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*Annual
Bilingual
Publication*

THE VERANDAH

DEPARTMENT OF JOURNALISM, KALINDI COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF DELHI, NAAC 'A+' ACCREDITED

*BETWEEN HOMES,
BETWEEN SHIFTS
GIG WORK IN INDIA*

Understanding Home

Looking at home through labour, migration,
gender, and lived experience

*Mountains:
Home,
Not Vacation*

*When Home
Becomes Memory
PALESTINE, LOSS,
RESILIENCE*

PHOTOSTORY
Campus labour
sustains institutions,
yet workers remain unseen, unheard

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- Priyanshi Gupta– Postcards to the Home That Stayed Behind
- Shivi Paswan — At Home, but Not Quite: Finding Belonging in the Classroom
- Tanya Riaz – Home, Resilience, and the Silence of War
- Varnika Thukral— A House Without Mirrors
- Barbie — Long Live the System
- Udita Kashyap — Between Prejudice and Belonging: A North Eastern Search for Home



COVER

Design: Anuja Rai
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Readers are encouraged to engage critically with the content.



PRINCIPAL'S DESK

Journalism is the art of seeing what others overlook and speaking with clarity and responsibility. It shapes the conscience of society by encouraging dialogue, reflection, and informed participation. In an age influenced by artificial intelligence, where truth and deception can often appear similar, the discipline of journalism becomes even more vital, guiding us to question, verify, and understand with empathy.

At Kalindi, our Journalism Department nurtures minds that question and create with integrity. The department's magazine captures this spirit beautifully. Every page carries the spark of inquiry and imagination that defines our students. It stands as a reflection of thoughtful engagement and a commitment to meaningful dialogue. This department remains one of the strongest pillars of the college, and this magazine is its living testimony.



PROF. MEENA CHARANDA
PRINCIPAL, KALINDI COLLEGE



MS. MAMTA
TIC, JOURNALISM

Baaramda (Verandah), a transitional space, is a place which connects our home to the world outside. Both inner and outer world are essential to our lives. Home gives a sense of security, comfort and belonging. It is not just a physical place but a space that we share with our loved ones and defines our emotional connection with the place. It is a place where we create memories and find peace after a long day. A home not only reflects our identity, values but also relationships which are very personal to every individual. On the other hand, *Baaramda* symbolizes openness and interaction with the world outside. It lets us to come out enjoy fresh air and talk with people.

This magazine reflects creativity and diverse perspectives of students. Just like a real veranda connects the inside of a home to the outside world, the magazine serves as a platform where ideas, stories, and voices meet society. Just like *Baaramda*, I hope, this magazine becomes a learning space and a window to the world for our students as well.



DR. AAHANA B. CHOPRA
SUPERVISOR, EDITORIAL BOARD

Home is more than a place, it is a feeling we carry within us. In this edition of *Verandah*, our students explore the many meanings of "home" through stories that are intimate, reflective, and deeply personal. From memories rooted in childhood to the search for belonging in unfamiliar spaces, each piece captures the quiet emotions that shape who we are.

As a department, we take pride in creating a space where young voices can express, question, and connect. This magazine is not just a collection of articles, but a shared Verandah where perspectives meet and conversations begin.

I hope you find a sense of home within these pages.

THE VERANDAH



8

LEDE

BETWEEN TWO HOMES: WHEN GIG-WORK TURNS INTO NEGOTIATION

Ria Wadhwa

Exploring how gig work in India exists in a grey zone. Caught between two homes, delivery riders constantly negotiate survival, autonomy, and belonging within an unpredictable system.



12

COVER STORY

SHIMLA, TWO REALITIES

Vipashana Thakur

This piece explores the contrast between Shimla's tourist image and the lived realities of locals. It highlights the invisible struggles behind the city's beauty.

14

GROUND WORK

WHAT DOES NOT SEEP THROUGH THE BROKEN EDGES: WHY SELF- SUFFICIENT WOMEN REMAIN IN ABUSIVE ENVIRONMENTS

Anuja Rai, Jagriti Chaudhary

Drawing on ground reporting with thirty-three workers in Baba Faridpuri, this piece traces how earnings, without control, rarely translate into the ability to leave cycles of domestic violence and institutional neglect.

16

A HOPE FOR HOME THAT IS WITHDRAWN

Jiya Shukla

Tracing the timeline of the Transgender Persons (Protection of Rights) Amendment Bill, 2026, this piece addresses concerns about how it can affect the Transgender community's freedom to self identify.

18

FLASH FICTION

STILL, I STAND: TIME THROUGH THE LENS OF HOME

Dharmishtha Sharma

This piece, narrated by Home itself, explores the story of the four walls and a roof that have stood through historical events such as the partition, and emergency.

20

BETWEEN PREJUDICE AND BELONGING: A NORTH EASTERN SEARCH FOR HOME

Udita Kashyap

Set between Assam and Delhi, this piece captures the tension between prejudice and belonging, showing how home survives in memory, identity, and the struggle to be accepted.

22

WAR

HOME, RESILIENCE, AND THE SILENT YEAR

Tanya Riaz

A powerful account of how war and displacement in Palestine transform the idea of home from a place of safety into one of fragility and loss. Through lived experiences, memory, and resilience, Palestinians continue to rebuild a sense of belonging despite constant upheaval.



24

WAR

POSTCARDS TO THE HOME THAT STAYED BEHIND

Priyanshi Gupta

In the wake of the Iranian War, here are messages to some everyday objects that seem mundane until they are irreversibly gone.

25

AT HOME, BUT NOT QUITE: FINDING BELONGING IN THE CLASSROOM

Shivi Paswan

This piece explores how classrooms, often seen as neutral spaces, are shaped by caste, background, and lived experiences. It reflects on silence, hesitation, and the gradual journey towards finding belonging.



26

CINEMA

WHEN LEAVING FEELS LIKE COMING HOME

Vibhuti

Through the movie Udaan and personal reflection, the piece explores how home shifts from a place to feeling, sometimes being understood only after leaving.

28

POETRY

LONG LIVE THE SYSTEM

Barbie

Calling out the gaps in the system through a poetic rhythm.

29

WHEN A PERSON BECOMES HOME

Shreya Vashishta

Exploring how the idea of home shifts from places to people, this piece captures the emotional journey of finding comfort, belonging, and connection in unfamiliar spaces.

30

A HOME WITHOUT MIRRORS

Varnika Thukral

Set within the intimate space of a home, this piece captures the quiet tension between individuality and control, revealing how belonging can sometimes come at the cost of self-expression.

34

PHOTO STORY

WHERE THE WORK IS HOME, THE VOICES UNHEARD

Saumya Tripathi

Through personal accounts of campus workers, the piece highlights the reality of informal labour hidden within educational spaces. It contrasts students' opportunities with workers' struggles, exposing bigger social concerns.

38

PHOTO STORY

INHABITED: WHEN A ROOM LEARNS TO BREATHE

Samridhi

This Photostory explores how over a period of time, empty walls that students move into, begin to hold pieces of their lives that morph it into a home.

40

PHOTO STORY

THE ECHOES OF TIBET IN DELHI

Stuti Sneha Murmu

Through Majnu Ka Tila, the article traces the history of Tibetan settlement and cultural presence of North-Eastern communities in Delhi, highlighting questions of identity, migration and belonging.

44

ARTWORK

ILLUSTRATIONS

Kashvi Bhatia

A look at home through rupture, distance, and labour. Each frame carries a different way of holding on or starting again.



EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear Reader

PEOPLE OFTEN SPEAK OF HOME as if it were a stable and fixed interior against a reckless world. It is anything but. Home holds and it excludes. It shelters, yet it also arranges who labours, who decides, who remains invisible. And so, the idea of *home* houses a certain antinomy within itself.



The Verandah approaches this contrast with perspicacity. Each report and each visual scours through our social and political surroundings. Home thus becomes a medium through which we explore art, cinema, history, as well as the (in)visibility of labour, caste, class and opportunities.

A tourist town reveals the substructure that upholds its appealing respite. A woman earns, yet finds her autonomy curtailed within the very walls she helps build and sustain. A worker inhabits the institution that refuses to see him. Each piece carries its own cadence of conflict and resolution.

Elaborate photo stories, hand drawn illustrations, caricatures, and layered graphics await you.

In designing and assembling these pages, I'm reassured that expressions need not only belong to the articulate. *Naturally, I'm grateful for the opportunity.*

*P. S. The
magazine
flips to
reveal its
Hindi
section*

This magazine rests on collective labour and the quiet tenacity of my exceptionally talented team.

We do hope it finds a home in you.

In solidarity,
Anuja Rai
Editor-in-Chief

ENGLISH EDITORIAL

RIA WADHWA

SR. COPY EDITOR

I've spent the last few months stumbling around commas, stepping over em dashes, and moving full stops around along with my team, and somewhere along the way, it became so much more than just that. What started as brainstorming a theme and shaping ideas slowly turned into something that shaped us just as much. There were moments of doubt and pressure, but my team showed up every time with a dedication that silenced every negative thought.

This magazine has been a wonderful experience, and I am truly glad to have been able to play a part in bringing it to life.



SHREYA VASHISTHA

SUB COPY EDITOR

From suggesting and pitching ideas to editing and refining them, working on this required patience, attention and coordination with the team. What meant to me the most was the continuous learning that came with working closely with others and being part of the board. As the theme of the magazine suggests, working with my teammates felt less like professionalism and more like home.



DHARMISHTHA SHARMA

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

Our team has been constantly flipping through articles, asking for updates, adding data, and nit-picking the language of every read in this magazine, for the last few months. Even though it was stressful at times, it is equally as rewarding to watch this magazine, that we have so meticulously curated, come to life. This magazine is nothing but a sum of all its parts, and I am truly grateful to have been a part of it.

BETWEEN TWO HOMES

When gig-work turns into negotiation

RIA WADHWA

Stomach growls.

A tap. A quick swoosh and your freshly cooked chicken biryani is set to arrive in just twenty-five minutes. A quick glance out the window reveals a delivery rider, dressed in red, yellow, purple, or orange, fulfilling needs before their absence is even felt. And yet, these delivery partners often find themselves at a crossroads, moving constantly between two homes:

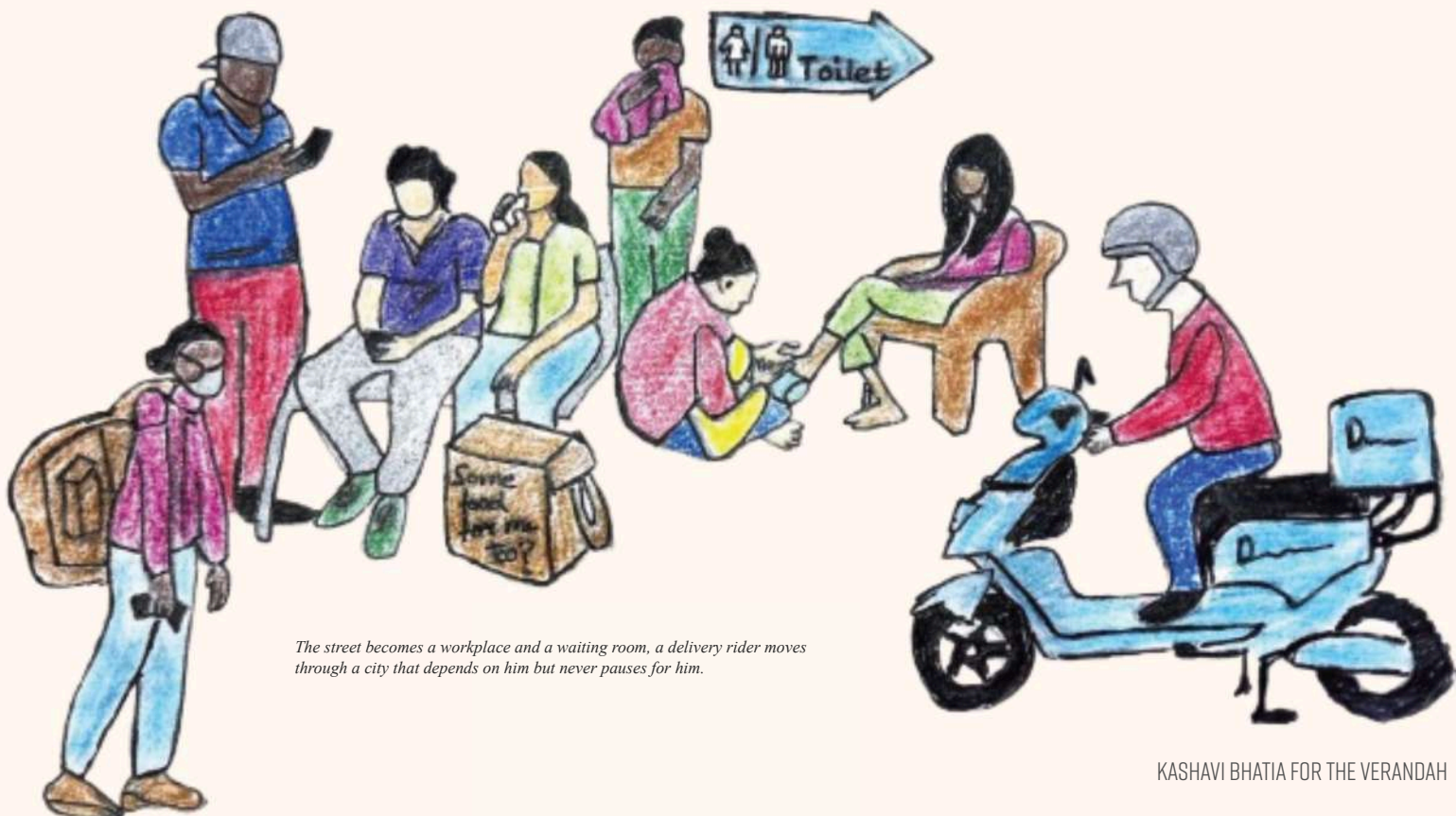
the one they come from and the many whose doorbells they ring. While platforms promise flexibility and independence, gig work often becomes a

negotiation between income and instability, autonomy and algorithmic pressure, survival

and dignity. And yet, many riders continue to choose it. When quick commerce in India first began, the promise was simple: work when you want, be your own boss. For thousands of migrant workers, the unemployed, and those dissatisfied with private-sector jobs, it appeared to be an opportunity. Like bait glinting beneath clear water, it was difficult not to bite.

However, recent strikes held by the Indian Federation of App-based Transport Workers paint a more complex reality. While the pressure of ten-minute deliveries, lack of fixed pay, and risk of accidents are often

discussed, there are subtler trade-offs that no strike can fully address.



The street becomes a workplace and a waiting room, a delivery rider moves through a city that depends on him but never pauses for him.

KASHAVI BHATIA FOR THE VERANDAH

Political economist Guy Standing describes the rise of the “precariat,” a class of workers marked not only by unstable income and lack of social protection, but also by an absence of occupational identity and social recognition. India’s gig workers increasingly embody this condition. Their labour is visible and essential, yet their work remains structurally insecure and socially undervalued. They deliver to permanent homes while inhabiting temporary ones, sustaining households without fully securing or dignifying their own.

Most delivery riders leave home around 8 a.m. As they log into the app, they mentally prepare for the day’s uncertainties. Some days, it is the urgent need to use a restroom, especially difficult for female riders. On other days, there are long waiting times outside restaurants. Meanwhile, the clock keeps ticking. With customers tracking their movement in real time, even a slight delay can lead to a drop in ratings, which in turn translates directly into fewer orders and lower pay.

“Dikkatein toh bohot aati hain,” said Satish, a Swiggy Instamart rider. He said one winter afternoon in Patel Nagar, New Delhi, preparing to complete more than fifty orders in a day.

“The rates have dropped a lot in the last six to seven months. Even though I do the same number of deliveries as before, my earnings are now lower”

“Kaam toh sahi hai, lekin iss kaam mein izzat nahi hai. Majdooori ke jaise kaam hai,” said Dharmesh, a Zepto delivery partner. The work itself, he explained, is manageable. It is the subtle erosion of dignity that weighs more heavily. “Ek minute ka bhi zara sa late ho jaaye order, toh dono taraf se sunne ko milta hai.” Riders also mentioned customers cancelling orders at the last minute or keeping them waiting without answering calls, adding another layer of mental strain. Sometimes, it is asked to use separate entry gates in malls. Sometimes it is being reduced to “delivery wale bhaiya.” The work may be acceptable; the social position it occupies is more complicated.

Living conditions further deepen this in-between existence. Some riders, like Satish, share accommodations with relatives or friends while their families remain in their villages. Others, like Dharmesh, live in small rented flats. Migrant workers may have a physical space in the city but no family to make it feel like home. Others live with family but lack long-term housing security. In both cases, gig work becomes the thread that sustains their idea of home elsewhere.

Yet dissatisfaction is not the whole story.

“I worked in marketing in a private job earlier, but this work is better”

Dharmesh said matter-of-factly. The ability to log in and out based on availability, work extra hours when money is needed, or take leave without formally requesting permission are practical advantages that keep riders returning to the platform economy. Especially for migrant workers without formal degrees or strong language skills, gig work often feels like a more viable alternative than exploitative labour back in their villages or rigid private-sector roles.

For some, it also provides room to plan beyond the present. Sarita, a Blinkit rider preparing for competitive exams, said she had no major complaints. The availability of washrooms at the store and suitable timings allow her to earn independently while spending time with her family.

Still, the invisible consequences extend into family life. Platforms often offer higher incentives during festivals, encouraging riders to log in. “Laalach aa jaata hai kabhi kabhi, toh chale jaate hain,” Dharmesh admitted, recalling how his ten-year-old child gets upset when he leaves for work on a festival. Many riders return home after their children are asleep. For migrant workers living miles away, a single earphone becomes their only bridge. “Kar lete hain baat beech beech mein earphone se,” said Satish, pointing to the earphone resting in his left ear.

In Nandita Das’s *Zwigato*, Manas Singh Mahto says, “To feed people is a good deed.” Yet the same rider who delivers comfort to countless homes often ends up eating alone, hurriedly stealing a few minutes between completing fifty deliveries in a day.

Responding to recent strikes, Zomato CEO Deepinder Goyal stated that “if the system were fundamentally unfair, it would not consistently attract and retain so many people who choose to work within it.” His statement points to an uncomfortable truth: despite its flaws, gig work continues to attract thousands. The steady influx of riders suggests that the system answers a real economic need in a labour market with limited alternatives.

Wages can be revised. Insurance can be improved. Incentives can be restructured. But where does a rider go to reclaim dignity? From being asked to change into work clothes away from home to avoid neighbourhood gossip, to climbing several floors for a single low-value order, the erosion is subtle but constant. Gig work in India is neither entirely exploitative nor fully empowering. It is, for many, the most viable option available. Between one home that depends on their earnings and another that barely acknowledges their presence, riders continue to move, negotiating income, autonomy, and survival. But dignity, unlike ratings, cannot be restored by an algorithm.



THE

VERANDA

//ADITI SHARMA//





A tourist city and a lived city run side by side. Tourism thrives while everyday life strains under it.

ILLUSTRATION BY VIPASHANA THAKUR FOR THE VERANDAH

TWO REALITIES OF SHIMLA

A Home and Not a Vacation

VIPASHANA THAKUR

For generations, my family has called Shimla home. I have never lived there, only visited for vacations and for most of my life I saw it the way any outsider would, a scenic retreat, a summer capital. What I had overlooked were the problems that the people living there face every day, for whom Shimla is not a vacation but a home.

There are two sides to Shimla. One is for tourists and the other for the people who actually live there and call it home. They are not the same. The Instagram worthy places, such as the Mall Road, the Viceregal Lodge, and the Ridge, all represent the colonial history of the city. Clean, maintained, and perfect for your next vacation. Five kilometers away, in Sanjauli, roads get choked during peak hours, houses are built without ventilation or breathing space, and the hills beneath the houses have started to slip, leading to the cracking of walls.

“I see these cracks all over the walls, and since the 3-storey house in the neighbourhood has collapsed, I live in a constant fear that ours would be next”- Ms. Indu, a local woman living in Bhattakuffar states.

During peak tourist season, covering six or seven kilometres in Shimla can take more than an hour. The roads stop completely. For students trying to reach their school or college, or office workers trying to get to work, this is a daily grind. And then there is the water problem. Every year, especially during the summer, residents get water supplied to their homes once every two days, sometimes even three. When a city made for 25,000 people is inhabited by more than 1,60,000 people, then what else do you expect? The hotels, meanwhile, secure and store water in large tanks for their guests. The guests barely ever notice the shortage. They are never meant to. In Shimla, of

all the neighbourhoods belonging to the same municipal corporation, some get water every day, while some wait.

Himachal Pradesh is the largest generator of hydropower in India, accounting for approximately 25 percent of the country's total hydropower potential. In Shimla, the capital city, power cuts are a regularly faced challenge, especially during the monsoon, when wires come down. The state exports power, and the locals have accepted the outages.

The new Kalka-Shimla National Highway (NH-5) has become yet another inconvenience. In the Solan district, near Chakki Mod and Kumarhatti, the road widening project has destabilised the hillside. Heavy rains now often send large boulders onto the roads, causing major traffic jams, road closures, and endangering life. The landslide problem is not limited to highways. Crowded settlements near the main city also face the problem of landslides during the monsoon. Extreme rainfall coupled with weak soil and exceeding the city's carrying capacity also leads to such disasters like the 2021 landslide in Ghora Chowki, that took down a 5 storey building.

“This is exactly what will happen when humans start tampering with the forces of nature,” My nani says whenever she hears of incidents like this.

Tomorrow the Mall will be cleaned again, and the tourists will return. And the roads will be packed for the locals. Neither will know of the other.

What Does Not Seep Through the Broken Edges

ANUJA RAI, JAGRITI CHAUDHARY

Why Self-Sufficient Women Remain in Abusive Environments

The day had not yet hardened into its usual glare when we reached Baba Faridpuri. It sits behind a slew of repair shops, small factories and dense urban slum settlements of West Delhi, each structure pressing into the next. A woman in a faded green sari led us through a narrow passage, stepping over a broken drain with the ease of habit. Her husband had been taken two nights earlier. "Routine," the constable had said. He returned after two days. Yet the grim cycle of abuse and recovery persists. Each detention means borrowed money, more abuse and the slow attrition of whatever small savings she managed to accumulate. Across two days, we spoke to thirty-three women in this neighbourhood and in an adjoining cluster near the Gopal Dairy area. These are self-sufficient women engaged in manual labour, domestic service, laundry, and ironing in the neighbouring houses of East and West Patel Nagar. They pay their house rent, children's tuition fee, some have shared mortgages and loans for their accommodation with their spouse. Some even pay for their in-laws' medical expenses when their husbands' pay is erratic. Many believe leaving, in abstraction, appears viable. In practice not as much. A return to their natal home is denigrating, and seen as personal failure. Meena, 29, put it plainly. "They will say, stay for a few days, then apologise and adjust." Renting a house as a single woman is difficult. Landlords ask for the husband's presence, for documentation and "well-being of other tenants". A twenty-four-year-old, Seema, described visiting four houses in a single afternoon. Each exchange followed a familiar leitmotif – who will sign, who will guarantee, who will answer if there is trouble.

Children grow up absorbing these patterns. Their mothers see school as a necessary interruption from the disturbing household environment. Violence is observed, internalised, and often reenacted through words and gestures at their tender age. Work is scarcely safe. Women return after dark, walk in pairs and report frequent pickpocketing, chain-snatching incidents. Seema described her factory supervisors as being

cantankerous. Several complain how male employers in homes attempt to make undue advancements, and women who object are expelled without recourse. Across the women we spoke to, more than half reported working over ten hours daily, followed by unpaid domestic labour that stretches late into the night. Nearly eight in ten described getting partial rest only when they fall sick. Domestic labour followed by childcare, cooking, and cleaning. Free time is negligible. Earnings are directed almost entirely toward children.

Women remain in these hostile environments despite abuse due to overlapping constraints. Around 72% cited financial dependence or lack of accessible savings as a barrier. Nearly two-thirds reported limited control over their own earnings, with income often appropriated by husbands or in-laws. Over 40% from our corpus, expressed fear of retaliation if they attempted to leave. Police intervention remains short-term, with abusers getting bail quickly.

Only two women among those we interviewed were able to survive on their own, raising a family, both widowed at a young age. More than 50% reported failed attempts to seek help due to manipulation or lack of support. Childcare and concern for children's education and social well-being further anchor women to their situation.

Simran, 24, who left her husband after facing abuse describes the constriction that renders her decision difficult to sustain. The economic strain is immediate, while the social dereliction swiftly follows.

A further constraint lies in limited legal and functional digital literacy. Many women lack awareness of basic rights, including divorce provisions, and describe difficulty in understanding police procedures and administrative paperwork without assistance. Phone use remains largely restricted to entertainment; none use digital tools for availing government services, documentation, or information access. There is a consistent lack of self-confidence in dealing with society, which reinforces dependence and narrows their ability to act independently in everyday situations.

By evening, the lanes inundate with women leaving for work. Pressure cookers hiss, children run through the same narrow passages to play before their mothers return carrying vegetables, school notebooks and small trinkets for them, from their savings.

The day melts into another without rupture.

“They will say, stay for a few days, then apologise and adjust.”

*She earns, pays the rent,
keeps the household running,
yet her salary does not belong to her.*

*Earning
does not translate
into independence.*

AHOPE

Rendered in the colours of the transgender flag, the graphic traces a search for home that remains unsettled.



For a Home That Is Withdrawn

JIYA SHUKLA

For many in India's transgender community, gaining legal recognition has been a challenge. It followed imperfect years of court battles. On March 13, 2026, Union Minister Virendra Kumar introduced the Transgender Persons (Protection of Rights) Amendment Bill in the Lok Sabha. It narrows down the legal definition of transgender identity by reducing recognition of self-identification and introducing stricter certification requirements, which many critics see as a rollback of previously recognised rights.

The major question is who is recognized by the state as transgender, and who is not?

In 2014, the Supreme Court of India passed the NALSA v. Union of India judgment. This landmark decision legally acknowledged Transgender as a third gender and importantly stated that gender identity is based on self-determination. It did not require medical proof for identity.

The following years were far from easy. Policy implementation was inconsistent, and many in the community criticized the Transgender Persons (Protection of Rights) Act, 2019, for not fully capturing the spirit of the NALSA judgment while the law maintained a broad definition of who could be recognized as transgender.

That broad definition now seems flattened. Under the Transgender Persons (Protection of Rights) Amendment Bill 2026, transgender people would mainly be recognized in two categories: individuals from specific socio-cultural identities

like hijra, kinnar, aravani, and jogta as well as those born with medically recognized intersex variations; and individuals forced to adopt a transgender identity against their will.

Trans-men, trans-women, genderqueer individuals, and those who identify based on self perception are not clearly recognized in this framework. For many activists this deletion directly affects everyday life since legal identity impacts access to documents, benefits, and institutional recognition.

Another concern is the return of medical scrutiny. While the Supreme Court previously stated that gender identity is not dependent on medical diagnosis, the 2026 bill requires a district magistrate to consider recommendations from a medical board, medical officer, or deputy medical officer before issuing an identity certificate. Many in the community find this shift deeply contradictory.

On March 16, 2026, the Women's Press Club in Delhi was filled to capacity. The old building hosted a gathering larger than it was designed to hold. By afternoon, queer and trans activists alongside students, lawyers, journalists, and community organizers gathered.

The response was not limited to Delhi. In Kolkata, activists held an emergency press conference. In Bengaluru, campaigners from eighteen districts marched toward Freedom Park. In Bhubaneswar, members of the Odisha Transgenders Association protested. In Hyderabad, demonstrators gathered at Dharna Chowk. Across cities, across people, the message remained the same: this is not welcome.

For many people it is like a hope for home that was shown to them now being taken away and the long struggle, going in vain.

On March 25, 2026 a Supreme Court panel led by Justice Asha Menon urged withdrawal of the Transgender Amendment Bill, 2026 for violating self-identified gender rights upheld in NALSA v. Union of India

Despite backlash and protests, the bill was passed by the Lok Sabha on March 24, 2026, and the Rajya Sabha on March 25, 2026, and currently awaits the President's assent.

Many are left to question, why will someone else determine who one is?

***“From the first line to the last line of this Bill, it is completely arbitrary, nonsense, and it violates every kind of human right that is possible”
-Krishanu, a trans activist***

STILL, I STAND

Time, through the lens of home

Dharmishtha Sharma

The waning crescent moon that shone over Delhi on the night of August 15, 1947 symbolized the last dregs of colonial rule, and the much anticipated new beginning for India. It also, however, symbolized the looming darkness of a new moon night. The newspapers went on about the partition of the country. While outside my four walls, there was a celebration of freedom, fireworks alight over my roof that had sheltered the lives within through all seasons of British imperialism, behind my doors, was a panicked chaos of hurried hands packing all the clothes, all the photo albums they could manage. Rushed feet running around my stone floors for the last time. Eyes trying to gather all the memories of a lifetime and lock them away in a little box. Little hands hugged my walls, mourning the life they will never come back to. I stood still, and then, it was quiet.

I watch the faces that used to gather around the streets for idle chatter, now rush through them. It's like a painting, you spent hours creating — the yellow of the sun shining on children in the streets, the blue of the sky as limitless as dreams — suddenly ruined with the splattered red of blood. Nearly every house in the neighbourhood was abandoned by the next morning. I stood still, and then, it was quiet.

I stand between a temple, and a mosque in the bustling lanes of Mehrauli. No chatter bounced through my concrete walls for the next few weeks, no newspapers holding reports that turned lives into figures rested on my front step.

Fleeting whispers informed me however, that soon, unfamiliar hands would unlock my doors, and sure enough, they did. The weight of new trunks rested on the floors, new eyes explored my corners, and alien voices claimed me their own. A different language echoed through my rooms, narrating the same horrid tales of the border that awaited the family who left. I stood still, and then, it was quiet.

Humans are strange. They decide everything on the basis of invisible hierarchies. The family that settled within my walls was privileged to be here. Not many refugees ended up in favourable places. The shortage of housing ensured that allocations were highly based on affluence and social class. I stood still, and then, it was quiet.

As the calendars changed, my walls held new secrets. My shelves held tender frames, and my terrace grew accustomed to new kites. Time has a way of making one rethink everything they know. Political chaos often interrupts the illusion of normalcy, tearing apart the very fabric of stability, woven with the thread of countless sleepless nights. Wars, and Emergency, and Riots, I have seen it all, through headlines on TV, and discussions over tea. I stood like a fortress, away from borders and bullets, grenades and tanks. I stood still, and then, it was quiet.

~ Boomed the voice of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi in 1975, as the radio declared a nationwide Emergency. Hushed voices echoed inside, in contrast to the complete silence outside. My walls have ears, but not a mouth to tattle. I did not let the restriction of the streets touch the voices inside, protecting their dignity. It must be a horror to have a voice and not be able to use it. As the days went on, Sanjay Gandhi led 'beautification drives'. This was done through the demolition of many slums. As the statistics grew in number, the discussions got louder, but the voices never panicked in this neighbourhood. There was empathy, understanding, and in some cases, support as well. Enough social capital prevents panic, I have learnt. For nearly two years, silence became the new reality. I stood still, and then, it was quiet.

**“ The President
has proclaimed
an emergency.
There is nothing
to panic about ”**

Everything changed, political parties and policies, opinions and leaders. The world started moving too fast for anyone to sit with the changes. I watched little hands that held toys, turn into hands that held pens, and then degrees and appointment letters. Time seldom slows down. It never stops. Under new skies I saw different lives unfold. Of children and grandchildren, adults and teenagers. I saw them all move on. The world became a loud place. I stood still, and then, it was quiet.

It is a strange concept for humans to understand the fleeting illusion of permanence. The hands that carefully crafted a life under my roof understand it now, though. They understood as they signed the papers and a new pair of eyes claimed me as its own. They understood, as they packed the memories of a lifetime in little suitcases. They understood, as one last conversation echoed through my rooms. I stood still, and then, it was quiet.

Cars drive by everyday, on their way to one of the many places in this city that hold a piece of history, hoping for a glimpse. Unbeknownst to them, what they seek for in forts, and museums can be found at every turn, every corner, in every house if they look close enough. Every architecture tells a story, if only you are willing to listen to it, through the sound of an ever-changing world. Still, I stand still, and it has all gone quiet.

A house recalls the lives it has sheltered, from Partition to the Emergency.



JIYA SHUKLA FOR THE VERANDAH

Between Prejudice and Belonging

A North Eastern Search for Home

“Home is not always a place you return to, but a feeling you carry even in spaces that refuse to accept you”.

UDITA KASHYAP

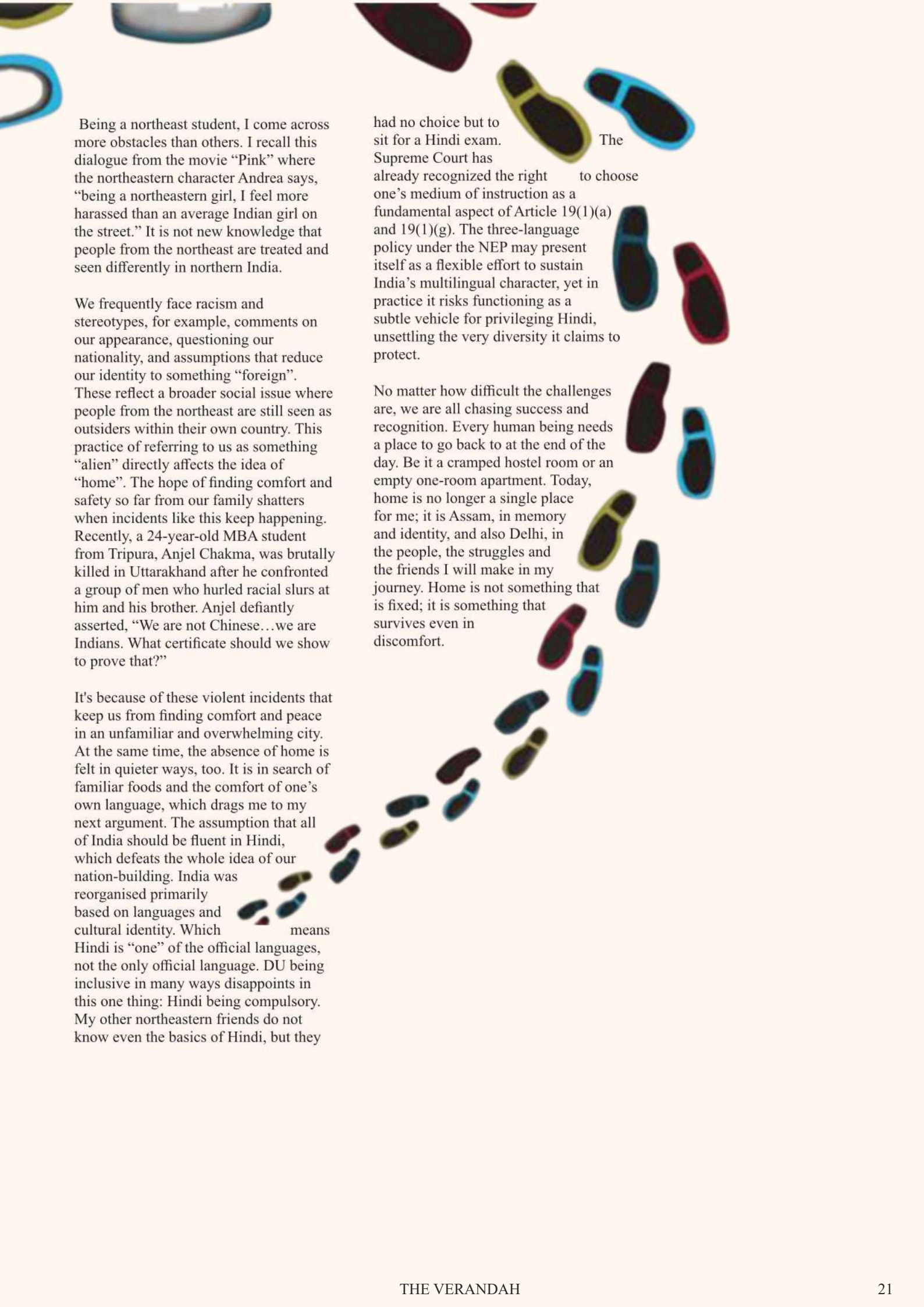
Delhi, the city that is never at rest, is always in constant motion and carries the weight of countless ambitions. Its roads have a pulse that makes it come alive, from the early-morning rush of workers chasing deadlines to the determination of students studying to fulfil their dreams. Every corner of Delhi holds a story; it whispers countless tales of its people striving to become something more. Coming to Delhi, for me, was not a want but a necessity; carrying a suitcase filled with dreams more than belongings, Delhi felt overwhelming yet full of opportunities.

When I left Assam, I was full of ambitions. I was scared, obviously. But nowadays, it has become inevitable to leave your comfort zone to achieve something bigger and to be part of something more socially relevant. However, this practice has a flaw: people often forget to acknowledge the “pain” of leaving the land where you were born and raised, and the courage it takes to settle and socialise in a stereotypical city like Delhi. Every single day felt like I was slowly being moulded into an adult with responsibilities. I had to figure out stuff that was earlier done by my parents. But little did I know, this was only the tip of the iceberg.

The city gathers many arrivals, each carrying distance, memory, and uncertainty - the plight of uprooting oneself in search of work or education.



KASHVI BHATIA FOR THE VERANDAH



Being a northeast student, I come across more obstacles than others. I recall this dialogue from the movie “Pink” where the northeastern character Andrea says, “being a northeastern girl, I feel more harassed than an average Indian girl on the street.” It is not new knowledge that people from the northeast are treated and seen differently in northern India.

We frequently face racism and stereotypes, for example, comments on our appearance, questioning our nationality, and assumptions that reduce our identity to something “foreign”. These reflect a broader social issue where people from the northeast are still seen as outsiders within their own country. This practice of referring to us as something “alien” directly affects the idea of “home”. The hope of finding comfort and safety so far from our family shatters when incidents like this keep happening. Recently, a 24-year-old MBA student from Tripura, Anjel Chakma, was brutally killed in Uttarakhand after he confronted a group of men who hurled racial slurs at him and his brother. Anjel defiantly asserted, “We are not Chinese... we are Indians. What certificate should we show to prove that?”

It's because of these violent incidents that keep us from finding comfort and peace in an unfamiliar and overwhelming city. At the same time, the absence of home is felt in quieter ways, too. It is in search of familiar foods and the comfort of one's own language, which drags me to my next argument. The assumption that all of India should be fluent in Hindi, which defeats the whole idea of our nation-building. India was reorganised primarily based on languages and cultural identity. Which means Hindi is “one” of the official languages, not the only official language. DU being inclusive in many ways disappoints in this one thing: Hindi being compulsory. My other northeastern friends do not know even the basics of Hindi, but they

had no choice but to sit for a Hindi exam. The Supreme Court has already recognized the right to choose one's medium of instruction as a fundamental aspect of Article 19(1)(a) and 19(1)(g). The three-language policy under the NEP may present itself as a flexible effort to sustain India's multilingual character, yet in practice it risks functioning as a subtle vehicle for privileging Hindi, unsettling the very diversity it claims to protect.

No matter how difficult the challenges are, we are all chasing success and recognition. Every human being needs a place to go back to at the end of the day. Be it a cramped hostel room or an empty one-room apartment. Today, home is no longer a single place for me; it is Assam, in memory and identity, and also Delhi, in the people, the struggles and the friends I will make in my journey. Home is not something that is fixed; it is something that survives even in discomfort.

HOME, RESILIENCE, AND THE SILENCE OF WAR

TANYA RIAZ

ANUJA RAI FOR THE VERANDAH

The hand in the graphic collage are a group of migrants. Olive branches signify peace, and an intricate Arab jali pattern overlays the map of Palestine. The dove is textured with the keffiyeh. Hind Rajab, shot down by Israeli forces, occupies the centre. Below her, bullet marks and a reproduced news clipping register the incident. The surface retains a paper grain, set in the colours of the Palestinian flag.



*“In order for me to
write poetry
that isn’t political
I must listen to the birds
And in order to hear the birds
The warplanes must be silent.”
Marwan Makhoul*

The story of five-year-old Hind Rajab starts with a phone call. Trapped inside a car in Gaza, with bodies of her relatives all around her, she pleaded for help as gunfire resounded outside. Her voice — little, scared, helpless — went widely viral. A child’s last moments thus became testimony. When a child awaiting rescue is shot, scrape that, when a child is shot, the concept of home as a place of safety is rendered untenable. Rather, home becomes fragile and vulnerable. It becomes contingent.

Hind Rajab’s story reiterates a larger reality created by Israeli bombings, ground operations, and the long-standing Israeli military control of Palestinian territories. Since October 2023, Israeli forces have been bombarding Gaza continuously, massacring tens of thousands of Palestinians and uprooting generations. Palestinian communities have been further displaced in the occupied West Bank by illegal settler violence and homes blighted under military protection.

Home is often thought of as a secure and private space with four walls that provide comfort and security. In Palestine, however, home is unstable and is uncertain. Since 1948, when over 700,000 Palestinians were displaced during the Nakba, the concept of home has been influenced by tragedy and forced migration. Many families still possess keys to their homes they can no longer access. For some, home is marked through inherited memory — stories of erasure and seclusion. As a result of migration, homes become something abstract that is passed down across generations: in language, rituals, food, but most conspicuously, in absence.

Home is survived by routine. It appears in morning prayers, in families cooking meals under unpredictable circumstances. It is in kids scurrying through streets plagued by the noise of drones. The mundane acts — walking, praying, gathering — are subject to extraordinary restrictions. Curfews, checkpoints, surveillance, and military presence. Children learn to decipher the noises of aircraft before they understand geography. The elderly suffer from both physical and historical loss.

International organizations have voiced serious concerns about these situations. Only voiced. Amnesty International has documented collective punishment and massive destruction of civilian infrastructure by Israeli forces in Gaza. ‘Experts’ at the United Nations have warned about widespread displacement, civilian casualties, and restrictions on humanitarian supplies. However much these warnings

vocabulary of “conflict” and “war” implies equal participants, obscuring the disparity between a sovereign military and an occupied land. When devastation is normalized, the loss of home becomes political.

Yet during Ramadan, families fast together through scarcity and uncertainty, scheduling meals to coincide around power cuts. Gatherings at Al-Aqsa Mosque carry significance — not only as acts of worship but also as declarations of presence, of belonging. These moments serve as possibilities among the precarious.

Therefore, home is simultaneously a passive memory and an active practice. Under Israeli occupation, frequent bombardment, and forced migration, home is neither guaranteed nor lost; it is fought and constantly reconstructed and carried along. Even in the face of warplanes and rubble, a Palestinian remembers and rebuilds their home, every day.

*“Home is
neither
guaranteed
nor lost;
it is fought for,
constantly
reconstructed,
and carried
along.”*

POSTCARDS TO THE HOME THAT STAYED BEHIND

PRIYANSHI GUPTA

HOME is not abandoned all at once ,it lingers in what is left behind. Memories are not just limited to a person, but the intimacy of things we once touched daily. In the wake of the Iranian war, where millions have been formed to flee their homes, these postcards trace belongingness through things, objects that seem ordinary, until they are suddenly, irretrievably gone.



When a Home is raided away from us, in a war, we don't just lose a building, but also the memories, the comfort of ownership belonging. What survives in the end are the broken fragments of our extant.

AT HOME, BUT NOT QUITE

FINDING BELONGING IN THE CLASSROOM

SHIVI PASWAN

In a classroom brimming with voices, opinions, thoughts and ideas, not all of them are equally heard. During a class discussion on reservation of seats, the room quickly fills with opinions. Some say it's unfair, others support it. Teachers also add their own perspectives in the moving discussions. Hands go up confidently and voices overlap. Soon, arguments build... but I always pause before speaking. I have my own opinion, a strong one that could influence others, I ruminate within me while holding myself back.

This may well be apprehension. I have a perpetual belief that my perspective might not land well with everyone else in the classroom. While all speak with ease and confidence, I stand there. In a room full of opinions, patiently listening, editing my thoughts internally while the moment, every moment slips away.

Classrooms may seem like a neutral space for many, yet they are complex and layered by differences of caste, class, upbringing, and experience. These differences are not always announced loudly, but they are loud enough to make you realise who truly belongs and who doesn't.

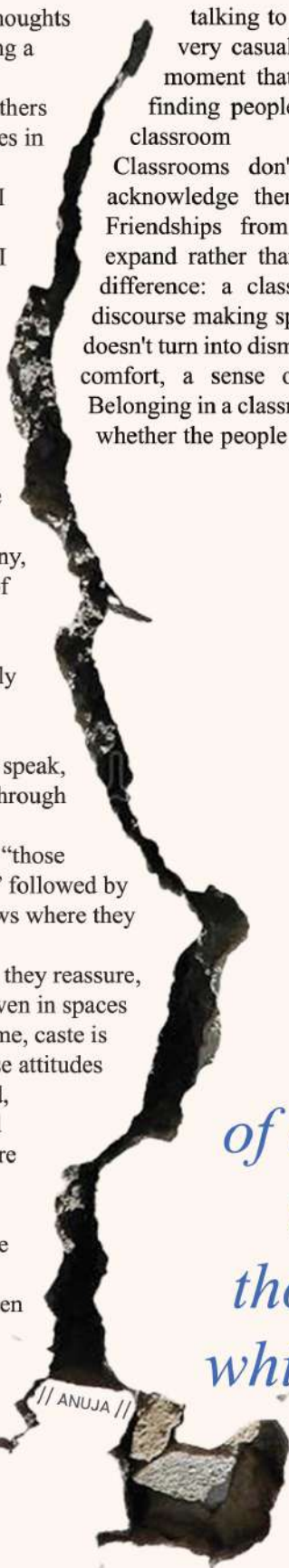
While I am catching up with other students, my thoughts are surrounded by the way people think, speak, and joke about casteism. These differences flow through the classroom but often erupt from home.

It almost always begins casually. Something like, "those from lower castes should stay within their limits," followed by comments about how the way people behave shows where they come from.

"We're not saying this about you or your family," they reassure, but by then, the lines have already been drawn. Even in spaces like classrooms that should primarily feel like home, caste is unmistakably present on minds and tongues. These attitudes arise from a complicated interplay of background, differences in schooling, family environment, and social exposure. Even attributes like confidence are not "built" equally when the playground is not levelled to begin with.

Yet this is just one side of the story. For others, the same classroom becomes a space of unexpected belonging. I remember a moment from school when a sheet containing our personal details for record purposes was circulated in class and we were asked to check if they were correct. As I looked around, almost everyone belonged to the same category. I did not. A sudden fear took over me: What if my classmates saw it? They would look at me differently, maybe even stop

talking to me. "Does it even matter?" someone said, very casually. And that moment stayed with me, the moment that shifted me from "I would not fit in" to finding people who actually listened, and who made a classroom feel just like home. Classrooms don't have to erase differences; they can acknowledge them, and sometimes even celebrate them. Friendships from across backgrounds and conversations expand rather than exclude. These small moments make a difference: a classmate encouraging someone to speak, a discourse making space for quieter voices, a disagreement that doesn't turn into dismissal but builds something larger, a sense of comfort, a sense of belonging that feels close to home. Belonging in a classroom is not just about similarities. It is about whether the people around you allow you to arrive as you are.



"In a room full of opinions, I stand there, editing my thoughts internally while every moment slips away."

WHEN LEAVING FEELS LIKE COMING HOME

VIBHUTI

There is a strange contradiction in the word 'home'. We grow up believing it is a place, four walls, the same old view from the balcony, familiar streets. Sometimes leaving your place is the only way to truly understand it.

The film 'Udaan' captures this contradiction sensationally. Its protagonist, Rohan, returns to a house that is technically his home, yet feels like a cage that he feared. For him, leaving that house, walking away, felt right. His home was where he could breathe.

“जो लहरों से आगे नज़र देख पाती,
तो तुम जान लेते, मैं क्या सोचता हूँ।
वो आवाज़ जो तुमको भी भेद जाती,
तो तुम जान लेते, मैं क्या सोचता हूँ।
ज़िद का तुम्हारे जो पर्दा सरकता,
तो खिड़कियों से आगे भी तुम देख पाते।
आँखों से आदतों की जो पलकें हटाते,
तो तुम जान लेते, मैं क्या सोचता हूँ।”

The poem expresses Rohan's inner thoughts, aspirations and how others fail to understand him. It stresses upon the need for trust, open-mindedness, and empathy.

The director of the movie, Vikramaditya Motwane, chose Rohan to show that home isn't always comforting. Seven months ago, I left my home too. But my tale is different. I moved to Delhi with dreams that felt bigger than the life I had known. Like many others, I always imagined a life in a metro city, the fast pace, the independence, and the thought of being on my own. Delhi gave me all.

Yet somewhere, I realised living in a big city doesn't always feel like living your dream. It is testing.

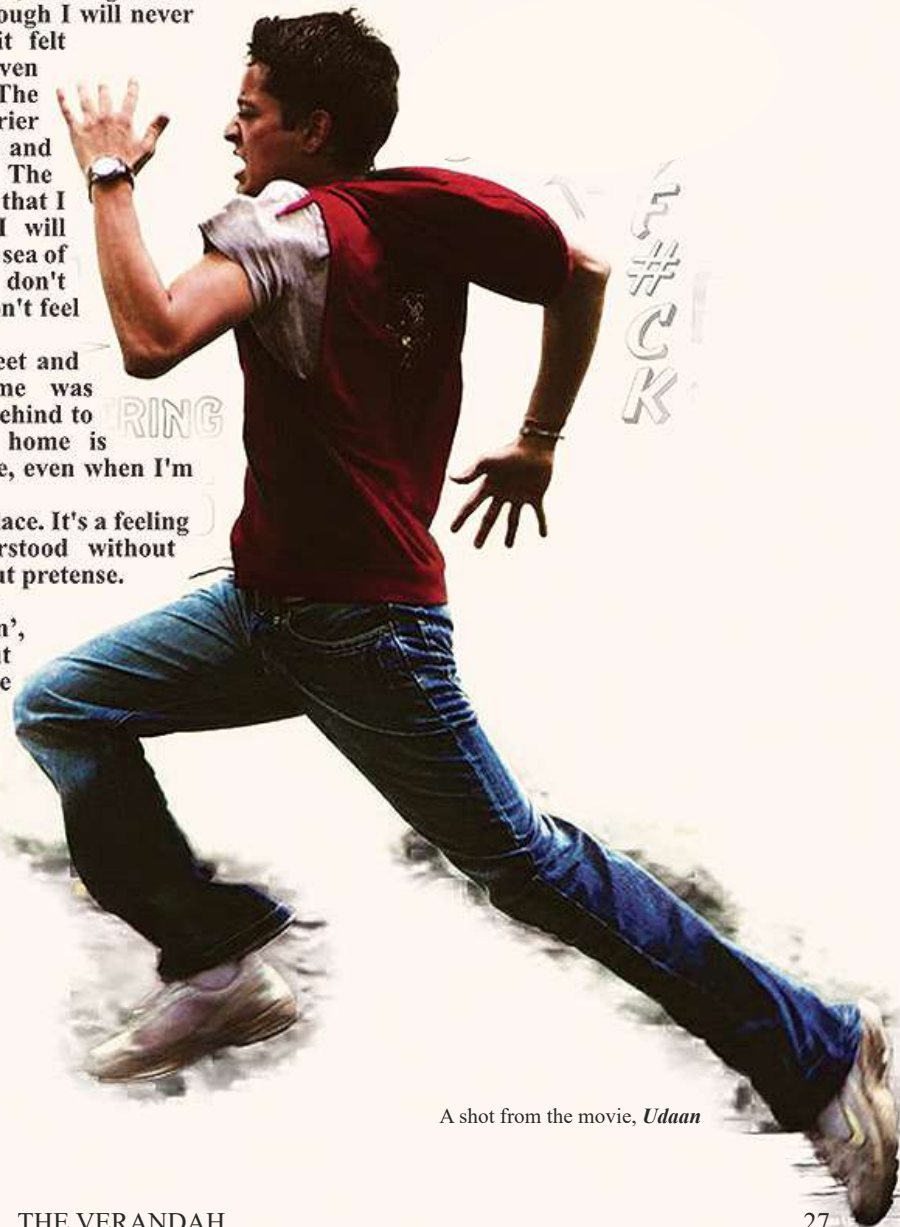
I miss the simple things, the comfort of my family's presence. A hometown where I didn't have to adjust. I didn't have to pretend back there.

Unlike Rohan from 'Udaan', leaving home did not feel right to me. Though I will never regret choosing to leave, it felt necessary, maybe even important, but not right. The idea of staying there was scarier though. I packed my things and left everything behind. The feeling was odd, but I knew that I had made up my mind. I will never belong to this city. The sea of people, the concrete walls don't stir anything in me. They don't feel like home.

That's where our stories meet and diverge. For Rohan, home was something he had to leave behind to explore himself. For me, home is something I carry within me, even when I'm miles away from it.

Because home isn't a fixed place. It's a feeling of safety. Of being understood without expressing, belonging without pretense.

Home is where it feels right. And sometimes, as in 'Udaan', leaving makes it right. But for me, leaving made me understand home more.



A shot from the movie, *Udaan*

Long Live the System

BARBIE

Long live the system,
So wise, so fair, so tall—
It sees absolutely everything
Except, any problem at all.

It builds statues of promises
Polished, grand, and bright,
While potholes hold conferences
Every rainy night.

We clap for every speech
That says the same old thing,
Different suit, same script,
Different puppet, same string.

Inflation rises gracefully—
Like it's reaching for the sky.
My wallet, however,
Has accepted its goodbye.

We are told to stay united.
But only in neat lines
Ask a question politely
But never cross invisible lines.

Breaking news every evening:
"Everything is under control!"
Meanwhile chaos drinks tea
Comfortably in the bowl.

Oh democracy, my dear,
You're trending once again—
Between advertisements and outrage
Sponsored by *"Trust Us"* campaigns.

Long live the system.
Efficient in delay—
It solves tomorrow's problems
By postponing them today.

VIPASHANA THAKUR FOR THE VERANDAH
*Every window has its
own story.*

WHEN A PERSON BECOMES HOME

SHREYA VASHISHTHA

For most of us, home begins as a place. Four walls, the desk which is always cluttered and a regular hangout spot with friends. But when you move out to chase your ambition, maybe a job or college, the meaning of home begins to shift. It is no longer just physical.

Living alone is not easy, or as fun as the tempting thought of being independent. You no longer have a room of your own with the usual luxury and privacy. There are four walls shared between two or more people. You may find yourself with little more than a metal bed, a small cupboard, and a table, while the 'PG wali aunty' appears, often without knocking, trailing the maid for cleaning and raising her voice without reason, as if boundaries were never meant to exist.

In an unfamiliar city, home is a shared feeling, a common thread, showing how comfort grows with people you live with and not just the place.

Three journalism students at Kalindi College, University of Delhi: Purvi, Chhavi, and

Deepika, across different paying guest accommodations, describe how each of them adjusted to a life away from home.

Chhavi observes, tying her hair in a bun, that moving away for college made her realise how overwhelming it can feel when no one knows your past or understands you. Deepika shared a similar thought on this. Purvi connected home with safety, explaining that it is about having someone who stands by you when things go wrong. Together, their experiences show how home becomes a sense of emotional security built through people.

Chhavi, on being asked how a person becomes a home, paused before replying that her idea of home here takes shape through shared spaces, missed lectures, late night conversations, and small everyday interactions. Deepika shared that the adjustment happened gradually. The presence a constant source of support through her batchmate, Vashudha. In contrast, Purvi's realization came in a more defining moment, when she was assaulted near her PG and no one stood for her, except her roommate, Satakshi. She expressed relief that someone was there for her to stand by in discomfort and in need.

Although most experiences were of growing comfort and reliability, it was not the case with everyone.

Jahanvi, a second year B.Sc. Maths (Hons) student at Sri Venkateswara College, University of Delhi. She shares that even after two years in the city, she cannot relate. While she has interacted with people,

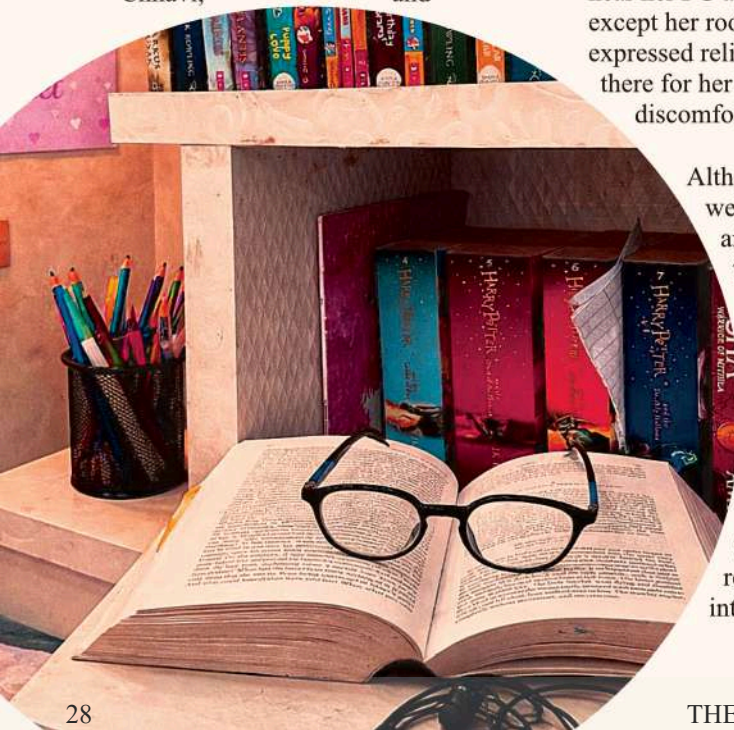
she described lacking a genuine sense of comfort or lasting

connection. The

relationships she formed did not evolve into the kind of support system others often describe, she adds. She didn't expect the unfamiliar world could

be this testing and her tone while speaking showed the longing for and a constant absence of home as a refuge.

Home, today is more than a place. For some it may reflect in the tiny moments, laughter and shared understanding and for the rest, it remains something they are yet to find.





A HOME WITHOUT MIRRORS

VARNIKA THUKRAL

*"It's a normal neck design. It's just
that I am curvy. Everything might look
a bit extra on me"*

It all starts with a harmless question, “Why don’t you keep the door ajar?”

But that question is not so much interested in knowing the reason or the psyche behind the constant urge to box oneself as the only measure to microdose on freedom. From eyes, from awkward stares, forced smiles, and the recurring surveillance that follows. It all circles back to eyes, doesn’t it? Blinking, curious, interrogative and obvious, picking you apart.

“I prefer it closed,” I say in response.

“What is it that you kids are trying to hide? Why remain secluded from the family?”

The door stays ajar. All for love and care, best wishes packed in compact containers of life lessons, some rules and customs carry shame and distrust as an emergency kit in case hell breaks. And when it does, at least you know that the shame was inherent.

I’ve always loved wearing deep necks, knee-high skirts, shorter, oxblood hair and crop tops. I own quite a few. Bought with enthusiasm, these coveted pieces remain in the closet like relics- a marker of how one day I might realise I’ve outgrown them but never quite worn them. Daughters from houses of repute wear dignity on their sleeves, my mum would say, and at a certain sleeve length in a few cases. It started with me viewing myself as I was seen by those around me, dignified and a sight that questions no one. That’s when I realised we don’t just inherit hairlines, complexions, and quirky talents from our parents. We carry a fraction of their shame as a part of our inheritance.

Vidhi Jain, a therapist, adds, “Personality traits as a whole are passed down to the young ones. These traits tend to shape how individuals respond and react to a given setting or environment. Moreover, control is practised in several forms in a household. Even in the way a person in the house should talk, walk, dress up is usually passively controlled under the disguise of family expectations.”

In a South Asian household, the projection of these bottled-up insecurities is most visible in the way one dresses for social gatherings. Be it buttoning up that fuchsia kurta to the throat or making sure the updo looks identical to most in the crowd. In domestic spaces, it manifests as distrust, constant interrogation, and hyper-surveillance. Questions and observations aren’t necessarily a dealbreaker; they highlight curiosity, which is much welcome. The glass starts to crack when the origin is defined. Control becomes the prevalent root, and care becomes a word that masks more than it reveals. In that manner, the home becomes a room, and the door to that room becomes a disputable ground.

“Hypersurveillance,” adds Vidhi, “is one reason why living separately makes sense for young adults these days because they feel they can openly live the way they want and can protect their individuality without it having been confronted daily.”

“You can’t be wearing that dress, the neck is way too deep.”

“It’s a normal neck design. It’s just that I am curvy. Everything might look a bit extra on me.”

“If you know, dress accordingly.”

Often confronted, these instruction manuals preach the wise man’s word, logic tapping into who said what, and “didn’t I tell you so?” With an invisible audience applauding the act, making you wonder whether the room had gotten smaller or the air had turned thicker. I find myself running to places, cafes with cheap coffee, and college grounds with soggy noodles, occasionally house watching at a nearby locality, and daydreaming of a home for myself. A home where I could invite people without having to assess likability and terms of formality in the name of hospitality. A place where performance confines itself to that played on the screen, with a living room devoid of television, and conversations that don’t feel forced.

DESIGN TEAM



JAGRITI CHAUDHARY CREATIVE DIRECTOR

Grateful to be a part of this very hardworking and eager to learn team of people. Our team is very reliable and I appreciate their efforts put together in making this magazine come together beautifully.



VIPASHANA THAKUR SUB DESIGN EDITOR

Being a part of the Editorial team as the Sub-Design Editor ended up meaning a lot more than I anticipated. From late night designing, to spontaneous changes, has pushed me to think more intentionally. More than the tasks, it was the people and the process that I'll remember and the satisfaction of seeing it all come together. It's been a great run, and I'm glad I got to be part of it.



KASHVI BHATIA ART ASSISTANT

Working for the magazine and being in editorial board has taught me many things as I got to know more about graphic designing and making the designs digitally as I have always been the one to do hand drawings. Designing for the magazine has enhanced my creativity and visualisation skills. Sure working under deadlines has been stressful for the past couple of weeks but I have gained and learned more. I'm grateful for being in the design team of the editorial board.



JIYA SHUKLA JUNIOR DESIGNER

Being a part of the editorial board was a wonderful learning experience. Even though the deadlines were stressful, I had a great time designing graphics for articles, and learnt so much from my team. They were constantly supportive and the guidance I received is priceless. Making designs from scratch, brainstorming, and being as creative as I could was one of the best parts of this experience.

PHOTOGRAPHY TEAM

SR. PHOTO EDITOR

For almost six months, I've captured stories through my lens. Stories, which have not only taught me why visuals are important but also how capturing stories through a camera is almost like an art. An art that need not be perfect, but it should always aspire to be authentic, real and meaningful. And my work in this magazine would not be as meaningful had my photography team not always been brainstorming unique ideas.

SAUMYA TRIPATHI



STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Being a part of the editorial team for this magazine has been a special experience for me. I have learned so much about telling meaningful stories through both visuals and words. This hands-on experience taught me so much, and made me eager to keep learning and improving. It wasn't always easy, there were stressful moments, but having a supportive team made everything better. I am thankful to each and every team member for their constant support, creativity, and dedication.

STUTI SNEHA MURMU



SUB-PHOTO EDITOR

Since I have joined I learnt a lot from the editorial board. Working with the team, brainstorming new ideas, finding perfect angles, executing them, and finally seeing them come to life has been an especially fulfilling experience. Sometimes the pressure was high, deadlines were near and I made mistakes (like forgetting turning RGB format to CMYK) but it all pushed me to work harder and refine my abilities. I'm very grateful to have this opportunity.

SANMIRINDU



"Home? That we had left a long time ago; now home is where work is"



//Saumya Tripathi//

“Home? That we had left a long time ago; now home is where work is,” Bhola says, after thinking about the question deeply, sitting on the stairs near the academic block, the floor still half-mopped with fresh shoe imprints.

An institution is home to several conflicting stories. But within the institution, people like Bhola live in different realities compared to the students. Daily wage workers, gardeners, security staff, and maintenance staff handle the everyday maintenance of Kalindi College, University of Delhi.

This article is a reflection on the challenges experienced by these informal workers through their voices.

Hands working tirelessly, plastering the walls, Suresh, a daily wage worker, explained, “I came to Delhi at the age of 6, went to school till 6th class, became a construction worker at the age of 14, and have been working ever since. Most of the places I have worked at require us to work for 8–9 hours per day.”

According to the Periodic Labour Survey conducted by the Ministry of Statistics and Programme Implementation, 12.5 percent of the Indian population is engaged in casual or informal labour as of December 2025. Delhi, being a hub for internal migrant workers, serves as a place for the availability of cheap casual labour, often overlooking the Indian Labour Codes, which require an adult worker to work for 9 hours per day with a mandatory break of 30 minutes.

Upon being asked about labour laws and the reasons for continuing manual labour even at his age, Suresh said, gazing around silently, “Laws? I do not know about any laws. I have seven daughters. I need to support their education. I want them to study in a college like this someday and make me proud”. Like Suresh, many of the workers on campus have received little to no formal education. A joint report by UNICEF and ILO on Child Labour and Schooling in India also highlighted the issue of migrant workers experiencing disrupted education due to the unavailability of resources and language barriers.

According to Child Labour Data Census, around 10.1 million children between the ages of 5–14 years are engaged in child labour, even when it is prohibited under the Child Labour (Prohibition and Regulation) Amendment Act, 2016. Bhola explained that his children often skip school to accompany him to work.

WHERE WORK IS HOME

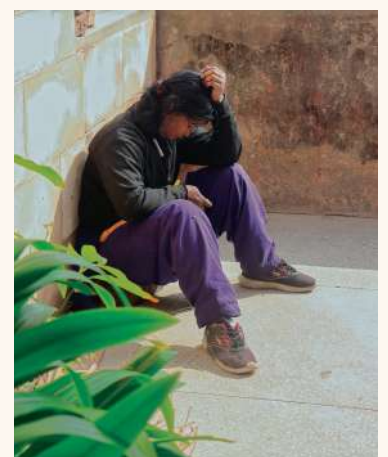
SAUMYA TRIPATHI



ABOVE: “Continuing of manual labour even when our body is giving up is not our choice, it is our only hope of survival”



“Someday, I want my daughter to study in an institution like this so that she can do what I could not”



The Periodic Labour Survey highlighted how only 34.9% of women in India are employed, compared to 77.7% of men, which further indicates how women still face difficulty in entering workplaces.

“Whenever I look at the students of the college, I feel like maybe, if things were different, I would have also become an officer. But my parents never really supported my studies and my decision to work as I was a girl.”



ABOVE: The non-teaching staff is often excluded unintentionally, which makes it likely for them to feel lonely even in the hustle-bustle of the college activities.

“Including our children in this line of work is not our choice. But when money is limited, boys are pushed into work, while girls are married off to take care of the household,” said Bhola.

The Periodic Labour Survey also highlighted how only 34.9% of women in India are employed, compared to 77.7% of men across formal and informal sectors, which further indicates how women still face difficulty in entering workplaces. Rama, a security staff member, elaborated, *“Whenever I look at the students of the college, I feel like maybe, if things were different, I would have also become an officer. But my parents never really supported my studies and my decision to work as I was a girl.”*

While watering the plants carefully, Rajnish, the head gardener, explained in a subdued tone, *“Sometimes we have our lunch here at the back of the college buildings; sometimes, when it’s raining, we take shelter beneath the trees. We do not want to disturb the students and the professors... But I like talking to the students and learning about new things.”* Most of the workers expressed a similar feeling of exclusion.

The subliminal reinforcement of the idea of *“inferiority”* comes from decades of social suppression and lack of awareness. Even if an institution does not enforce a derogatory ideology, workers subconsciously consider themselves inferior, and they refrain from entering certain places even at times of inconvenience.

The Annual Report of the Periodic Labour Force Survey 2025 by the Ministry of Statistics and Programme Implementation shows a significant increase in literacy rates, employment rates, and reductions in pay gaps; however, the larger condition of informal workers remains the same. While students sit under fans and air-conditioning, preparing for a better future comfortably, labourers build and maintain these very spaces, often in scorching heat, biting cold, and muddy rains, regardless of their own conditions. However, certain questions still remain unanswered: Do these institutions work on extending the knowledge they impart beyond the classrooms? Are the workers even provided with basic living amenities and sanitary conditions inside the campus?

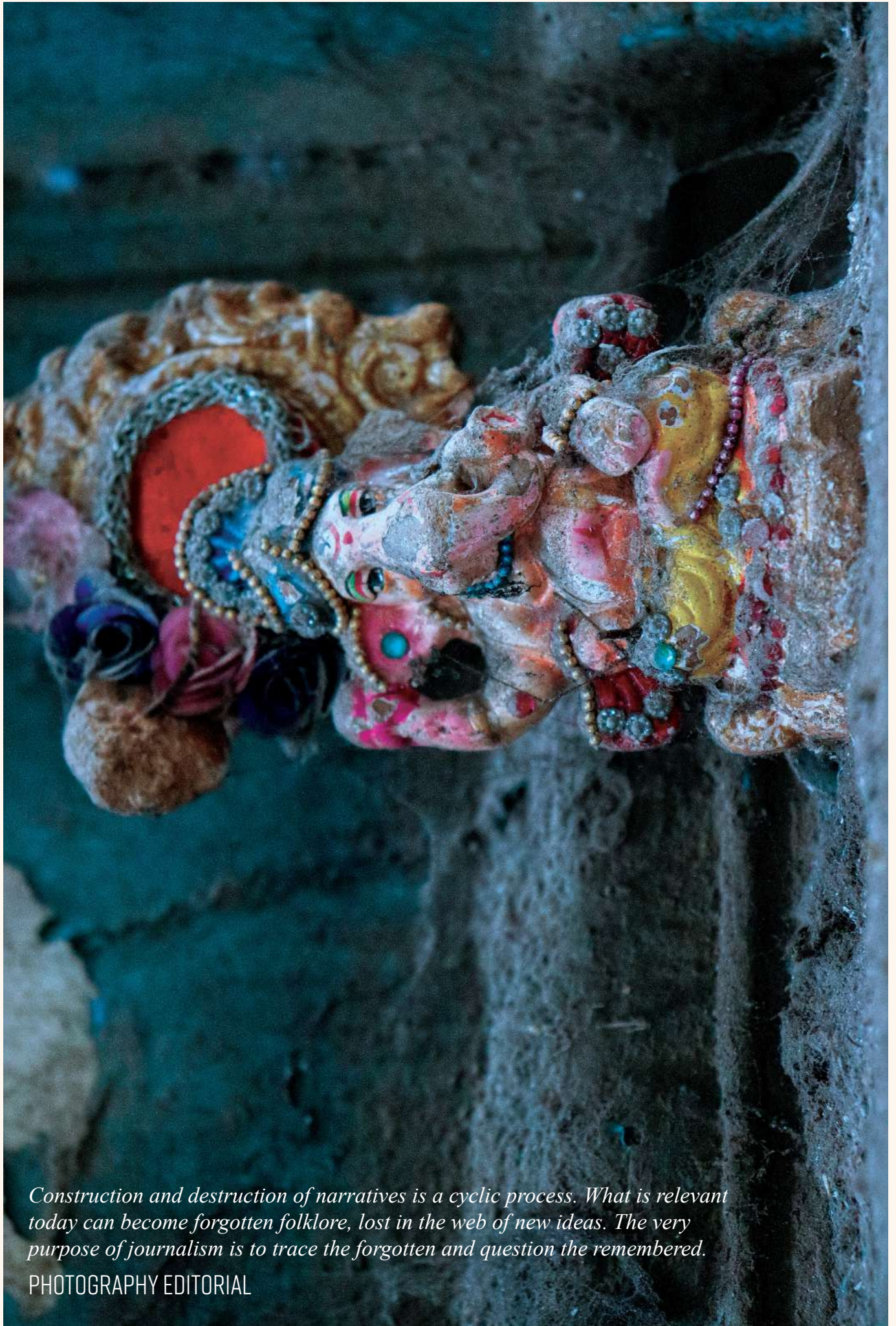
(Note: Names changed to maintain privacy)



Caught in a frame, the unnoticed efforts of the maintenance staff.



Around 12.5% of the total Indian Workforce is engaged in Informal labour including daily wage labourers.



Construction and destruction of narratives is a cyclic process. What is relevant today can become forgotten folklore, lost in the web of new ideas. The very purpose of journalism is to trace the forgotten and question the remembered.

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITORIAL

INHABITED

When a Room Learns
to Breathe

SAMRIDDHI



The personalised touches

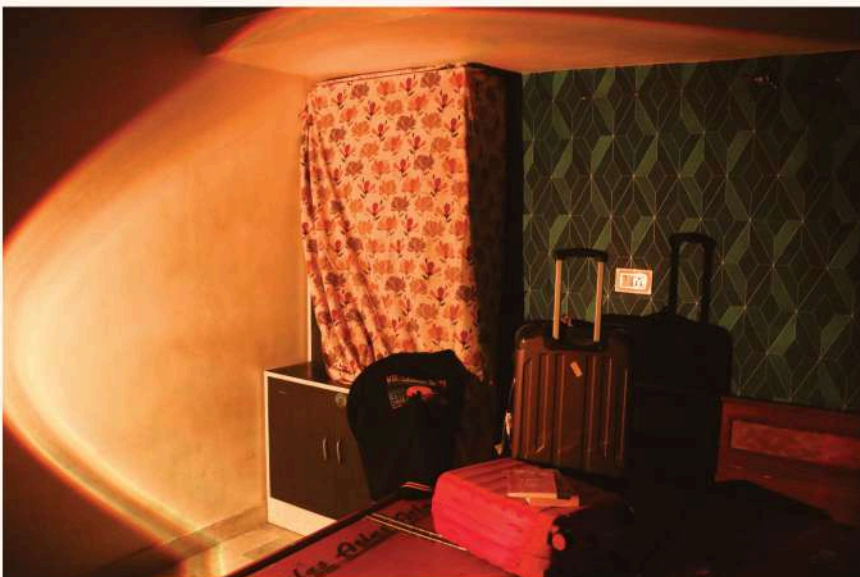


From emptiness to evidence of living.

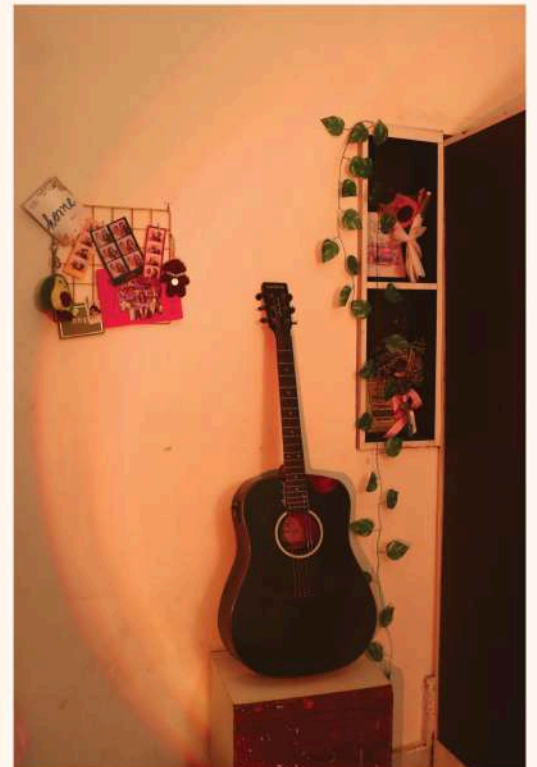
"A house is made with walls and beams; a home is built with love and dreams."

— Ralph Waldo Emerson

BELOW: Between arrival and belonging



BELOW: A quiet wall, slowly gathering pieces of who you are



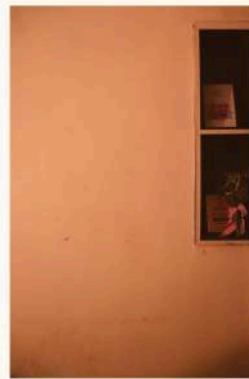
“You can have more than one home. You can carry your roots with you, and decide where they grow.”

- Henning Mankell

Student life in a new city begins with a mix of emotions, some sad, some happy, but all looking forward to the new journey ahead. You search for a place you can call home for the upcoming years, where you can build an emotional bond. The four walls that will be more than just shelter: a foundation for the years of growth and survival ahead in a city still unknown to you. At first, the room is empty, blank walls, untouched bed, bare furniture and suitcases waiting to be unpacked. How can your whole life be packed into these few bags, you wonder. The reality starts to settle in, and you try to carve out a safe space for yourself. Of course, it doesn't happen in a day. You figure out where to place the furniture, gather around new friends you made, and the hollow room now begins absorbing rhythms of warmth and of chaos. Every achievement, hobby, and gift you received has a place on the shelves. Comfort is to be sipping coffee on a rainy day while tuning your guitar. Comfort is also



dug up here from beneath a pile of stress before unobtainable deadlines. And amidst all the chaos, you feel overwhelmed by the burden of adapting, adjusting, and growing into a new self. As time passes by, the stiff walls soften, having witnessed your night study sessions and early morning breakthroughs. Moodboards are anchored by photos of chaotic days spent with friends and the memories of family. The room is personal now and the city that was once unknown starts accepting you for who you are.



LEFT: *When the house becomes home*



LEFT: *The feeling of chaos and being overwhelmed*

The Echoes of Tibet in Delhi

STUTI SNEHA MURMU



LEFT: Flourishing means of livelihood.

RIGHT:
Not just an attire but
an Identity.



BELOW:
A dragon that
symbolises
protection and
harmony



Majnu ka Tila, often called Delhi’s “Little Tibet,” is one of the oldest Tibetan refugee settlements in the plains, established in the 1960s when land was granted to Tibetans fleeing the 1959 uprising. In the aftermath of this displacement, Majnu ka Tila slowly transformed into a space of belonging and quiet resilience. In the midst of Delhi’s chaos, Majnu ka Tila unfolds as a quiet refuge where people come to gather and slow down. From the fluttering of the prayer flags to the aroma of the ‘laphing’, it feels like stepping into another world. The cafes and shops, often a part of residential space, suggests how they have turned their homes into means of livelihood by sharing their tradition. It’s inspiring to see how despite being far from their homeland they continue to preserve their culture and thrive. Many DU students, like us, come here to escape the rush of Delhi to attain solace like we feel at home. Nandika, a friend of mine, says,



ABOVE: The making of laphing.

BELOW: A glimpse into Tibetan dishes.



“Majnu ka tilla, calms you down, the warmth of the food there feels even more warm with friends.”

They have created a home not just for themselves but for all of us.

BELOW: A buddhist monk from MKT.



BELOW: Every spin of the prayer wheels spreads a silent prayer.



FACULTY CORNER

HOME AS MEMORIES

Dr. Mansiha Tomar

Many of us picture a home as being created by the four walls of a house, the neighbourhood, and how we enter it each day. But, homes are more about memories than locations. It is the memory of our lives that becomes our home. It carries all the pieces of the people, emotions, and experiences that are part of the tapestry of our lives. My personal vision of home consists of the memories that I have created through sound, the frequency of daily routines, and the people who have made those memories worth expending. When we recall our childhood houses, we seem to have less of a concrete record of them than we do of our feelings. The memories we have no longer serve the purpose of being a record of something in history, but instead feel like a private oasis from the world. Some people also come to be symbolic homes, and memories of them can last for years after they have disappeared from our lives. Their presence becomes part of our inner landscape, creating an environment of safety and security within us. In addition to people, many institutions become places of symbolic memory in retrospect. Although they may have felt transitional at the time, through memory, they are elevated to formative places that define who we are as individuals. The human memory is also subject to interpretation, and changes. A memory would have different meanings throughout our lives. In many ways, memory is both a place to call home, and a process that will perpetually grow and change. One of the reasons the idea of home presents a bittersweet feeling is that it has the components of a tangible home as well as an intangible home. We can never go back to the same home of our past, but rather carry it inside ourselves and experience it through memories. Home is relative and has a different meaning during times of changes, uncertainty, or loneliness, providing us the understanding that a sense of "belonging" does not always equal being in a specific place but rather in the continuity of what we hold onto through time.



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मुझे आप सभी को बधाई देते हुए बहुत खुशी हो रही है, जिन्होंने इस शानदार प्रोजेक्ट पर काम किया है। दिल्ली विश्वविद्यालय के कालिंदी कॉलेज में पत्रकारिता विभाग के **असिस्टेंट प्रोफेसर** के तौर पर, आप सभी को शुभकामनाएँ देकर आपका सहयोग करना मेरे लिए एक सम्मान की बात रही है।

"घर: भीतर और बाहर" (Home: Within and Beyond) विषय पर विचार करते हुए, आपने कहानी कहने, दृश्य अभिव्यक्ति और गहन पड़ताल की शक्ति को प्रदर्शित किया है। अपनी व्यक्तिगत कहानियों के माध्यम से, आपने व्यक्तिगत अनुभवों और सामूहिक समझ से जुड़ी व्यापक चर्चाओं में अपना योगदान दिया है। कलाकृतियों के निर्माण में आपके समर्पण, मौलिकता और अकादमिक ईमानदारी के लिए मैं आप सभी की सराहना करना चाहता हूँ; मुझे विश्वास है कि यह पत्रिका आपकी प्रतिभा, जिज्ञासा और दूसरों के साथ महत्वपूर्ण विचारों को साझा करने के साहस का एक जीता-जागता प्रमाण बनेगी।

डॉ. मनीषा तोमर



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दीवारों से परे एक पत्रकार का डिजिटल घर

"घर" शब्द सुनते ही मन में एक स्थिर, सुरक्षित और आत्मीय स्थान की छवि उभरती है; चार दीवारों, परिचित चेहरों की गर्माहट और विश्राम का अहसास। किंतु समकालीन पत्रकारिता के परिप्रेक्ष्य में यह परिभाषा तेजी से बदल रही है। आज के पत्रकार के लिए "घर" केवल भौतिक स्थान नहीं रहा, बल्कि एक गतिशील, डिजिटल और मानसिक संरचना में परिवर्तित हो चुका है। पत्रकारिता का स्वभाव समय की सीमाओं को स्वीकार नहीं करता। लगातार बदलते असाइनमेंट, अनियमित कार्यघंटे और "ब्रेकिंग न्यूज़" की निरंतरता पत्रकार को भौतिक घर से दूर ले जाती है। धीरे-धीरे उसका लैपटॉप, मोबाइल और कार्यस्थल ही उसका वास्तविक "घर" बन जाते हैं; वह जगह जहाँ वह विचारों को गढ़ता है, भावनाओं को अभिव्यक्त करता है और दुनिया को समझने की कोशिश करता है। डिजिटल युग ने 24x7 न्यूज़ साइकिल के साथ घर और दफ्तर की सीमाएँ धुंधली कर दी हैं। पत्रकार अपने घर में रहते हुए भी वास्तव में "घर" में नहीं होता। जब काम ही घर बन जाता है, तो परिवार और निजी समय पीछे छूट जाते हैं। फिर भी कई पत्रकार इसे चुनौती नहीं, बल्कि एक नई पहचान के रूप में स्वीकार करते हैं। अंततः, समकालीन पत्रकार के लिए "घर" एक प्रवाहमान विचार है; जो दीवारों से नहीं, बल्कि उन स्क्रिप्ट से बना है जिन्हें वह जीता और लिखता है।

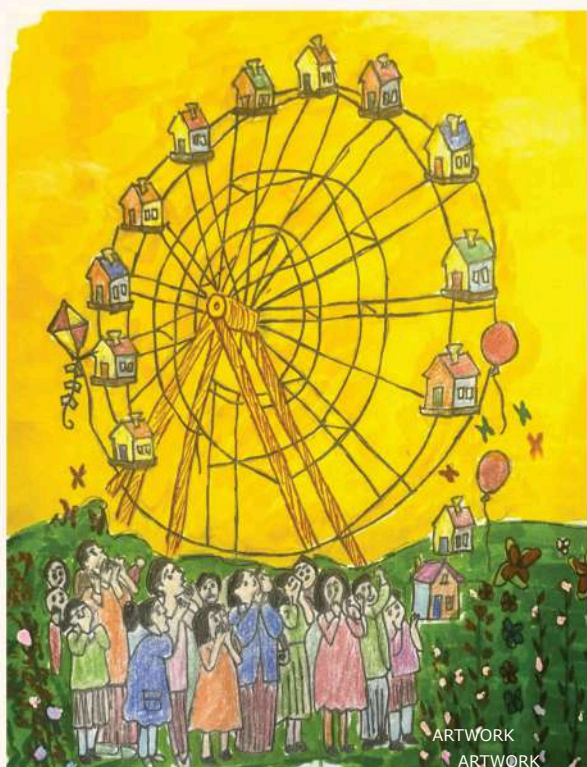
डॉ. केशव पटेल

ILLUSTRATION

KASHVI BHATIYA



Violence through the eyes of a child , silent suffering and fear.



Not every house is a home for people so they hope and long for their own warmth and peace. Every person has a different and their own meaning of home in which they feel content and search for that feeling along the way. Very few are able to find their home as they desire but not all.



A house turns in a home with warmth and love and people do hard work and put efforts to make it happen and they seek things that make them feel themselves and give them comfort. People try to make their own happiness by making a home according to themselves, with memories and emotions they make their home stable.