

Section IV

Imaginative Narratives

खंड IV

कल्पना लोक



Midas

(The Dream and the Downfall)

————— *Samir Zaidi* —————

Once upon a forgotten time, a garden of roses so sublime
Lived a certain king, the king of the rose
Blessed with a wish by a god, never he chose to use the sword
A deed did the heavens applaud, a certain wish he chose
Never was such a wish so summoned, the certain wish he chose
No creature who dareth oppose

Wished for a golden hand, things turned t gold from sand
Golden turned the things he laid his hand on, it froze
Envied him the gods and kings, but he possessed the golden rings
Infinitely counted golden things, his palace it. It glows
Countless statues of gold that glistens and glows
That is the wish that he chose

Saluted with his rays the sun, in respect of him were battles won
In awe of his gilded wealth the birds chirp and river flows
Flowing through his golden bleed, a wish so chosen out of greed
Never again could he feed, his Ambrosia, his food it froze
He dreamt of his downfall, in reckless greed, his future froze
From his dream, his descent arose

Drunk with gold, the king went mad, never had he been so sad
This wretched wish he summoned, the wish he chose
He couldn't reverse his curse, nor could he pen his verse
The touch that followed his hearse, his wealthy life to decompose
Running in circles this lunatic guided his life to decompose
Is this the wish that he chose?

Saw his daughter walking bold, his beloved daughter Marigold
Ran for help to her the king, his downfall to expose
Begging her if she knew, curses men, so very few
Touched her hand, know did who? As her body glistens and glows..
Turned as good as gold, her own new necklace, wretched wish he chose
Ah! This wretched wish he chose



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दृष्टिकोण

— कार्तिकेय अशोक —

एक जूता व्यापारी अपने उद्योग को दूसरे महादेशों तक विस्तृत करने की सोच में डूबा हुआ था। एशिया में उसके बनाये जूतों की बहुत बिक्री थी। परंतु अब उसका प्रयास उद्योग को अधिक से अधिक देशों में पहुँचाने की व्यवस्था में था, जिससे अपने जूता उद्योग को सफलतापूर्वक स्थापित करके नयी बुलंदियों तक ले जाया जा सके।

इस कारण उसने अपने एक क्राबिल प्रबंधक को अफ्रीका के दौरे पर भेजने का फैसला लिया। जिससे कि वहाँ के जूता-व्यापार की आँखों-देखी स्थिति मालूम की जा सके ताकि मौजूदा परिदृश्य और वातावरण के अनुरूप व्यापार के विस्तार का स्वरूप एवं नीति गठित की जा सके।

प्रबंधक ने अफ्रीका के अलग-अलग हिस्सों में पूरा एक महीना बिताया।

तीस दिन की गहन खोज एवं अनुसंधान के बाद वह स्वदेश लौटा। लौटते ही वह व्यापारी से मिलने उसके घर जा पहुँचा। व्यापारी उसे दरवाजे पर खड़ा देख मुस्कराया, मानो वह उसका सालों से इंतजार कर रहा हो। भीतर आने का इशारा कर उसने फ़ोन पर दो चाय अंदर भेजने का आदेश दिया और प्रबंधक से बैठने का आग्रह किया।

हालचाल लेने के बाद और चाय की चुस्कियों के साथ प्रबंधक ने बड़े आहिस्ता से अपनी बात रखते हुए जैसे ही पहला लफ़्ज़ 'जनाब' कहा, व्यापारी के कान खड़े हो उठे और वह एक झटके में कमर सीधी कर कुर्सी पर बैठ गया।

प्रबंधक ने अपनी खोज से प्राप्त परिणामों को सामने रखते हुए विनीत भाव से कहा, 'जनाब अफ्रीका एक ऐसा महादेश है जहाँ अधिकांश आबादी समुदाय और कबीला परंपरा का अनुसरण करती है। और लगभग 80 फ़ीसदी आबादी जूतों का प्रयोग नहीं करती है। यह हमारे उद्योग के लिए एक बड़ी बाधा है जो एक घाटे का सौदा साबित हो सकता है।'

व्यापारी की आस जैसे शीशे की तरह टूट के बिखर गयी हो। वह कुर्सी से खड़ा हुआ और कमरे के बाहर बालकनी में चला गया।

उसके भीतर का जिज्ञासु यह मानने को तैयार नहीं था कि उसका जूता उद्योग अफ्रीका में सफल नहीं हो सकता।

कुछ महीने बीत जाने के बाद उसने पुनः एक नए प्रबंधक को अफ्रीका के दौरे पर भेजने का फैसला किया। उसने नए प्रबंधक को एक नसीहत देते हुए कि 'पूरी जांच-पड़ताल करते हुए वहाँ की हर बारीकियों को ध्यान में रख कर शोध करना', विदा किया।

विभिन्न समुदायों और कबीलों के बीच शोध करके, वहां के लोगों की आवश्यकता को पहचान कर और आंकड़े इकट्ठे कर वह एक महीना बाद वापस लौटा ।

वह सीधे व्यापारी के कमरे में जा पहुंचा । व्यापारी ने उसका स्वागत किया और चाय नाश्ता का इंतजाम किया। व्यापारी की उत्सुकता इतनी बढ़ चली थी कि चाय अभी आई भी नहीं थी, प्रबंधक का हाल पूछा तक न था और सीधे धंधे की बात पर आ गया । प्रबंधक मुस्कराकर बोला, ‘सर वहां तो 80 फ्रीसदी आबादी जूतों का प्रयोग ही नहीं करती ।’

बस इतना कहा ही था उस नए प्रबंधक ने कि व्यापारी आग बबूला हो गया और कहने लगा, ‘ये आंकड़ों का खेल मत खेलो, इनसे मैं बहुत पहले से अवगत हूँ ।’

चाय अब तक आ चुकी थी किन्तु व्यापारी की चाय पीने की इच्छा अब क्षुब्ध सी हो रही थी । प्रबंधक बड़ी सहजता से बोला, ‘सर यही तो मैं आपको बताने की कोशिश कर रहा हूँ कि अब तक 80 फ्रीसदी आबादी जो जूतों का प्रयोग नहीं करती है हमें उसके लिए ही तो जूतों का उत्पादन करना है । यही हमारे लिए एक सुनहरा अवसर है कि हम अफ्रीका की 80 फ्रीसदी आबादी को अपना बनाया हुआ जूता पहना सकते हैं जो हमारे उद्योग को दुनिया के शीर्ष उद्योगों की पंक्ति में लाकर खड़ा करेगा । और तो और वहां अभी कोई हमारा कोई प्रतिद्वंद्वी भी नहीं पहुंचा है।’

यह सुन कर व्यापारी को अपने फैसले की अहमियत समझ आने लगी और उसकी बुद्धि से सकारात्मक तरंगों का जैसे प्रवाह होने लगा जो उसकी आँखों की अजब चमक से साफ़ झलक रहा था ।

प्रबंधक ने व्यापारी की प्रसन्नता को भाँप लिया और पूछ बैठा, ‘जनाब, अब नए उद्योग का कामकाज कब से शुरू करना है ?’

व्यापारी ने प्रबंधक को शाबाशी देते हुए कहा, ‘आज से’।



कार्तिकेय अशोक पी.जी.डी.ए.वी. कॉलेज में बीकॉम विशेष (तृतीय वर्ष) के छात्र हैं ।

When She Met Her

————— *Muskan Dhandi* —————

A day before the previous day, she witnessed her emerging out of the big sceptical yet shallow mirror which is a house to several self- proclaiming agents who promise to correct her already distorted and fragmented image. She looks at that non familiar yet strikingly recognizable idea which appears to her like a painter's grey colored muse. Approaching her, the next moment she realizes that the non-familiar yet familiar grey colored idea is reducing the distance between the two. Discombobulated and filled with fear, she runs away without looking behind. She consciously and deliberately decides not to think about that incident again and never to visit that moment so that she can yield strength to her already feeble self.

Exactly 30 days after that incident, she saw that non familiar yet familiar grey colored idea approaching her again. What was slightly frightening was that this time the figure not only appeared more powerful with the intrinsic and exquisite details it was exhibiting but also it came closer to her by residing in the rear view mirror of the car she was driving. The figure appeared as if wearing a robe of different shades of grey and black. The figure this time like earlier too, started approaching her and as expected this ignited fear in her. She started driving her car at the speed of 140km per hour and observed that the figure had left the rear view mirror with no traces behind.

She was out on an evening stroll and as usual was observing nearby objects. Astounded with fear and surprise, she witnessed that figure again in a dismantled mirror which was lying in the park. This time though, she decided to confront it and would definitely not decamp or abscond. The figure following its usual operational procedure started approaching her whereas she stood there firmly. The figure gradually departed from its abode and came closer to her.

The figure said, "Your present distinguishable strength and confidence surprises me. You were always afraid of not only me but also other people who belong to your species. How were you able to adapt this change when you were struggling with your existence?"

The girl replied, "Why are you always hampering my way and posing as a roadblock? What do you want from me?"

"To be honest, I am here to help you realize your inner potential and power. Do you even remember your name? Do you know who you are and who you were earlier? I'm your subconscious and I'm here to help you, my friend. You are not alone in this battle anymore. I know after whatever you have faced in your life, after all those incidents; life has become a trauma for you. I know it all but you have to live if not for your own self but then for me. Your fragmented and distorted self-frightens me. I am afraid what will happen to you." the figure said.

"If you are my subconscious self then why do I always observe you only in mirrors? Why do you appear grey in colour?"

"I reside in your dismantled mirror of thoughts which are grey. I am here to awaken in you the desire to live. You are not alone, I am with you."

The girl started weeping. She knew that her trauma had reached its saturation point. She hugged the figure tightly. She experienced that something divine had taken place, something extraordinarily and she saw that the figure entered her body; probably the figure reached its home.



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All in Vain

———— *Asmat Dadwal* ————

Once upon a time in a realm heard for its wealth and culture
Came traders from seas across, they were flying vultures
Years went by and the realm lost its riches and shine
Sacrificed blood, martyred souls, all in vain
Or was it?

One upon a time in a realm known for its unity and diversity
Fighting enemies from the inside out
Years went by as the realm struggled to save its tricolour
Saffron streams, white shroud, green ivy
Was it all in vain?

Once upon a time in a realm known for its beauty and mystery
It took one small change, one person
Many days and midnights it took
Burning candles, screaming voices, spilling ink
Was it all really in vain?



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