्वे श्रमिकाः स्वस्वग्रामंप्रति गमनागमन समुत्तुंग आसन् तेषां पार्श्व भोजनमपि न आसीत् अतः तेषां कृते भोजनालय व्यवस्थायै अथ च तेषां स्वगृहं प्रति प्रेषणाय सामाजिक संगठनैः व्यवस्था कृता आनलाइन माध्यमेन विद्यार्थीनामकृते पाठनमपि प्राचलत् अथ च चिकित्साक्षेत्रे,सुरक्षाक्षेत्रे,स्वच्छताक्षेत्रे च ये कर्मकराः आसन् तेषां कृते पीपीईकिट इत्यादिकं सर्वविदित सौविध्यम् समुत्पादितम् ।

सोनाक्षी राज
स्नातक -प्रथम -वर्षः



Shashi Dwivedi

झ. कोरोनाकालः

कोरोना विषाणुः एकः विश्वव्यापी संक्रमण अस्ति।

कोरोना विषाणुः अनेक प्रकाराणां विषाणुनाम् एकः समूहः भवति।

कोरोना विषाणुः मानवेषु श्वासनलिकासु संक्रमणं भवितुमर्हति।

कोरोना विषाणो प्रकोपस्य आरंभः चीनादेशस्य वुहान नगरतः २०१९ वर्ष आगच्छन्ति स्म।

विश्व स्वास्थ्य संघटनेन अस्य विषाणु समूहस्य नाम् कोविद् १९ दत्तम्।

विश्व स्वास्थ्य संघटनेन कथयत कोविद् १९ एका महामारी अस्ति।

कोरोना काले रूग्णः प्रतिरोधक क्षमता कृते पौष्टिक आहारम् आवश्यकः अस्ति।

द्विगजस्य सामाजिक अन्तरम् मुखसंरक्षक आवरणम् प्रयोगं च आवश्यकम् अति।

कोरोना महामारी मुक्तः सर्वे जनाः सहयोगम् अति आवश्यक अस्ति।

साक्षी झा
स्नातक-प्रथम- वर्षः

ANNUAL SPORTS DAY & ALUMNI MEET



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Department of Physical Education

ORGANISES A WEBINAR
ON

**Exercise is as important as food for
the body in contemporary times**



DR. GAURI CHAKRABORTY

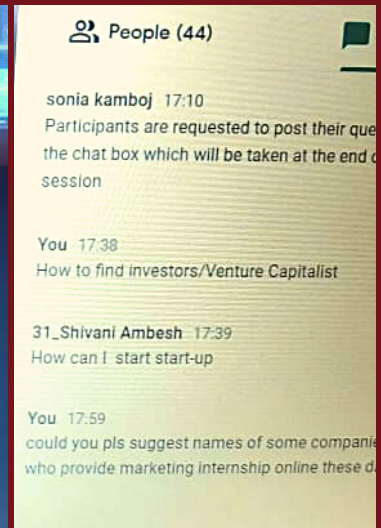
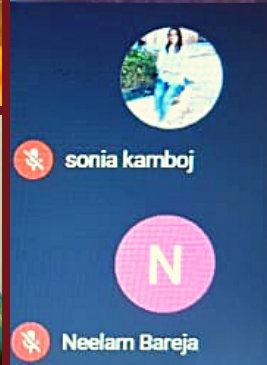
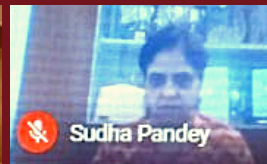
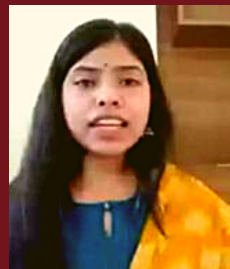
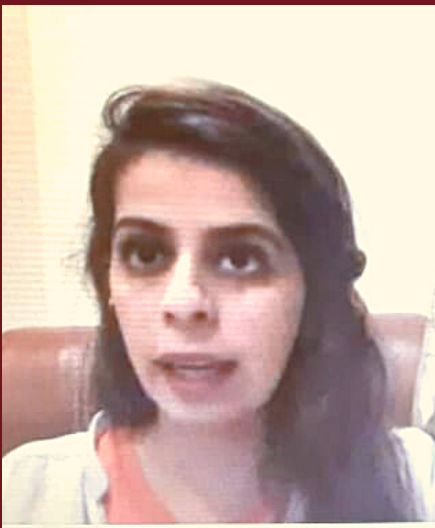
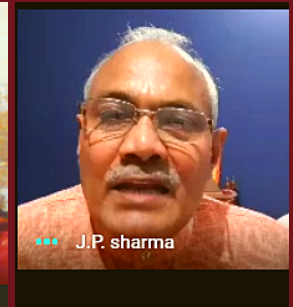
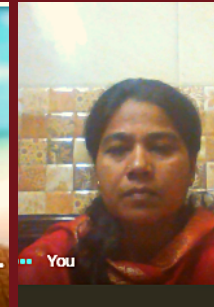
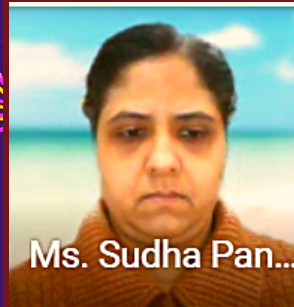
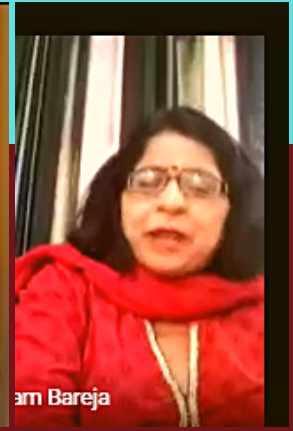
Associate Professor in Indira
Gandhi Institute of Physical
Education and Sports Science

DATE: 4 MARCH 2021
TIME: 3:00 PM
VENUE: GOOGLE MEET

PRINCIPAL
Anjula Bansal

COORDINATOR OF DEPT. OF
PHYSICAL EDUCATION
Ms. Neelam Bareja

DEPT. OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION
Dr. Sunita Sharma
Ms. Sudha Pandey



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MANSI GOEL

**Delhi State Yogasana (Third Position; State level) & National Yogasana championship (Participation; National Level)
B.A. Programme, III year**



HARSHITA SHARMA

**National Yogaasana competition (Second Position)
BSc (Prog) Life Science IInd Year**



LAKSHYA RAKHRANIA

**National Taekwondo
Silver Medal
Speed Kicking Black-Belt Senior
Female U-49 KG
BSc (Physical Sciences) I year**



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