



DU VIDHA
विधा

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Acknowledgements. This journal is the brainchild of the Vice-Chancellor Professor Dinesh Singh. His team of officials and a number of colleagues in the colleges have offered support and assistance in a variety of ways. Above all, it was the large number of enthusiastic contributors (over 500 altogether) who provided the enabling groundswell, and they deserve our grateful thanks.

कुलपति प्रोफेसर दिनेश सिंह की यह परिकल्पना उनकी टीम के अधिकारियों व कालेजों के अनेक सहयोगियों के सतत समर्थन व सहयोग से कार्यान्वित हो पाई। विशेष धन्यवाद 500 से अधिक उन रचनाकारों का जिनके उत्साह के बल पर ही यह पत्रिका चल निकली।

Cover painting contributed by Professor Dinesh Singh

Editorial/ सम्पादकीय

Welcome to the inaugural issue of **DU-Vidha**, the new journal of creative writing by the students of the University of Delhi. We have about five lakh students in our various Colleges and University Departments, and we hope that **DU-Vidha** will become a representative common platform for their literary imagination and creativity. Youth is the season for dreaming dreams as well as for new awakenings, and for growing into a new consciousness of oneself, of those with whom one forges new affinities and relationships, and indeed of sensitization to the society one lives in and the wide world beyond. Many of these concerns are imaginatively and artistically reflected in the contributions that follow, including a topical concern with the issues of violence against women and women's safety.

These contributions have been selected from a wide range of sources. Over 200 contributions were sent to us directly by email at dujournals.creative@gmail.com, and nearly as many more entrants took part in the creative writing competitions in the D. U. cultural festival, **Antardhvani 2013**. We have also made an effort to go out to seek entries from the literary competitions held in the various colleges. Given the vast pool of talent in our university, we are confident that **DU-Vidha** will emerge as a significant journal of creative expression.

This is a bilingual journal and will publish writing in both English and Hindi, not in fenced off 'sections' or enclosures but with both the languages flowing together over a shared and common terrain. We do hope that our readers will make an effort to read the contributions published here in their less-fluent second language as well, whether that is English or Hindi, rather than simply step across and over them. In fact, one of our authors here, Tripti Kumari, has set a good example by contributing one piece in English and one in Hindi!

For announcements regarding feedback, appointment of Student Editors in both Hindi and English, and submissions for future issues, see the last page of this issue -- preferably without skipping any of the pages in between!

डीयू-विधा के प्रवेशांक में सभी पाठकों का स्वागत है।

हमारे अखिल-भारतीय विश्वविद्यालय के लगभग पाँच लाख विद्यार्थियों में साहित्यिक प्रतिभा का जो अथाह सागर है उसके उन्मेष व अभिव्यक्ति का एक सामूहिक मंच यह पत्रिका बन सके यही इसका मुख्य उद्देश्य है। तरुणाई की अंगड़ाई में सपने भी होते हैं और एक नई सजगता और जागरूकता भी -- स्वयं अपने प्रति, अपने प्रियजनों के प्रति, और उस व्यापक समाज और विश्व के प्रति भी

जिसके हम सभी भागीदार हैं । इन अनेक विषयों की कल्पनात्मक और कलात्मक अभिव्यक्ति आपको इस पत्रिका के पृष्ठों में मिलेगी, विशेषतः स्त्रियों के प्रति हिंसा व उनके शोषण से सम्बंधित रचनाएं।

जैसा कि स्वतः स्पष्ट है, यह पत्रिका द्विभाषी है। इस अंक के लिए हिंदी की रचनाएँ कुछ कम मिल पायीं पर आशा है कि इसकी भर-पाई अगले अंकों में हो सकेगी और हिंदी का पलड़ा बराबर तो रहेगा ही ।

इस पत्रिका में हिंदी और अंग्रेज़ी की रचनाएँ अलग-अलग बाड़ों में बंधी नहीं मिलेंगी। दोनों धाराएँ उसी समतल पर साथ-साथ प्रवाहित हों, एक के तुरंत बाद दूसरी से सहज ही समक्षता हो सके, दोनों में वार्तालाप संभव हो सके, यही इस युग की सच्ची द्विभाषिकता होगी।

अगले अंकों के लिए रचना भेजने, छात्र-सम्पादक के रूप में सहयोग करने, व अन्य जानकारी के लिए इस अंक का अंतिम पृष्ठ देखें -- पर बीच के सभी पृष्ठ विधिवत पढ़ते हुए, उतावली में पलटते हुए नहीं ! आपकी प्रतिक्रिया की प्रतीक्षा रहेगी ।

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Why I Walk in Delhi

Walking in Delhi is like breaking words
And forgetting verses while you are writing.
Delhi makes you fall in love with sordid smells –
Passing by excrement-laden bridges where they talk
About the politics and the mortal remains of a failed state.

It is like a drug prescribed in mild dosage –
In walking two hours a day you become addicted
To magnificent liars and the stories they tell
To the way they make you write poetry at 2 am
To the way they move along the edges of your soul.
Delhi is a home painted over and over again till you know
Memory is only an expression for your sad sad stories.

It is the refuge of these travellers to nowhere –
Where the smokescreens cloud us at night because
We are never asleep in the loneliness of our dreams.
Delhi makes you write poetry about nothingness
And your fingers bleed words inside empty rooms.
Delhi's neon streetlights make me confess
Lost loves and loved ones I've lost who I cannot remember;
Their ashes and thoughts I cannot touch because
The speed of grieving them away tears me up
Somewhere in the shadow of unwritten verses.

Delhi, you make me laugh and cry in sparks of light
And leave me aching in words when it rains
Because your trees and leaves drain me
Of the life that I am creating under your starless skies.

Boats on the Brahmaputra

The boats on the Brahmaputra come back at dusk
While I stand at the shore. I am waiting.
A boatman sings of a mahout in Gauripur;
Calling him back home somewhere from Syllhet.
His boat is shimmering like a beacon
That guides him back home from the shadows.
His sweat smells like the Brahmaputra.
His home is there waiting for him; mine is floating away.

गुमशुदा हिंदी

ढूँढती हूँ आज उसको मैं,
हर गली, हर चौराहे, हर मोड़ पर।
गुम हो गयी है न जाने कहाँ,
किस देश में, किस परिवेश में --
लोगों के बीच से, उनके दिल से,
जा चुकी है बहुत दूर
फिर भी, ढूँढती हूँ...
जब रखे नन्हें कदम जमीं पर,
सीखा चलना और गिरना,
ठोकरें खाकर, संभलना
दर्द का एहसास जब हो,
आवाज़ एक ही निकलती
माँ, माँ और माँ ही केवल,
'माँ' कहने का अनूठा एहसास,
कहीं और कहाँ ?
जो समाई है,
सिर्फ हिंदी भाषा में अब तक।
हिंदी के साथ ही बड़े हुए,
खेला, खाया और पले हैं सब
हिंदी रग- रग में है समाहित,
फिर क्यों है इतनी अपमानित
क्या पैसों में इतना है दम,
या बाज़ारीकरण में है गुम।
एक कसक है मन में
फिर से हिंदी में रम जाने की
फिर से हिंदी को जी लेने की ।

एक सच: आज भी

सुनहरी थी दुनिया बचपन में हमारी भी
दिखते थे सभी इंसान ही चारों तरफ
न कोई द्वेष , न कोई भेदभाव थे दिलों में
न कोई लड़का, न कोई लड़की थी नज़रों में
एक भावना थी मानवता की हर इंसान के लिए
पर परतें दर परतें खुलने लगी लोगों की नजरों से
चुभने लगी सुई सी नज़रें , जब हैवान बने इंसान
टूटा जैसे कोई सपना, छूटा जैसे कोई अपना
अभिशाप हो कोई ऐसा लगा, जिंदगी अंजान हो गई
कुछ ज़्यादा नहीं, बस लड़की होने की पहचान हो गई.....

Ishita Sareen
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Lady Shri Ram College

My Fort with its Moat:

Why did I make it and why was it Destroyed?

I am an 18-year old girl, who weighs 87 kg, precisely. I know that is a big amount, and that I am obese by almost 25-30 kg (by what knowledge I gleaned of in my physical education classes), as I am 5'4, a modest height. I do not have any particular talents to brag of. I am just your ordinary teenager but with my own custom-made body-image issues.

I was born a healthy child (3.5 kg at my birth on December 16, 1994), just what my parents wanted. I was the most pampered and loved on both my parents' sides. I was fed cans of Lactogen, baby formula and God knows what else so that I grew up to be a healthy baby. I did. I was a healthy, chubby child, always a little ahead of my class-mates on the weight front.

Honestly, I did not care. I never spent my time looking in mirrors, nor do I now. I was content with myself, at peace with the world and my Alpenliebe lollipop. But as I grew older, I realized that though I was happy with me, the world was not happy seeing me being me. No offence to all those who are thinking that this is just another teen story, but really don't flip the page just yet.

I was 8 and at school, and that was the first time I felt ashamed of my appearance, of my weight. I remember it clearly. It was mid-November and the class bully was holding his conference at the far corner of the play ground. I was not part of that. I always stood up for what I liked/wanted/felt was right (pick any, I don't mind)—in this case I did not like being dominated so I did not join the conference. Later on I learnt that the resolution that had been passed was to call me 'Moti' from now on. My friends left me for the bully camp and I was alone. That day I cried in the school bus. Now when all memories have grown old and I hardly remember any good ones (just vague recollections), that one is the one that stands out, corrupting other treasured memories.

After that incident and many others just like that, I taught myself to ignore them all. That was at 10. No matter what they said, I did not rise to the bait, I kept silent. I mastered it gradually. I built a permanent red brick fort, with its own moat of crocodiles. I was proud of myself. My parents might have guessed what I was facing at school, but they left me to fight my own battles and wars and for that I was grateful because I learnt to fight and hold my own fort.

As I progressed into teenage-hood, I began to realize that the wall I had built around myself was not so permanent after all. It was showing cracks in some places. But with school,

boys and lots and lots of homework, who has the time to fill up cracks? The fort turned into a ruin and I felt all those hateful memories and the new names (now improvised) boring into my consciousness. Like some mind-control drill.

I declined offers to sit with friends, convinced that I would be needled about my weight issue. In the school bus when we had to squeeze together, I would get up from my seat and give it to another. Many thought this act was good breeding but it really was so that no one could get any opportunity to say that I blocked too much space. I started hating my school uniform, as I looked fat in it. I never looked at myself in the mirror in the morning because I was afraid that I might break down. Many whistles from street loafers followed me in the streets. I was getting out of control inside, getting paranoid. Convinced that everyone was looking at me, commenting about my ever increasing weight. And I could do nothing to stop it, nothing to fight. I went on walks, consulted dieticians and did a lot of exercise, but nothing budged those muscles -- or fat. I was depressed so I ate even more. And that got me to my present 87 kg.

I thought or hallucinated that I was fighting the battles and winning some of them, but by some treachery on the part of my brain, my crocs were dead. I was not immune to those leers and taunts after all. I am not proud of the fact, but I just curled up under my sheets for a few days and cried. Thought and cried some more. But eventually the crying stopped the raging at the world, and the leers and the whistles going through my brain. It's a terrifying feeling you get when everything just stops, you wonder if it ever was there, will it return, what happened to it?? This was when I was 14.

I started work on a new wall this time with super strong cement, working out the points where I had been weak before. I was shy ever since I can remember but now I was an introvert too. As I grew I learned that my weight was not THE problem. The taunts, and the leers continued, but I realized that they were less a problem when I grew older, more mature. Now people were beginning to understand me, they were trying not to judge me by how I looked and I was grateful for that. They took the trouble to find out about the real me, that me who was hiding under the cemented grey brick walls. I made real friends, who stood alongside me when I needed them. The 'friend in need is a friend indeed' type.

And that made me realize something else too. (Other than admitting I had a problem which needed exercise to get over; which I am doing faithfully). You can decide whether its wisdom or not.

I realized that – we all are insecure. All these insecurities make a great part of who we are. Some people let these insecurities command their life. Like I did, made forts and moats, and also kept crocs and jelly fish. Sigh. Some others pay no attention to them but give all their time towards scouring their real talents, their natural ones. Honing them to perfection so that the insecurities look puny. Yet others find a way round them, the middle path; they spend time attending to their insecurities and nurture their talents too. I call these the all-rounders. I haven't decided yet to which category I belong, but I think I just might bet in the last one.

The bullies in my life who called me all the names and mean things had their insecurities too. We live in a world that includes people venting their anger, emotions,

feelings etc. etc. at others -- catharsis, they call it. And we need to do that. Why? To feel important, self-satisfied, proud, loved, arrogant, valued, safe, satisfied, confident... In this process even if we end up saying some mean things or some people end up listening to that mean talk, that's no reason to make a wall, or bury yourself in deep, or do anything that might make yourself feel ashamed. Because you are what you are. All the songs say it, celebs say it, our shrinks say it, the society also seems to say it – but it is we who refuse to believe it. And trust me you only believe it when you are faced with no other option than to believe. You always have the power to believe but you also have the power to choose what you believe, and the impossibility of a situation becomes the catalyst of your decision.

As I learned it the slightly hard way, some mean things cannot change who you are even though you might try it. Some other souls come along and dig you up from your self-dug grave. And to me those are my angels. Sort of. Bit dramatic, huh?

Those people, the mean characters in my life, had a great role to play. They eventually bought me closer to the path, at the end of which came deduction no. 1 – that I had a problem; deduction no. 1a -- which needed some solutions and fast, which led to my slimming-down-by-the-earliest scheme of tasks, including a lot of exercise. I was never comfortable in my own skin. Big surprise! Every teenager says that, I guess (except the ones with no acne and perfect swim suit bodies, if there are any). But now I am very near to it. Bet you no 'teenager' says that. Deduction no. 2 -- There might be room for constant improvement, but that improvement should not be based on the whims and fancies of others.

I am again at peace with my world, have dreams, go party sometimes, read books still. But there is no archaic fort now. There's a valley full of long grass that beckons me to move on and love myself even more. I have started loving myself for who I am (and believe me life has taken a turn for good), have you?

मेरी आटो उसकी कार

मैं बी.एड. की क्लास खत्म कर शाम को अपने हॉस्टल की ओर सरपट चला आ रहा था, अचानक भीड़ को देखकर मेरे कदम एकाएक अपने स्थान पर रुक गए। वहाँ मैंने देखा कि भीड़ आटो वाले को घेरे अपनी-अपनी प्रतिक्रिया दे रही थी। उस राह से गुजरने वाले उस भीड़ का हिस्सा बनते जा रहे थे और प्रश्नसूचक नजरों से वहाँ पहले से मौजूद लोगों की ओर देखते तथा पूरी जानकारी के पश्चात आटोवाले को हिकारत भरी नजरों से देखने लगते। इस तरह कुछ ही समय में वहाँ काफी लोग इकट्ठे हो गए। कुछ समय तक तो मुझे कुछ समझ में नहीं आया कि यहाँ क्या हो रहा है, फिर मैं भीड़ को चीरता हुआ आगे आया तो देखा कि राकेश एक लड़की से क्षमा याचना करते हुए गिड़गिड़ा रहा था, “मैडम मुझे माफ कर दो। मुझसे गलती हो गयी। मैं आपके पाँव पड़ रहा हूँ।” लड़की चुपचाप आँसू बहाए जा रही थी और बस इतना ही कहे जा रही थी, “तुम्हारी इतनी हिम्मत कि तुमने मुझ पर हाथ उठाया? तुम्हारी औकात क्या है? एक आटोवाले होकर तुमने मुझ पर हाथ उठाया?”

यह सुनकर मैं अवाक्, स्तब्ध रह गया कि राकेश जैसा सीधा-साधा व व्यक्ति किसी लड़की पर कैसे हाथ उठा सकता है? एक महिला ने दूसरी से -- “अरे, ये तो मैडमजी हैं, बहुत गुस्से वाली इसने इन पर हाथ उठाया?” दूसरी ने पहली से -- “तो क्या तू इन्हें जानती है ये कौन हैं?” उसने उत्सुकतासे पूछा। “हाँ मैं इन्हें अच्छी तरह से जानती हूँ ये बहुत बड़े बिजनेस-मैन की लाडली बेटी हैं, दरअसल मैं इनके घर काम करती हूँ, मजाल क्या किसी नौकर से कोई गलती हो जाए और ये उसे बक्श दें। अगर ये कॉलेज से आयीं और दरवाजा खोलने में ज़रा देरी हो जाए, पूरा घर सर पर उठा लेती हैं कोई फरमाइश पिता से की और उसमें देरी हो या कोई संशोधन हो जाए”। पहली ने दूसरी से, “इतना भी कड़ा मिजाज अच्छा नहीं होता है। पैसा है और पिता का आवश्यकता से अधिक लाड़, तभी तो उसने पहले बिना गलती मारा और जब उसने हाथ उठा दिया तो यह अब उसके जान के पीछे ही पड़ गयी और तो और यहाँ पर खड़े सभी उस बेचारे को दोष दे रहे हैं कि उसने एक लड़की पर हाथ उठाया। कोई भी यह ध्यान नहीं देता कि यदि औरत की इज्जत है तो पुरुष की भी तो इज्जत है।” पहली ने दूसरी से, “अरे चुप हो जाओ नहीं तो यदि सुन लिया तो आटो का मामला खिसककर हम पर आ जाएगा”। “तू उनके घर काम करती है, मैं नहीं और वैसे भी हमें क्या लेना हम तो चलते हैं”। मैंने एक व्यक्ति से कहा, “यह तो बहुत सीधा व्यक्ति है। इसने इस कारवाली पर कैसे हाथ उठाया?” “इसकी मति मारी गयी थी, जो इसने एक कारवाली से पंगा ले लिया। अब न जाने क्या होगा?” “आखिर हुआ क्या?” “हुआ क्या, यह एक

तरफ से जा रहा था और वह दूसरी तरफ से आ रही थी। कार से उसका आटो थोड़ा सट गया। उसने कार से निकलकर उसको दो-चार चाटे जड़ दिये। इस पर राकेश ने भी उसे एक झापड़ जड़ दिया।“

हम बातें कर ही रहे थे कि रेशमी कपड़े वाला एक लम्बे कद का व्यक्ति भीड़ को चीरता हुआ आगे पहुँचा। उसे देखकर उस लड़की ने तेज़ी से रोना शुरू कर दिया उस व्यक्ति ने आवेश से पूछा, “कहाँ है वह आटोवाला?” अश्रुपूरित आँखों से उसने राकेश की ओर इशारा कर दिया “तेरी औकात क्या है? दो-टके का आदमी मेरी बहन पर हाथ उठाता है। मैं अभी तेरी औकात दिखाता हूँ”। इतना कहकर वह व्यक्ति उस पर भेड़िये की तरह टूट पड़ा। लोग थोड़ा-थोड़ा पीछे हट गये और तमाशबीन बन गए। वह व्यक्ति उसे पीटते-पीटते थक चुका था। राकेश धूल से लिपटकर निढाल हो गया था। लोग आपस में कानाफूसी करने लगे। एक ने दूसरे से, “इसको उसे इतनी बेरहमी से नहीं पीटना चाहिए था”। दूसरे ने पहले से, “वैसे गलती लड़की की ही थी, पर इसने उस पर जो हाथ उठाया, यह उसी का परिणाम है”। तीसरे ने दूसरे से, “यह उस पर हाथ उठाने का परिणाम नहीं, कारवाली पर हाथ उठाने का परिणाम है”। चौथा कुछ खिन्नता से, “क्या आटोवाले का कोई अस्तित्व नहीं होता? क्या उसे समाज में सम्मान से रहने कोई अधिकार नहीं?”

लोग आपस में बातें कर ही रहे थे कि इतने में पुलिस के सायरन की आवाज सुनकर भीड़ एक ओर हट गयी। पुलिस ने आटोवाले से पूछा, “तेरा क्या नाम है?” “राकेश”। “तुमने औरत पर हाथ उठाया?” “पहले इन्होंने मुझे मारा। तब मुझसे रहा नहीं गया और मैंने एक झापड़ मार दिया। सर, इन्होंने ही मेरे आटो को टक्कर मारी थी। वो तो मैं बचा ले गया अन्यथा मेरा कितना नुकसान हो गया होता।“ “इसका मतलब तू एक लड़की पर हाथ उठाएगा? अपनी औकात में रहा कर। कुछ भी हो तुझे औरत पर हाथ नहीं उठाना चाहिए था, और तो और तुझे आदमी की भी पहचान नहीं कि कहाँ तू एक आटो चलाने वाला और कहाँ ये। अब तो यदि ये ही चाहें तो तेरा कुछ हो सकता है, वरना तू तो गया”। “गलती से बड़प्पन का क्या सम्बन्ध है, सर। औरत को भी तो पुरुष पर हाथ नहीं उठाना चाहिए”। मैंने कुछ उत्तेजित होते हुए कहा। पुलिसवाले ने पहले तो मुझे सर से पाँव तक देखा और फिर प्रश्नसूचक लहजे से पूछा, “तू कौन है और इसकी बड़ी तरफदारी कर रहा है?” “मैं सी.आई.ई. से बी.एड. कर रहा हूँ। पास के हॉस्टल में रहता हूँ और इसे अच्छी तरह से जानता हूँ। राकेश आटो के अतिरिक्त चाय का भी काम करता है। यह बहुत ईमानदार और शरीफ आदमी है”। हॉस्टल का नाम सुनकर पुलिसवाला सकपकाया और बोला, “भाई साहब आप इस पचड़े में मत पड़िये। ये सब सिर्फ ऊपर से ही शरीफ दिखते हैं”। “आप इस तरह सभी आटोवाले के प्रति एक आम राय कैसे बना सकते हैं”। मैंने उससे तर्क किया।

हम लोगों में बातें हो ही रही थीं कि आटो कमेटी का अध्यक्ष आ गया। उसने पुलिस को राकेश का “एफ.आई.आर.” दर्ज करने को कहा। पुलिस ने उस व्यक्ति को एक तरफ बुलाया और कहा, “तुमने

इसे मारा?" "इसने मेरी बहन को भी मारा।" "तुम्हारे पास इसका क्या प्रमाण है? परन्तु तुमने इसे पीटा इसका प्रमाण इसका शरीर है। तुम शरीफ हो, बड़े हो, इसलिए छोड़ दे रहा हूँ।"

एम्बुलेंस बुलवाया गया और लगभग अचेत अवस्था में राकेश के मुँह से यही निकला, "मेरी आटो उसकी कार, उसकी जीत मेरी हार"।

Bare Bones

The mountains are calling.
Old wrinkle in the cheek of Time;
the Himalaya is the spine of the land –
A vein outstanding on a clenched fist,
a thread unravelled from the Pamir Knot.
Cracks spread down from the sides of hills
like rocky strands of spider-webs.
High in the deodars, the sun swings
from branch to branch like a langur.
It holds me in its claws, the Mountain
looking at me with its unbearably old eyes.
Cold streams like knives slice open
my back and let the birds out.
Drown me here; let me flow out to the sea
with glacier-melt and stones.
Pinewood sap, marrow of mountain-bones.
Torch the peaks with rhododendron blooms
that blaze red from under their leaves.
This place, this wheeling wind and sky,
spins and yet is still – like a pinwheel's pin.
The deeper I delve, the more space expands,
hills open behind hills like a shadow-play
and tiny strawberries growing beside rocks.
Lay me here when I am old
let me grow into the skin of the mountain –
a boulder licked by the howling wind
ossified and content in the lap of the hills.

The Song of Sagar Apartments

The 5:45 sky is lavender,
and pimpled with a star.

The tiny 'temple' in my society
Belts out devotional tunes
sung by old Mr. Chawla,
accompanied by one saggy dholak.

Outside my window,
the lavender sky is chock-full of buildings,
like rows and rows of concrete mountains
with windows in their sides.
These are the ant-hills
of the middle class.

Mr. Chawla sings on.
I think of that temple,
three precious parking spaces wide.
I hate it with all my heart,
and the smug idols inside,
smiling at atheists like me.

The lavender sky is black now,
a baraat somewhere sends out fireworks,
marking faint stars against the city sky.
An owl hoots loudly
from the overhead tanks:
it is sick of loneliness.

Downstairs a couple is walking briskly by,
left-right-left perambulations
around the altar of fitness.
I know that couple by sight;
they're always walking –
day and night.

Soon, a pressure cooker will scream
from next door,
it's tonight's dinner being cooked.
Probably some dal
with lots of ghee,
like always.

I jump as my mum yells, 'Hurry up!'
'Hurry up and what?'
'Never mind, just...hurry up, that's all.'
As the three of us sit down for dinner
I look at my parents
and realize with a shock
that they're growing old.

Someday they'll be gone
and I'll be alone.
Someday I'll be married,

with a different surname
Erasing the last memories of childhood.

But tonight,
there's pork vindaloo.
And as a truck thunders past
playing 'Dhoom macha le',
I laugh,
and my world does, too.

अमरेश चतुर्वेदी 'स्वतंत्र'

बी.एस.सी. भौतिक विज्ञान (वि०) 2010-13

आचार्य नरेंद्र देव कॉलेज

कुछ यादें

जीवन के झंझावातों में भी,
बिना नींद की रातों में भी,
कल की व्यस्त दिशा धारा में,
सुख-दुख की पारी-पारा में,
इन दिवसों के मस्ती की बातें जो हैं आबाद रहेंगी,
कुछ बातें हैं जो याद रहेंगी।1।

असफलता ने साथ न छोड़ा,
अब तक अपना नाता जोड़ा,
नया सीखने की चाहत में,
बात पुरानी ने संग छोड़ा,
हर बार जूझ जाने की आदत जीवन भर अब साथ रहेगी,
कुछ बातें हैं जो याद रहेंगी।2।

जीवन जाने कैसा होगा?
संग मिले वो कैसा होगा?
जो लोग मिले इन दिवसों में,
क्या कोई उन जैसा होगा?
मित्र और जो गुरुजन हैं बस उनकी बातें याद रहेंगी,
कुछ बातें हैं जो याद रहेंगी।3।

पुस्तकघर के बैठक वाली,
कुछ लम्बी चौड़ी सी बातें,
कभी परीक्षा में असमंजस,
कठिन दौर की जगती रातें,
क्लास बंक तो याद रहेगा क्लासेज़ भी सब याद रहेंगी,
कुछ बातें हैं जो याद रहेंगी।4।

महानगर से दूर गाँव तक,
समय-चक्र के इस पड़ाव तक,
खलिहानों में खेतों तक में,
कॉलेजों के परिसर तक में,
मेरी कविता साथ थी मेरे आगे भी वो साथ रहेगी,
कुछ बातें है जो याद रहेंगी।5।

कुछ तुम बोलो

मन के चौराहे पर तुम हो, तुम ही मन का चौराहा हो।
जाने ऐसा क्यों लगता अब, तुम जीवन का इकराहा हो।
तुम मेरे नयनों में बसी रहो, मैं तेरा होकर जिये रहूँ।
जीवन दुविधा संग्रामों में, मैं संग तुम्हे ही लिये रहूँ।
मैं तेरी यादों में जीता हूँ, अपने बारे में तुम बोलो।
बोलो-बोलो कुछ तुम बोलो।1।

अधरों की मुस्कान तुम्हीं हो, तुम ही दिल की धड़कन हो।
तुम हो तो जीवन सुलझा है, तुम नहीं वहीं पर उलझन हो।
जीवन की चारदीवारी की तुम केन्द्र और सीमायें हो।
मेरे मन के इस अम्बर पर तुम घने मेघ सा छाये हो।
मैं बहुत दिनों से भीग रहा हूँ, तुम भी खुद को आज भिगो लो।
बोलो-बोलो कुछ तुम बोलो।2।

दिल अक्सर तेरी यादों में खोया-खोया सा रहता है।
अपने मन के ही भीतर मैं कुछ कहता है कुछ सुनता है।
यादों में हँसना, खिसियाना इसको रुठना, रोना भी है।
इन यादों के ही चक्कर में, अक्सर भूला सोना भी है।
रातों को हम अक्सर जगते, थोड़ा-थोड़ा तुम भी जग लो।
बोलो-बोलो कुछ तुम बोलो।3।

दिल में अरमान मचलतें हैं, पर लफ़्ज़ डरे से रहते हैं।
मन की बातें कहते-कहते जब अधर सूखने लगते हैं।
दिल के संदेश भेज-भेज जब-जब आँखें थक जाती हैं।
और फिर तेरा बस हँस देना, ये बातें बहुत चिढ़ाती हैं।
अब तक की बातें मैंने की, इसके आगे अब तुम बोलो।
बोलो-बोलो कुछ तुम बोलो।4।

मेरा मन तेरे पास आज, तुम हो जीवन की आस आज।
तुम तो हो मेरे खास आज, यह मुझको है विश्वास आज।
मेरे जीवन के सरगम का तुम हो सुर संगीत आज।
मर्यादाओं की दुविधा में, बस तुम लगती हो मीत आज।
मैं तेरे लिये परवाना हूँ, हाँ शमा आज तुम खूब जलो।
बोलो-बोलो कुछ तुम बोलो।5।

कुछ मैं बोलूँ तो डर लगता, तुम बोलो तो डर लगता है।
नहीं समझ पाया मैं अबतक, आखिर ऐसा क्यों होता है?
आखिर आज़ाद परिन्दों को, उड़ जाने में बंधन कैसा?
दो जवाँ दिलों की धड़कन को, धड़काने में बंधन कैसा?
पर मैं "स्वतंत्र" हो गया आज, तुम भी अपने बंधन खोलो।
बोलो-बोलो कुछ तुम बोलो।6।

The Spider and the Fly

– My Version

“Will you walk into my parlour?” said the Spider to the Fly,
'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy;
Tho' the Fly did smile, he did know the Golden rule
'Never trust strangers', ('does the Spider think me a fool?')
“I trust it's pretty, Ma'am, but I fear I must go
To my house -- my mother's waiting for me, you know”
“Come now, dearie”, said Ma'am Spider silkily, “share with me a cuppa”,
“And later I might also fix you a little supper”.
“The offer's tempting, but no, I really cannot tarry,
I'm running late. Another day this little chit-chat we'll carry
On (with). My mother, as I told you, for evening tea is calling
Me from the house on top of the hill. Besides, dusk is fast falling”.

Fast losing her patience and a prospective snack, the Spider strove to hide her dismay,
But no amount of coaxing and cajoling could make the Fly stay
On for a cuppa, poured from a pretty tea-pot with a fine spout,
(You see, the Fly'd heard stories of others who went to her Parlour and never came out)
And so when Night fell, the Fly slept contentedly after enjoying a slap-up meal,
While Madam Spider tossed and turned in her silken bed (acute pangs of hunger did she feel).
The next morning, the cleaning lady-bug found her in bed, quite still and cold,
She went to that place where there's no hunger and malice, we are told
Even the Fly from the top of the hill took quite a nasty fall,
And we know that he died, for when they roused him, he did not move at all.
So, my friends, the one thing we learnt from this wacky, concocted Fable
Is that Death spares no one -- whether they be evil or noble!

Mihir Vatsa
MA (Final) English
Ramjas College

Planetarium

In 1999, my mother took me to a planetarium, hoping
I would remember the planets' names that way.
We stood in the line for tickets with excited kids,
chattering aunties, and uncles with betel-red teeth.
My mother grasped my hand firmly,
steering me into a black hall, and I, for a second,
thought we were in a movie-theatre, but,
there wasn't a screen for heroes to dance, rather,
after sitting down, the walls themselves started moving.
We were in a treasure-vault of rich monarchs,
the white, yellow, green spheres blinking on our bodies
the reflections of gems on the exotic bracelets,
which I could neither take away, nor touch.
It was an illusion, and even after reaching my fingers out to them,
I could only gather their names, not their light-
exactly what my mother wanted.

Holding Hands

We hold hands, as if we were
thieves plotting a prison-break,
teenagers feeling the touch of cigarettes,
acting for the first time on the stage,
approaching a common prey;
then, look at each other,
and smile.

The Epiphany

I

It was just another dreary day. I opened my eyes and saw the *red* light on the switchboard staring at me, warning me of the day ahead. I had slept longer than permitted because the severe headache, my frequent companion for many years, had returned yesterday. I knew that I would be late for the meeting in my office. I had gone over the whole event several times in my mind but in vain. Anyways, I had long given up any hope for good in life. Life was never meant to be easy or happy, and I expected just that, not to raise any futile hopes.

I entered my boss's cabin through the large *red* door. With a malicious look I was told to take the sample designs of furniture to potential customers' offices. This was not my usual job, but just fine to humiliate me. I took an autorickshaw which crawled slowly on the road. And then suddenly time started to thicken and then froze altogether. The *red* of the traffic light refused to change its colour as I saw those words painted in *red*, written at the back of the driver's seat, mocking at me:

Tinku's *gaddi* flies in air,
Dust rises high in air.
The blowing horn resounds in ear,
All's well, no sorrow, no fear.

The colour never really changed for me as the autorickshaw did not start again. I was advised by, er, Tinku to take a bus. I reached the bus stand and waited. The bus came. I got in. The door closed with my arm hanging outside the bus and a tearing pain ran through my nerves. I shouted at the driver as loudly as I could without bursting my throat. Two little school-boys laughed as much as they could without bursting their lungs. It was when I got down that I saw that the bus was *red*, deep *red*, like the colour of clotted blood.

II

I was again at the bus stop to take a bus back home. My head thumped loudly and I could hardly stand. The *red* files in my hand added to my irritation. A man brushed past me and the files dropped on the ground. I screamed, let out a few abuses and called him blind. He didn't react and that irritated me even further. I wanted somebody to fight with me so I could be bestial and express my anger. A few minutes later I saw a woman holding the same man by his arm and leading him across the road. He was actually blind. I had transferred the scars of my wound on another person.

Everybody at the bus stop had left. I still waited. I began to wonder if my being alive made any difference to the world and if it would not have been better if I had died at that moment. That would have put an end to my constant sense of being a failure, and also perhaps given respite to my wife who I knew I was never able to give any happiness. I would have collapsed any moment when a young man stopped his bike and offered to drop me home. He told me that he lived in my apartment. While I thanked him after getting down I noticed that his bike was a little damaged on one side. I pointed at it and was about to ask the reason but I stopped as the morning came back to me. I had deliberately kicked that bike when I found my own broken. He had just entered the garage then. Perhaps he noticed my embarrassment. He smiled and changed the subject and said something about the weather being hot. He had forgiven me. I raised my eyes and saw the *yellow* of the sun shining behind him, as if emanating from him. The *yellow* sun turned into golden as I stared at him. For the first time in many years I felt something that seemed to be pleasure.

Suddenly I felt the evening wind blowing. Some leaves rustled behind me. It was autumn. The leaves, yet *green*, got detached from the tree to meet their end. With the wind they rose up in air, and then slowly came down, fluttering madly, as if making merry in air. Even autumn smiles. Why did I never smile!

Sanya Tyagi
BA (Hons.) Psychology II Year
Daulat Ram College

Subtle Voice

A world full of love
Whirls outside my window
It is a Sufi swirling
In search of the divine
The birds chirp in freedom
Setting their melodies to
His revolving soul
The waves crack the rock bed
Carving a path
For the mortal
To touch the immortal
As the palanquin of stars shines
The moon rises early
The sun refuses to set
All want to witness
The swirling of the saint
To the rhythms of the subtle voice
That sings in the cosmos
Outside my window
But all I do is shut my window and go to sleep...

Riya Ray
B.A. English (Hons.) IInd Year
Ramjas College

Friend

I keep stacking all the things
we planned :
to do, to see, to talk,
for the future.
As I know this is the present
and we are weary after the past.
So you rest for now
for there is something called --
future?
We shall dance and dance on,
'the way you look tonight',
and blow some smoke,
and read something
printed.
We will argue and shout
and will end up making
something new.
Yes! In the future
we will do that all.
Egypt, Paris and Vegas
and end up living in
New York,
visit Barcelona every summer
and India once in a year.
We will swim together
in the cold and hot waters,
climb the tallest places of the earth,
we will sit and watch the sea
that doesn't grow old
unlike us
it doesn't have a future.
Yes, I have stacked all that
for the future.
For I just know that
future is certain
for both of us
for once it's the same.
'To the future.'

Divya Grover

B. A. English (Hons.) IInd Year

Lakshmi Bai College

Story of 'I'

I was singing that day,
I was mourning that day.
I was laughing that day,
I was crying that day.
I was enjoying that day,
I was suffering that day.
I was growing that day,
I was shrinking that day.
I was breathing that day,
I was frightened that day.
I loved that day,
I hated that day.
I was learning that day,
I was burning that day.
I was climbing that day,
I was falling that day.
I was shouting that day,
I was groaning that day.
I was speaking that day,
I was silent that day.
I was eaten that day,
I was beaten that day.
Because,
I was living that day,
I **died** that day...

Soumya Vijayan
M.A. (Final) English
Non-Collegiate Women's Board

CanceRealisation

My breasts....
Twins they were....
One died!
Murdered, and brutally cut off from the body.
The other handicapped by the loss.
Nights passed.
He turned away from me....
Never returning to his journey up and down the hill
That he once cherished and relished!
The child sucked at the left;
As his tiny fingers searched for the right,
A black scar took its place!
Fated to be the wicked demoness,
Cancerous at heart,
Stealthily shifting from others' glances
I accepted,
I had not breasts, but just a breast!

from

antaradhvani 2013



The Delhi University Cultural Festival

held on 22-24 February 2013

The following contributions have been selected from the large number of entries received for Antardhvani 2013. These comprised 124 entries for the Poetry competition and 74 for Imaginative Prose writing. All the entrants read out their contributions before a large and appreciative audience, including a jury of three judges for each competition.

The first three poems published here were judged to be the best, in that order. It is entirely a coincidence that these three entries are in three different languages and in three distinct poetic traditions.

*Students wishing to participate in the creative writing competitions at the next antaradhvani cultural festival, to be held from **14 to 16 February 2014**, may look up the D.U. website or go to:*

<http://www.du.ac.in/index.php?id=634&back=single&uid=312>

Caroline Xavier

B. A. English (Hons.) II Year

Indraprastha College

Her Dream Is Suicide
A poem on child prostitution

They said I could stop the hunger.
They said I could stop the pain.
My father held my hand as he led me to his room,
And said, it would hurt just once and never again.

My mom said I was beautiful,
Men would like me, she presumed.
She's sent me to dimly lit rooms,
That smelt of liquor and cheap perfume.

With eyelashes dipped in mascara,
And with lips painted blood red,
Skirts cut short and stockings pulled high,
I feel disgust when I'm pulled into bed.

I move with confidence but I'm horrified inside,
Lips pursed up as I try to smile.
I've lifted my skirt for the clergy,
And I've slept with the mightiest of men.

My mother smiles as she tucks my curls behind my ear,
And gently wipes the sweat off my forehead.
She gives me a pill, says it would make the pain go away,
And as the whole world awakens, I head towards my bed.

As I shut my eyes to this world
Where lust hurts less than love,
And where people judge what they don't understand.
My dream is to die; my dream is suicide.

मोहित पाठक

बी. ए. पत्रकारिता (वि०) सत्र III

भीमराव अम्बेडकर कॉलेज

बाबा मैं ना जैहों

बाबा मैं ना जैहों
ऐसो आँगन छांडी कै वारी
जहाँ नीम हिलोरें खाए
भोर भये कोयलिया
मीठे गीत सुनाये
लिपे-पुते सोंधे आँगन
गोबर माटी के,
खेतन से खुशबू आये
बैलगाड़ी के काठी पहिये
खट-खट गीत सुनाएँ
संझा के घन्टा घड़ियाल
दिया औ बाती जलाएँ ।

का चाहौ तुम बाबुल ऐसी
दूध घीयन के खाबन वारी
धुआँ गाड़िन को खाए ?
प्रेम भाव ना जिनके भीतर
बिनमें जा बस जाए !

भेजो ना ऐसे देस
अपने कलेजे को पालनवारे
उड़नेवारी सोनचिरैया
जहाँ फड़फड़ाती रह जाए !

मोहम्मद कुमैल तुराबी
पीएच.डी. स्कॉलर
उर्दू विभाग

गज़ल

हमदर्दियाँ फ़िज़ूल हैं दिल टूटने के बाद
खैरात दीजिये ना हमें लूटने के बाद

दिल को हमारे आप ना आज़ाद कीजिये
आता नहीं कफ़स में कोई टूटने के बाद

कर दे मोआफ़ माँ मेरी जन्नत का है सवाल
जन्नत ना मिल सकेगी तेरे रूठने के बाद

हमको ना आप दीजिये झूठी तसल्लियाँ
जज्बात का हमारे गला घोटने के बाद

दुनियाए हुस्नो इश्क़ का दस्तूर है यही
कोई नसीब फिर ना बना फूटने के बाद

दिल तोड़ दे कुमैल मगर पहले सोच लें
जुड़ता नहीं है आईना फिर टूटने के बाद

संतोषी एम.
बी टेक. इनोवेशन
विद मैथ्स एंड आई. टी.
क्लस्टर इनोवेशन सेंटर

क्यूँ मैं बदल गयी ?

एक माला बुनना चाहती थी रिश्तों की,
अब उसी धागे में उलझ गयी हूँ,
सबके चेहरों में खुशियाँ लाना चाहती थी,
अब खुद ही कहीं झुलस गयी हूँ,
टेढ़े मेढ़े रास्तों पर चलते हुए,
अब थक गयी हूँ,
ना जाने क्या हुआ है मुझे,
क्यूँ मैं बदल गयी हूँ?

पहले भी कई तूफान देखे हैं,
जिनको तो पार कर गयी हूँ,
अब धीमी चलती हवा से भी,
जाने कैसे फिसल गयी हूँ,
अंधेरो को पार करते करते,
रौशनी से डरने लगी हूँ,
ना जाने क्या हुआ है मुझे,
क्यूँ मैं बदल गयी हूँ?

बचपन की रंगीन दुनिया से,
यूँ तो दूर निकल गयी हूँ,
फिर भी लगता है ऐसे,
फिर से एक बच्ची बन गयी हूँ,
पिता के कंधों की और माँ की गोद की
फिर से तलाश करने लगी हूँ,
आखिर, क्या हुआ है मुझे,
क्यूँ मैं बदल गयी हूँ?

Delhi & Me

For as much as I thank this city for what it has given me
And for how well it embraced me as a newcomer
I cannot deny that it has taken away all my peace
For all the fun I have in its each moment
I do regret missing in my life what I once called "*bliss*"
For as many smiles my acquaintances flash at me
I can't ignore that it has taken away from me the real laughter of my friends...

This city polished me, but deprived me of rawness...
It taught me the technicalities, but chased away the core innocence
It pushed me to work smart, but never hard...

In its hustle and bustle
It gave me an independent mind, but snatched the free soul
It broadened my horizons, but narrowed my space...
It gave me the wings, but took away even the slightest will to fly...

Coming to this city was a choice
And for all that it taught me -- the easy or hard way
For all the companionship it showered on me
For the evolution it invoked in me
I will be ever thankful...

But can what it gave ever be a substitute for what all it pulled out of me - a small town girl?
With my family away, today this city left me bereft and alone...

तृप्ति कुमारी

पी.एच.डी. छात्र

रसायन विज्ञान विभाग

आत्मानुभूति

आज का दिन बहुत बुरा था। उसने आज फिर से इतना परेशान किया। पता नहीं, उसकी सोच इतनी बुरी कैसे है। पता नहीं, उसे मेरे से क्या दिक्कत है जो बिना बात मेरे से उलझती रहती है। रात में हॉस्टल के कमरे में अपने बिस्तर पर लेटे, एफ एम पर पुराने गाने सुनते हुए मैं मन ही मन उसके बारे में सोच रही थी। मैं परेशान थी। पर कहीं न कहीं एक संतुष्टि भी थी।

संतुष्टि इस बात की कि मैं कई बातों में नीना से बहुत अच्छी थी। मैं एक अच्छी इंसान हूँ, मैं समझदार हूँ, और मेरी सोच उसके जैसी छोटी नहीं है, ये सोचकर मुझे खुद पर गर्व हो रहा था। मेरे दोस्त भी तो मुझे यही कहते थे, "अरे डिंपल, तू तो एक बहुत अच्छी और सच्ची दोस्त है, और हम भगवान के कृतज्ञ हैं कि उन्होंने तुझे हमारी ज़िन्दगी में भेजा"। वैसे भगवान की शुक्रगुजार तो मैं भी थी कि उन्होंने मुझे डिंपल बनाया, नीना नहीं।

अपने ख्यालों से बाहर आई तो एफ एम पर राज कपूर के गाने आ रहे थे। "जीना इसी का नाम है..."। मैंने हाथ जोड़कर एक बार फिर अपने मालिक को "धन्यवाद" बोला कि उन्होंने मुझे उस जैसा नहीं बनाया। मैंने भगवान से मुझे एक बेहतर इंसान बनाने की प्रार्थना की, और गाने सुनते-सुनते कब मेरी आँख लग गई, पता ही नहीं चला।

अगली सुबह उठी, और अपने बालों को बांधते हुए मैं ज्यों ही शीशे के सामने खड़ी हुई, मेरे पैरों तले ज़मीन खिसक गई।

भगवान मेरी प्रार्थना कभी नज़रंदाज़ नहीं करते थे, पर उस रात सोते वक्त मुझे अंदाज़ा नहीं था कि इस बार मेरी प्रार्थना ये रूप लेगी। मैंने ईश्वर से मुझे एक बेहतर इंसान बनाने की विनती की थी, फिर उन्होंने मेरे साथ ऐसा क्यों किया? मैं नीना बन चुकी थी। नीना - जिससे मैं सबसे ज़्यादा नफ़रत करती थी, आज मैं उसी नीना के रूप में खड़ी थी। इससे पहले कि मैं कुछ समझती, मुझे महसूस हो गया कि मेरा "खुद" पर का अहंकार तोड़ने का ईश्वर के पास इससे अच्छा रास्ता नहीं था। मुझे आज से नीना की ज़िन्दगी जीनी थी। बोझल मन से तैयार होकर मैं अपने हॉस्टल के कमरे से बाहर निकल गई, नीना बनकर।

नीना को आज मन्नू से मिलने जाना था - सफदरजंग हॉस्पिटल । जैसे ही नीना वहाँ पहुँची, मन्नू ने उसे गले लगा लिया और रोने लगी । नीना ने पूछा "मन्नू अंकल कैसे हैं? सो रहे हैं क्या?" मन्नू नीना को अंकल के पास ले गई । अंकल ठीक थे । वार्ड में लेटे हुए अंकल के हाथ को नीना ने पकड़ लिया । "अरे अंकल, आपने तो कल रात हमें डरा ही दिया था" ।

अंकल ने अपने दिल पर हाथ फेरते हुए कहा "ये थोड़ा कमज़ोर है ना, क्या करूँ" । तभी नर्स आई और हमें मरीज़ को आराम करने देने का कह कर चली गई । अंकल ने कहा "नीना तुम तो पूरी रात जागती रही हो । सुबह गई तो फिर आराम कर के आना था। इतनी जल्दी क्यों आ गई" ? नीना मुस्कराते हुए बोली "अंकल आप आराम कीजिए, हम बाहर हैं" ।

मैं हैरान थी - ये नीना किसी की मदद भी करना जानती है, वो भी बिना किसी स्वार्थ के ? उनकी बातों से मुझे पता चला कि कैसे नीना और मन्नू दोस्त बने थे, और किस तरह नीना ने बिना कुछ सोचे उसका साथ निभाया था, हमेशा । तभी हॉस्पिटल में निर्भय, विपुल और वंदना आ गए । कॉफी और चाय के बीच बातें होती रही, तो मेरा ज़िक्र हुआ - डिंपल का ज़िक्र हुआ ।

"अरे नीना, कल तो तेरी डिंपल के साथ कुछ कहा सुनी हो गई थी ना । तू परेशान तो नहीं? राई का पहाड़ बना दिया उसने, पर तूने तो समझदारी से ही काम लिया। उसकी सोच कितनी बुरी है। पर तू परेशान मत हो, जब हम हैं तो क्या गम है," ये बोलकर सब दोस्तों के चेहरे पर फिर मुस्कराहट आ गई।

मैं हैरान हो गई । जो मेरे दोस्त मेरे बारे में कहते थे, वही तो उसके दोस्त उसके बारे में कह रहे थे । क्या मेरे लिए उसका बुरा होना, उसके लिए मेरे बुरा होने का ही प्रतिबिम्ब था? क्या मैं वो ही पा रही थी, जो मैंने दिया था"? मैं घबरा गई । नहीं नहीं, मैं बुरी नहीं । पर शायद वो भी तो बुरी नहीं । शायद समय, परिस्थितियाँ और चीज़ें कभी-कभी यूँ सामने आ जाती हैं कि हम खुद को अच्छा बनाने के लिए खुद से ही सामने वाले की बुराइयाँ करने लगते हैं । शायद मैं भी वक्त का, और अपने अहंकार का, शिकार हो गई थी ।

तभी मेरी आँख खुली, और इस बार जब मैं शीशे तक गई, तो मैंने डिंपल को पाया । बस एक फर्क था । यह डिंपल लोगों को एक नए नज़रिए से देखना सीख गई थी । यह डिंपल जान गई थी कि इंसान सही और गलत नहीं होते, वक्त अच्छा और बुरा होता है । इस डिंपल में "मैं" का अहंकार नहीं था । और वह आज सुबह एक बेहतर इंसान बन चुकी थी । उसने मालिक को देखा और एक रात पहले करी गई प्रार्थना को इतनी जल्दी सार्थक होते देख, नम आँखों से बोल पड़ी, "धन्यवाद प्रभु" ।

Jayati Das
M. A. (Prev.) English
Kirori Mal College

To an Orange

Thick-skinned that you are
You refuse to let me in
On the secrets that you store -
Unless I divest you
Of your saffron robes,
Your spirituality
Revealed only to those
Who choose to lose themselves
In the sheer tanginess that is your core
And feel your juicy tongue
Upon my own.
Tropical they call you
But you kiss only French,
Mon amour.
I like your pale veins,
Ghostly upon your flushed surface.
Your juice, your bitter essence
I bite into happily.
Some call you the sun;
By that logic
Consider me your satellite Earth.

from

COLLEGE FESTIVALS

Each year so many colleges of D.U. hold annual festivals which include some kind of Creative Writing competition or the other, in which students from various colleges participate. We publish below the prize-winning entries from two such competitions.

The given theme at the Shri Ram College of Commerce was "The Banished Parade of Liberty" and besides the two top entries, we also publish two other entries which made an imaginatively resourceful attempt to conform to that cryptic rubric.

The two other entries come from the even more cryptic-sounding "SHIPPING Competition" held by the Delhi College of Arts and Commerce. At our request, the student organizer has provided a note to explain what the competition entailed.

The quality of these entries is underlined by the fact that they were all composed on the spot and within a strict time-limit.

We shall be delighted to consider for publication similar entries from other colleges. Organizers may initially write to the Editor at:

dujournals.creative@gmail.com

Sudha Shashwati Sahoo

B.A. (Hons.) Psychology (2010-13)

Daulat Ram College

Letter to an Unborn Daughter

Dear Daughter,

Writhing in agony and holding back flames that threaten to barge in through my eyes anytime, I write this letter to you, sincerely hoping that you will not consign yourself to the same fate as mine. I will be no more after I usher you into this world and so this letter will have to be your mother's voice once you're grown up enough to understand, and obey. I never tried to understand; never tried to obey, and this is what life has come to. Being my daughter, I'm almost sure that you will not listen to me and would rather prefer taking the path of your own calling. Yet being also almost sure that the path of my daughter would be the same as mine, I will make this valiant attempt to show you that mine was a lost cause.

Equality is a myth. There's nothing called equality. All those talks of male-female equality sounded very good on paper and in the feminist discussion panels I was an audience of but how unrealistic they were I came to realize when I was raped. I came to realize that when I was raped by the one who is now your father.

It is cruel on my part to let you in on this part of the story that everyone will hide from you I'm sure, but your father is the least cruel of all whom your mother had to negotiate. The police officers who suggested the marriage, my own parents who sanctioned it without even asking me, and the society which pushed me into it through ways explicit and implicit, are but subtle notes of the cruelty humanity has endured for half of its milieu.

I'm sure I'll be giving birth to a daughter and I'm sure it's my daughter who is reading it, and if I have to say just one line to you, dear daughter, it will be this -- for a woman, the liberty to be a human being is an illusion, and your mother is finally disillusioned. I spent all my life chasing an impossible dream and I beg you to never embark on that path.

This realization of the futility of my endeavors didn't come when I was penetrated against my will by the man who has now told the doctor that he wants the child and not me; rather, it came when I was made to marry the man I didn't do the honour of considering a human being. You will be safe, I'm sure, in the hands of that beast, only if you don't refuse to dance to the tunes of the society, the way society expects you to. I beg of you to give up before you even start thinking of equality. Society will take good care of you. Only, don't ask for the right to be a human being. Stay content being a woman. Find the right man and the right balance, and stay happy. That 'Y' chromosome nature didn't endow you with will make sure you're never equal to those of the 'XY' chromosome species. This liberty that they

flaunt is not for us women, or else a country free for more than half a century yet not allowing freedom to its women to lead normal lives would have been a farce. Only, it is so. But we must live with this banished parade of liberty. All of us have to. You have to.

Don't strangle yourself to despair by trying to change anything. The more things change, the more they remain the same.

Your dead mother

Watching-over-you

Dear mother,

I know not whether I was right in choosing to go through your letter when clearly it wasn't meant for me. And it's not the nurse's fault to have entrusted it into the wrong hands. The poor lady only wanted to have completed her job before dying. I'm as old now as your daughter would have been today and you were correct in your instincts telling you that your message would not be heeded.

I'm going to fight for equality, till my last breath, and not the least because I'm a man. Mother, I'm not ashamed of being a man; I have never been ashamed, and I want to be able to say this in my dying moments. I'm proud of you mother, for not understanding and not obeying till the last few moments of your life and disappointed with you I am for what you call your disillusionment. I'll excuse you though for those weak moments you had. And you're going to have to excuse me, rather try and be proud of me, for taking the same path as yours.

Equality is not a myth. It might have been so till now but I'm sure it will become a reality, if not in this birth then at least in some birth eons down the cosmic lane, until when my soul will refuse to be at peace. Male-female equality is not an impossible dream. Trust your son, mother, when he says he will chase it all his life, and in the world beyond, and this world you left a better place to live in. I'll be the man to show the earth that liberty to be a human being first is as much a woman's as a man's. And your endeavors, mother, were not futile. Every pore of my body oozes with the enthusiasm of being the 'right man' you wanted your unborn daughter to find, and to ensure that at least a few women in this country don't have to go looking for the 'right balance.' I'll be the husband and the father who will not have to be ashamed of being a man for having to subjugate women to reassure himself of his manhood. I'm not that man you asked your unborn daughter to dance to the tunes of; neither am I a part of that society. The son of a beast I am, I admit, as much as I'm your son, but that blood only makes me a fanatic for creating the kind of world where beasts are no longer able to roam about in human cloaks.

Your Son

Watching-over-the-world-you-left

Pallav Deb

B. A. English (Hons.) Ist Year
Kirori Mal College

The Tulsi Plant

The tulsi plant had been duly uprooted from its place at the centre of the courtyard and placed in a new pot just bought from the old market. The brass utensils and the old, heavy furniture had been given away to the assembled crowd of forgotten, extended family members gathered to bid Thamma goodbye. She was seventy-six and moving to the USA to join her son and his family settled there for longer than she could remember.

The world knew him as Dr. Arun Bakshi but for Thamma, he was always Montu. Her Montu was always the intelligent one, the one who studied medicine, the one who got to move to “Amreeka”, the one who got married and gifted her with her only grandchild. He was never the wild child as his much younger brother Khoka was, never as irresponsible and stubborn. Khoka chose to study Arts instead, ran away from home and now stays in a rundown North Calcutta flat, dragging along his existence with his school-teacher salary. That’s what you get for hurting your mother, Thamma used to think.

Montu had sent money for her tickets and Khoka had bought it for her. The home she was leaving was the home she had entered as a bride and was now rented to the Choudhury Babu. She remembered that it was flooded with new relatives she didn’t know the day she entered it and was now flooded with old relatives she could no longer fully recall. As the night fell, one by one, they started leaving, leaving the old woman to rest for the journey the next morning. She had put the tulsi plant by the door and looked around at her home for the last time. Khoka was with her, probably the last night together. The estranged mother and son avoided eye contact, tried to fill the air with words forced out of their mouths, each nursing their private grudges against the other. After the last meal of rice and fish that Khoka figured he was ever sharing with his mother, he went to the terrace for a smoke. His mother used to put him and his dada to sleep here in summer days. In winters, she used to make them eat one orange after another under the gentle January sun. They were not always such strangers, he remembered. Once she was his best friend and he was convinced that she even loved him. But then something happened somewhere in their orbits. Time pulled them more and more away from each other. Above him, distant in the night sky, birds from lands far were flying towards the tree near their home. Khoka pulled out another cigarette and for a moment; his face was visible in the darkness against the lighter’s flame.

Thamma looked up at her younger son lighting another cigarette as she lay on the cot in the courtyard. Khoka used to have his music lessons in the courtyard as a child. She was the one who sought out his music teacher. Montu was never interested in singing, just like his father. She had thought then that Khoka was her son. But as the years passed, she discovered that her son was not who she thought he was. With regrets and hurt heavy in her heart, she moved to her bedroom.

Thamma was from a family of educationalists; when she married into her husband's house, she was the most educated woman among her new family. She was proud of herself, and when in the earlier days her sisters-in-law taunted her for being too modern and westernised, she felt glee at that. When her husband's only sister wanted to marry someone of her own choice, Thamma felt herself obliged by her 'modernity' to support her. When Khoka had first said anything about taking up Arts, she was the only vague support he had. They had already started to go adrift by then.

As Thamma lay on her bed in the darkness, she heard Khoka enter the room. He used to do that as a child. She looked up at him as he lay down by her and placed his hand on hers. She smiled and caressed his hair.

"Ma, will you remember me?"

"Babu, I am old and will die soon. Will you remember me?"

He moved and sat upon the bed. After a few more moments of silence, he broke the stillness.

"Ma, do you remember what I said that day--"

"I don't want to talk about that."

"Why ma? Why are you so repelled by it?"

"Khoka, sleep."

"Dada took it well."

"He's lived in his bilayat for too long. Has become one of them now."

"Were not you the modern woman of the family, ma? This should not be a problem to you."

"Khoka, sleep."

"Ma we were so close before. Now you can't even look at me with..."

"You are not what I thought. You changed at some point."

"I never changed, ma. You just didn't know me fully then. That was a part of me as much then as now."

"Khoka, *ghumiye por*."

"Ma..."

"I don't want to talk about this anymore."

"I will always think of Ashoke as your friend, as your roommate, like I did when you were in college."

"Ma, you are going away. We may never meet now. Please..."

"And I am old. Don't change my views now, Khoka."

Early next morning Khoka drove her to the airport. Calcutta was still covered in the mist of sleep. Thamma looked at each passing building, each narrow alley, without blinking, as if trying to memorise the map of her city for her days in a foreign country. As she was going for the security check, finally getting as physically distant from Khoka as she was mentally, she pulled him towards her.

"I left the tulsi by the main door for you. And him. Water it daily. Be happy, you two."

Kunal Sehgal
B.B.A. IIIrd Year
Shaheed Sukhdev College

Sleep and Waking

He woke up, woke up from a dream abrupt
and found himself in a dark room
a room which they said was his mother's womb.
He wanted an exit, like a volcano erupts.

No doubt he was fed, nourished to the fullest
in this dark room of blood
in this uncontrollable flood
from which, he wanted an exit, to build his own nest.

He kicked, he pushed, he wanted the world beyond
what's there, what's new
the dry, the dew.
He wanted an exit, an exit of which he was fond.

So he slept again, hoping for an escape,
to come out
to speak, to shout.
He wanted an exit, so he slept back, with his blanket draped.

Now, again, he woke up from this dream, now shining
for he found himself under the sun
a huge one.
Still, he wanted an exit, for under the rays, he was subliming

To escape from a light so bright,
he went under a tree,
so gigantic, so carefree.
But here again, he wanted an exit, for the tree was up for a fight.

He wished to climb the tree, to touch its tip
to feel its height
to feel its might
He just wanted an exit, which he couldn't just skip.

The tree was so big, so monstrous it was
 ready to eat him
 ready to beat him
that he just wanted an exit, even the light had its flaws.

So he slept back, to find a relief.
 The dark was bad, the light was worse,
 what had he done, to deserve this curse?
He wanted an exit, from this pain, this grief.

He dared once again, and woke up once more
 expecting some freedom
 to build his own kingdom.
All he wanted was an exit, to do everything his heart had in store.

He tried to open his eyes, to see what was in offing for him.
 Something that would or that could cater
 To his want for an exit, so he could
Fly his kite with the longest string.

But here was something, he had never faced,
 Something he could've never traced.
 Nothing to see,
 No sky, no sea,
 No dark, no light,
 Nothing dull, nothing bright,
 No suffering, no pain,
 No love lost, no love gained.
It was a different feeling altogether,
A different aura, a different weather.

All he could feel was sheer peace, sheer pleasure
He felt so full, yet so light, like he was a feather.

For he was in his grave, yes he was dead and gone,
For life doesn't give the freedom to be adorned,
For it is only in death that you get the opportunity,
To finish the ultimate, that last lap of the parade of liberty.

The Parade -- and Liberty

His solemn countenance is such a ridiculously inhuman lie; it chills my shameful agony, my utter wretchedness, my tearful fears until I can feel no more. Nudity suddenly ceases to be taboo, and my naked body put on show for this leering crowd, can hurt me no more. There is nothing on my mind, nothing in my heart, except a dull dark, delirious incomprehension over everything. Everything, all these sombre faces, all hiding an ugly titillation at the sight of my public shaming—what do they matter? Blurred these faces, these hands, these posters, these houses—everything is hazy, unclear, unimportant; none of it can spark any emotion within me. The only clarity in a spinning, blinding world is his face.

I can see his face with a startling articulation, even through my tear-splotted eyes. I can see the smile that is beginning to form at the corners of his ugly thin-lipped mouth. I can see how hard he tries to resist it, standing proud and stiff in front of me, striking an arrogant surety over his own power. I can see the shrewd, devilish red spark in his colourlessly cold eyes. I can see the way his tongue flickers, now and then, and the wild, animal-like, crazed manner in which he smacks his mouth. I can see the terrible confidence with which he strokes his beard, I can see the inhuman concern with which he smokes his beedi. I can see the dirty fantasies that flit across his face and shade it darker, uglier.

I know what he is thinking, and suddenly I cannot help but go back in time and think of that fateful, fearful night. Suddenly the numbness is gone, and every thought, every memory, every reminder of the past cuts a jab through my heart and fills me with a helpless pain that will not let itself out in tears and screams, but stays inside, consumes me, kills me!

I can feel my body under his. I can feel him looking at my nudity with hot, fiery eyes, I can feel him ravaging through me in a tempestuous, savage-like fury. I can feel him relishing me with the haughty arrogance of a king, and I can feel my own terrorized slavery, my helplessness, my shameful helplessness. I can feel the cold massacre his fingers, his dirty, stealthy fingers and his ugly, salivating mouth unleashed on my body. I can feel the way he looked at me towards the end, I can feel how he saw nothing but an object that he had conquered, I can feel the way he made me forget, for a while, that I was a person, beyond the façade of a body, that I was a person with something more than a vagina. I can feel the shock I felt then, at the dehumanization, the utter, guiltless dehumanization.

As we cross him, the two guards standing on each side of me, wish him a respectful ‘namastey’. He reverts with a slight nod of the head. Our eyes meet. I see his face full of the tyrannical power of being the Sarpanch, of his being immune to any punishment for his crime at my hands. My blood is boiling and my tears are threatening to fall, but my self-respect

shall not let me show my pain. I shall not show that I feel vanquished, dirty, defeated because of this bastard. I stare at him in the eye, revealing no weakness, proud even in my shame.

And then he smiles.

He smiles!

He dares to smile.

There is an eruption in my heart, of something. What, I cannot say. This isn't fear, or pain, or anger, or misery. This isn't any of what I have been feeling all this while. This isn't something I have felt before. This is new, mad, furious, powerful. Like an explosion. Something inside me has burst open, let out a wave of retaliation, sending a terrible current through my body. Scenes splash across my mind. Irrelevant, inconsequential scenes. My father asking me whether I would like to study further or get married. My brother, a little mass of happiness and fluff and flesh, playing with the guitar I gifted him. My mother, oiling my hair in the garden, filling me with the latest village gossip. My elder sister, jumping wildly with her first pay cheque in hand. My grandmother, crying horrendously over my rape, wailing so much, I cannot help but feel I am dead inside. My grandfather, begging the Sarpanch to not let this insult happen to me, flinging his hapless old self on the feet of that bastard, begging him to not parade me naked, assuring him that the FIR would be withdrawn. My mother hanging from the rope this morning. The guard, ripping apart my clothes. The second guard, struggling with my undergarments. The black paint. And the Sarpanch, smiling at my misery. The Sarpanch, daring to smile.

This jumbled film of thoughts comes to a halt. The Sarpanch's smile is plastered across my vision.

This parade, snatching away my liberty, my dignity, my humanity, every passing minute— shall last for two more hours. For two more hours I must titillate these silent spectators and be banished an outcast, for no fault of my own. For two more hours I must give the Sarpanch a cause to smile!

No.

I untie the little cloth bag hanging around my neck and drink away the contents. They gather around me in a flurry, some of them guessing, most caught unaware. Dozens of hands touch my naked skin, but, ah! a few more minutes and I shall be freed from this gross exploitation forever. They create a huge hullabaloo, the Sarpanch comes running towards the centre of the crowd. My mouth is foaming, and the world is a dazed fog now. I fall on to the ground, the bitterness in my mouth is so blissfully sweet! I anticipate death, I am desperate for it. The Sarpanch is staring closely at my face, and this time, I cannot see his expression. I do not know what he is feeling, thinking, showing, doing—Thank heavens! But I am smiling now, and my eyes close, and there is darkness, freedom, liberty from this life—and I smile jubilantly during the last minute of my life, undefeated.

Ruhil Iyer
B. A. English (Hons.) Ist Year
DCAC

Our SHIPPING Competition

The Delhi College of Arts and Commerce hosted its annual English Department Festival 'Pantheon' on the 25th and 26th of February 2013. And this time around, we decided to do something interesting and switch it up. Though we did have the usual events like creative writing and a Mad Ad event, Spelling B, panel discussions, a debate and a quiz, the thought process behind our events was quite inspired, and ended up impressing quite a few.

So, to explain this new competition, "Shipping" was basically a creative writing competition. My friend and classmate Ruth Mohapatra came up with the idea and taking in the views and opinions of many other friends, we developed this idea and hosted the competition together. "Shipping" is basically short for "relationship," i.e., two people we'd want for to be in a relationship. Taking our idea from Tumblr - the upcoming blogging site, where this phenomenon is called 'OTP,' i.e., One True Pair, we put our own spin on it. (For all those Game of Thrones fans out there, I'm totally shipping Denearis Targarian and Rob Stark.) And since this is so largely associated with Fandoms, people have also started seeing this as short for 'worship,' because of this phenomenon making it possible to combine their favourite and revered FanFic characters into a story, thus resulting in the combination of characters from two different WORLDS, like Wonderwoman and Spongebob.

Anyway, our competition worked liked this. We had two bowls filled with folded pieces of paper with the names of various fictional characters in each, like Edward Cullen, Jamie Lannister, Frodo, Phil Dunphy, Johnny Bravo, Spongebob Squarepants, Damon Salvatore etc. Each participant had to pick one character from each bowl and write a piece based on the two characters they had picked. It could be a poem, sonnet, story, narration, anything. They were judged on their creativity, content and expression. The time given to them was 45 minutes and prizes were given to the two winning pieces. Here are the two prize-winning stories.

Simran Kaur

Delhi College of Arts and Commerce

Hulk Rajnikant

It's a pleasant morning in Ontario, Canada. Hulk is new to Canada, but his problem with the heart rate follows him in the new city. Walking on the streets of Ontario he explores Mississauga and its Wilson road, the road that marks the beginning of his struggle in Canada. The road he observes is full of dingy salons and shabby people very contrary to the reputation of Ontario. He comes across a man dressed like a warrior, wearing an armour like that of Achilles. Their meeting triggers a series of actions throughout the world.

Hulk (after seeing the man in armour)—When did people in Ontario decide to dress like this and spread humour virus?

Rajnikant—Yanna Rascala!

Hulk—Ha! Ha! Ha! Have you been trained to portray savagery, or have you lost your mind while watching a war tragedy? Or maybe you travelled through a time machine I guess.

Rajnikant (laughing)—You are a man living in oblivion. I am the great Superhero “Rajnikant”. I have the power to move earth into another orbit, shift the Himalayas to the South and also make milk from curd. You—a man of no worth -- are nothing in front of my strength and grandeur.

Hulk (his pulse rising)—I am a giant man with immense strength. (Changes into Hulk). I can crush you right away, but I want the world to know who deserves to be called a Superhero.

Rajnikant— Yanna Rascala! Only one superhero...the great Rajni...

Hulk challenges Rajni to see who can crush 1000 cars in half an hour. They decide to come back in half an hour. Hulk leaves the place and starts crushing cars, collecting scraps of each car. Rajni eats boomer, crushes car with his extended hands and tongue and finishes his task in 4 mins. and 30 secs. Hulk comes back tired and dejected.

Rajni—Now Rajni will throw a challenge to Yanna Rascala! You have to find the mosquito that bit Yash Raj Chopra.

Hulk (surprised) -- Do I have a choice?

Rajni—Yes! Find the mosquito that bit Aishwarya in *Robot*.

Hulk—I will take revenge for Mr Chopra instead because I loved DDLJ. See you in 30 mins Rajni Sir.

Hulk travels for about a year and returns looking like a normal man. He touches the feet of Rajni Sir and accepts Rajni as his Superhero.

Hulk—Sir I tried but failed, but My Lord, how is it possible to find a tiny little mosquito from around the globe?

Rajni (wears special spectacles—activates mosquito-detect mode—a mosquito comes flying)—What is your name?

Mosquito—Chota Shakeel. Apun ne recently Yash Chopra TAPKA DALA.

Listening to this Hulk collapsed on the floor and when he woke up he found himself in an Ashram with Batman, Superman, Iron Man, Spiderman etc. He came to know later, that he was adopted by Rajni Sir, like other superheroes.

Hulk now works for RBI (Rajni Baby Investigators).

Hitesh Kumar

Shaheed Bhagat Singh College (M)

Einstein and Bella Swan

On the eastern planes of Middle Earth, in a dark and dingy forest of Mirkwood, Gandalf was stooping over a strange and slimy cauldron. The cauldron was filled with a sort of murky liquid, irradiated with a greenish glow. He had been experimenting with a new material that he had found in the mines of Moria. Weary with fatigue he decided to take a short nap, before starting again. He immediately fell asleep.

After an hour, the cauldron started bubbling feverishly. The liquid went black and rose to the brim. There was a moment of dread; rees seemed to stoop back in horror from the object of all this bedlam. Boom! Currents of electric energy leaped out from it and escaped towards the sky above. Gandalf woke up with a start. Something was amiss. Something had gone wrong!

Far, far away in a different dimension, Bella Swan was crying by the window. Edward and his family had gone. She was in deep grief. So replaceable and paltry she felt.

She looked out from her chair, towards the darkling sky. A sort of glimmering light pricked at the plate of the sky. The light that glimmered was neither white nor of any usual colour. It was black. Strange it may seem but it was explicitly conspicuous in the folds of the dark sky. She stood up and peeped out of her window towards it. It seemed as if the blackness was falling towards her. It came. Swiftly it devoured her. She screamed and fainted.

When she woke up, she found herself in a small bed inside a closely packed room. It was dimly lit. She sprang out of bed and raced towards the door. Before she could lay her hands on the door-knob, it was flung open from the other side. A lean old man, stooping on a stick, with a wild halo of hair, was standing on the threshold. It was Albert Einstein. She screamed and fainted, again.

The next time she woke up, she found herself lying on the same bed again. Einstein was sitting beside her, in a comfy chair. He looked very old and careworn. But there was a gleam in his eyes which gave away his genius-level intellect. He didn't look perturbed but there was a calm reflected on his face.

"I thought," squeaked Bella, "that you had died."

"Then a question that I should ask you," replied that great man serenely, "is: when were you born?"

"In 1965," answered Bella.

"Hmmm..." mused Einstein. "Then I was indeed right. You ARE from the future."

“And that fact,” replied Bella “doesn’t freak you out?”

“No,” answered Einstein, “Not in the least degree. It’s perfectly possible. The probable explanation of this event that I can provide is that a sort of fold was created in the universe, through the emission of a huge amount of energy, which engulfed you and brought you back in the past. Do you want to go back?”

Suddenly the memory of Edward Cullen barged into her mind.

“Yes,” she almost screamed, “I must go back to my time. I must. My love awaits me. Can you please help me, Sir?”

“Ah! love...!” murmured Einstein, “It’s merely an ephemeral emotion that dies out—“

“Oh! For God’s sake” Bella cut him short, “Don’t start philosophising; just send me back. Can you do it?”

“I can try,” replied Einstein, “but it will take a lot of time and by then your lover might die and you--”

“He’s a vampire.” She cut him short with a bored look.

“Oh! My goodness,” squeaked Einstein, “where did you find such a bloodsucker--”

But observing the look of rage on Bella’s face he said, “Okay! I will try to send you back.”

Einstein devoted his whole life to work out a way to send Bella Swan back in her own time. But before success could knock on his door, death arrived. He died, leaving Bella in extreme grief and agony. What she did afterwards has not been recorded in the documents of history.

Edward came to know of her disappearance and tried to find her in every nook and cranny of his world. Despair struck him like a hammer and he fell into the depths of gloom. Eventually, he went to Volturi and provoked them with all his might, to destroy him. Tired of his nagging Volturi succumbed to his request and tore his granite body into smithereens.

Hence was spoiled the great love story of Stephanie Meyer. The canons of literature were saved from the tedious task of harbouring this very pathetic treatise of love. And Gandalf never came to know about his own service to mankind. But no melancholy is required for that. After all, all is well that ends well.

OUR NEXT ISSUE

Announcements

Contributions. We invite contributions for the next issue of **DU-Vidha** which will come out early in 2014. These may be typed in Word (not PDF etc.) and follow the lay-out of the contributions published in this issue, giving (on top right) the name of the contributor, the course and year of study, and the name of the college. Those who do not check email regularly may also provide a phone number.

All contributions (and any enquiries before sending contributions) may be sent by email to:

dujournals.creative@gmail.com

Comments and Suggestions. Any feedback and comments on the current issue, and suggestions regarding future issues, may be sent through the response box on the Home page of this journal on the D. U. website, or at the email given above. Some responses may be published in our next issue.

Translations. To promote bilingual interaction, we invite you to submit a translation of your favourite piece of writing in this issue, from either English into Hindi or from Hindi into English. The best entries will be published in the next issue. इस अंक में छपी किसी प्रिय रचना का अनुवाद भेजिए चाहे अंग्रेज़ी से हिंदी में -- या हिंदी से अंग्रेज़ी में। चुनिंदा अनुवाद अगले अंक में छपेंगे।

Student Editors. We propose to appoint several Student Editors to help with the typing, editing, proofing, lay-out, visual enhancement, and other aspects of future issues of the journal. If you wish to be considered, send a short c. v. listing your skills and relevant experience, together with a 2-page sample of your own writing -- in Hindi or in English or in both! हिंदी में भी छात्र सम्पादकों की उतनी ही आवश्यकता है।