



**Inculcating Culture and Empowering Youth**

# SPARKLING SPAN

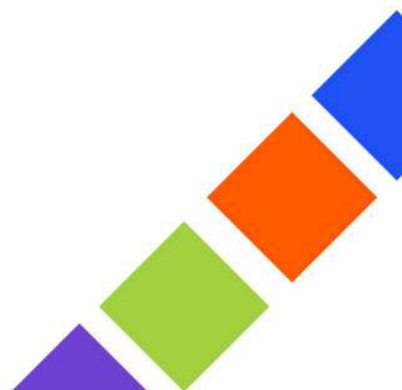
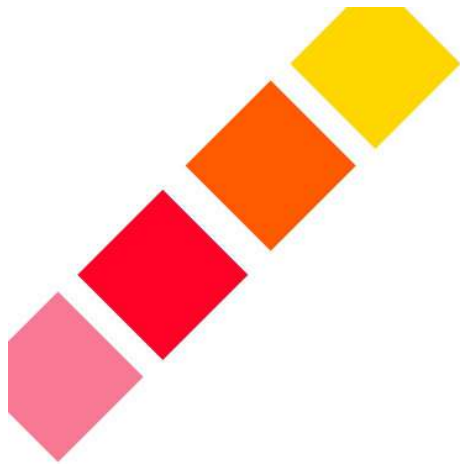


**Joint Issue of 2020-21 & 2021-22**

**Annual Magazine of Karim City College, Jamshedpur**

**by SPArC**

**(Society for Promotion of Art & Culture)**







**Late Syed Tafazzul Karim**  
**Founder, Karim City College**

**An institution is known not for its building and architectural beauty but because of the grace, dignity, vision and devotion of the people associated with it.**





## SPArC's Beginning

We are on a never-ending journey. The students of Karim City College were the champions of the Ranchi University Youth Fest in the academic session 2003-04. Our seniors realized the hidden potential and felt the need to start a student organization which will promote art and culture and groom young talents. So with the support of college authorities they came up with SPArC.

SPArC (Society for Promotion of Art and Culture) began its journey in 2004. Since then, SPArC has been a platform for students to channelize their latent energy, ventilate their creative force and inculcate love for culture and a passion for art. For achieving its goal, SPArC organizes literary and cultural programmes in the campus and also ensures students' participation in co-curricular activities outside the campus.

SPArC's mission and vision is striving to make the students multi-dimensional and trying to keep them away from destructive forces. SPArC creates a positive persona among the students and also makes the campus vibrant and amicable for them.





हमारा नारा इल्म है हमारे हाथ में कलम  
सुलगती रहगुज़ार पर रवाँ - दवाँ रहे हैं हम  
डरा नहीं सके हमें ये रास्तों के पेचो-खम  
थके नहीं, रुके नहीं, हमारे अज़म के क़दम  
हमारा नारा इल्म है..

बहुत सी आजमाइशें भी आईं आसमान से  
गुज़र चुके हैं कामराँ हर एक इम्तहान से  
हमारे पीछे चलने वाले रुक गए थकान से  
हम अपनी अगली मंज़िलों पे बढ़ रहे हैं शान से  
हमारा नारा इल्म है..

हज़ारहा चिराग़ जल उठे इसी चिराग़ से  
हज़ारहा चमन में है बहार एक बाग़ से  
हज़ारहा दिमाग़ जुड़ गए हैं एक दिमाग़ से  
हज़ार दीप जल उठे हमारे दिल के दाग़ से  
हमारा नारा इल्म है..

न ज़ात है न पात है न नस्ल है न रंग है  
जिसे है इल्म की तलब हमारे संग है  
दिलों में अपने प्यार की उमंग है, तरंग है  
तभी तो नफ़रतों के साथ जारी अपनी जंग है  
हमारा नारा इल्म है..

हमारी राह में सदा हो रौशनी का सिलसिला  
हमारे हमक़दम रहे तरक्कियों का काफ़िला  
हमारे हक़ में जाए वक़्त का हर एक फ़ैसला  
रुकावटों से और भी बढ़े हमारा हौसला  
हमारा नारा इल्म है..

## तरانہ کریمی

ہمارا نعرہ علم ہے ہمارے ہاتھ میں قلم  
سلگتی رہگزار پر رواں دواں رہے ہیں ہم  
ڈرا نہیں سکے ہمیں یہ راستوں کے پیچ و خم  
تھکے نہیں رکے نہیں ہمارے عزم کے قدم  
..... ہمارا نعرہ علم ہے

بہت سی آزمائشیں بھی آئیں آسمان سے  
گذر چکے ہیں کامراں ہر ایک امتحان سے  
ہمارے پیچھے چلنے والے رک گئے تھکان سے  
ہم اپنی اگلی منزلوں پہ بڑھ رہے ہیں شان سے  
..... ہمارا نعرہ علم ہے

ہزارہا چراغ جل اٹھے اسی چراغ سے  
ہزارہا چمن میں ہے بہار ایک باغ سے  
ہزارہا دماغ جڑ گئے ہیں اک دماغ سے  
ہزارہا دیپ جل اٹھے ہمارے دل کے داغ سے  
..... ہمارا نعرہ علم ہے

نہ ذات ہے نہ پات ہے نہ نسل ہے نہ رنگ ہے  
جسے ہے علم کی طلب وہ اپنے سنگ سنگ ہے  
دلوں میں اپنے پیار کی امنگ ہے ترنگ ہے  
تبھی تو نفرتوں کے ساتھ جاری اپنی جنگ ہے  
..... ہمارا نعرہ علم ہے

ہماری راہ میں سدا ہو روشنی کا سلسلہ  
ہمارے ہمقدم رہے ترقیوں کا قافلہ  
ہمارے حق میں جائے وقت کا ہر ایک فیصلہ  
رکاوٹوں سے اور بھی بڑھے ہمارا حوصلہ  
..... ہمارا نعرہ علم ہے



## SPArC Song

We are the different  
And the best.

We are the sparkle

We are passionate

And the winners

We are the dreamers

And the doers.

We are ambitious

And the determined

We are the sunshine

And walk with pride

We are the jewels

And the Karimians

We are the jewels.







बदलेगी जीवन की धारा  
बदलेगा संसार यह सारा  
बदलेगा यह देश हमारा  
यह मत पूछो कब बदलेगा

धीरे-धीरे सब बदलेगा  
धीरे-धीरे सब बदलेगा

ढोंग, दिखावा, रीति-रिवाज  
जात पात में बटा समाज  
जिसकी लाठी उसका राज  
हम बदलेंगे तब बदलेगा

धीरे-धीरे सब बदलेगा  
धीरे-धीरे सब बदलेगा

शिक्षा से बदलेगा जीवन  
खुशहाली होगी घर आंगन  
आएगा ऐसा परिवर्तन  
जीने का मतलब बदलेगा

धीरे-धीरे सब बदलेगा  
धीरे-धीरे सब बदलेगा

यह मत पूछो कब बदलेगा  
हम बदलेंगे तब बदलेगा  
जीवन का मतलब बदलेगा  
धीरे-धीरे सब बदलेगा

धीरे-धीरे सब बदलेगा  
धीरे-धीरे सब बदलेगा



आशा गीत



# From the Editorial Desk

Art and culture are intertwined. Culture shapes art and art reflects culture. Disengagement with any one of them hampers both. Art is perspective, the way we look at and perceive things. It is also the courage needed to express that perspective as it is. Culture is a thread that binds generations together yet is constantly evolving adding new definitions to itself.

SPArC is not just a platform for students to bloom, develop interests and showcase their talents, but it is a collective thought and expression to let young minds explore themselves and the society. To learn to question instead of believing the said. To learn to co-exist and appreciate other people's inner beauty and work together as a team. It is a community that thrives on creativity and adaptability thus promoting and celebrating art and culture everytime.

Along with the prospectus, I was also handed the Sparkling Span magazine in 2019 while taking admission. That was the first time I came to know about SPArC. I started participating in various events, attending Sunday classes, letting my thoughts flow through ink and shape up into words on blank papers and contributing in every way possible to help the team organise various events thus gathering new experiences and learning continuously. And here it comes full circle as I sign off as the Chief Editor of Sparkling Span, The Annual Magazine of SPArC.

This is a joint issue of 2020-2021 and 2021-2022 as it was not published last time due to the pandemic. I heartily thank all the teachers and students who submitted their articles, poems, and artworks for this magazine. A special thankyou to Dr. Mohammad Issa, Professor, Urdu Department for helping us with the Urdu content. I would also like to thank Yousuf Sarfaraz (MCVP, 2018-2021) and Awanth Upadhyay (MCVP, 2020-2023) for providing us all the photographs for the magazine. Also, I extend my gratitude to the designing team. And congratulations to the entire editorial team for being through the journey.

Lastly, to everyone reading this, let your dreams take shape. **Just spread your wings and fly.**

**Happy Reading!!**

**Regards,**

**BHAIRI SAI VALLIKA**  
**Editor-in-Chief**  
**(2021-2022)**





# Editorial Team Picture



Dr. SM Yahiya Ibrahim  
Convener



Dr. Basudhara Roy  
Mentor



Manish Mukhi  
Chief Organising Secretary



Kahkashan Khanam  
Literary Secretary



Alisha Ali  
Chief Designer  
and Cultural Secretary



Bhairi Sai Vallika  
Editor In Cheif



Rajesh Tudu  
Designer  
Digital Desk Moderator



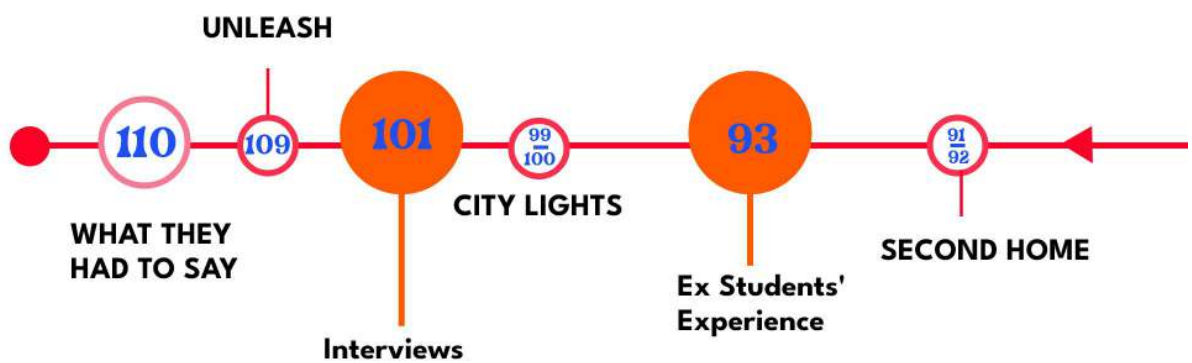
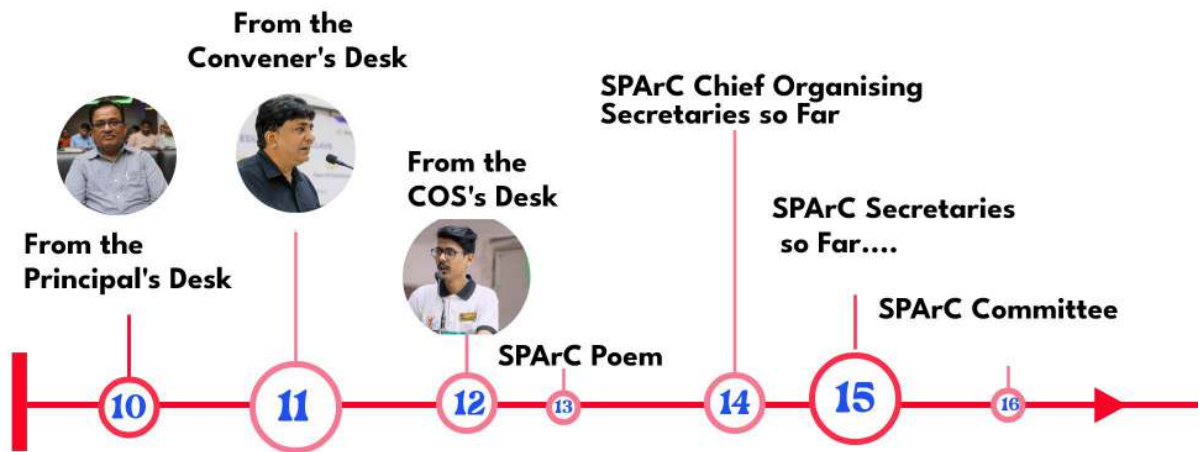
Awanth Upadhyay  
Photographer



Raghubir Tudu  
Designer



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# From the Principal's Desk

It gives me immense pleasure to address you all through the Sparkling Span. This magazine, born out of the efforts of the College's Literary and Cultural Forum, SPArC, has completed more than a decade's journey, in documenting each of its issues and the annual activities of the forum. It not only preserves the glorious history of the college's progress in terms of its co-curricular initiatives and activities, but also continues to inspire our new batches of students to join the initiative and to take it forward with innovation, dedication and with due respect to tradition.

The importance of literary and cultural activities in the present day world is overwhelming. With materialism, technology and cut-throat competition ready to claim and engulf our youth, it is important for institutions of education to instill in their students a realization of their own potential and possibilities as individuals and to motivate them into thinking out of the box. We, at Karim City College, aspire for no less for our students and remain sincere in our efforts to provide them with encouragement and opportunities to inculcate, explore and to bring out the talents that lie within them.

SPArC's annual calendar of events is geared exclusively to this end and the seven-day Cultural Festival carried out under the name of SATRANG remains dedicated to this cause of promoting the creativity of our students, making an attempt, thereby, to keep alive and to enrich the diverse and fertile tradition of art and culture that has always characterized our national spirit. A great nation is made by responsible citizens who keep its heritage alive and lay the foundations for future generations through affirmative actions in their present. I wish SPArC all the best in its inspired and relentless striving and hope that every batch of students continues to add sparkle to its efforts and accomplishments.

**Dr. Mohammad Reyaz**



# From the Convener's Desk

Dr. S.M. Yahiya Ibrahim

*I know that I am talking to a generation which is in a great hurry; a generation that is restless and professionally slightly aimless. But I also understand that I am talking to a generation that is multi talented, multi tasking, multi faceted, energetic, passionate and creative.*

And this is the area about which I want to talk to you.

Can you see the gap between the two italicised sentences above? Can you read between the lines? Can you decipher the difference? Can you feel the unsaid? Well, I leave it to you because I have great faith in your intelligence .

I have no hesitation in accepting that yours is a better generation than ours. But will you accept that your time is worse than ours? Well, it is. You accept it or not but these are hard times. Political agendas apart, I am more concerned here about your growth as a student and as a youth.

I am quite clear that you will be uncomfortable with my assertion that a good number of students among you passed their examinations either because of the RTE act or because of the policy of liberal and not so strict evaluation and the 'pass everybody' attitude of the education planners, education managers and the teachers. This has damaged our education system. This also has damaged our academic standards. But more than this it has impacted your academic growth adversely. It has damaged your academic inquisitiveness, academic zeal, passion for research and creativity. Our youth today are not sure about their career after the completion of their studies. They are indecisive and lack the expertise that they must have after the end of their studies. As I said above your generation is better than ours. You have great talents and you also have better resources of information, studies and research. What is required on your part is just a realization that with every passing moment life is posing greater challenges and you are required to equip yourself with the best tools.



Among the tools that you require for facing life patience and perseverance are one. Be steadfast and don't become restless. I have been associated with teaching from the last twenty five years but I started working closely with students sometimes around 2002. In these twenty years I have worked closely with students in the field of art, literature and culture. Together we have organized a great number of events and competitions, literary, cultural and academic, all. Together we have taken the college teams to various university level events and competitions and sent the college teams to several state level and national level competitions. But more than this we have spent moments of creativity, hours of camaraderie and days of passionate intensity together. Out of these days of passionate intensity spread in these twenty years I have worked with several batches of our students and I am of the feeling that within these twenty you have become restless. You are in a great hurry. You want to become artist, writers, speakers, singers and actors quickly. You want to become stars in a short time. You want to get recognition and fame in a quick and hurried manner. Whereas you need to understand that recognition in the field of art, literature and culture come slowly. It needs rigorous training and continuous practicing. It needs regularity, punctuality and honesty. Do remember that art, literature, culture and their associated fields have their own norms and value and a very high class of discipline. Remember that 'saadhana' can only be achieved with an extreme degree of 'aradhana'.







# From the COS's Desk

Art and culture are never stagnant. They undergo modifications, and so they are flexible enough to adapt to the new changes. We did not inherit them. We learnt them. Hence, we learn how to shine by acquiring a good culture. Yes, we do not carry it as a legacy, but we earn it. Culture is not only associated with legacy, but culture is what we are. "Culture is us." Culture is the acquired pair of glasses through which we see the world. Culture is how we behave, how we talk, how we act, how we walk and everything in between. Whatever we do is associated with culture. We can not run away from it so easily.

CULTURE is not just a word to be explained, but a theory to be read, understood, and passed on. Yes, we should not destroy our culture; otherwise, the linkage will break and a void will be created between the generations. It is our foremost duty and most important responsibility to celebrate our culture and pass it on to the upcoming generations. ART is not limited to colours. Art is the thought through which we perceive things in this world. Everything is related to art and everything lies in art. To be an artist, you require a hunger for knowledge because if you acquire knowledge, the output of that knowledge is art. Everyone on this planet is an artist, and this world in itself is the biggest canvas. We are struggling to find our spaces in order to paint our thoughts. Never stop exploring, never stop painting your thoughts. Yes, your thoughts are the colours, and your expression is your tool, and this world is a canvas. Keep painting your thoughts and the outcome you will get will be art. The question now is whether it is good or bad art. There is nothing such as good art or bad art. It is just about perspectives, and art is beyond judgments. But still, we judge everything without even knowing the context. Art will be criticized; it will be judged. But it does not mean that art has lost all its aesthetics. Art is all about perspectives. Art is subjective.

SPArCians never quit. Our expression, determination, and perseverance hold enough power to mould our thoughts into reality. The outcome is important, but the process and the journey are more important. Without the journey, the outcome has no value. Don't run behind results, enjoy and live the journey. Progress every day because that is what matters the most. Dream big, but live the process more and care less about the outcome.

My journey at SPArC started in 2019 as a student in the Sunday activity classes of SPArC. I just kept enjoying, learning, and expanding my perspective. I had a few hopes and dreams, but then, keeping aside my dreams, I continued my journey. I focused on acquiring knowledge, and I never missed learning a new thing. In 2020, I was added to the student committee of SPArC, and I never looked back after that. The self in me evolved into an artist. An artist who weaved stanzas in solitude and read them on the stage of Karim City College.

Here I sign off as the Chief Organising Secretary, wishing you all the best. SPArC is more than just an organization; if you are an artist, it provides shelter and wings to fly high and conquer the sky.

Regards,

**MANISH MUKHI**  
**Chief Organising Secretary**  
**(2021-2022)**





**Society for Promotion of Art & Culture,**  
This is a platform where young talents nurture,  
**SPArC** is the pillar of Karim City College,  
And we Sparcians reflect a variety of ideas and diverse knowledge.

Our **Convener** is our tree and we are it's branches,  
He is our shield and teaches us to deal with life's synonymous avalanches.  
Our pillars are the different clubs and forum,  
We practice discipline and maintain the best decorum.

The **mentors** are hardworking and dedicated,  
And the **advisory committee** is quite responsible and connected.  
The **secretaries** are the pearls and the **COS** knots them together,  
And the **committee members** are like the petals attached to a flower altogether.

**Literary club's** soul is literature,  
And the students are free to express all their adventures.  
Here they debate, jam, write and recite,  
They orate, discuss and reflect their calibers to which we try to ignite.

**Book club** is full of books but no readers,  
I invite you all to issue and read them in your leisure.  
And if you complete reading the book,  
Would you dare to talk about it and present its outline and overlook?

**Science** and **book club** are newly introduced,  
Let's try some experiments putting all our ideas in use.  
Let's talk of Darwin, Einstein and Newton,  
Studying their models and coming to a certain conclusion.

In **Fine Arts** we portray our thoughts and experiences on canvas,  
Though art is abstract but never without any purpose.  
Painting, sketches and collage we create,  
Though we use references, but only as inspiration not to imitate

**Drama club** is all about acting and theatre,  
The students get refined in their skills and get a good exposure.  
We are champions at national drama festivals every now and then,  
We also go for Nukkad and street plays very often.

**SPArC's** melody is our **Music club**,  
And the artists devote themselves to music, their only beloved.  
Here we express, feel, sing and create harmony.  
People are calling music a barrier to peace, what an irony!

**SPArC** produces champions and leaders,  
"We can and we will" was and is the aim of us believers.  
And we acknowledge our journey in our Sparkling Span.  
Nostalgic on how it all began.  
Our magazine reflects our Society for Promotion of Art & Culture,  
Where young talents get exposure and nurture.

**SPArC** is not only an organisation,  
But a feeling, emotion and a whole artistic perception.  
We never cut our roots and drift away,  
We are linked in a circle and bonded in every way



# SPArC Chief Organising Secretaries so Far





# SPArC Secretaries So Far....

2010

Chief Organising secretary: Nida Zakaria  
Chief Editor Sparkling Span: Nida Zakaria

2011

Chief Organising secretary: Pooja Singh  
Cultural secretary: Akash Mukherjee  
Literary secretary: Sameena Rifat  
Chief Editor Sparkling Span: Sameena Rifat

2012

Chief Organising secretary: Sameena Rifat  
Literary secretary: Paulomi Banerjee  
Logistics secretary: Saket Kumar  
Chief Editor Sparkling Span: Sameena Rifat

2013

Chief Organising secretary: Harwinder Kaur  
Cultural secretary: Hena Tabassum  
Literary secretary: Hena Jafri  
Logistics secretary: Saket Kumar  
Chief Editor Sparkling Span: Harwinder Kaur

2014

Chief Organising secretary: S Jayalaxmi Rao  
Cultural secretary: Anamika Kumari  
Literary secretary: Hena Jafri  
Logistics secretary: Aman Kumar Singh  
Chief Editor Sparkling Span: Hena Jafri

2015

Chief Organising secretary: Abhik Deb  
Cultural secretary: Ajay Roy  
Literary secretary: Lubna Nasheet  
Logistics secretary: Kumar Yashwant  
Chief Editor Sparkling Span: Abhik Deb

2016

Chief Organising secretary: Eram Siddiqui  
Cultural secretary: Swati Singh  
Literary secretary: Munjakesh Sarkar  
Logistics secretary: Shubham Kumar Pati  
Chief Editor Sparkling Span: Eram Siddiqui

2017

Chief Organising secretary: Prachi Priyam  
Cultural secretary: Anita Sirka  
Literary secretary: Anmol  
Logistics secretary: Subrata Laik  
Chief Editor Sparkling Span: Anmol

2018

Chief Organising secretary: Faiyaz Ahmed Ansari  
Cultural secretary: Jagriti Kathuria  
Literary secretary: Dipi Kumari  
Logistics secretary: Ashutosh Kumar  
Chief Editor Sparkling Span: Rakshanda Iqbal

2019

Chief Organising secretary: Shreesti Kumari  
Cultural secretary: Jashama Afroz  
Literary secretary: Shreya Charaborty  
Logistics secretary: Ajay Tripathi  
Chief Editor Sparkling Span: Rifsha Hassan

2020

Chief Organising secretary: Ritam Nandi  
Cultural secretary: Nafis Mustafa  
Literary secretary: Ekta Dogra  
Logistics secretary: Kushal Ganeriwal  
HR secretary: Mehndi Raza  
Chief Editor Sparkling Span: Ekta Dogra

2021

Chief Organising secretary: Manish Mukhi  
Assistant Organising secretary: A. Ujjwala Malavika  
Cultural secretary: Alisha Ali  
Literary secretary: Kahkashan Khanam  
HR secretary: Saloni Kumari  
Chief Editor Sparkling Span: Bhairi Sai Vallika

## Executive Committee



Dr. Safiullah Ansari



Mr Saket Kumar



Dr. Rashmi Akhtar

## Advisory Committee



Dr. Anwar Sahab



Dr. Neha Tiwari



Dr. Md Moiz Ashraf



Dr. G. Vijayalakshmi



Dr. Basudhara Roy



Dr. Sandhya Sinha

SPArC Committee





# STUDENT ORGANISING COMMITTEE







# The Pillars Of SPArC

Society for Promotion and Art and Culture i.e SPArC provides a platform for students to channelize their talent, energy, ventilate their creative force and inculcate love for culture and a passion for art.

'Pillars of SPArC' comprises 6 clubs, they are: Literary Club, Fine Arts Club, Music Club, Drama club, Science Club and Book Club. There are 2 forums also, namely, Discussion Forum and HR Forum.

These Pillars of SPArC look after the activities and also organize numerous events under the guidance of the Patron, Convenor, Executive Committee and co-operative efforts of the members of the Student Organising Committee, wherein the students are trained by the instructors.

**Literary Club:** It aims to help students in expressing their thoughts through writing and speaking. Literary classes are held every Sunday under the supervision of senior students. It also publishes an annual literary magazine, Sparkling Span.

**Fine Arts Club:** Wassily Kandisky said, 'There is no must in art because art is free.' Regular fine arts classes are organized on every Sunday under the instruction of Apurb Dey Sir.

**Music Club:** A painter paints pictures on canvas, but musicians paint their pictures in silence. The music club trains students in classical, semi-classical, folk, ghazal and western singing. Music classes are held every Sunday evening under the supervision of Mr. Chandan Brahma and Mr. Jitesh Sahay.

**Drama Club:** Acting is one of the best way to express one's emotion, hence drama classes are held on every Sunday under the instruction of Mr. Shival Sagar. The drama club organizes curricular theatre workshops and Adakari, a skit, and mime competition under SATRANG. It also hosts a drama festival named Curtain Raiser.

**Science Club:** The newly formed Science Club aims to inculcate a scientific temper among the young students. It also conduct guest lectures, student seminars and exhibitions.

**Book Club :** JK Rowling once said 'I do believe something very magical can happen when you read a good book'. SPArC has come up with a book club to promote the culture of reading books. The book club aims to bring about an intellectual and discerning change by creating an atmosphere of literary and cultural growth among all. Its main objective is to encourage young readers and to develop the habit of reading among students.

**Discussion and HR Forum:** Apart from the clubs, the Discussion Forum and HR Forum play an important role in ensuring students participation in co-curricular activities.



# रंगमंच दिवस पर करीम सिटी छात्रों ने किया दो नाटकों का



छात्रों द्वारा पेश नाटक का एक अंश।

जमशेदपुर, 27 मार्च (रिपोर्टर) : करीम सिटी कॉलेज के मोशन ऑफ आर्ट एंड कल्चर ( स्पार्क ) द्वारा शनिवार शाम 10 बजे थिएटर फेस्टिवल कर्टन रेजर 2022 का आयोजन किया गया। कार्यक्रम का उद्देश्य अंतराष्ट्रीय रंगमंच दिवस को मानते हुए छात्रों को मंच पर लाना था। पूर्वी सिंहभूम के डिप्टी कलेक्टर ने इस कार्यक्रम को ओपन डिक्लेयर किया। टाटा स्टील ट्राइबल कल्चर सेंटर के प्रमुख जिनर जेवियर टोपनो इस मुख्य अतिथि थे।

इस कार्यक्रम में दो नाटकों की प्रस्तुति दी गई - डाक (Duck) और संबोधन (सुनील राज) जिनका निर्देशन शकुन्तला और स्पार्क के ड्रामा क्लब के मॅटर शिवलाल सागर ने किया। इस कार्यक्रम में रंगमंच से जुड़े शहर के नामी कलाकार नैसमी दत्ता, डॉ. पद्मा गुप्ता और मधुश्री हटियाल को भी उद्घाटन किया गया। इस कार्यक्रम में कॉलेज के प्रधानाचार्य डॉ. मोहम्मद हसन, संयोजक डॉ. एस एम यहीया इब्राहिम , कॉलेज के प्रोफेसर, स्पार्क ट्रस्ट के कमिटी के सभी सदस्य, अभिभावक , और छात्र शामिल हुए। दोनों नाटकों को दर्शकों के द्वारा काफी प्रशंसा मिली। कार्यक्रम में सभी दर्शकों और कलाकारों को समारोह में अपना कीमती समय निकालने का अवसर मिला।



जमशेदपुर, 23.04.2022

**विश्व पुस्तक दिवस**

**कॉलेज का आईना होती है मैगजीन**

कॉलेज का आईना होती है मैगजीन

**करीम सिटी का एक कालिदास साहित्यिक कार्यक्रम**

13.07.2021

**करीम सिटी कॉलेज का साहित्यिक कार्यक्रम**

13.07.2021

**करीम सिटी कॉलेज का साहित्यिक कार्यक्रम**

13.07.2021

**टी कॉलेज के स्पाक ने किया समारोह का**

13 hours ago

**करीम सिटी कॉलेज का साहित्यिक कार्यक्रम**

13.07.2021

**करीम सिटी कॉलेज का साहित्यिक कार्यक्रम**

13.07.2021



# EVENTS SO FAR...



## SPArC JOINT REPORT

FOR TWO CONSECUTIVE YEARS

(2020-2021 & 2021-2022)





# BATTLE SYMPHONY



An annual cultural event of SPArC , it is a musical competition organized for the students to showcase their musical skills. While last time it was organized on October 19, 2020, this time it came to life on March 12, 2022 after complete two years.



# INDUCTION



To make the newly admitted students aware of the functioning, structure, pillars, events and clubs of SPArC, the Induction is organized every year. While the induction for the session 2020-2023 was organized on December 12, 2020, the same for the session 2021-2024 was held on November 21, 2021.



# JASHN-E-URDU

Paying homage to our late founder Syed Tafazzul Karim, on January 21, 2021, and to celebrate the music of Urdu poetry, 'Jashn- E -Urdu' was organized by SPArC. Principal, Dr. Mohammad Reyaz, Honourable Secretary of Karim's Trust Dr. Mohammad Zakaria, eminent Urdu Poet Prof Anwar Adeeb, Prof. Gauhar Aziz , Dr. Anwar Shahab and many others also joined making it memorable.





# **TAMRAPATRA**

## **A TRIBUTE TO GANDHI**



An event was organised to pay tribute to Mahatma Gandhi by SPArC on January 30, 2021 wherein a theatrical presentation named 'Tamrapatra' was staged by the Drama Club. This play is all about the vicious labyrinth of politics and how it affects an innocent and the effect is so major that the person loses his virtuousness, ruining his identity. The event was also broadcasted live on the YouTube channel KCC E-quip.



## **FAREWELL**



Every year, SPArC organizes a farewell party for senior students associated with the SPArC Committee. For the members of Student Organising Committee 2019-2020 it was held on February 9, 2021. Rohit Prasad won the Mr. SPArCian title and Shreya Chakraborty, the Miss SPArCian title. Prateek Chaurasia was the Mr. Face of the Day and Jashama Afroz as Miss Face of the Day. For the members of SOC 2020-2021 it was held on December 27, 2021. While Ankana Banerjee and Sourav Pal became Miss SPArCian and Mr. SPArCian respectively, Saba Shiekh and Jay Prakash were declared the Miss and Mr. Face of the Day.





# We...the Poets

An annual event of SPArC, it is a competition of self composed poetry recitation- A poetic shower of magic and blossoming tulips spreading their aura. While last year it took place on February 22 ,2021 in the auditorium, this year it was held online on February 13, 2022



# QALAMKAR

SPArC organizes its annual creative writing competition to bring out the creative and literary best out of students. This competition comprises of 4 categories, English, Hindi, Bangla and Urdu. Students can participate in any category they wish for and can choose to write in any form. Last year organized on March 17, 2021, the topic given on spot was, 'Lessons From the Lockdown'. Held online this year on January 9, 2022, the topic was 'Boundaries'.



# ART BEAT

The annual art exhibition 'Artbeat' was organized by SPArC on March 22 and 23, 2021 and June 22, 2022 respectively. The main objective of this event was to encourage students in the field of art. The exhibition was open to the public of Jamshedpur and showcased artifacts, paintings, crafts etc. made by the college students.



# WORLD THEATRE DAY

Every year, to celebrate and keep the students connected with the genre of performing arts, World Theatre Day – March 21, is celebrated in the college campus. Last year two plays namely, 'Gharaunda' and 'Last Wish' were staged while this time 'Dakghar' and 'Samodhan' were enacted on stage.





# AAEENA-E-SHAB

During the span of lockdown, connection of thoughts have become a great trouble for mankind. In order to keep students connected with literature and culture, a Mushaira named 'Aaeena - e - Shab' was regularly organised by SPArC online inviting acclaimed voices of urdu poetry, young and old alike, of the steel city. Till date 5 editions of the same have been organized successfully, the recent one being held on January 30, 2022.



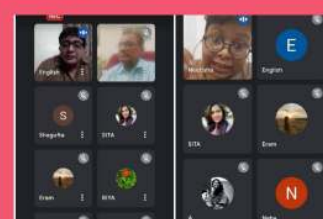
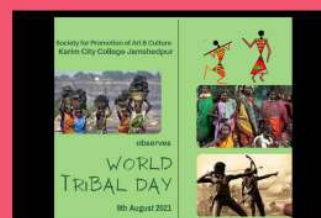
# BIRTH ANNIVERSARY OF SATYAJIT RAY

On the birth centenary of great filmmaker Satyajit Ray, SPArC organised a webinar on June 25, 2021. The guest speaker was a very renowned national and international award winning filmmaker, professor and Dean at Satyajit Ray Film and Television Institute, Kolkata Mr. Ashoke Vishwanathan. The session was an interactive session wherein he revisited and recounted the greatness of Satyajit Ray and the participants fully interacted by asking questions.



# WORLD TRIBAL DAY

An online webinar was organized by SPArC on the occasion of World Tribal Day with the theme 'Abua Jharkhand: Had dreams, problems and power'. Professor Nitisha Jaljo of the Department of Hindi, Daulat Ram College of Delhi University joined as the keynote speaker. The main objective of the program was to acquaint the students with the history and unknown aspects of their state Jharkhand.



# MONSOON MELODIES

To celebrate the arrival of monsoon, a musical event called Monsoon Melodies has been regularly organized. Till date two editions of it have been held online on June 18, 2021 and July 17, 2021 respectively. While for the first time the alumni and music band of steel city 'MIZAAJ' were invited, the members of the music club of SPARC performed for the second time. The third edition of it was conducted successfully offline on June 25, 2022.



# FELICITATION

SPARC organized a felicitation ceremony for the members of 2020-2021 committee on August 24, 2021. They were appreciated for organizing different types of programs throughout their tenure and handling everything smoothly. Yusuf Sarfaraz, Ekta Dogra and Vinay Anand were awarded the Principal's Medal of Appreciation for their special efforts. Nafis Mustafa was awarded the Commendation Award for Outstanding Cultural Influence. Ritam Nandi and Kushal Ganeriwal were awarded with special commendation awards for leading the entire committee excellently.



# ACTIVITIES OF BOOK CLUB

To inculcate the habit of reading and encourage budding readers, SPARC recently formed a book club. Apart from organising book donation drives, book talks and book launches have been organised till date. The first one was held on July 19, 2021 entitled 'The Man, The Actor, The Icon' on the autobiography of the famous actor and Tragedy King Dilip Kumar 'The Shadow and the Substances'. On August 17, 2021 another book talk was held whereby the students of KCC Vinay Anand, Sujain Jaiswal and Vallika spoke on 'Pagla Ghoda' by Badal Sarkar, 'Tuesdays with Morrie' by Mitch Albom and 'The Kite Runner' by Khalid Hosseini respectively. On August 22, 2021 an online book launch of Akhtar Azad's book on Zaki Anwar was organized. The book is a compilation of the works of Dr. Zaki Anwar Sir which celebrates the divinity and greatness of Urdu fiction. A session named 'Tainted with Prayers', a book talk by noted poet-academic R.K. Singh Sir was held on February 15, 2022.





# SCIENCE FESTEMBER

The newly formed Science Club of the Society for Promotion of Art and Culture (SPArC), Karim City College organized a week long SCIENCE FESTEMBER from November 10, 2021 to November 15, 2021. Organized virtually, the objective was to celebrate World Science Day for Peace and Development and also to promote scientific temperament among students. Starting the event, the Chief Guest for the first day Prof. M. M. Sufiyan Beg, Principal, Zakir Hussain College, AMU, Aligarh, declared the SCIENCE FESTEMBER open while Dr. Md. Reyaz, Principal, Karim City College addressed and welcomed the gathering. Putting forth his thoughts on the topic 'Science and Peace' Prof. Beg mentioned that science is just a tool and it depends on we humans whether to use it for peace or for destruction. On 11th, the mentor of Science Club, SPArC and the HOD of Mathematics Department, KCC Dr. Md. Moiz Ashraf talked about 'Science and Pandemic'. He not only explained that how science helped in fighting the pandemic but also that how the pandemic itself has forced to reinvent science and research. On 12th Shreesti Kumari, an alumna of KCC as well as an ex COS of SPArC gave an interesting book talk on the two science fiction books namely 'The Brave New World' and 'The Martian'. On 13th, Dr. Faiza Abbasi, Director, HRDC, AMU, Aligarh conducted a session on the topic 'Science and our Lives'. Traveling through the scientific timeline she established that how science helps in leading a balanced life. Nafis Mustafa an alumna of KCC and ex Cultural Secretary of SPArC, shared his views passionately on the sci-fi movie 'Inception' on 14th November. The speaker for the last day that is 15th was Jamshed Khan who is a junior researcher at ISRO, apart from being a KCC alumnus. Sharing his experiences and journey he spoke about how students should keep themselves focused and concentrate more on clarity of concepts and practical knowledge. Culminating the event, the mentor of Science Club, SPArC and the HOD of Mathematics Department, KCC Dr. Md. Moiz Ashraf thanked all the guest speakers, Dr. S M Yahiya Ibrahim, Convener, SPArC, the organizing team, and the audience with a promise to organize more such events in future. This event was conducted through Google meet and more than 100 people participated across all 6 days.

Science Club announces

## SCIENCE FESTEMBER

to celebrate the World Science Day for Peace and Development

**FROM 10<sup>th</sup> to 15<sup>th</sup> NOVEMBER**

**Major Attractions**

- Lectures on Science & Peace, Science & Pandemic, Science & Everyday life
- Book Talk on Science fiction
- Talk on Sci-fi Movies



# SLOGAN-CUM-POSTER MAKING COMPETITION

Celebrating Pan India Awareness and Outreach Programme, of the GoI, a slogan-cum-poster writing competition was held online on November 13-14, 2021. The topic was 'What role does Indian Judiciary play in establishing peace and equality in the country'.



# INTERNATIONAL MOTHER LANGUAGE DAY

To observe this day, an online session was jointly organized by SPARC and the Dept. of English on February 21, 2022. We had Tabassum Tahmina Shagufta Hussein Ma'am, a Bangladeshi writer and cultural activist speaking on 'Language: Evolution, Progression and Challenges in a Technology Driven World'.



# BAIT BAZI & EURYTHMY

Celebrating World Poetry Day, on March 21, 2022, SPARC organized its annual Urdu Shayari competition 'Bait Baazi'. A total of six teams participated with loads of enthusiasm, keeping the spirit of Urdu Poetry alive. Acknowledging Rap as a rapidly growing form of poetry, a rap performance was followed. After this an all new event 'Eurythmy' was staged. A novel experiment of drama and poetry where Faiz, Nirala, Nagarjun, Eliot, Sarojini Naidu, Frost, Dinkar, Parween Shakir, Jaun Elia and Tagore met a young poet who has recently entered heaven at a coffee shop.





# KAHANI ZUBANI & STORY LANE

On May 1, 2022, SPArC organized its Annual Storytelling Session in Hindi, Urdu and English wherein the students presented their self written stories. Dr K.K.Laal was invited as the guest writer for the day.



## SATRANG - THE 12th

SATRANG is an annual literary and cultural fest of Karim City College which is organised by SPArC. It usually lasts for a week. Last year unfortunately it had to be abruptly cancelled after the prelims due to the sudden announcement of lockdown just a day before the opening ceremony that was scheduled on April 7, 2021. But this year SATRANG is back with a bang, with the same enthusiasm and zeal from July 18, 2022 to July 23, 2022. The events planned are:

July 18, 2022 - OPENING CEREMONY

July 18, 2022 - ADAKARI (Skit, Mime, Monoact)

July 19, 2022 - STROKES (Painting, Sketching, Collage, Rangoli, Face Painting, Spot Photography)

July 19, 2022 - SHOT CUTS (A short film making competition)

July 20, 2022 - VISIONESS (Innovation and Business Models)

July 20, 2022 - SUR SANGAT (Classical, Semi Classical, Sufi, Ghazal)

July 21, 2022 - ENIGMA (Quiz Competition)

July 21, 2022 - VICHAR-VAAR (Debate Competition)

July 21, 2022 - JAM (Just A Minute)

July 22, 2022 - RAQS (Dance - Classical/Semi Classical Solo, Folk Solo, Bollywood Solo, Contemporary/Western Solo)

July 23, 2022 - SUR SANGAT (Western Solo, Bollywood Solo, Bollywood Duet)

July 23, 2022 - CLOSING CEREMONY

 <b>Satrang .... the 12th</b> The Annual Literary & Cultural Festival <b>18th July - 23rd July 2022</b> For rules & regulations please refer to SPArC Notice Board For any queries contact - Manish (720948333) Ritam (6203572131) Prelims : 16th & 17th July 2022 Main Events : 18th - 23rd July 2022			
Schedule (Main Events)			
Events	Categories	Date, Day & Time	Venue
Opening Ceremony		18.07.2022 (Monday) 12:30 pm	Auditorium
ADAKARI (Finals)	Skit, Mime & Mono Act	2:00 pm	Auditorium
STROKES Group-1	Painting, Sketching & Collage	19.07.2022 (Tuesday) 9:00 am -11:00 am	Centre Stage
STROKES Group-2	Rangoli, Face Painting & Spot Photography	12:00 pm -02:00 pm	Centre Stage
SHOT CUTS	(A Short Film making Competition) Theme: Karim City College	3:00 pm	Auditorium
VISIONESS	Innovation and Business Models	20.07.2022 (Wednesday) 10:00 am	Auditorium
SUR SANGAT (Group A Finals)	Classical/Semi-Classical, Sufi, Ghazal	1:00 pm	Auditorium
ENIGMA (Finals)	A quiz competition	21.07.2022 (Thursday) 10:00 am	Auditorium
VICHAR-VAAR	A debate competition (Languages: Urdu, Hindi, English)	1:00 pm	Auditorium
JAM	Just A Minute	3:00 pm	Auditorium
RAQS, (Finals)	Classical/Semi-classical Solo, Folk Solo, Contemporary/ Western Solo, Bollywood Solo	22.07.2022 (Friday) 1:30 pm	Auditorium
SUR SANGAT (Group B Finals)	Western Solo, Bollywood Solo, Bollywood Duet	23.07.2022 (Saturday) 10:00 am	Auditorium
Closing Ceremony		2:00 pm	Auditorium



# SPArCians





# SPArCians







**QALAMKAAR  
AND  
WE... THE POETS  
OF  
2020-2021  
AND  
2021-2022**



ہم مراسم کی تجارت کیوں کرے  
میلی ہم اپنی رعیت کیوں کرے کریں  
جب مقدس خدا کا عشق تو  
عشق میں پھر ہم ریاست کیوں کریں

یاغیان پت جھڑ میں تہنہاں ہو گیا  
ایک شہر میرا بھی سہارا ہوگا  
آدمی نہ آدمی کو عیاربا  
شہر میں جانے کیا کیا ہو گیا

جانے کیوں اس روز بارش ہو رہی  
فلک میں کیسی سازش ہو رہی ہیں  
برف اور بارش نے اڑائے رنگ سب  
اب تہت کی بھی نمائش ہو رہی

پر دریا کے کوئی ساحل نہیں  
فکر-ے- فردا میں تو کچھ حاصل نہیں  
ٹورٹیڈا اس روز کی کرے میاں  
راہ بے بہتر کوئی منزل نہیں

گھر کی دیواریں بھی جر جر ہوگی  
کھیت کی رعہرتی بھی بتجر ہوگی  
لوگ شہروں کے ملازجر ہو گئے  
گاؤں کی کوعھی بھی عھکنڑ ہوگی

PRATYUSH PATHAK 'SHAMS'



## **YOU ARE FREE TO BE FREE !**

On your favourite music, you are free to tap your feet; your mind is free to listen to your heart beat.

Your eyes are free to dream; your mouth is free to scream.

Your lips are free to smile; your legs are free to walk thousands of miles.

Your tongue is free to be honest; your nature is free to be modest.

Your conscience is free to raise voice against violence; Your calmness is free to stop an argument by choosing silence.

Your fingers are free to count the stars; Your dedication is free to set the new bars.

Your ambitions are free to be high; your visions are free to look above the Sky.

Your thoughts are free to be on cloud nine; Your hand is free to hold the sunshine.

Your passion is free to blossom like a flower; Your palm is free to enjoy every drop of rain shower.

Your self respect is free to be a priority; Your self defence is free to give you security.

Your wish list is free to belong; Your determination is free to be strong.

Your hard work is free to be nourished; Your success is free to be cherished.

Your commitment is free to be loyal; Your attitude is free to be royal.

You are free to live on this earth; You are free to celebrate your birth.

**SUMAIYA HODA**  
B.Sc Maths Honours  
Sem 5



## नज़रिया

आज सब परेशान हैं क्योंकि जिंदगी की रफ्तार को लग गई लगाम है |  
घरों में बंद है सब फिर भी अपना कर्तव्य निभाने वालो को सलाम है |  
देखा जाए तो जिंदगी वही है...  
बस नज़रिया बदला है ||

कल तक आपके हाथों में जिम्मेदारी थी, आज आपके सर पर माँ का हाथ है |  
कल तक आप बॉस की डांट सुनते थे, आज वही आपके परिवार का साथ है |  
देखा जाए तो जिंदगी वही है...  
बस नज़रिया बदला है ||

कल तक आप देश के लिए चलते थे, आज घर पर रहना आपका टास्क है |  
कल तक प्रदूषण की वजह से था, आज इस वायरस की वजह से आपके चेहरे  
पर मास्क है |  
देखा जाए तो जिंदगी वही है...  
बस नज़रिया बदला है ||

कल तक जिस शराब पर बैन था, आज उसी से आर्थिक व्यवस्था सुधारने की  
आस है |  
कल जिसके लिए आपने मजदूर दिवस मनाया, आज वही मजदूर बेबस और  
निराश है |  
देखा जाए तो जिंदगी वही है...  
बस नज़रिया बदला है ||

मजदूर तो कल भी बेबस था और आज भी निराश है, बस इस बार वो मीडिया  
की टीआरपी बढ़ाने का एक हथियार है |  
देश कल भी भ्रष्ट था और आज भी कुछ लोगों के मन में भ्रष्टाचार है,  
बस कल हम समझते नहीं थे और आज हमारी जनता काफी होशियार है |  
इसलिए कहती हूँ दोस्तों जिंदगी वही है...  
बस नज़रिया बदला है ||

**BISHAKHA KUMARI**  
BA English Honours  
SEM 3

سُٹم

چھوٹا سا اک جیون پایا جس کا کوئی رنگ نہیں  
ہل ہل خطرہ، پگ پگ ٹھوکر، کیا جینا اک جنگ نہیں  
دلش ہمارا نیارا پیارا سندھ، دور سے من کو بھاتا  
اُکھڑا دم چلا چلا کے 'جے' ہو جے ہو بھارت ماما  
ہندو مسلم سکھ عیسائی کہنے کو ہے بھائی چارا  
گنگا جنا بہتی تو ہیں پر دونوں کا اکنا دھارا  
اک عرصہ سے ٹھیک نہیں حالات ہمارے دلی میں  
اک تو سرحد سرحد پر ہے اک سرحد ہے دلی میں  
ان داتا کہتے تھے جن کو آج وہ دہشت گرد ہوئے  
کہنے والے کس کے کہنے سے اتنے بے درد ہوئے  
مسی۔ اے۔ اے، جی ایس ٹی، ٹوٹوں کی بندی سے خون ہوا  
موت کا اک پروانہ جیسے کھیتی کا قانون ہوا  
عورت کو عزت دینے کے نام پہ یوں تعیل ہوئی  
محفل ہو یا تہائی ہو، عورت کی تذلیل ہوئی  
مذہب مذہب کر کے ننگا ناچ دکھایا جاتا ہے  
آنے والی نسلوں کو حیوان بنایا جاتا ہے  
بردھن اور دھنوان کی دوری دلش میں کیا مٹ پائے گی  
مزدوروں کے منہ سے اب تو روٹی بھی چھن جائے گی  
مہنگائی نے حالت خستہ کر دی ہے باشندوں کی  
دہشت پھیلی ایسی جس نے نیند اڑا دی آنکھوں کی  
یہ جیون ہے چھوٹا سا اور سُٹم کا ہے رنگ یہی  
جینا ہے گھٹ گھٹ کر اب تو جینے کا ہے ڈھنگ یہی



## परिवर्तन

मन में परिवर्तन का हठ, आंखों में रोष दिखता है  
असत्य में सच का आभास सच में दोष दिखता है  
कौए को कोयल, कोयल को कौआ काला दिखता है  
दर्पण कोई न देखे यहाँ, यह दृश्य निराला दिखता है।

पक्षपात जब तटस्थता का पर्याय बन जाता है  
अर्धसत्य सर्वत्र है दिखता, पूर्ण सत्य छिप जाता है  
मिथ्याचारी जब शब्दों से जाल रचे भ्रम का भय का  
सम्मानित और ज्ञानी होकर बीज रोप दे संशय का  
कठपुतली सम वशीभूत जन स्वतंत्रता का गान करे  
मतभेदी को अल्पमति कह बुद्धि पर अभिमान करे  
जब अंधा बन कलियुग के संजय पर मन विश्वास करे  
भेड़ भीड़ का भागी बन मन झूठ में सच की आस करे।

लहू रक्त है, तन सशक्त, और मन में है आक्रोश भरा  
तानाशाही नहीं चलेगी इसका है उद्घोष बड़ा  
अरे शूर हैं हम शस्त्र उठाए पर आंखों पर पट्टी है  
साहस हो पर समझ न हो तो शिला नहीं वो मिट्टी है  
इस मिट्टी से वज्र बना दें हमें कौन सिखलाएगा  
शस्त्र तो हैं पर शत्रु कौन है कौन हमें बतलाएगा।

SURYAM JYOTIRMAY  
BA MCVP  
Sem 3

## **SUCCESS !!**

Success- Everyone wants; Success- Everyone flaunts!  
But do we really know - what defines "success"; Not our comparison but our progress.  
Everyone wants to run in it's race; But it's not something that you have to chase.  
We all need to find it's trace; And then accept it with full grace.  
It's not only about having lots of money; For honeybees it's just to collect honey.  
It's not about being in power; For the small buds, it's when it blossoms into a beautiful flower.  
For the Sun, it's not only to shine bright; It's when it replaces the darkness with its own light.  
For the Moon, it's not the appreciation of its beauty among the stars; But it's the acceptance of its own scars.  
For Food, it's not when it is served as dishes in numbers; But it's when it feeds the hungers.  
For Water, it's not when it flows near the thirst; But it's when it quenches someone's thirst.  
Success is not when we begin to increase our greed;  
It's when we have everything to fulfill our needs.  
It's not about having the big recognition; It's when we become someone's inspiration.  
It doesn't let us forget our humanity; Instead it gives us a more humble personality.  
It's the gift of our hard work and dedication; It's not decided on the basis of an occupation.  
It presents us with the Royal crown; But it doesn't give us the right to let others down.  
Success should be our pride; But it should not be the asset to demand dowry from any bride.  
Success is not the parameter to measure how much we are qualified; But it depends on how much we are self satisfied.

**SUMAIYA HODA**  
MSc Maths  
Sem 1



## THE ACTUAL BLISS OF LIFE - PEOPLE

What if the apocalypse hit the world!?  
You search for your loved ones leaving no stone  
unturned!  
You run, here and there, leaving no ends to be  
searched,  
Have you ever thought of "What if the apocalypse hit  
the world?"

There's a place in your heart that starts crying-  
"What if I have lost them?"  
"What if the terrorists have bombed them?"  
Yes that feel rips your heart inside,  
You pray your heart out to keep them alive.

This was just an imagination and see how it makes you  
feel,  
To lose your loved ones how scary it seems,  
So, why not start showing your love now?  
Why not make it a vow !?  
Why wait for an emotional apocalypse?  
Why not start to value the real bliss !?

**SUJAIN JAISWAL**  
BA MCVP  
Sem 5



## मैं लिखने को कविताएं बैठा हूं

बैठा जो बेसुद मैं, ले कलम हाथों में।  
कहने को जो लफ्जों से, व्यथाएं बैठा हूं॥  
मैं लिखने को कविताएं बैठा हूं॥

खंजर लगे सीने में, ये दर्द है कितनी।  
आशिकों से हृदय से, चुराने जो वफाएं बैठा हूं॥  
मैं लिखने को कविताएं बैठा हूं॥

प्रकृति की गोद में, पेड़ - पौधे, पक्षी, जानवर।  
खोजने को सुकून अपना, बन उनकी वफाएं बैठा हूं॥  
मैं लिखने को कविताएं बैठा हूं॥

राग की वो रागिनी, सुरों का जो मेला है।  
ले अलाप जो उनमें भी, खुद से वो गाएं बैठा हूं॥  
मैं लिखने को कविताएं बैठा हूं॥

थकान वो जो थोड़ी लगी, आई हाथों में लेके वो।  
उसके हाथों की वो जादुई, लेके मैं चाय बैठा हूं॥  
मैं लिखने को कविताएं बैठा हूं॥

रात की वो हल्की रोशनी, साया मेरे इर्द - गिर्द है।  
उन जुगनूओं की आहट सुन, ध्यान लगाएं बैठा हूं॥  
मैं लिखने को कविताएं बैठा हूं॥

ये हल्की धूप जो है सुनहरी, सुनहरा सा ये समा है।  
उन सुनहरी शामों में, दिल पे चोट खाएं बैठा हूं॥  
मैं लिखने को कविताएं बैठा हूं॥

ABHISHEK KUMAR  
BA English Honours  
Sem 5



## **BOUNDARIES**

Our perception of boundaries varies according to the circumstances we are in. Boundaries mean different things to different people. Our perception, understanding and interpretation of boundaries are closely linked to our core values of life. Interestingly, the topic has coalesced our understanding of geography, history, philosophy and our value system. In geography, boundaries literally implies the demarcating lines on land to ascertain the ownership of the demarcated areas as physical entities. History also lays a lot of emphasis on the boundaries- real or imaginary to historically interpret the extent of kingdoms or empires in different civilizations. Blurring of boundaries brings all the civilizations of yore and will obliterate all specific features that actually characterize a particular civilization. In fact, boundaries are closely linked with temporal as well as special features of both history and geography. If we cast a cursory glance, on the map of the world, we observe an innate tendency of nature to create boundaries. So, this leads us to a conclusion, that in spite of our cynical views on boundaries, we cannot refute their necessity. Philosophically speaking, boundaries refer to the entities created by divisive forces. There is an instinctive human tendency to divide and create boundaries for safety and security. Boundaries are also created for identity, assertion of authority and for prevention of conflict. In art and literature, boundaries don't allow us to explore and expand. They are the limiting constraints and we are prompted to do away with these constraints. It is true that boundaries at times make us myopic and stop us from delving deep into the limitless range of art or literature. Even though boundaries are degenerated, their existence, visible or invisible, cannot be denied. Literature has been divided into ages or eras which have nothing but boundaries, consciously drawn by the convenience of understanding. Without boundaries, literature as a whole will be a melting pot without any distinct identity. So, boundaries are definitely important for convenience.

Boundaries breed animosity and mistrust which is also a fact which we cannot ignore, in spite of our preconceived notions. They are invisible lines that differentiate people from each other. Almost all nations of the world look upon each other with mistrust and remain vigilant upon the possible breach and possible encroachment upon the boundaries. There is no denying the fact that the peace and harmony of the world is largely due to our respect for people's boundaries. In a way, the existence of boundaries has subsided numerous conflicts which might have otherwise flared up into disastrous battles. Boundaries not only reflect a need for physical space, but also of our core values, self-respect and our need for safety and protection. Boundaries are invisible lines that differentiate people from each other, which might include physical, emotional, spiritual and financial limitations. Though, as said earlier, that boundaries ensure peace, the boundaries which differentiate man from man are a dent in our civilization and numerous times have sparked controversy or a war on ideological basis which is a shame for mankind as a whole.

We may love boundaries, we may hate boundaries, but we cannot obliterate their existence. Boundaries were there in the past, boundaries are everywhere in the present and our future is not likely to be without boundaries. The force that tends to divide is stalked by the forces that unify, so boundaries in a way strengthens the unifying forces in the domain of creativity.

## सीमाएं

जिंदगी के हर पहलू पर हमें कुछ सीमाओं से बाधित कर दिया जाता है। एक छोटा बच्चा जिसे दुनिया की इतनी सी भी खबर नहीं होती, हम एक दिन उसके जीवन को सीमाओं से घेर कर देते हैं। स्कूल की वो चार-दीवारी और घर का छोटा सा आँगन ही उसका संसार बन जाता है। इन सीमाओं के परे भी एक दुनिया है इस बात से बेखबर वो उस संसार में ही जीना सीख लेता है। धीरे-धीरे बढ़ती उम्र के साथ उसकी सीमाएं बढ़ती तो हैं लेकिन वो कहीं ना कहीं और भी तंग हो जाती है। इन सीमाओं में उसे घुटन महसूस होने लगती है। स्कूल, कॉलेज, नौकरी, शादी, बच्चों से बंधी इस सीमा में इंसान खुद के लिए जीना भूल जाता है। पर क्या ये सीमाएं सही हैं? कभी सोचा है कि वो जिंदगी कैसी होती जहां हमे सीमाओं का सामना नहीं करना पड़ता?

क्यों नहीं कि हमने एक लड़की को उसके सपने जीने की आजादी दी होती और लड़कियों के बदले लड़कों को उनकी सीमाएं बताई होती। क्यों नहीं हमने लड़कियों को ये समझाया कि तुम्हारे साथ साथ लड़का भी वही इज्जत पाने का अधिकार रखता है। जिस महा पुराण की हम दुहाई देते हैं क्यों नहीं उससे यह प्रेरणा लेते हैं कि अगर सीता ने लक्ष्मण रेखा लांघी थी तो रावण ने भी अपने सुखी दांपत्य जीवन की सीमाओं को तोड़कर ही सीता का हरण किया था। क्यों नहीं हम ये देखते की कौकयी ने मातृत्व और ईर्ष्या की सीमाओं में बंध कर अपने ही कुल को कलंकित कर दिया और राजा दशरथ ने 'प्राण जाई पर वचन न जाई' की सीमाओं का पालन करते हुए अपने ही कुल की दुर्दशा कर दी। अरे सीमाओं का पालन तो उन पतिव्रता देवियों ने किया जिसमें एक ने (उर्मिला) पति को वन में जाते छोड़ भी अपने परिवार के प्रति अपनी जिम्मेदारी का पालन किया और दूसरी ने (मंदोदरी) ये जानते हुए भी कि उसका स्वामी गलत राह पर है उसे एकांत में उसकी गलती बताई लेकिन दुनिया के सामने सदैव साथ खड़ी रही। महाभारत का युद्ध ना होता अगर धृतराष्ट्र और दुर्योधन ने अपनी सीमाएं कबुली होती और द्रौपदी ने यूँ इन्द्रप्रस्थ के अद्भुत भवन में यूँ लज्जा का दामन ना छोड़ा होता।

ये सीमाएं ही जिन्होंने हमें यूँ रंग-रूप, जात-पात, धर्म, देश के बंधनों में बंध रखा है। हमारा जीवन इन सीमाओं के पालन से बहुत अधिक महत्पूर्ण है। अगर आज ये सीमाएं ना होती तो हर लड़की आपने सपने जी रही होती, हर लड़के के पास अपना उन्मुक्त आकाश होता, हर सिपाही अपने परिवार के साथ होता और पूरी दुनिया का रंग कुछ और ही होता। लेकिन सीमाएं निराधार नहीं होती, उनका अपना महत्व होता है क्योंकि अगर ये सीमाएं ना हो तो हर गुनाह माफ़ होगा और हर नीति जायज होगी। पर सवाल ये है कि सीमाएं निर्धारित कौन करेगा? आज किसी ने कागज़ के एक टुकड़े पर लकीरें खींच दी और कल लोगों के दिल देश के नाम पर अलग हो गए.... ये कहीं से भी मान्य नहीं है। हमे अपनी सीमाएँ खुद बनानी होंगी और ऐसी सीमाएं जो सबके लिए मान्य हो और सबके लिए समान्य भी हो। ये सीमाएँ अमीरों को पैसे के बदले आजादी और गरीबों को उम्मीद के बदले बेबसी ना दे। ये सीमाएँ लड़कियों को 8 बजे के पहले घर में बंद ना करे और लड़कों को सड़कों पर आवारा ना बनने दे। ये सीमायें नियमों के नाम पर किसी के इच्छाओं और अधिकारों का हनन ना करे।

पर जब तक लोगों में ये अन्तर नहीं आता तब तक ये हर एक व्यक्ति विशिष्ट की जिम्मेदारी है कि वो अपनी सीमाओं को जाने, परखे, उसकी महत्ता को समझे और फिर ये निर्णय ले कि ये सरहदें उसके लिए कितनी जायज है। किन सीमाओं के पालन से हमारी सुरक्षा हो सकती है और कौन सी सीमाएं बेबुनियाद रूढ़ीवादी सोच को बढ़ावा दे रही है। इन सीमाओं को एक बंधन की नज़र से देखने के बजाय ज़रूरत है इसे एक नज़रिए की। एक ऐसा नज़रिया जो इन सीमाओं के महत्व को लोगों तक पहुंचाये।

**BISHAKHA KUMARI**  
BA English Honours  
SEM 5



## **BOUNDARIES**

When we hear the word Boundaries , a political map of a country may come to our minds but in reality this word has much more significance than that and just by understanding the diverse role of this word we can make this world a better place to live in. Boundaries are man made creations, it can be physical, emotional, financial and social. But not every boundary should be perceived in the negative light. We have set some boundaries for every human in this world so that their existence should not become a threat to others existence, these boundaries are called laws and rules. These laws and rules bounds us to civil and protects us from exploring the barbaric nature of oneself without these boundaries it will be very difficult to differentiate a man from an animal. Another role of boundaries are in personal life, when we create boundaries for ourselves with a vision of sacrificing the pleasure for the spiritual, mental or physical gain it can be called as discipline. Discipline makes a boy with a dream to a man of success. Boundaries bounds us to play our different respective roles in the society too. Like a student, his boundaries are to avoid profanity , don't disrespect the teachers, do not hurt other classmates etc. Marriage also acts as a emotional boundary which a couple maintains as a sign of good character in the society. Some boundaries like financial ones bounds us to have limited buying capacity, which is good for the world because of the limited resources. Luckily there is no earning boundaries one can earn as much as he can with his ability and skill in his lifetime. This whole ecosystem of money demands one to be innovative and hardworking which again pushes mankind towards a better future. Once a great philosopher Rousseau have said 'man is born free but everywhere is in chains'. The best example of this can be found in ourselves , as we grow older we loose the joy of our childhood because as an adult we have a boundary to maintain marked by society. We can't be ourselves cause there are many stereotypes in the society which we unwillingly had to follow like boys should not cry, boys should not grow their hair long, girls are supposed to maintain a modesty, they should not be hyped all the time, shyness is the best jewellery for a woman. As a student your marks should be outstanding , these whole lot of boundaries has made suicidal rates higher than ever. The issue of mental health is mostly created due to the frustration caused maintaining an unwanted boundary or living your daily facade life. Now, the financial boundaries is good for someone who is on the track of earning and is progressing but in a place where there is no opportunity and scope for employment it is a mass killer. It is the boundaries that enables a part of the world to waste a huge amount of food everyday, whereas forces another part of the world to starve to death. Yes, these are political boundaries have given an identity to every person and created a mental boundaries in them which had led mankind to many wars in the history. Political and mental boundaries enables a person to embrace only one race eventually making them racist, which again results in bringing out the barbaric nature of a man. People become orthodox and call themselves religious, people follow apartheid and call themselves superior people insult other nations and call themselves nationalist which is corrupted use of the term boundaries. Boundaries stops us to fight among ourselves at the same time people who have hearts filled with malice use the term boundaries to fight. In the world of separatism our country India knew the actual meaning of boundaries they taught us to be disciplined but at the same time gave the message of 'vasudhaiva kutumbakam' which basically means the world is one family. Like I said boundaries are man made and these boundaries should only serve the purpose of obliterating our inner demons and living our lives at full potential with brotherhood.

**ATUL KUMAR SINGH**

BA Geography Honours

SEM 1



## سرحدیں

ضروری ہوتی ہیں؟

اگر ہوتی ہیں ضروری تو کیا  
خواہشیں پوری ہوتی ہیں؟

جو خواہشیں پوری نہ ہو  
سرحدوں میں رہکر

تو توڑ یہ سرحدیں اور  
اُڑجا ہوائوں میں بہ کر۔

جیسے کوئی پرندہ ہو  
آسمانوں میں پنکھ پھیلاکر

جیسے کوئی تیتلی ہو  
پھولوں سے رنگ چرائے۔

ہوتی ہے زمینوں کی سرحدیں  
ہوتی ہے آسمانوں کی  
سرحدیں

دلوں کی دنیا میں کہاں ہوتی  
ہے حدیں اور کہاں ہوتی ہیں  
سرحدیں۔

جو ہو گی محبت کی  
سرحد پار خدا کی

دیدنی اُسے اجازت بھی

NAZIA AMIN



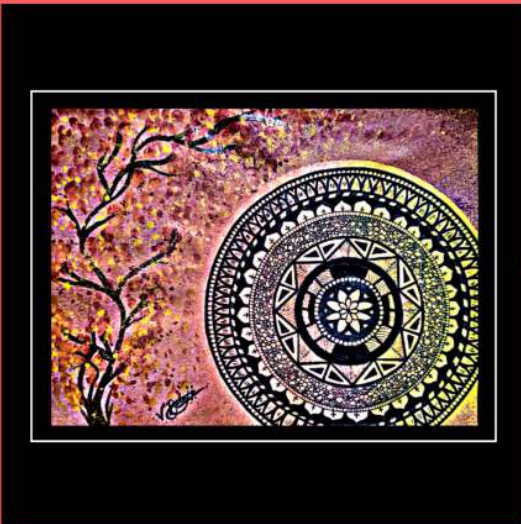
# UNLEASH



ANKANA BANERJEE  
BA Psychology Honours  
2018-21



V. BALAJI  
BA Psychology Honours  
2018-21



SUJAIN JAISWAL  
BA MCVP  
Sem 6



SANJAY



**KAHANI  
ZUBANI  
AND  
STORY  
LANE  
2021-2022**



# Death of a Politician

(\*This is a simple story of a man, nothing controversial or political about it)

2019 was a very eventful year, the fate of our entire nation was about to be decided, and it was specifically more eventful for our local gym trainer Rakesh Da, a middle aged man, always in high spirits and his body was a testament to the fact that he toiled hard in his life. The nearby football ground was the venue for the entire election campaigns and political rallies. It was very obvious that Rakesh Da would be in the list of candidates who were being selected as bouncers by the organizers. During that one entire month he did his job with honesty and dedication.

Now that the elections were over, Rakesh Da made good money and his dream of holding a gun in his hand was fulfilled as well, but the thing that he cherished the most was the opportunity to observe political stalwarts of our country, so up close. These politicians impressed Rakesh Da with their charisma and charm, and now the only thing that he was concerned about was how to be a politician. He started to figure out ways, and in his pursuit of learning based on his observation, he came up with certain rules. The first rule was not to go out in public alone; Rakesh Da would always ensure that he had a minimum of five people around him before going out. The second rule was that whenever or wherever he gets an opportunity to address a crowd, he would keep speaking until and unless someone in the crowd falls unconscious. The third rule was to ensure that he gets credit for everything that goes right around him, and blame others for everything that goes wrong. The fourth rule was to turn every discussion into debate and then into a heated argument. The fifth and the last rule was to never drive a vehicle, whether it was a cycle, bike, car or any other transport, he would always prefer the back seat. Thus a politician was born. Rakesh Da followed these rules religiously, he made no exemptions at any cost. Using his grotesque figure he started to establish his authority on people around him. He started to join the local political group sessions, and very soon people started to notice him.

Few months went by and Rakesh Da became so popular that he started to entertain the idea of competing in the local municipal elections. Everything was picture perfect, but one fine day the renovation of the gym was going on under the supervision of Rakesh Da and by the time he finished his job it was too late. Rakesh Da had to reach his home and at 11 O'clock on that cold winter night there was no one around to drop him to his house. In the same street, the last house was the home of generous Ghansu, and he was a very unique character, he used to wake up with a bottle of whisky in his hand, at times Rakesh Da used to give him his company as well. Unfortunately he was the only one who agreed to help him. This was a test of will, but Rakesh Da was a determined man, though he didn't trust the driving skill of Ghansu, but still the politician in him convinced him that driving a bike was against his pride, and for sure his pride was bigger than his body. Rakesh Da immediately hopped onto the backseat without thinking twice. On the way they had to pass by the same football ground in which those elections were held, and like typical Indian Ghansu decided to drive through the ground instead of driving around it. And right in the middle of the ground there was a well, around 15 feet deep. And even before Rakesh Da could react he went right into the well with the motorcycle, meanwhile Ghansu flew 10 feet high in the air, falling unconscious on the other side of the well. Rakesh Da shouted for help at top of his lungs but there was no one around. He had to spend the entire night in that freezing cold water sticking his head out like a from. From that day onwards he gave up all his aspirations of becoming a politician, one can still find him training in the local gyms. "Politics is a risky job", he says this to his trainees quite often these days

VINAY ANAND  
EX SPARCIAN(2020-2021)  
BA ENGLISH HONOURS(2018-2021)



# Tears of Repentance



Rachael and Riya were the twin sisters. They were ten years old. They were carbon copies of each other. It was hard to tell them apart. Blessed with abundant good looks and bunches of curls on their heads, they had wonderful hearts which any parent would feel proud of. They were soft spoken and never said anything bad for anyone. They were known for their kind words and good deeds. They carried million dollar smiles on their innocent and beautiful faces. They were in fourth class.

Also known to everyone in the school was Jack - the school bully. Rudeness, disrespect, tormenting and teasing other students were his quality traits. He had a little band of supporters to boot. He was in class eight. Shy by nature, he always carried out his mischief behind the teacher's backs. Rachael and Riya were his perpetual target. They were subjected to all kinds of comments and ridicule. They bore it all patiently. Not even once did they retort in anger to all his jibes. Jack could not comprehend and endure their behaviour.

As Christmas was around the corner, the teacher asked all the students to indulge themselves in different tasks in order to spread the message of Christmas to others. While some wrote poems on love and peace, some made handmade cards and others packed gifts for their dear ones. Rachael and Riya got busy decorating the little tree in front of their class. They started putting up little colored pieces of paper on the tree. From a distance, Jack was enjoying the twins with malicious intent. He and his supporters were all chuckles, while the duos were at work. The twins went about their task assiduously, smiling and humming carols. From their teacher to the headmaster, everyone applauded their effort.

Jack, like a hawk, was waiting to swoop down and seize the opportunity to destroy the twin's labour of love. He could not see everyone praising them. His moment came soon when Rachael and Riya left the Christmas tree on its own. Jack and his gang crawled, unnoticed towards the tree. When they reached close to the tree, Jack thought that it was a pretty ordinary effort on their part.

Seemingly, plain bits of paper, strung up on the boughs. They began to pull off the rolled pieces of paper. However, before tearing them up, Jack thought about opening the rolled paper and seeing what was written? On one of those many bits of paper was written - "Happy Christmas Jack. We love you. Jesus loves you too. God bless, Rachael and Riya."

Jack's heart melted. Tears of repentance began to flow down his cheeks. He quickly rushed off to the twins and apologized to them for all his mischief.

RUMPA DEY  
BA ECONOMICS HONOURS  
SEM I



# कहानी तुम्हारी किरदार मेरे



हम सबके बचपन में कहानियों का काफी महत्व रहा है। कभी नानी दादी ने तो कभी बुआ चाची ने कहानियों से हमारे बचपन में रंग भरे हैं। इसी तरह कहानियों की পেटी लिए कमर पर ढोलक बजाता हुआ एक कहानीकार राजीव नगर की गलियों में घूमता था। दूर से ही बच्चों का झुंड और हो हल्ला, बता देता था की कहानीकार कहानी सुना रहा है। न जाने उसके उस पिटारे में कितनी कहानियां हुआ करती थी। वह केवल रंग नहीं भरता बल्कि पूरा इंद्रधनुष बना देता और अंत में ऐसे गूगली डालता कि सब भौचक्के हो जाते।

लंबा सा कद, चेहरे पर तेज और मुंह पर लंबी सी मुस्कराहट, देखने में तो वह सवाल था पर कहानी उसके मुख के हाव भाव बिना फीकी लगती। ढोलक बजा बजाकर कहानी का नाम ले बच्चों को बुलाता। "चूहा बिल्ली से जीता, राजा की छोरी, है शेर पर हथौड़ी... कहानी तुम्हारी किरदार मेरे" धम धम धम...। यह एक ही तो रोचक समय था पूरे दिन का जब वह कहानीकार कहानी सुनाता और फिर ढोलक की रस्सी में बंधी पोटली में २२ रुपए इकट्ठा करता और चल पड़ता। न जाने दो रुपए में होता क्या है उसका। उसकी कहानियों में उसके परिवार का जिक्र हमेशा रहता था। वही किरदार थे उसकी कहानी के। "बिल्ली की पूंछ टेढ़ी, बोलता कौआ या चींटी रानी.. बोलो बच्चा कौन सी कहानी" धम धम धम...। आवाज सुनते ही सारे बच्चे एक होड़ में मुट्ठी में रुपए लिए दौड़ पड़ते। किसी ने मां के तकिए के नीचे से निकाले, किसी ने दादी से छुपा कर लिए, तो किसी ने गुल्लक ही तोड़ दिया। कहानियों के खत्म होने के बाद कोई राजा बनता तो कोई आम आदमी।

आज बच्चे कई घंटे से खड़े गलियारे में धम धम की आवाज का इंतजार कर रहे थे। कहानीकार वक्त का बड़ा पाबंद था। वक्त से आता और कहानी वक्त पर ना खत्म होने से अधूरा छोड़ चला जाता। अब तो शाम हो गई है। सूरज दादा दादी के पास चले गए हैं। सभी बच्चे निराश होकर अपने घर को वापस चल पड़े हैं। आज ना कोई राजा बना ना कोई सिपाही। न किसी ने पेड़ पर चढ़ाई की न किसी ने मिठाई बेची। अगले दिन बच्चे छतों पर खड़े इंतजार कर रहे थे। गर्मी के दिन में सूरज से लुका छुपी खेल रहे थे कहानीकार के इंतजार में। पर वह ना आया। बच्चे अब हताश हो चुके थे जैसे गर्मी की छुट्टियां खत्म हो गई हो। आखिर कहानीकार कहाँ गया होगा? क्या वह कहानियां पिटारे में भरने गया होगा? अब यह गलियां शांत हो चुकी थी। बच्चों का झुंड तो दूर, अब एक बच्चा भी नहीं दिखता। "पोटली का जादू, हलवाई का समोसा, या मीठी कचोरी.. बोलो बच्चों कौन सी कहानी" धम धम धम...। बच्चों के नाउम्मीद चेहरे खुशियों से खिलखिला उठे। उनकी आवाज में कृतुहल दृश्यमान है। कहानीकार की भी खुशी बच्चों को देखकर झिलमिला उठी। "तुम इतने दिन कहाँ थे?" कद में सबसे छोटा बच्चा एक ऊंची सीढ़ी चढ़कर बोला। "मैं दूर समंदर किनारे गया था कहानियां लाने।" "समुद्र किनारे?" बच्चे आश्चर्य में एक सुर में बोल पड़े। "मछलियां मेरे कानों में कहानियां कहती है और मैं तुम्हें सुनाता हूँ।" बच्चों का कौतूहल अब चरम सीमा पर था। "हमें भी ले चलना कहानीकार" कद में सबसे लंबा बच्चा आगे आकर बोला। "ना ना मछलियां मेरी मित्र हैं, अनजान को देखकर डर जाएंगे। चलो आज तो मछली की रानी की कहानी सुनाता हूँ।



" फिर वही कहानियों का सिलसिला..खरगोश की दौड़ और माखन चोर। आज बच्चे ऐसे मुस्कुरा रहे थे जैसे मेले से आए हो। "नकलची बंदर, समुद्र का डाकू या नानी की वाणी... बोलो बच्चा कौन सी कहानी?" धम धम धम...। आज बच्चों के झुंड के क्रम में एक हम उम्र आदमी भी खड़ा था। मुख पर संतोष की रेखाएं जैसी कोई तलाश पूरी हो गई हो। लंबा पर चौड़ा, मुख पर दूध की चमक, वही खड़े गाने सुनता रहा और फिर चल पड़ा। कोई राहगीर होगा शायद यह सोचकर कहानीकार मुस्कुराया और वह भी चल पड़ा।

पर आज बच्चे अपने कुतुहल को खत्म करने और मछलियों से मिलने छुपते छुपाते झुंड में कहानीकार के पीछे चल पड़े। कहानीकार रास्ते में रुक कर कुछ खाने को रुका। पोटली टटोली और कुछ सिक्कों से घर का सामान खरीदा। बच्चे सोच रहे हैं कि कहानीकार मछलियों के लिए दाना खरीद रहा है। वह इस उम्मीद में बढ़ रहे हैं कि मछलियों के साथ-साथ वह कहानीकार के भरे पूरे परिवार से भी मिलेंगे। थोड़ी देर और चल कहानीकार रुका। पर सामने तो एक झोपड़ी है। न कोई समुद्र, न मछलियां, न उसका परिवार। बच्चे आश्चर्य से एक दूसरे की तरफ देख रहे हैं। कहानीकार की कहानियां उसके जीवन की कहानी से बिल्कुल विपरीत है। उन दो रूपों में वह अपने पेट और बच्चों के साथ बिताए चंद पलों से जीवन का सुख जी लेता। जितनी बड़ी मुस्कुराहट बच्चों के सामने होती थी, उतनी ही बड़ी उदासी उसके मुख पर साफ झलक रहा था। बच्चे दुखी होकर वापस चल पड़े। कहानीकार के जीवन में न कोई रंग नहीं था, और न ही परिवार। शायद इसीलिए उसने इसे ही अपनी दुनिया बना ली। किसी के आने की दस्तक होती है। ठक, ठक'। यह वही आदमी था.. राहगीर। राहगीर बच्चों के पीछे आया था। "बड़े चर्चे सुने हैं तुम्हारे किस्से कहानियों के। केवल राजीव नगर के गलियारे नहीं, दूर दूर तक लोगों में चर्चा है तुम्हारी। तुम्हारी चर्चाएं मुझे यहां लाई है। मैं एक प्रकाशक हूं जो सजीव कहानियों की तलाश में था जो अब तुम तक आकर पूरी हुई। इन कहानियों को सबसे बताओ और सबके जीवन में जान भर दो।" कहानीकार को अपनी किस्मत पर भरोसा ना हो रहा था। मानो यह भी कोई कहानी हो।

"चांदी की चम्मच, नूपुर की मौसी, या हीरा का सर्कस...किरदार मेरे कहानी तुम्हारी।" राजीव नगर की गलियारों में घूमता कहानी सुनाता कहानीकार पूरी दुनिया में जीवन में रंग भरने के लिए विख्यात है। अपनी ही कहानियां पर मेरे मन में ढेरों भावनाएं हैं जो आज भी मेरा मुख उतनी ही शालीनता से दर्शा रहा है। परिवार के बिना तो समृद्ध व्यक्ति का जीवन भी अधूरा है जैसे मेज पर रखे व्यंजनों में मीठा का ना होना। कहानियां सुनाना और बच्चों से घिरे रहना आज भी मेरे मनपसंद शौक है। आज जीवन में रोशनी, परिवार की कमी, राजीव नगर के बच्चों ने पूरी कर दी। आज भी उनका स्नेह मुझे उतना ही है और वह मेरी कहानियों के किरदार। अब मैं उनके बच्चों को कहानी का कहानीकार हूं और आज भी दो ही रूप लेता हूं। "नत्थू की कचोरी, लाल टमाटर या नखरीला आलू... बोलो बच्चों कौन सी कहानी?".. धम धम धम।

AYUSHI KUMARI  
BA POLITICAL SCIENCE HONOURS  
SEM I





# मुरारी...



"आदमी मुसाफिर है आता है जाता है आते-जाते रस्ते में यादें छोड़ जाता है" खेत की मेड़ पर बने एक मचान पर अपने कुत्ते शेरू के साथ मुरारी तारों की ओर देखते हुए रोज़ की तरह डेक से बज रहे गाना को गुनगुनाता रहता है। "शेरू जा एक बार खेत के चक्कर लगा आ, अगर कोई दिखे तो जोर-जोर से भुंकियो"। श्याम बाबू चंदरपुरा गांव के काफी नामी किसान थे। मुरारी उन्हीं के यहां काम किया करता था। उसका अपना कोई नहीं था, पर कामकाज में माहिर था। माना जाता था कि बंजर खेत में भी अगर हल जोत दे वह खेत हरा भरा हो जाए। रात को खेत में पहरा दे दे तो आसपास के खेतों के किसान भी चैन कि नींद सो लिया करते थे। शेरू उसके साथ काफी लंबे समय से था। दोनों में गहरा लगाव था। चंदरपुरा गांव कि खेती कि ज़मीन में दो बीघा ज़मीन श्याम जी के घरवय्या हिस्से में आता था। श्याम बाबू के दो बेटे थे, रमन और राघव। बड़ा लड़का रमन कपड़े की मिल में काम करता था और छोटा बेटा नशे में धूत रहता था।

दोनों को मुरारी से नफ़रत थी। वह आस लगाए बैठे थे कि जैसे ही श्याम बाबू अपने खेतों कि देखभाल नहीं कर पाएंगे तो उन दोनों को सौंप देंगे, नहीं भी तो कितने ही दिन बचे हैं उनके ज़िंदगी को। मरने के बाद भी वह ज़मीन उन्हीं की होनी है। पर जब से मुरारी आया था तबसे खेती के साथ-साथ उनका भी ध्यान रखने लगा था।

दोनों अपने अलग अलग मकान में रहते और बीच-बीच में श्याम बाबू से कभी कबार मिलने आ जाया करते थे। श्याम बाबू हमेशा कहते "देख रहा है मुरारी दो बीघे ज़मीन के खातिर कितना प्रेम है इनका मुझसे। अरे मरने के बाद मैं कौन सा यह ज़मीन अपने साथ लेकर जाऊंगा। ज़मीन पुश्तैनी धरोहर है बरसों से हमारे पूर्वज इस ज़मीन पर खेती करते आ रहे हैं और मैंने भी अपना सारा जीवन इसी ज़मीन पर खेती करके बिताया है अगर इन दोनों के हाथ दे दिया तो यह दोनों बेच खाएंगे"।

ग्रीष्म ऋतु बीत चुका था और शरद ऋतु का आगमन होने वाला था। रात के 8:00 बज गए थे। खेत में पहरा देने का समय हो रहा था। कुछ दिनों से गांव में रात के वक्त जंगली जानवर खेतों में घुसकर फसल बर्बाद करने लगे थे।

मुरारी आवाज लगाता है "शेरू अरे ओ शेरू, भाई कहां रह गए आज। रोज तो मुझसे पहले गेट पर खड़े हो जाया करते थे चलना नहीं क्या आज"। इतना सुनते ही शेरू उसके पैरों पर आकर लिपटने लगा। खेत पहुंचकर मुरारी जब तक मचान लगाता, शेरू खेत का चक्कर लगा आता है। मुरारी डेक चालू करता है और गुनगुनाने लगता है "आदमी मुसाफिर है आता है जाता है आते जाते रस्ते में यादें छोड़ जाता है"। शेरू उन तारों को देख रहा है हम भी उन्हीं तारों की तरह मुसाफिर है जो आज यहां तो कल वहां। शेरू मुझसे मिलने से पहले तू भी तो इधर-उधर भटकता रहा होगा ना। शेरू जोर जोर से भूकने लगता है, मुरारी को लगता है कि शेरू को उसकी बात बुरी लग गई पर जब शेरू लगातार एक ही दिशा में भुंकता रहता है तो मुरारी उठकर चौकन्ना हो जाता है। शेरू मचान से नीचे कूदकर झाड़ियों के पीछे से आ रही आवाज की ओर दौड़ने लगता है, मुरारी भी भाला लिए शेरू के पीछे दौड़ने लगता है और पास आते ही इतने जोर से भाला फेंकता है कि भाला जंगली जानवर का पेट फाड़ते हुए निकल जाता है। अगले दिन गांव में हल्ला हो जाता है कि मुरारी ने जंगली जानवर को मार गिराया। श्याम बाबू मुरारी के पराक्रम से बड़े खुश होते हैं। पर जब यह बात राघव और रमन को पता चलती है तो दोनों आग बबूला हो जाते हैं कई बार आधी रात को खेत में दोनों मुरारी को मारने के लिए पट्टे भी भेजते हैं पर मुरारी उन सभी को मार गिराता है।



## शेरू

दोनों को बड़ा अचरज होता है कि इतनी गहरी रात में भी मुरारी को पता कैसे चल जाता है कि कोई उसके आसपास है। कुछ दिन गौर करने पर उन दोनों को यह समझ आ जाता है कि शेरू हि है जो मुरारी को चौकन्ना कर देता है। शेरू हमेशा मुरारी के साथ ही रहता है यह बहुत कम होता है कि कभी वह अकेला हो। दोनों प्लान करते हैं किसी तरह से शेरू को रास्ते से हटाना होगा तभी बात बनेगी। राघव छुपते छुपते बड़ी चालाकी से शेरू के खाने में जहर मिला देते हैं पर शेरू को जहर की महक लग जाती है और वह खाना छोड़ देता है। राघव और रमन को लगता है कि अबतक तो शेरू मर गया होगा पर रात को जब मुरारी खेत के लिए निकलता है तो वह देखते हैं कि शेरू दुम हिलाता उसके पीछे चला आ रहा है। दोनों गुस्से में दांत खीस कर रह जाते हैं। इन्हीं दिनों श्याम बाबू की तबीयत कुछ खराब हो जाती है। मुरारी दवाई लेने शहर निकल जाता है। शेरू भी उसके पीछे निकल चलता है। मुरारी उसे समझाता है कि अगर वह भी उसके पीछे चला तो श्याम बाबू का ख्याल रखने वाला यहां कोई नहीं होगा। मुरारी के लाख जतन करने पर शेरू रुक जाता है और गेट के बाहर पहरा देने लगता है। शायद दोनों को इससे अच्छा मौका कभी ना मिले, राघव और रमन घर के बाहर पड़ी लकड़ियों में आग लगा देते लोग हा हा करके आग बुझाने में जुट जाते हैं और इधर रमन और राघव शेरू पर हमला कर देते हैं। शोर इतना ज्यादा होता है कि शेरू के भोकने की आवाज किसी तक नहीं पहुंचती और दोनों शेरू को मार गिराते हैं। शेरू के मरने पर मुरारी बहुत दुखी होता है, अंदर से बिल्कुल टूट जाता है। कई दिन तक वह शेरू की याद में भूखे प्यासे रहता है। इधर यह सब चल रहा होता है। उधर खेतों में जंगली जानवर फिर से हुड़दंग मचाना चालू कर देते हैं।

शेरू के मरने पर श्याम बाबू को भी बहुत तकलीफ होती है। खेतों की ओर मुरारी की दशा देखकर वह निर्णय करते हैं कि अब रात को स्वयं ही पहरा देने जाया करेंगे पर ज्यों हि वे खड़ाम पहनकर बाहर निकलते हैं मुरारी उन्हें रोक लेता है और खुद खेत की ओर निकल जाता है। मुरारी मचान बनाकर लेट जाता है और देक चालू कर देता है "आदमी मुसाफिर है आता है जाता है आते जाते रस्ते में यादें छोड़ जाता है" शेरू उन तारों को देख रहा है, इतना कहता हि है कि मुरारी की आंखें भर आती है।

और कुछ ही समय में उसकी आंख लग जाती है। राघव और रमन का फेका तीर करीब-करीब निशाने पर आ रहा था। उन्होंने दोबारा अपने पट्टे भेजे। आज मुरारी को चौकन्ना करने के लिए शेरू नहीं था। मौका पाते ही पट्टो ने मुरारी पर हमला बोल दिया। काफी देर तक मुरारी उनसे भीड़ता रहा पर अंत में मारा गया...। मुरारी की मौत ने श्याम बाबू को अंदर से तोड़ कर रख दिया। इकलौता मुरारी ही श्याम बाबू के सबसे करीब था। मुरारी के होते श्याम बाबू को कभी किसी चीज की तकलीफ नहीं हुई। उन्हें यकीन था कि मुरारी के होते उनका और उनके खेतों का कोई बाल भी बांका नहीं कर सकता। जीवन में इतना अकेला उन्होंने शायद तब भी ना महसूस किया होगा जब उनकी पत्नी का देहांत हो गया था। पागल से हो गए। बीच-बीच में मुरारी-मुरारी चिल्लाने लगते तो कभी शेरू-शेरू आवाज लगाने लगते।

राघव और रमन का हर दांव जगह पर लग रहा था। कुछ दिन बीत गए। राघव व रमन को लगा कि अब खेतों की देखभाल करने वाला कोई नहीं पर जब उन्होंने सुना कि खुद श्याम बाबू रात को देखभाली करने लगे हैं तो उन्होंने मिलकर एक योजना बनाई कि आज रात खेत में दंगाइयों को बढ़ा देते हैं। श्याम बाबू मचान पर लेट कर तारों की ओर देख रहे थे। देखते देखते उनकी आंख लग गई। जैसे ही दंगाइयों को अनुभव हुआ कि उनकी आंख लग गई है हाथ में मशाल लिए वे धीरे-धीरे श्याम बाबू की ओर बढ़ने लगे तभी उन्हें गुनगुनाने की हल्की हल्की वातावरण को भेदती हुई आवाज सुनाई देने लगी "आदमी मुसाफिर है आता है जाता है आते जाते रस्ते में यादें छोड़ जाता है" उस रात के बाद ना श्याम बाबू दिखाई दिए ना ही उन दंगाइयों का पता चला यह सब देख राघव और रमन को लकवा मार गया। गांव वालों का मानना था कि उस हादसे के बाद से रात को खेतों से कभी गुनगुनाने की तो कभी भौंकने की आवाज़ सुनाई देती थी। उस रात के बाद चंदरपुरा गांव के खेतों में जंगली जानवरों का भी दिखना बंद हो गया। उनका मानना है की मुरारी आज भी खेतों में पहरा देता है।



وہ گھر چھوڑنے کا فیصلہ کر لیتی ہے اور ایک وہاں سے چلی جاتی ہے۔ جب اسلام گھر آتا ہے تو وہ دیکھتا ہے کہ اس کی ماں نہیں ہے بس ایک نوٹ لکھا ہوا ہوتا ہے جس میں یہ لکھا ہوا ہوتا ہے کہ — تم ہماری ایک بڑی بلکہ بہت بڑی غلطی ہو۔ وہ دیکھتا ہے کہ اس کے ابو کا نوٹ بھی وہیں پڑا ہوا ہے۔

اب ارسلان اپنے آپ کو بہت بے بس محسوس کرتا ہے۔ اسے ایسا احساس ہوتا ہے کہ جیسے کوئی اس کے کانوں میں چلا چلا کر کہہ رہا ہو — تم ایک غلطی ہو — تم ایک غلطی ہو۔



AAFIA KHANAM  
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اسلام کو شش کرتا ہے۔ کچھ بھی آواز نہ آنے کی وجہ سے دروازہ توڑ دیتا ہے تو وہ لوگ دیکھتے ہیں کہ عبد اللہ نے خود کشی کر لی ہے۔ عبد اللہ کے ہاتھ میں ایک نوٹ ہوتا ہے۔ عانشہ کے نام کا۔ عانشہ کو اس بات کا ہوش نہیں ہوتا ہے کہ اس کی نظر اس نوٹ تک جائے۔ ارسلان دیکھ لیتا ہے اور اسے لے کر اپنے پاس رکھ لیتا ہے۔ اب عبد اللہ کے انتقال کے کچھ ہی دن بعد اس کے گھر کے حالات بہت خراب ہونے لگتے ہیں اور اس کے رشتہ داروں کی طرف سے طعنہ شروع ہو جاتے ہیں۔ یہ سب دیکھ کر ارسلان ان کو غصہ آتا ہے۔ اپنی امی سے کہتا ہے۔

امی جی اب۔۔۔ اب ہم اپنے کسی بھی رشتہ دار سے نہیں ملیں گے۔ ان سے ہمارا رشتہ ختم۔ عانشہ کو ارسلان کی یہ بات اچھی نہیں لگی اور وہ بولتی ہے۔ وہ کہتی ہے کہ بیٹا! پانی کتنا بھی گندا کیوں نہ ہو پر آگ بجھانے کے کام آتا ہے۔

ارسلان اپنی امی جی کی کوئی بات نہیں سنتا اور انہیں بالکل منع کر دیتا ہے۔ کسی سے بھی رشتہ رکھنے سے۔ چند بعد اسے ایک کام مل جاتا ہے۔ وہ اس کام پر جانا شروع کر دیتا ہے۔ اس نے اپنے امیر بننے کا سہارا نہیں چھوڑتا ہے۔ وہ بہت محنت کرتا ہے اور اس کے ابو جی کا وہ نوٹ اسے اپنی پہلی ساری غلطیوں سے دور کر دیتا ہے۔ ارسلان اب اپنا بزنس شروع کر چکا تھا۔ وہ بہت محنت کرتا ہے اور اپنے بزنس کو بہت کامیابی میں لے جانا چاہتا ہے۔ اس کے دوست اس سے اب جانا شروع کر دیتے ہیں۔ ان سے اس کی کامیابی دیکھی نہیں جاتی۔

سب کچھ ٹھیک چل رہا ہوتا ہے کہ ارسلان کو اچانک اپنے بزنس کے لیے پیسوں کی ضرورت پڑ جاتی ہے۔ لیکن وہ اپنے رشتہ داروں سے پہلے ہی سارے رشتے ختم کر چکا تھا اس لیے ان کے پاس جانا نہیں چاہتا تھا۔ اب اس کے پاس کوئی راستہ نہیں بچا تھا۔ بہت پریشانی میں ہوتا ہے۔ اس کے دوست اس کے پاس آتے ہیں اور پوچھتے ہیں؟

کیا ہوا بھائی! اتنا پریشان نظر آ رہے ہو؟

کچھ نہیں۔ وہ مجھے کچھ پیسوں کی ضرورت تھی۔ اپنے بزنس کو اور آگے لے جانے کے لیے۔

اس کے دوست اسے واپس انہیں چیزوں کا مشورہ دیتے ہیں۔ پر وہ ان کی بات نہیں سنتا اور نہایت مایوس کے ساتھ گھر واپس آ جاتا ہے اور اپنے ابو جی کا وہ نوٹ پڑھ کر رونا شروع کر دیتا ہے۔ اسے اپنی غلطی کا بہت افسوس تھا۔ اب اس کا بزنس نقصان میں چلنا شروع ہو جاتا ہے۔ اسے پیسوں کی ضرورت ہے۔ اس کا دوست پھر اس کی شاپ پر آتا ہے اور اسے کہتا ہے۔ بھائی ایک بار پھر سے اپنا لگ آزما کر تو دیکھ۔ کچھ نہیں ہوتا ہے۔

وہ بہت پریشان ہوتا ہے تو اپنے دوست کی بات مان لیتا ہے اور چلا جاتا ہے۔ وہ سوچتا ہے کہ بس ایک بار اور۔۔۔ اس کے بعد پھر کبھی نہیں۔ وہ کھیلتا ہے اور وہ جیت جاتا ہے۔ اسے لگتا ہے کہ بس اب امیر بن ہی جائے گا۔

ارسلان کی حرکتیں واپس پہلے جیسی ہونا شروع ہو جاتی ہیں۔ اب تو وہ نشر کرنا بھی شروع کر دیتا ہے۔ اب اسے اپنے کاروبار یا پھر اپنی امی کا کوئی خیال نہیں ہوتا۔ وہ دن بھر سوتا، رات رات گھر سے غائب رہتا ہے۔ عانشہ بہت پریشان ہوتی ہے۔ ایک دن عبد اللہ کا لکھا ہوا آخری لفظ جو کہ وہ عانشہ کے لئے لکھتا ہے وہ اسے مل جاتا ہے اور وہ جب اس کو پڑھتی ہے تو اسے اپنی غلطیوں کا احساس ہوتا ہے کہ اس نے کتنی بڑی غلطی کر دی۔ اپنے اکلوتے بیٹے کی پرورش میں۔ جس کی وجہ سے اب وہ ایسا ہو گیا ہے۔ عانشہ اپنے آپ کو قصور وار مان لیتی ہے۔



ہے۔ جیسے کہ وہ انہیں کھا جائے گا اور وہ کچھ کر نہیں پاتا تو وہاں سے چلا جاتا ہے۔

ارسلان —! رُکو بیٹا! رُکو۔

عائشہ! اسے جانے دو۔ دیکھتے ہیں کہا جاتا ہے۔

عائشہ رونے لگتی ہے۔ وہ ارسلان کی آج کے حرکت کی وجہ سے بہت زیادہ پریشان ہو جاتی ہے۔ وہ جو اپنے ابو کو اس طرح سے دیکھتا ہے۔ عائشہ اس سوچ میں پڑ جاتی ہے کہ کہیں اس سے ارسلان کی پرورش میں کوئی غلطی تو نہیں ہو گئی۔ تھوڑی دیر بعد ارسلان گھر آ جاتا ہے لیکن اس کے یوہا میں کوئی بدلاؤ نہیں آتا ہے۔ عائشہ ارسلان کے پیچھے پیچھے جاتی ہے۔ امی! آپ یہاں سے چلے جاؤ۔ مجھے آپ سے کوئی بات نہیں کرنی ہے۔

عائشہ وہاں سے چلی جاتی ہے۔ بعد میں موقع پا کر وہ ارسلان کے ابو سے بات کرتی ہے — آپ ایسا کیسے کر سکتے ہیں؟ اب وہ بڑا ہو گیا ہے اور آپ اس کے والد ہیں۔ اس کو مار کیسے سکتے ہیں؟

عائشہ! شاید ہمارے لاڈ پیار نے اسے سر پر چڑھا دیا ہے۔

اس بات کو اب کچھ دین بیت چکے تھے پر ارسلان کی حرکتوں میں کوئی بھی بدلاؤ نظر نہیں آیا۔ بلکہ اس کی عادت اور بھی خراب ہونے لگی جو کہ عائشہ کو نظر نہیں آ رہا تھا لیکن اس کے ابو سب دیکھ رہے تھے۔

اب جو اسلام کے زلٹ کا دن آیا تو سب کی نگاہیں اس پر ہی لگی تھیں۔ ارسلان کو معلوم تھا کہ وہ پاس تو ہو جائے گا پر اس کا پرنسٹن اچھا نہیں آئے گا اور ایسا ہی ہوا۔ وہ پاس تو ہو جاتا ہے پر ناپ نہیں کرتا۔ جب عبد اللہ کو اس بات کا پتہ چلتا ہے تو وہ بہت غصے میں آ جاتا ہے۔

عائشہ —! ارسلان کہاں ہے؟

عائشہ پریشان ہو جاتی ہے وہ کبھی بھی اس طرح غصے میں عبد اللہ کو نہیں دیکھتی۔ عبد اللہ سمجھ جاتا ہے کہ ارسلان کے اتنا پرنسٹن کیوں آیا ہے۔ وہ بس اپنے ابو کی اس چاچا کا بدلہ لے رہا ہوتا ہے۔ عبد اللہ کو ارسلان کی اس حرکت پر بہت زیادہ غصہ آتا ہے۔ جب عبد اللہ ارسلان کو اس کے دوستوں کے پاس اسے دیکھنے کے لئے جاتے ہیں تو وہاں کچھ ایسا دیکھتے ہیں کہ وہ بنا اس کو وہاں سے لیے آ جاتے ہیں۔ عبد اللہ مایوسی اور پریشانی کے ساتھ واپس گھر آ جاتے ہیں۔

عائشہ! ارسلان کہاں ہے؟

عبد اللہ جب سے وہاں سے چلے جاتے ہیں اپنے روم میں کچھ دیر بعد عائشہ آتی ہے۔ عبد اللہ کو بلانے تب جب تک ارسلان گھر پہنچ چکا ہوتا ہے۔ پر دروازہ اندر سے بند ہوتا ہے تو عائشہ بہت آواز لگاتی ہے پر کوئی بھی آواز نہیں آتی ہے۔ اندر سے وہ بہت گھبراتی ہوئی آواز میں اسلام کو بلاتی ہے۔

کیا ہوا؟

دیکھو نہ — تمہارے ابو — دروازہ نہیں کھول رہے ہیں۔

## غلطی

ارسلان!..... ارسلان بیٹا! — اٹھ جاؤ — اسکول نہیں جانا ہے کیا...؟

اتنی جی! آپ..... آپ ہر وقت تبھی کیوں اٹھاتی ہیں جب میں بس امیر بننے ہی والا ہوتا ہوں...؟

بیٹا! میں تم کو سمجھا سمجھا کر تھک گئی ہوں۔ کوئی بھی بس امیروں والے سپنے دیکھنے اور امیروں والی باتیں کرنے سے امیر نہیں بن جاتا۔ اس کے لیے محنت کرنی پڑتی ہے، پڑھنا پڑتا ہے۔

اتنی..... یار! آپ پھر شروع ہو گئیں — آج کے لیے اتنا گیان کافی ہے۔ آپ جاؤ، یہاں سے۔

یہ تم کس طرح اپنی اتنی سے بات کر رہے ہو...؟ کیا ہم نے تمہاری پروش اسی طرح کی ہے...؟

عبداللہ چھوڑو...نا — ابھی بچہ ہے۔

تم تو اس کو بگاڑ رہی ہو۔ آگے چل کر تم کو ہی مشکل ہوگی۔

اب آپ کچھ زیادہ ہی سوچ رہے ہیں۔ اکلوتی اولاد ہے وہ ہماری۔

اچھا اچھا بس۔ ارسلان سے کہو کہ اپنی پڑھائی میں دھیان دے۔ اس کے بارہویں کے امتحان ہونے والے ہیں۔

اچھا بول دوں گی۔ اب جائیے۔ آپ کو دیر ہو جائے گی۔

ارسلان بیٹا! تمہارے ابو جی بول رہے تھے — تمہارا امتحان بہت پاس ہے۔ پڑھائی میں دھیان تو دے رہے ہونا...؟ تم تو پورے دن

فون میں یا پھر اپنے دوستوں کے ساتھ ہوتے ہو۔

اتنی جی! آپ یہاں سے جائیے۔ میں بھی بہت بڑی ہوں۔

بیٹا! میں یہاں تم سے کچھ بہت ضروری بات کرنے آئی ہوں۔ اچھا — چلو بعد میں بات کر لوں گی۔ میرے پاس بھی مائٹم نہیں ہے۔

ارسلان — سنو بیٹا! تمہارے ابو کو تم سے بہت امیدیں ہیں۔

ہاں — تو میں نے کبھی ان کی امید پر پانی پھیرا ہے کیا...؟ ہمیشہ تو ماپ کیا ہے — اس بار بھی کروں گا۔

ماں ابھی بھی وہاں کھڑی رہیں۔ شاید کچھ سوچنے لگیں۔

اچھا — میں سمجھ گیا۔ آپ ایسے نہیں جائیں گی۔ میں ہی چلا جاتا ہوں۔ یہ کہتے ہوئے ارسلان کمرے سے باہر نکلنے لگا۔ وہ جیسے ہی دروازہ

کھولتا ہے تو وہ دیکھتا ہے کہ اس کے ابو جی اس کی ساری بد تمیزیاں سن رہے ہیں جو وہ اپنی اتنی کے ساتھ کر رہا ہوتا ہے۔

عبداللہ کو بہت زیادہ غصہ آ جاتا ہے اور اسی وقت ارسلان کو ایک زور کا چانگادے مارتا ہے۔ ارسلان بھی اپنے ابو جی کو بہت غصے سے دیکھتا



# NATURE SPEAKS



ADITYA KUMAR



AMAN KUMAR SAW  
BA MCVP  
SEM 2



RITESH NAG  
BSc CHEMISTRY HONOURS  
SEM2



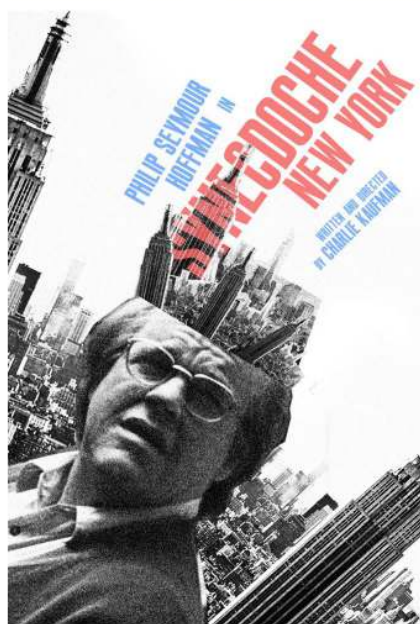
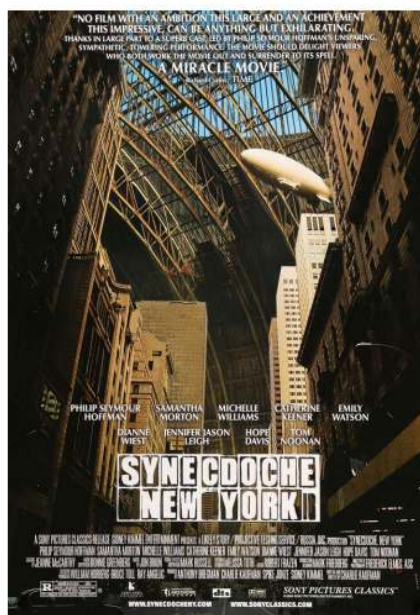
RITESH NAG  
BSc CHEMISTRY HONOURS  
SEM2



# ARTICLES, FILM AND BOOK REVIEWS



**(FILM REVIEW)**  
**SYNECDOCHE, NEW YORK**



VINAY ANAND  
BA ENGLISH HONOURS  
2018-2021

Synecdoche, New York is a film written and directed by Charlie Kaufman, which also marked his directorial debut as well. The film revolves around Caden Cotard, who is in his early 40s, at the end of his marriage, and while he seems to be a very successful theatre director from outside, his personal life is the polar opposite of his personal life. The subject of the film is life and its relationship with death. The film shows various characters, their approach and their ways of dealing with life and ultimately their death.

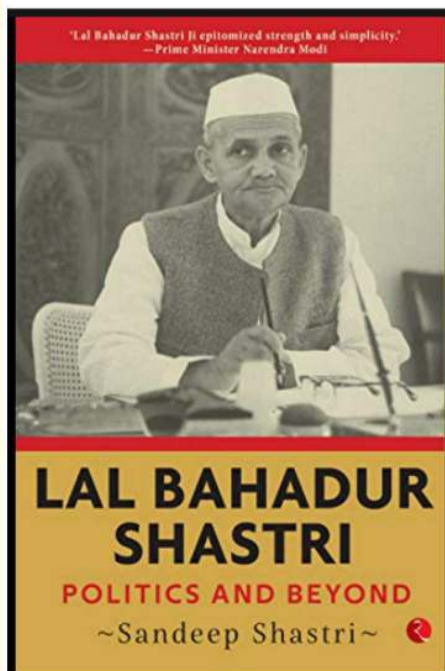
The film begins with Olive Cotard singing a song, and simultaneously we also hear a radio podcast about “autumn”, the season of fall. This is our first introduction with the catchphrase, “end is built into the beginning”. The film very beautifully compares two characters Caden and Adele, one being worried and obsessed by the constant dilemmas and health issues, and ends up losing sanity in the end. On the other hand Adele Cotard is very carefree and ignorant, she lives in the moment and enjoys her life. On one hand the play designed by Caden gets complex and confusing day by day, his set is crowded with doppelgangers and goes on for 17 years, whereas the painting of Adele gets smaller and smaller as the movie progresses. The contrasting personalities are quite visible in the scene when Caden explains plumbing to Olive and makes it complex; whereas Adele calmly handles the situation allowing her to believe what makes her happy. With help of other characters the director continuously reminds us about how consciously and subconsciously we take decisions that lead to our death, Hazel’s burning house serves as a very important symbol of fragility of life. Further in the movie Adele leaves Caden and moves to Germany with Olive, meanwhile Caden is preoccupied with his diverse range of ailments, visiting multiple doctors without finding any solution. To deal with his misery he goes through numerous relationships and each of them makes him more chaotic in the end. Finally when he enters a relationship with Hazel, the only person who brings him joy, she dies the night they make love. The tragedy of life is unrelenting and depressing, Caden grieves idly, and seeks to find the ultimate meaning of life, his quest to seek for truth results in a piece of art where he merges the fiction and reality.

Charlie Kaufman invites his viewers to set for a ride into the deep and dark realms of our own selves, the misanthropic despair and brute reality of life scares and haunts us and immediately creates an urgency to retrospect our ideas about life. The questions asked in the movie have a personal touch in them as if through the life of Caden Cotard, the director exposes the inner truth peeling the thick layers of pretensions with great care. In the end "Synecdoche, New York " is a film about a human experience of life.



# BOOK REVIEW

## LAL BAHADUR SHASTRI – POLITICS AND BEYOND BY- SANDEEP SHASTRI



Lal Bahadur Shastri, a name which echoes in the midst of Indian stalwarts, was the second prime minister of India (9 June 1964- 11 January 1966) who personified simplicity, honesty and decisiveness. This book by SANDEEP SHASTRI covers the political career of SHASTRI Ji in a concise manner and provides accounts of SHASTRI Ji's early life and the making of him as the prime minister of India. He was a Gandhian, a reformer and an ardent nationalist. This book was first published in English in 2019. The author SANDEEP SHASTRI is the pro-vice- chancellor of Jain University. He is a consultant to the forum of federations and is a senior advisor on constitutional reforms and the transition to democracy in Myanmar, Sudan and South Sudan.

This book covers SHASTRI Ji's life in 6 chapters, from his teenage years to his different portfolios in Uttar Pradesh government and lastly the portfolios held by him in the central government. In his brief term of 19 months (9 June 1964- 11 January 1966) as prime minister, he left an edifice of what a true politician should be like and stood as the pillar of duty boundness for bureaucrats and politicians. He was a politician beyond politics. His physical stature might be small but his deeds outwitted them by a great margin, for instance during the 1965 Indo-Pak war when he ordered his troops to enter the Pakistani soil which was the first Indian 'surgical strike' so to say. It was in this war when he gave the famous slogan "JAI JAWAN JAI KISAN". This intolerable attitude towards Pakistani aggression captivated me a lot which was obviously 'uncalled for' among his compatriots. LAL bahadur shastri was born in Mughalsarai (Uttar Pradesh) in 1904 on 2nd of October. His patriotic fervor started brewing at an early age when he left his schooling in 10th grade for the Mahatma's call for non-cooperation movement. Given his financial constraints he still left the school and joined the Congress in the national struggle.

In the book there are many instances showing his down to earth approach and humility like the incident when he bought his first car from a loan even while he was the prime minister. In another incident when he was dropped from the cabinet, he was sitting in his home in the dark, without a light. When asked about the reason, he said as he no longer is a minister, all expenses will have to be paid by himself so he was cutting down on his expenses. Lal Bahadur Shastri took the office of prime minister on 9 June 1964. It was he who escorted the white and green revolution in India. He was preferred by everyone due to his conciliatory techniques and dispelling disputes among the party members. He took into confidence even the opposition party members when drafting policies and was also criticized for this attitude which caused delayed decisions. But his antagonists took a back seat when his leadership qualities were put in display during the 1965 war.





Amidst the war both India and Pakistan signed an agreement in Tashkent on 10 January 1966 withdrawing their troops to their prior position. Lal Bahadur Shastri and Pakistan's President Ayub Khan signed the agreement and the very next shastri ji suffered a heart attack and died. He departed from this mortal world before this country could relinquish the fruits of her second prime minister. The book also covers the various conspiracies regarding Shastri's death. This book is a fine and good read or rather quintessential for politicians and aspiring nation builders.

On my part there is a little over the brink flattery of Lal Bahadur Shastri by the author. Otherwise, the book gives useful insight into his life and times. There is so much to learn from shastri Ji's life unlike other politicians like honesty, simplicity, austerity, and his conciliatory politics. The truth is sycophants and politicians are brother alike and to make matters worse they mix it with the potion of corruption. More shastris are needed in this country to wipe out these miscreants and that is why shastri is needed to be read and inculcated in one's life. It is people like Shastri who set the wheel of democracy and freedom to get going. The idea of India is not a barren land or a mere piece of cloth which we consider holy rather it is the people who reside in it. It is the people who make a nation. Mortals die but their ideas remain and it is these very ideas that makes them immortal. One of which is Lal Bahadur Shastri.

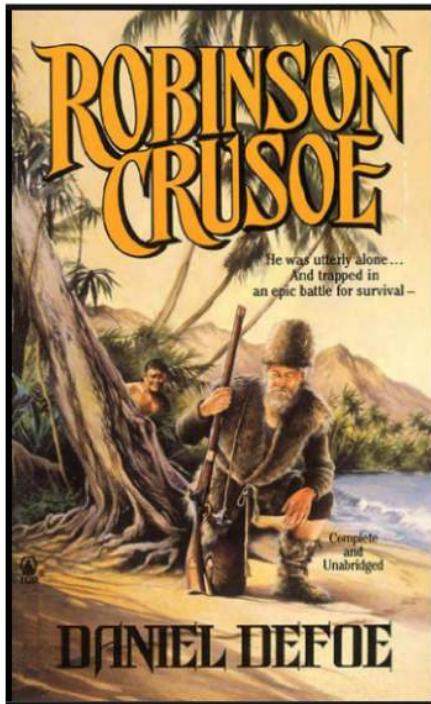
ANJAN KUMAR  
B.COM HONOURS  
SEM 4



## BOOK REVIEW

### Robinson Crusoe by Daniel Defoe

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ARZOO NAZ  
BA English Honours  
Sem2

What would you do if you opened your eyes in the morning only to realise that you have reached an isolated, uninhabited island? The mid-seventeen century novel 'Robinson Crusoe' by Daniel Defoe is, in my opinion, a unique, descriptive, thrilling, picaresque and gripping fictional autobiography. Written in 1719, the novel is based on the true experiences of a marooned sailor Alexander Selkirk.

Robinson Crusoe is an incredibly fun novel to read. It is a fictional autobiography about the character Robinson Crusoe and his adventures while shipwrecked on an island. While the book does use some confusing language at times, the creative results it produces are greatly entertaining.

The story starts with a slow-pace, however the pacing of the story almost depicts the exact development of Crusoe through his stagnant start and then a life of adventures later on. Around chapter three of the book, Robinson simply states that he would focus on only the important parts of his adventure due to his lack of ink. It is at this point where the book starts to glimmer, and Robinson's survival from the island is seen to get mixed with supernatural and unusual activities. The novel does not have any deep themes and rather opts to just tell a straightforward story, unlike many modern island survival novels that attempt to be thought-provoking. Overall, the novel was a fantastic read. I would recommend this book to any person that enjoys adventure and survival.





# THE BOOK THIEF by MARKUS ZUSAK

## BOOK REVIEW



Stories are gently carried upon the eternity's arms; urgent questions posed as quiet events and subtle wonderings are sneakily slipped throughout *The Book Thief* by Markus Zusak.

What strikes me the most about the book is not the nonpareil abstractness of its narrator, nor as much the softly plaited blossoms of metaphors that sinks within our depth without overwhelming us, but how he does nothing more than narrating a tale of not quite as such revolutionary events — yet, leaves us wordless as we find ourselves in the faces of the good lot who held nothing more evil than their silence, or allowed themselves to be led by and bow down to the thing that started it all — a story, shown through a singular voice and fuelled into becoming the dreams of millions.

**“When it came down to it, one of them called the shots.**

**The other did what he was told.**

**The question is, what if the other is a lot more than one?”**

Set in the late 1930s and early 1940s within the tempestuous era of Nazi regime in the fictional town of Molching, Germany, the snowy dawn of the story acquaints us with the life of the soon to be book thief through our narrator— the narrator who'll be later introduced to us as Death.

Death is an entity, civil and invisible, among us — harrowed to the bones, deeply misunderstood, finding distraction in colours, and being all but helpless in saving himself from the mortal error of judgements that is one of the canonical marks of human signatures.

*Death knowingly errs as he takes an interest in the little girl of nine years who steals her very first book from the grave of her younger brother. And he remembers her in a 'blinding, global white'.*

After that, he sees her twice more; the moments branding his mind through the two hues that stand them out the most. Once through the scribble signature black smoke coughing out of the ill lungs of a crashed plane with a twenty-four year young death in its belly. And lastly, beneath a 'thick soupy red' sky, finding her kneeling amidst the cluttered rubble of everything she'd ever known.

These colours formed the flag of one of the darkest, most pitiful chasms of time — forming a hollow out of all the souls that our narrator had to gently take in its arms.

And thus, Death tells us a story. A story of these colours. A story of Leslie Meminger.



This story is about people like you and me, who were given a quiet refuge within our four walls, who, like Leslie, had the privilege to struggle through speaking and learning as someone attended to them, to fuss over baths and spitting at doors, to worry about the wrath of furious mothers, or to play accordion with a tender-hearted father; like Hans Hubermann, who'd the opportunity to earn, to imagine the progress of their future with certainty; like Rosa Hubermann, who'd the right to be furious and show it with terrible words; to feel happy, and furious and humiliated and sad, to feel the safe and legal weight of hard work against their bones; like Rudy Steiner, to feel the sweetness of mischief and passion and unhidden friendships, and knowing that if death did come, it won't be because they've been sentenced by their birth to bow down to it. For whom, living was permissible, even if it was miserable.

But then, within its womb, it's also a story of Max Vandenberg, the fist fighter who was starving for a fight against life, carrying the guilt of simply existing, the weight of desperate remorse over those he left behind, the debt of the cost of his life that woke him up at night with gasps, that had him disappear within himself, finding himself undeserving of the freezing basement that kept him alive, and being sorry — helplessly sorry to the Hubermann for taking him in, for risking their neck; waking up each day beneath the dingy floors of nightmares since the time Jews were declared an illegal bane to exist.

This story was founded on the most mundane elements of life found in despair and misery, in restrained hopes, and the warmth of unsure, hesitant, gifted hugs. It gathers and draws out, like the beats of accordion, the nuances that exist twixt fair and unfair, and moments that glow against the coldest, cutting night as a hearth, full of humour found in broken memories, earnest efforts of clumsy drawings and scrawling on basement walls collapsing the loftiness of luxury of silver spoons, and promises of years ago that there were hearts brave and kind enough to still keep. It touches on mental illnesses and the stories attached to it, giving us a sanctuary of understanding in ranges of torment.

It isn't about the number of times our little book thief, Leslie, stole the books. It's about the cause behind each of these acts of peccadillo that propelled her to commit them. The profound silences that she broke with just one act of defiance. And how it impacted, if not the world around her, then her as she grew surrounded by the world — a child of many secrets and understanding, of judgement and knowledge. It's about struggles, and surviving and a little hidden laugh here and a little bold bruise there. It always is.

Lucidly written with a touch of that exalted imagery which carves a shimmering vision out of the most commonplace actions, *The Book Thief* shall surely find the number of steps needed to squeeze itself a home in your heart. If you also reserve a special fondness for provoking texts, for a peek at a life always at the edge of war, for a story of uncommon friendships, of courage and faith in fearful and faithless times, of dreams broken, hesitantly rebuilt but never lost, and of ardent passion of words which often become the sole saving grace — then this story, is for you.

EKTA DOGRA  
BA English Honours  
2019-2021





# Film Review : Mimi



ARZOO NAZ  
BA ENGLISH HONOURS  
SEM 2

Mimi is the official Hindi adaptation of the National Awarded Marathi film, 'Mala Aai Vhaychay' directed by Samruddhi Porey. It depicts a vivid subject of taboo of foreigners hiring Indian girls to be surrogate mothers and was said to be based on a real-life case.

Mimi (Kriti Sanon), is a small-time dancer living in a town near Jaipur. She works as a traditional dancer in five-star hotels and dreams of making it big in Hollywood someday. One day a driver, Bhanu (Pankaj Tripathi) comes to her with a proposal. An American couple John (Aidan Whytock) and Summer (Evelyn Edwards) want to hire Mimi as a surrogate mother and are willing to pay her twenty lakhs for it. Thinking that she'll have the money to settle in Mumbai and pursue her Bollywood dream, she agrees to the proposal. Everything goes hunky dory for a while. She fools her parents into thinking she got an acting job abroad a cruise ship and goes to stay with her friend Shama (Sai Tamhankar). While Bhanu is appointed as her guardian. One day however upon finding that she might not have a normal baby, John and Summer run away, leaving her in lurch. Mimi's parents too come to know about her pregnancy. She made her decision to keep the baby and everyone accepts it. However, four years later John and Summer returns back to claim their baby and the further story, forms the most surreal part of the film.

Director Laxman Utekar has made many changes away from the original film, which was hard hitting and realistic in content. The film really comes into its own when the child gets born and the bond between the mother and child gets established. The film is buoyed by some rock-solid performances. Evelyn Edwards and Aidan Whytock leave their mark as an American couple in an exemplary way. Evelyn, in particular forms the very picture of a distraught woman who desperately wants to experience motherhood. In short but brilliantly, actors Supriya Pathak and Manoj Pahwa speak more with their gestures, their body language than in actual dialogue and yet get their point across. In lead roles, Pankaj Tripathi is in top form as a driver with a conscience and Kriti Sanon perfectly fits into her character.

The plot is entertaining and heart-touching and has all the ingredients of a family entertainer. Laxman Utekar and Roshan Shankar's screenplay is highly effective. The writers pepper the narrative with some very impressive sequences that keep the interest going on. The dialogues by Roshan Shankar are funny and well-knit and largely contribute to the humour of the film. A.R Rahman's music is average and could have been better. 'Aane ko Hai Mehmaan', 'Fuljhadi' and 'Choti Si Chiraiya' are touching. The background music gives a soothing feeling and perfectly fits the taste of the story. Aakash Agarwal's cinematography and Sheetal Sharma's costumes are appealing and on-point. As a whole, Mimi is a heart-warming saga. It will keep you thoroughly entertained and is a must-watch for everyone.



# LOOKING THROUGH A BINOCULAR

How you ever wondered how a change in perception can change the way we see life?

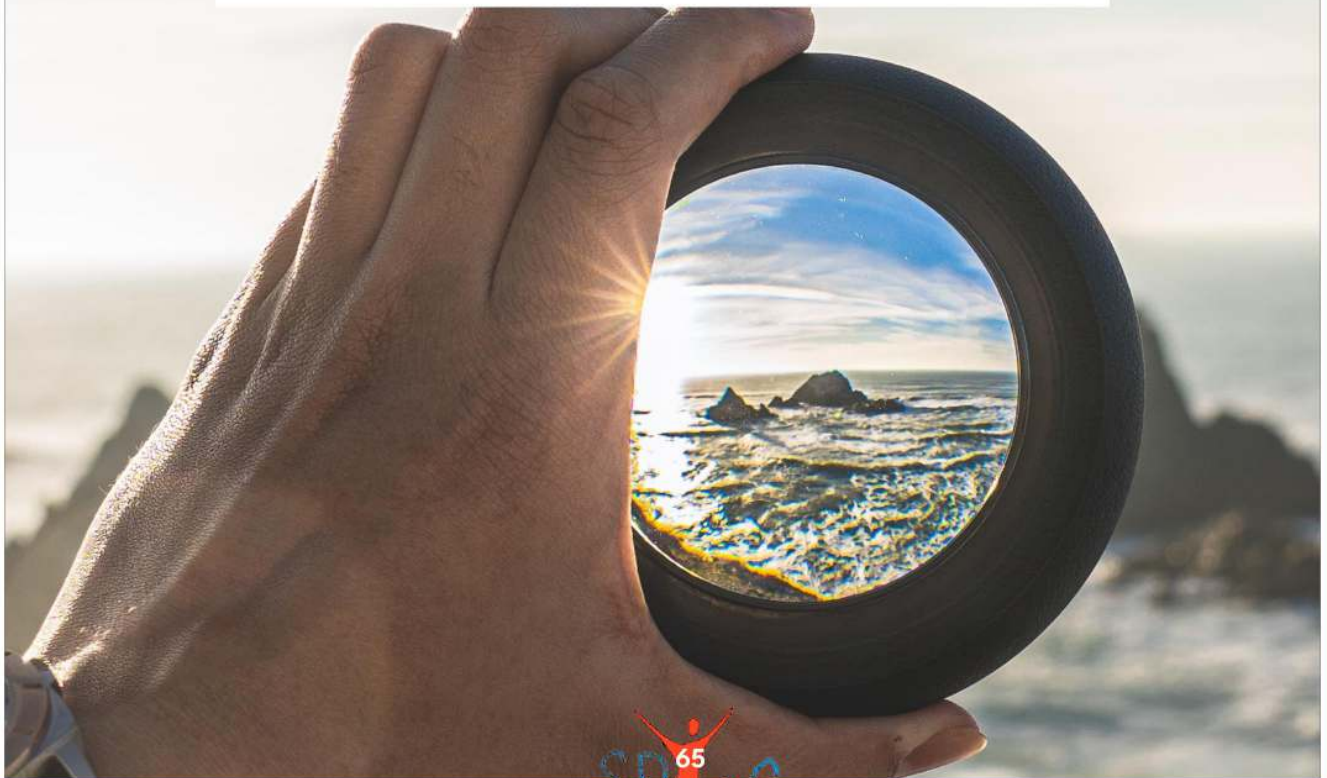
Here's something amazing that I discovered as a child. Every time I looked through a binocular I wondered how a tiny piece of glass could draw things so close that I could almost touch and feel them and at times push them so far that they almost seemed to disappear beyond the horizon. As a child I hardly understood the dynamics of a binocular but what I gathered from it years later was life changing. Journeying through the course of life, I realized that life is nothing short of a binocular. All that matters is the way we look at it.

So every time the sorrow around you seems to devour you and happiness seems far fetched, turn the binocular and see the miracle happen. You will realise how close you are to happiness. That's the difference a changed perception can make.

JAGRITI BAHAL

BA MCVF

SEM 4





# I STRANGELY DREAM SO OFTEN !!

I was rushing down the street in my old classic ambassador's headlight that was flickering but was not enough to bother my speed.

My ambassador was splashing upon all the water puddles on the road caused by the recent thunderstorm. I could only see whatever my headlights could lighten up, all else was dark, I could seldom see the branches of trees and bushes sometimes. All my windows were up, in case another storm came.

I was still away from my destination, approximately 50 miles, Sky was getting fairer, by now I had come across the country side, my ambassador was still running strong at a good 50 miles/hr. Couple of hours later all the trees running along with the lane started sparkling with the reflected sunlight, so did the street, amidst all the terror and darkness I didn't realise when beauty of nature started glaring, I was being chased didn't know by whom, didn't know why...

It was time to stop now perhaps, because something inevitable was going to happen - I had to urinate.

After driving the whole day I reached my destination, I checked into a hotel.

I entered the room and I smelled something, something really bad I couldn't tell what it was, it was not something very pleasant, I was already very tired so I tried not to bother and slept. Next morning when I woke up the smell was gone, I was relieved, as I moved the curtains...

I was astonished, it was still dark just like midnight, full of sparkling stars in the sky. I checked my phone and wristwatch and it all said 8.39AM. I thought of going down to the hotel lobby to check the clocks. I opened the door and I ended up in a very large room with high ceilings. The light was too dim to see anything but it looked like a museum. I started walking. There were lots of ancient stones and skeletons. I was still not sure about it being a dream, I kept walking and walking but it never seemed to end. Suddenly I heard a screeching sound followed by footsteps. It started coming towards me, I was frightened but I didn't make the mistake of making any noise. In front of me was a tall 7 foot high showcase, I got into it, the sound of footsteps was still coming, I didn't move an inch inside. The footsteps were coming nearer and it stopped right in front of the showcase. I shivered with fear, but after a minute I heard footsteps walking away. I stepped out of the showcase and started walking again.

Suddenly I ended up in front of a door, it was in between of two pillars, it had a golden door knob, the door was old, it was unusually high, and had two glass panes, on the right corner was written "smith's doors: closed and open, 1850" I opened it and again very peculiarly I ended up in a church this time I couldn't see the ceilings, darkness prevailed everywhere, after a while I heard some people singing I heard someone playing guitar, I followed the song and found out some young men sitting outside the church around a bonfire and I asked them :-

"What place is this?"

None of them turned around, one of them replied-

"A Graveyard I guess."

"Really, I cannot see any grave here"

"Oh turn around you...."he laughed.



I turned around and was scared to see that there was no more church but graves and tombs and I glared back at those men, I found no one. I was alone in a graveyard; I couldn't get out of that peculiar maze. I started walking around the graves, all of them were of British people with European styled tombs and most of them were all very young, it was a scary place but I wasn't feeling scared at all, I tried to come back the place where I started, where I met those young men but I couldn't seem to find my way back. I was very tired of walking for so long, I sat upon a grave. I closed my eyes thinking what was really happening?

A hand came over my shoulder, a female hand, I can always sense a feminine touch, I turned around and found a lady dressed up in a gown, very beautiful.

"You shouldn't be here at this time." She said.

I replied "Who are you and where am I?"

She said "Everyone I meet here asks these questions."

I asked "Really?"

"Get up, I'll tell you."

I got up and asked her to get me out, she started to talk about how she got there, and how her husband has started getting another woman in their house and how her husband beats her occasionally.

She said "Once my husband had beaten me up so hard that I died"

I said "What? I can't get your accent, can you come again?"

She said it clearly "Once my husband had beaten me up so hard that I died"

I asked "Is that a joke?"

She said "No you were sitting upon my grave named Sarah Fitzgerald; you can read my tombstone made by my husband Fredy Fitzgerald."

After completing herself she disappeared, I tried running back to the grave where I was sitting before, but couldn't find out, I stopped panting, rested my arms on my knees and saw the grave left to me, written on the tombstone "SARAH- I didn't mean to kill you" I turned right and saw the same, and all the graves I saw afterwards were saying the same.....

"Why do you think I get these types of dreams every time?" I asked my wife.

She said "dreams are about two things only, one the things you are afraid of, two the things you really desired for"

"Is it so?"

"It is so."

"How about I turn this into a story and start writing?"

"Would be a really bad story." she said.

END.

NAFIS MUSTAFA

BA MCVF

2018-2021





# RELIGION - A BRIDGE NOT A BOUNDARY

This is a story of two innocent boys for whom religion was never a parameter of their friendship. Rahim and Shyam were childhood friends who played together, shared every ups and downs of their lives with each other. They both can't imagine a single day in absence of any one of them. Rahim always took Shyam to the mosque and Shyam also took Rahim to the temple. This went on for ten long years.

They grew up and entered their teenage years. It was one unfateful day when a Maulvi saw Shyam and asked him his name. As expected Shyam answered with an innocent smile. The maulvi scolded Shyam and asked him not to visit the Masjid again. The same incident took place with Rahim who went to the Mandir to share his happiness with God as he got promoted with distinction. The priest also scolded and asked not to visit the Mandir again. Life went on and Rahim and Shyam were quite happy and cheerful, as they were never cursed by either Allah or Bhagwan. They had many questions but had no one to answer them. They couldn't understand that when neither Allah nor Ishwar being omniscient had stopped them from visiting His home, so why did these servants of these Gods do so? Was this the wish of God of Mandir and Masjid or the people living outside the Mandir and Masjid?

God never made these boundaries to separate us, we humans created this. Killing the innocence of children for the sake of 'our' religion, race, caste and creed is unforgivable. All religions teach the same. To help ever and hurt never. To love all and serve all. And live as one.

ABHIJEET MANDAL

BA English Honours

SEM 2



# VAGABOND

IS ONLY A SPECTACULARLY perilous journey being written about? We're still not acquainted with the simple yet inestimable underlying pleasures traveling has to offer to us.

Those consumed by insane Wanderlust would know how some sights and places in particular they dream. The serene, tranquil and unruffled mountains, the eccentric woods, the enigmatic forest paths always seem to be calling out to them.

'Querencia' is nowhere but a destination you reach after wandering, where you find solace and draw your strength of character from. I believe traveling and exploring new places, avenues is an explicitly beautiful process, I believe, for it entangles you in a love affair with solitude thereby helping you to discover yourself.

A realisation dawns upon you that you are not here to lose yourself amidst all the chaos, but to find yourself in your surroundings. You delve into a world of alternate reality, scale new heights of fantasy and emerge victorious in all those feats that were otherwise, seemingly impossible! You look forward to each day as an adventure ... And how can deadlines chase you when you're chasing the sunset? If we weren't made to explore rove, wouldn't we remain rooted to the ground and not have feet? An explorer is always inquisitive and always seeks to get into the depth of everything which enables him to have a beautiful understanding of all that is around him. We come across exotic minds, foreign hearts and there is always a vibrant hope for the unknown. Besides giving you a bucketload of unforgettable memories which last a lifetime, traveling teaches you that everything is transient. You learn to let go. You leave a place only to chance upon a more ecstatic adventure which lies in store for you.

I have always had a thing for the in between: the time when you're just about to reach or leave a place. You know you're never coming back here again. Neither will you ever be the person you were, at that point of time. I believe that we're composed of every experience we undergo more essentially, every place we visit. Some things like music, travel, sunshine and poetry can never be placed on a similar footing with anything else.

RUMAYSA MEHBOOB

BA English Honours

Sem 4





# THE CYCLE OF LIFE

Life is a mystery! I don't know what it is. I wonder if it is an ocean in which we are sailing, or a race that we keep on running. Sure, there are going to be storms in the ocean and hurdles in the race, but as we live we have to go through them. I wonder what the ant thinks of the giant creature in front of it or what the bird thinks when she soars high in the sky. But whatever happens or is going to happen, happens according to our cycle of time. People want us to have a stable life like an atom whose outer shell is complete. They want us to be neutral like the inert gasses. They want to control our lives. They say they know how we should live our lives. They tell us that at the age of 18 we are going to finish school.

After that in 3 years time we are going to finish our college, or we will go to study abroad. Then we have to start our careers, get married and settle. In 15 years time our life will be set for us. But I know people who graduated at 21 and didn't get a job till 27. I know about people who graduated at 25 and found work immediately. I know people who never went to college and university but found what they love at 18. I know people who got jobs straight out of college, but hate their jobs. I know people who took gap years and found their purpose. I know people who knew what they wanted at 16 and changed their mind at 26. I know people who have children but are single. I know people who are married but had to wait 8 to 10 years to have children. I know people in relationships who love someone else and I also know people who love each other but are not together.

So, my point is that whatever happens, it happens according to our time, our clock. You may look at your friends and think they are ahead of you but everything happens when it is supposed to happen. J.K Rowling was 32 when Harry Potter was published after being rejected by 12 publishers. Morgan Freeman got his big break at 52. Getting your degree at 25 is still an achievement. Not being married at 30 but being happy is still beautiful. Starting a family at 35 is still possible and buying a house at 40 is still great.

Don't let anyone rush you with their timelines. But one thing that is inevitable is the sleep which comes at the end of our voyage in the ocean of life, i.e Death. We might never know if we reached our destination or if we won but we must never back out from the race because someone once said, "to win the race, you have to be in the race". I wonder what death will be like! A beautiful sleep with dreams or is it going to be a nightmare with excruciating pain from which we can never awaken. Whatever it will be, it will happen according to our time, our clock.

ABHIJEET MANDAL  
BA ENGLISH HONOURS  
SEM 2



# उपहास मीडिया

इंटरनेट और सोशल मीडिया के आज के समय में मनोरंजन के साधन और उपभोग में असीमित बढ़ोतरी हुई है। इंटरनेट के लाभ भले ही अनेक हों पर उसका उपयोग - खासकर आज के युवा वर्ग के बीच - मुख्य रूप से मनोरंजन के लिए ही किया जाता है। आज के डिजिटल युग में 'गूगल बाबा' से जुड़े रहकर भी ताज़ा मुद्दों की जानकारी और उनपर चर्चा न हो, ये भी संभव नहीं। यही कारण है कि इंटरनेट के दो सबसे बड़े उपयोगों - मनोरंजन और ज्ञान, जो दोनों ही एक दूसरे से काफी अलग हैं - को मिलाकर एक नई विधा प्रसिद्ध हुई है, मनोरंजन के माध्यमों और साधनों से ही ज्ञान प्राप्त करने की। इंग्लिश में जिसे 'इंफोटेनमेंट' कहते हैं, यह उसी का एक विकृत रूप है। अंतर बस इतना है, की यहाँ आपको सही जानकारी देना लक्ष्य होता ही नहीं, उद्देश्य बस आपको हँसाना या आपका मनोरंजन करना होता है; वो तो आप और हम हैं जो उसी माध्यम से आई (हमें खुश करने के लिए बढ़ा-चढ़ाकर दिखाई गई, सही- गलत) हर जानकारी को काफी और सटीक मानकर स्वयं को ज्ञानी समझ लेते हैं।

आलम ये है कि आज का अधिकतर युवा देश-विदेश के मुद्दों पर अपनी जानकारी समाचार, अखबारों, विशेषज्ञों, किताबों या आलेखों से प्राप्त न करके एक ऐसे 'अ(ति)-विश्वसनीय स्रोत' से प्राप्त करता है, जिसे 'मीम' कहते हैं। देश के मुद्दों और समाचारों पर जो व्यंग्यात्मक चुटकूले बनाए और 'शेयर' किए जाते हैं, क्या वो हमारे लिए अपनी राय बनाने के लिए काफी नहीं हैं? और फिर इस में मेहनत भी तो नहीं है; मीडिया ने पहले ही बिकाऊ की उपाधि हासिल की हुई है, और गूगल पर हर विचारक की समीक्षाओं, टकराते विचारों और तर्कों से मुद्दे को पूरी तरह जाँचने-समझने का फालतू समय किसके पास है? इसमें जितना समय लगेगा तब तक हमसे पहले कोई इसपर बढ़िया-सा ट्वीट या एक 'कूल मीम' पोस्ट करके वाहवाही के साथ-साथ एक जागरूक युवा क्रांतिकारी बनने का मौका भी लूट ले जाएगा!

खैर, अगर गंभीरतापूर्वक इस प्रवृत्ति के कारण को देखें, तो बात काफी बड़ी लगती है। राजनैतिक या सामाजिक विषय से जुड़ा कोई भी मनोरंजक वाक्य, दृश्य या व्यंग्य (जोक या मीम) उस जटिल मुद्दे पर लेखक के एक खास दृष्टिकोण पर आधारित निजी विचार की उपज होता है। अब बात अगर मज़ेदार हो, मनोरंजक हो, तो हमें दिल से पसंद आती है। और एक बार हमें बात इस तरह पसंद आ गई तो हम उस 'जोक' के साथ-साथ उसके पीछे के विचार या विचारधारा को भी अनजाने में उतनी ही सहजता से स्वीकार कर लेते हैं और मान लेते हैं, भले ही न वो सत्य हो, और न ही सामान्यतः हम उससे सहमत हों।

अक्सर जानकारी के लिए हम जिस भी मुख्य स्रोत का उपयोग करते हैं, उनके पास तथ्यों को सही और सटीक तरह से रखने की एक ज़िम्मेदारी, एक जवाबदेही होती है; जब वे इसपे खरे नहीं उतरते तो उनपर प्रश्न उठाए जाते हैं। चाहे बात को असंवेदनशील रूप से रखकर किसी व्यक्ति या समुदाय-विशेष की भावनाओं को आहत किया गया हो, या राजनैतिक पक्षपात के तहत 'फेक न्यूज़' फैलाने की घटना हो, इसपर चर्चा भी होती है, इनपर 'फैक्ट चेक' भी होता है, और इसकी हर प्रकार से निंदा भी होती है। पर भले ही 'एंटरटेनमेंट मीडिया' आज कई मुद्दों पर हमारी राय गढ़ने में एक अहम भूमिका निभाता हो, इस प्रकार के तथ्यपरक विश्लेषण से अछूता ही रहता है।





अतः देखा जाए तो बिना किसी तार्किक प्रयास के, बिना हमारे जाने, हमारी राय बदलकर हमें सहमत करा लेने वाली ये प्रचलित विधा राजनैतिक 'प्रोपगेंडा-वादियों' के लिए सामान्य मीडिया से कहीं अधिक शक्तिशाली शस्त्र बन सकती है, और उस रूप में उभर भी रही है। और ज़ाहिर है कि मनोरंजन और उपहास के समय मन हल्का करने के लिए अपनी तार्किक बुद्धि को 'पूर्ण विराम' देने की हमारी आदत बहुत हानिकारक हो सकती है।

आज के समय में जब युवाओं के बीच हास्य, 'जोक्स' और 'ट्रैक्स' समय बिताने का सबसे बड़ा माध्यम बन गए हैं, ऐसे में कॉमेडी और एंटरटेनमेंट के नाम पर किसी गैर-ज़िम्मेदाराना हरकत पर प्रश्न उठाया जाए, तो एक स्वर में सुनने को मिलता है, "इफ यू डोन्ट लाइक इट, डोन्ट वॉच इट", यानी अगर आपको पसंद नहीं तो अपने आँख और कान बंद कर लीजिए। और बात बिल्कुल सही भी है, आखिर मनोरंजन तो बस पसंद-नापसंद का ही विषय है; पर केवल तभी तक जबतक वह विशुद्ध मनोरंजन हो, और न तो सामाजिक और नैतिक विषयों के दायरे में घुसे और न ही सामुदायिक या संवेदनशील मुद्दों के। क्योंकि, ध्यान रहे, कॉमेडी और मनोरंजन का आधार ही 'अतिशयोक्ति' है, न कि तथ्य! हँसी-मज़ाक में क्या तथ्य, क्या सत्य, क्या असत्य; जो मनोरंजक हो वही कहा जाएगा! ऐसे में उन विषयों से हँसी-मज़ाक का दूर रहना ही ठीक है जहाँ तथ्य और तर्क के बिना या तो भ्रांतियाँ उत्पन्न हों, या संवेदनाएँ आहत हों।

आज के इसी प्रचलन को एक और तरीके से समझते हैं। उपहास में की गई किसी गलत बात पर प्रश्न उठाते हुए लोगों को 'अति-संवेदनशील' (ओवरसेंसिटिव), भावुक और मूर्ख कहा जाता है। उल्लेखनीय है कि ऐसा कहने वाले प्रायः वही होते हैं जिनकी भावनाएँ उस खास संवेदनशील विषय से विशेष रूप से जुड़ी हुई नहीं होती। पर "हल्के मज़ाक को गंभीरता से लेना बेवकूफी है" ("जोक्स आर नॉट मेन्ट टू बी टेकेन सीरियसली"), ऐसा कहने वालों को सबसे पहले ये याद रखना चाहिए कि टिप्पणी (चाहे हास्य हो या तार्किक) अगर गंभीर मुद्दे पर हो, तो उसे गंभीरता से ही लिया जाएगा, और उसके परिणाम भी गंभीर ही होंगे। गंभीर विषय को मात्र सरल या मनोरंजक रूप से कह देने से उसकी गंभीरता समाप्त नहीं होती। बात यहाँ उपहास को गंभीरता से लेने की नहीं बल्कि गंभीर विषयों को उपहास के लिए इस्तेमाल करने की है!

अतः मनोरंजन के ईंधन से चलने वाली आज की दुनिया में इस बात को ध्यान में रखा जाए की हास्य और मनोरंजन एक कला है, हर कला में असीम शक्ति है, और हर शक्ति अपने साथ एक ज़िम्मेदारी लेकर आती है; अगर ज़िम्मेदारी के साथ, काफी ज़िम्मेदारी के साथ, उसका सही उपयोग किया जाए तो उसका प्रभाव लोगों की सोच में कई सकारात्मक बदलाव ला सकता है, और अगर उसका दुरुपयोग हो तो लोगों की सोच विकृत भी कर सकता है।

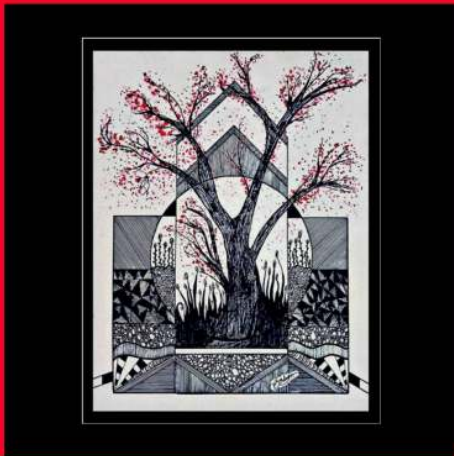
**SURYAM JYOTHIRMAY**

BA MCVP

SEM 5



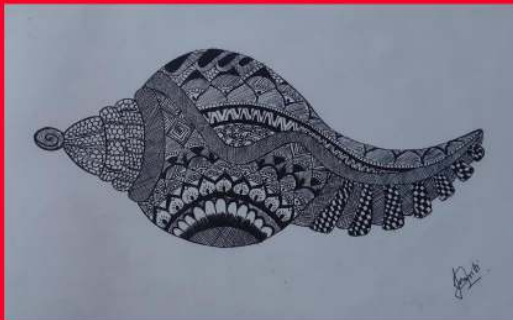
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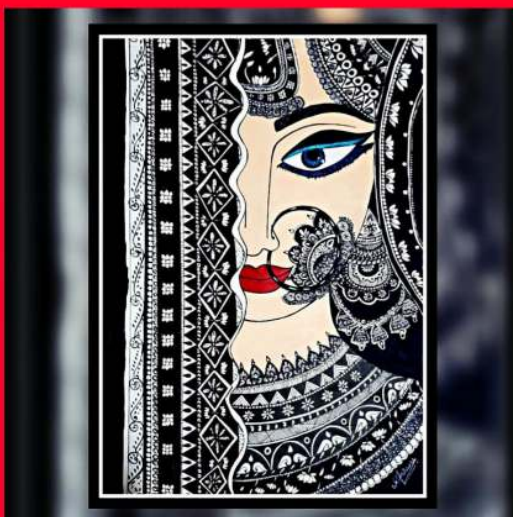
V.BALAJI  
BA Psychology Honours  
2018-21



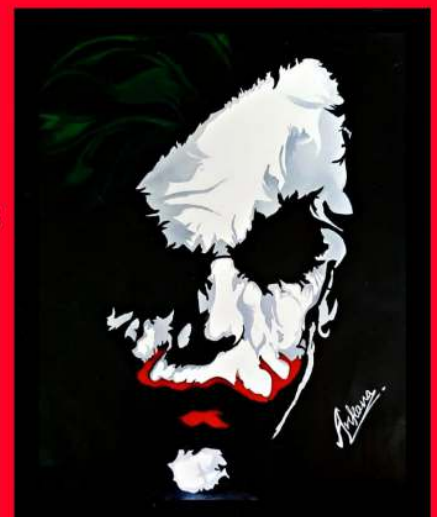
AYUSH SAHU



JAGRITI BAHAL  
BA Mcvp  
Sem 6

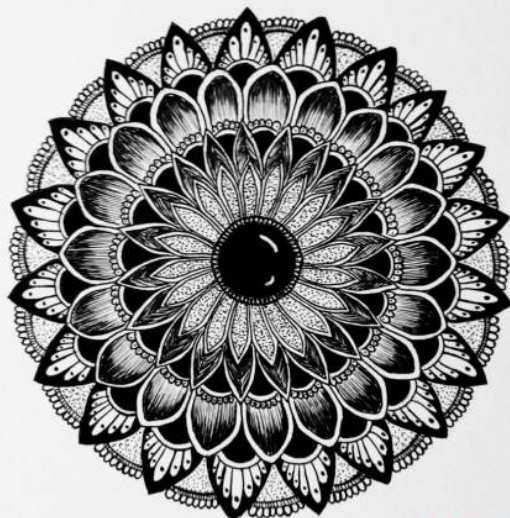


ANKANA BANERJEE  
BA Psychology Honours  
2018-21

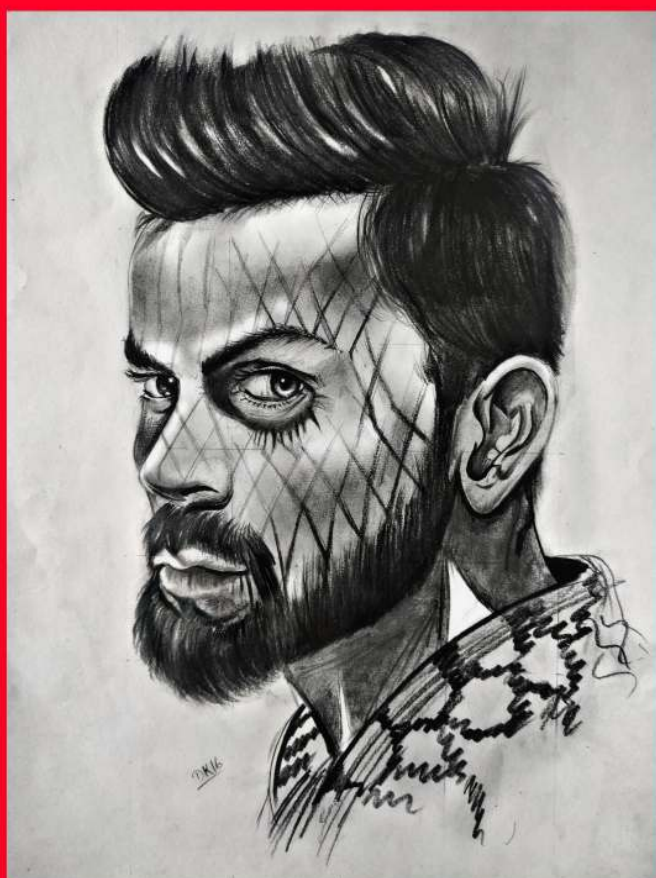




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SURAJ SHIT  
BSc Chemistry Honours  
Sem 1



DEEPAK KUMAR SHARMA  
B.com Honours  
Sem 1



# POEMS BY STUDENTS



# THE POETIC JUSTICE

The busy world is at a halt, time is at rest,  
Overpowered by an invisible invincible foe being the mightiest.  
Be it metropolis, towns or village, silence is sworn by all,  
Waiting for the News headline to say "The Count is towards falls".  
But with great hope the trembling nerves are held tight,  
Substitute of God, our promiscuous white knight,  
Working hard are the warriors on streets, assuring laws,  
Others shape young minds, erasing their flaws.  
When everyone is locked at home, few are pushed out by their fate,  
Ingesting the hot sun, moving to their native state.  
Opposite to them , pushed with greed the superpowers of the sphere,  
Well accomplished yet ready with armies at frontier.  
When the world is struggling seeking to this an end,  
Nature is flourishing, as if it's her dear friend,  
The flowers dance with breeze, enthralled with greenary,  
Birds are rejoicing, Animals admiring the scenery.  
Glistering Ganga is witnessing the virus teaching humanity to all,  
Insisting a father to focus more than work on his baby's call.  
I hope in the New Dawn a " United spirit" would pertain,  
Help will be regardless of name, life won't just revolve to obtain.

SHREYA GUHA  
BA ENGLISH HONOURS  
2018-2021

# PANDEMIC

In this pandemic, I learnt a lot  
In this pandemic, I learnt a lot.  
Hit by the waves, yet standing straight.  
Some dead in grief, some dead by pain  
Seems so natural, but there is just loss and zero gain.

In this pandemic, I learnt a lot.  
Don't let a single penny go, every coin is valuable though.  
We're breathing now, because we were feeding ourselves then.  
Some showed true colours, some showed humanity's existence.  
Respect life, respect resistance.

In this pandemic, I learnt a lot.  
save a life, add joy to your lives  
Feed someone, your soul becomes blissful and silent.  
God blessed you with infinity, carry red heart and please feel pity.  
Richness of donation, equal to richness of money.

In this pandemic, I learnt a lot.  
We're all born with similar attributes, be the voice to the needy mute.  
You do charity, you're probably clearing the debts to the previous life.  
People are starving, coz we just felt guilty,  
We did nothing, instead being wealthy.

In this pandemic, I learnt a lot.  
The story has not yet ended, maybe we're the victim next.  
It's never too late, you reading this, now please don't hesitate.  
Forget about breakups, help fixing the broken huts.  
Let them die in peace, I repeat...  
Let them die in peace.

ABHISHEK HIMANSHU  
BA Honours  
Sem 3

WHATEVER  
IT  
TAKES



# MY TIME

Feels like I am on the edge right now,  
I wish I could say I'm proud.  
This is my time to show  
This is my time to glow  
Healing my broken self and erasing the broken times,  
I gaze at the timer as it chimes.  
Rubbing my palms, I shed my fears  
Nurturing strength to shield misfortune,  
I took counsel from years.  
Go placidly amid the noise and haste,  
And remember don't let your inner peace go to waste.  
I grabbed a cookie and shared the rest,  
At times when I am in distress, I still try to live my life to the fullest.  
In the realm of sham, drudgery and broken dreams of mine,  
I surpass all my loneliness and fatigue as it's my time.

ARZOO NAZ  
BA ENGLISH HONOURS  
SEM I

# DESTINATION

A word that may define our whole journey,  
A journey that'll lead to an experience,  
And an experience that may change our life!

Yet we avoid to think about it,  
We care and fight for the journey to fit!  
A journey where we survive,  
Surpassing every obstacle,  
Leaving pains and struggle aside!

A journey to remember it will be,  
Yet it's your destination that will make it real to believe!

Destination a word brimming with enthusiasm and expectations,  
A word that may be your story's whole narration...

SUJAIN JAISWAL  
BA MCVP  
Sem 5



# CALL UPON YOUR NAME

Upon the silent thoughts of my woe,  
I call upon your name, within dreams I construe.  
I spend time yearning and sketch broken petals on ravishing  
columns;  
Here comes Troilus with broken core and Thisbe found her love  
with mortal stains.  
Crumple are the tales of the sonnets on delight and intimacy,  
Not marbles, nor guilds of forts shall outlive their legitimacy.  
Let no bard mix the requited love with the virtue of avidity,  
Against death, and all oblivious enmity.

Thou shall rest to find the sickness I repose,  
Yet even the most poor, callous soul.  
Who'd slaughter half the world with remorse,  
Has needs and longings out of my control.  
Nor do I sweet talk to you with deceitful lies,  
Neither do I love you with just my eyes.  
For you I persuade bliss, brook to the nearest,  
Every fibre of your being, you're my dearest.  
There are men to judge, to admire,  
But you are the one I desire.

I shall glorify thy beauty as divine as Dante,  
For he expresses his wrath of spirit as inferno.  
And concerns of Dido when Aeneas left Carthage,  
Graciously the Prospero sway his magic for royal marriage.  
Your tears have given me the little I deserve  
Thus, I bestow your heart, upon the realm of my universe.  
For I fill my space, with the crayons I pursue;  
I call upon your name within dreams I construe.

ARZOO NAZ  
BA English Honours  
Sem 2



# FIGHTING

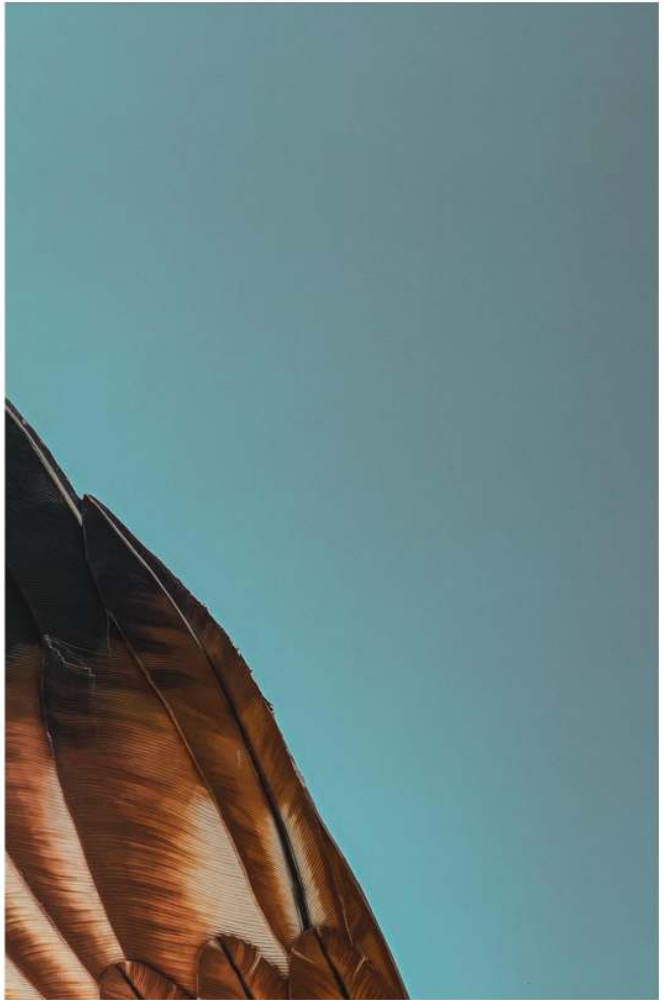
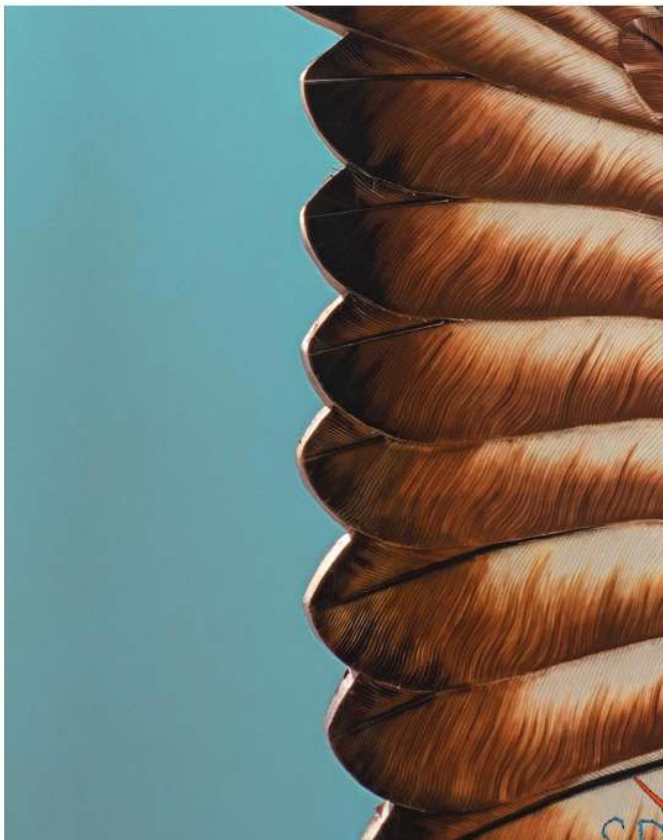
I was called weak, fragile and dumb,  
I was the one who people thought to be numb.  
'Who would I be'- this for me was still unknown,  
The road ahead was untrodden, this was for sure.

Fragmented yet pretending to be brave,  
I fought by myself, for myself, all through my way.  
'Healing of my wounds' you ask, let them shine, I say,  
I shall not stop but fight until my own grave.

## FIGHTING AND FIGHTING

I now have become tall and strong,  
I left my old self behind much long.  
My cheeks have now the marks of dried tears,  
No part of mine is now fastened in fear.  
Until the last Day,  
Until the last Night.  
I will continue to fight, fight with all my might.

SMRITI DEY  
BA ENGLISH HONOURS  
SEM 2



# YES, I CAN FLY

Yes, I have wings  
Yes, I can fly  
Yes, I can fly higher than the thinking of  
this patriarchal society  
Yes, they will try to pull me down  
Yes, they will try to cage me  
But then  
Yes, they won't be able to stop me  
Yes, they won't be able to stop me from  
spreading my wings  
Yes, I have wings  
Yes, I can fly  
Yes, they humiliate me  
Yes, they don't respect me  
But then  
Yes, I will go beyond their expectations  
Yes, I will earn my respect  
Yes, I have wings  
Yes, I can fly higher than their thinking

KAHKASHAN KHANAM  
BA MCVP  
SEM 5

# THE SILENCED BLUBBER

One more day of loneliness and despair  
One more night of unanswered silence  
One more tormenting reminiscence of heart's affair  
One more effort of reviving life's faded fragrance.

One more path to be traversed all alone  
One more appeal yet to be answered  
One more glimpse of the relics of the desolate life being  
blown  
One more distinguished sonance of tottering backward.

One more drop of unnoticed of commiserable tear  
One more fabricated smile  
One more instance of enduring the agony too hard to  
bear  
One more exposure to the life's storm to vile.

One more combat of beholding thee for the last time  
One more avidity of embellishing thy esteemed life  
with whatever trifle I own  
Cause I know, I stand at the verge of my lifetime  
Which won't furnish thee even with the unlimited  
scope to mourn.

MAHVISH IMTIYAAZ  
BA English Honours  
Sem I



# PEACE

Peace, peace everywhere not a frown to see,  
Helping hands here and there reaching out to thee.  
Get along those helping hands and you will know the worth;  
How with each help, a new smile takes birth.

Peace along walking on the tranquil paths of sorrow,  
Each soul in solitude seeking a sunny morrow.  
Peace showering over, be it big rich or poor small;  
Hearts filled with sombre, now know the powerful call.

Call that makes peace, gathers every piece,  
Shattered into nowhere, shared a common pain.  
Now that the helping hands know why to exist;  
Peace, harmony, humanity, can how empower one man's fist!

MONAZZA ALI

BA English honours

Sem- 1



# THE WONDER AGE

The age to think and space to grow.  
Widen the range, let ideas flow.  
Clear your mind and think like a sage.  
Let it be known as the wonder age.

Grind is needed to achieve your goal.  
You have the power, you just need control.  
To fulfill your dreams, pay hard work as a wage.  
Let it be known as the wonder age.

Life might be hard now, not always will it be.  
If sloth is your sin, your youth is guilty.  
Life is a book, you are living just a page.  
Let it be known as the wonder age.

In youth one learns, In age one understands.  
Your mind is a weapon where no wonder stands.  
You still have the power to break the cage.  
Let it be known as the wonder age.

SAINIAAL MUSTAFA KHAN  
BSC CHEMISTRY HONOURS

SEM 2

## OH IT'S RAINING!

Oh it's raining!  
The trees are dancing with the wind,  
Just as I want to dance with you,  
Immersed in your arms,  
Looking into your eyes,  
And lost in my hopes!

I saw two birds flying together;  
Just as I want to fly with you,  
Far away from the chaos,  
Somewhere lost into a deep mountain,  
Sitting beside a bonfire,  
With just you and me,  
Looking at the stars,  
How they shine brightly,  
And hoping that we too will shine together  
Someday this brightly,  
Up above in the blue sky,  
And someone looking at us  
Will just like us  
Find their own happiness,  
In that sparkling stars of the blue sky;  
And in the rain with the dancing trees!

SHIULI PALIT  
BA English Honours  
Sem I



# PURPLE

In the unlimited blue sky,  
I fly.  
I fly the flight of freedom,  
The leap of immense faith  
In what is to come.  
Among the purple clouds of achievement, peace and  
delight  
Made of the delicate droplets of love, pure and  
fulfilling  
The clouds give you goosebumps and make you cry,  
Among those clouds I fly.

Among those clouds whatever is deserved is achieved;  
Whatever one can, one has.  
Among those clouds there is no hatred, no struggle,  
no need, no void.  
The freedom from fragile limitations, where the blue  
sky meets the violet dreams, and red love, passionate  
as it can be,  
There, there I see  
I see myself and the world.

I see, I dream, before I realise that the sky is not  
purple, nor is the world.  
The burning heat  
of the sunlight is not sweet,  
The feet are on the dusty grounds where even a seed  
struggles to sprout.  
I discover the brown nature of reality and its sorrows;  
The grey laments and limitations make up the world,  
With wrong choices, failed efforts and regret;  
The world is not purple, not yet.

SURYAM JYOTIRMAY

BA MCVF

Semester - 4

# THAT PURPLE SHADE AND YOU

Under the evening sky all alone  
Whenever I think of you with earphones on my  
phone,  
With birds chirping all around  
Thousands of memories of us being together  
surround.  
My heart beats faster than ever,  
That purple shade of sky reminds me of you and  
that promise we made to live this way forever.  
The last time we met was a moment special,  
Something which both of us will never forget.  
Under the shades of purple sky  
Beautiful lavenders that fall in autumn lie.  
Making the beautiful purple path  
All along our evening walk.  
I will also never forget that beautiful smile  
Your hands in me and we covering miles.  
Under the evening sky all alone  
Whenever I think of you with earphones on my  
phone,  
With birds chirping all around  
Thousands of memories of us being together  
surround.

Nidhi Kumari  
M.Sc. Maths  
Sem I

MEMORIES



# समय का खेल

छोटी-छोटी बातों पर अपने,  
मैं हमेशा शिकायतें करती थी माँ,  
न जाने कब बड़ी-बड़ी बातों में भी  
चुप रहकर खुद उनसे निपटना सीख गई।  
अब तक तो मैं बच्ची थी न माँ,  
पता नहीं मैं कब बड़ी हो गई।

मेरी माँ जो हर छोटी-बड़ी बात खुद ही सुलझाती थी,  
एक बड़ी सी मुस्कान हमेशा अपने चेहरे पर लिए।  
न जाने कब वक्त के करवटों में छोटी-छोटी  
बातों में भी वो मेरा साथ चाहने लगी।  
अब तक तो बड़ी थी वो।  
न जाने कब बच्ची जैसी हो गई।

कभी छोटी-छोटी ख्वाहिशें के लिए  
पापा से जिद करती थी मैं,  
न जाने कब बड़ी-बड़ी ख्वाहिशें  
को जिम्मेदारियों के बीच भूल गई।  
अब तक तो बच्ची थी न मैं,  
न जाने कब बड़ी हो गई।

कभी-कभी अपनी बड़ी-बड़ी ख्वाहिशें भी  
पापा मेरे लिए भूल जाते थे,  
न जाने कब और कैसे वो  
छोटी-छोटी बातों में रूठने लगे।  
अब तक तो बड़े थे वो  
न जाने कब बच्चे जैसे हो गए।

कब हसने-खेलने वाले पल मेरे  
जिम्मेदारियों के बोझ में बदल गई,  
कब वक्त ने ऐसी करवट ली  
कि उनका बचपन लौटा गई  
अब तक जो क्षण थे मेरे अपने,  
न जाने कब करवट ले बन गए उनके साए।

PRIYANKA DAS  
BA English Honours  
SEM 1

# जिंदगी है जिंदगी

कभी हकीकत है कभी कहानी है जिंदगी,  
बचपन कभी बुढ़ापा कभी जवानी है जिंदगी।

ख्वाबों को मान लेते हैं हम अपनी जिंदगी,  
और मौत से पहचान लेते हैं अपनी जिंदगी।

जिंदगी ने जिंदगी भर जिंदगी को क्या दिया,  
मरते हुए इंसान में जां डाल देती जिंदगी।

जिंदगी में न किसी की जिंदगी बर्बाद कर,  
प्यार करने से बदल सकती है किसी की  
जिंदगी।

जिंदगी बख्शी है जिसने, उस खुदा की तू  
पहचान कर, उसके ही एहसान से पुरी होगी  
जिंदगी।

जिंदगी में भूलकर भी न किसी को कष्ट दे,  
जिंदगी तेरी बनेगी दरअसल फिर बंदगी।।

RIYA KUMARI NEOGI  
M.COM  
Sem 1





# तुम मुझे अपनी सी लगती हो

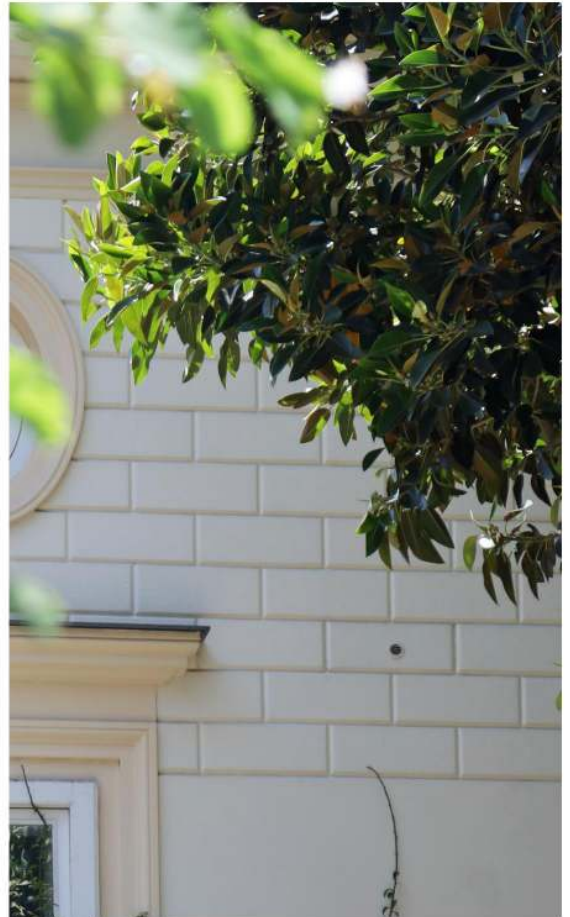
जब भी तुम हसती हो  
उस बारिश सी लगती हो  
मानो आसमान से उतरी  
कोई अपसरा,  
तुम नूर की बहार सी लगती हो  
लोग कहते हैं, हम मुख्तलिफ है  
फिर भी, तुम मुझे अपनी सी लगती हो।

जब भी तुम अपनी पलकें उठाती हो  
तेज़ आंधी सी लगती हो  
जो बस जाए किसी की आँखों में  
उस सुरमे की धार सी लगती हो  
लोग कहते हैं, कि हम मुख्तलिफ है  
फिर भी, तुम मुझे अपनी सी लगती हो.

मुसकुरा कर जब भी तुम नज़रें फेरती हो  
ठंड में आग की गर्माहट सी लगती हो  
जो रोशन कर दे, मेरी अँधेरी रात को  
तुम वह सुबह सी लगती हो  
लोग कहते हैं, कि हम मुख्तलिफ है  
फिर भी, तुम मुझे अपनी सी लगती हो.

क्यों बनती हो? क्यों संवरती हो?  
तुम तो सादगी में सजती हो  
खरीदने दो दुनिया को रंग  
तुम तो स्याह में भी जचती हो  
तुम महलों में रहने वाली मलिका  
मैं रास्ते की खाक हूँ  
लोग कहते हैं, कि हम मुख्तलिफ है  
फिर भी, तुम मुझे अपनी सी लगती हो.  
फिर भी, तुम मुझे अपनी सी लगती हो.

SAHEEFA ALAM  
BSc  
Sem 1



## तुम - एक पात्र

पात्र बन चुके हो ये संसार समाज का  
अभी चुन लो पात्र का भाग तुम्हारा,  
क्योंकि आरंभ हो रहा नाटक जीवन का।।

कभी हँसी, कभी खुशी और कभी दया,  
उछलता है आँखों में आँसु कभी,  
क्योंकि यही तेरे पात्र का भाग ॥

छूना ही है तुम्हें इस नाटक का अंतिम छोर।  
ना बीच में रुक सकते हो ना मोड़,  
रुक सकता है महसूस तेरा पर नाटक तो  
चलता रहेगा अंतिम ओर।।

पहचानो तुम अपने-कर्म-कर्तव्य इस नाटक  
की ये भी तो एक भाग है तुम्हारा,  
इस नाटक कि भूमिका का।।

BIPON MAHATO  
BA Political Science Honours  
Sem 1



# कलाकार

कलाकार हूँ मैं,  
जो जंग और जज़्बातों को मोल सके,  
वो जान हूँ मैं,  
हाँ कलाकार हूँ मैं।

लोगो की बातों से,  
तुम्हारे भी कुछ तानों से,  
सब से...  
बढ़कर आगे सोच सकूँ,  
वो कलाकार हूँ मैं।

जो जज़्बातों को शब्दों में पिरो सके  
और जो हालातों को मन चाहा आकार दे सके  
ऐसे काबिलियत का भंडार हूँ मैं,  
हाँ कलाकार हूँ मैं।

फ़र्श से अर्श तक का सफ़र जो नाप सके,  
वो कमाल हूँ मैं !  
जो सुलझाए नहीं सुलझते वो स्वाल हूँ मैं ,  
जो तुम्हारे सोच से भी परे हो,  
वो जवाब हूँ मैं !  
हाँ कलाकार हूँ मैं !

छोटी से छोटी हो या बड़ी से बड़ी कलाकृतियाँ मेरी,  
सब मेरे सोच की ही सजावट हैं,  
तुम्हारे हसीन सपनों को तुम्हारे सामने रख दूँ,  
मेरी ऐसी ताकत है!  
कलाकार हूँ मैं ,  
मेरी ऐसी बनावट है!  
हाँ कलाकार हूँ मैं।

SUJAIN JAISWAL

BA MCVP

Sem 5

## जो बीत गई वो बात गई

जो बीत गई वो बात गई,  
दिन भी बीता और रात गई।  
आँसू सूखे जज़्बात गई,  
वह यादों की लम्हात गई।

क्यों हाथों पर यूँ हाथ धरे  
हम बैठे हैं जैसे हो मरे पड़े।  
है नई सुबह कुछ साथ करें ,  
आओ एक नई शुरुआत करें।

एक नया जोश और नया उमंग  
खुशियों और उत्साह का हो यह संगम।  
बस लक्ष्य की ओर हो अपनी नज़र,  
हो भले बुरे की हमें खबर।  
बेज़ार वक्त भी होता है सिर्फ पल भर  
हूँ साथ तेरे मैं, तू रख सबर।

थे बहुत भले जो लोग मिले  
पर देखो उनसे साथ गई  
यह आना-जाना चलता है,  
जो बीत गई वो बात गई।

SHUBHAM RAJ

BCA

Sem 2

# तोड़ दूँ मैं बंदिशें

तोड़ दूँ मैं बंदिशें पर तोड़ना आसाँ कहाँ ,  
जान हैं वो, जान से मुँह मोड़ना आसाँ कहाँ ।।

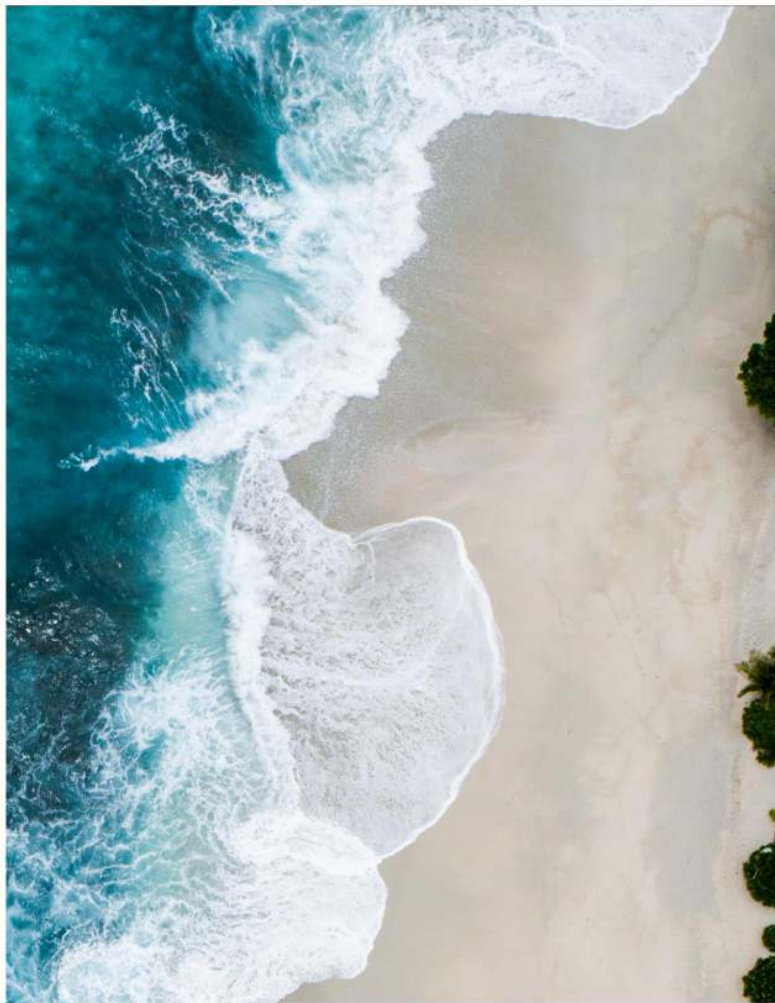
लत अगर होती तो जाती छूट एक ज़िद से मगर,  
ये मोहब्बत है इसे यूँ छोड़ना आसाँ कहाँ ।।

इन बहारों में तेरी यादें सताती हैं बहुत ,  
याद में जलने से दिल को रोकना आसाँ कहाँ ।।

है बुलाती उँगलियों को ये घनी जुल्फें तेरी,  
तेरी जुल्फों में खोने से खुद को रोकना आसाँ कहाँ ।।

आँखों में मेरी अब तो तेरी परछाई सा उतर जाता  
कोई भी चेहरा,  
पर तेरे उस चेहरे को भूलना आसाँ कहाँ ।।

KUSHAL GANERIWAL  
B.Com Honours  
2018-2021



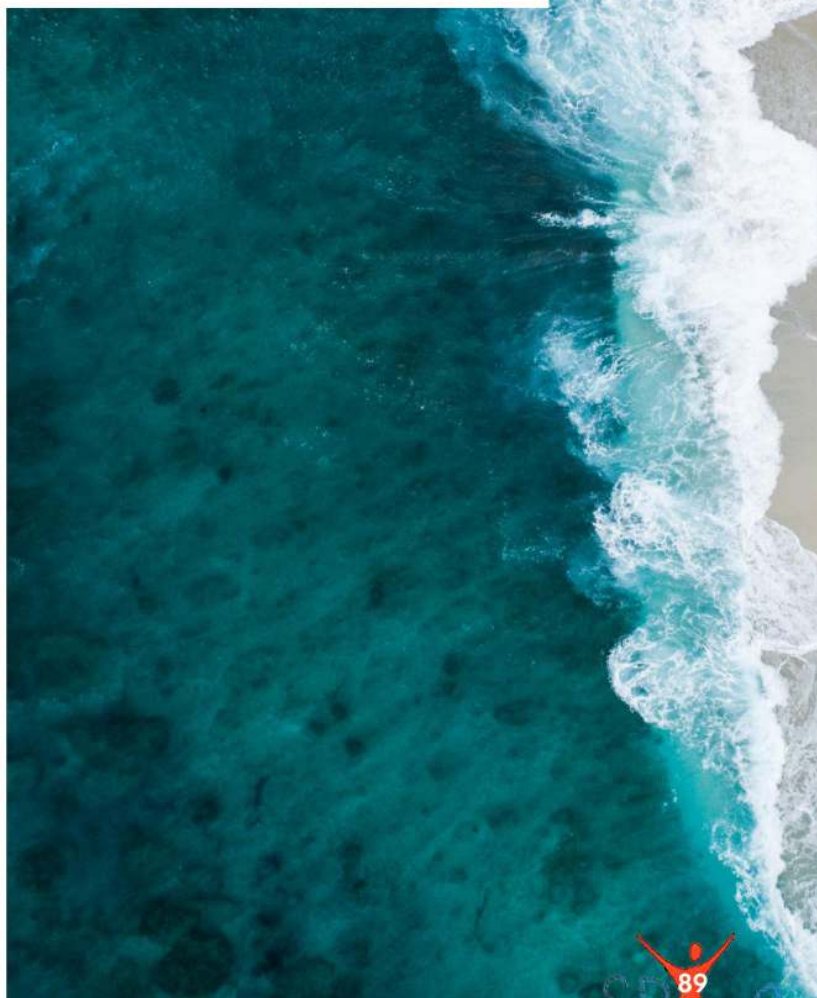
## बेगुनाह

(कैब ड्राइवर केस, लखनऊ)

क्या गलती थी मेरी ?  
किस बात की सजा मिली ?  
बीच बाजार में पीटा गया,  
क्यों किसी ने मेरी गवाही नहीं सुनी ?

नहीं खड़ा करना कटघरे में उसे,  
नहीं करना उससे थप्पड़ों का हिसाब।  
बस जो आत्मसम्मान खोया है मैंने,  
क्या उसका है तुम्हारे पास कोई जवाब ?  
इतना तो जलील हो चुका था मैं,  
झूठ बोलकर और कितना सताओगे ?  
आंखें खोल नजरें झुकाकर  
कब तक यूँ मूक दर्शक बन बैठोगे ?

Tushar Gupta  
BA MCVP  
Sem - 2





# यादों का बादल

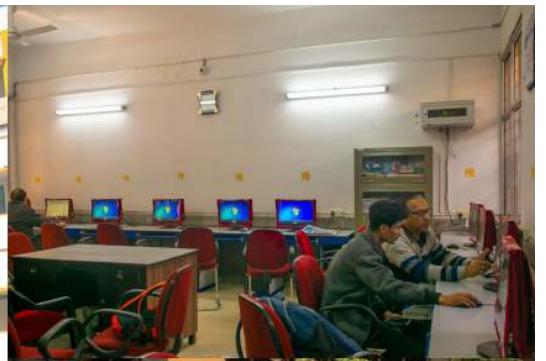
आज भी इन बादलों को देखकर मुझे तुम्हारी याद आती है,  
याद आती है की किस तरह इंतज़ार किया करते थे हम दोनों,  
इन बादलों के घिरने का  
और बारिश होने पर छुपकर मिलने का।  
देखो ना आज फिर बादल धिरे हैं  
और गरज कर हमें मिलने को पुकार रहे हैं।  
देखो ना आज ये बारिश की बूंदें हमें जैसे खोज रही हैं।  
मैं जा रही हूँ पहले की तरह इन बारिशों में भीगने  
मुझे पता है इस बार तुम नहीं आओगे  
फिर भी जा रही हूँ,  
मैंने वादा जो किया था इन से।

Nisha Sharma

BA MCVP

Sem 1





## SECOND HOME











# EX STUDENTS' EXPERIENCE



# THE STORY OF HOW SPArC CHARMED ME



**ABHIK DEB**  
Ex SPArCian  
Chief Organising Secretary,  
Student Committee 2015-16

August 2013 wasn't the best period of my life. I had just dropped out from the third year of a software engineering course, and was staring at three more years during which I had to pursue my graduation all over again. Yes, I had finally got my chance to study Mass Communication, which was to be a gateway for a career in journalism, which I had been dreaming about since the ninth standard. But to be brutally honest, the prospect of spending my graduation years in a college in Jamshedpur, while staying at home, did not seem glamorous, exciting or "cool". After all, the 22-year old aspiring journalist in me wanted to express himself. Wasn't that a major reason why the drudgery of a software engineer's life never seemed attractive to me? Taking the liberty to detonate another truth bomb, by the first look of it, Karim City College hardly seemed like a place that could offer me a platform to brew my creative juices. Today, with the benefit of hindsight, I can safely say that Karim City College and SPArC were only staying true to their characters when I had thought so. The college, and a gem of its brainchild that SPArC is, believe in the pursuit of excellence, but with the most unassuming demeanour. By doing so, the obvious teaching that they lend to its alumni is to stay humble in success. It would be unfair, however, to sum up what SPArC has given me in that single thought. In fact, I would probably fall short of summing it all up even if I use up reams of pages to elaborate on it. Here, I am not even talking about the posts that I held in the Student Committee, or the awards that I received. The charm of the SPArC years lies in the seemingly mundane details of deciding on the guest list of an event, or ringing up the refreshment packet delivery guy. It lies in the joy of discovering a first-year student who penned something magical in "Qalamkaar", or that soulful voice that you happened to hear while going past the E-Classroom during the Sunday music class. It lies in the friendships that were made while sneaking out for a cigarette break during a busy day of Satrang, or in that that evening when you fell in love with a girl while staying back late in college to make sure that preparations for the closing ceremony were on point.

As I said, I could go on for reams of pages...And yet, fall miserably short. So, I would rather take the safe option of reminiscing one evening from December 2013. It was the first Satrang that I was part of and one of the more popular events, Jhanak, was about to get underway. By virtue of having two left feet, Jhanak was probably the most alien event for me and I was looking forward to being an armchair critic of the participants. But, Badr Sir had other ideas. He had probably earmarked me already for the next year's student committee. I was a volunteer for that year's Satrang nonetheless. So, he asked me to stand between the Staff Room, where the participants were waiting for their turn and Room No 7, where the event took place. My job was to ensure that while one participant performed, the next in line was ready. Simple enough, I thought. Besides, I had a good view of the stage to be the armchair critic I had planned to. But what I had not realised was that I would start belonging to SPArC during the course of that evening. As I queued up one participant after the other, the armchair critic in me withered away, and a sense of responsibility set in. I had to do this right...Even if it was the simplest of jobs. At the end of the event, Badr Sir looked at me and nodded. He was never a man of many words. But, I knew I had done my part and more importantly, SPArC had charmed me for good. The rest...Well, let's not waste reams of pages in that futile exercise.





## REMINISCENCE...

SANCHARI CHATTERJEE

Ex SPArCian

Chief Organising Secretary,  
Student Committee

2007-2008

As I write, I feel nostalgic and honoured to have encountered my past at KCC. Really college life is one of the most memorable and unforgettable periods of everyone's life providing a lesson on the tough skills of life. Same is with me. I was admitted here in KCC in 2005. Being a Bio. Science student primarily my college days were surrounded with practical and theory classes. I was not acquainted with the cultural genre of this institution at that point of time. One day, I came to know about a music competition of ghazhal. Since ghazhal had and still has a special place in my heart, I not only took part in that but also won. In hindsight I feel I was destined to win because that was my first footstep not only into the profound musical atmosphere of KCC but also towards SPArC. I got a warm greeting from SPArC, Principal Sir and excitedly involved myself both psychologically and physically and eventually was also elected as the secretary of SPArC. The best part is that, SPArC as a platform is the encouragement to extract the extraordinary within one's self by providing several chances explore without fear. Under the umbrella of SPArC, we competed at the National Youth Festival at Chaibasa with maximum prizes won by our college students. I got the golden opportunity to represent my college and became one of the winners of the three trophies. The spark of that magical pride shivers me even now. I won different trophies after then in different fields of competitions with all of the educators' inspiration. The Governor Sir Syed Sifey Razzi who is a patron of ghazhal was present in the annual function and we got hearty appraisal after our performance. The remarkable influence of this program is that from then on, I along with one of my friend got a chance to perform everytime he used to visit. Such an opportunity opened up for me only because of SPArC.

We also enjoyed a lot during the excursion held in 2006 in Vizag. There the amiable teachers taught us how to collect and preserve species hand in hand. We enjoyed the trip to the brim. The respected teachers who are always worthy to be mentioned, under the mask of strictness, taught us discipline and cooperation. Remembering their inspirational speeches makes me disciplined spontaneously and today what I am is because of them.

Numerous experiences sit in my memory. Last but not least SPArC shaped my life hugely, modeled me as a successful teacher cum learner and made me comprehensive with the ups and downs of life. After completing my precious three years of graduation, luckily I got a chance to complete B.ED. degree from there and my happiness knew no bounds as I was able to continue with my journey with KCC and SPArC for another year.

These glorious years passed even before I realised with various lessons and experiences. The last day of my college was and still is very emotional. It still is unbearable and unthinkable to say goodbye to my alma mater, my preacher, KCC.







**SRINIVAS BEESETTY (Vidushak)**

Ex SPArCian

Joint Secretary of SPArC :2006-07

Secretary of SPArC: 2007-08

## AN ODE TO SPArC

From someone who peed his pants on stage during school to someone who now breathes Theatre each day, I've come a long way. The metamorphosis happened in 2006.

It was in 2006, that I got an opportunity to perform in a Mime competition organized by Ranchi University. My first feeling after the performance, I never belonged anywhere the way I belonged on stage. Winning the prize was a bonus. But that's not what changed. My excitement was fired up by two professors. The ones who also were the very reason for SPArC's inception. Badr Sir and Yahiya Sir not just created a platform for Art & cultural activities, but gave the wings to fly beyond the class walls and computer screens. I was encouraged to build perspectives, have opinions yet, view the world with a non-biased lens. From organising events, self development as an artist, bringing in operational efficiency and time management, SPArC matured me by heaps and bounds. I was asked how SPArC shaped me up. I'd say I was born along with SPArC, thanks to KCC and my godparents, Yahiya Sir and Badr Sir. I am What I am because of them.



**SHUBHAM KUMAR PATI**

Ex SPArCian

Logistics Secretary 2016-17

करीम सिटी कॉलेज में स्पार्क के 3 साल के अनुभव में बहुत कुछ सीखने का अवसर मिला। जब अभिक देब स्पार्क के मुख्य आयोजन सचिव थे, उसी वर्ष से मेरा ध्यान ग्राफ़िक डिजाइनिंग और फोटोग्राफी में गया। मैंने स्पार्क और कॉलेज के अन्य गतिविधियों के लिए पोस्टर, बैनर और पॉवरपॉइंट भी डिज़ाइन किया। चूँकि यह पहला पड़ाव था, इसलिए यहाँ से सीखता गया। वर्ष 2016-17 में मैंने स्पार्कलिंग स्पेन को सम्पूर्ण रूप से बद्र सर के दिशा-निर्देश के साथ डिज़ाइन किया। इसी में मेरे द्वारा लिखा गया लेख 'छऊ नृत्य का विकास' को बद्र सर और याहिया इब्राहिम सर ने विश्लेषित कर लेखन को परिपक्व करने का कार्य किया। इसके बाद गांधी से संबंधित सारे लेख में मैंने लेखन का वही पैमाना अपनाया जो करीम सिटी कॉलेज में सीखा था। साथ ही, यहाँ जो मैं कार्यक्रम प्रबंधन और आयोजन क्रियाविधि सीखा था, वह कोल्हान विश्वविद्यालय के युवा महोत्सव, वसुधैव कुटुम्बकम् 2017 को आयोजित करने में सहायक साबित हुआ। इसी बीच कॉलेज के कार्यक्रमों में कभी-कभी फोटोग्राफी भी करता था। अगस्त 2017 में पहली बार मेरे द्वारा ली गयी तस्वीर, 'द डार्क स्माइल' मलेशिया में प्रदर्शित हुई। उसके बाद अर्जेंटीना, रूस, ब्राज़ील, स्पेन और भारत में दिल्ली एवं कोलकाता में अबतक भिन्न-भिन्न तस्वीर प्रदर्शित हो चुकी है। कॉलेज में सीखे गए अनुभव का आज भी अनुसरण करता हूँ।





— SURAJ SAHU  
Ex SPArCian  
Managing Editor  
(2019-2020)

## गज़ल

फ़क़त हमसे अदावत है, शिकायत है जमाने को,  
बताओ क्या सफ़ाई दें बचा क्या है सुनाने को।

गरीबी मुफ़लिसी की मार है इतनी पड़ी हम पर,  
कि अब मजबूर हैं हम रोटियाँ तक भी चुराने को।

जरूरी है समझदारी यहाँ हर मोड़ पर भाई,  
हमें कुछ लोग आमदा हैं आपस में लड़ाने को।

ज़रा मजबूत ही रखना घरों की नींद को प्यारे, यहाँ  
दरिया निकल पड़ते हैं दीवारें गिराने को।

सुनो! अब फ़ोन मत करना कि अब्बू आ गए मेरे,  
अरे जा! आग लग जाए तेरे झूठे बहाने को।

भुलाने में लगे हैं हम उसे दिन-रात हर लम्हा,  
महीना बस महीना भर लगेगा अब भुलाने को।

ग़मेदिल भी बयाँ करना ग़ज़ल के शेर में "सूरज"  
बहुत हैं लोग वरना दर्द हँस-हँसकर छुपाने को।

## मैं और करीम सिटी कॉलेज

समय का चक्र और मनुष्य का जीवन ये दोनों समकालीन रूप से चलने वाले पहिए कुछ इस प्रकार से होते हैं की लोग चाहकर भी इन्हें रोक नहीं पाते हैं। कुछ ऐसी ही घटना मेरे जीवन में उस समय घटित हुई जब मैंने स्नातक की पढ़ाई हेतु अपने चाचा के कहने पर करीम सिटी कॉलेज को चुना। यह कॉलेज चुनने के उपरान्त ऐसे अनेक किस्से हुए जिनकी व्याख्या करने बैठू तो शायद घंटों बीत जाए। फिर भी एक किस्सा मैं अवश्य बताना पसंद करूंगा। कॉलेज में पंजीकरण हेतु जब फॉर्म भर रहा था तब मैं इतिहास विषय का चयन कर रहा था। किंतु अपने बड़े भाई के यह कहने पर कि मेरी एक पुरानी मित्र है तो तुम अंग्रेजी विभाग चुन लो, उनकी यह बात मानकर मैंने अपने जीवन में शायद अब तक का सबसे सही फैसला किया है। मैं ऐसा इसलिए कह रहा हूँ क्योंकि अंग्रेजी विभाग से जुड़ने के बाद मुझे मेरे जीवन का उद्देश्य मिल गया। अंग्रेजी विभाग के शिक्षकगण की डाट एवं फटकार सुनकर, मैं जो अंत में चुप चाप खड़ा रहना पसंद करता था वह अब आगे बढ़कर पूरे आत्मविश्वास के साथ फैसला लेने लगा था। धीरे धीरे मैं और विषयों के शिक्षकों से मिलने लगा जो मेरा उचित समय पर मार्गदर्शक किया करते थे। इन शिक्षकों के मार्गदर्शन से मेरे अंदर आवश्यकता अनुसार आत्मविश्वास आ गया जिससे मेरे छवि में एक अलग ही बदलाव देखने को मिला। करीम सिटी कॉलेज के अंग्रेजी विभाग के अलावा स्पार्क नामक नामक संस्था ने भी मेरे जीवन को उचित दिशा देने में एक अहम भूमिका अदा किया। इससे जुड़ने के बाद ही मुझे कॉलेज में अपने विषयों के अतिरिक्त बाकी विषयों के शिक्षकों से मिलने का अवसर मिला जो मेरे लिए अत्यंत लाभदायक था। स्पार्क संस्था के साथ जुड़कर मैं अपनी खूबियों को पहचानकर उन्हें निखारने लगा जिसके परिणाम स्वरूप में जिस विद्यालय में भी शिक्षक के रूप में नियुक्त होता हूँ उस विद्यालय में मेरी इस पहचान को ज्यादा मान मिलता है। स्पार्क से जुड़कर काम करने पर मुझे एक लाभ हुआ की मैं अपने गुस्से पर काबू करना सीखकर गलत बातों को नजरंदाज करने लगा। मेरे इस व्यवहार के कारण मैं अपने नए कर्म भूमि पर मात्र कुछ दिनों में ही अपनी छाप छोड़ देता हूँ। कुल मिलाकर मेरे अनुसार करीम सिटी कॉलेज विद्यार्थियों के लिए एक अवसर है जहाँ हमें अच्छे शिक्षकों के साथ साथ कुछ ऐसे मित्र भी मिलते हैं जो जीवन को एक अलग रूप से ही आनंदित करते हैं।



KUMAR YASHWANT  
Ex SPArCian  
Logistics secretary  
2015-2016





# میں اور کریم سٹی کالج



MD WALIULLAH  
EX SPArCian  
Literary Head

اسکول کی زندگی کا پہلا دن اور آخری دن ایک جیسا ہوتا ہے پہلے دن ہم روتے ہیں کیونکہ کسی کو ہم جانتے نہیں ہیں ۔ اور ایک اجنبی سے دنیا میں داخل ہوتے ہیں ۔ اور آخری دن بھی روتے ہیں کیونکہ سب کو جان چکے ہوتے ہیں اسلئے بچھڑنے کا غم ستاتا ہے چھوڑ کر جانے کا دل نہیں کرتا۔ مگر کالج کی زندگی اس سے بالکل مختلف ہے ۔ جہاں ایک طرف ہم اسکول سے نکلتے وقت رو رہے ہوتے ہیں وہیں دوسری طرف ہمارے دلوں میں نئی امنگ پھوٹ رہی ہوتی ہے کہ ہم اب کالج میں جائینگے اور بہت ساری چیزیں سیکھنے کا موقع ملے گا ۔

آج میرے کالج کا پہلا دن تھا ، میں جوش سے بھرا ہوا کالج کے احاطہ میں داخل ہوا تو دیکھا کہ کالج کے آنگن میں بینچ لگے ہوئے تھے میں بھی ایک سیٹ لے کر بیٹھ گیا اس دن تمام طلباء کے درمیان اساتذہ کو متعارف کرانے کا سلسلہ چل رہا تھا میں شوخ نظروں کے ساتھ ہر سمت دیکھے جارہا تھا

پروگرام کے دوران ہی ہم نے کئی دوست بنائے اور پھر ہمارے درس کا سلسلہ شروع ہو گیا ہر روز کالج آنے جانے سے دھرے دھرے کالج سے انسیت سی ہونے لگی ، کالج میں کئی طرح کے اورگنائزیشن وغیرہ SPArC , Rotaract , NSS

موجود تھیں جو طرح طرح کے پروگرام منعقد کرتی رہتی ہے۔ جب پہلی بار میں اسپارک کے ہونے والے پروگرام کا حصہ بنا تو بے حد خوشی محسوس ہوئی اور میں نے اپنی پہلی غزل ۲۰۱۳ میں کے ذریعہ سے شروع کیا اور ساتھی We the poet اسپارک کے سات مجھے اسپارک کے لیڈریری کلب کا سگریٹری بننے کا موقع بھی ملا اور آج میں بطور شاعر جانا جاتا ہوں اس کے پیچھے ہمارے اساتذہ کی کافی محنت اور کہیں نہ کہیں اسپارک کے ذریعہ سے بنا اور میں آج بھی کریم سٹی کالج جمشید پور کا حصہ ہوں آخر میں اللہ سے دعا ہے کہ اللہ کالج کو دین دگنی ترقیات سے نوزے آمین

ولی اللہ جمشید پوری

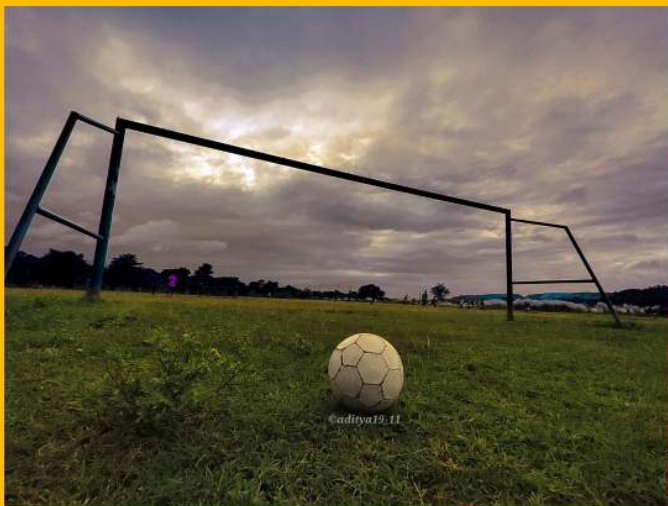
# CITY LIGHTS



ADITYA KUMAR



ADITYA KUMAR



ADITYA KUMAR



AWANTH UPADHYAY  
BA MCVP  
SEM 3



HARSH KUMAR



AWANTH UPADHYAY  
BA MCVP  
SEM 3





# CITY LIGHTS



AWANTH UPADHYAY  
BA MCVP  
SEM 3



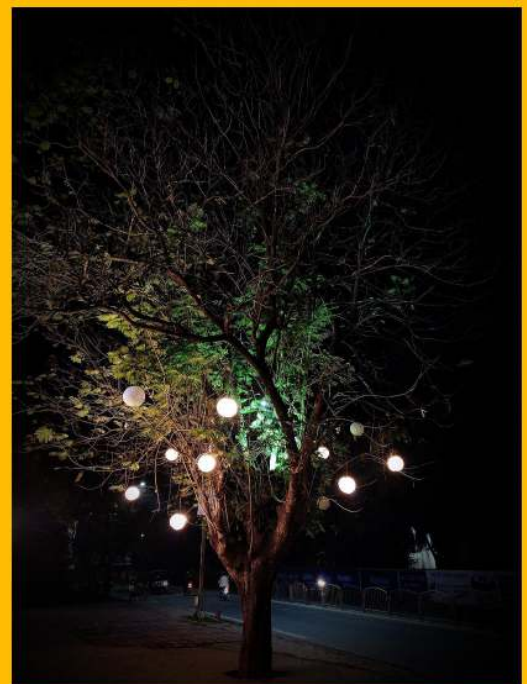
ROHIT KUMAR KAR  
BA ENGLISH HONOURS  
SEM 1



HARSH KUMAR



YOUSUF SARFARAZ  
BA MCVP  
2018-2021



RITESH NAG  
BSC CHEMISTRY HONOURS  
SEM 2





# INTERVIEWS





## From keeping basics clear and practising to always having a Plan B, Jamshed Khan talks about his journey.

**Md. Jamshed Khan** was a resident of Azadnagar who completed his schooling from Kerala Public School Mango and completed his graduation from Karim City College. After this he completed B.Tech from Rajiv Gandhi Technical University Bhopal and M.Tech from Jamia Millia Islamia New Delhi. Presently he is working as a Junior Researcher with DRDO.

Speaking with Sujain Jaiswal, he opened up about his experiences, science as his life, advice to students and much more.

*Q: Sir, can you please tell us about yourself and your journey so far?*

Ans: Good evening everyone. I am Mohammad Jamshed Khan. I completed my primary education from KPS, Mango, and secondary education from Christian High School and I completed my +2 that is Intermediate in Science from Karim City College. During my primary and secondary education, I didn't really think that I would be a scientist. I was just feeling out the subject and was testing the subject as to how to easily absorb and recall it. I only paid attention to the education. When I completed my +2 from Karim City College, I moved to Bhopal for Mechanical Engineering and started thinking logically about my direction. I completed my Mechanical Engineering with 3rd Rank throughout the department and even then, I had trouble finding jobs, so I implemented Plan B, gave the exam and got selected for MTech in Thermal Engineering in Jamia Millia Islamia which has only 6 seats all over India. Later, I took the exam for the post of Junior Research at DRDO. It had only 4 seats and I was selected. In 2019, when I was working as a GRF at DRDO, the central recruitment of ISRO was brought in, so I filled up the form, started preparing for it as I only had 2 months and when the results were out, I saw that I held the 11th rank all over India. And currently I'm still here at ISRO.

*Q: Sir now we know how much of an impact Science had in your professional life, has it somehow influenced your personal life too? Can you share some instances?*

Ans: Yes. I'll share how I used Science as a law. When I started my preparation, it required a lot of potential and energy, so I was concerned with conserving my energy anyhow. When you read the first law of thermodynamics, it says that energy is conserved in the universe, it just transforms from one form to the other. So, while doing my preparations, I understood that. I knew that if I had let myself get distracted by listening to people, I wouldn't be where I wanted, where I am now. So, I used it this way to achieve success. Secondly, there is a concept of equilibrium in science. If we talk about the pandemic and how so many people got destroyed, what happens is, in the universe, the generation of entropy becomes greater, so the universe desires to be in equilibrium and hence lessens the Degree of Freedom in the universe. It can increase the entropy only up to a certain limit and if it becomes more than that, to achieve its equilibrium, it will lessen the number of independent variables. So I speculated that this pandemic would hit every hundred or two hundred years.



*Q: Sir, qualifying for ISRO is a big thing, so, were there any restrictions that you imposed on yourself to make yourself more focused?*

Ans: The first thing which I wanted to do, for which I believed in myself that I had to do it, so I kept pushing myself. The first time, I didn't qualify, so the second time I learned from my mistakes, I figured out the problem, so that I could eradicate my limitations for my exams. One thing going in my mind was that I had to do something big anyhow, so that was a big motivation for me. It kept me in this direction and didn't let me get disturbed. I already mentioned how I didn't waste my energy on less important things.

*Q: Sir, what was your family's role behind it?*

Ans: Family can't be there for a long time with you, especially with preparations, your family can only support you financially. Sometimes when your motivation gets down, your family more often than not, aren't there with you, so you have to be the one to keep believing in yourself that you can do it. Like I had a plan B with me, knowing that it would support me, so that if any problem occurs or if I get demotivated, at least in my mind, I will have that assurance that at least I have something to fall back on. If not Plan A, then at least I have Plan B.

*Q: I read in an article that you always dreamt of following the path of A.P.J. Abdul Kalam, since childhood, so was he a role model for you?*

Ans: Yes absolutely. He said that history has proven that the person who dares to break the limit of impossibility, he is the one who'll achieve success. A.P.J. Abdul Kalam Sir was first a director at ISRO, and he had a lot of projects there. He failed as often as 2 times in his projects but in his 3rd try, he succeeded on his target for light to reach the low orbit. Later, he became a Director at ISRO, then after that he joined DRDO, and there he implemented what he learned from his failures to the missile work. He wouldn't have learned if he didn't have failures. Now, because of him we have reached a high range of missiles, which can be compared with American missile range.

*Q. Yes sir. Now coming to DRDO, we can say that protecting the country doesn't necessarily mean going to the borders. It can also mean sitting in laboratories and inventing new technologies. Since you have been a part of DRDO, what are your views regarding this?*

Ans: Yes correct, but the thing is that the product design that we used to have in DRDO, was based on the practice that the top workers would send them on the border to test it out in the military, to check out which ones would fail or succeed, or how other countries attack. So, our seniors were in charge of that, and they would be the ones to give us work based on it, to guide us in designing the product.

*Q. Would you like to share your experiences there (DRDO)?*

Ans. Actually, RND is the Defence Sector, so it's advisable to discuss as little as possible about it.





*Q: Since you're more exposed to scientific learning and scientific knowledge and also studied in various institutes, what suggestions would you give to improve the process of teaching and learning of Science?*

Ans: First of all, whatever I have achieved till now, is through the basic understanding of the subject. Without that I wouldn't have achieved the things I have till now. Because in the interview, the renowned professors wouldn't ask about the subject that you've studied, they would directly ask questions related to the basic understanding of the subject. There is one limitation that comes along between the student and the teacher, and that is how much in-depth understanding should be provided, because there needs to be a level, or the students would get bored and would potentially give up studying science. For instance, I understood how the formulas were derived, their limitations, which stays with you for a lifetime. If teachers are teaching in a shallow way, the syllabus gets completed that way but it's a loss for the students. Therefore, teachers should focus more on giving a basic understanding of the subject, so that the upcoming topics would make better sense to the students. Also, they should be provided with practical understanding too, especially in Maths, Physics and Chemistry. Practical understanding is essential to remember the concepts lifelong. They aren't meant to be memorised.

*Q. Sir, what advice would you like to give to our students?*

Ans. My advice to students is that now is the time to give all your focus to the teachers. Talk to them about your weaknesses and problems. The only one who's stopping you from taking the next step is you, no one else. You can't blame anyone else saying that you couldn't do it or you didn't have enough finance, or your father didn't support you, so it's not like that, the only person you can blame is yourself. Secondly, revision and recall are very important because this way you can retain the knowledge. Plan and strategize. Thirdly, since memorising everything isn't possible, make short notes of important words and key points. Reading the key points is enough to make preparation meaningful. It's important to minimize the subject as much as possible.

**\*This interview was a part of SCIENCE FESTEMBER organised by the Science Club of SPArC.**

**(Sujain Jaiswal is a final year undergraduate student of Mass Communication with keen interest in anchoring and interviewing.)**





**‘In this world where people prefer everything to be instant and at the tap of a finger, it is poetry which faces the consequence of being ignored’, Varsha Singh says.**

**Varsha Singh** is an Independent Researcher, Critic, Poet, Translator and Editor from Dhanbad, Jharkhand. She currently teaches at the Department of English, Guru Nanak College, Dhanbad. She writes in English and Hindi. Along with being the Managing Editor of Reviews, she edits for several national and international journals. She has been widely featured in several journals, books and magazines.

Speaking with Manish Mukhi, Singh discussed her style and approach towards her writings, her felicity with languages, her vision as a teacher and much more.

*Q: Ma'am please tell us something about yourself. What was your motivation and how you started writing and how did you feel the inclination towards literature to take it as an academic career.*

**Ans:** Hello, Manish! First of all I would like to congratulate you and your team for pulling up such a lively magazine. I have been following this through your College Website since it began. Secondly, I wish to thank you and your team for connecting with me and giving me the honour of sharing this space with all of you.

Moving on to your question, I have been a student of literature which I would passionately continue to be all my life. Professionally, I teach Under-Graduate students at the Department of English, Guru Nanak College, Dhanbad, Jharkhand. I also run a magazine named "Reviews" along with editing for a couple of journals. I write poems and critical pieces in English and Hindi. I also find solace in translating creative pieces.

My interest for writing grew while I was pursuing my M.Phil from ISM-Dhanbad ( now IIT-ISM Dhanbad ) with a specialization in Translation. It was then that I realized that I can be fearless while writing. At times fear traps us in such a way that we start living with the misconception that we cannot express or communicate well in writing. Translation definitely helped me out in coming out of this fear of being judged and this was the time when I began writing for myself. More than anything, it became a kind of therapy. There were things which would impact me as a human being, but I would not voice it – being an introvert. It only happened through writing that I managed to detangle all those knots.

When I started writing, I must confess, I was terribly confessional in my poems. I would talk a lot about my emotions, my imaginations, my perceptions, etc., which would often make my writings fall flat. Slowly and gradually I grew out of myself and began writing in a tone which was beyond my personal periphery. It certainly took time, but I definitely wrote about things beyond my comfort zone. I tried taking risks, failed most of the times, and succeeded a few times. Though, the thing which never stopped me or demotivated me from continuing to express was the love for literature and having a voice of one's own.



My interest towards literature came from my childhood. More than anything, I always loved stories. I still do! This interest helped me in having clarity in picking up literature for my career; however, it was my Mentor who believed in me and encouraged me to take up a career in Higher Academics. It was then that I decided to pursue M.Phil followed by PhD.

*Q: You write poetry both in Hindi and English and also translate extensively from one language to another. Could you talk about your felicity with languages?*

Ans: Sure! I write in both languages because of my affinity with them. I equally enjoy reading literatures in Hindi and English, along with reading literatures from any other language in translation.

Translation came to me at a time of crisis when I was pursuing my Graduation. During those years the internet was not a thing and it was impossible to dig books in the English version. I had no other option and I finally bought books in Hindi and translated them all into English to prepare for my exams. During this time I got intrigued with the power of translation and understood its value to take it up as a career. I have been into translation for more than seventeen years now, and the love is still on!

*Q: As a poet, what are the themes that draw you the most?*

Ans: I am a person who is nowhere close to sermonizing; so my poems lack moral lessons. I mostly write about gender issues, conflicts of identities, emotional dilemmas, human psyche, psycho- social issues, disparities, etc. to name a few.

*Q: Poetry is often a neglected genre. As an academic how do you think that teaching poetry in the classroom can be made more exciting?*

Ans: Poetry gathers a lot of neglect due to its complex nature in comparison to any other form of literature. In this world where people prefer everything to be instant and at the tap of a finger, it is poetry which faces the consequence of being ignored and hence least sold.

As a teacher it becomes my responsibility to make the students more patient as learners. In such situations, poetry turns of great help. While I teach poems, I do not prefer to lecture, but I like conducting my classes as workshops, where each student participates in the procedure of meaning making, and hence becomes a part of the process. This enables the learner to become an active participant rather than being a passive receiver. I think that while we teach poetry, it is important that students get to connect with any piece of poem in real time rather than simply getting the readymade meanings and analysis fed by the internet and guidebooks.

*Q: There is a strong element of feminism in your poetry. Please comment on that.*

Ans: Yes. The strong feminist elements which can be seen in the poems you are talking about are result to those intentional ordeals which women go through in their lives. I have come around a lot of such women who have faced exploitation, of different kinds in their lives. As a woman, they impact me and a strong emotional response has to come out. My attempt has been to become their mouthpiece and push their words out in the world so that their side of stories doesn't remain unheard.

*Q: You have been born, brought up and educated in Jharkhand. How has your state impacted your writing?*

Ans: To a great extent. As a person of literature, your outer world impacts you as much as your inner world. On several occasions, my poet friends have also mentioned finding an undertone of “culture of vernacular” (Sathyanathan C.) in my writing style. In fact, the impact is of such extent that my last book of poems “Parbati the traitor and other poems” took its inspiration from a tribal woman of Jharkhand, about whom I got to know by chance.

*Q: Who are the poets that inspire you the most?*

Ans: I have a long list, but I am greatly inspired by Mirabai, Amrita Pritam, Kamala Das, Raghuvir Sahay, K Satchidanandan, Varvara Rao, Tishani Doshi, Sumana Roy and Nabina Das to name a few.

*Q: Do you have a writing space or a writing schedule that you would like to share with us?*

Ans: I do have a writing space, but I mostly end up writing critical pieces there. As far as writing creative pieces are concerned, for me, it doesn't wait for space or time. Writing poetry is like falling in love again and again. You never know when and where it would come from, it just hits you and you must acknowledge.

*Q: What advice would you give to aspiring poets?*

Ans: I would request them to be patient with themselves and not hurry up. Also, reading a lot of good poets ranging from different languages helps in gathering rich reading experience.

*Q: Could you please share a couple of your poems with us?*

Ans: Definitely ! I am sharing some of my new poems. Hope you like them.

"poetry"

it's not that

i am thoughtless,

voiceless

there's a stampede

of thoughts

restless

and

who wants to be lost ?

i want to remain

the parenthesis

enter the world

as an afterthought

not breathless

© Varsha Singh





"a short poem  
dedicated to Nissim Ezekiel"

don't ask me  
to sing my saddest songs  
while i untangle  
the knotted tresses  
this world entwined  
while i wrote  
the songs of woe

for sadness mixed with  
woe, with fingers  
descending, like a bird  
moving with careful claws  
may afflict you with boredom

for you're neither a poet, lover nor birdwatcher.

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(Manish Mukhi is a final year undergraduate student of English Honors with keen interest in literature and a poet himself.)

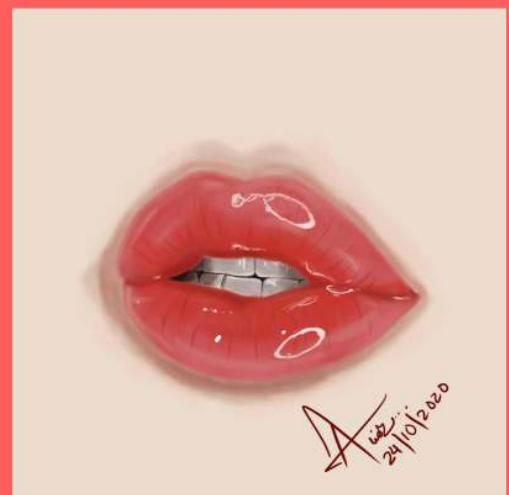
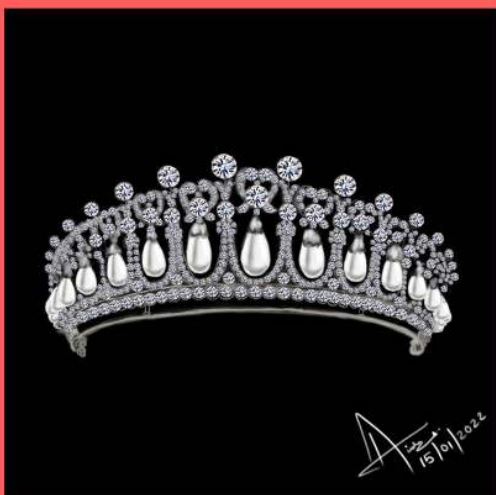
# UNLEASH



SURAJ SHIT  
BSc Chemistry Honours  
SEM 1



ALISHA ALI  
B.Com Honours  
SEM 6





# WHAT THEY HAD TO SAY..



**RITAM NANDI**  
Ex Chief Organising Secretary

“

SPArC is not only a team, it's a family, it's an emotion. My stint with SPArC started as a volunteer in ART BEAT 2018, then as a member & finally got an opportunity to lead the team in 2020. The years I've spent in college as a member of SPArC everyday in every way has made me better in every sense of responsibility, it enhanced my leadership quality. It taught me to believe in myself and always give my best.

”



**NAFIS MUSTAFA**  
Ex Cultural Secretary

“

I first got to know about SPArC through its annually published magazine Sparkling Span. I was completely taken aback with the quality of its content. It appealed to me to the extent of my desperation to join this wonderful creative community. I've had the fortune to serve this amazing organization both as a member and as the Cultural Secretary which gave me the gift of immense confidence enough to last for a lifetime.

”



**EKTA DOGRA**  
Ex Literary Secretary

“

SPArC is more than a platform, more than a stage where feet tap and voices clash. It's a palm held out, wide open, to grip your own tightly and tug you out of the deep waters of the pressing weight of academics, fear of probing eyes, of not knowing where you stand. Here, you have the opportunity to stretch your limbs wide and explore every possible path you feel inclined to. It's somewhere I was provided the wide possibilities of what more I could be, where, be it the mentors or the members, were only ever the stepping stones upward the promise of a moonlit sky.

”



# WHAT THEY HAD TO SAY..



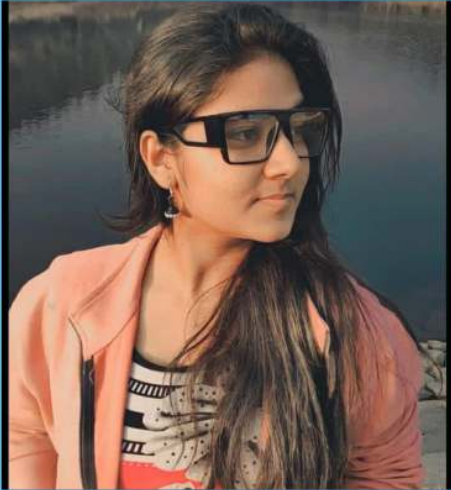
**KUSHAL GANERIWAL**

Ex Logistics Secretary

“

Every opportunity in life is a pathway towards self growth and development. It was the most remarkable journey for me when I stepped into the SPArC Committee as a member and then by the end of my final year I was fortunate enough to get elected as the Logistics Secretary. It was a huge responsibility and privilege to organise various events and stand on the expectations of my team. I'm extremely thankful to my seniors, batchmates and mentors for making my journey a memorable one.

”



**MEHNDI RAZA**

Ex HR Secretary

“

I first joined the Fine Arts Club when I joined Karim City College in 2018, having no idea what SPArC is. And there the journey began, learning so many things watching our teachers and our seniors. SPArC is not a word. It is a heavenly environment for the artists, a place where they are free, free from all obstacles, free to showcase their talents, free to be themselves. SPArC changed my life. It helped me in being a better person than I was yesterday.

”





# स्वागत गीत



चेहरों पर मुस्कान आपके आने से  
हमें मिला सम्मान आपके आने से  
बढ़ी हमारी शान आपके आने से  
गाएं स्वागत गान आपके आने से

चेहरों पर मुस्कान आपके आने से  
हमें मिला सम्मान आपके आने से

चारों ओर इक रंग नया दिखलाई दे  
मन मोक़र सी एक छटा दिखलाई दे  
हम सब में एक जोश नया दिखलाई दे  
सब कुछ है श्रीमान आपके आने से

चेहरों पर मुस्कान आपके आने से  
हमें मिला सम्मान आपके आने से

सोने सी बातें सुनने का अवसर है  
शब्दों से मोती चुनने का अवसर है  
मानस में मोती बुनने का अवसर है  
हम हो गए धनवान आपके आने से

चेहरों पर मुस्कान आपके आने से  
हमें मिला सम्मान आपके आने से  
बढ़ी हमारी शान आपके आने से  
गाएं स्वागत गाना आपके आने से





## Glimpses of SPArC Sunday Classes



### Glimpse of SPArC Sunday Fine Arts Class



*And the art lovers.*

Art is a process, not a destination.



*The Artistic warriors*

### Glimpse of SPArC Sunday Literary Class



*Focus !!*





# SPArC

