



Department of Elementary Education
Miranda House

Drishhti

The Magazine of B.El.Ed



Cover illustration by: Chaitali Gupta, 3rd year



Welcome to the Department of Elementary Education

Established in the year 2006, the
Department of Elementary
Education is the youngest
department of Miranda House.

From the Teacher in Charge's Desk

It is with a sense of great excitement and pride that the Department of Elementary Education is introducing the first edition of magazine “Drishti” with theme “Unlocking Minds”. This digital magazine serves as a platform to document the truth of lived experiences and stories through students’ voices, poems, articles, art works, literature review and best practices depicting their journey and challenges faced in the context of pandemic situation. The intent is to bring forth enriching and grounded understanding of the discourse and its impact in contemporary society that emerged due to sudden shift to online teaching-learning mode in education. The teachers of the department made conscious and sustained efforts to create an inclusive space for all learners from diverse socio-economic backgrounds and geographical regions and nurture their diverse experiences. Their effort in making reflective and conscientious, professionally qualified elementary school teachers, mentoring students, and involvement in curriculum development is commendable. Our student community has shown their excellence in contributing immensely in their professional and academic arenas, establishing connectivity with the larger community, and the development of innovative teaching-learning resources in varied school settings.

I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate my colleagues and students for their constant efforts in various domains, hard work and support that have contributed to the growth of the department enormously and for continuously working towards achieving excellence. The department takes the pride in producing motivated and empowered group of young women practitioners in contemporary society. I wish the entire community success for their bright future.

With Best Wishes
Dr Barnali Biswas
Teacher in charge

Foreword

‘दृष्टि’ का पहला अंक आपके सामने है। इसकी शुरुआत बी.एल.एड. छात्राओं की अभिव्यक्ति, सोच और भावनाओं को एक स्पेस देने के लिहाज़ से की गई है। किसी भी दिशा में की गई पहल के पीछे चुनौतियों, हताशा और व्यवधानों का एक सिलसिला होता है। दृष्टि भी इससे अछूती नहीं रही। यही वजह है कि इसके पहले अंक ने एक लंबा सफ़र तय किया है और ज़ाहिर है कि इस लंबे सफ़र में मुसाफ़िर भी बदले हैं और मंज़िल में भी थोड़ा-बहुत फेरबदल हुआ है।

पहले लॉकडाउन की गर्मियों में उस समय की यूनियन प्रेज़िडेंट प्रज्ञा जायसवाल ने इसके बीज बोने की पहलकदमी की। शुरू में इरादा एक ऐसा ई-संकलन तैयार करने का था जिसके माध्यम से छात्राएँ अपने देश-समाज की परिस्थितियों व घटनाओं, शिक्षा और भाषा आदि से जुड़े विभिन्न मुद्दों पर अपनी राय रखें। उनकी इस प्रतिभा की झलक समय-समय पर पाठ्यचर्या संबंधी उनके लेखन में मिलती भी रही है। पर हमारी शिक्षा व्यवस्था हमें लेखन के रियाज़ के मौक़े नहीं के बराबर देती है जिसके कारण औपचारिक लेखन को लेकर एक झिझक हम सब में बनी रहती है। फलस्वरूप इस संकलन को तैयार करने में पहली बड़ी चुनौती बेहतर सामग्री जुटाने की थी। पर दूसरी ओर हम इस सच्चाई को भी नकार नहीं सकते कि पिछले ढाई-तीन वर्षों का दौर मानव इतिहास की अभूतपूर्व त्रासदी थी जब शायद ही कोई भारतीय प्रत्यक्ष या परोक्ष रूप से इसकी आंच से बच पाया हो। इस विभीषिका का हमारे दिलो-दिमाग़ पर इतना असर हुआ था कि जब इस संकलन पर काम करने वाली टीम ने इसके दायरे को और बढ़ाया तो इन लेखिकाओं को अपने अनुभवों को जज़ब करने और उन्हें स्वीकार करने का मौक़ा मिला। वे अभिव्यक्तियाँ अब कविता, लेख और चिंतन-मनन के रूप में आपके सामने हैं। इंसान की फ़ितरत है कि आप उसे शारीरिक रूप से जितना भी बाँध लें, उसके सोचने, समझने और महसूस करने की प्रक्रिया को आप कैद नहीं कर सकतीं। विश्व के सामाजिक-राजनैतिक इतिहास में इसके असंख्य उदाहरण मिल जाएँगे।

तो विविध भाषाओं में छात्राओं के लेखन का ये संकलन आपके सामने है। मैं प्रज्ञा और टीम की अन्य सदस्यों की आभारी हूँ जिन्होंने विभाग में एक महत्वपूर्ण काम की शुरुआत की है। यहाँ मैं चैताली का विशेष उल्लेख करना चाहूँगी जिसने प्रज्ञा का कार्यकाल ख़त्म होने के बाद इस काम को न सिर्फ़ आगे बढ़ाया बल्कि संकलन की डिज़ाइनिंग और लेआउट को सुरुचिपूर्ण ढंग से किया।

संकलन को पढ़कर अपने सुझाव ज़रूर दें। आपकी प्रतिक्रियाएँ छात्राओं के लिए बहुत मायने रखती हैं।

- मुकुल प्रियदर्शिनी

Acknowledgement

For the years 2020-22, our magazine 'Drishti' has been a culmination of a lot of people's hard work and efforts, the list of which is endless.

We would like to express sincere gratitude to our Principal, Dr. Bijaylaxmi Nanda, for her encouragement during the course of this magazine.

We would like to thank our Teacher- In- Charges, Dr. C.Suvasini (Previous TIC) and Dr. Barnali Biswas (Current TIC), for their encouragement and insightful comments.

We would like to extend our gratitude to our Union Advisors, Dr. Upali Chakravarti, and Ms. Richa Gupta, for helping us out every time we needed guidance. We would also like to thank Dr. Mukul Priyadarshini and Dr. Archana Khushwaha, for their enthusiasm, support and invaluable inputs throughout the compilation. Our sincere thanks also goes to the entire faculty of Department of Elementary Education, Miranda House for their wonderful ideas, thoughtful guidance and endless cooperation.

We also thank our student union and editorial team members for their immense hard work, sincerity and dedication towards this annual magazine of our department. And to all people, who have been, both directly and indirectly, a part of this year long journey, we extend our sincerest love and gratitude.

Last but definitely not the least, to all the readers of Drishti. We hope you enjoy reading it, as much as we enjoyed compiling it.

Warmest Regards,
The Editorial Team
Drishti

Editorial

ALL THINGS ARE DIFFICULT BEFORE THEY ARE EASY.

- Thomas Fuller

Dear Readers,

It gives us immense pleasure to present you our first edition of magazine "Drishti" of Department of Elementary Education with the theme "Unlocking Minds". Our journey started in midst of unconventional times of pandemic that made it a bit challenging for all of us to bring so many great ideas and hard work together to compile in incredible manner that it would serve as a milestone for upcoming editions.

This edition mostly focuses on consequences of Covid- 19 in almost all spheres of lives and how it has drastically changed education for all of us. As much as we had missed our beloved college Miranda House, the situation had made us adapt and adjust into new normal. The theme "unlocking minds" is used as an umbrella term as we cannot put barriers on our thoughts and believe in encouragement of student's creativity to welcome their vision and perspectives. This edition also contains glimpses from last two years' events as the then scenario didn't allow us to get physical experiences and banished us with our phones and laptops.

A big round of applause to everyone in editorial team to make this happen by devoting your time. It was a great learning experience for all of us. I know it was tough and trying but WE FINALLY DID IT!! Your tireless efforts had made this a success .

At last with the words Haylen Hayes " Every expert was once a beginner", I feel pride to serve as the Editor in Chief of Drishti for this edition. The journey cannot be described in words but it gives me an epic feeling to accomplish something worthwhile.

Here, we unfold "Drishti" , the magazine of the Department of Elementary

Education , a creative recollection of our vision of ever changing lives and new normal.

Happy Reading!

Pragya Jaiswal

Editor in Chief (Drishti 2020-22)

As I sat down to write the message for Drishti 2020-22, I realised that it will remain a special issue for me and my team. Sitting on a chair, trying to put together our first ever digital version of the department magazine, I realized that our world changed irrevocably in 2020. Working on this magazine feels like an exercise in filling up a long uninterrupted pause, a pause that we still seem to be living through. This edition is unique because it takes the reader to a world through the break, the halt, and the long pause. This edition fills in a gap as we try to build a narrative together for the years 2020-22 for the B.El.Ed family.

As Drishti 2020-22 takes shape slowly in our hands and a story begins to emerge, we discover what an unforeseeable year 2020-22 was for everyone. This digital release is a small step towards documenting the two years lest it be lost to time and oblivion. Through this digital version of Drishti, we offer our readers a sense of hope.

The cover page of the magazine designed, showcases the key symbols associated with our theme "unlocking minds".

And lastly, I extend my heartfelt gratitude to the team for showing confidence in me and entrusting me with a task so mammoth. I take immense pleasure in offering you Drishti 2020-22.

Offering you love, happiness, health and hope.

Chaitali Gupta

Creative Head (Drishti 2020-22)

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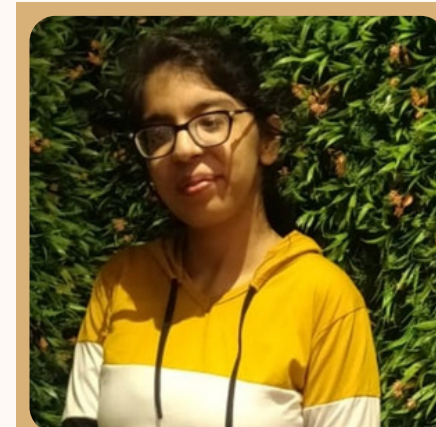
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हो गई है पीर पर्वत

- दुष्यंत कुमार

हो गई है पीर पर्वत-सी पिघलनी चाहिए
इस हिमालय से कोई गंगा निकलनी चाहिए

आज यह दीवार, परदों की तरह हिलने लगी
शर्त थी लेकिन कि ये बुनियाद हिलनी चाहिए

हर सड़क पर, हर गली में, हर नगर, हर गाँव में
हाथ लहराते हुए हर लाश चलनी चाहिए

सिर्फ हंगामा खड़ा करना मेरा मकसद नहीं
मेरी कोशिश है कि ये सूरत बदलनी चाहिए

मेरे सीने में नहीं तो तेरे सीने में सही
हो कहीं भी आग, लेकिन आग जलनी चाहिए

Students' Voices

As it's been almost 3 months with b.el.ed department and as you all know because of corona pandemic online classes are going on, but I don't feel like I'm separate from miranda house and not in touch with faculty and with classmates because Every professor has their own speciality of dealing with students. I can contact any teacher till 5pm about clearing my doubt related to subjects. Even if I'm hesitating to clear my doubt in front of whole class on Google meet then there are tutorial classes for every subject as well. And my classmates are also so helpful , overall it's a great 3 months experience with beled department.

Nancy Yadav, 2nd year

I always knew i wanted to be a teacher but through this course that i never thought, well i don't know right now whether i really want to be a teacher or not because this course is so wholesome that it makes you dig deeper inside of you so that you know what you really want. Our Department is so accepting that you just know you are in right place. I know many students think its not that good but trust me the curriculum is very nicely build you'll enjoy the journey. Take your time and just try out new things. My advice try to join societies ... don't set your limits too soon.

Yashika Khanna, 3rd year

When I joined this course I wasn't too sure if I'm doing the right thing or not because I wanted to do my graduation in Economics. Now that I'm in 3rd year I feel although the course demands a lot of time and labour but somehow it has helped me to understand not only about education but about our society as a whole. Along with the course it's also because of the faculty members who not only teach you but have discussions regarding many issues. This has helped me form perspectives that are my own and become more rational in my thinking.

Ananya Sachdeva, 4th year

Students' Voices

I had some professional training of funk jazz , contemporary since my childhood but never got the stage experience to fulfill my wishes . At first I didn't join the society because I didn't have the knowledge of how to manage the things. I gave up in my first year but I always admired the team Tanz of that year . The second year came , i badly wanted to get in the team and i decided , no matter how hard is my course , no matter i will be able to manage or not , i will do it , so i gave auditions , passed all the probation rounds and finally made it to the team . The journey was difficult as 2nd year consisted SDW , OC etc and same with the 3rd year. I faced so much difficulties and issues in attending classes and practices as well. All of my seniors (from Tanz) adviced me to leave the team if i m gonna take too many leaves. My parents also asked me to leave and focus on academics otherwise it will affect my studies . But I didn't stop there . I wanted this team , I wanted to fulfill my childhood wishes to experience the stage lights , vibes , the aura and the cheers for me and at the end I finally completed my tanz journey successfully . Yes it was hard , in these two years I was never able to do something different . My days were full of attending classes , then practices and nights went in completing the assignments and reports etc. But deep down i was so connected to tanz even my dreams were like performing on stage. My 2 years was like full of exhaustion because it was tiring physically as well as mentally . At that time i questioned myself once or twice , should i leave ? I can't do this but Today I feel this is one of the best experience i ever had in my college life . Being in the society ,not only gives you the participation , winning certificates , medals , prize money but also fills you with more enthusiasm , builds up the confidence , potential , the leadership and the power within you . You will not only learn how to dance or physically active but also learns how to manage things , how to manage studies and extra curricular activities together , you learn how to talk with other peoples , how to make friends and socialize with every personality . I loved how the DDC (Delhi Dance circuit) supports me , motivates me . This is the platform where people can judge , can be jealous from you but they will appreciate your efforts , your talents and your hardwork from a distance . Here your enemies won't make tricks to let you

Students' Voices

down , rather they will get motivation from you to work hard and the vice versa . From Du fests to outstation fest like bits pilani, iit bombay everything is worth it !

In my opinion , achieving the confident personality is my biggest achievement from Tanz . Because no matter how hard things was , my spirit never let me down and builds myself into a more confident person . I believe in my strong Aura and i feel proud on myself. I want to thank all of my teachers , my choreographers , my seniors and even my juniors, who always encouraged me , praised me throughout my journey . Now it is my 4th year and final year in the college . I m glad that whenever i will graduate , i will graduate with two degrees, one is B.el.ed and other is Tanz

Kirti Raj, Batch of 2021



Students' Voices

When I took admission in this course, I had no idea what I really wanted to do. To be honest I still don't, but what has changed is the fact that this course has taught me a lot of things. I have learnt to reflect deeply on a lot of issues and not just look at the surface level (trust me on this, you'll start doing this subconsciously once you are in this course;)). I have always been a person who use to hesitate to voice their opinions, now I have become a lot better at it. I have started exploring new things which I wouldn't have done before. And the best part is when you get to interact/teach the kids, it feels as if all your hard work is paid off!

My advice for the coming batch would be to take things slow and don't panick. You might feel overwhelmed at first but I promise it will get better (translate: you'll get used to it). Don't restrict yourself to just the academics, take part in societies, do a lot of internship, make a lot of friends and have fun!

Harshita Pal, 4th year





Unlocking Minds

Students' Corner

- Articles
- Poems
- Artworks

Nancy Yadav, 1st year

VIRTUAL WORLD: RELATED TO ONLINE EDUCATION

Rajni Yadav
2nd year

The COVID-19 is a pandemic disease caused by a virus that affects the education system of both developing and developed countries. Education is the pillar of every country's development. In the world, most schools, colleges, and universities are closed to control the spread of the COVID-19. The school closure brings difficulties for students, families, and teachers. So, distance learning is a solution to continue the education system. However, distance learning is challenging in developing countries because many parents have not themselves been to school, lack of ICT infrastructures, computers, radio, and television. The poor and digitally-illiterate families with lower educational levels children with poor learning motivation are more suffering in this situation and this increases inequality. Students in most rural areas may be forced to fully support their families in cattle herding and farming. Also, girl students from low-income families and rural areas can be at a higher risk of sexual abuse, and forced labor, and early marriage. The COVID-19 pandemic has made all the educational schools across the world to adopt teaching and learning online. So, governments should scale network infrastructure and internet connectivity across urban and rural areas. The countries should design a strategy to scale educational technology, establish zero-rating educational resources on the internet, prepare digital teaching and learning resources, utilizing free online learning resources, use mobile learning, use radio and television teaching, and grow-up ICT infrastructures. During closures researchers, curriculum designers, education officers, and educational institutions work together to transform the education system. Schools and universities should design curriculum, prepare learning strategies and techniques for post-COVID-19, and transform the education system itself. After COVID-19, the schools and universities design strategies and methods to recover lost portions, ensure children return to school when schools reopen, and scale online learning infrastructures. Finally, the COVID-19 pandemic has been impacting the face-to-face education system of developing countries. Therefore, developing countries should scale online teaching and learning infrastructures.



Artwork by: Deepti Sharma, 4th year

LIFE IN PANDEMIC

Indul
2nd year

In the wake of this deadly pandemic, we have found ourselves a voice, a mind and the resolve to prioritize health, happiness, realization of what and who we value the most, and even if some haven't so far, at least we know the revolution has begun.

COVID-19 (Coronavirus) has affected day to day life and is slowing down the global economy. This pandemic has affected thousands of peoples, who are either sick or are being killed due to the spread of this disease. The most common symptoms of this viral infection are fever, cold, cough, bone pain and breathing problems, and ultimately leading to pneumonia. This, being a new viral disease affecting humans for the first time, vaccines are not yet available. Thus, the emphasis is on taking extensive precautions such as extensive hygiene protocol (e.g., regularly washing of hands, avoidance of face to face interaction etc.), social distancing, and wearing of masks, and so on. This virus is spreading exponentially region wise. Countries are banning

gatherings of people to the spread and break the exponential curve. Many countries are locking their population and enforcing strict quarantine to control the spread of the havoc of this highly communicable disease.

COVID-19 has rapidly affected our day to day life, businesses, disrupted the world trade and movements. Identification of the disease at an early stage is vital to control the spread of the virus because it very rapidly spreads from person to person. Most of the countries have slowed down their manufacturing of the products. The various industries and sectors are affected by the cause of this disease; these include the pharmaceuticals industry, solar power sector, tourism, Information and electronics industry. This virus creates significant knock-on effects on the daily life of citizens, as well as about the global economy.

Presently the impacts of COVID-19 in daily life are extensive and have far reaching consequences. These can be divided into various categories:

A) Healthcare

- Challenges in the diagnosis, quarantine and treatment of suspected or confirmed cases
- High burden of the functioning of the existing medical system
- Patients with other disease and health problems are getting neglected
- Overload on doctors and other healthcare professionals, who are at a very high risk
- Overloading of medical shops
- Requirement for high protection
- Disruption of medical supply chain

B) Economic

- Slowing of the manufacturing of essential goods
- Disrupt the supply chain of products
- Losses in national and international business
- Poor cash flow in the market
- Significant slowing down in the revenue growth

C) Social

- Service sector is not being able to provide their proper service
- Cancellation or postponement of large-scale sports and tournaments
- Avoiding the national and international travelling and cancellation of services
- Disruption of celebration of cultural, religious and festive events
- Undue stress among the population
- Social distancing with our peers and family members
- Closure of the hotels, restaurants and religious places
- Closure of places for entertainment such as movie and play theatres, sports clubs, gymnasiums, swimming pools, and so on.

- Postponement of examinations

This COVID-19 has affected the sources of supply and effects the global economy. There are restrictions of travelling from one country to another country. During travelling, numbers of cases are identified positive when tested, especially when they are taking international visits. All governments, health organisations and other authorities are continuously focussing on identifying the cases affected by the COVID-19. Healthcare professional face lot of difficulties in maintaining the quality of healthcare in these days.

A lack of recognition from the government and repeated lockdown have led to Civil street performers of the capital take up odd jobs used in themselves. While the artistes who were earlier residents of the Katputhli Colony maintained that the scenario was bleak even before the pandemic, the various lock downs have only deteriorat their lives. Ishamudin Khan, a street magician who has performed across the globe, said that there were dedicated arenas for such performers elsewhere but in India they are treated as "beggars."

"The condition is terrible and the lockdown has only increased their troubles. In the past 70 years, no institution has added our profession as fine arts or arts. In India we are called beggars. This is also why we were simply put under the EWS category. Where are the Ministries of culture, tourism, social justice and empowerment? Several have been forced to become autorickhaw drivers or garbage collectors.

Big steps towards vocational education in schools.

For example ; RAJASTHAN

Rajasthan is taking a big step in vocational education during the pandemic by introducing vocational classes beginning from Class 6 in schools as part of the new education policy of 2020. The State has also improved its ranking in the performance grading index in school education.

Chief Secretary Niranjan Arya said here on Friday that the vocational education would aim at inculcating at least one skill in each student. The anganwadi centres would be connected with the schools and preprimary facility started in the Mahatma Gandhi English Medium Schools at all the 33 district headquarters in the State, he said.

The modalities for vocational education were discussed at the first meeting of the steering committee on the implementation of the new education policy here. The increase in the enrolment of students in Sirohi district by 12% during the pandemic, which is higher than the national average of 9%, was cited as an example of the State's good performance in education. Mr. Arya said the task forces headed by Collectors in all the districts would review and implement the new education policy and formulate the plans for extending benefits to all students.

Yours not so truly

Marisha Gupta
2nd year

A small corner of earth
My hiding place
The universe

The 21st century

Dear society

They say you fall
But this feeling made me fly
The so-called divine aesthetic of love
Did nothing but made me cry
What is this happening to me?
And why?

I asked you every time
If the problem was with me
But you couldn't take it
When a- 'she' loved a 'she'
What is this happening to me?
And why?

In this huge world
Where everyone pretends to be
Maybe my story is
How two Juliets flee
What is this happening to me?
I feel it's not meant to be

What if you were a star
And I ask you to be the moon
On your denial
I will see you are a loon
What is this happening to you?
Did you give up so soon?

I know, you are reading this (with zero elation and utter disapproval) and your next question will be: what proof do I have of my existence? You will say that this is just a phase, or that I should come out of my whims and fancies or that this is something that I am fabricating or hallucinating. Well, this time, I came up with research.

For all I know, I'm spreading love, then why are you scared of me? Why do you want to erase me? Even I want to be treated normally, even I want to be educated, have a job, a family, and a respected life. All these things, they are so fancy for me. Your normal is my yearning desire, it's my fancy. I wish they sold acceptance in the markets, I would have bought it all.

I belong in families, I belong in educational institutions, I belong in workplaces, I belong in administration, most of all I belong on this planet. Do I not deserve that? Is that too much to ask for? This is not the first time that we are having this conversation. I pleaded, I cried, I was name-called, I died; but all in vain. Nothing could awaken your austere conscience for you always find someone else to blame.

But now no more, I don't need your mercy. On 24th May 2021, Delhi High Court will hear four petitions for legal recognition of LGBTQIA+ (Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, Queer, Intersex, and Asexual) marriages. This is a sigh of relief after article 377 which sure gave us some false hopes.

If not today then tomorrow; we will have victory, we will have an identity, and we will be accepted. On that day, you will have to agree that we exist, proudly. On that day, there will be a world where hate is prohibited instead of love, where a man loves a man, a woman loves a woman, a man loves a woman, and those who do not love anyone else love themselves. We stand united. May all the colors co-exist. Love love.

Yours not so truly
A proud LGBTQIA+ member

कौन देगा जवाब?

कुमारी पूजा
द्वितीय वर्ष

“यत्र नार्यस्तु पूज्यन्ते रमन्ते तत्र देवताः”

इस श्लोक से हम अधिकांशतः लोग परिचित हैं, कहीं न कहीं तो इसे जरूर पढ़े होंगे या सुने होंगे। लेकिन आज मैं इस पर किसी और सलीके से बात करूंगी। बिल्कुल ही ये प्रशंसनीय बात है, उस समाज के लिए, देश के लिए जहाँ श्लोक पढ़े जाते, पढ़ाए जाते हैं, सुने जाते और सुनाए जाते हैं। किंतु हम लोग इस बात से भी भली भांति परिचित हैं कि आज के परिदृश्य (वैसे तो गत कई दशकों के सापेक्ष) में कि इन श्लोकों पर फ़क्र करना कितनी दूर तक न्यायसंगत है। कुरीतियाँ जो सामने हैं, उन्हें झुठलाया नहीं जा सकता, हाँ, अब अगर उस पर बात नहीं कर रहे हैं, विरोध नहीं कर रहे हैं, ये तो एक अलग बात है।

वैसे महिलाओं की दशा बल्कि, इसे और सरल शब्दों में कहे तो दुर्दशा से सभी परिचित है। अब कई बार तो ये कथन की “परिस्थितियाँ बदल रही हैं।” इस एक वाक्य के आड़ में बोलने वाले न जाने कितने प्रश्न चिह्न पर एक बड़ी सी विराम चिह्न लगा जाते हैं। अब कैसी परिस्थितियाँ बदल रही हैं इसका स्पष्टीकरण देना तो मुश्किल है, ये तो वही दे पाए जो संतुष्ट है। शायद परिस्थितियाँ जो बदल रही हैं कि देश के संसद में सिर्फ 10 प्रतिशत तक ही महिलाएं हैं, या परिस्थितियाँ ये बदल रही हैं कि आज आजादी के 70 वर्ष बाद भी सर्वोच्च न्यायालय में सिर्फ 8 महिला न्यायाधीश रही हैं, या परिस्थितियाँ ये बदल रही हैं कि इंजीनियरिंग एवं तकनीकी के क्षेत्र में सिर्फ 28.9 प्रतिशत महिलाएं हैं। खैर अगर आंकड़े गिनाए जाए तो ऐसी कई सारी विडम्बनाएं देखने को मिलेंगी। फिर ये भी है की कम से कम ये आंकड़ें उम्मीद तो पैदा करते हैं।

अब वास्तविक परिस्थितियाँ तो वही बताएंगी जिनकी परिस्थिति चर्चा की जा रही है। उनसे तो कोई पूछता ही नहीं जो इसे दिन-रात झेलती हैं, जो अपनी शिकायतों, संघर्ष एवं क्रोधाग्नि को घूंघट में ढक लेती हैं।

हाँ, बखूबी उनके संघर्ष को विभिन्न काव्य, कहानी, नाटक, उपन्यास आदि में उभारा गया है। लेकिन ये सब सिर्फ साहित्य में ही लिपटा रह गया है। कौन करेगा उस संघर्ष को बयां जब उसका (स्त्री) जीवन व्यष्टि से समष्टि और समष्टि से व्यष्टि में ही बीत जाता है। जब उन्हें अनगिनत जिम्मेदारियाँ तो दे दी जाती हैं किंतु हक का हिसाब कोई नहीं करता। जो

कल्पनाओं में तो जी लेती हैं किंतु यथार्थता में तिल - तिल कर मर जाती हैं । क्या रहती होगी उसकी मनोस्थिति जब आर्थिक नैतिक - सामाजिक बंधन में जकड़े होने के कारण उनकी मनोव्यथा अंदर ही दब जाती होगी ? आधुनिकता तो जोरो से फैल रही हैं , किंतु ये पारंपरिक संसार महिलाओं को और भी शिरकत कर रही हैं । आत्मनिर्भरता की बात तो सब करते हैं फिर आत्म स्वतंत्रता पर प्रश्न कैसे उठ जाते हैं? कौन देगा इसका जवाब ?

चुप जब तक हैं शालीनता है । शब्द का मतलब ही अशिष्टता हो जाती है । ये पैमाना कौन जड़ - बुद्धि तय करता ? फिर समाज में लिंग समानता की बात कैसे कर जाता है । पुरुष के चार अतर्कसंगत बात पर अगर महिला एक प्रत्युत्तर दे तो वो बदतमीज , बेढंगी और न जाने कितने बेमतलब टिप्पणियों की हकदार बना दी जाती है। फिर ये समानता कब और कैसे हो जाती है , ये तो नैतिकता की बात सिर्फ बोलते - बोलते गुम हो जाएगी या व्यावहारिकता में भी उतर कर आएंगी ? स्त्री अगर एक बात जवाब दे दे तो पुरुष के आत्मसम्मान पर चोट पहुँच जाती हैं । फिर कौन करेगा उस दर्दाघात का न्याय ...? जब सड़क पर औरत देखते ही गाड़ी के शीशे नीचे उतर जाते हैं , तेज रफ्तार से चलती बाइक धीमी हो जाती है ।

कौन करेगा ? उस व्यथा का वर्णन जो ये स्त्रियां सदियों से सहती आ रही है?

A Message to my Sisters

Anushka Kaushik

3rd year

You tried to walk away from the calls of taunt and jeers. As you crossed the road with your eyes ahead. Your fingers bruising from your hold on the keys, your music blasting from your earpiece. You remind yourself of your mother back at home, waiting at the door. The news was still fresh on your mind as you heed your father's warning about the bus stand at night-time.

The male gaze, you had once heard, was the ground that gave birth to your existence. It disgusts you how some might view it as that was all you had to offer. Why can't you be more than what they want? Why must you be seen and not heard? It was then you realised why Kore had turned to Persephone. Why the very gods' medusa prayed to had turned her into a monster. It was a blessing in disguise.

So you learned to be harsh as the winter's frost, for weakness can not thrive. You must be stoic so that you come across as unmoving. No-itself needs to be complete, why must it follow a justification? Expectations tear you apart, for you are meant to be everything and nothing. You have to be exceptional yet still hold yourself as frail.

Because to them, every day is a witch-hunt, every woman a liar. Every suffering is fake and another woman breaks from the weight. This is their new philosophy. If we are not viewed as a trophy, our worth has no meaning. So wrap the whistle like a noose around your neck, as they preach "boys will be boys" from their invisible stands.

A long time ago you had asked, is this who I am meant to be? A puppet in the hands of society? Why must I laugh away their remarks? Why must I endure this pain? So the walls will stay put for all those who do not simply refrain. Why must you be a saint to prove your worth? Cause in our world, even saints are burned at stakes. [Joan of Arc was a saint before she was branded as a witch].

They fooled you with the tales of valiant knights to strip you of the power inside. The storm brewed and thundered, as the cold dread set inside. It was as the dawn broke through the oncoming waves. It was never a gallant knight that you needed, for it was you all along.

So tell them this - If you are bothered by my appearance, it is you who must change. For I have made a million sacrifices and society is to blame. I will women up and do your job since my views are far too emotional for you to perceive. No, I will not smile but I will bare my teeth. For we have suffered far too long, we don't want anyone to mansplain our pain. If it's war they truly wish for, then who am I to refrain?

I cannot let go off my anger as it keeps me warm, it reminds me of all the times we were forced to conform to these patriarchal norms. Now no longer will we stand for being belittled and silenced. Asking to ourselves, when will the Cold gust of reality awaken them of their slumber? No longer will we let them push away the truth. No longer will we burn ourselves in the flames of self-annihilation. This world has been desensitized for far too long. Sisters, it's time to rise. Break free from these chains.



IT'S NOT JUST YOU

Chhavi
3rd year

“Some of the most comforting words in the universe are ‘me too.’ That moment when you find out that your struggle is also someone else’s struggle, that you’re not alone, and that others have been down the same road.” - unknown

According to the numbers given by WHO , 56 million Indians suffer from depression and another 38 million Indians suffer from anxiety disorders .

Yes, it's not just you , it's us , together. Nowadays , the most common but majorly neglected topic is mental health.

It is mental health that affects how we think , feel and act. But how often is it talked about ? Not much.

' I have been crying , but I don't really know why . '

' I just feel like staying in my bed all day thinking. '

' I feel , I am good for nothing. '

Ever said these things to yourself ?

Certainly , we all have.

The question we ask in such situations is , 'why me?' .

The thing we need to know is , it's not just us . Everyone is struggling with one thing or the other , everyone is fighting their own battles . Therefore , we need to be kind to ourselves and others too , because we never know what the other person is going through and facing mentally .

Our thoughts become things in real life , And we receive the same energy that we give in the universe . If we are being sad all the time , we are attracted to sadness, so always try to look at the brighter side . Replace "why me ?" , With - "It's ok if it is me, it won't be easier , but it will make me stronger."

We know The times are hard ,
but what all need to realize is -
it too shall pass.

Be kind , smile , focus on the things and people that bring out the good in you.
Talk to the people you love , the ones who love you , do what you love.
Because the right time would never come, it is the right time , time to be there for others who are suffering , time to be there for ourselves , time to work on developing a good mental health.

The idea is to make everyone know that,
Its ok to feel unstable,
Its ok to disassociate,
Its ok to hide from the world,
And it's ok to need help.
It's ok not to be ok ,
but it's not ok to be in that state for long.

Your mental health problems are not your personal failures .
You will smile again .

Tougher than the tough times

Chhavi
3rd year



"Times are tough , but remember that you are tougher than the tough times."

In these hard times ,

What people go through is suicidal thoughts and feelings of loneliness in many cases.

What leads to these thoughts and feelings ?

We all are going through a very tough time . And all these times affect us emotionally, we think too much and end up exaggerating even small things, misunderstanding people ,feeling low, and thinking bad of ourselves. one may get frustrated from his/her work and get angry at others ,thinking of himself/herself as unfit for everything.

one might lose a job ,face financial problems, and think that he/she should die.

What is mostly the case is we all feel fed up with things happening and give up on things, be it work, relations or ourselves. We think negatively and those thoughts take control of our minds.

In the process we may emotionally, and socially isolate ourselves from our closed ones. We feel stressed and heavy inside.

This is all which leads to thoughts of suicide and feeling of loneliness in people.

But there is always a way out ,

One not need to be in this state for long, we can deal with negative thoughts and loneliness ,

For this , we must get to know our worth, it is very important to know our

value, value of our life and to know how blessed we are.

think of yourself as a good person,if you feel guilty of something,apologize to yourself or others if it was done to others.

Always ,try to stay happy and smile often.

express yourself to others,if you feel you are low , talk to your parents,talk your heart out to friends.

if something is bothering you,do not ignore it,deal with it ,face it.

enjoy small moments of your life,it's a long journey we have to face a lot,but being happy is what helps us go through it all.

do not let this tough time take up too much of you.

we can overcome it all by our own actions.

work on yourself,be a happier version of yourself.

It's your life , shape it and make the best out of it.

Here is, what you can do ,

- Follow a routine,make a healthy timetable for yourself,it will help a lot.
- Include yoga in your lifestyle,some yoga asanas like garudasana, vajrasana and padmasana when practiced on a regular basis tend to improve mental health.
- Changes in sleeping patterns if you sleep late,should be made, as the saying goes,"early to bed,early to rise makes a man healthy,wealthy and wise."
- Pamper yourself, take out time for yourself, quarantine is a good time to work upon ourselves,think about what we want to do with our lives,what we are best at and much more.
- Listen to your favourite music,talk to your favourite person, connect socially to everyone be it family,friends,teachers
- Read a good book,as regular reading is thought to improve our mental health.
- Binge watch your favourite shows,do not watch depressive stuff but something motivating, cheerful, something that makes you feel energetic.
- Eat healthy food
- Be productive,do whatever you are interested in. it can be drawing,writing,art,attending quizzes , photography and much more.
- Most importantly ,think good , think positive and stay strong.

"We have one life , do not waste it regretting , but in making every moment worth living."

FEMINISM WITH SOME TADKA

Vishakha
2nd year

Have you ever been tired of society tagging some women as someone who is honored for adding “Tadka?” Nope, I am not talking about that “Chane ki Daal” your mom will cook in dinner tonight but I am talking about those women who are honored for adding that tadka in conversations. Yes, you got it right; I am talking about Gossip Mongers. And be honest with yourself, there are huge chances that the first image that forms in your mind while reading this word is- A women in her 40s or 50s wearing either Salwar-Kurta or Saree and with their “Suhaag ki Nishaani” like Bindi, Sindoor, etc as make-up.. (I will envy you if you got someone wearing “Modern Clothes”). And all my lovely fellows out there, there is a pretty popular word we like to link with these characteristics.

Yes, Aunties, those “Gali ki Aunty”, I am talking about. We feminists love to call them out, diss them, use them as our punching bags, etc. Okay, before you get tired of my blabbering, let me get straight to the point. What entitles us to call them out? They judge our character based on the size of our clothes, the number of boys we talk to, and at what time we come back home. And we played our misogynistic UNO reverse cards here, judge them based on how traditional their clothes are, or the way put on make-up, etc. An aunty wearing Salwar-Kurta will judge you less likely as compared to an Aunty wearing Saree and an Aunty wearing Jeans or shorts will not judge you at all. Yes the cool one, that’s how they show on TV, isn’t it?. A woman who will use some traditional method of cleaning her house, (obviously ads will restrict us to cleaning and cooking only, what were you thinking, they will give us a chance to choose tires for our cars or what huh?), will be shown as wearing Indian clothes and then her new neighbor, a modern aunty will show her a new modernized tool for cleaning, then that desi aunty will spin faster than my computer’s fan and she will become a modern aunty, wearing Jeans, T-shirt and obviously with the modernized machine in her hand.

We categorized them based on their age And Aunty in her 30s is modern, aunty in her 40s or 50s is the real definition of Aunties, and an aunty in 60s is not an Aunty anymore.

Also, before you call me anything, let me clear this up. I am not saying that you should let your Aunties judge you. Nope, more power to you in fact. But our hate towards them doesn't give us any right to exclude them or more like throwing them away when it comes to the idea of feminism; that is everyone has the right to choose the clothes they want to wear, people they want to hang out with, type of make-up they want to put on, etc. and this applies to these aunties as well.

Then what you should do about these? Enlighten them, that's what we are here for, our fight against patriarchy is long, rather than being fought on some field or country-border, it is being fought in our own houses, schools, colleges, office, even in friends group, family, on social media platforms. So, therefore rather than "Aunty shaming" them because they "Slut-shame" you. Educate them, talk to them, and understand the age gap, and try to bind that communication gap. Or, even after all this, if they are not able to stop themselves, then speak against them, and counter-question them if they question you but don't use their methods as your weapon. Don't let misogyny dominate you; we can do way better than that.

P.S. 1- Your mother is an Aunty to someone else so initiate this enlightenment from your own house first of all.

P.S. 2- Honorable mention of those Uncles who don't judge us with their mouth but let their eyes and lip-biting do the talking when we go outside wearing shorts or do the talking when we go outside wearing shorts or come late at night after attending extra classes.

Life in Pandemic

Sanskriti
3rd year



Photography by: Aliya, 2nd year

Who would have ever thought that we would be like the birds in cages? The middle class families have food and most of the facilities like internet mobiles etc but still we long to go out. Before these times most of us said we would be happy to stay home if we have all the facilities but are we really happy? These times have been really difficult for each and every one of us, most of the people are depressed, lonely, frustrated or sad. This was actually the case of the first wave I would say. The second wave of corona hit India very hard around the first two weeks of April 2021 and it seemed like the second wave was more of a death wave for India. Almost Every single home had either covid patients or there was a death due to covid. Times have been really hard for all of us both emotionally and mentally. Most of the students were depressed due to the deaths of their family members. It was truly devastating.

We long to go to college or somewhere but going anywhere was practically an illness invitation. This is what a student of a middle class family was experiencing but what about the lower strata of society? They were deprived of even their basic needs of food and shelter. The daily

wage earners were no longer able to afford two squares of meal a day. Some of them became homeless because they were not able to give the rent of the place they were living in and they were stuck in cities that too homeless. Some celebrities like Sonu Sood helped these people to reach their home safe and sound. They were highly appreciated by both people and the Government. Other than this were the Assignments and classes of school and college. It had to be made sure that the pandemic shouldn't affect the studies of children but unfortunately I would say it had affected us in worse ways. The teachers were trying their best to teach online but still we were not able to understand and communicate better. Here we can't blame the teachers or the students, times are such that the environment to study is just not right. Everyone is trying their best to be productive and positive but the laziness and negativity is spread all over. The more we try to be productive for one day the lazier we are the next day. This may not be the case with everyone but most of the people would relate with me. Procrastination level among youth has reached infinite. We just keep on delaying our work to tomorrow and tomorrow never comes. Many of us i.e. teenagers and youth have become night owls as we feel more comfortable during night than in the day. Personally if I say it's the same with me, during the day I feel there are more people who are nagging me to do anything or there are distractions if I need to study whereas at night there's no one after me and just silence. It's the time when I can do whatever I want. Well this couldn't be the case if we were still going to college as then we need to wake up early to reach college and meet friends. Some of us have been in contact with friends but at the same time some of us are lonely as there is no or negligible Communication between us which is making us depressed and feel more anxiety. Life in Pandemic was surely not as easy as we thought it to be but we are coping with it. I hope times become better and it becomes normal as we were as soon as possible. I know that would be a long journey but let's try to stay positive and pray for the best.

CORONA

Was it corona or human's robot life
Major missed were friends on rides
Parks are transformed learn to drive schools
Did we forget the days when cricket was cool?

Presence of smile was a major bless
Why blame corona for our own mess
Not wearing masks you have fine to pay
Were people in contact back then, anyway??

From March to December we witnessed it all
The first lockdown to shopping in a mall
All our excuses for partying are lame
Blood was already white not corona to blame..

Lives back on track, economy needs to strengthen
How many people starve, did they even mention?
Easy to blame the corrupt and stop paying tax
It's us who black, not using rights at max

With year end let's hope for god's help
Salute to our warriors who keep others above self
Fighting the pandemic all hands in hands
While waiting for the vaccine bands

Not being humans without humanity anymore
Spread love all the core
Keep in mind and learn the lesson to heart
Let's all go for a new start..!!!

Ramandeep Kaur
2nd year

Don't do that

Don't do that, don't go there
Sit in the house, work the spare
Dress like a lady
Your story?? Don't share
Listen to us, we care for you
Close your eyes to the freedom's hue
Don't speak like that! Behave girl!
because we've seen the world before you
This world is cruel, stay in the cage
Back in the shadows, not on the stage
We can't let you out
We have to play the sage
We are good obey us
We saw world with disgust
It was cruel to us, it will be to you
We will protect u, it's our lust
You may've got wings to fly
But u never saw the sky
Just to keep u "safe" oh bird!
We are sorry love, we won't let you fly.

Megha Mishra
2nd year



Artwork by: Rashmita Pradhan, 3rd year



Photography by: Pragya Jaiswal, 4th year

प्रिय प्रेमिका,

मुझे इतनी बड़ी दुनिया में तुम जैसी एक प्रेमिका मिली।
लेकिन इस दुनिया के वज़ह से ही मैंने तुम्हें खो दिया।

जो दुनिया प्रेम को पवित्र मानती थी, वो हमारे प्रेम को
अपवित्र बता रही है।

मेरी सच्चाई जान के मेरी जन्मदात्री माँ ने मेरे से मुँह फेर
लिया।

भाई ने मुझे भुला दिया और पिता ने पराया कर दिया।

क्यों ये दुनिया हमपर बार-बार सवाल उठाती है?
क्यों ये दुनिया हमारे प्यार की गहराई को नहीं समझ पाती
है?

शायद इस जन्म में हम कभी एक नहीं हो पाएँगे, लेकिन
एक जन्म क्या सौ जन्म में भी मैं तुम्हारी हूँ।

मैं तुम्हारी हूँ।

मैं तुम्हारी हूँ।

तुम्हारी प्रेमिका

ପ୍ରିୟ ପ୍ରେମିକା,

ଏତେ ବଡ଼ ଦୁନିଆରେ ତୁମ ପରି ଗୋଟିଏ ପ୍ରେମିକା ଟିଏ
ପାଇଥିଲି।

କିନ୍ତୁ ଏଇ ଦୁନିଆ ପାଇଁ

ମୁଁ ତୁମକୁ ହରାଇଲି।

ପ୍ରେମ ପୂଣ୍ୟ ଆଉ ପବିତ୍ର ବୋଲି

ଯେଉଁ ଦୁନିଆ କହୁଥିଲା,

ଆଜି ସେ ଦୁନିଆ ଆମ ପ୍ରେମକୁ

ଅପବିତ୍ର କରିଦେଲା।

ଜନ୍ମଦାତ୍ରୀ ମାଆ ମୁହଁ ମୋଡ଼ି ଦେଲେ,

ସତ କଥା ଜାଣି ମୋର।

ଭାଇ ଭୁଲିଗଲା ଭଉଣୀ ବୋଲି ମୁଁ,

ବାପା କରିଦେଲେ ପର।

ଏଇ ଦୁନିଆ ବାରମ୍ବାର

ଆମକୁ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ପଚାରେ କାହିଁ?

କାହିଁକି ଏ ଦୁନିଆ ଆମ ପ୍ରେମର

ଗଭୀରତା ବୁଝି ପାରେ ନାହିଁ?

ବୋଧେ ଏଇ ଜନ୍ମରେ

ଆଉ ମିଳନ ହେବନି ଆମର,

କିନ୍ତୁ ଗୋଟିଏ ଜନ୍ମ କ'ଣ

ଶହେ ଜନ୍ମରେ ବି ମୁଁ ତୁମର।

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।।ଇତି।।

ତୁମ ପ୍ରେମିକା

(Translation of the poem on the left)

Written and translated by
Rashmita Pradhan
3rd year

THE YEAR OF PANDEMIC 2020

We were enjoying without any care ,
Suddenly this virus came into our lives from
nowhere.

We thought it would pass through some
way,
But I guess it came with a plan for stay.

We were locked up at our home
And the masses who lost their livelihood
were left helpless to roam.

Where some people were fighting it every
hour
Others didn't even bother to care who had
power.

With people in depression and GDP falling,
Unsolved mysteries and government
stalling.

I been trying to keep myself sane in this
unusual time
Pouring myself in netflix and making my
skills fine.

A lot has changed in this long period
I fall short of words to define
I am blessed to have friends who care
A family that supports
Without whom I wouldn't dare
getting through this pandemic alone.

Pragya Jaiswal
4th year

सुकून कहाँ है ?

सुकून कहाँ है,
तूने ढूँढा जहाँ है

इन पेड़ों की छाओं में,
इन सुंदर फ़िज़ाओं में
कभी अंजानी सी राहों में,
मेरे नानी के गांवों में
और कभी देर रात को मेहबूब की बाहों में।

चांदनी रातों में,
कुछ बेमतलब की बातों में,
फागुन की बरसातों में और फिर दोस्तों की मुलाक़ातों में।

एक मीठी सी बोली में,
कभी पापा की झोली में,
यारों की टोली में
और रंगों वाली होली में।

कहीं कैद है तो कहीं है गुम
सारा जहाँ तो घुमा लिया
अब खुद में तो झाँको तुम

जब कभी थक कर सो जाती हूँ मैं,
बीच दिन में कभी खो जाती हूँ मैं
जब खुद को बेमतलब खुश पाती हूँ मैं,
तब ही एहसास कर पाती हूँ मैं
कि गम न कर ना कोई कर कोई गिला,
ढूँढा जिसे सारे संसार में वो सुकून मुझे खुद में ही मिला।

प्रज्ञा जायसवाल
चौथे वर्ष

THREAT TO HUMANITY

Today someone touched me,
Like no one should ever be.

Walking down the street all alone,
My denims indicated that I was prone.

Ofcourse to all the harassment,
I am sure it gave him contentment.

Otherwise why would anyone do it.
Eating them piece by piece, bit by bit,

Hunting down someone like a vulture,
Rapes have become the new age culture.

Most of the people are against it,
Still there are some swines.

Despite the protests with candles lit,
They continue doing such hideous crimes.

Today it is some random stranger,
Who is facing this traumatising danger.

Next it could be your sister,
Your BFF, your mother, your partner,

What would you do then?
Use a sword or rather a pen?

Crime isn't a person or a community.
It is just some wrong mentality.

In order to curb this situation,
We must reach a firm conclusion.

Together we fight, or we don't fight at all.
Else, humanity would face a huge downfall.

Rishita Juneja, 3rd year

MONSTER ON LOOSE

TRIGGER WARNING - SEXUAL HARASSMENT & SUICIDE

There was a time when I was a tiny girl;
With brown skin and black curl.

I could remember my first day at college;
Where I was full of curiosity and deep knowledge.

There was a time when I used to click my pictures;
Enjoy movies by bunking my lectures.

Also focus on my studies for a good career,
Because without it nothing in life goes easier.

Suddenly everything changed in a blink of eye,
And left me alone to die.

The day I met you, three monsters,
My life just turned to a disaster.

Do you remember when you used to pull my skirt?
That might give you pleasure but hurt me a lot.

Many times you used to spank my back;
That openly shows, what your upbringing lack.

You just teased and followed me everywhere;
Sometimes in corridors, sometimes on stair.

Lastly, full of sorrow and depression, I was lying on my bed;
With tears in my eyes and sleeping pills in my hand.

When I opened my eyes, I was lying on lap of God,
And you monsters still roaming freely on the road.

You will never understand my pain and sorrow,
Until same thing happens with your sister tomorrow.

Shalu Kaushik
Batch of 2021

FAKE SMILE

The reports came I was depressed
Doctors said there was additional anxiety and stress

My parents were shocked
They were in dismay
"Only one option is left",
they said that is to PRAY
"Pray to god beta,
He'll remove all the troubles in your life"

My emptiness laughed,
Will the God give me the will to survive?
I saw it my parents' eyes
They were uneasy,
what will the society say?

Papa said, "Because of you,
Our social status would be taken away"
'We laughed at Mr. Singh's son when he got depressed'
Ma taunted, "maybe it is the past life's sins
So It's our turn to be oppressed"
'What have we done to be treated like this
Because of you, our conditions would become abyss'

My head was low My eyes were soaked
All the mistakes in my mind From birth till now,
were convoked.
I wanted to cry for help
But it was of no use

Since physical pain is taken in account
But the mental cry is abstruse

I asked my doctor What should I do?
He said, 'I'll give you a check list
Which you need to persue'
'Take some rest from the Race
And do what you want to do
After some gap,
come again I'll be here to review
'And yes remember,
Try not to take too much pressure
Some time and Social help it will take,
But you'll find the peace

I was so happy
Since it looked perfect in theory
But life isn't about Cinderella and her fictional story

Let's not talk about the pressure
The level's tremendously increased
The continuous mockery by my parents
And statements like, 'After all this drama, you must be pleased'
Was I pleased?
I was angry,
I was hurt Irritated, unable to respond
Since I am an introvert.
After a tragic encounter
With real world I came to know that
I was weak
So my feelings were hurled

Happiness is not in doing
What you please

The world isn't about finding locks and it's keys
It's never you
It's the society that is strong
A different paths from the crowd makes you wrong
You don't need a doctor
You don't need any aid
But if you are different
You need to be afraid
Life will become a lot easier
If everyone follows a certain creed

To lead a smooth life
A Fake Smile Is All You Need.

Anoushka Pant
3rd year

I AM A WOMAN

I was asked
If I realized
How heartaches become
Beautiful rhythms
Of people and their presence
We once loved

I was asked
if I could take
All that pain inside me
And carve it beautifully
Like my lovers name
Carved on my heart and skin
With the daggers of truth

I was asked
If I could
Shatter into thousand fragments
And still love someone
Wholly

I was asked
If I was capable
Of loving someone
Long term
And attend a thousand funerals
Of the person
They used to be

But I was
Never asked

How it was to be me
To be a woman
Who was constantly desired
But never loved

How would it be ?

If only being calm
And whole
was expected out of me.

How would it be ?

If I wanted to be myself
Not being by someone's side
But having someone take my side.

How would it be ?

If I defied
The rules , the norms
The expectations of love
And the societal worms.

How would it be
To be a woman like me
To want to exist on her own
To be bold enough
To intimidate a man
To be strong enough
To say

I AM A WOMAN.

Megha Gupta
Batch of 2021

KINTSUGI - THE ART OF PRECIOUS SCARS

TW - Domestic Violence and Death

I saw amma smile and be always busy.
As if her life was all
about making us and appa happy.

Appa had a hobby, of collecting art.

Sometimes he bought it from outside,
Sometimes he created it beautifully
Inside those 4 walls,
Which sheathed everything from the world.

So, whenever something went missing,
Or something broke,
Amma broke a part of herself
and decorated the walls of this place,
She called home.

Bit by bit, piece by piece,
She gave herself completely and now
When she couldn't give more,
to this familiar yet cold place
she was made to leave.

I should have been sad,
Dejected, melancholic,
maybe on my fate should I be mad,
I do not know how well this would go,
But I am happy that amma is now at a better
place.
Because now,
Each night I wouldn't have to hear those
Sobbing lullabies,
Because now these walls won't hide those
violent scars,
Nor the blue and black marks,
which my father considered as art.

I am not sad that my amma departed,
But rather happy, she won't break anymore.
Decorate our lives and still be regarded as
useless and nothing more.

Megha Gupta
Batch of 2021



Artwork by: Khushi Sharma, 3rd year

LITERATURE REVIEW



NAME OF THE BOOK : The Winner Stands Alone

NAME OF THE AUTHOR : Paulo Coelho

THEME : Determination and Dreams

This is my first book review and the book I'll be telling about is about a trial marriage husband : the need to work hard by the author's passion honey. Back then when I started reading the book the major reason was that it is a romance genre and I was a young teen living in my own fantasy world. But as I grew in the book I came to develop a complete new understanding of the term feminism. The book

truly highlights the protagonist in a beautiful and strong manner. The book is about "TANG NING", a model by profession who is cheated by her fiancé as CEO.

One day

before their wedding she discovers her fiancé and his mistress. Even then she goes to the register's office where she finds MO TING. Things swirl, Tang Ning and Mo Ting get married. After that Tang Ning comes to know her all powerful husband who turns out to be the king of the modeling industry. He is the CEO of the biggest corporation in the world. He had everything anyone can ever want. But he and Tang Ning deeply love and understand each other. What he likes about Tang Ning is her intellect. Tang Ning after marriage starts taking things in her hands and grows into a supermodel and takes revenge on everyone who did wrong to her. But what matters the most is she did everything on her own without taking unnecessary advantage of Mo Ting.

I strongly recommend this book to those who would want to read what a strong female lead is with romance as an add on. The story inspires the readers in many aspects and I proudly state it as a must read especially for females to know what they are capable of, to know that we can fight even if the whole world is against us, to know that we have the strength and capability to mould every situation in our world.

Ramandeep Kaur, 2nd year

NAME OF THE BOOK : A Monster Calls

NAME OF THE AUTHOR : Patrick Ness

THEME : Grief

This book revolves around Conor O'Malley, a pre teen boy, who lives with his mother. It is about acceptance of his mother's health, who is suffering from cancer and change in lifestyle, when his mother is admitted in hospital and he has to live with his strict grandmother in her house. Also, his school life, where he deals with a bully, and frustration over getting special treatment. Among all these, he encounters a monster, too. It involves fantasy and grief as the main genre. This book majorly focuses on character development of various characters, especially the protagonist. The growth of Connor, focused on acceptance of upcoming loss is beautifully shown in this book. It doesn't have an epilogue, but this can be interesting for some readers as they can imagine what life may be now for the characters in the book. Also, it concentrates more on the emotions of the main character, which is its strong aspect. The frustration Connor feels in this stage of life is something we all can relate to, when everything seems uprooted and tangled. Even without an epilogue, the ending is satisfying and filled with overwhelming emotions. This book deserves to be read once, especially for those readers who like emotionally satisfying books. It may leave one with various feelings and a fresh perspective on life. Readers, who haven't pondered upon the idea of losing someone close to them, feel empathy towards Connor and others may find it relatable and are to compare his loss with their own.

Fiza Afreen, 3rd year

NAME OF THE BOOK : Sun and Her Flowers

NAME OF THE AUTHOR : Rupi Kaur

THEME : Self Help

I picked up this book to read because I had nothing to do and ended up finishing it in a go. A show cast of how trauma changes you and how experience and decisions made by us shapes into completely different versions of ourselves. This collection of poems were really insightful, raw, deep and beautifully expressed. There are parts which we feel uncomfortable while discussing like, body hair which is expressed as flowers growing on a curvy body making it even more beautiful. The lines that speak female truths, a key draw of Kaur's poetry, re few and far between. Reading this, I ended up telling myself, "She literally speaks my mind!" Overall, it's worth the read and a recommendation from me.

One of my favourite parts,

"It was when I stopped searching for home within others and lifted the foundations home within myself, I found there were no roots more intimate than those between a mind and body that have decided to be whole."

Khushi Sharma, 2nd year

NAME OF THE BOOK : जनेऊ

NAME OF THE AUTHOR : कीर्ति दीक्षित

THEME : Social Discrimination and its effect on present India

जनेऊ, बुन्देलखण्ड की आंचलिक पृष्ठभूमि पर आधारित यह उपन्यास कथामात्र न होकर एक ऐसी मनोवृत्ति है, जो धीमे जहर के भाँति समाज को निगलती जा रही है। गाँव की सरल सहज गलियों में असमानता, घृणा एवं आवेश के ऐसे पत्थरों का समावेश हो गया है, जो प्रतिपल इस धरती को रक्तंजित करने में लगे हैं।

प्रस्तुत कथावस्तु एक ऐसे सवर्ण युवक गोकर्न की है, जो समाज के नियमों में असहाय खड़ा, अपना सर्वस्व समाप्त होते देखता है। उसके पिता हल्केराम जो आजीवन समाजहित के लिए, अपना सर्वस्व न्यौछावर करने को तत्पर रहे, अन्ततः अपमान की ज्वाला उन्हें लील जाती है। गरीबी एवं समाज के कुप्रपंचों में परिवार समाप्त प्राय हो जाता है, तब उस युवक के मन में घृणा एवं निर्लिप्तता के कैसे भाव जन्म लेते हैं, इसका सजीव दृश्यांकन है।

ये उपन्यास एक विमर्श है कि क्या इतिहास के नाम पर वर्तमान को सजा दी जा सकती है? सियासत भी इतिहास के पन्ने, अपनी सहूलियत के अनुसार पलटती है वरना इतिहास दोगलापन कभी नहीं करता। उसमें तो दूध के लिये बिलखता द्रोणपुत्र भी है और कर्ण भी, सुदामा भी है और एकलव्य भी। कथित तौर पर हम समानता में विश्वास करते हैं, लेकिन समानता है कहाँ? योग्यता तो आज भी कराहती रंगभूमि में खड़ी है। बस अन्तर यह है कि तब सूतपुत्र कर्ण था और आज कोई और है। तैयार रहें! एक और इतिहास लिखा जा रहा है और अपमान की लेखनी से लिखा इतिहास कुरुक्षेत्र की पटकथा ही लिख सकता है। समाज की पारदर्शिता से रूबरू होने के लिए एक बेहतरीन उपन्यास।

जरूर पढ़ें!

Twinkle Verma, 3rd year

NAME OF THE BOOK : The Nightingale

NAME OF THE AUTHOR : Kristin Hannah

THEME : War, Patriotism, Womanhood

It is an epic panorama set up in the time zone of World War 2 (France) which illuminates an intimate part of history seldom seen : the women's war. The story revolves around two sisters Vianne and Isobelle. Sisters but opposite like the north and the south pole with Vianne being so much family driven and Isobelle spilling out everything without thinking. Paris had joined Britain declaring a war against Nazis and Hitler was moving across. This story is inspired by the true story of a Belgium woman, Andrée de Jongh, who helped downed Allied pilots get out of the Nazi territory through an escape route over the mountains. The book celebrates courage, valor and heroism of the women who put up in this fight against Hitler for the love of their country and family.

It is a rollercoaster of emotions that will make you feel things the way you have never felt. It will make you cry. It will make you value the time you have with your loved ones. This book is perfect for those seeking an escape for some time from the present hectic life and schedule.

For me it's a must read!

Harshita, 2nd year

NAME OF THE BOOK : It Ends with Us

NAME OF THE AUTHOR : Colleen Hoover

THEME : Drama, Romance

This book is a recommended read for all the romance book readers as well as the ones who are looking for some drama. It Ends With Us, beautifully written by Colleen Hoover tackles the issue of domestic violence with a romantic and emotional side to it. This book tells us a story of a 23 yr old girl named Lily Bloom who quits her job to follow her passion of opening a flower shop for people who hate flowers. She meets a surgeon named Ryle Kincaid at the rooftop in Boston at the night she "stood up" at the funeral of her abusive father in front of everyone. Despite being warned by Ryle's sister about his intentions, she is drawn to him. Seeing what her mom went through Lily promised herself that she will not end up at another abusive home. But when Ryle starts to show all the warnings that her mother ignored about her father, she comes across her diary entries which she addressed to TV host Ellen DeGeneres about her first love, Atlas Corrigan, who was a homeless boy squatting at his neighbour's house back then. The twist comes when he returns to her present life in Boston as a successful chef.

TIME FOR THE FAVORITE PART

The favorite part for me about the book was the concept of NAKED TRUTH; that all of you will wish to have with your loved ones in your life.

Ishita Gupta, 2nd year

NAME OF THE BOOK : Milk and Honey

NAME OF THE AUTHOR : Rupi Kaur

THEME : Self Help

Milk and Honey is a collection of poetry about LOVE, LOSS, TRAUMA, ABUSE, HEALING and FEMININITY.

The way Rupi Kaur has poured her heart out with the amazing set of words, makes it dig into the soul and makes you feel every word! Her trauma and her 21 years will give you points to relate for sure. As a woman, this book is an inspiration to me. A hope (of healing), a story (to suffer and to accept) and an example (to stay strong and to accept yourself) Reading this, I realised, how accepting myself was all I required and yet how it was most difficult! I recommend this book to each and every girl to read, at least once.

Khushi Sharma, 2nd year

NAME OF THE BOOKS :

- Mind Platter
- The Nectar of Pain
- Sparks of Phoenix

NAME OF THE AUTHOR : Najwa Zebian

THEME : Self Help

The trilogy, by Najwa Zebian, is worth a read and marks the words that you will end up learning a lot, you'll end up realising what self love, self worth and self-respect truly is! Every page, every word is drenched with purity and is really a collection of beautiful and inspiring poetry. These aren't books to read on the go! You read it word-by-word, sinking each of them like you drink coffee sip by sip in the morning sitting in the garden. Every word contains power and you will feel it! The vibe she created is very strong and powerful. Read it over and over and you'll learn something new every time. She tells us to abide by goodness, kindness, self-respect, love and not to lose the good in us no matter what the situation is!

These books helped me build my inner conscience stronger; helped me realise that my kindness and compassion are my power not weakness; and, those who take advantage of me are wrong, not me possessing them, that falling happens over and over and that I have to rise every time, with even more strength, kindness and compassion.

Khushi Sharma, 2nd year

NAME OF THE BOOK : The Alchemist

NAME OF THE AUTHOR : Paulo Coelho

THEME : Following Dreams or Personal Legend

“It's the possibility of having a dream come true that makes life interesting.”

-Paulo Coelho

In this materialistic world full of chaos when we forget our dreams that we once had as a kid, “The Alchemist” helps in realising them again and makes us follow them.

“The Alchemist” is the story of a shepherd boy who dreams of travelling the world in search of a treasure as desirable as anyone ever found. From his home he journeys to the exotic markets of North Africa and then into the Egyptian deserts, where a fateful encounter with the alchemist awaits him. It is an unforgettable story about the essential wisdom of listening to our heart and; above all, following our dreams.

Those who have seen a dream but have less belief in themselves or those who have not realized yet what their destiny is, must read this book once. It could change their life forever. It shows that obstacles to one's personal legend are merely obstacles, not blockades. As it is said in the book, “To realize one's destiny is a person's real obligation.”; it is our duty to choose our own destiny. “And, when we want something, all the universe conspires in helping us to achieve it.” It talks about the universal language which does not require any words. It may seem like an imagination of the author which is far away from reality but I found it one of the best books to understand the reality of life.

Muskan Jaiswal, 3rd year



Falling and flying

One must never let the fear of falling keep them from flying. On facing a failure, falling or flying, it is up to us. It's our thoughts and feelings, which make us positive, be happy, think better, aim high. We cherish the good times only when we have seen bad ones. Always hope for better, and fly higher each time. One must learn to face failures but what is more important is we must learn to fly, fly higher after falling. Those are the ones who lead a positive life, a happy life, a life they would love to live. It's a long journey, we should not waste time regretting, just fly after you fall, fly higher, think bigger, and work harder. This is what must be done, find good in every situation. Trust yourselves. We all are made of stardust. In the act of falling, learn to fly, say "I rock, and no one can ever make me fall"

In act of falling, Learn the skill of flying And in the art of breaking, Learn the magic of healing. Fly as high as you feel low.

This is the mantra. A bird flies so high, spreading wings, looks so beautiful. But ever saw an injured bird? An injured bird fights to fly, she despite knowing the fact she cannot, she tries, tries and tries, and one day flies, defeating the injury. So should we, problem can be big but we should aim high. Face the falls of your life, until they fall off from your life, fly fly higher, Every fall teaches you to fly higher next time, it's just how we see it. A conversation between Piglet, Winnie the Pooh goes like: 'Pooh what if I fall?' To which Pooh replies, but my friend, what if you fly? It's just how we see things and react to them. Fall and fly!!

You were born with wings of potential,
Why prefer to crawl through life?

Chhavi, 3rd year

Honest confessions

“I’m afraid.” I said, I couldn't meet their eyes so I let it roam over the room.
“Of what....?” they asked, with a nonchalant tone.

[Everything, I’m afraid of heights and closed spaces. I hate insects and snakes. I don't like to show people parts of myself because I think people will judge me for that. I’m afraid to be too much and too little. Most of all, I'm afraid of living the same life till 60.]

“Of trying new things, I mean..what if I screwed up?” Taking a deep breath I let my guard down.

“That’s stupid! You fall and learn. It's ok to fail sometimes.” Their confident answer unnerved me somewhat.

[It's ok to fail...? Tell that to the demons in my head who watch every single mistake of mine under a microscope. Tell that to society, I've been moulded to worship that I am more than the trophies on my shelf. Tell that to my self-esteem that breaks with every rejection, look at me again and tell me it's ok to fail because I CAN ALWAYS GET BACK UP!]

“That’s true, I suppose.” was all I could say...

“Of course! It's true. Now tell me what are your future plans?”

[I want to run away. I want to walk aimlessly in the sun with my earphones blaring. I want to geek over my favourite shows and get lost in them to the point of obsession. I want to learn to dance and I want to be called ‘wild’.]

“I... I think, I want to get a tattoo...” I replied as my guilt-ridden hands tried to gather my left-over confidence.

“TATTOO!! Heavens no! Don't do that. How will you get a job with a bizarre tattoo on yourself?” only for their horrified expression to shatter it all.

“Don’t worry, I was only kidding.” my hollow laughter filled my ears.

[Of course...that's what I thought..]

Anushka Kaushik, 3rd Year

Transgender Community: Do the National Policies protect their rights?

There are two main sexes present in human beings- male and female, who dominate the human society. And through the course of human history, they have intentionally or unintentionally ignored the rights of and suppressed those who do not belong to these species, i.e.- transgenders. In India, there are mainly two types of transgenders. Number one including those who have been declared a transgender and brought up in the company of Hijras. They usually have no option but to resort to the Indian customary practices of dancing and singing on occasions like a boy being born. Number two being those whose identities as transgenders are not socially disclosed and even if it is, they live between "normal" people. They are usually educated and qualified to work and play their role in the society just like the mainstream. But let's keep in mind that even they are not free of the stigmas attached to their identity.

The Indian law recognised trans people as a third gender after the judgement of National Legal Services Authority versus Union of India, and affirmed that the fundamental rights granted under the Constitution of India will be equally applicable to them, and gave them the right to self-identification of their gender as male, female or third gender. It is important to note that this was on 15th April, 2014, that is 65 years or 23,830 days after the constitution was implemented in India. For these 64 brutal years their gender was not even legally recognised.

On 25th November, 2019, the Transgender Persons' (Protection of Rights) Bill, 2019 was passed. It has raised several concerns regarding the status of transgender people in India. The NALSA judgement deemed 'self-declaration', sans any medical or psychological proofs, as the only legal gender identification required, the judgement had also stated that any insistence on sex reconstruction surgery is immoral and illegal. But according to this bill, in order to legally recognised once transgender identity it is mandatory for the individual to apply for a transgender certificate. To get the certificate an individual has to submit a psychologist's report. Also, if someone undergoes a surgery to change their gender, they require a revised certificate issued by the District Magistrate, who has the power to judge the "correctness" of the application. The rules are unclear on what entails this "correctness". The administrators do not need to go through any training in order to get this extraordinary level of power to arbitrate which transgender individuals "qualify" to be recognised by their own gender, and which individual's rights they can easily negate. This also pressurises people to undergo medical procedures, they might not want to go through. It is not only humiliating and intrusive but also a violation of fundamental rights.

The bill does not include any reservations in education or employment for the transgender people, unlike the NALSA judgement which gave provisions for benefits in education and employment in order to uplift this section of the society which faces discrimination, lack of educational facilities, lack of medical facilities, homelessness, unemployment, depression and drug abuse on the daily.

After being through nefarious tools of oppression like Criminal Tribes Act, 1871 which deemed the entire community of Hijara persons as innately 'criminal' and 'adapted to the systematic commission of non-bailable offences' and Section 377 of the Indian Penal Code, the situation today seems to be really peaceful, but it can be better. And not only the laws need to improve themselves as we have established, but there is also a need of a paradigm shift in the dogmatic thinking of the common public in order to uplift the transgender population into a level playing field.

Neha , 3rd year

A something

In its most earnest recall, as one might do, Life is a mere passage of the days. Each day is life, nothing less and agonisingly nothing more. When I was younger than the young I am today, I used to be endearingly fascinated by "life", however past few years, I've come to an understanding that the phenomenon is not as complex as we would want to believe it is. Critics could call me frivolous but in all honesty, despite the randomness of it all, everything in humans are driven by needs and desires. Uncertainty arrives quickly though, due to our incapability to limit or tame the latter. But exactly that incapability, is what adds the required and vividly existent fervour. I've felt many extreme feelings many times in past, but I've felt amazed at the helplessness to actively carry them prolonging morning however every sentiment that I've most encountered has ultimately moulded my days. It's a cycle, it's each day, it's 24 negative the hours you're up and that's it. It's petty, it's hardly philosophical or even poetic but a twenty year old me believes it's the truth. For the longest time, I have repelled the idea of accepting mathematics out of all things as the core and driving mechanism for me. I've wanted to believe in higher cosmic powers and worlds of unknown and human purpose and I've read Aristotle, preached Hegel, Nietzsche you name it. Historical materialism broken into events leading to other events is actions occurring in form of conscious or subconscious decisions inciting obvious and humanly reactions leading the era forward. Liberals have wanted to believe humans as rational beings realists deriving from Thomas Hobbes calling us out for being nasty and selfish. I'd put it this way, humans are capable of both and all. I reside my trust with humanists drawing the need chart. It can be understood well, if we focus on essentially needs and desires. While needs for humans come under the static part, if one draws reference from Maslow's hierarchy of needs, it's essentially the bottom two constituting physiological and safety needs. Desires on the other hand, consists of love belonging, Esteem, and most importantly Self-actualisation makes humans unpredictable breaking the static monotony. Morality, spontaneity, creativity expand desires. Desire for material or non-material.

Mahika ,Batch of 2021

Everything was so pretty, the dress I wore, the birds flapping wings amidst the sea, the sunset and I was so in love with everything around, and that day I was in love with myself. I was all alone by the sea, but not at all lonely. I walked around, I sang, I danced to my tunes. It was all I ever wished for, -peace. In that calmness, I could hear the waves striking the shore, I could see the waves playing with the sand and the little ants, I could feel the cool breeze, my hair softly coming and falling on my face. I was more than happy, Just thought that, I want to be here, at this place forever, and bang all that got washed away with the waves, I opened my eyes, my face was wet, Back to reality for sure. My husband was back from the office and threw water on my face, when he found me sleeping. I realized I was back here, The beautiful dress was nowhere, I was in my old torn clothes. Back to days where I loved nothing, felt nothing, hated myself, I realized that I was never allowed to leave these 100 square feet of area, The ring on my hand was a heavy burden representing and always making me think of me awful married life. Where I was not allowed to think of pretty dresses, feeling happy, dancing or singing, being the way I am, I thought I at least had the right to think of a happy beautiful life, Where I am not beaten up, I am not treated as a stray animal, where I am loved, I am valued. But the water splash broke my dream and the days broke me. I got up, made coffee and smiled, That feeling I experienced in my dreams, though temporary, gave me a moment of happiness.

Chhavi, 3rd year

Glitter, Red her Life and Death

She sat amid the blooming flowers.
Walls peach and pastel.

Staring at them, passing her hours.
She then walks down to that striking mirror, looks upon the reflection.

The woman, a beauty in all she is, with that perplexed expression.
The fifty year old wearing that silk thing of luxury.

There, she sat draped in red and glitter.

She wears her disguise, she hides it all the pain, the worry.
She started with the initial fragments and memories of the past.

little by little, thinking and putting her life together.
She closed her eyes, she saw the father.

The man she was so proud of, the man who bashed her.

There the little girl sat in that isolated corner of pity, hugging herself, sobbing.
She saw the mother wrapped in a white cloth with snowballs in her nostrils, she
wouldn't speak, she wouldn't move.
The memories of her lover.

He stood there with lilac lilies in his hands, her heart drooling.

Remember when she was younger, he'd bring her love, and they'll run on the
streets, so improper, so wild.

One day and one glimpse, those strong lights hit him and he left my hand, she
reconciled.

The woman also a mother, you would not believe how assuredly she recalls the
wailing of her first, now-dead child.

The warmth she felt with that small, tender body next to her.

So soothing, so mild.

That one night when she walked down the hall of fame, claps and roarings of her
name.

All those familiar faces and empty hearts.

The woman, she opened her eyes and shut her thoughts.

She moved her eyes around that space of luxury.

She didn't know if she was so trapped or so free.

She welcomed that night, the night when you succumb to your temptations.

Her eyes glued over those while, creamy pills of death.

She engaged the first one in her hands and twisted it in her tongue.

there, the fragments broke.

Hanging in the open air.

The woman let go that night.

she let go of her red glitter, her death and life.

Mahika ,Batch of 2021

Losing self

The curtains moved to and fro, I wanted to shut the window because the movement of the curtains frightened me. I was trembling. How those irrelevant and imprecise little things were scaring me. It is a kind of fear that is brought by anticipation and sadness together. I was dressed in red, glitter and life but sat like dead. In a few moments, the man with whom I was to spend my life with will come and will touch me. It was my wedding night. My mind around intimations of immortality. I was hoping I won't break down in front of him.

The door moved slightly and my heart sank. He stepped inside with pointed and precise steps and gazed at me. His stare made me uneasy. I looked down not knowing what to do. In a jiffy or so when I again looked up, I saw him sitting in front of me. Perplexed, I moved back. I hoped that he would somehow sense that I'm not ready and back out. He held my hand next. I could feel something inside me breaking, my hope and my sweet heart. I lost myself that moment.

My mind flew back to the days of my-tomato-guy. It was a chilling winter day when I had prepared myself to visit the nearby supermarket to shop for groceries. I was standing in the billing queue when I saw this guy, the guy with the most exquisite baby eyes with a bag full of tomatoes in his hand. I was staring at him like a raving lunatic when he saw me. There, bang, it hit my heart. I think it was my first conscious perception of the abstract idea of what we all call "Love". It is something like the clouds that were in the sky before the sun came out. It's beautiful how you cannot feel it but can just be grateful of the sweetness it pours into everything. We spent the next few days in each other's company. He'd so calmly augment my adrenaline rush and I absolutely loved it.

How exquisite his touch used to be. We'd smoke in the backseat of his car, it was all so red. His hand would move slowly on mine, he would do it with such tenderness that one would melt right there. In the night, he'd come over and he would read "The Frost Fairies" to me and brush my hair and put me to sleep.

His strong thrust inside me cracked my sweet memory session. He was all over me, I lay there like a dead being, slipping tears with every stroke. He held my hair and accommodated my structure how he needed it. His hand pressed, moved, stroked but with no mark of tenderness. All I could do was to remember, those stray words and images moving in and out of my mind I wanted to help myself and scream and break it all. But I did not, I could not. I died that day, or maybe the redness, the redness of those tomatoes died.

It is really sad how our society holds no rage against marital rape, some of us do not even consider it a thing to work for and fight against. Yes it is real and it exists.

Mahika ,Batch of 2021



तसव्वुर

The Creative Corner

ME AND MY FRIENDS ONCE HAD A FIGHT

Me and my friends once had a fight.
No one knows who made the mistake,
But anger was on both sides.
Being happy in the class.
But did not dare to stare that sight.
Me and my friends once had a fight.

I still remember those days,
When we cried day and night.
Me and my friends once had a fight.

Those days around 15th of August,
And waiting to fly those kites.
Then at the end of celebration
Hot air balloon with bright light we
also released.
Me and my friends once had a fight.

But still not proved,
That who was right.
Many people told to forget this fake
friendship,
But what to say as our bond was tight.
Me and my friends once had a fight.

Soumya Pandey
2nd year

WHY EVEN AFTER KNOWING ?

Why I pursue perfection when I know it
can't exist?

Why I am tired of talking sweet and
polite when I desire same from others?

Why I am sad when I have sufficient
reasons to be happy?

Why I feel guilt after committing petty
mistakes when I know they are part of
this so called learning process?

Why I fail to forgive myself when I know
mercy is something attributed to gods?

Why I am not confident in myself when I
know everyone is unique?

Why I can't be satisfied being an average
when I know one should be happy with
what they have?

Why I am scared of trying when I know
there is nothing to loose?

Why I am afraid of being called an
amateur when I know every artist was
once?

Why I ask these questions when I know
possibly there is no answer to these
entangled questions?

Shruti Yadav
2nd year

YOU & I

I m trying to be the best version of me
Until I fail to be you
Whatever is left of me is confused
Whether it's a race to be right or to be kind

As I reach closer to you
The farther you go
I find there's no one else to please
But you

Marisha Gupta
2nd year

सपना

मुश्किल है समय , बेपरवाह है दुनिया
खड़ी हूँ अकेले , साथ नहीं कोई अपना
अगर - मगर का समय नहीं , क्योंकि सच करना है फिर
वही सपना |

पीछे नहीं हटूंगी , आगे है बढ़ना
बार बार गिरूंगी पर खुद ही है संभलना
अब डरने का समय नहीं क्योंकि सच करना है फिर वही
सपना |

चल उड़ जा पंख फैलाये , ना अब कोई बंदिश रोक पाए
|
राह तक रहे हैं मौके हज़ार , देख परख ले उनको एक
बार |
यह ज़िन्दगी बहुत छोटी सी होती है ,हँसते ज़ख्मों पर
मरहम सी होती है |
ढूँढ रही हूँ फिर कोई अपना क्योंकि सच करना है फिर
वही सपना |

Ishita Vohra
2nd year

THE WALK

I was walking down the alley, quiet and small,
Wandering of a snow blow
Then I saw you,
Smiling at the night's airglow...

Different people; different perspectives,
Yet standing here, under the fall
Waiting for you to make a move,
A day! When you treat me like your favourite
doll...

Happiness and gloom takes steps on,
You are a stranger, yet so known!
I am a passerby to you, maybe even less known
But all these thoughts I'll think at dawn!

The bliss of the moment, is what we lack
Let's upgrade lives towards a lively act
Just sit on the shore; exploring aquamarine
Tell me your plans, are you not keen?

Let's roar in the mountains
Wander in the light
Meet the happiness of mind
This is my dream - A one of it's kind...

The morning sun, the night sky
The fact that every soul has a tie
The love that binds us all
Makes you and me the same
I adore you enough;
not knowing your name

Time has flown, you are gone to your happy place
With flowers sparkling and dogs crunching bones
And soothing winds moving the curtains lace

Somebody somewhere is very special,
Happy he makes me like my Hogwarts letter
Brains rustic hearts kind
Let's meet again in a world which is so divine!!
~a not so special person..

Ramandeep Kaur
2nd year

पर्चे

कहीं किताबों के ढेर होंगे
तो कहीं बगल में गुलाब,
कहीं महीनों पहले प्लानिंग होंगी
तो कहीं एक दिन पहले शुरुआत।
ना जाने क्या है ये पर्चों का राज़
क्यों अक्ल का करते इम्तिहान बार बार
क्या इस शक का है कोई काज़
हर बार, हर बार, हर बार

ना खिलाफ़ ना है लगाव
बस ज़िक्र यही क्यों है पर्चे बार-बार
मेरे अनुसार काश साल में बार-बार
नहीं पर्चे होते एक बार।

प्रश्न पढ़ते ही, क्यों होते ये अहसास
कि किसी पंन्त्रो से हुआ था यह आभास
हाये राम,
पढ़ते-पढ़ते हुआ ये हाल
जैसे हो हम दुनिया से बेख्याल
हर बार, हर बार, हर बार

Shweta
3rd year

GROWTH

After finally getting used to
Sharp knives on my back
After finally learning to smile
To hide the unkempt cracks
Finally after learning
To dance on the song
Listening to which
I cried all nights long
Finally after watching
All nightmares to my eyes
And living through all days
On which I might've died
I wonder if I turn the clock
Go to the "old merry me"
Will she even realize
Would she even believe
Wont she cry her little tears
While touching my scarred face
After running her tiny fingers
Through my scars with pace
She will put on a brave smile
Gaze at my dry stare
" so I really make it
Through all of this despair.."
She'll hold me quietly
Let me smile to my old view
Her sweet little voice would say
"Future hasn't been kind to you.."

Megha Mishra
2nd year



Photography by: Manya Tyagi, 2nd year

Oh ! Dear little bird

To listen to your melodious voice,
To look after your beautiful nest,
We have been finding you everywhere,
From the north to the South,
From the east to the west,
Oh ! Dear tiny bird,
Where have you gone,
You flew, You ran or you drowned,
You disappeared from our sight,
This hide and seek is making a scared,
Giving us dilemma !
That isn't right,
We are finding you on the top of the hill,
Near the lake,
Even in the debris,
Having a believe that you will come back,
Every one is missing you,
The Sun, The Stars, The moon !

We have found ourselves guilty now,

Oh ! Li' l baby Sparrow ...come back soon !!

Kanika Malhotra
3rd year

खोया बचपन एक बच्चे की पुकार

सुनो , सुनो मैं हूँ रेवती,
क्या बताऊं , जीवन कैसा मैं हूँ जीती ।
मालिक के खेतों में करके काम,
भूख - प्यास नींद मेरी हो गई हराम ,
मां - बापू , जमींदार का कर्ज कभी ना पाए उतार,
इसलिए उसके आदमी, घसीट कर खेतों में मुझे ले
आए ।

मारता - पीटता, देता है सौ- सौ ताने,
फिर भी भरपेट नहीं देता अन्न के दाने,
व्यथा हमारी सुनकर पुलिस भी यहां आई ,
पर झूठे कागज भर में ही उम्र अधिक बताई ।
मैं भी चाहती हूँ पक्षी की तरह चहचहाना,
दूसरे बच्चों की तरह खेलखिलाना,
कोई माली मेरे जीवन में आए ,
सुंदर फूलों के साथ मुझे भी चुन ले जाए ॥

मेरा जीवन भी हो औरों जैसा,
अधिक नहीं तो थोड़ा ऐसा,
मैं भी सुख की साँस लूँ,
खुशियों का दामन थाम लूँ।
ऐसा संभव हो सकता है,
मिटे यदि रोटी की भूख,
पढ़ना लिखना मैं भी लूँ सीख,
मिटे अमीर- गरीब की खाई ,
बाल श्रम की सब दे दुहाई ।

Kanika Malhotra
3rd year

SWIM, THE SHORE IS NEAR, SWIM UNTIL THE SHORE IS
HERE

Time will take its course
As we float amicably in the space
Some days it is only natural
To feel as though been trapped
In a simulated rat race.
So we all swim
We swim in the narrow places
Cutting through the cold waters
Floating in the abyss of granted spaces
Somedays we wade,
Somedays we might drown,
But somedays we see a hand,
That pulls us up before we hit the ground
So we float again,
Somedays alone we float
Somedays we share the sun and the storm
In another sailor's boat.
So we swim through it all,
Through the spaces across time
Waiting to hit the shore
The act of waiting in the infinite space
Is the hardest of all the tests
For each wave that knocks us down
It demands from us to bring out the best
Must we then have the patience
To face the temperatures unprecedented
Must we have the heart; to wait,
The resilience to reach the shore
May we have the love, with us and in us
So that we swim together, for a little more.

Chhavi Malik
4th Year

WHAT IS FREEDOM?

Eyes that would once glimmer
with a dream so bright
Seem welled with mist
For a blue bird was caged today
A blue bird that awaited its flight.

The blue bird is relentless,
It continues to dream inside the cage
And it flutters to break through
For it quivers for freedom
Confined yet fuelled by its rage.

The blue bird continues to fight
For it has learnt to chew more
Than what it can bite
And it flutters to break through
The blue bird awaits for its flight.

For days and days this went on repeat
But our persistent little blue bird
couldn't surrender to the defeat
And so the day of the tryst dimly marched
For it was about time that our
bird and the limitless sky would meet

The bird finally had the cage unclocked
But in the process of this ingress
The blue bird found its wings clipped
The freedom was earned but at what cost?
The infinite sky above it illuminates
As our helpless blue bird sits
with requiem of a flight it lost.

The blue bird had fought day and night
Fuelled for the freedom
Never been the slave of its plight.
And so even with its wings clipped
Our blue bird will still continue to fight.

With broken clipped wings
And a cage still left unclipped
The bird would never beat a hasty retreat
It fought, it dreamt a dream so sweet
For days and days this went on
It went on repeat.

Our blue bird is a fighter
And has never known defeat
It found its home
Beneath the limitless sky
For the blue bird now
Had learnt to use its feet

Chhavi Malik
4th year

The Bright Side

Taking fourteen days to grow
And never leaving the lungs
A pandemic or an apocalypse
We surely don't know, because go corona go

Everyone is talking about the terror and fear
The quarantine life and economy collapse
But no one really noticed
It gave nature time to relax

No doubt that there have been
Earthquakes and storms
Life has come to standstill
And it's tough to follow all the norms

However, pre corona we were all
Running a rat race
Not the disease but pollution
Was making us cover our face

Venomous air, toxic water
Acting to be blind had become a habit
There was a chance of the world ending
And we were all ready to grab it

Fights, riots, racism were in full bloom
Pretending to be happy when actually in gloom
Finally, kind god decided to intervene
It took a scanty virus to stop all the machines

You may think that I am crazy
Or that I probably have Stockholm
But go ask your mom
How the house suddenly felt like home

The pace slowed down
And we could hear our pulse again
Work is not the only thing that matters
We are finally sane

The birds felt untied
The sky seems large
The nature started healing
As soon as god took the charge

I'm not making you see
The glass being half full
But looking at the emptiness
Has made the mind dull

Don't misinterpret that
It is only optimism that I hold
But at the end of each rainbow
There is always a pot of gold!

Megha Mishra
2nd year



Photography by: Khushi Sharma, 2nd year

सात रंग धरती पर

कोहरे को चीरती हर किरण स्पष्ट बता रही
 रात भर ठीठुरती हुई
 वो चंचल मोर अब ना रही
 मुकुटो सी कलगी,
 जिंदगी के अंत के अनन्त आदर में झुक गई
 इस असहनीय जाड़े में, उसकी मध्यम सांस भी रुक
 गई
 ज्यों ही बिखर गए
 सात रंग धरती पर मानो सफेद पोशाक में प्रकृति बैठी
 उसकी अर्थी पर हवा में घुल गई
 सफेद धुंध की बदली ऐ खुदा
 इस मशहूर नूर की रूह से भी तेरी रूह ना पिघली
 झील के बगल की नम घास पर उसका बिछौना है
 आज झरने की झर-झर में लगता ये धरती का रोना है
 इस झील की स्थिरता से भी ज्यादा स्थिर इसकी
 धड़कन है
 मर्मम-से-मर्मम मर्ममता का यह जीता जागता दर्पण है
 पत्तियों से ओस टपकती,
 मानो जैसे आँखें भर आई हवा के झोंकों में सुनाई देती
 है,
 पेड़ों की सिस्काई बेजान शंकुकार चोंच को सैकड़ों
 कीड़े खा रहें है
 मानों जैसे अपने सगों का बदला चुका रहें है
 अरे! यह क्या, मेरी नज़रें अभी उस पर आकर्षित हुई है
 लगता है एक सुन्दरता दूसरी में परिवर्तित हुई है
 प्रकृति का नियम भी कितना अनूठा है
 उस वीरान पड़े पेड़ पर आज एक फुआँ भी फूटा है

Twinkle Verma
3rd year



Photography by: Ritika Rajora, 3rd year

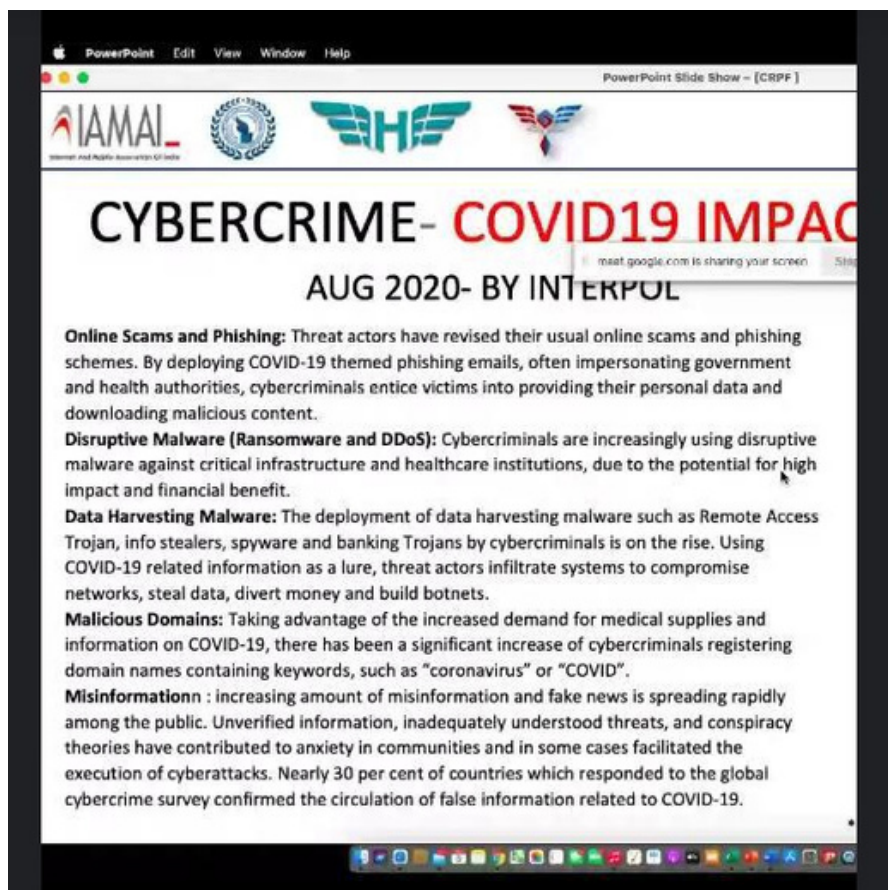


Events and Activities

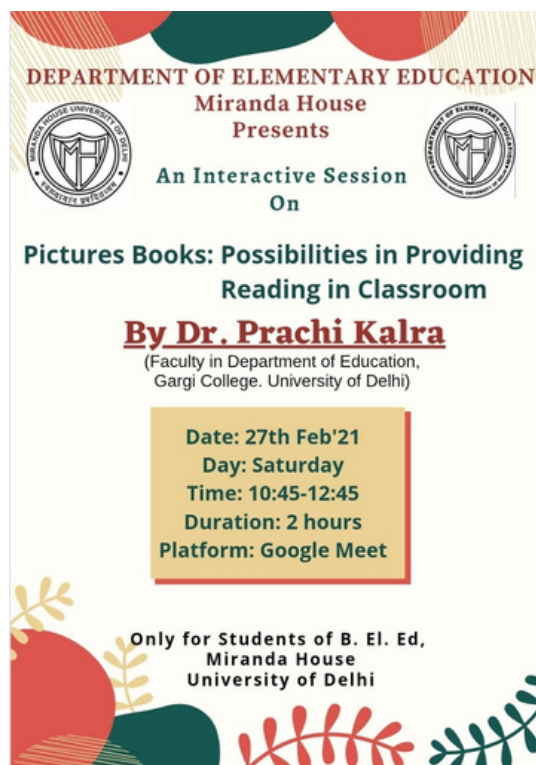
FRESHER'S DAY 2020



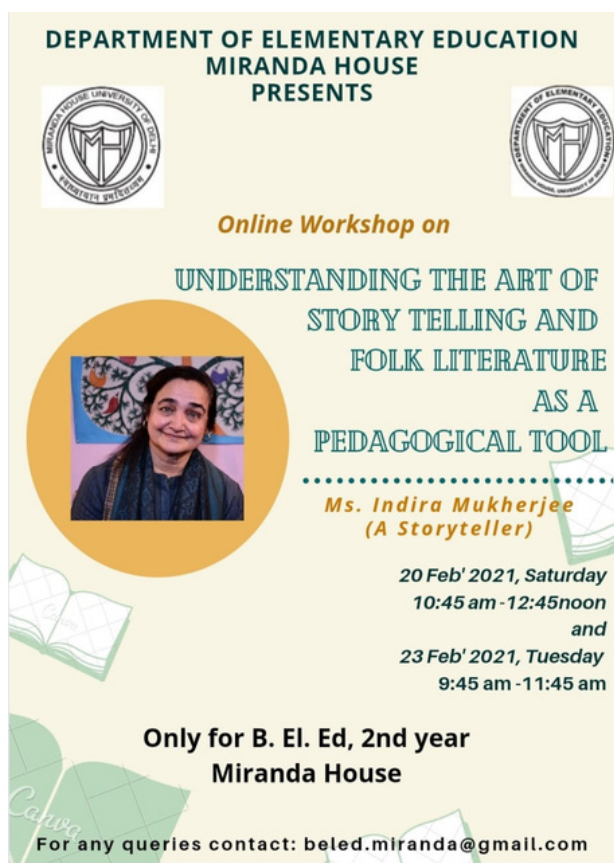
SESSION : AWARENESS ABOUT CYBERCRIME



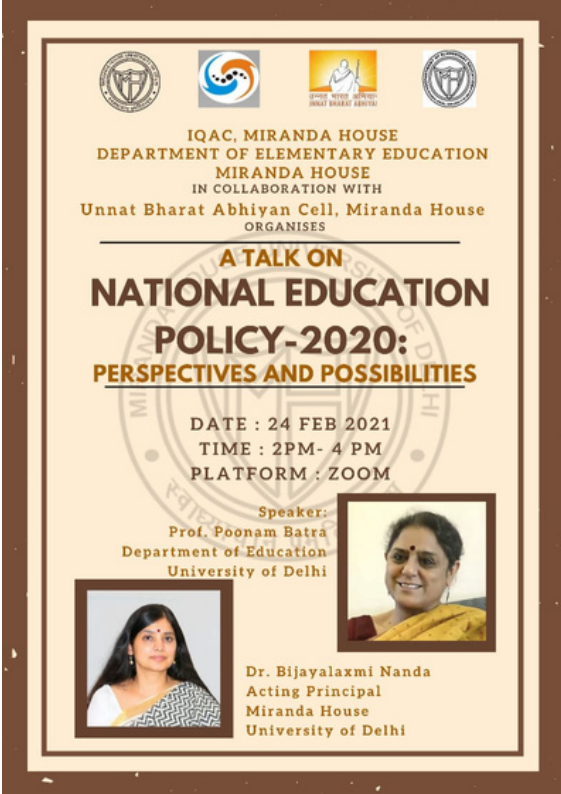
SESSION : PICTURE BOOKS : POSSIBILITIES IN PROVIDING
READING IN CLASSROOM BY DR. PRACHI KALRA



SESSION : UNDERSTANDING THE ART OF STORYTELLING
AND FOLK LITERATURE AS A PEDAGOGICAL TOOL
BY MS. INDIRA MUKHERJEE



A TALK ON NATIONAL EDUCATION POLICY- 2020
BY PROF. POONAM BATRA





IQAC, MIRANDA HOUSE
DEPARTMENT OF ELEMENTARY EDUCATION
MIRANDA HOUSE
IN COLLABORATION WITH
Unnat Bharat Abhiyan Cell, Miranda House
ORGANISES

**A TALK ON
NATIONAL EDUCATION
POLICY-2020:
PERSPECTIVES AND POSSIBILITIES**

DATE : 24 FEB 2021
TIME : 2PM- 4 PM
PLATFORM : ZOOM

Speaker:
Prof. Poonam Batra
Department of Education
University of Delhi



Dr. Bijayalaxmi Nanda
Acting Principal
Miranda House
University of Delhi

ANDHERE MEIN CHIRAG



DEPARTMENT OF ELEMENTARY
EDUCATION
MIRANDA HOUSE

**विध्वंस संग
अभिव्यंजना**

Poetry theatrical performance with
book launch

Performed by B.ElEd. first years

Date: 10 June 2021
Time: 10:30 AM
Platform: ZOOM



Event coordinators :

Ms. Neetu Rana
neetu.rana@mirandahouse.ac.in

Dr. Shilpa Jaiswal
shilpa.jaiswal@mirandahouse.ac.in


FAREWELL 2021

DEPARTMENT OF ELEMENTARY EDUCATION
MIRANDA HOUSE



CORDIALLY INVITES YOU TO
AN EVENT OF FRIENDSHIP AND MERRIMENT
TO WISH

BON VOYAGE



THEME: ANDAAZ APNA APNA

a virtual graduation ceremony for the Batch of 2017-2021	Date: July 10, 2021 Time: 1 p.m. - 4 p.m. Platform: Zoom
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FRESHER'S DAY 2021

Batch of 2021-25, get ready

FRESHERS

is here!

Show yourself up as a

Fictional Character



DEPARTMENT OF ELEMENTARY EDUCATION
invites you to their official Freshers welcome on
2nd February, 2022
1:15 pm - 3:30 pm | ZOOM

STORY WRITING COMPETITION

DEPARTMENT OF ELEMENTARY EDUCATION
Miranda House, DU

on the occasion of
**AZADI KA
AMRUT
MAHOTSAV**

Presents

Story writing competition
ON THE THEME
**UNTOLD STORIES OF
INDEPENDENCE**

PRIZES TO WINNERS AND CERTIFICATES TO ALL PARTICIPANTS !

LAST DATE : 27 SEPTEMBER 2021 | 5 PM
REGISTER THROUGH GOOGLE FORMS

Contact:
DEEPIKA THAKUR (President) : 8882008945
VISHAKHA (Vice - President) : 8448807259



SESSION ON MENTAL HEALTH

Department of Elementary Education
Miranda House
University of Delhi
Presents
A session on Mental Health

**LET'S TALK OUR
MIND OUT**


to commemorate
World Mental Health Day, 10th October 2021

On 30th September, 2021
Time: 3:30pm-4:30pm
Platform: Zoom

Speaker: Sumit Dutta
Counselling Psychologist and Mental
Health Trainer

For Queries Contact:-
Nancy: 9899563789 Tanushka: 9634880505

Only for B. El. Ed students
If anyone is interested to join (other than B. El. Ed),
please mail on:
beled.miranda@gmail.com



SESSION: POSITIVE MENTAL WELLBEING

Department of Elementary Education
Miranda house, University of Delhi

 Presents 

a session on

Positive Mental well-being

On 11th November 2021, Thursday
 Timings: 11:30am to 12:30pm
 Platform: Zoom

Guest Speaker

Mrs. Meenu Bhargava
 Counsellor and Life Skill Trainer





Only for B. El. Ed students
 If anyone is interested to join, other than B. El. Ed students, please mail on:
 beled.miranda@gmail.com

For Queries contact:
 Nancy: 9899563789
 Tanushka: 9634880505



ALUMNAE MEET

Department of Elementary Education
Miranda house, University of Delhi

 PLACEMENT TEAM 


PRESENTS

A SESSION ON

Stories of the journey beyond B.El.Ed

CHALKING OUT THE WAYS FORWARD
 WITH OUR ALUMNAE

ON 18TH JANUARY 2022, TUESDAY
 TIMINGS: 3:00 PM ONWARDS
 PLATFORM: ZOOM

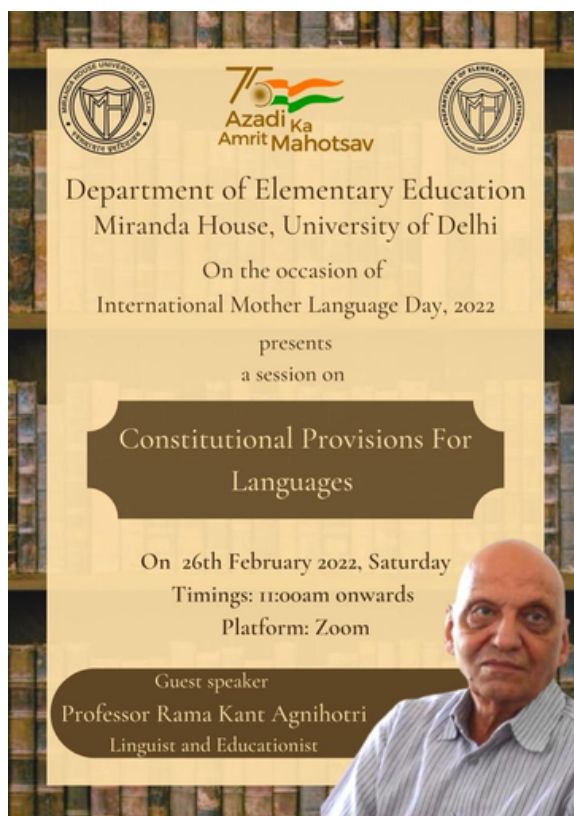


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Miranda house, University of Delhi

 MEET OUR ALUMNAE 

 Pallavi Assistant Professor, Azim Premji University Batch of 2010	 Sonia Assistant Professor Kamala Nehru College Batch of 2010	 Ashtami Ranjan Senior Manager, Edtech Company LEAD Batch of 2011
 Nishu Gupta Teacher Shiv Nadar School Batch of 2011	 Anshita Foundational literacy and numeracy expert Batch of 2013	 Manisha Sharma SME Hindi Sri Aurobindo Society Batch of 2013
 Mansi Arora TGT English Sanskriti School Batch of 2013	 Sheena MGN fellow MSDE Batch of 2015	 Sonali Dayal Deputy Manager SBI Batch of 2017

SESSION: CONSTITUTIONAL PROVISIONS FOR LANGUAGES BY PROFESSOR RAMA KANT AGNIHOTRI



FAREWELL 2022





Alumni's Corner

It was Dr Pratibha Jolly's Farewell. I wrote some lines and planned to perform a Daastangoi for it. I was prepared but on that day, it became very difficult for her to come for this event organized by the college Union as some other events took a lot of time and she had to attend some more after that also. Some more performers were there. We waited for quite a time, but when she came, people from Union asked me to perform first. She had tears in her eyes when I was performing, and when I stood up, she came up to hug me. It was one of the most memorable moments of my College life.

Rupali (2016-2020 Batch)



I still remember the day when I saw my name in the list of candidates selected for admissions in the B.El.Ed. programme. I was beyond happy, as I always wanted to be a teacher.

I started the course with zeal and enthusiasm. A basic component of the B.El.Ed. programme, according to me, was to push us to pursue enquiries as our enquiries. Throughout the four years of B.El.Ed. , not just me but all my classmates wondered why we were made to work so hard to qualify for a teacher's job. Nevertheless, B.El.Ed. turned out to be the biggest catalyst in my search for an aim and direction in life. It provided opportunities for rigorous learning to satisfy my intellectual thirst and to experience what it really means to learn. More than just teacher training, it offered a training of the mind to strengthen my emotional being and to develop interpersonal skills.

My B.El.Ed. training ingrained in me the need to plan before teaching, while learning sufficient space for flexibility.

My message for students who are currently part of the B.El.Ed. programme is to work really hard on your content knowledge, don't shy away from hardwork, stay in touch with seniors and ask as many questions as possible from people around you!

Nikita Ahuja 2019 batch

I miss sitting under this tree
Basking in the sun in cold days
I miss that wind that entangled my hair
In those hot sunny days
Nothing has ever made me feel so free yet protected
Nothing has cherished me for me more than this place
Nothing has made me feel at home, like my college has
In these four years I've developed a connection so deep with this place, that everyone who's here is a familiar face
It's my little world where I'm me and everyone can see how happy I am and how it makes me feel... An image of front lawns big tree is requested, I couldn't find it.

It was not just a place that I graduated from, it was so much more. It's like the biggest, most important and the most beautiful chapter of my life.

Yes, I graduated but my soul still lives there... I am clearly not over Miranda House Hangover!

There is literally a corner available for every mood you can go through, a perfect place (corner) to watch and admire rainfall, feel the cold breeze, to enjoy beautiful sunsets, it's like you are in the lap of nature, with trees-Oh so big and flowers of all colours and kinds, food for all moods and fests after tests. Damn!

How can I not miss it? A place so serene, it speaks to your soul, refreshes you more than lemon soda, calms you down, makes you wanna stop, sit down and just enjoy and cherish life for a while.

ONCE A MIRANDIAN, ALWAYS A MIRANDIAN! No better phrase can describe how I feel better than this. I literally love it so much, so that I even miss the walls, the lawns (front, Nescafé, science...), the structure, classes, even the warmth and calmness of that beautiful place.

That place has refined me, made me feel safe, secure, protected and made me grow from the little dumb girl to whatever I am today. I have seen world from completely different perspectives and I assure you they are all so colourful and beautiful just like Miranda.

I have been so lucky to be a part of such a wonderful place and to be able to call it mine! It was my home and I am not even exaggerating! I was 'me', totally, unapologetically and proudly me and this place accepted me with arms wide open just like that, no filters needed.

I found myself, my potential, my calling, my love in the place. This place made me fall in love with myself. And I can never thank God and my destiny enough for this fortunate fate.

Ritika (2016-2020 Batch)



Department of Elementary Education
Miranda House, University of Delhi
GC Narang Road, Delhi-110007