



DU VIDHA

विद्धा

The Delhi University Journal of Creative Writing

DU VIDHA
दु विद्धा

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कुलपति महोदय एवं उनकी टीम के अधिकारी-गण तथा निदेशक, जीवन-पर्यंत शिक्षण संस्थान एवं उस संस्थान के सदस्यों के प्रति समर्थन व सहायता के लिए हम कृतज्ञ हैं।

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डीयू-विधा (अथवा दु-विधा!) का यह ताज़ा अंक प्रस्तुत है। कुछ विलम्ब से आ रहा है जो शायद रचनात्मक क्रिया-कलापों का स्वभाव ही है। एक और भी कारण है, कि इसकी तैयारी के अंतिम चरण में यह सुझाव आया कि अब “अंतर्धर्वनि” वार्षिकोत्सव के अवसर पर ही इसका विमोचन हो। जैसा कि हम जानते हैं, “अंतर्धर्वनि” के दौरान एक स्वरचित कविता प्रतियोगिता भी होती है जिसमें पिछले दो-तीन वर्षों से अनेक महाविद्यालयों के सौ से भी अधिक युवा प्रत्याशी भाग लेते आये हैं, जिनमें से कुछ की चुनी हुई रचनाएँ हम इस पत्रिका में छापते भी रहे हैं। तो हमारी पत्रिका के इस नए अंक का उस प्रतियोगिता के दौरान विमोचन होना तो मणि-कांचन संयोग है।

जैसा कि पाठक पाएँगे, इस अंक का कलेवर पिछले अंकों की तुलना में लगभग इयोढ़ा है! आशा है यह भी लगेगा कि रचनाओं का सामान्य स्तर भी उसी अनुपात में ऊँचा उठा है। ये शुभ लक्षण हैं, और इनसे हमारी आशा को बल मिलता है कि यह पत्रिका उत्तरोत्तर अधिक समृद्ध व उत्कृष्ट होती चलेगी।

इस अंक में हमने दो नए खंड शामिल किये हैं। एक तो, हमने विभिन्न महाविद्यालयों से हर वर्ष प्रकाशित होने वाली पत्रिकाओं से भी चुन कर कुछ रचनाएँ प्रस्तुत की हैं जिससे उनका प्रसार उन महाविद्यालयों के बाहर भी संभव हो सके। इस पत्रिका का शुरू से ही यह प्रयास रहा है कि महाविद्यालयों और विभागों की अपनी-अपनी परिधि को लांघ कर यह पूरे विश्वविद्यालय तक पहुँच सके और इसकी एक सामूहिक और विस्तृत अस्मिता व भूमिका बने। उसी दिशा में यह नया खंड भी एक छोटा सा प्रयास है।

दूसरे, हमने इस बार अपने विश्वविद्यालय के छात्र-छात्राओं द्वारा खींचे गए कुछ फोटो भी प्रकाशित किये हैं। ऐसा करना तो हम पहले अंक से ही चाहते थे पर अब तक जो फोटो हमें मिले वे अधिकतर हबड़-सबड़ में मोबाइल फ़ोन से ही खींचे हुए थे।

(सर्वव्यापी मोबाइल फोन पर इस अंक में एक कविता भी दी जा रही है।) पर इस बार कुछ ऐसे फोटो हमारे पास आये जिन्हें वही लोग खींच सकते हैं जिनकी इस कला में रुचि हो और साथ ही इस क्षेत्र में कुछ प्रतिभा भी। आगे हम इसी तरह चित्रकला-कृतियाँ (पेटिंग्स) भी प्रकाशित करना चाहेंगे। इसका भी संतोष है कि हमें पूर्ववत् अच्छे अनुवाद भी प्रकाशित करने को मिल रहे हैं।

इस बार एसी छात्रा का ईमेल आया जो इस पत्रिका के लिए कुछ लिख कर भेजना तो नहीं चाहती थी पर छात्र-सम्पादिका बनने को अवश्य आतुर थी। शायद बायोडेटा में वह ज्यादा प्रभावी लगता। बहरहाल, सभी ऐसे प्रत्याशियों को सूचना दी जाती है कि यदि वे इस पूरे अंक की अधिकाधिक त्रुटियाँ निकालते हुए इस पत्रिका को और अच्छा बनाने के कुछ नए सुझाव भेजें तो उनके सम्पादक बनाये जाने की सम्भावना पर अवश्य विचार किया जायेगा। प्रसंगवश यह भी कहना आवश्यक है कि हमारी दोनों वर्तमान छात्र सम्पादिकाओं, रशिम टंडन और शेफाली मेहता, ने इस अंक को तैयार करने में बहुमूल्य भूमिका निभाई है।

अस्तु, आशा है कि अनेकानेक सामान्य पाठकों को इस अंक में केवल त्रुटियाँ ही नहीं दिखेंगी परन्तु काफ़ी-कुछ अच्छा भी लगेगा। प्रशंसा के कुछ पत्र मिलें तो भी हम बुरा नहीं मानेंगे।

Here we are with a new issue of *DU-Vidha*. Like many creative endeavours it has been in no great hurry to be punctiliously punctual. But another reason for the delay is that it was suggested to us that it may be a good idea to launch this issue during the annual cultural festival “Antardhvani.” As we know, the festival includes a Poetry Competition in which over one hundred students from various colleges have been taking part for the last couple of years; in fact, we have published in our previous issues a selection of such poems. So, to launch this issue in the middle of that competition this year seemed like the icing on our cake.

Readers will not fail to notice that this issue is about one and a half times the size of our previous issues. We hope that it may be thought that the general quality of this issue has also risen in proportion to the quantity. These are good auguries and serve to nourish our hope that this journal will go constantly from strength to strength and scale further heights.

We have started two new sections with this issue. Firstly, we present here a small selection from the writings published in the annual magazines of various colleges, so that these may circulate also beyond each college. This is another small step in the direction of our endeavour that this journal of ours may transcend the respective spheres of various colleges and departments and may thus acquire a collective identity and role encompassing the whole University.

Secondly, we also carry in this issue some photographs taken by our students. We had wanted to do so ever since our inception but what we had received so far were largely snaps clicked on the run with the ubiquitous mobile phones. (See a poem on mobile phones in this issue.) But the photos we have chosen to publish this time seem taken by students who have a keen interest in this art and also a talent for it. Similarly, we would like to publish in future paintings by our students as well. We note with some satisfaction that we are able to continue to publish good translations.

We received an email recently from a student who did not wish to contribute to this journal but was very keen to be appointed a student editor. Perhaps she thought it would look more impressive on her biodata. Anyhow, this is to notify all such aspirants that if they wish to be considered seriously for such an appointment, they can hardly do better than send us a mail pointing out as many palpable errors as they can find in this issue, together with some fresh suggestions on how to improve the journal generally. This may be the place to acknowledge that our present student editors, Rashmi Tandon and Shefali Mehta, have played a stellar role in helping to put this issue together.

In the end, we hope that not all our readers will just pick faults in this issue but some will find a few things here to please and entertain them as well. If they too felt inclined to write to us, we promise not to mind it.

Contents/ रचनासूची

Editorial / सम्पादकीय

1. Direct Submissions / स्वयं प्रेषित

Sainico Ningthoujam	You are First a Girl	9
अनिरुद्ध सिंह	पंख	11
Nazia Ansari	'As you sow...'	13
Muskan Dhandhi	Humility	14
विशाल कुमार मौर्या	एक बँद आत्मविश्वास	15
Kritika Narula	Now I see her	16
चंदन कुमार झा	मैं लोकतंत्र हूँ	19
Shubham Pathak	The Teacher	21
Shivani Dixit	Super short stories	24
ज्योति ठाकुर	जाले अंदर – बाहर के आगमन	25 26
Mitali Bhattacharya	An Encounter with Myself	28
Arushi Ahuja	Home	29
Debayudh Chatterjee	Midnight Reminiscences	30
Priyanshu Singh	Facebook Friends	
प्रभाष कुमार	जिंदगी उलझी-सी	31
Shashi Pathak	Why do I Write?	32
Aarohi	Love at first sight	33
उपासना यादव	बचपन न जला देना	35
Divi Damien	Life in a Metro — and I am not talking about the movie...	36
सत्यम शर्मा	आइसक्रीम	40
Deepika	Creativity in Everyday Life: The MH Lawns	42

2. Photographs / फोटोग्राफ

Arun Maurya	The Indian Sarus	49
	Phayre's Leaf Monkey /Spectacled Monkey	50
	Group photograph	51
Kirti Joshi	Weight of the smile	52
	Leaving my ink marks	53
Neeraj K T	Insect	54
	Butterfly	55

3. From College Magazines / कॉलेज पत्रिकाओं से

दिनेश	मोबाइल फोन	57
Tuhina Jha	Two Years of Literary Studies: Some Musings	59
Nandini Bhatia	Clipped Wings	61
Riti Wig	Sober Red	62
राधिका	खोखला इंसान	64
उमेश कुमार	दिलो-जाँ से प्यारी है – हिंदी	65
Manish Parmar	Back-benchers	66
Suchet Nanda	Central-e-dogma	67
सोमेश्वर	मैं संघर्ष हूँ	69
Mansi Duggal	I fear my thoughts	71
Vinayak Maharshi	SBSC? Oh... I Just Love It	72
Pranay Sood	How to...?	75
मनीष पनवर	जाने क्यूँ	77
Piyush Nagpal	Your Age	79
नसीम अजमल	ग़ज़ल	81
Divya Gupta	Living with One's Own God	83
सोनल चड्ढा	मंज़िल की ओर	84
मोनिका शर्मा	अंग्रेज़ी सभ्यता	85

4. Translations/ अनुवाद

मानवेन्द्र	ब्रह्मपुत्र की नावें	87
	अनहद	88
	संतरे से	90

Sainico Ningthoujam
B.A. English (Hons.) III year
Indraprastha College for Women

You are First a Girl

Now listen to me! What did I tell you?
Don't do your hair like that, it does not look decent.
What are you wearing? Have you forgotten where you come from?
Silly girls going to the city, thinking everything will change.
But nothing ever changes and you will remember what I told you.

You should have been a man,
Your sister should have been a boy.
We prayed and prayed but this must be Fate.
You are not boys but that's alright
You are our girls and this is our pride.
We will show the world, we will bring you up just like boys.

Listen to me! I know what is right
You will thank me in hindsight.
It is true, men are smarter. And so much easier.
Now I have personal experience to prove this.
Oh honey, what did we do wrong?
You should have been a man
You would have known better.

But don't worry, we are here
We love you inspite of everything.
We are urban folk, we do not believe in all this gender chit-chat,
It's your relatives who talk like that.
They think I have time; I should try for a son.
But we will prove them wrong.
Let's show them a girl child is nothing to shun.
Go out my girl! Explore the world!
Go ahead and live your life!
You were not raised to be someone else's wife.

Wait! What are you doing?
Where are you going?
Who is that in this photo?
Are you listening?
Don't be arrogant, stop replying.
Have you forgotten?
You are a girl.
Yes, I read that article about equality.
But you are not that editor's daughter, silly.
He doesn't care for your safety.
I do.
We still live in this society.
And I am telling you, this is for your own good.

Now take care and behave.
Nothing has changed and mark my words:
We live in this society,
There are racists and misogynists and sadists.
And all the wise discussions and debates in the world won't save you.
So stay smart and come back by nine.
Keep yourself covered and you will be fine.
Don't be seen, don't be heard.
That's the best way to live I have discovered.

I am sorry, I know this is unfair
But we were born women and we must think of surviving.
You must know when to cry
You must know when to defy
You could be free like the bird
As well as caged inside a nest.
You are a girl; it's your sin and pride.

This is the 21st century but nothing has changed.
Always remember, you are first a girl before anything else.

अनिरुद्ध सिंह
दर्शन शास्त्र (वि.) द्वितीय वर्ष
ज़ाकिर हुसैन दिल्ली कॉलेज

पंख

काश कुछ यूँ होता,
कि मेरा मन,
हलका, बहुत हलका
पंख जितना हलका
अपनी ही भावनाओं में उड़ता।

मेरा मन पंख की तरह,
सारी सरहदों को लांघकर,
सात समुन्दर पार कर,
अपनी ही मर्स्ती में लीन होता।

काश कुछ यूँ होता।
न आज की फ़िक्र
न कल की चिंता
हलके से हवा के झाँके से,
हवा हो जाता।
काश कुछ यूँ होता।

न कोई चाह होती
न कोई राह होती
आज़ाद पंछी की तरह
मैं कभी यहाँ तो
कभी वहाँ होता।

काश कुछ यूँ होता

कि मेरा मन
हलका, बहुत हलका
पंख जितना हलका होता
काश कुछ यूँ होता।

Nazia Ansari
B.Sc. Zoology (Hons.) II year
Gargi College

‘As you sow...’

How interesting
To witness, to live,

In times when
Humanity is a rarity
And courtesy a luxury.
Vulgarity is abundant
And cussing redundant.

Gifts are, in abundance, expected,
And thoughtfulness rudely neglected.

We live in a world where
Skills are amusingly measured.

A normalcy where,
Values are questionably judged.
And beauty by editing of pictures.

Intellect by mere marks.
Success by plastic cards.

Lads: by chicks scored,
Gals: by shortest skirts worn,
Hair (and else) how prettily done.
Proposals every month received.
And guys, with vows and tears, deceived.
Loyalty, by regular Facebook likes
On pics and posts every single time.

Yet people wonder why
life's happiness is fleeting.
It's time for people to see and know
That “You will reap, as you sow” ...

Muskan Dhandhi
B.A. English (Hons.) II Year
Lakshmibai College

Humility

I ask my fragmented self construct, "Am I humble enough?"

I ask my depleted conscience, "Am I humble enough?"

Dissolved with the idea of not being confident,

Blurred with the idea of being obnoxious.

Humility today is under wraps,

Humility today is a grim curse.

Humility today is invisible,

Humility today is a means of being turned into a commodity.

Humility is a virtue people are afraid of,

Humility is a quality people run away from.

I ask my fragmented self construct, "Am I humble enough?"

I ask my depleted conscience, "Am I humble enough? "

Fading away with the passage of time,

Searching for its existence amongst a fabricated world.

Humility today is a concept beyond belief,

Humility today is a phrase fighting for survival.

Humility today is craving for a voice,

Humility today is languishing in this cynical world.

Humility is an absurd and baffled idea.

I ask my fragmented self construct, "Am I humble enough?"

I ask my depleted conscience, "Am I humble enough?"

विशाल कुमार मौर्या
बी. टेक (इलेक्ट्रानिक्स) द्वितीय वर्ष
ज़ाकिर हुसैन दिल्ली कॉलेज

एक बूँद आत्मविश्वास

जिंदगी का ये भारी बोझ ढोते-ढोते
खुद मैं खुद को खोते-खोते,
आज देखा है मैंने,
कितना लड़खड़ा रहा था वो शख्स,
हाँ वो मैं ही तो था।

जिसके पाँवों ने ले लिया था बेड़ियों का रूप,
झुलसा चुकी थी जिसे इस बेर्इमान ज़माने की धूप।
शायद वो किसी को खोज रहा था,
उन बेबस, पर ऊर्जामयी आँखों से,
अब भी बची थी उन मैं जान।

एक बूँद ही सही,
वो एक बूँद ही काफी थी,
उस खाली मन के समंदर को भरने को,
उन झुलसे पाँवों पर गिरकर, उन मैं थोड़ी जान भरने को
एक बूँद जान लिए जब वो कुछ दूर आगे बढ़ा,
तो एक धुंधला आईना था उसके सामने खड़ा।
जो एक धुंधली तस्वीर बना रहा था,
हाँ ये मैं ही तो था ,जो खुद मैं खुद को खोज रहा था।

शायद ज़रूरत थी मुझे एक बूँद आत्मविश्वास की,
जो मुझ मे नयी ऊर्जा भर दे,
जो उस धुंधले आईने को साफ कर दे ...

Now I see her

You may think it's easy to deal with death.

Not your own, but that of a loved one.

You may think it's easy, that time heals all wounds, that eventually you move on. That there is such an abundance of errands, chores and people competing for your attention, that the memory of the one you lost recedes to the backdrop until it eventually fades into oblivion. You may think all this flapdoodle to be true. Maybe people who lose their loved ones believe in these half-baked theories, because to believe otherwise would mean to feel the profound loss. Maybe for the same reason they 'move on', whatever that is supposed to mean.

Let me tell you what I have found. Yes, you conclude right. I have seen incredible loss in my lifetime. And that loss left a hole so deep, a chasm so wide that no preoccupation has been able to bridge. I have been on both the sides. I have spent some time on the fringes of reality feeling in entirety the agony of loss, the hollowness caused by her absence, the monumental desperation of not being able to see her, feel her, touch her again. To play with her again. To chide her if she eats more than a bar of chocolate. To give her an extra bar when she did something kind. But most of all, the gnawing of not being able to see her grow up into a brave girl who is ready to face the world on her own. The torment of her being a nine-year old forever. I have also spent time in the circumference of sanity, keeping myself alive like a human android, feeling nothing at all. It was all going well as a coping mechanism unless I had to start feeling the pain that those self-inflicted cuts and burns caused. I digress.

I was telling you what I have found, that no matter what, there will always be some ugly realities that you can never change. There will always be harsh truths that you will need to accept, and the sooner you do that, the better.

How ironic it is that we wake up each day, cursing how it is the same as yesterday and then one day, something happens which defines you for the rest of your life. And in that moment, it dawns upon you: how you underestimated the potential of that day.

I woke up to the crackling of the alarm clock, shutting it down the very moment it sprang to life, an indolent act fast becoming habit. I went on with my daily ablutions and let the day drag me through work, client calls, lunch, supplier calls, work, company calls, dinner until one call changed the meaning of the whole day. Hoping that hearing my sister's voice at the end of the day would be a balm, I pounced on the phone with what turned out to be the last flicker of hope.

Next day, I was back in India, to my home. Only, the house no longer felt like home. Her loud shrieks of laughter were conspicuous by their absence.

When I had left for Paris, thinking I had finally bagged my dream job, I had not considered the distance it would create between me and my family. That is when after a brief altercation I had left. But that was not before Kamya came to my room and told me she wouldn't mind the distance as long as we talked on phone each night. "We'll work out the time zones, don't you worry", she had said. And somehow the words, the only soft ones at that time, were a succour. Those words gave me power and strength to live off the distance.

And here I was. No words to comfort me. No hand pestering me for chocolate. Only two people, my parents, with whom the last conversation I had had was a disagreement after which I had left. They said they couldn't live in our home any longer, now that there were just two of them, deflecting emotions with practicality, how typical of our family.

That is when I left Paris for good. I wanted to preserve as much of Kamya as I could. And this home was the only thing I had left of her, to live on, for the rest of my life.

I tried hard to remember her sitting on the yellow chair, or by the wooden bookshelf, or holding her trophy, or in her zen-like slumber. I tried to imagine her at all places I could remember seeing her, until one day she was in front of me. I could finally see her, I could talk to her. And that was the moment. I realized we are never alone. In the darkest times, our loved ones are always near us.

From then on, she was always behind me, beside me or around me. I read her stories. I heard her, saw her play her instruments. I had her. She had me. We were not alone.

And now this doctor is trying to explain to me what happened and how I need to deal with it. How can some psychobabble be the solution?

I have been accused of hallucinating her, a condition specific to schizophrenics, and then I am asked to understand that this loss is permanent and irrevocable. When I can see her and live, why do they want me to lose her again and die?

You may think it's easy to deal with death. You may think it is all about getting over it and moving on. Here's the thing: it is not about leaving behind everything nor is it about holding onto everything. Sometimes, it is just about letting life direct your movie, while all you can do is cling to the hope that you are not alone, and that your union makes just as much sense as your individual self.

चंदन कुमार झा

बी. ए. राजनीति विज्ञान (वि.) द्वितीय वर्ष

आत्माराम सनातन धर्म महाविद्यालय

मैं लोकतंत्र हूँ

सिसकता, सुबकता, बिलखता, तड़पता

मैं मौनतंत्र हूँ, मैं लोकतंत्र हूँ

गरीबों की आवाज़ दबा, मैं अमीरों की आवाज़

मैं खुद पर शर्मिंदा, एक शर्मतंत्र हूँ

मैं लोकतंत्र हूँ।

नेताओं का निजतंत्र बना मैं,

पूँजीपतियों का षडयंत्र बना मैं,

अपने ही बेटों का गला दबाता

मैं एक शर्मतंत्र हूँ, मैं लोकतंत्र हूँ।

घोटालों का सुतंत्र बना मैं,

अबलाओं का कुतंत्र बना मैं,

अश्रु बहाता खुद के भाग्य पर,

मैं एक भ्रष्टतंत्र हूँ, मैं लोकतंत्र हूँ।

ईमानदारों का परतंत्र बना मैं,

बेर्डमानों का स्वतंत्र बना मैं

बन मूक, देखता सब चीज़ों को,

मैं एक मजबूर तंत्र हूँ, मैं लोकतंत्र हूँ।

पर क्या, यह मेरी गलती है ?

मेरे ही नपुंसक बेटों ने मेरा

यह हाल किया है,

जो हँसता था राजतंत्र पर,

उसका हाल बेहाल किया है

आवाहन करता फिर भी अपने बेटों से,

मैं एक बेशर्मतंत्र हूँ, मैं लोकतंत्र हूँ।

उठो ऐ देश के युवा सपूत्रो! जागो!
अब की बारी तुम्हारी है, इस बार अगर
तुम चूक गये
तो यह हार तुम्हारी है।

The Teacher

Pranjal had been working in a municipal school in Delhi for the last two years and he had adopted a totally different approach to teaching, a teaching based on friendship between the children and the teacher, a teaching and learning which depended a lot on football and experiments. The training given to him was not of much relevance so he devised his own methods where learning took precedence over syllabus. As he himself was educated in a municipal school, he could always connect with the children. He discarded the skills and methodologies that he had learnt but applied in his teaching that which is the most important and also the most easily lost aspect—a personal touch. He knew he would do it better than others as he came from among them, he could relate with their needs, their aspirations, their shortcomings; he knew them as he knew himself. He loved to teach those ignored minds whose fate had been pre-determined by the society.

The class that he got in which to start his teaching had an element of notoriety and restlessness—the fifth standard, whose students never sat silently in class. Silence is considered to be an indicator of how well the teaching is going on and how disciplined the students are. In this respect, there was no teaching and discipline when Pranjal was teaching. Discipline never strangled curiosity in his class. All that took place in his class was learning. He made his children free of the burden of books and allowed them to experiment. He gave them lenses, burner, beaker and all the tools that were lying unused in the school since time immemorial. And the second half of the day was dedicated to the activity which utilized all the extra energy of the children, the energy which could have gone towards drugs, thinner, fluid and bidi. And that driving force was football.

Pranjal never used English textbooks to teach them because those books were of no use to a fifth standard student of a municipal school because they could not even read the first standard English book. He started teaching them the basics of English language so that they might be able to do well in this much in demand language. He never focused on covering the syllabus, though this is what the school administration demanded of him. All that he had in his mind was that he wanted to give them an

education which could enable them to free themselves from the claws of poverty through the means of an adequate career. But even if his students would become roadside workers, it never mattered to Pranjal because he had one more aspect of education in his mind.

Moral education was the aspect of education which found a great place in his teaching. He was trying to free his children of the religious constraints of society. He never asked them not to have faith in god, but he knew how to utilize the role-model concept of a teacher to make them question the dogmas of religion and superstition. He brought Premchand to his class which brought in morality with stories. For Pranjal, a morally sound worker is more useful to the society than an immoral CEO or doctor. And he always tried to achieve this. After all, he was working for education and not for literacy.

Every day in the second half of the school, after the mid-day meal was distributed, Pranjal was in the small ground of the school with the 60 students of his class. The class was divided in 6 teams with ten students each and there were 3 matches every day of 20 minutes' duration. As the ground was small, 7 students were playing and 3 were substitutes. And he himself was the referee, the coach and also a player. Running among the students, he was hardly differentiable as a teacher. He jostled with his students for the ball, made them take the ball away from him and also challenged them all to snatch the ball away from him.

His casual dressing style and easy-going personality made him look like a school boy rather than a conventional teacher. And sometimes he hurt his knees when he fell down while playing. The teachers took the noise made while playing as indiscipline; the principal discussed it with other teachers but not with him. The very frank personality of Pranjal made them reluctant to interfere and deep in their heart they had the realization of their failure in doing what Pranjal was doing. He was educating and they were covering the syllabus.

Initially the students were not able to snatch the ball. It was the first time they were all being made to play a game in the true spirit of the game. They ran toward the ball all at once and Pranjal had to shout at his loudest to stop them. He bought a whistle, which helped at such moments.

Slowly things changed and now Pranjal found it difficult to snatch the ball from his students. Though he was just 22, and had a lean and active body and was very good at playing this game, now his students knew the game better than him. For the first time in life, he was losing to his students and as the margin of defeat was increasing, so was

his satisfaction. He sent his students to play at the zonal level where they stood third, but position never mattered for Pranjal. He was just making them play because he loved the game, he loved the children and he loved to give them something, giving them all that a child was getting at the same level in a private school. He wanted to give them the right which has been added under the right to life in the Indian constitution, but is still a far cry for these children—the right to education.

Pranjal was working in the school on a contractual basis. Soon he got a permanent appointment in another school of high reputation. He was happy because he had got a permanency that ensured that he will be among students, not the same ones but students anyways. He knew that he was going to miss the chess sessions that he had organized in his class, the water cycle experiment that was done just out of curiosity and not because it was in the syllabus, the lengthy hours for which the students sat in the ground with a lens in their hand waiting for the sun rays to concentrate on a paper and burn it. He knew he was going to miss the atmospheric pressure experiment in his class which suddenly silenced the class when water did not fall out of a glass even when it was turned upside down using only a piece of paper. The most undisciplined class was disciplined at once without a single slap.

Now they will be taught under the ambit of continuous and comprehensive evaluation. They will be giving formative assessment tests and becoming literates. But Pranjal need not care about his students now because he had already educated them. Though his job was not permanent, his teaching was. But the football, which they all kicked, was now lying in the almirah waiting for another Pranjal, waiting to be kicked up in the sky so that it may again run away from literacy towards education.

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Super short stories

[I]

Stillness of time was the only thing she wished for when he was with her. She prayed for it. He heard her silent muttering.

He looked at her and said, “Don’t worry; someday we will go back to our own home.” That was the answer to her prayers.

[II]

Little girl with smile,
Little girl with dreams,
Little girl with stories,
Visited her uncle,
Never smiled again.

[III]

She looked at her reflection. Her cheeks had tear stains, her voice was hoarse, and her hair was untidy. She had a black eye.

He was still asleep. She opened the compact case and said, “Thank you God for makeup.”

जाले अंदर - बाहर के

दिल्ली से बिहार आई हुई हूँ। छुट्टियाँ हैं, घर आना वैसे भी वर्ष में दो बार ही हो पाता है। आने पर जो दृश्य सामने है, वह मन की भीतरी खोहों से मिलता-जुलता है। जाले लगी हैं दीवारों पर, चद्दरों पर मैल चढ़ी हुई है, रसोई घर में चूहों ने उत्पात मचाया हुआ है और बागान में लगे पौधों को कोई उखाड़ ले गया है। क्या करूँ, इस घर में कहाँ तक ठीक करूँ अव्यवस्था और कैसे? सफाई करूँ या चद्दरे भिगोऊँ धोने के लिए या फिर पिता के दुखते घुटनों की मालिश करूँ? एक साथ मन में कई योजनाएँ आती हैं और उनसे लगे विचार कौंधते हैं। किन्तु क्या ये बाहरी चीज़ें ही दुरुस्त किये जाने से सब कुछ ठीक हो जाएगा?

मेरी तरह ना जाने कितने लड़के-लड़कियाँ ऊँची तालीम पाने के लिए दिल्ली, कोटा, देहरादून, मुम्बई, राँची जैसे महानगरों में हॉस्टल, पी.जी या किराये के मकानों में रह कर पढ़ाई करते हैं और प्रतियोगिता परीक्षाओं की तैयारी करते हैं। मैं स्वयं पिछले दस वर्षों से दिल्ली में रह कर पढ़ाई कर रही हूँ। पिताजी घर (बिहार) में अकेले रहते हैं। एकाकी जीवन का ऐसा ही संत्रास मेरे जैसे अनेक विद्यार्थियों के अभिभावक जी रहे हैं। जिन्हें किसी वक्त बच्चों की किलकारियों और बुजुर्गों के कहकहों की आदत थी, वे हमारे माता-पिता आज अपने ही घर में अकेले हो गये हैं। उनके बच्चे नौकरी, पढ़ाई और (लड़कियों के सिलसिले में) शादी के कारण उनसे दूर हो गये हैं। दुर्गापूजा, छठ और गर्मी की छुट्टियों में घर गुलजार होता है और पुनः वही अकेलापन।

हमारी छुट्टियाँ हैं, मज़ा हम लूटते हैं और जी हमारे माता-पिता का जुड़ता है। छुट्टियाँ खत्म होते ही हम प्रवासी पक्षियों की तरह पुनः अपने जन्मस्थल से कर्मस्थल के लिए लौट पड़ते हैं। पीछे छूट जाते हैं हमारे जूठे बर्तन, गीले तौलिये, कंघी में लिपटे टूटे बाल और रोते हुए माता-पिता। मुझे याद है कि मेरी माँ मेरे जाने के बाद हौज़ के

पानी को कई दिनों तक नहीं बदलती थी क्योंकि उसमें मेरे हाथ लगे होते थे। जाते वक्त वो देर तक मेरे रिक्शे को देखती रहती थी, जब तक वह नज़रों से ओङ्गल न हो जाए। आज माँ को गये साढ़े चार वर्ष हो चुके हैं पर उनकी याद हर क्षण सालती रहती है। प्रश्न है, ये कैसा मूल्य हम चुका रहे हैं अपनी पढ़ाई और अपनी नौकरी का? आखिर हमारी दौड़ती ज़िंदगी हमें कहाँ ले जाएगी? शायद उस स्याह अकेलेपन की ओर जिसे आज हमारे माता-पिता जी रहे हैं।

आगमन

“मुझे अकेलापन बहुत पसंद है और बारिश भी।” मेरी दीदी की अठारह वर्षीय बेटी ने यह कहा और मेरी तरफ देखकर हँसी। हँसी में भी थी पर शायद उससे कुछ कम। खैर उसके आने की खुशी और खाना तैयार करने की जल्दबाज़ी में मैं जल्द ही मसरूफ हो गयी। उसके लिए कुछ नया और स्वादिष्ट बनाना था आज मुझे। मेरी नन्हीं-सी गुड़िया आज कैसे बड़ी हो गयी है। उसका बड़प्पन कभी उसके शिष्टाचार में झालकता है और कभी उसके रूप-सौंदर्य के प्रति सजगता मैं। फिलहाल अभी वह खिड़की से बाहर होती हुई बारिश देखने में तल्लीन थी। उसकी तल्लीनता और बारिश में एक अद्भुत साम्य था। शायद देखने वाले को मुग्ध करने की साम्यता।

मैं थोड़ी देर में उसे लेकर खाना खाने बैठी। वह खाना देखकर बहुत खुश तो नहीं हुई थी पर मेरी ओर देखकर हँसते हुए कहा “वात मौसी! आइ लव इट...।” यह बोलकर वह चुपचाप खाना खाने लगी। जब भी मेज़ पर उसकी और मेरी आँखें मिलती हम दोनों हँस पड़ते मानो वह हँसी एक अनिवार्य विशेषता हो खाने की। मैंने जब-जब उसे और परोसने की कोशिश की वह एक ही उत्तर देती “बस मौसी! एनफ है।” मैं भी उसे दुबारा आग्रह न कर पाती, शायद ‘एनफ’ पर बलाघात कुछ इस प्रकार का होता। तभी दरवाज़े पर किसी ने दस्तक दी। मैंने दरवाज़ा खोला तो पाया कि मेरे कमरे के ठीक बगल वाले कमरे में रहने वाली लड़की सफीना है। “दीदी आपके फोन में बैलेंस है? शब्बीर से मेरी लड़ाई हो गयी है, मुझे उसे फोन करना है। दो दिन हो गये उससे बात नहीं हुई है।” मैंने उसे अपना फोन दे दिया। “थैंक्यू सो मच दी...!” वह दरवाज़ा स्वयं बंद कर के

चली गई। अब मेरा मन थोड़ा अनमना हो चला था। खाना खाने की पहले जैसी इच्छा नहीं रही। निवाला कुछ वैसे ही मुँह में डलने लगा जैसे जल्दी-जल्दी काम खत्म करने के लिए हाथ चलने लगते हैं।

खैर अब मैं और मेरी भांजी बिस्तर में थे। तभी उसने एक बात अचानक कही “जानती हो मौसी, कभी-कभी मुझे सब कुछ छोड़ कर किसी ऐसी जगह पर जाने का मन करता है, जहाँ मेरे आसपास कोई ना हो, बस सुकून हो, शांति हो।” मैं चुपचाप उसके बालों में धीरे-धीरे उंगलियाँ फेर रही थी। आँख बस लगी ही थी कि उसके फोन की घंटी बजी। “क्या यार! उठा दिया.....उफ्फ ! आज शाम का प्लान है। सेलेक्ट सिटी वॉक, आई लव डैट प्लेस यार! कूल। मैं भी आऊँगी, तुम लोग मेरा वेट करना प्लीज। ओके ड्यूड! लैट्स हैव फन टुडे। ओह, आई एम सो एक्साइटेड....!” वो बिस्तर से उठी। हाथ-मुँह धो कर आईने के सामने खड़ी हो गई। बाल ठीक किए और काजल लगाया। वो तैयार होने में इतनी मशगूल थी कि उसने ध्यान नहीं दिया कि मैं लगातार उसे ही देखे जा रही हूँ। “ओके मौसी! हैड ए ग्रेट टाइम विद यू। आई लव यू सो मच। हैव फन।” इतना कहते हुए उसने मेरे गालों को चूमा और चली गई। मैं अब भी उसे ही देख रही थी। उसकी नामौजूदगी में भी।

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An Encounter with Myself

The setting of the sun puts my mind in motion,
The darkening of the sky illuminates my mind,
Is this a clarion call of my conscience..?
I sit pondering amidst the darkness.
Darkness which provides relief to my struggling thoughts
Lulls me into an arena of tranquility.
An encounter with my own self,
I converse with my inner being,
A personality unknown to me
I discover my own self.
Self is self's best friend
Is what struck me in these hours of reflection,
Sunset mirrors back another ray of hope,
Hope to which the world adheres.
A voice within me sang to the tunes of birds,
With them, it flew to the horizon of freedom,
Freedom gets its value through curtailment,
Happiness lies hidden in unhappiness;
Man wants to get rid of woes,
And this illusion blinds him.
Life sails through the winds of contrasts,
Shadow reflects the presence of light.
And suddenly a ray of light struck my eyes,
Dawn was showering its blessings on me,
And I stood watching the eternal sunrise.

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Home

One room, many people,
Many silent thoughts.

A lost love,
A lost dream,
A love reclaimed,
A dream fulfilled.

An idea thought, but dismissed.
And idea thought, and brought to life.

These thoughts so diverse but together,
Pulled together by some strange force.

Except one lone soul,
desperately trying to find home.
But instead, getting slowly unhomed
and nothing more.

Midnight Reminiscences

I rejoice in the way you speak, that bindi on your forehead
flashes like a dream I'll see in afterlife.
I lie vertical, kissed by the moonlight, dew drops on the leaves
hang like love, vulnerable yet chaste.
I am a mad man constructed out of sanity
a decaying carrion writing my own dirge.

Your memories chase me like barking dogs,
I trip over water, I tread upon mud, my Achilles' heel
leaves behind a challenge to kill and get killed
When nature slept, the blood of your veins succumbed to darkness
and came out like stars. Did you then see me?
The world looked dead from the top of it all.
Inside a glass palace censored by hopes, you waved at my hysteria.
Had you not known that a morsel of words was all I would need?

I lost a poem in that midnight but
gained thousands more as I let go of it.

Facebook Friends

Changing lovers like incessant profile pics,
Some day when you'll deactivate your account
you might, for once, look at the posts I made;
Lurking in the hidden corners of your majestic timeline,
they'll burn like kisses on your digital lips.
Words, mellow words, that no finger can delete.

प्रभाष कुमार
बी.कॉम (वि.), प्रथम वर्ष
श्री अरविन्द महाविद्यालय (सांध्य)

ज़िंदगी उलझी-सी

ज़िंदगी उलझी-सी कहानी है,
ये वक्त की ज़ुबानी है,
ज़िंदगी उलझी-सी कहानी है।
मंज़िल की तलाश में भटकते
राही बेसुध,
न देखें कहाँ जमीं कहाँ पानी है,
ज़िंदगी एक उलझी-सी कहानी है।

हँसती, रोती, बनती और बिगड़ती,
कुछ साथ लिए कुछ छोड़ चली,
एक पहेली सी है।
बीते हुए पल की,
रंगत आज भी आसमानी है,
ज़िंदगी उलझी-सी कहानी है।

बीते लम्हों के निशां,
कुछ नई उम्मीदों के ज़ज़बे,
कुछ नमीं उदासी के साथ।
उम्मीदों से सुहानी है,
वक्त की मेहरबानी है,
ज़िंदगी उलझी-सी कहानी है।
ज़िंदगी उलझी-सी कहानी है।

Why do I Write?

To rescue the revolution within
From dying an uncertain death,
I write.

To think again
On what could be done,
I write.

To flow with the wind
Touching a thousand lives,
I write.

To make the senses
Sound insensible,
To make reason
Appear unreasonable,
I write.

To make the clotted blood
Flow freely with the ink,
I write.

Reasons and rationales do exist
But I come from a utopian land,
My words are my feelings
My reasons, all abstract.
I am a writer, so I write.

Love at first sight

And then out of the blue, I saw him.

Blue sneakers, faded blue jeans and a torrid night blue superhero sketched T-shirt pulled over carelessly over his well-built chest and biceps. Black sweat, wet hair pointing upwards in cute little spikes and black eyes. Even from a distance I could see his charcoal black eyes glinting in the sunshine. As I watched his face pull into an innocent yawn, a giggle escaped through my lips.

The old lady that sat beside me didn't seem to approve of my own little secret joy and frowned at me. But that only made me blush like a school girl caught in the middle of a class, writing love songs for some unknown male.

Anyways remembering the fact that he was probably going to disappear soon, I looked back outside to take in as much of him as my eyes could transmit to my memory and there he stood, his back on me with a red NIKE backpack around his strong shoulders. I didn't want to admit it, but he was definitely turning me on. I sighed.

The old lady didn't seem to approve of my resignation either. But this time I didn't glance at her. I had no time for soon I was caught up somewhere else. Suddenly the young man turned around and looked straight at me and I was caught up in a sudden frenzy. All of a sudden I couldn't breathe, I couldn't blink, and I couldn't look away. It was like he was a magnet with an irresistible force. It wasn't just the way he kept looking at my face that made my heart race, it was the feeling of awareness and recognition that he held in his pear shaped eyes that raised the hairs on my arms.

Kids these days, the old lady snorted a little farther away.

It was then that I realized, that unaware of myself I'd been walking slowly towards him and he towards me, his face in full anticipation, that I was very sure mirrored my own very expression. He took long thoughtful strides while I took my time with my quiet, little steps. All of this seemed like a weird, least expected situation to me for I was never one of the lookers. I mean sure I liked to check out cute guys and pass remarks with my girlfriends over some but as far as my head could trace back, I'd never

ever felt anything like this before. I had never before seen or met a somewhere-somehow-somewhat familiar stranger ever with such a powerful hold on me.

My mind's babbling stopped short as we reached each other. Closer up, he seemed even more known. For some unknown reason, he smiled merrily at me with a cute dimple on one side of the cheek and that made me smile back hoping he noticed I too sported one just like him. Suddenly he laughed and looked me straight into the eyes searching something I couldn't comprehend, only hoping he liked whatever he saw in them and then he held out his hand and cocked his head at me. Blood rushed to my cheeks and I held out my hand and as we held each other's hand staring into each other's eyes, somewhere far away thunder cracked the clouds and tiny beautiful droplets of hope began to fall on our heads. A soft breeze began to flow that swept my hair down over my eyes. Somebody shouted it was going to be the best day of the month. A baby's crackling laugh wailed through somewhere.

And suddenly all the things that didn't matter to me, seemed to make sense. It made sense that sometimes it was alright to do something without thinking.

Love without caring for results.... Dream without expectations.... Be senseless.

We parted. He went his way and I went mine after sharing a secret with each other. We fell in love at first sight and we confessed so with our eyes. We might see each other another time and fall again in love like this time.

For sometimes eyes speak more than words could ever convey.

उपासना यादव
बी.एस.सी. गणित (वि.) द्वितीय वर्ष
मिरांडा हाउस

बचपन न जला देना

देश का भविष्य हैं,
राख न बना देना
उमंगे हैं नस-नस में
बोझ न बना देना
सोच है मासूमियत भरी
ज़हर न मिला देना
खिली हुई है मुसकान हमारी
रंग ना सुखा देना
आँखों में है चमक
रोशनी न बुझा देना
मस्ती है हर कदम में
बेड़ियाँ न थमा देना
आज़ाद परिंदे हैं
जाल न बिछा देना
नहीं जानते कुछ भी
अशिक्षित न बना देना
नादान हैं, निर्दोष हैं,
पाप न चढ़ा देना
गुनाह नहीं जो जन्मे हैं,
मुजरिम न बना देना
बच्चे हैं मासूम से,
बचपन न जला देना

Life in a Metro — and I am not talking about the movie...

Metro Life – ladies coach, the crowd, crying babies and their running noses, old ladies and their huge bellies, men with disgusting stares, groups of butterflies (girls who apparently think they look cute when they laugh out loud or just giggle and talk like a child) behaving like nobody is around throwing themselves at people every time they laugh like they have just heard the biggest joke of their life, arrogant girls (you touch them and they will rip you apart with the look). And among them you will also find the decent ones (found reading a novel or just standing with an expression like they are from the 80s and wondering how Delhi got so developed) and newbies (aah... They are just, for lack of a better term, pathetic at least to me). For those who need a better understanding of who I am referring to, newbies are the ones who block the entrance of the Metro door because they apparently don't know that there are others who also need to get down at their respective Metro stations.

The Banjaras (people with more luggage than double their body weights that make one wonder why these poor souls weren't born with more than two hands. They hang one of the bags on their shoulders, one on their backs and two in each hand! And with their headphones on. (Nothing too excessive right?)

The Army must give us—the Delhiites—the “Military Salute” for surviving commutation in Metros for hours!

While we are ranting away, let's talk about some of the Metro stations (Since I have nothing better to do, or you can say after fighting with a woman today in a Metro, it just bumped into my mind that I must chronicle the Metro life, feel free to think as you may).

It is the frustration of the common people at its best.

Inderlok Metro Station:

The ever impatient crowd – you will find it on the Red and Green Lines. It is a transfer station between the Red Line and the Green Line. The station is the terminal for the Green Line to Mundka. This station can be named as the station of impatient creatures.

Traits and infections of Inderlokians:

1. You must be an extremely IMPATIENT PERSON! If you rush to the Metro gate as soon as it arrives before giving a hint of a chance to the ones who are already at the Metro door looking to get down, then my friend, you ARE that Inderlokian!!
2. You must do anything you can to get on the Metro even if it includes climbing on someone's back, or crush someone's feet under 60+ kg of weight, or hitting them with the luggage making your way right in the Metro (Though one can doubt if they see Metro as the gate to Alibaba's cave!)

Kashmere Gate Metro Station:

Hub of couples, food shacks and rush – Kashmere Gate is one of the busiest Delhi Metro stations. It is at the intersection of the Red and Yellow Lines with the Red Line on the uppermost level and the Yellow Line on the lowest level. At this station, the mass of people at times appear to be coming at you from more than four directions. Even bike riders don't use break on traffic filled roads as often as we have to while walking through the station. At this point it is more than appropriate to thank Jesse W. Reno and Charles Seeberger, for inventing the escalator, without which it would be almost impossible to cross the five giant floors this behemoth of a Metro station called Kashmere Gate has. It is, however, different in the sense that with over 10 escalators, at least three of them are always dysfunctional- enough to make senior citizens crazy! How can one forget the McD, Comseum and other food shacks centers at the station, which also happen to be the reason for the constant crowd. Last but not the least, you can see people coming on blind dates here.

Rajiv Chowk Metro Station:

Another hub of food shacks and cafés, people with shopping bags, not to mention the confused minds of people literally lost (station is too huge to get your bearings), young, smart boys and girls - Rajiv Chowk is another Metro station in Delhi acting as the transfer point between the Blue Line on the upper level and the Yellow Line on the lower level. With exits and subways for Palika Bazaar, Janpath, Connaught Place, it is no wonder that it is a very famous commuting station. This constantly crowded station is also known for uniting long lost friends and your neighbors- especially when you are with your date (yikes)! Long queues before ticket counters because of ill-functioning machines are worse than the queues before public toilets at railway stations. And after going through these unbearably long queues, another queue awaits for you at the platform. First of all it is unlikely that you will get to enter the Metro in the first go. And even if you do make it through the several pot bellies, long nails, huge bags and

large heels, you are most likely to rely on someone else to scratch your back if in the unfortunate event it itches, for the crowd won't let you even move an inch. If you are a girl and are travelling in the women's coach then you have to be extra careful, (long nails, long hair going in your mouth, huge bags and pointed heels will be found here, in ABUNDANCE)!

Talking about the life inside the Metro, it is both hilarious and hellish. They shower you with safety and AC comfort, while the crowd and the smelly sweat of people can haunt your nose for hours. One can enjoy if he/she (considering only young ones) just keep his/her ears up like that goblin from Harry Potter mania. Ladies nagging about the teenagers, girls about their "bandas" (bf) and bitching about other girls, boys talking about movies and the girls other than their gfs, old men about the politics, society and office crisis. Listen long enough and they will say something so incredibly stupid that you won't even believe your ears like the one time when I heard a lady complaining "In ladkiyon ko dekho... Aise saj dhaj ke niklengi ghar se ki jaise baraat aa rahi ho inki... Aur Metro jab se bani hai tabse se toh pair hi kaabu me nahi hain..." (look at these girls getting so dressed up like they are getting married...and since the Metros are running, there is no stopping them) and the moment a girl heard them saying so, the lady said "Na beta, har ladki ki baat nai kar rahi mai ... aap toh vaise bhi padhi likhi lag rahi ho" (no my child, I am not talking about all the girls ... Anyway you look educated)! The question that begs to be asked is, WHY? LADIES! It is almost like they have nothing sensible to talk about!

Reflecting upon some of the situations:

1. The favourite one: when an over the top intelligent aunty, without caring about the queue, tries to get in the Metro rushing in without letting the already boarded passengers get out... No matter how hard they scream, the scenario films like this- "At least ye toh dekh lo mere haath me samaan hai" (atleast see, I have bags and stuff with me) or "arrey aunty mera bag toh chor do... Oh my god, aaunntyyyy" (leave my bag... Oh god... Aaaunntyyy) or "tameez hi nahi hai kuch logo ko toh, hey bhagwaan nikalne toh do" (some people just don't have manners, oh god, at least let us get out).

2. Lost in the woods?

"Bhenji, ye Metro Chandni Chowk jayegi kya?"

Why do people ask for directions as to which Metro will head towards which Metro station or where is so and so platform? There are informational and directional boards hanging from the ceiling and fixed on the walls all over a Metro station- written in

Hindi and English (apologies to those who don't know how to read) but... One can listen to the voice coming out of those huge speakers, voice of a lady saying "yatrijan kripya dhyaan de, Shahdara ki aur jaane wali Metro... Platform no. 2 pe aayegi. Dhanyawaad". (Attention please, Metro heading towards Shahdara, will arrive on platform no. 2. Thank you). That lady really tries to help. RESPECT HER.

From people squeezing you like an insect to people offering their seats to senior citizens to senior citizens asking for a seat "beta, ye seat mujhe dedo". From McDs to CCDs, from the girls talking really low on phone to the uncle talking very loudly, from a guy and a girl checking each other out to the couples completely into themselves, from escalators to lift, from jammed platforms to the people sitting on the floor of the Metro, from couples walking hand in hand to that child playing with a pole inside the Metro, you are bound to experience something new each day, from utter stupidity to something really nice!

Metros today have become tiring and comforting part of our lives- forcing our time to run a little faster than before, giving us the joy to think on the matters as we travel with our minds in isolation, giving students time to revise their syllabus in exams mania, giving women moments of freedom to gossip about their modern daughter-in-law, giving men the last piece of peace before they reach their offices. As much as one hates travelling in them, one will love them equally for not making him/her travel like the way people used to till 2002.

सत्यम् शर्मा
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शहीद भगत सिंह कॉलेज

आइसक्रीम

बस्ती के अन्य लड़कों की तरह १३ साल का रामू भी कचरा बीनने का काम करता है। बाप को मरे हुए २ साल हो चुके हैं और माँ ने टी.बी. के चलते बिस्तर पकड़ लिया है। सरकारी अस्पताल से मुफ्त दवा तो मिल जाती है पर खर्चे तो कई हैं इसलिए रामू को स्कूल छोड़कर कचरा बीनना शुरू करना पड़ा। कल ही रामू ने गुप्ता जी के लड़के राहुल को आइसक्रीम खाते देखा। उसे खाते देखकर उसके मन में भी आइसक्रीम खाने की इच्छा जाग उठी पर तभी उसे माँ की दवाइयों का ख्याल आया। आइसक्रीम भूल कर वो घर के लिए भागा। रात को बिस्तर पर लेटे-लेटे माँ से कहा, "अम्मा, आज राहुल मुझे चिढ़ा रहा था। कह रहा था कि तेरी अम्मा कभी खिलाती है तुझे आइसक्रीम। अम्मा! मुझे भी खानी है आइसक्रीम", रामू ने ज़िद करते हुए कहा। अम्मा ने रामू की बात को बिलकुल नज़रअंदाज़ करते हुए कहा, "जा पानी ला दे मेरे लिए।" रामू तुरंत पानी ले आया। माँ के दवा खाने के बाद उसने अपनी बात दोहराई। इस बार माँ ने समझाते हुए कहा, "बेटा! राहुल के पिताजी तो दफ्तर में बाबू हैं। हम कहाँ से उनकी बराबरी करेंगे? तू सो जा।" बिस्तर पर लेटे-लेटे रामू सोच रहा था कि उसने आखिरी बार आइसक्रीम कब खाई थी? हाँ! याद आया। वो शर्मा अंकल के लड़के की शादी में। दरअसल शर्माजी के यहाँ रामू की माँ काम करती थीं और शादी में बची हुई आइसक्रीम में से श्रीमती शर्मा ने रामू की अम्मा को भी थोड़ी सी आइसक्रीम दे दी थी। अगले दिन सुबह रामू काम पर निकल गया। सारा दिन कचरा बीनने के बाद रहमान चाचा की दुकान पर पहुँचा और कचरे का थैला दिया और पैसे लेकर घर की ओर चल दिया। वो रूपए गिन रहा था कि उसे पता चला कि २० रूपए ज्यादा हैं। रामू की आँखों के सामने आइसक्रीम की तस्वीर उभर रही थी तभी उसे याद आया कि किस तरह जब वो एक बार गोलू के कंचे ले आया था तो माँ ने उसकी अच्छी मरम्मत की थी। वो तुरंत रहमान चाचा के पास गया और बोला, "चाचा! यह लो २० रूपए। आपने गलती से ज्यादा दे दिए थे।" रहमान चाचा ने रूपए ले लिए लेकिन जैसे ही रामू चलने लगा तो उन्होंने उसे रोकते हुए कहा, "रामू! ये ले, ये रूपए तू ही रख ले। कुछ खा लेना।" रामू की

खुशी का ठिकाना नहीं था। उसके कदम अपने आप आइसक्रीम के ठेले की ओर चल दिए। वो खुश था कि अब वो आइसक्रीम खरीदेगा और माँ को भी खिलाएगा। ठेले पर पहुँचकर उसने कहा दो दस-दस वाली दे दो। उसकी हालत देखकर ठेले वाले ने पूछा, “पैसे लाया है?” रामू के स्वाभिमान को यह बिलकुल भी गवारा नहीं हुआ। उसने थोड़े रुखे अंदाज़ में पैसे दे ते हुए कहा, “ये लो।” ठेलेवाले ने पैसे लिए और रामू को एक थैली में आइसक्रीम दे दी। तो रामू ने कहा, “चम्मच भी दो अंकल।” ठेलेवाले ने चम्मच देते हुए कहा, “ये ले। अब जा यहाँ से।” रामू बहुत खुश था। उसका मन कर रहा था कि अब बस जल्दी से घर पहुँच जाये। “काश हमारे भी चिड़िया के जैसे पंख होते तो अभी उड़ के पहुँच जाता”, वह मन ही मन बोला। वह खुशी-खुशी घर की ओर चला जा रहा था कि तभी अचानक सामने से आ रहे मोबाइल में व्यस्त लड़के से उसकी टक्कर हो गयी। उसकी थैली नीचे गिर पड़ी, आइसक्रीम अब रोड पर पड़ी थी। पास के कुत्ते आपस में लड़ते हुए आइसक्रीम की थैली पर टूट पड़े। लड़का ज़ोर से रामू पर चिल्लाया, “देख कर नहीं चल सकता? पूरा कर्मेंट डिलीट करवा दिया। अब फिर से लिखना पड़ेगा, अँधा कहीं का।” रामू खिसिआया-सा वहीं खड़ा था और उसकी आँख से आँसू की एक छोटी-सी बूँद उसके गाल पर ढरक गई...

Deepika
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Miranda House

Creativity in Everyday Life: The MH Lawns



I look with admiration at the freshly manicured lawns adorned with a strategic selection of plants for each portion of it. The trees bend to caress you, sometimes their shade hugging you but you wonder what it is that makes Miranda House lawns so different. I discussed it with the creators of this green wonder – Sunil, Papa and the trio of Ramas – Rishi Ram, Ram Avadh and Ram Milan. Their hard work along with their desire to be innovative and creative, has won them several prizes. They won the first prize in Delhi University's Flower Show in 2014 adding to their list of previous triumphs in this event. The lawns have become their canvas and they paint it in different hues with flowers and ferns.



The gardeners have used ferns and creepers very innovatively to adorn every tree. They carefully contrast the size, shape and colours of the leaves with the color of the trunk and kind of shade and canopy of the tree. These customized trees form the highlight of the garden. Rishi Ram says that they have always thought of beautifying the place rather than limiting themselves to their job of weeding or mowing.



The only female member of the gardening team Papa shares her experience of having a very unconventional name and job with us and also narrates how her experiences of being a gardener have been so different yet enriching. She explains how it requires a lot of patience along with creativity. She says, “Phoolon ka rang aur shape dekhke lagaana hota hai, gamla toh move ho jata hai par jo phoolon ki kyaari lagaate hain usme rang ka khaas dhyaan hota hai”. She says over the past 10 years she has acquired a specialization in grafting and in non-flowering ornamental plants and her favourites are the evergreen ferns.

Ram Milan says that autumn and early winter may seem visually the most unappealing phase of the lawns but they demand more hard work than any other season. Apart from the seasonal blossoms, the gardening team prepares shrubs, flower-beds as well as hundreds of potted plants at this time for the coming spring in green houses and the nursery. They water these plants with their perspiration throughout the year.

River stones have also been used to mark the boundaries of ferns and shrubs but sometimes they also use colourful and irregular shaped rocks without any order to add a raw and natural ambience. The stones have been added to the roots of a banyan tree in such a way that they give a new elegance to the grand tree.





The hostel section of the building is laid out in a pleasing quadrangle with the garden spaced out by bottle palms. The warm red brick building of the college is complemented by vibrant flowers and cool grass. The key is symmetry; they take special care of the fact that the colonial arched building is enhanced by the symmetry of the lawns.

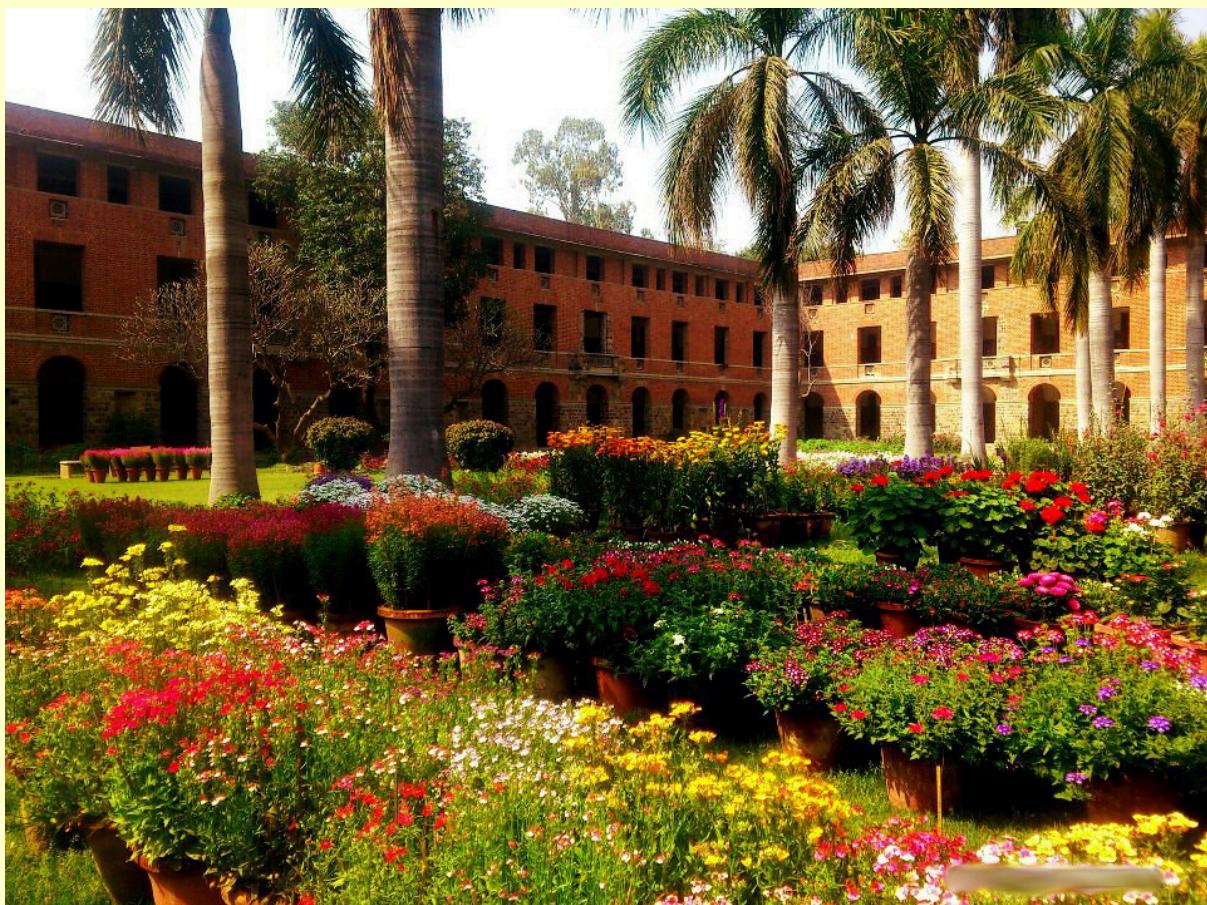


Sometimes they also use plants to add symmetry to the building. For example, one tall façade of the Science Block building did not fit in with the rest of the buildings and seemed disproportionately high. Ram Milan tells me how they wanted to use a creeper but could not do so because of the potential risk of leeching of the wall by it. So they grew bamboos in front of the wall which not only grew away from the wall but also covered the façade by growing almost as high as the building. Planting bamboos also added diversity to college flora.



That ‘creativity does not require any formal training’ is evident in MH lawns. “Ye toh thoda dekh ke seekhte hain aur thoda-thoda khud se bhi aata hai”, says Ram Awadh. They also stick to green practices like making compost of leaves by using earthworms, using drip and sprinkle irrigation methods and maximum use of earthen pots and organic manure. They also prepare small potted planters that are used to welcome the guests and speakers at Miranda House. Papa says with a proud smile, “Hum murjhaate hue, kate phoolon ki jageh hare aur badhte hue paudhe se swaagat karte hain”

The gardening team and their love for creativity keep these lawns thriving. It provides a calm and stimulating environment to the Mirandians. It is their everyday creativity that makes these lawns so exceptional that you pause to look at their canvas, taking in the thousands of splendid colors spread in front of your eyes.



PHOTOGRAPHS

फोटोग्राफ़

The Indian Sarus
(Grus antigone antigone)



Photo by Arun Maurya
LL.B. V Semester, Faculty of Law

Location: Keoladeo Ghana National Park, Bharatpur
Date: 30 September 2014

Phayre's Leaf Monkey / Spectacled Monkey



Photo by Arun Maurya
LL.B. V Semester, Faculty of Law

Location: Sipahijala Wildlife Sanctuary, Tripura
Date: 30 October 2014.

Group Photograph



Photo by Arun Maurya
LL.B. V Semester, Faculty of Law

Location: The Vice-Regal Lodge, Delhi University
Date: 1 January 2014. (The super fish-eye effect.)

Weight of the smile

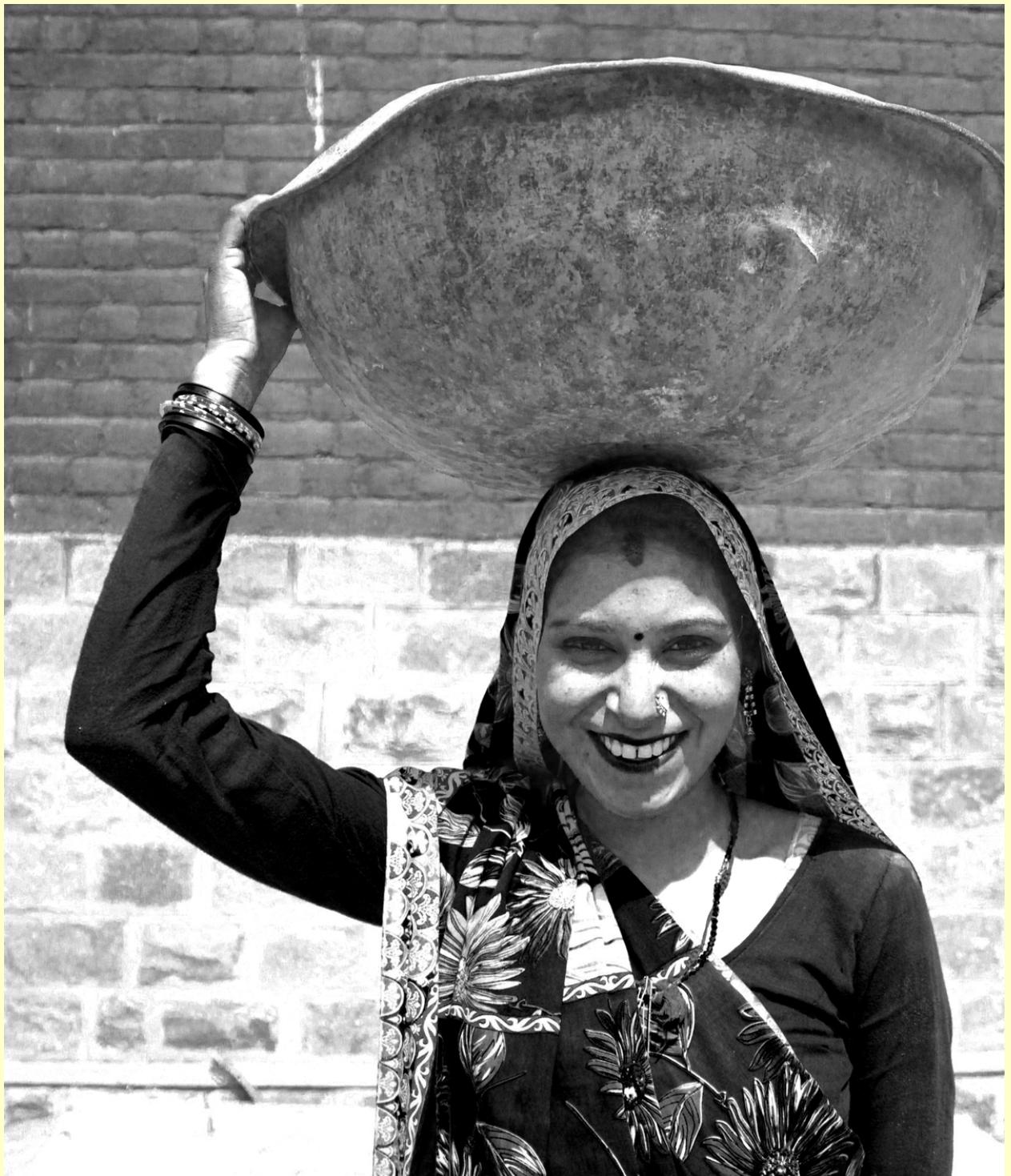


Photo by Kirti Joshi

B. A. Humanities and Social Sciences (Hons.)
Cluster Innovation Centre

Location: IP College for Women
Date: 31 March 2014

Leaving my ink marks

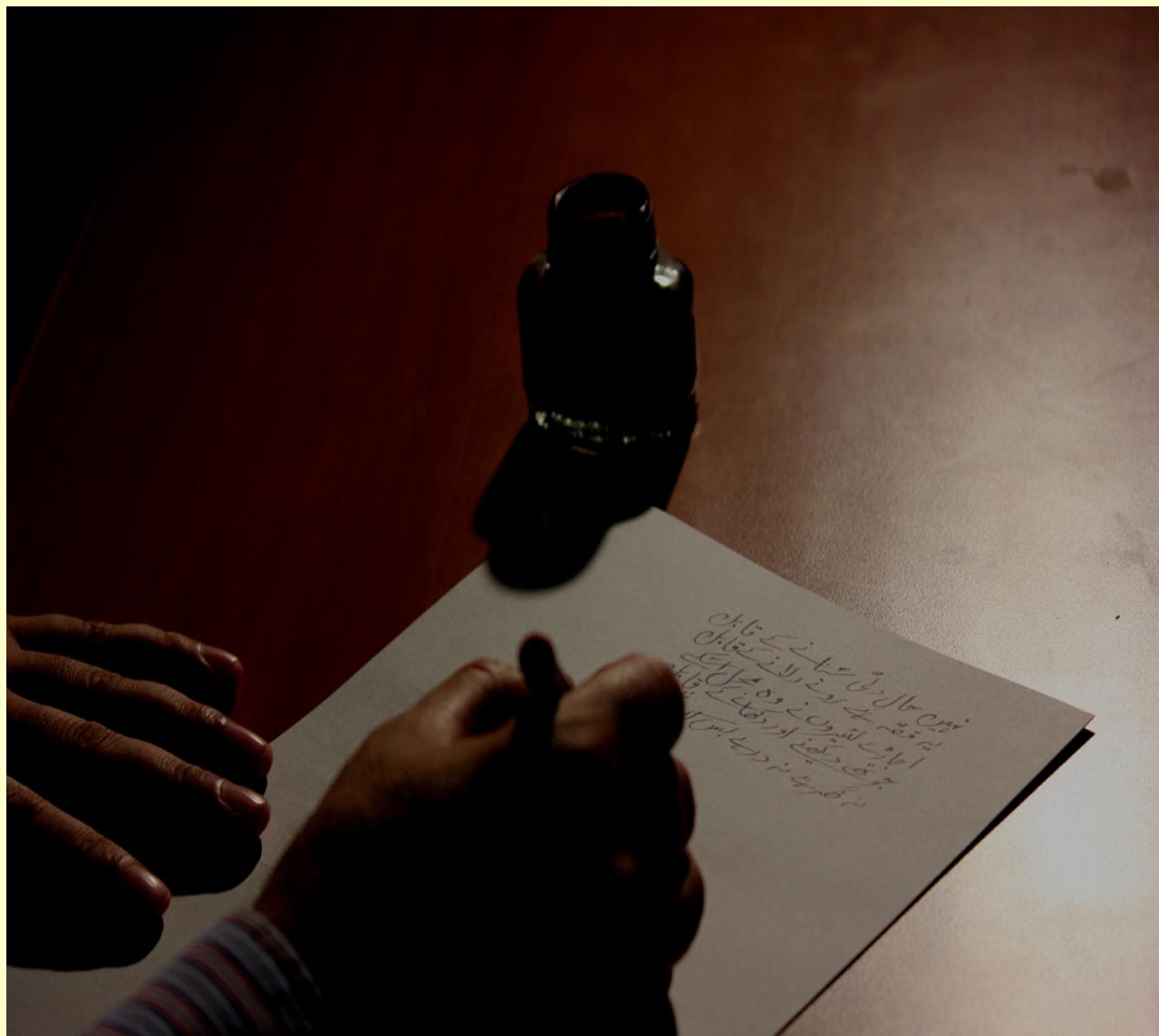


Photo by Kirti Joshi

B. A. Humanities and Social Sciences (Hons.)
Cluster Innovation Centre

Location: Cluster Innovation Centre, North Campus
Date: 29 March 2014

Insect



neeraj kt

Photo by **Neeraj K T**

B. A. History (Hons.) I year
College of Vocational Studies

Location: Kerala
Date: October 2014

Butterfly



Photo by Neeraj K T

B. A. History (Hons.) I year
College of Vocational Studies

Location: Kerala

Date: October 2014

From
COLLEGE MAGAZINES

कॉलेज पत्रिकाओं से

मोबाइल फ़ोन

आज युग बदल गया है, देश बदल गया है
 विचार बदल गया है, भैस बदल गया है
 सर पर मोबाइल का खुमार चढ़ गया है,
 अब यह खुमार बुखार बन गया है
 जहाँ देखो वहाँ मोबाइल
 सबके हाथों में चमके मोबाइल
 रिक्शेवाले, ठेलेवाले, भिखारी व गरीब से गरीब
 हर कोई अब दिखाता मोबाइल
 कोई खींचे फोटो तो कोई गाने सुनाये
 कोई देखे फिल्म तो कोई धुन बनाये
 पूरा संसार एक जेब में आ गया
 बड़ा कंप्यूटर एक मोबाइल में समा गया
 युवा घंटों-घंटों मोबाइल में लगे रहे
 सबके हाथों में मोबाइल ही पड़े रहे,
 सोना भूल गए खाना भूल गए
 माँ बहन बच्चे और बीवी भूल गए
 माँ का बेटा और बहन का भाई मोबाइल हो गया
 बीवी की सौतन और बच्चों का बाप मोबाइल हो गया
 बच्चे मोबाइल में गेम खेलते
 खिलौनों की तरह मोबाइल से खेलते
 अब बच्चा कोई खेलने बाहर न जाता
 दूध की बोतल लेने की उम्र में
 उसके हाथों में मोबाइल आ जाता
 लड़की मोबाइल से ही खुश
 लड़कों को भी मोबाइल से प्यार हो गया

मोबाइल ही अब परिवार हो गया
रिक्षेवाले मोबाइल पर गीत सुनाते
भिखारी मोबाइल पर अपनी इनकम बताते
गरीबों की जेब में पैसा न होता
पर मोबाइल में बैलेंस दिखाते
सबकी खुशियों का मोबाइल
अब एक द्वार हो गया
भूल गए हम सब कुछ
जैसे मोबाइल ही भगवान हो गया
भूल गए कि हम मोबाइल से नहीं
मोबाइल हम से आया है
फिर आकर हमारी दुनिया में क्यों इसने हक़ जमाया है?
जब इसने बदल दिए जीने के तरीके
तो क्यों हमने इसे अपनाया है?
अंत में, मोबाइल कहीं हम पर हावी न हो जाये
इसके लिए उपाय अपनाएँ
मोबाइल का इस्तेमाल करें कम
और सबको यह समझाएँ।

Two Years of Literary Studies: Some Musings

Life is hard when you are obsessed with Jane Austen but forced to study Maths! Being a true ‘Jane-ite’, I would read *Pride and Prejudice* while my Maths teacher went on and on about how calculus is “really fun”. After flunking every single Maths exam and barely passing my boards, I was ‘allowed’ to take up the Honours program in English literature. I was ecstatic, to say the least. All I would be doing was reading books and having a gala time. At least that is what I thought.

Being a literature student has its perks certainly. Unlike Maths, literature allows you to argue your way out of any question. To understand the complex realities of life, one realizes that there are no easy answers to what’s right or wrong in literature. It’s all a matter of interpretation, nuanced arguments, all those grey areas that one has to grapple with. My personal favorite is the character analysis part. While analysing the behaviour of fictional characters you develop an insight into human nature, which is useful in ‘real’ life as well. You learn to look beyond what people say or do and focus on why they act that way. As for me, after two years of “critically analysing” this and “commenting upon” that, I have actually learnt to read people better. In fact people watching is my favourite hobby right now.

The most important lesson I learnt from this course is that life is not as simple as it seems. I used to consider myself pretty well acquainted with *Pride and Prejudice* but I would never have guessed the book is so complicated. And so is life. We need to read between the lines to understand both. In these two years, Literature has taught me some other very important life lessons. Let me tell you just a few:

*DON’T trust that guy with a cute smile. He might run away with your sister.

*DON’T marry a ‘moor from Venice’. He might kill you in next 48 hours.

*Don’t fall in love with a man double your age. He might have a mad wife locked up in his attic.

* Do not run away with a Trojan. You might cause a war involving a thousand ships. Not to mention you might become the subject of debate for the next thousand years.

*Think twice before eating an apple. You might bring “woe” upon the world.

Now that I have fulfilled my duty as a sincere literature student, let me indulge in a little rant. If you think literature is cakewalk, try sitting through a two hour lecture on “Aristotle’s idea of mimesis” or writing a six page answer on how a crow symbolizes the author’s desire to fly. My point is, it’s not all that it seems. Imagine my shock when I came to know that the “eternal lovers”, Romeo and Juliet are actually fourteen and thirteen years old respectively. At thirteen, I was watching Hannah Montana and reading Nancy Drew.

As a literature student you have to read a lot of critical material churned out by “literary experts” who seem to have the weirdest possible names that you are expected to remember. Heaven forbid you forget one name and you get accused of “plagiarism”. Sometimes while going through an essay I wonder if the critics put a bit too much thought into things. I am sure Shakespeare would not approve of someone writing a fifteen page essay on Desdemona’s handkerchief. All this analysing somehow gets to you. It takes all the fun out of books, the simplest kind, say Twilight for example. Instead of going gaga over vampires like you are supposed to, you find yourself focusing on whether the work is a political satire or an attack on the patriarchal society. You would not be caught dead reading Mills and Boons in public. As for me, if my crush happens to send me a good night message I spend the next half hour trying to figure out what exactly that smiley at the end meant. Even my mom gets mad at me as I often refuse to celebrate festivals. My point is, all the religious books and epics are works of fiction. So if I celebrate Diwali, I might as well start celebrating Mr. Darcy’s birthday. She almost fainted when I told her I never want to get married. What’s the point when you can be happy with the books? And anyway, if literature is anything to go by, you might have to kill your own children later. I would rather be Jane Austen than The Wife of Bath.

End of rant

To end on a positive note, I will say that despite all these disadvantages, literature truly is a life changer. You get to explore so many different worlds at once. Not to mention a book is your best companion when you want to escape the bland, real world. As Anne Frank said, “....because paper is more patient than people”.

Clipped Wings

They sat there in a pregnant silence, getting wet in the light rain. Five feet apart, almost oblivious to each other's presence. Both lost in retrospection, enraptured by their thoughts. Suddenly, she laughed out loud, a manic, nonplussing burst of laughter, causing him to look at her questioningly. She seemed reticent, returning with an indulgent, wistful look of her own, her eyes gleaming mysteriously. He looked away, abashed and held out his hand to the comforting rain. He looked up at the sky, long hair plastered to the forehead, smiling insolently to himself. She frowned, and then grinning exultantly, nimbly jumped up to her feet, arms open to the sky. She twirled gracefully, dizzily, dancing to her own silent tune, felinely agile, arms stretched out to her personal piece of heaven. Her eyes were closed in tranquil turmoil. Raindrops were like little gems on her wild, unruly hair. Her elegant movement has a crude feel to it, something distinctly geometrical, each step distinctly paradoxical. It was stiff, rigid poise, marring the perfection of the dance but beautifying it altogether. Her uniform was starkly white against the dark that enveloped them. The strait jacket was thrown to the side. She would not need it anymore. He had helped her out of the asylum. She would never have to go back again. Free as she was, her soul still struggled against her physical being. So she stretched out her arms again, to give her spirit the freedom it craved and inhaled deep the moody, spicy scent of the air so that her soul could sense it too. Then she bowed low to the standing ovation she received from her appreciative, imaginary audience.

Sober Red

She lay on her bed, like how she did almost every Sunday morning. I have been lying on the floor ripped from the apparent importance I had been given last night to make her feel lovely and little better about how she thought she looked. She is fragile, and does not fancy clothes showing her petite, weak body but still she chose me because yesterday was 19th March – her wedding anniversary. The tattered window curtains make a beautiful canopy falling on her honey skin, her hair left loose. From down below it all looks so lovely but I know it wasn't the best of her nights, it happened again.

He left her with brutal words and she was let down. The mascara stains on me only remind me of the sorrowful night it turned out to be. The beer bottles lie empty beside the dressing table and the spilt alcohol on me. She wasn't morose, just a little lost.

How she stared at her messy wardrobe and finally picked me after glancing through all others because yesterday she wanted to be like the girls he mostly seemed to like, prissy little woman slightly showing her skin and her perfect collar bones exposed. She was everybody's favourite, but somehow she wasn't aware of it or rather it never sunk in.

She wore me, with this teasingly shy smile and I made her honey complexion shine in the perfect red, zipped from the front carefully highlighting her bosom. She looked lovely, with a hint of sparkle on her cheeks and mascara on her eyelids. The mirror couldn't have enough of us or maybe it was the other way round; she couldn't believe that small could be beautiful and just then when she almost escaped to fantasy the reality rang the bell. He stood there, tall with his broad shoulders just how she liked and we left for the night.

But things went wrong! And it was only venomous words that came out. Did I not help her look pretty enough or was it that hard to believe?

She broke down on the bathroom floor, reminded that sometimes the past cannot be undone and it takes more than letting go. Her tears fell on me ruining every bit of her hope and mine but he came back. Because maybe the past cannot be undone but surely

the future isn't written, so they calmed down and made all the steam fade. It was all better again.

The sun rose further and the canopy covered both of them. Maybe it didn't just look brilliant from down below where she left me. Maybe it was a wee bit better than that.

खोखला इंसान

मग्न है, नग्न है, हर आदमी में द्वंद्व है।
शोर है, शोर है, विनाशकारी होड़ है।
नीड़ भी ठूंठ है, काला इनका रक्त है।

शंख नाद, शंख नाद, दब रही है चीख पुकार।
विस्मित है वो भी, जो है हमारा रचनाकार।
ललाट पे है अहंकार, धुँधला रहा इंसानी नाम।

तोड़ के-मरोड़ के, सच भी बिकाऊ है।
तार-तार उतरी है, सच्चाई की इज़ज़त आज।
घटा भी घनघोर है, यह बेड़ियों की चोट है।

काली रात, काली रात, अंधेरा करे चीत्कार।
भोर का पहला पहर, उम्मीद की है लहर।
हो सवेरा, हो सवेरा, क्या मिटेगा यह अंधेरा?

दिलो-जाँ से प्यारी है - हिंदी

दिलो-जाँ से प्यारी है – हिंदी।
वतन वालों की भाषा है – हिंदी।
कश्मीर से कन्याकुमारी तक है – हिंदी।
पूरब से पश्चिम तक फैली है – हिंदी।
सागर की लहरों में झिलमिलाती है – हिंदी।
आसमान में परचम-सी लहराती है – हिंदी।
मेरे कन्हैया की बंसी की तान में है – हिंदी,
गीतों के संदेश में है – हिंदी।
भारतेंदु के युग में पुनः जन्मी है – हिंदी।
महादेवी की कविता से निकली है – हिंदी।
बच्चों की तुतलाती भाषा में है – हिंदी,
लेखक की हर रचना में है – हिंदी।
मेरे अवध की शान है – हिंदी,
मेरे हिंदुस्तान की सुबह है – हिंदी।
मेरे वतन की आन-बान-शान है – हिंदी।
हर दिल की धड़कन में धड़कती है – हिंदी।

Back-benchers

Symbol : Bb

Atomic Weight : Variable

Occurrence : On the back benches of classroom

Physical Properties:

- Day dreaming during class hours.
- Source of noise pollution.

Chemical Properties:

- Disturbing effect on the class atmosphere.
- React with calcium carbonate (chalk) to shoot them and make patterns on the black board in teachers' absence.
- Bad conductor of peace.

Uses:

- Used by pharmaceuticals companies to boost up the sale of analgesics.
- Becomes stable when shifted to first row of the classroom by teachers.
 - Always 'Outstanding' in the class.

Central-e-dogma

This is a love story of two DNA strands, who encountered each other the day they were supposed to transform some bacteria. What should I say; it was “love at first sight” (*Heart* *Heart* *Heart*).

They had no idea that this would happen, perhaps it was their lucky day when the grad student thought of making these two strands meet in-vitro. The two didn’t know each other while being in the Eppendorf tube. It seemed as if Milly was trying to ignore Sam in the tube, but still was gazing a sight at him using her van-der wall forces. But suddenly the pH changed and Sam got Milly into his bonds. By the way, Sam and Milly are the two DNA strands in this story. Sam was impressed with the even grooves of Milly, and Milly was also impressed by the strong bonds Sam had. These two were then accompanied by their friend Plasmid. Plasmid must have whispered into Sam’s bases “what great grooves she has man!” Milly was such a pretty strand with whom all other wanted to make bonds. But as they say “opposites attract”, Sam had exactly complimented bases to what Milly had, and these two had to meet.

What pleasant 2.79 minutes were those, at the time they were together in the Eppendorf tube, before the devil grad student poured them to evil bacteria. There were enzymes in the bacteria who wanted to chop off the bonds and take Milly away with them. No idea what those devils would have done with Milly, but somehow the enzymes just looked evil but were moving very slowly. Poor guys must have thought it’s some fighting scene of Rohit Shetty’s film. But luckily, Sam took the advantage and took Milly away from them. It was a not so long, but still pretty long journey for them from the membrane to the nucleoid. The two were very happy together. It was like they got their soul mates.

Suddenly everything became blue. This was the nucleoid. Sam had a bad feeling about nucleoid, as if something bad was going to happen there. Poor strand was thinking right, they had to reincarnate into RNAs. Their friend plasmid backstabbed them because it was involved in making the pre-initiation complex for the ugly RNA polymerase. Suddenly from somewhere a regulatory protein came and the ugly RNA polymerase chopped off the bonds between Sam and Milly. For the moment, the poor strands lost each other.

As it's said; body dies but soul lives, same happened with the two. Sam and Milly were alive again, but now as RNA strands. They had the memory of each other. They remembered their past, but now it was like a bad dream for both of them. It's the hard time everyone goes through, the ugly phases of life.

They had no idea that their lives will change again very soon. On the process of reincarnating into mRNA, another guest was waiting for them, ribosome. They had a strong intuition that their bases were choosy, but how choosy they were, they had no idea. They divided themselves into codons of three and the three had only one friend, only one amino acid. Out of 20 the three liked only one! But this wasn't the case with the amino acids; they had plenty of friends, at least 9 base friends of each.

Ribosome surprisingly came out to be a good guy for them. He helped them meet their friend, the amino acids, and they on their part introduced amino acids (AA) to each other. AAs felt as if they were born to live with each other. As soon as they met, they bonded themselves in the peptide bonds. Some were too happy to meet each other, while some just remained acquaintances having only van-der wall interactions.

Sam and Milly were happy to bond AAs around, and they lived happily ever after...

THE END!!!

मैं संघर्ष हूँ

मैं था
मैं हूँ और
मैं रहूँगा
कहीं विशाल हिमालय को लाँघ
बौना उसे बतलाऊँगा
कहीं अनंत मरुभूमि के बिंदु से
अमृत की धारा बहाऊँगा
कहीं असीम सागर को सीमित कर
खुद के जयघोष का डंका बजाऊँगा।

लड़ कहीं विषमता से मैं
समता का पाठ पढ़ाऊँगा
हाँ मैं हर जगह नहीं
पर हर उस जगह हूँ,
जहाँ कायर नहीं
मैं नदी के बहाव में हूँ,
प्रेमी के सच्चे लगाव में हूँ,
हार-जीत के बीच पड़ाव में हूँ,
बना कायरता और वीरता के मध्य,
जन्म-जन्म से दोआब मैं हूँ।
मेरा होना ही
धरा पर जीवन का प्रतीक है,
विशाल तरुवर की सीख है,
कृषकाय का सच्चा मित्र है,

मेरा होना ही तो,
यहाँ की सनातन रीत है।
मैं हर वक्त नहीं आऊँगा,
पर मैं जब भी आऊँगा,
उसी उत्साह से आऊँगा,
और ये भी सच है कि,
मैं बार-बार खुद को दोहराऊँगा,
क्योंकि मैं ही,
किसानों की फसल का हर्ष हूँ,
खोजी के विजय का दर्प हूँ,
उद्यमी का उत्कर्ष हूँ,
मैं ही संघर्ष हूँ!

I fear my thoughts

I fear my thoughts, I fear my vision
The world that I live in, my own creation.
It scares me. I'm afraid the way it will have for me,
People say it's unreal, but for me it's what,
I want to be, for me.
It's where I want to be, for me it's who I am.
It's THE REAL ME.

Like the broken pieces of a glass, lying shattered on the floor, they say,

My thoughts would one day lie and,
I'll have to walk through them.

The death of my soul...and leave me crying and lamenting over,
And then lead a monotonous life, that's no more of my own...

In world where I would find, no place for my thoughts,
That world would be different, not like the heaven of mine.

My tormentors are my own people,
They say this appalling reality would, one day break you into pieces,
Tear you into bits; leave you, with no legs to stand upon,
They make me fear my thoughts, fear my own creation.

They try to tell me how to feel, but my world has held me,
With strong chains of love, stronger than the chains of fear they forge for me.

I cannot quit that now, nor will it allow me too,
For it's something, the desire of which, rushes through my veins.

My head warns me of the consequences, my heart sets me free,
And one thing I need to ask to all the assassins of my soul, "Do I really need to fear?"

SBSC? Oh... I Just Love It

Vinayak : Excuse me! Can you please let me know where the Server room is?

Rachit : It's there on the first floor near library. But it shall open in some time. Abhi it must be closed. New admission?

Vinayak : (gets nervous) Uhh! Yes! Why?

Rachit : (laughing) Don't worry brother. The days of ragging are long gone, and you need not worry, I am a good boy types... By the way my name is Rachit! And yours?

Vinayak : Vinayak (shaking hands), nice to meet you.

Rachit : So how is the college according to you? How are you feeling after coming to DU?

Vinayak : Actually, DU sounds good to me and to others as well, but the college... It would have been better had I got a seat in the North Campus.

Rachit : Why? Don't you find the atmosphere good? Or is it just a "show off" mentality that is speaking?

Vinayak : No, no, the atmosphere is quite good, the infra is pleasant, crowd is also not bad. In fact, I have met very good people here. It's quite good to see how people from far off places come here to study, leaving their parents, home and friends. But, to speak honestly, South Campus is not so famous.

Rachit : Well, before giving my viewpoint that shall satisfy you regarding the fame and the popularity of the colleges, I want to ask certain questions from you. The first one being — what matters more in the long run? Degree or exposure or the college's name?

Vinayak : Ummm... Degree with a good percentage matters the most I think, and then the college's name and at last comes exposure.

Rachit : Acha? College's name comes before exposure?? Alright, so you mean to say that a person who has been a nerd at some POPULAR college with no sense of socializing, etiquettes and professionalism can be a better person than someone from a normal DU college, which SBS is, with decent percentage and with a lot of practical exposure given to him/her?

Vinayak : This is... a bit difficult, I don't know...

- Rachit : (laughs loudly) Let me tell you bro, the reason why people with brains come from such far off places to DU is because of the exposure it provides. An intelligent person shall soon understand that EXPOSURE matters more than a stupid competition of name and popularity of the colleges.
- Vinayak : Okay! If you say so, and if I believe this, then how can one be at ease? Maybe other colleges in DU provide you with more exposure?
- Rachit : I never said colleges provide you with exposure. College is just a platform, my dear. The real exposure that one gets is by being in DU. DU, as you can see, is a cluster of so many good colleges that are famous for their fests and competitions and faculties and students too. No one, but your own self, can stop you from being part of this DU culture. Once you are in any of the colleges of the University, you have full access to be a part of this exciting journey.
- Vinayak : But how can you question that? How can you boast about your own college?
- Rachit : I never boast about it, boasting shows vanity. Rather, I thank my teachers and faculties who have made me capable enough to be here. (chuckling) See, I told you I am good boy types...
- Vinayak : Yeah... right! But why SBS? What is your motivation? Why do you love your college?
- Rachit : Hmm... That's a very good question now. I love it because of its name.
- Vinayak : Name? But we have been arguing on this theory of names for so long. SBS has name but not that great name, that a person would love it so much.
- Rachit : IT HAS... EVERYTHING that can inspire a person, patriot, a young blood. It is named after ***Shaheed Bhagat Singh***.
This is my motivation. Every time I come to this college, I look at that white statue and tell myself: this is why I am here. I have been given the chance to be inspired by this young revolutionary hero.
- Vinayak : But how can he inspire you? Just a name?
- Rachit : I am sorry but you are a bit dumb. Maybe because it's your first day today so you do not possess enough maturity to understand how great this legend is. But soon you will realize the power in this name. I do not know how it will happen. But it WILL happen to you, for sure.
Anyway, you still have enough time and curiosity to understand this magic. Enjoy your days here.
(smiling) ***Times will become Past, but make such memories here that shall last.***

After two years

Vinayak (to a fresher) : New to the college? Hi! My name is Vinayak.

Fresher : Hi! My name is Parichit. So how has been your experience here? Do you like it?

Vinayak : SBSC? Oh... I just love it and specially its name... SHAHEED BHAGAT SINGH COLLEGE. It is incredible.

How to...?

How to make a man an April fool?

Wait for the first of April

Play a prank on him.

You are done.

How to make a man a Universal fool?

Wait for him to be born

Wait for him to grow up a bit

Tell him Uncle Chips are to be valued

Tell him Lays is to be valued

Tell him Pokémon merchandise is to be valued

Tell him life is about making money

Tell him English is the best language.

Followed by French or may be German

Tell him he is to look down upon beggars

Tell him he can order the servants around

Tell him anyone not a doctor or an engineer is a loser

Tell him SUVs, BMWs are to be valued.

Tell him sport bikes are to be valued

Tell him bikes and cars that are cheap

And cause far less pollution, deliver for more mileage

Are for those who are morons and losers.

Tell him he should look fair

Tell him he has to follow fashion

Tell him he has to wear Woodland.

Tell him he has to shop from Lacoste

Tell him weekends are for visiting malls

Tell him to lead a semi-conscious existence.

Tell him to revere movie stars.

Tell him to own a big mansion.

Tell him he has to look good 24x7

Tell him eating in expensive restaurants is cool

Tell him aping the West is the in thing.

Tell him the East is a junkyard

Tell him he should follow unquestioningly

Repeat with minor suitable changes

You are done.

रश्मि

ज़ाकिर हुसैन दिल्ली कॉलेज

मनीष पनवर

बी.एस.सी. (वि.) गणित, तृतीय वर्ष

जाने क्यूँ

मैं भी आते सूरज की
किरणों को लिखना चाहता हूँ
मैं भी पत्थरों पर पड़ते
झरनों को लिखना चाहता हूँ
पर जाने क्यूँ बस ढलता सूरज
सूखी नदियाँ दिखती हैं
पर जाने क्यूँ बस ताप सेंकती
बंजर धरती मुझको दिखती है?
मैं भी प्रेम भँवर मैं पड़कर
गज़लें लिखना चाहता हूँ
मैं भी एक सुन्दर दुल्हन पर
अफसाने लिखना चाहता हूँ
पर जाने क्यूँ बूढ़ी विधवा का
आँचल मुझको दिखता है
पर जाने क्यूँ रुसवा आँखों का
काजल मुझको दिखता है?
मैं भी शाही दावतों का
ज़ायका लिखना चाहता हूँ
मैं भी ऊँचे महलों की
शान-ओ-शौकत लिखना चाहता हूँ
पर जाने क्यूँ कच्चे घर के
वो चूल्हे मुझको दिखते हैं
पर जाने क्यूँ वो फूटे पड़े
पतीले मुझको दिखते हैं?
मैं भी अपने छंदों मैं
श्रृंगार लिखना चाहता हूँ

चपटी गोल अशरफियों की
भरमार लिखना चाहता हूँ
पर जाने क्यूँ मैले कपड़ों का
संसार मुझको दिखता है
एक-एक दो-दो के सिक्कों में
प्यार मुझे क्यूँ दिखता है?
मैं भी सिंह के गर्जन की
दहाड़ लिखना चाहता हूँ
मेवाड़ी घोड़े की वो
रफ्तार लिखना चाहता हूँ
पर जाने क्यूँ सहमे हिरण की
तड़पन मुझको दिखती है
एक बेचारे नन्हे कछुए की
मद्धिम चाल ही मुझको दिखती है
मैं भी खुदा के चरणों में
प्रणाम लिखना चाहता हूँ
उस मालिक के गीतों के
मल्हार लिखना चाहता हूँ
पर जाने क्यूँ उस पगली की
बीमारी मुझको दिखती है
कभी ना पूरी होने वाली
फरियाद मुझको दिखती है
अब कभी ना उस पापी के
चरणों में शीश नवाऊँगा
और ना उस वहशी के घर की
चौखट पर कभी भी जाऊँगा...
पूरब में जाते जाते मैं
अंधियारे से घिर जाता हूँ
जाने क्या लिखना चाहता हूँ
और जाने क्या लिख जाता हूँ...

Your Age

Dedicated to my teacher, my friend, my mentor...

If I had to predict your age

I would do that in two ways,

First,

A very simple one-

Relying on that rare white streak of hair

And that casual emergence of a wrinkle

On your left cheek

I would judge your age between 40 and 45,

Or considering the age of your sons,

I would estimate the range from 45 to 50.

But,

When I would bother the boundaries of my

grey cells,

And count the number of revolutions

You have completed around the sun,

I would give up.

Going by the limitless experience of your life,

As vast and expansive as the mighty sky,

Listing the uncountable favours you have

Done for the society,

Wondering about your achievements as

A teacher, a scholar, a mother and a human,

Imagining the crests and troughs of your

relationships,

Simply, thinking about the manner in which

you

Carry yourself,

The sweet aroma of the summer jasmine
You sprinkle with your voice,
That charisma and aura,
Which hide away all the problems, you ever had,
The traditional Indian woman you've become
With the neatly wrapped sober saree
And the quiet elegance of a white cotton bag,
Or the activist with western clothes you've become,
An activist, a dormant volcano,
Which does not erupt too often,
But, when it does,
It demolishes all the norms,
All the codes,
All the restrictions.
The epitome of womanhood,
The need of the hour,
This is your age,
This is what you are.
Age- a number, a figure,
Which can't define you,
But one name,
Redefining notions, stereotypes and age.

ग़ज़ल

धूप निकली तो बताएगी है साया कितना।
अपना ही जिस्म है अपने से पराया कितना।

खुदशिनासी के अंधेरों की घनी छाँव तले,
मेरे आसेब ने खुद मुझ्को डराया कितना।

उससे भी हो ना सका अपनी जराहत का इलाज,
प्यार भी उसने किया दिल से लगाया कितना।

हूँ वो सरमाया जो लुटने पे तिही-दस्त नहीं,
वक़्त ने मेरी उदासी को चुराया कितना।

खुद से बचकर जो मेरे दिल में उतर आया था,
उस परिंदे को हवाओं ने डराया कितना।

मकसद-ए-अहल-जुनूँ फासला-बरदोश रहा,
आगेही ने रह-ए-मंज़िल को घटाया कितना।

आहू-ए-फ़िक्र-ए-रमीदा तेरी खातिर मैंने,
दश्त-ए-बेसाया में लफ़ज़ों को सजाया कितना।

तब कहीं जा के खिला खामा-ए-रंगीं का गुलाब,
अपने ही खून में ‘अजमल’ है नहाया कितना।

आसेब = प्रेत-बाधा

जराहत = घाव

तिही-दस्त = खाली हाथ

बरदोश = कन्धों पर उठाया हुआ

आगेही = आगाही, जानकारी

आहू-ए-फिक्र-ए-रमीदा = भागा हुआ हिरन

खामा-ए-रंगी = रंगीन या सुन्दर कलम

[ज़ाकिर हुसैन दिल्ली कॉलेज की पत्रिका में यह ग़ज़ल बिना किसी शब्द का अर्थ दिए छपी थी। - सम्पादक]

Living with One's Own God

“I don't see God”, a man said,
Punished he was with guns and rods,
“I can't believe in God”, another one said,
Murdered he was in front of every God follower.
“How can you say God exists?”, came other say,
Tortured he was to the extent of suicide.
And still you say you follow God.
I don't.

But I've got the humanity
To respect women, elders, other beings like me.
I've got the strength,
to fight against injustice, fraud, violence to the people around me.
I've got the heart,
to help a dying person on the road, whom everybody ignores but me.
And still you say,
I've committed a heinous crime
that I'll be sent to hell and burnt in the burning oil.
To see the cruel
Murderers
Rapists
Villains
who claim to preach God,
I declare myself proud to not be in
the shelter of such a deity.
I choose to live with my truth,
my honesty,
my humanity and
my love.

अमृत

श्री गुरु गोबिंद सिंह वाणिज्य कॉलेज

सोनल चड्ढा

बी. कॉम (वि.) तृतीय वर्ष

मंजिल की ओर

बहती नदी बहती ही गई
संग यह समय भी बह चला
रुका जो था वो मैं ही था
मेरे रुकने से न रुका यह जहां
पक्षी गगन मैं उड़ते रहे
मेरे ज़मीन पर रुकने से उन्हें फ़र्क न पड़ा
सारा जहाँ आगे निकल गया
मेरे पीछे रह जाने का किसी को पता ही न चला
कामयाबी की सीढ़ियों पर कदम जो बढ़ाए
लड़खड़ाकर मैं खुद ही गिर गया
कभी भरोसा खुद पर नहीं किया
तभी तो आज तक जीत न सका

आसमां मैं देखा तारे थे हज़ार
हर एक अपनी रोशनी मैं चमकता अपार
मेरे मस्तिष्क मैं हुआ विचार का संचार
क्यों नहीं कर पाया मैं अपना जीवन साकार

यह तो सबलता है मन की
थकान तो है केवल तन की
जी जान से काम करना तो सिखाती है
इक चीटी

पाकर उसी से एक नया संबल
मैं चल पड़ा लक्ष्य की ओर
बहती नदी बहती ही गई
मैं भी बह चला नदी के संग
बिना रुके मंजिल की ओर

अंग्रेज़ी सभ्यता

अंग्रेज़ी सभ्यता का चलन इतना ज़्यादा हो गया है
 कि रिश्तों का प्रयोग पूरे से आधा हो गया है
 जीती जागती माँ बच्चों के लिये ममी हो गई
 फास्ट फूड का क्रेज़ इतना ज़्यादा हो गया कि रोटी
 अब अच्छी कैसे लगे मैगी जो इतनी यमी हो गई
 लाईव पिताजी भी डैड हो गए
 ये सुनकर बड़े सब सैड हो गए
 भारत में मित्र नहीं फ्रेंड हो गए
 पति बेचारे पतिदेव से हसबैंड हो गए
 भाई तो अब ब्रो हो गए
 बाल उनके जस्ट लाईक क्रो हो गए
 माता जी को प्रणाम हैलो मदर हो गया
 छोटा-बड़ा भाई हैलो ब्रदर हो गया
 बेचारी बहन अब सिस हो गई
 भाई बहन के रिश्तों से मिठास मिस हो गई
 दादी की लोरी अब साइड हो गई
 अब जो 'एमएनएम' की सीडी लाईव हो गई
 चाची-चाचा, बुआ-फूफा सब बैन हो गए
 आजकल तो सारे अंकल-आंटी के फैन हो गए
 अंग्रेजी सभ्यता का चलन इतना ज़्यादा फूट रहा है
 कि अब भारतीय संस्कृति से रिश्तों का साथ छूट रहा है

अनुवाद / Translations

इस द्विभाषी पत्रिका की दो भाषाओं में निरे सह-अस्तित्व के अलावा कुछ सक्रिय आदान-प्रदान भी हो सके इस विचार से हमने पत्रिका में इस खंड को विशेष स्थान दिया है। इसमें दो प्रकार के अनुवाद छापने की योजना है: एक तो किन्हीं भी प्रसिद्ध साहित्यिक कृतियों के अनुवाद, और दूसरे, इसी पत्रिका के पिछले अंक में छपी किन्हीं भी कृतियों के अनुवाद।

कहना न होगा कि अनुवाद किसी भी दिशा में हो सकते हैं: चाहे हिंदी से अंग्रेजी में या अंग्रेजी से हिंदी में।

इस अंक में छापे जा रहे एक ही अनुवादक के तीन अनुवाद इस क्रम को आगे बढ़ाने में अन्य अनुवादकों को भी प्रोत्साहित करेंगे, ऐसी आशा है।

So as to promote not only a passive co-existence between the two languages of this bilingual journal but also some active give-and-take between them, we have provided for this special section in our journal. We propose to publish in it two kinds of translations: firstly, translations of any famous literary works, and secondly, translations of any contribution published in the previous issue of this journal.

Needless to say such translations can be in either direction: from Hindi into English or from English into Hindi.

The three translations we publish in this issue by the same translator will, we hope, serve to inspire other translators to follow suit.

ब्रह्मपुत्र की नावें ~ Boats on the Brahmaputra

Original poem: Priyam Goswami
Choudhury
B.A. Eng. (Hons.) II year
Hindu College

अनुवादकः मानवेन्द्र
एडवांस्ड डिप्लोमा, उर्दू विभाग

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 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

दिन ढले लौट आती हैं ब्रह्मपुत्र की नावें

किनारे पर खड़ा हुआ मैं

किसी इंतजार में हूँ

एक माझी गौरीपुर के किसी महावत का
गीत गाता है

पुकारता है उसे घर लौटने को,
जो रह गया है कहीं सिलहट में

टिमटिमा रही है उसकी नाव चौखट
पर रखे दिये की तरह

जो सायों से बचा कर रास्ता दिखाता
है घर का

उसके पसीने में ब्रह्मपुत्र सी महक है

उसका घर बाट जोह रहा है उसकी
मेरा.....बहे जा रहा है

अनहद ~ Subtle Voice

Original poem: Sanya Tyagi
B.A. Psychology (Hons.) II year,
Daulat Ram College

अनुवादक: मानवेन्द्र
एडवांस्ड डिप्लोमा, उर्दू विभाग

A world full of love
Whirls outside my window

मेरी खिड़की के बाहर / तेज़ी से धूम रहा
है

It is a Sufi whirling
In search of the divine

मुहब्बत से लबरेज़ एक जहान
किसी सूफी की तरह जो झूम रहा है /
हक़ की जुस्तजू में

The birds chirp in freedom

आज़ादी से चहचहाते हैं परिंदे

Settling their melodies to
His reviving soul

उसकी तवाफ़ करती रुह के साथ / सुर
मिलाते हुए

The waves crack the rock bed
Carving a path

चट्टानों को दरकती लहरें बनाती हैं राह

For the mortal

फ़ानी की खातिर

To touch the immortal

कि जिस पर से हो कर वह छू ले
लाफ़ानियत को

As the palanquin of stars shines

सितारों की पालकी जगमगाती है

The moon rises early

चाँद जल्दी ही निकल आया है

The sun refuses to set

मुनकिर है सूरज गुरब होने से

All want to witness

सबको अरमान है

The swirling of the saint
To the rhythms of the subtle voice
That sings in the cosmos
Outside my window.

मेरी खिड़की से बाहर, कायनात में
गुनगुनाती
नाजुक आवाज़ की धुन पर
दरवेश के रक्स का शाहिद होने का

But all I do is shut my window
and go to sleep...

मगर मैं मँढ़ कर अपनी खिड़की
चली जाती हूँ नींद के आगोश में

संतरे से ~ To an Orange

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

अनुवादक: मानवेन्द्र
एडवांस्ड डिप्लोमा, उर्दू विभाग

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.

यह मोटा छिलका ही है तुम्हारा
कि मुझे लेने ही नहीं देता वे भेद
जो तुमने अपने में छिपा कर रखे हैं
जब तक मैं उतार न दूँ
तुम्हारे ज़ाफ़रानी अँगरखे
तुम्हारी अधि-आत्मिकता
जो उद्घाटित होती है उन्हीं पर
जो खो देते हैं अपनी खुदी
तुम्हारे अत्यन्त तीखे स्वाद में
जो मर्म है तुम्हारा
उतर आता है तुम्हारी रसीली रसना का
स्वाद

Tropical they call you

सुनती हूँ, आते हो तुम गरम-नरम
जलवायु से

But you kiss only French,

पर चुम्बन तुम्हारा फ्रांसीसी है

Mon amour.

मेरे प्रियवर

I like your pale veins,

मुझे भाती हैं तुम्हारी पीली रगें

Ghostly upon your flushed surface.

जो तुम्हारी मांसल देह से लिपटी हैं प्रेत
सी

Your juice, your bitter essence

मुदित हो कर चख लेती हूँ मैं

I bite into happily.

तुम्हारा रस, तुम्हारा काषाय मर्म

Some call you the sun;

कोई- कोई सूरज कहते हैं तुम्हें

By that logic

अगर वैसा है

Consider me your satellite Earth.

तो मुझे अपनी उपग्रह धरती समझ लो
ना

OUR NEXT ISSUE/ अगला अंक

Announcements

issue, giving (on top right) the name of the contributor, the course and year of study, and the name of the college.

All contributions may be sent by email to:

Contributions for the next issue of DU-Vidha may be sent NOW or at any time until **15 April 2015**. These may be sent as Word files (not PDF etc.) and follow the lay-out of the contributions published in this

dujournals.creative@gmail.com

अगले अंक के लिए रचनाएँ वर्ड-फाइल में ऊपर दिए ई मेल पते पर तुरन्त अभी भेज सकते हैं
अथवा १५ अप्रैल २०१५ के पहले अवश्य।

Comments and Suggestions. Any feedback and comments on the current issue, and suggestions regarding future issues, are welcome.

इस अंक की रचनाओं पर प्रतिक्रियाएँ व अगले अंक के लिए सुझाव अवश्य भेजें।

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 Student Editors to help with the 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. See also in this regard the “Editorial” in this issue.

हिंदी में भी छात्र संपादकों की उतनी ही आवश्यकता है। इस विषय में इस अंक का “सम्पादकीय” भी देखें।