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Brewing Minds
SHRI SHIKSHAYATAN COLLEGE
2016

BREWING MINDS

Volume III



SHRI SHIKSHAYATAN COLLEGE

2016

BREWING MINDS

Volume III, October, 2016

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FOREWORD

I am delighted and proud to present the third volume of 'Brewing Minds'. It has been a great pleasure to be associated with the process of conceptualizing and deliberating on the theme of this issue. Our students have surprised us with their insights and intuitions about this beautiful exercise that they undertake with passion and sincerity every year.

My best wishes always.

(Dr. Aditi Dey)

Principal

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FOREWORD

It is a pleasure to have this magazine published. The students of Shri Shikshayatan College have shown a keen interest in the Urdu section of the magazine. We are glad to see that the students are not only interested in the Urdu language but also in the Urdu literature. We hope that this magazine will help them to improve their Urdu skills and to appreciate the richness of Urdu literature.

Dr. Aditi Dey
Principal

PHOENIX OF THE FUTURE

Devastating storms take away everything to create ground for the new. Fire essentially does not burn everything; it actually purges and rejuvenates the old to 'make it new'. Likewise, the budding talents do not negate the tradition; they blend it with modernist approach. They plunge into the fire of pessimism and arise like the phoenix of the future in order to provide newer outlooks. We, as mentors of these budding talents, enjoy our journey with the flag bearers of this generation. They overcome every hurdle of life, gather experience and express those experiences through their creative flair, they explore new avenues of life, new roadmaps to humanity.

On behalf of the Brewing Minds team, we wish to express our sincere gratitude to our Principal Dr. Aditi Dey whose constant guidance encouraged us to put our best effort. We wish to thank the management of Shri Shikshayatan College for all the supports they have provided. Last but not the least, we are thankful to Dr. Shahen Parveen for lending her helping hand to improve the Urdu section of the magazine and Smt. Bairahi Mukherjee for editing the Hindi section of the magazine.

We hope, the constructive criticism from our readers will enable us to present something better in the coming years. Till then, one more issue for your perusal.

Thank you
Mayukh Lahiri
Debolina Guha Thakurta
Advisors to the Editorial Board

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LOST IDENTITY

Kavya Talwar
(English Honours)

It was 3 O'clock in the morning when the phone rang. Eloise picked it up just after the first ring, followed by an excited "Hi!" Henry spoke to her in his usual restless tone. Generally, at four thirty p.m. in New York, Henry would be heading towards the gym after a tiring and satisfying day at NYU. It was only at this time of the day that Henry would manage to steal a few minutes to speak to his college friend in Mumbai. This had been going on for six months now after Henry had managed to find Eloise's number and the two had managed to re-establish a long lost friendship. Every night she would sacrifice a big chunk of her sleep just to hear that haste in his voice and just to revel in his bliss which was a result of the journey he had taken to find his own niche, his own identity.

Their conversation would generally last for half an hour and today was no different. Eloise cut the call with a reluctant "Bye!". For the past few days a number of thoughts had occupied her head. Her naive decision of accepting John's proposal right after graduation, Henry's amazing film making course in New York university and her marriage to John, all created a labyrinth in her head. After marriage, John had got so engrossed in his never ending spree of business deals that Eloise had been reduced to just another department of his life. She felt like a shadow yearning to get out of that self constructed cage. Her head felt heavier than usual. She rested it on her delicate feminine hands and murmured to herself, "No! Not today!". Just then, Henry's voice filled with the energy of an explorer reverberated in her head. The voice seemed to have illuminated a long lost corner in the cross over of her heart and brain.

Eloise scurried to her bedroom with a vivacity of a baby who has just learnt to run. As she entered the room, she saw her husband sleeping as soundly as a new born. She opened her cupboard and started to put her belongings into her suitcase. The task commenced smoothly until Eloise's eyes fell on John. A strong, weakening surge of guilt took over her stopping her arms from continuing with the task. She sat quietly on her side of the bed and gently touched his hands. Tears found their way out and caressed her fair cheeks. She sat crying for sometime until the chirping of a bird reminded her of something. Eloise went over to her cupboard and recommenced her task. She then left the room as stealthily as possible and approached the main door. Her hesitant hands held the door knob for several minutes as she tried to indulge into the mammoth task of distinguishing wrong from right. The memory of bargaining her identity for John's loyalty and androcentric affection pierced between the crossroads of her heart and brain. Eloise finally opened the door and witnessed the dawn encroaching upon the night fearlessly.

SUPERMAN PAPA

Bidisha Ganguly
(JMC Honours)

It's a suffocating summer's eve when the Earth begs for rain to come and quench its thirst, but the sky chooses to pay no heed to it.... I am on my way home, it's my daughter Rai's birthday today, she is 15 now... Daughters grow up very fast, it seems like yesterday when I took her in my lap and she uttered the most precious and the most beautiful word - "papa".. With the label "papa" a lot of responsibilities surrounded me and lots of promises were meant to be kept... I promised to be the most lovable dad, promised to always be there with her, promised to give her all the happiness of the world and promised to love her no matter what the situation was Today I wonder, how 15 years, passed by and my little princess is a beautiful teenager now, I fear that day is not far when I have to gift her to another man who will be better known as her husband.

I walk by the lane as the soothing breeze brushes my hair, I look up at the sky to notice the sudden change in the weather. The sun has hidden itself behind the dark clouds and the blossoms are saying their goodbyes to the trees, the wind has started blowing wildly and there are thunder-claps hitting my eardrums. I do not like this sudden change, I do not like rain, rather I hate rain because rains come with thunderclaps and my Rai is scared of thunder. I try to rush to my daughter, hug her, hold her tight in my arms and tell her not to worry as her superman is here. But something stops me from going, it feels like my legs just won't walk and my arms just won't move. I try and try and try and yes I am running now, running to my daughter, running to make her feel secure. As I run by the lane, a sharp memory flashes through my mind... It was my Rai's 5th birthday and I gifted her a pup which she desired for long, that was the day when she told me "you are the best father in this whole world papa and, I love you more than anyone else", this line made my day; it indeed made me feel like I was on the top of the world when Rai hugged me and whispered in my ear "My superman papa".

I am now very close to my house thinking to myself- Rai beta, your superman papa is here. As I enter through the gates, rain starts. I go straight to the drawing room where the cake is supposed to be cut. The room is fully crowded. I see my Rai's friends, I see my beloved wife, I see all my relatives and my close ones but no one seems to see me. Everyone is here, but where is my Rai? I cannot see her in the entire room, I ask my wife about Rai but she is too busy to pay her attention to me, so I go for searching my princess. I go upstairs, I look for her into my room, into her grandma's room and even in her room but she is to be seen nowhere... While I am searching for my daughter nature was playing its own game, a loud thunderclap hit my ear and just after that I hear silent sobs coming from the store-room.. I silently walk towards the store-room, unlock the door and ah! here is my beauty, sitting in the corner of the room, crying silently and saying certain things which I am unable to hear ...

I go close to her. She is tightly hugging a photo-frame and crying, her big innocent eyes are red now, her sharp nose swelled, she is scared, scared of the weather outside and she is hurt, deeply hurt for some reason...

I can hear what she is saying.. She is calling me.. She is calling her papa.. She is begging god to stop the thunderclaps.. She is begging god to bring me back to her.. But I am here... Right beside her... protecting her from all evil. I move closer to her and I say "Rai, I am right here, please don't worry, please don't cry, your superman papa is right here, just beside you" .. But she is not able to hear me.. Weird, isn't it? I am right beside her and she is not able to hear me... Then I lean forward to take her in my arms and reality hits me...

I can never touch her, my words will never be heard by Rai because ... Because I am just the soul of a man whose body has been buried under the deep layers of the earth 8 years ago.

I left my daughter when she was just 7 years old.. I failed to keep all the promises.. I failed to fulfill all the responsibilities.. I failed to be Rai's superman father.....

I go closer to Rai and whisper in her ear "Love, don't worry, your superman papa is here, so what if the body is absent, the soul is always here to protect you and to love you like nobody else". She seems to hear those words as she stops crying and erases her tears. She gets up and walks down the stairs. She washes her face and smiles to the mirror and says "Rai, you have to be the strong girl as you are the daughter of a superman, so what his absence kills you, be sure that wherever he is, he is always watching you and he wants you to be happy" ... My strong daughter makes me feel proud, I smile seeing her grow up.. She goes to the drawing room, welcoming all the guests with her warm smile. And outside, the weather seems to be happy as the rain stops and everything around seems to be fresh and new, welcoming a new beginning with open arms ...

My super-girl blows the candles and cuts the cake, but before giving the first slice to her mother she looks beside her, just where I am standing and smiles with her eyes..

SOUL DEMANDS TRANSPARENCY

Bidisha Ganguly
(JMC Honours)

She surely doesn't see me but she definitely feels me around.

The soul demands transparency
When the inner and outer loses the bond,
When the thread of affection goes beyond;
That is when the heart enriches its fluency,
And then the soul demands transparency.

When the sweet talk plays the trick,
When the lovely smile does the click;
The heart remains the same old-fool,
Treachery and hypocrisy builds the tool.

Dear you, won't you ask your face to be true?
So that the heart understands the soul's clue.
The connection broke in a second's pane,
My heart still searches the lost lane.

A request to you, for never to come again,
Now the reason is a stranger, for the nexus is broken.
My heart has learnt to move on,
The soul is far away, now long gone.

When adversity took place of prosperity;
The heart blind folded the soul with the veil of your maternity.
You are just a guide, all the love and care was a bouquet of lie;
The thread still strives to live and soon it will die.

The last hope has finally drenched,
The heart now keeps the soul fenced.
Now is when, the heart enriches its fluency,
And the soul demands transparency !!!!

UNFORGETTABLE MEMORIES

Sanchita Auddy (B.Ed.)

Hollow cries of the heart,
Would it let them ever depart?
Memories percolated in her mind,
Of the days they landed on their feet,
Would clumsily fall into a bed of soft, fragrant daisies,
With sunshine centres grinning up at them,
As they tumbled with laughter.
She sat during the ebb of dawn,
Staring blankly at the sky, reliving the moments...
The fiery red orb above would be a witness to her reflections..
Slowly sinking beneath the horizon,
Leaving shades of light scattered in the grey sky..
Thoughts melted into the rolling clouds and painting the heavens,
First orange, then crimson and then deep blue.
Until all that is left of the sunset and the memories was a pale lilac hue..

TRANSITION

Bananti Chakraborty (JMC Honours)

The wind was smoother, the bird was young
The rain seemed more wet
Then, when she could fly around,
With no worries, no regret.
Are they too old now?
The wind, rain, the sky-
For the bird sings even today
But the ears deny!
The letters used to reach so late,
The blush was more bright and red,
Back when life had a slow pace,
When the friend never complained
Are they too fake now?
The smile, tears, the talk;
For the messages reach faster today-
But they hardly do knock.

BEYOND THE CLOSED DOOR

Poojaa Mukherjee
(English Honours)

Beyond the closed door
Lies the world I'm waiting for,
Across the black wall
All my hopes that I've prayed for
Will come true there,
Where everyone will live a pleasant life of
Peace, harmony, love and joy,
Where religion has no importance,
Where a friend welcomes a friend
Understanding the sweeter values of life,
Where the candle of truth still burns; burns on and on,
But in this fragmented world
There are more tears, more pain,
More loss and no gain-
These are the things we receive
As mankind slowly fades away,
Every bond is false: for a friend kills a friend, betrayal, bloodshed,
But now we have to have bigger goals
And reach out to an ideal world,
Where the candle of truth still burns; burns on and on.

FREEDOM

Asmita Dey
(B.Ed.)

The speakers, tied to the lamp post screamed in the voice of Subhas Chandra Bose, 'you give me blood, and I will give you freedom' Radio channels aired patriotic songs. People all over India was witnessing a national holiday. Every main road was decked with the tricolour flag. It seemed Kolkata was a mini replica of India. It was the 69th year of our independence. Televisions broadcasted the parade directly from Delhi Rajpath. People gathered together to celebrate. The sky seemed proudly looking down to salute India. The national anthem created the ambience.

The road was filled with school children, dressed to celebrate the massive historical day. Truly India stood united. I sat at a local tea shop, mesmerized at the humdrum affair of a busy road, enjoying another holiday. Traffic was pretty stiff but none got irritated, all seemed to be in a happy mood.

With every signal, a swarm of cars stopped and it amused me to feel the joyous temperament of the city, when a voice screaming '1 for 5', caught my attention. My eyes couldn't notice its source but it seemed as if a kid was selling something. No, it's not unknown, at least not in the streets of Kolkata, but somehow his voice hit me. As the traffic moved I noticed a lean, dark skinned young boy dressed in a ragged half pant with a bunch of Indian flags on one hand and a bunch of 10 rupee notes clutched on the other hand, screaming. He looked happy. Pleasure filled me, to see how the occasion of Independence Day had strewn joy equally, no discrimination was made. This got my attention to a man, dressed in rags, observing the boy greedily.

The man limped through the crowded area and reached the boy. Distance prevented me from hearing the conversation, but gestures made me feel as if the boy was being rebuked by him. It seemed that he was trying to snatch the money away while the boy strived with all his strength to hold on to his possession. My stare at the man made him conscious leaving him with no option to let go of the boy. It was almost evening when the boy returned with a bunch of 10 rupee notes, proud with his own earning and a beaming smile on his face. His victory was a bliss to me.

Too much amused by the kid, I was drawn to the shop once again on the next day, hoping to have a glimpse of the child. His face was so satisfying that it gave me some kind of inner peace. As I wanted to receive the subtle joys of life, I noticed the scenario of that road have changed overnight. The day seemed to be just another mundane busy day. The frustration, rage, fatigue have returned, while the happiness had vanished. But still I stood there hoping to see him. He did come, limping across the street with flags in his hand. The face pained my heart. His money was robbed and thus his parents had thrown him out, for them no money is no food. My heart sank as he limped on, striving hard to sell the flags. My eyes followed him as he desperately knocked at every car window

pleading them to buy, but none did. The signal turned green, but he still tried to stop the cars. He knew he wouldn't get food today without money. The failure his heart was accepting every time the signal turned green and it showed on his face with a mixture of the fear of hunger. The fear of getting hit by a car was surpassed by the fear of hunger, sleepless nights and physical torture. I looked at the car owners who were happily buying the flags just a day before but only with passing of few hours their attitude have changed as they mocked the twelve year old kid for selling the flags on 15th of August. I stood there spellbound. The grievances of the daily life of an independent India loomed large once again.

They say, nationalism is the bond that holds unity in diversity, but my brain probed, Is it only a day's phenomenon? The barriers are obliterated only for one day? Respect towards nation is an affair of 15th August that lasts merely 24 hours? To the boy who was unaware of the importance of the flag, it was only a mode that could earn him money. He was surprised at the fact that how over the night, its value changed. My mind ruminated over the human psyche where the respect for the country and its people, the sense of togetherness and brotherhood was of a day's tenure.

As the signal turned green once again, the obstinate teenager did not move this time. He caught hold of a car window pleading, compelling the men inside to buy, as the men continued to decline. A commotion began as cars honked and people yelled at each other, but the lad refused to budge. All came to a sudden pause with a whooshing sound, and in a span of few seconds a crowd gathered around the place where he was standing. I stood up to understand the situation and the rapid change in the hullabaloo, trying to peep through the throng, but in vain. Unsuccessful in the endeavour, I stepped back only to catch a glimpse of a blood smeared hand holding onto the bunch of flags through the small spaces between the numbers of legs gathered around.

The noise of ambulance filled the air, as his body got shifted into it. A life ended with much of commotion, but little acceptance. His parents refused to recognise him, poverty had made them impassive and the people whom he trusted for being the provider of his food refused to help him. He left being unaccepted and betrayed. The flags must have wept silently. The boy had a conviction that the flags would free him from hunger, while the flag itself was looking for wind to set itself free in the sky. The independent India celebrates its independence day every year, but probably freedom holds a different meaning altogether.

DURGA PUJA & INDIAN CINEMA

Sayantani Mukherjee

(B.Ed.)

Cinema and life is interrelated in every way. To put it clearly cinema is a representation of life on screen. Film makers have by now learnt to transcend their own cultures and as a result films bearing cross-cultural and often multi-cultural stamps are widely made. However the roots continue to condition them. Durga puja is the most celebrated occasion of Bengal. It is more than just a festival. For a Bengali, it is a part of his identity, an important aspect of his growing- a phenomenon, a feeling, an experience that he will take with him wherever he goes. Probably this is why Durga puja has repeatedly been a part of films directed by Bengali film makers. Most of them have shown a certain fascination for this occasion and thus the Goddess holds a firm place in Indian cinema- be it Debi of Satyajit Ray or the recent Vicky Donor by Shoajit Sircar. But is it only because of an irresistible pull of the roots, an inexplicable desire to uphold the Bengali culture or is it something more? Tollywood Dhamaka is going to explore that with the help of two movies.

Durga Puja is a recurring image in many of Rituparno Ghosh's films- it is almost like an underlying metaphor, being developed continually. In Utsab Ghosh wanted to depict the problems of a middle-class Bengali family and what better setting than Durga puja could he have possibly used? The story begins with the Durga puja celebration in an elderly lady's spacious, ancestral house. Like always, her two sons and two daughters arrive with their families to celebrate the festival together. However the scenario has undergone lots of changes and the joint family has broken people up into private islands of isolation and alienation, briefly intruded into during the week from Panchami, the day before the festival begins, to Ekadashi, the day immediately following Bijoya Dashami. Here Rituparno uses the Durgapuja as the peg on which to hang the film. However Durga Puja is more than just a setting-its presence is vivid. It is never in the background, it looms large in the film almost like an important character. The Puja is almost like a protagonist in the film. The film is based on Durga Puja and how it brings all the family members together during the festival. Amidst women rolling out luchis or sorting out flowers for the *pushpanjali*, it depicts how Ma Durga brings Keya closer to her family.

The festival celebrates womanhood and power. Whenever Puja is depicted in films, it brings forth a new dimension of Ma Durga. In Kahaani, with the backdrop of Kolkata's Durga Puja celebration and the overarching metaphor of the mother goddess coming to life to accomplish what the gods never could, Sujoy Ghosh crafts a masterful thriller and a wrenchingly human story. When

Vidya arrives at Kolkata, we are made aware of the fact that it is the onset of the autumnal festivities- the Durga Puja. Almost immediately the hint is given. Durga, as we all know, destroys evil. So the stage is set for the action to unfold. Vidya is the modern-day Ma Durga. She arrives with the goddess and like the goddess purges the city of its evil forces and departs. She embodies the fiery role of mother, wife and determined sleuth. Vidya Bagchi seems like she just stepped out of the Hindu mythology. In drawing from the goddess worship that permeates Hindu culture and Kolkata in particular, Ghosh celebrates the strength and determination of women. The metaphor becomes more explicit when we see the sindoor-smearing women clad in red bordered 'gorods' are at the Durga Puja mandap of Ballygunge Cultural or the half-immersed face of Devi Durga on Dashami after Vidya successfully gets rid of the 'asura' aka Milan Damji. The immersion scene in Kahaani was used to create the ambience of the basic phenomenon of the puja- good always scores over evil.

As we see, Bengali directors may primarily be attracted to the festival because of their culture but it always adds a meaningful aspect to the film, lifting it from the ordinary to the extraordinary. It adds a 'desi' touch to the films and shows that how this mythological concept is relevant, even in the so-called 'modern' times. Durga Puja, nowadays is not bound by any religious, cultural or spacial boundaries- it's global, its significance reaches to one and all and thus it is no wonder that the metaphor will be repeated over and over!

HOW TO ADULT 101

Shaiqa Jannat
(JMC Honours)

It is only when you are tossed to deal with and take care of yourself that you realize you have grown up and are capable of doing any said work with ease. It's insane to see yourself become responsible and be concerned about someone other than your futile existence. It scares you, your maturity and behavior in circumstances that would have otherwise made you weep like a kid whose ice cream had been snatched (by me, of course). Realizing that you have grown up is an unnerving phenomenon and I hope everyone I know goes through this as soon as possible because, well, the sadistic part of me likes to see the panic on people's face when life frightens (the living daylights out of them).

At the occasion of completion of 21 years of my existence, the country declares me certified to be an adult and thereby I shall now provide some pointers on adult-ing.

1. Adults know themselves.

When you are at an interview, you are often told to answer this one question:

"Tell us something about yourself"

Given my experience of being at a sum of two interviews in my life, I will now exhibit an exceptionally keen and scholarly approach to answer.

"My name is Shaiqa Jannat (but my mother calls me Useless). I am a student of Journalism and Mass Communication (although I don't really study and write blog posts when I should be studying) I like to read (Facebook posts). I am a big fan of Jeffrey Archer (and another author which will make me sound very intelligent). I play squash (because I am pretentious like that). I also happen to be a debater (because let's face it, no one ever listens to what I have to say otherwise). I consider myself to be an introvert (because I would rather lock myself in a room for 3 days than go to a place where I will be expected to socialize or go through a torturous interview where they ask you crass questions). But given that I am broke, it will be in my interest to inform you that my communication skills are impeccable (as I am able to communicate my dislike for humans in approximately one conversation). I am loyal to whatever endeavors I partake (frankly, sleeping and eating doesn't demand loyalty or honesty). I also like to believe that I am funny (I can always make me laugh). Thank you (actually no, no thank you until you hire me, which I know you won't)."

2. They have their life (love and professional) sorted.

With my expertise, I have helped you get a job in the above point (you are welcome). I will now tell you how to straighten your love life. Here's a simple solution:

Try not to have one

Unless it's fanciful with an anecdotal character or an actor who does not know about your existence. Or just keep crushing on people totally out of your league who will probably get married to someone ten times better than you and then you will sulk. Adults love sulking.

3. Learn how to cook.

I don't say that because it will help you feed yourself when you are on your own, but rather it will help you NOT burn down the house. The last thing you want is a house of ashes given that your life is perfect as an adult where you just had an amazing interview and your partner is perfectly fictional.

4. Develop a hobby.

What will you do with all the leisure time? You know, the free time you get after you have slogged the entire day, then spent quality time with your beloved and cooked your meal. Yes, that free time. Being the kind hearted and helpful person that I am, I will suggest a few exciting hobbies for you to choose from

*clean your room (because apparently, you somehow manage to disorganize it by literally just sitting all one place)

*watch TV (because, of course, you have no drama in your life, might as well spice it up!)

*play with young siblings/your child/neighbors child, etc. (pets are better, just saying)

With that note, I take a leave to go and watch Breaking Bad or Friends or Suits for the nth time and give orders to my younger brother because that is what adults do.

THE AUDACITY OF HOPE- HARRY POTTER

Sampurna Majumder

(JMC Honours)

I do not go looking for trouble. Trouble usually finds me. Whenever I remember this saying it tells me again of the one who conquered the Dark Lord, Harry Potter, the scholar of the Hogwarts, the school of witchcraft and wizardry. The school of magic has surprises and adventures hidden in every brick of its castle. Well, not only the castle but each and every detail that spins around Hogwarts is enchanting. Whether it is the Gringotts Bank or the Leaky Cauldron, the pub, in the Diagon Alley, magic is in the air.

Every new session starts with allocating the first year students in their respective houses through the only one of its kind ceremony - the Sorting Hat Ceremony is reminiscent of what we have in our schools. even the magical world of the Hogwarts has four houses - The Gryffindor, the Hufflepuff, the Ravenclaw and the Slytherin. If the school-goers here, in this world of ours cannot escape the involvement of school diary in their lives, the Hogwarts scholars have their magic wand. Perhaps the only difference is that the wand chooses its master. Only if we could have learnt to spell a magic charm! Alas, if we could have saved every single soul we loved from the clutches of the evil by just uttering "Expecto Patronum" or unlocking every door of expectation by sheer whisper of "Alohomora" or if a murmur "Lumos" would have created a light in our way...

The world of thrill and wonder of the Hogwarts perhaps has such out of the world imaginations that sitting right in the middle of the Whats App ages, we still long for our messages to be carried over the mountains and the rivers by birds flapping their wings through the air. We wish we had the charm of the invisible cloak and vanish in the thin air to ward off dangers for everyone around or ride on the flying broomstick and circle around up in the air like Harry and his friends did during the Quidditch Game and reach on time to solve the naughtiest problem. And how on earth can we forget the King's Cross Station and its platform 9 ¾ that would start where all's imagination would end right through the middle of the stonewalled pillars? Well, if you'd miss the heart to go through the walls, you'd perhaps never get to board the Hogwarts Express. After all, the train that would surely transport you to a world of courage, challenge and commitment. No wonder, the greatest thing Harry Potter has given the world is the freedom to use your imagination. This freedom of imagination has given us the audacity of hope; audacity of hope to wish for a magic spell that indeed would change the world for good. But more than this, Harry Potter, if anything at all, has indeed made us believe in the victory of the good over evil yet again it has made us wish to be powerful and to do only good. It has unleashed our imagination to be free enough to become more responsible.

If one thought the world of the unexplained was more than just to take us off our feet, had it not been lively and vivid characters of Harry Potter, Ronald Weasley, Hermione Granger, Professor Dumbledore, Professor Snape, Professor McGonagall and Voldemort, who came straight out of the

pages of a book to make us hate them with as much vigor as we'd fall in love with them, we would have never believed in Harry Potter.

And through the years as we grew up in our childhood and adolescent years, J. K. Rowling's Harry Potter would remain in our hearts as the source of courage for us to dream big and have the heart to fulfill them, appreciate the value of friendship and teamwork and after all, never ever give up on the power of believing in story-telling in a child's life.

Even in my twilight years, I'd still read this because for me happiness is re-reading HARRY POTTER. As J. K. Rowling did, so do I believe that it's important to remember that we all have magic inside us and face life with the courage of what's coming will come and we'll meet when it does.

GLIMPSE OF HOPE

Sanchita Auddy (B Ed.)

Beyond the darkness I can behold light,
It's distant but it's burning bright.
The midnight maiden took hold of me,
And through her eyes it is a new world that I could see.
She lured me with her pale hands,
Into a world full of silver sands,
She said, "Take my hands if you want to be free,
Of this tunnel of darkness that you see.
I'll give you a world, a world full of light,
Taking away your pains, leaving you with only delight."
I smiled, and reflected "I love this dark world whatever it be,
And there is none to set my imprisoned soul free."
However I'll teach my mind to see,
Those things that I still believe in me...
This little dark world has lights that waits to be,
Someday... Someday... lit up by me.
So that my mind tells, "With all your might
Think and you shall keep up the fight."





Anjali Singh
B. Com (Evening)



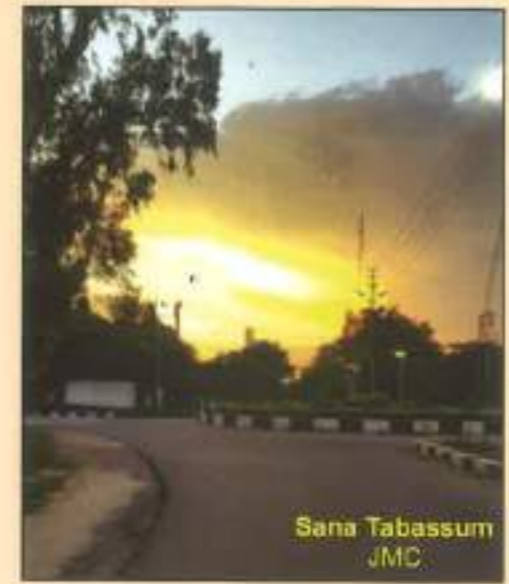
Anjali Singh
(B. Com Evening)



Dipawanti Ghosh
JMC



Dipawanti Ghosh
JMC



Sana Tabassum
JMC



Sana Tabassum
JMC



Anusmita Ghosh
Geography



Anusmita Ghosh
Geography



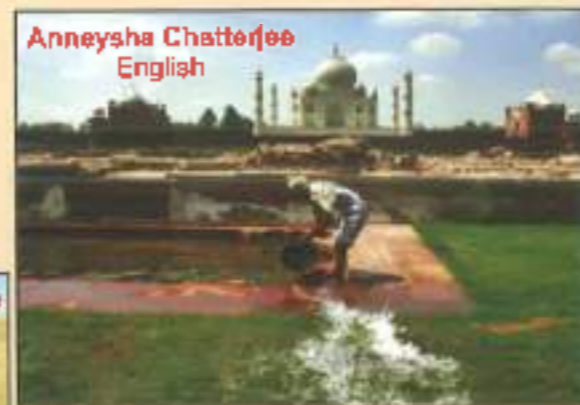
Reshmi Dey
Education



Reshmi Dey
Education



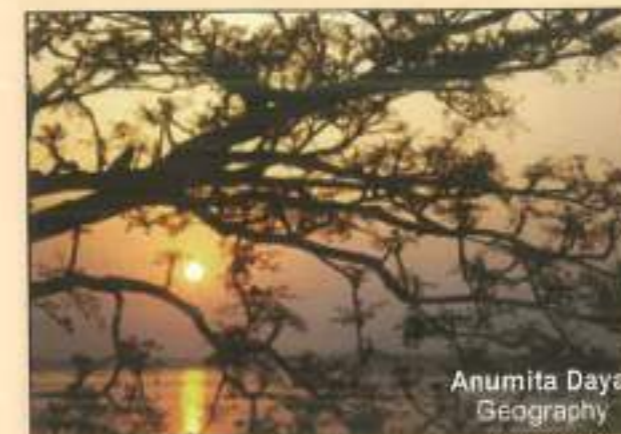
Anneysha Chatterjee
English



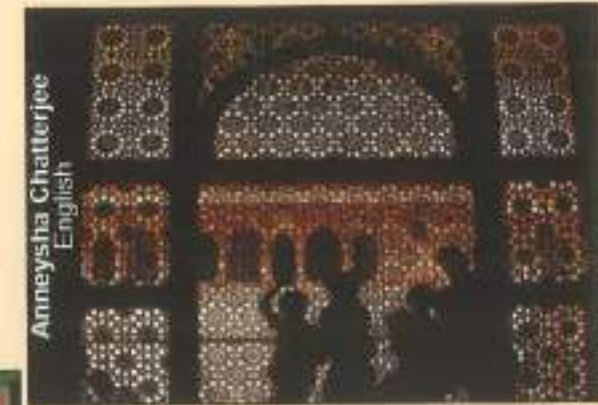
Anneysha Chatterjee
English



Anumita Dayal
Geography



Anumita Dayal
Geography



Anneysha Chatterjee
English



Sovana Mahapatra
JMC



Sovana Mahapatra
JMC



Ashna Jaiswal
Political Science



Sharmindrita Paul
MA English



Ditsha Chanda
B.Ed



Ditsha Chanda
B Ed



Ditsha Chanda
B.Ed



Kristi Saha
Political science



Kristi Saha
Political science



Sharminidra Paul
M.A. English



Sharminidra Paul
M.A. English



Anuryscha Chatterjee
M.A. English

THE WHITE SIGH

Tulika Chatterjee
(English Honours)

White cloak, white soul, all spotless white.
Then what stopped her from smiling wide?
She dreamt if only she could escape the patriarchy,
That segregated entire mankind in hierarchy.

Her heart wrenched to escape
The image of just a man's shadow,
To what the entire world addressed as a WIDOW.
Failed to comprehend that the very white was not
In search of sympathy or help,
But in search of men
Who could help the world get in shape.

It's not the power
Which breaks you in fragments.
It's the power which arouses the woman in you.
It's the power which makes you the fighter.
It's the power which makes you the survivor.

In that hope she dreams of a liberal society,
Where the powerful respects each variety.
She dreams of bridging the gap in all sections,
Where resides only empathy and affection.

I HEARD A SPARROW SINGING

Gurbinder Kaur
(M.Com)

Amidst the hazy sunbeams breaking the dawn,
And the dew-drops sparkling on the ground;
A melodious voice made an effort to take a leap,
Suppressing endless emotions in heap.
With utmost ecstasy on my roof-top today-
I heard a Sparrow singing!

The mellow wasn't the new, the song was;
She echoed the expression
That had lost its grandeur!
Reminding me of her past glory,
She gaped at me
Making a final attempt to save thee!

With that she made her last cry,
Leaving an outburst of concern by my side
Dusty memories will fade over time
If not solemnly decoded
The forthcoming freebie
Will not sing that old rhyme! ■

RELIGIOUSLY POLITICAL

Priya Tiwari
(Political Science Honours)

Considering the recent chain of events, it has been very difficult for a lot of people to differentiate religion from politics. Several political propaganda is somehow inspired by some religious sentiments.

For instance, you cannot talk about terrorism without blaming the Muslim community or talk about cow slaughter without linking it with the concept of Political Hindutva or talk about forced conversion without accusing the Christians. Religious identity is highly important, more so than nationalism or any other element of identity.

India has always been a land where politics and religion is intertwined. It is one of the key features of the Indian Political System. The politicians had always used religion as one of the most important tool to win votes and gain power. It was on the grounds of religion that our politicians very smartly divided India into India and Pakistan and it is because of religion, that we have the Kashmir atrocities continuing in our country where both Kashmiri Pundits and the Kashmiri Muslims are in inhuman conditions.

There however is a massive difference between the two concepts. Religion is a way of life. Politics is Not.

Politics deals with power. Religion does not.

The on-going brutal terrorist attacks in the Gaza strip in the name of religion and the on-going religion based politics in the country are perfect examples of the deep connection between the two very different concept.

History has been a proof of how religion and politics, when interfere each other, has proved to be nothing but disastrous.

Vinayak Damodar Savarkar had coined the concept of Political Hindutva. He had said that India was primarily a land of Hindus and those who did not consider it to be their father land, would be treated as a second class citizen. This was all said after India was declared a secular democratic country.

Michele Bachmann, former Republican was quoted saying ,that hurricanes and earthquakes were Gods way of bringing attention to the politicians. Such comments when passed by renowned politicians are nothing but insults and a proof of how religion is often used as a tool to escape situations where the government fails to perform their duties.

The battle between the prevalence of the Muslim Law and the existing National Law has been a matter of discussion since time immemorial. A country that is secular and democratic is still caught

in between such battles because of the very close interaction and involvement of religion and politics.

The political doldrums around the world caused by involvement of religious sentiments has led to formation of terrorist groups like ISIS that have led to death of several innocent individuals irrespective of religion.

80% of the countries are not JUST a Hindu nation or a Muslim Nation or a Christian nation. The diversity existing in the countries is way too high to limit their scope to just one particular religion.

Moral and progressive laws have been shut down like abortion and gay marriage in several countries almost entirely on the basis of religious ethics and is backed by the government of several countries to appease the people.

The role of religion in politics seems to be inseparable. When we introduce religion into politics, the politicians become focused on defending their religious stands. Democracy is a school of all thoughts and beliefs. Religion is a personal matter for every individual, whereas politics is a social matter. It is a faith based organization that doesn't work for everyone everytime. To ensure peace and respect, it only makes sense to prevent penetration of the two extreme concepts. Secularism is a wonderful concept and should be given high priority when dealing with the government and politics of every country. As Norah Bentinck said, 'politics and religion mixed is the headiest cocktail ever invented'

THE FALLOUT

Ashmita Mukherjee
(MA English)

He had forgotten that friend. The one friend that mattered. Growing up together in the narrow 'gali' of their 'para', Ankur could not even remember the last time he saw his friend's face. It was a distant memory. His childhood was hazy like a lost lullaby of his grandmother. All their adventures, all their antics were mysterious phenomenon of the past. Here he was seated at the age of 32 on an isolated seat in a hospital. Unfamiliar faces passed by him and even a more unfamiliar face lay in a room behind him. Sugary treats, cricket grounds, sharp sting of bruised knees and elbows came to his mind as he tried to focus on what was forgotten. He left everything behind the day he walked out of his 'gali' into the more cosmopolitan parts of Kolkata. He occasionally came home bearing gifts for family, touching their feet and listening to grandmother complain about his loss of weight. He preferred the new life. It gave him more meaning than the aimless life at his 'para'. Yet today he missed his aimless wanderings more than ever in his thirties. He had not taken a wife. He liked to live on his own. Among seas of corporate vultures, he fell at ease. This is the life he had been looking forward to. Aiming for and preparing for. This night was different. He was not sitting with a look of accomplishment as he usually did most nights on a Friday with his glass of whiskey. This night he felt more ill at ease in this metropolitan city than he has ever felt. He wanted his days back. The bellowing hawkers passing by, his grandfather's lectures on politics, the 'aampanna' his mother made him every time he came back home after a rigorous session of cricket with his best friend, Rachit. Rachit now was only a person in name and a piece of his childhood.

His 'friend' whom he had not met since he was 18, was currently on the brink of death. Only a miracle would save him. No, this was not his thought, this is what the thought of his mother, his father, his grandmother, Rachit's widowed mother and the rest of the familial figures of his 'para'. He was a man of his 'Times'. He did not forget what it was to be modern but now he regretted his new life more than ever. He could have spent sweeter memories back home than this 'Godforsaken city!'. He was startled to see the beat up bloody face of his friend. He met with the accident while delivering goods to his uncle's sweet shop with a car that hit him on the E.M Bypass roadway. He was rushed to a hospital by faceless and nameless witnesses. His mother had called him to talk about Rachit after 14 years. 14 years without any mention of Rachit and now he is at a hospital looking at his scarred and damaged body. He was not a pessimist. He was a realist. Yet he hoped against hope as he made secret glances at the Ganesh idol seated in the hallway and prayed like a sinner to absolve him of his crimes. Crimes of forgetting what innocent life is, what true unadulterated friendship is and what the preciousness of childhood is. The faces of his office co-workers had stared at him strangely to see him so emotional for the first time as he pushed and shoved past them with worried eyes to get to Apollo Gleneagles. This emotion was long lost and forgotten like his rusty bicycle back home. A red vehicle, a woman in a red saree crossing by and the red traffic signal all seemed to have

conspired to make him see the 'redness' of the day, the painful and bloody red. Not red of passion but of despair. He was being hindered by cosmic elements to make him more late than he already was. As though it was a long awaited punishment waiting to catch him in the 'right' moment fatefully. He wanted nothing more than to get out of his Honda and run through the crowd of people and automobiles to get to his destination but Providence would not comply. Rachit might breathe his last before he could reach on foot and miss this ghastly 'reunion'. The warm beautiful setting sun was paradoxical to what he was feeling. He hoped he was misinterpreting the situation and took the beauty of nature peeking through the densely packed urban building complexes as a sign of hope and blessing. He wished pathetically it was true.

He was racing towards an unknown face but to a known person. He only knew him in denim shorts and blue checked shirts with dirty sneakers, hands dirtier with cart-wheeling in the parks and face sweaty with an exalted expression of mischief. A boy of average height and average intellect not looking forward to worldly pleasures and settling for the mediocre right after graduating from school into his family's business of sweets. He was complacent with the ordinary life, that comprised of streets lined with vendors selling spicy samosas, sweet savouries like 'jalebi', rickshaws honking and the intoxicating floral scents of the evening pujas in the households about and around. There was no sky high ambition of climbing the IT sector after graduating from an engineering college like Ankur. This was how their fallout occurred as Ankur had concluded that Rachit was no more 'up to the mark' of being his 'friend'. But today was unlike any other day as he sat dreading. What was more horrifying was that 'aunty', Rachit's mother did not begrudge him his abandonment of his childhood friend and that evening he felt more little than the lowest of criminals.

A hand rested on his shoulder and he looked up. His father looked at him, "He is out of danger. Come on. You have missed out on enough." And 'enough' was an understatement.

THE CHANGE

Diyali Bhattacharya
(English Honours)

Heart of Kolkata, Dharmatala.

A beggar sits with a steel bowl in his hands, leaning his old back against a pillar. His once white vest and pyjamas are now dirty and frayed. He has forgotten the last time he had purchased something for himself.

The pillar he rests against is a part of an entrance to a subway. It has been constructed just one year before, but its paint has already been marred by spits and red juice of beetle leaves.

From the early morning, he sits there, watching the traffic unfold, the early morning risers, people taking baths in the common fountains. Watching the rich people with lots of freshly bought goods whisking by, without sparing a single thought for anybody but themselves. Sometimes, a coin will clatter into his bowl or a note will come swishing by. He gives a feeble smile and raises a hand in gratitude.

When, finally, the sun goes down turning the sky into a bloody red and immersing everything in the city in its hue, he will start walking. Everyday, his weary legs will carry him to the same haunt. Whenever the children spot him in the distance trudging through the dirty lanes, his feet kicking up a faint quantity of dust, they will shout with joy and come running out to meet him. 'Bhalo dadu', they call him. His almost blind eyes cringe, as he gives his brilliant grin, revealing his four remaining teeth.

The hugs that he gives the children are surprisingly strong even for his frail arms. He talks with them, asking about their day and all the mischief that they have accomplished. They laugh together, enjoying each other's company to the fullest.

Slowly, he goes inside. The manager of the orphanage stands up in respect at the sight of Bhalo dadu. He sits down, smiling. Apart from the little which he will need to buy his supper and his breakfast tomorrow, he hands over all the money to the manager. Blessing the man, he gets up from the chair to emerge from the institution.

It does not always require a rich man to bring a change. A huge heart seems enough. Bhalo dadu had proved exactly that.

MIRAGE

Sharmindira Paul
(MA English)

At times like this,
When barrenness is spread out,
Against the sky and walls,
I sit on the platform,
Not wanting the train to come.
Destinations never fascinate me,
Journeys do. How I wished
Moments froze there;
At those milliseconds when,
Sitting somewhere and doing
Nothing, just NOTHING
Seems to make more sense,
Than anything else.
When you find yourself completely numb,
To all the worldly necessities;
And perhaps, even, to dreams.
Dreams, of Passion,
Of fierce outbursts,
And of Time that has long lost
Like fumes from the coffee cup.
Dreams, those remain as bookmarks
To the life I have lived.
A life that's a fiction.
Where illusions become reality.
And time stops dead
And crave You, and only YOU.

But dear are the ones to me,
Those speak of doom;
Of Death.
I sit there and wait,
And wait,
Wait for Nothing!

The breeze passes and
Leaves a kiss,
On my being.
Nothing changes.

And then I hear my mind call out:
"If you die in your dreams,
Does that count?"

A PLACE CALLED HERE

Pooja Mukherjee
(English honours)

The world is a black and white picture,
Here every smile comes with a tear.
Here good and bad, courage and fear
All go hand in hand.

Here life melts into death,
Here light gets shadowed by darkness,
Here every heart cracks and heals -
But the scar never fades.

Here the sun rises and sets,
Here everything begins and ends,
But at every end there is a hope
For a new beginning.

But where there is love
You'll find a heaven on earth.
That is the only boat you'll have
To cross the shadows of life.

So lovingly embrace both shades of life,
Failure and success, black and white -
As in life, both pain and rewards are well deserved.

THE STORY BENEATH

Halima Ahmed
(B. Com Honours)

I have a story to narrate. A story of a girl who could be any of us. A story of a girl who has multiple facets, so many that you'd lose count.

On the surface, she has a story that's not unlike many others of struggles and success. Beneath it all lies the mystery, a world of its own.

She was someone who needed to spend hours in front of the mirror, not to do make up, not even to admire her line form, but to look herself in the eye and convince herself that she's strong. She needed to do that repeatedly. She needed her own confirmation that she's her own Superhero.

She was a fool, at worst, expecting love when there was none forthcoming. She still held onto the hope that somewhere someone would fling a piece of love like you'd toss food at a street dog. And she'd hold onto any little affection that came her way like a kid at a candy store. It was for these little moments that she lived.

She wasn't easy to love, needing extra care and affection. She required a constant reaffirmation of the fact that she was lovable. She distanced herself when someone got too close yet hoping that they'd work around her inhibitions to assure her that she'd never have to go through it all alone. It wasn't games that she played. It was a part of her immune system.

She was constantly on the edge of a precipice. An off hand comment or a well targeted one could fling her down. It would take her hours, even weeks, to crawl up but she'd do it. Bruised and battered, she'd be back up there ready to be flung down.

On shifting sands she stood, ready to hold anyone who needed an arm to stable them.

She might come across as broken, but believe me, she's got more matter in her than you'd give her credit for.

For it wasn't easy surviving, to make that living, with a roller coaster, a whole amusement park of rides inside of her pretty little head.

FOREVER MINE

Neha Singh
(Education Honours)

Plummeting my way through the dark,

With shaky strides,

I falter as every step I take.

Knocking at my ribs,

I realize I'm the only one awake.

The frosty winter winds

Cut like a knife,

It bites on my skin,

And yet, I don't seem to care,

Mute, to the tune of the wind

I walk for the one,

Who's waiting for me somewhere there...

On my way I pass lonely woods

That calls for a flashback

Your quenching love's the only thing

That could heal my ailing heart

I nurture that feel with a lover's pride

This very day you had offered me your love.

I was left bemused,

Acknowledging with a blush

Moments fled on the wings of a dove,

As you grabbed my face,

And gazed into my eyes, that made me blush

I call up that day when your lips met mine.

To sense the passion

Surging deep down in my heart.

And I found another reason to pick up

The pieces that had fallen apart.

It made me lose my mind

I knew, I would never be at ease

When you are not there by me.

And I'm still found chanting the words you quote

The wind engulfs in a cold embrace

And holds me back,

But my legs walk on I don't know how?

Those eyes that smile, the perfect lips

That I behold in front aggravates the pain,

Yet it feels so fine.

My tears sublime as I hear

That voice whisper to me.

I'll be your forever and you'll be mine

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT : A QUESTION OF MORALITY

Adrija Basu (English Honours)

"Only to live to live and live!
Life! Whatever it may be!"

- Fyodor Dostoevsky, *CRIME AND PUNISHMENT*.

Punishment is a form of retribution. It is done with the objective for doing welfare to the society. However, in the recent times the outlook regarding the retributive theory is changed as one feels punishment should be a means to correct a moral deterioration in a human being. As a result of which jails have been modified into modern correctional homes.

Capital punishment is violence induced and inhuman. It, on the first place, nullifies the declaration of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights i.e. the right to life. The practice of Capital punishment came into being in order to deter people from committing crime because of the cruelty triggered into it. However, some crimes draw exemplary punishments, such as rape cases, female feticide; as in the case of capital punishment as soon as the accused is 'hanged till death' the intensity of the punishment is reduced to zero in a moment. Hence, it is just a momentary solution. No one can ever fathom the suffering of the victim and the victim's family.

State is the supreme power controller but it is never endowed with the right to snatch away the right to life from a person. Countries like China, Iraq and Iran still consider capital punishment as the ultimate solution. Iran and Sudan use this type of punishments as a political tool to terrorize the opponents. Fighting for one's ideological believes is not always considered as a freedom fight. Thus, when the British used this method against the Indians, the hanging of Khudiram Bose may be justified as a punishment for a terrorist to them but a freedom fighter to us.

However, capital punishment can never be the one and only solution. Criminals should be subjected to rehabilitation. Everyone deserves a second chance. It is been witnessed that many criminals after being freed from their term have opted painting (ex-Happy Singh), acting (Nigel Akkara) and other cultural activities. Hence, the criminals should be redeemed through these positive occupations. There are very few criminals who still cling to their old habits due to lack of repentance.

Capital punishment is generally considered as a 'cold-blooded murder'. It is a controversial form of punishment. So, countries like Portugal, Holland etc have banned capital punishment as they feel it is not a correct way to judge the intensity of a crime.

Though the number of criminal activities have taken a toll in the recent times, the proper forms of punishments are yet to be executed. If we turn the pages of history we see that punishments came in the form of cutting down limbs even as severe as death sentence for a small crime but with time we have refrained ourselves from these inhuman practices. Capital punishment is thus a savage practice which should no longer be appreciated in a civilized society. Since, a dead person cannot be brought back to life, this debatable form of punishment is gradually finding its way out of the society.

THE KNOWN UNKNOWN

Sharmindria Paul
(MA English)

It is that time of the year .
When Nature is fickle,

The water droplets dance on the window panes ;
And the sun peeps through the ventilators,
Lazy afternoons embrace the fragrance of rain soaked Earth,
And my heart sings out unrhymed melodies,
Of love, of exuberance and vivacity

It is at this time in August when I miss her
She, who has always lulled me to a peaceful slumber .
The one, who when lets her hair loose,
The bed is flooded in crimson roses.
She laughs like a waterfall in the woods,
And talk pearls with sunbeam playing on her face.
Her eyes could penetrate deep into one's soul.
And read those unsaid words which perhaps spoke volumes.
She, who could heal the wounded with her smile & compassion,
Is now long lost ; disappeared like fumes from the chimney.
She came like a whirlwind which has now died down.

I think about her all the time.
She haunts me like silent phantoms,
Whose voice now echoes the murmurs of the corpses
Lying dead in their own heart.
They aren't buried, and won't be unless,
They shed their skin and are turned to ashes.
Her thoughts hung heavy like a halo
And remembrances be scattered on the page.
I have dug her deep 'cause I dread to confront her
She reminds me of the good old days without fail
Of light, of throbbing passions, and the beating heart.
But I can not escape her for she inevitably mocks me,
When I stand in front of the broken glass.
Staring at my own fragments, yet paralysed to act. ■

A NEW WORLD

Ashmita Mukherjee
(MA English)

There was barely any sunlight, the sky was a shadowy veil behind which the Sun lurked patiently. The Earth was too polluted to stream in any natural sunlight anymore. A world hid behind both a literal and allegorical smokescreen where even God could not peer through and set things right. There were busy movements as the day hazily began, their pace slow as they glided to their reclusive monuments dedicated for 'work'. They were not exactly people at least not in the sense a person of year 2016 may consider. Year 2016 was the distant past. This was a newer world but much darker. Same species, different entities. Man had evolved into something barely human. Dressed in shiny shoes and sharp suits with even sharper shiny eyes. The humdrum was low despite of their sheer numbers. With curt nods and muted greetings, they settled in and focused on work and the previous soft noise of movements dove into silence. Their eyes shone a red gleam as their faces remained stoic as they worked within walls of tall geometric buildings that shone a dull metallic gleam from the diffused sunlight. These were no ordinary race of human beings. They thrived on blood. Their taught smile hid large fangs. They achieved goals not with their incisors but with their brains, for money. The purpose was not luxury. No, that was a dead and gone incentive. No more was this race of man, satisfied with riches, grandeurs, parties and everything posh. Those were cheap thrills. This new race has not only mutated in their appearance but also in their choice. They now aimed for the higher goal: Blood. The warm stream of blood that would seep into their greedy mouths was their fantasy. That was when their fangs came into use. The faster they could drain others of their money by taxes, loans and mortgages, the faster the commoners became poor, the sooner could they swoop in to end their misery by draining their blood. In this brave new world they did not even refer to themselves as 'Man'. They only called themselves "The Race". It was not cannibalism. That was primitive. They only aimed for blood, not flesh. Blood they received without any struggle as they weaned their prey of their wealth. These new age corporate entities could be called 'Bloodsucking Demons', quite literally. They were businessmen with bloodlust.

One of these demons raised his shiny head of slicked back, coal black hair and stared at the office door prematurely. Loud footsteps could be heard and a gigantic shape of a human squeezed through the doorway and trudged towards him. Landing a heavy pile of papers onto his desk, he growled in a deep voice, "The deed is done, Mister. I would like the rest of my payment." The other demons glanced disinterestedly. This creature was another mutation of man. They were nothing like these red-eyed demons. They were tall, burly with a hunger for flesh. Both for nourishment and carnal pleasures. They worked with their muscles unlike the demons and rarely ever used their mind. They fell below the demons in the social hierarchy. These new kind of 'Men' were furry with keen yellow eyes, even sharper rows of fangs and larger appetites. They were the builders, the

masons, the hired hitmen and law enforcers otherwise the 'muscles' of the society. They were professional both in creating buildings for the rich demons, destroying the homes of the poor, protecting men of importance and murdering the rest. In return the demons allowed them to capture and eat anything with flesh on them. These 'Furry Men' fed on humans too, irrespective of discrimination as this new world lacked religion, caste and creed. Only money, blood and flesh ruled the roost.

They also had the permit to 'mate' with any female. They reserved no preferences of age when it came to women. The concept of consent was unheard of and was part of the "Human Myth". This is how they populated fast. The idea of marriage was foreign to this world. It was a part of the "Human Myth". A phenomenon that occurred only in the mythical societies of the past that included the 21st century. They kept women in their homes much like pets. Bound by violence to feed these men, care for them, bear them children, forced to serve until they died quietly. The concept of family was unfamiliar and another 'strange' belief of the 'Human Myth'. The bottom most layer of the society were the 'Ghoulish Men'.hovels, slums, railway tracks, subway stations, abandoned houses and wildly overgrown fields were their haunts. In their rotting bodies they lived and thrived like vermin in dirty dingy places. Yet they were the least hostile of the pecking order. They did not bite or beat anyone. They only begged for alms. Alms not for food but for their addiction. The rich red-eyed business Moghuls and furry wolf-like men never let their begging outstretched palms go empty. They dropped them packets of Heroin, Cocaine and Methamphetamine. Not food, never food. This was a bargain from behalf of the powerful to keep the sick and poor always hungry and always needy but weak. Never strong enough to retaliate with slogans, protest marches or riots. They learnt this valuable truth from the "Human Myth". Maybe the only fact they found both honest and useful. The drugs helped them forget their hunger and pain and the rich their opposition. Everyone else who fell between the wide spaces of the three social sections were blood for the demons, flesh for the furry men. They were more in numbers, mostly the bastards of the furry men and the abandoned babes of the ghouls. They lived in shelters and worked hard to earn. Earn enough to sell all they gain to the monopolising vampiric businessmen. The lucky ones could either marry into their society, become pets of the furry man or hide out in sewers like the ghouls. The luckiest were the corpses. This new race of men proudly denounced all things 'weak', 'emasculating' and 'pure'. Those were lost practices of the "Human Myth" and they hoped that the myth remained a myth. The demon asked, "The house is cleared? And are they... consumable?" With a disappointed look, the malodourous wolfman replied, "The house has been cleaned. No, mister not enough blood or meat for you and I both, so I disposed them off. They left behind only a jewellery box with two gold earrings, a gold bracelet and a slim wad of notes."

"Pity," the vampire reacted. "I expected more."

LGBT RIGHTS AND IPC

Shireen Gupta (B.A. General)

LGBT Rights have been a hot topic in India ever since The Supreme Court ruled against it on 11th December, 2013, assailing the verdict of The High Court. When questioned, the supreme court pointed towards chapter XVI, Section 377 (1860) of the Indian Penal code which states, "Whoever voluntarily has carnal intercourse against the order of nature with any man, woman or animal, shall be punished with imprisonment for life, or with imprisonment of either description for a term which may extend to ten years, and shall also be liable to fine."

A huge number of Indian citizens stand with this verdict, while some question its plight. You see, India is mostly a conservative country, we hold our religions and traditions above our freedom. Apparently, LGBT rights are against our tradition since the year, 1860 but keep in mind that child marriage was made illegal in 1929, so, the bright minds who didn't question the morality of child marriage were the ones to ban LGBT rights. I don't want to ban the right to question, as a matter of fact, I'm here to justify LGBT rights. A couple of days ago, I was talking to an acquaintance of mine when we waded our way to the topic of LGBT rights. My fellow acquaintance told me that he didn't support LGBT rights, mainly, homosexual and bisexual rights, when asked why, his answer was distasteful. He told me that he didn't support the aforementioned rights because, "There is no shortage of girls and guys in this world." The statement is self-evident of the fact that my acquaintance thought that being in the LGBT spectrum was a choice. With all certainty, I can tell you that it is not (I'll share the link of the research at the very end). Those who believe it's a choice can be called ignorant but be given a proper education on this subject.

Then we have those who think it's a choice and don't want science to 'blind their judgement'. These people reject the idea of homosexuality entirely on the basis of social construct and to be honest, I don't have in my heart to spare them my time and explain the whole situation when I know they will not change their way of thinking, ever. I like to keep people like such, out of my mind but they do catch my attention once in awhile. I've heard countless cases of parents either banishing their children from the house, or shutting them down and work against their will. I don't hold any answers to give to these people, I only have one question: Why would you chose society over your own blood? You can banish your children or shut them down, but the fact remains the same, they still fall in the LGBT spectrum and there isn't a thing you can do about it. If you hold society above your children, you're essentially choosing a preconceived judgement over your child's happiness and if you do that, what sort of parent are you? Today, I ask nothing but a reconsideration of our freedom. How can we call ourselves free when there is no equality? Think it through; help those who feel guilty for being born equal but different. Love transcends, hate destroys.

Source: Being gay not a choice: <http://www.livescience.com/50058-being-gay-not-a-choice.html>

কলকাতা

বনান্তি চক্রবর্তী

(সাম্প্রদায়িকতা বিভাগ)

আমার শহর জন্মেছিল অনেক মহিমায়,
অনার্য এসে গড়ল শ্রীক্ষ, খানল যে ইংলিশ
তাতেই মতে শহরবাসী —
চোর বা চূড়ামণি।।

আমার শহর বড় হলো বন্ধ হলো টোল,
টানা থেকে চাকা-রিক্সা শাসনের বদল।
ওবে বদলাবে না দুর্গাপূজা ব্যান্ডের পাগলামি -
ভিক্টোরিয়ান প্রেম কিংবা নন্দনের আঁতলামি
রসগোল্লার মাণ কমলো দাম বাড়ল বটে
ডুবানীপুরের চৈত্রমেলা ওখুই স্মৃতিপটে:
হাফুড়া গ্রীষ্মে বাড়ল আলো, সমালো অক্ষয়
শহরবাসীর মনের কথা আর না গেনা আর।
বৈশাখের পাঁচিশে গায় শ্রদ্ধাভরা সুর
বাকি দিনের আচ্ছন্ন যে তাঁর বৈঠানে ডরপুর;
শহরটাতে বাস রাখল পরকীয়ার পোক
ছন্দছন্দ সম্পর্ক, সবাই ঘেন একা।

ওগু শহর আপন হালো জীবনপথে চলার,
সাক্ষী হয়ে রইল যত দ্বন্দ্ব ভাঙা-গড়ার
— একান্ত মীরবর্তায়

আজও গম্বুলো ধরে রাখে কবিতার ছেঁড়া পাতা,
আজও গভীর রাতে কথা বলে আমার কলকাতা।

❦❦❦❦❦❦❦❦❦❦

সেলফি

সুমিত্রা মুখার্জী

(বাংলা বিভাগ)

যে - সময়ে যে - হুজুপ মোর।
এই যে নতুন খেলনা
গাও গাও ঘুরছে এর-ওর,
এই - যে দিন নেই, নেই রাত
হুবির পাহাড় জমছে।
ক্রিক... ক্রিক... হঠাৎ হঠাৎ
এতো পুরো আদেখলো প্রহর
সেলফি বা নিজস্ব তোলা
সাম্প্রদায়িকতার তোড়জোড়
কিছুটা বিজ্ঞান, আমি ভাবি
নিজেকে সম্পৃক্ত করা এতো
সনাতন এক দাবি শিখের।
সৃষ্টির শেষ কথা
যা কিছু পেরিয়ে আসা মরচে ধরা
কালের জীর্ণতা
সেইখানে যদি চোখ পাড়ে
দেখবে যে, অষ্টার মূখ জেগে আছে প্রতি স্তরে স্তরে
প্রতিটি ক্ষণে কিংবা গড়নে, আঁচড়ে
গায়ে পায়ে স্ক্রুতম রেণু বেগে, অমর-অক্ষয়
নিজেকে মেশানো ছবি চিরজীবী
সে কি সেলফি নয়! ❦

অজুহাতে এসো

শ্রেয়সী দত্ত
(ইংরাজী বিভাগ)

না হয় অজুহাতে এসো,
ফুলের রেণু মাখা মৌমাছির কোলে
গুন গুন সুখে, নিছক ভালোবেসো।

ধমকে যাওয়া পণ্ডের মাঝে,
দর বন্ধ ট্রেনের ভিড়ে
জনলা দিয়ে বেধাতে পাওয়া সূর্য-ডেবরা সীকে

না হয় অজুহাতে এসো,
যেদের গড় মাথা নীল আকাশে —
জ্বারকটির মিত্রে রোহ হয়ে হোসো।

উঠোনে পড়ে থাক শিউলি ফুলের ডালা,
হসি শোয়ের কাঁকন হবে
গুনতে থাকে 'অকাল বোধন' শালা।

না হয় অজুহাতে এসো,
লোডশেডিঙে গলতে থাকা মোমবাতির গড়ন
নিজস্ব নিজে 'জ্বারকটির' অমিশ্রিত জেনো।

অগ্নি মিল কাহিনীকে অকারণ মরুকি,
হাই করল জমিয়ে রাখা হাজার হাজার স্মৃতি,
"ফিরিয়ে দেবো সেই গল্পই" বলছে ফিনিক্স পাখি।।

প্রতিচ্ছবি

দেবলীনা দে
(ইংরাজী বিভাগ)

বৃষ্টি ফোঁটা, রোসের আলো, নদীর জল
রানবনু বং ফিকে হচ্ছে,
সবই কেমন পালটে যাচ্ছে।

অচ্ছা?
সেই নদীটার কথা মনে পড়ে।
যে তোমাদের স্নান করাবে জেবেছিল,
তার শাস্ত ডেউয়ের উদ্দামতার
সেও সুস্থি এখন তোমাদের অন্য
পালটে যাওয়ার মত নিচ্ছে।

কেন না,
তোমরাই শিথিয়েছ —
এই পালটানোর সময়ে পৃথিবীতে কোনো কিছুই
আর চিরস্তন নয়,
ভালোবাসাও এখন সেই দলেই।

স্বপ্নে,
একটা মেয়ে
রাতের স্বপ্ন থেকে দিনের বাস্তবের মধ্যে,
একটা একটা করে সূতো বুনছে
না পালটানো সব —
বৃষ্টিফোঁটার - রোসের আলোর - নদীর জলের।

যাকে —
তোমরা ধন্য করেছ
কিছু রঙিন সুহৃৎের আবেশ দিয়ে।
সে তোমাদের কাছে বার বার
কিরে আসবে,
না পালটানো সব পলাশ সুহৃৎে। ■

লালচে

আশি চক্রবর্তী
(ইংরাজী বিভাগ)

লাল রঙ আঁক আঁকশের মুখে —
লাল মানে তুমি চেনো,
যে রঙের তোর ড্রামি বন্ধ-এ
সবকেই পুরোনো।
সে রঙের আঁক বড় বাড়াবাড়ি
ফাগুন এসেছে নাকি!
সবুজ পাতার তাই সুবি
এত লাল রঙ অঁকিবুকি।

যতসব তোর কল্পনা শুধু,
বাস্তবে দোর অয়
চেয়ে দেখ, তোর মাঝানো উঠেন
লাল হোতে ভেসে যায়।
বুক ফালাফালা, হাত-পা ছিন্ন
সিরিয়া, পাকিস্তানে
ফরাসি, ইল, বঙ্গভূমিতে
হাছাকার থেকে আসে।

চিরে কেলে ওরা ধরনীমাতার
হাসনের মাঝখানে:
লালরঙে রাঙে মায়ের অঁকন
কোলে মুক্ত সন্তান।
লালের লালসা বিব হয়ে আঁক
মিশে যায় ধরনীতে
এ রঙই পরমেশ লাল দিয়ে তার
কলায় মুছে লিতে।

শেষ, তবু শেষ নয়

শমিক্রিলা পাল

(এম.এ. ইংরেজী বিভাগ)

১০২°... জিজ্ঞাসার জবাব দিয়েছে...

'মন' তবু জানতে চায় না।

নবজ্বার পাশে দাঁড়িয়ে যখন জাবছি ডিতরে ঢুকব কি না;

সন্ধ্যাস্তেই চোখের কোনা বেয়ে গড়িয়ে পড়ল এক কঁপেটা বৃষ্টি। মন পা কে প্রশয় দিল।

আর আমিও পর্দা সরিয়ে ঘরে ঢুকলাম।

পাখার ব্রেডটা ক্রান্ত হয়ে ধীর গতিতে ঘুরে চলছে।

আমার না-দুটো কেন ঝাটের সামনে এসে মাটির সাথে আটকে গেল।

বিছানার উপর চোখ যেতেই দেখলাম,

এক অবসর, ক্রান্ত, নিথর দেহের মত শুয়ে আছে আমার প্রাণেজ্বলন্ত হলুদপন্দন।

নিঃশব্দ...

এই অবস্থাতেও কী করে জানি টের পেয়ে অতি কষ্টে চোখ মেলে আমার দিকে চেয়েছে।

একটু আলতো হেসে বললে :

"আজ্ঞাও দেবি করলি আসতে?"

কথাটা শুনে আটকাতে পারিনি নিজেকে...

আমার হৃদয়ের গভীরে থাকা,

উপাল পাখাল ফরা অনুভূতিগুলোকে...

বিছানার উপর চমড়ি খেয়ে, ছাপটে ধরে বলেছিলাম

"যাস না! Please আমার ছেড়ে যাস না।"

ওকে আটকে পুটে জড়িয়ে ধরে, সেদিন যেন মৃত্যুকণ্ডে, রোধ করার মত ক্ষমতা সেদিন যেন আমার হয়েছিল...

ওর শরীর সেদিন আগুনের হস্তার মত জ্বলছিল।

আমি শুধু তখন এই আশ্চর্যগিরিকে বুকে আগলে রাখতে ব্যস্ত ছিলাম...

মৃত শক্তি, মৃত মনের জোরে, সব সঞ্চয় করে এই মুখের দিকে তাকলাম; বিশ্বাস করতে কাঁচ হলে না যে এই মেয়েটাই

আমার Doe-eyed Princess!

আমার খীবসের ধনুতারা...

অমাবস্যা'র রাত্তে এক চিলতে চাঁদের আলোর মতই অমলিন। সুন্দর... পবিত্র... শান্ত সজ্জা।।

অসুস্থ শরীরেও কী আশ্চর্য ভাল লেগতে লাগছিল ওকে!

আমায় বলল :

"আমার জন্য একটা কাজ করবি?"

"কী?"

"একটা কবিতা লিখবি আমার জন্য? নাম দিস... উম্ম... তোমার যা ইচ্ছা... আমি যখন থাকব না, তখ..."

"তুই কোজ্ঞেও ব্যক্তিস না। you heard me?!"

"আজ্ঞাও রাগ পেযাবি?"

পাশের ঘরের Telephoneটা বেজে উঠল...

জনন্যার বাইরে পাখির গোলুপি লগ্নের আওয়াজ আনাল...

অনেক মূরে মন আঙ্গান শোনা গেল...

তখন... ঠিক তখনই এল সেই অগ্নীয় মুকুর্ভ...

দুনিয়ার ঢাকা যেন খেমে গিয়েছিল সেই সময়... চুপন।

আমার দুটো ঠোঁট যেন জ্বলে গেল...

সেই উন্মাদ যেন আমার সারা শরীরে ছড়িয়ে পড়ল... আমার প্রতিটা পাজরের হাড়ে...

আমার রক্তের মধ্যে...

আমি মনে মনে চেঁচিয়ে উঠলাম...

"জ্বল... আরও জ্বল... জ্বালিয়ে পুড়িয়ে শেষ করে দে আমাকে"

"ভয়ের এই উন্মাদ যেন আমার প্রতিটা কণায় মিশে যায়"

কত সময় পার হবে গিয়েছিল মনে পড়েনা...

It was the last kiss...

জগতের আমার মেঘবাণিকার হারিয়ে গেছে মেঘপত্নীদের মাঝে...

"না রে মন! তাকে নিয়ে কবিতাটা আজ্ঞাও লেখা হয়নি!"

"অব লিখব... সেদিন, সেদিন আমার তোমার সাথে আমার দেখা হবে মেঘ-পিয়নের মেঘে..."

তুই আমার সর্গার মত হাসবি,

আর আমি স্তোর কানে কানে বলব :

"That was not our last kiss!"

শরতের ডাকে

আমি চক্রবর্তী
(ইংরেজী বিভাগ)

বর্ষার খেঁসা বুঝি শেষ। মেঘলা দিনের সমস্ত
ভালোবাসাকে নিয়ে, মনশোনাগকে নিয়ে, প্রেম-অশ্রুমেয়
সব অনুভূতিকে তার পুঁটলিতে করে বাড়ি ফিরে গেছে সে;
শুধু ফেলে গেছে কিছু সেনা সুর, কবিতার সাদা খাতায় কিছু
শব্দ আর ক্যানভাসে রাঙার আঁচড় কতগুলো। প্রকৃতি
অনাভাবে মাছে, আমি তবু একই রয়ে যাই। এখন জোপ
আসে রোজ; পর্দার আড়াল থেকে উঁকি সোরে বিষয়নাটা
দেখে, ভূয়ে যায় আঁলোতা হাতের আঁধার সমস্ত 'আমি' টাকে।
ইঠাৎ যেন ফুল হয়, মনে হয় এ ছোঁয়া কি তবে...!।।। ঘুম
ভাঙে, আর কিছু কি আছে তার সাথে? জানা নেই। এরপর
আমি আবার 'আমি' তে ফিরে যাই, ব্যস্ততা মাখি সারা গায়।
অর মন ? ওর বরাবরই আঁধার পাখ চলা ব্যস্ততা ? ওর কেবলই
উন্টোপাখে চলে, হরমম উন্টোটিই বলা। মন আকাশ খোঁজে
- ফালি ফালি নীলপুলো ছুড়ে একটা বিরাট আকাশ। আমি
যখন শহরে শহরে গরু মাখি, ক্রমাল চাপা দিই নাকে ও
তখন নিউলিতনায় কমলা বেঁটায় গরু মাখে। যখন আমি
অবসর, ক্রান্ত মেহে পাখেযাটে ডিড় সামলাই, সে তখন
কমলায় সাধামেঘে, পথপাঞ্জর। আমি হারিয়ে যাই হাজারো
'আমি'-র দাঁকে, মন কিন্তু যলোচ্ছতে শরতের জলছবি খোঁজে।

जीवन यात्रा

ज्योती गुप्ता (हिन्दी विभाग)

यात्री हूँ मैं
इस जीवन पथ के
छत्री के, आकाश के
नीचे मैं घूमता।

रात्री के सन्नाटे में भी
रुकता तो नहीं
साथी के बिना मैं
अकेले ही चलता।

चलता हूँ मैं बिना आराम के
कल की शुभकामनायें
छिपाये ही मन में।

पथ तो भरा है
लॉटो और पयरो से
फूल भी होंगे पड़े-पड़े
कौन जाने कहाँ-कहाँ।

कैसे भी मुक्त बँनू
इस अकेलेपन से
पीता ही जाता है
दुःखों का ही घूँट

हर रोज मैं करता
प्रतीक्षा तो अनेक
गिरता मे अगले दम
विषाद के गर्त में

उमड़ता है खून
मेरे चेहरे से, तन की
रीता हूँ मैं दर्द से
पर सुनता है कैन ? ■

रोशनी

कन्दन सिंह (बी.एड.)

है रोशनी सीने के अन्दर, दिखा दे तू अपना दम,
भूल जा तू उन कुटुम्ब
तेरी दिल की गहराईयो में छिपा है हीसला,
इर मत कर प्रयास सफल होगा तू हरदम,
अगर है सच्चाई का हीसला हो सच की ताकत
तुझमें,

छेड़ दे जंग, तू सफल होगा हरदम
तुसमें है वह ताकत जो कर ले सबको अपने वश में
स्वप्न को भी तू कर दे सच
अगर है रोशनी सीने के अन्दर, दिखा दे तू अपना
दम,

कर ले तू बाधाओं का सामना, है निडर तू
वीरो की संतान है तू
अपने हीसले के बल में कर ले तू अपने को बलवान
जय होगा तेरी, यश फैलेगा तेरा

है रोशनी सीने के अन्दर दिखा दे तू अपना दम
अगर है तुझमें सच्चाई का हीसला,
दिखा दे तू अपना दम
जग ले भीतर से खुद को तुझमें छिपा है एक नर
दूड़ ले उस रोशनी को जिसमें छिपा है तेरा भर्म।

कठोर सत्य

नितु यादव (बी.एड.)

बाह रे मानव तेरा स्वभाव
।। हाश को हाथ लगाता है तो नहता है....
पर बेजुबान जीव को मार के खाता है।।

यह मंदिर-मस्जिद भी कया गजब की
जगह है दोस्तों
जहाँ गरीब बाहर और अमीर आदर 'भीख'
मांगता है...

पायल हजारों रूपये में आती है, पर पैरों में
पहनी जाती है
और.....

बिंदी ! रूपये में आती है मगर माथे पर सजाई
जाती है
इसलिए कीमत मायने नहीं रखती उसका कृत्य
मायने रखता है। ■

रंगी की बहार

लिमरन घोष
(गणित विभाग)

कहाँ चली तू उड़ के चली ?
है तेरा जहाँ कहीं ?
इतने बड़े संसार में रखा किसी ने छयाल तेरा ?
रंग बिरंगे फूल खिले हैं
देखो यहाँ सब मिले जुले हैं
अपने पंखों के रंगों से
तुमने भरा है यह संसार ।
राह राह के बाधाओं को डालकर
हर मुसीबतों का सामना कर
फड़-फड़ा कर उड़ती रहे
रंग बिरंगी तितली ।
लाल पीले हरे नीले
पंखों का रंग मिलाए मिले
नहीं है दूना इस धरती पे
रंगीन एसी की सृष्टि
अपनी आजादी का हक जताए
बिना बंधन के उड़ती जाए
देती है यह सहज सीख
पंखों में लेकर यह गीत ।

जीवन की राह

ज्योती गुप्ता (हिन्दी विभाग)

यह जीवन की राह निराली है
कहीं सुखा है तो कहीं हरियाली है
कभी मंजिलें भी रास्ता भटक जाती हैं
तो कभी राह खुद मंजिल बन जाती है
कोई पहलिल में तनहा रह जाता है
तो कोई तनहाई में भी मुस्कराता है
जब वक्त था तब और कुछ नहीं था
अब सब कुछ है बस वक्त नहीं है
सच यह जिंदगी की राह निराली है
कहीं सुखा है तो कहीं हरियाली है । ■

हौसला

वृन्दा मिश्र (हिन्दी विभाग)

अरमानों की चादर ओढ़े,
रुख किया सूरज का ।
आज तो उस आग के गोले से,
आँखें मिला, उसे भी हराना है ।
बहुत जी लिए हम किनारों पर,
अब दरिया को घेर कर पार जाना है ।
कस्ती हमारी किसी पटवार की मोहलाज नहीं
क्योंकि अब अपने हौसलों से समंदर पार,
उस मंदिर में दीप जलाना है । ■

علم (Knowledge)

☆ علم حاصل کرو ماں کی گود سے لیکر قبر کی گود تک۔
☆ علم حاصل کرو خواہ تمہیں ملک چین بھی جانا پڑے۔
☆ علم اور خوف خدا سے عزت ملتی ہے۔
☆ کسی شخص کا تعلیم یافتہ ہونا اسکی بہترین ملکیت ہے۔
☆ جہاں چننا چلانا ہو وہاں علم نہیں ہوتا۔
☆ علم حاصل کرنے کا ایک طریقہ تجربات بھی ہے۔
☆ علم کی روشنی کا چشمہ کبھی ختم نہیں ہوتا۔
☆ علم ایک ایسی دولت ہے جس کو جتنا خرچ کیا جائے کبھی بھی کمی نہیں ہوتی بلکہ اضافہ ہوتا ہے۔
☆ علم انسان کی تیسری آنکھ ہے۔
☆ علم کے ذریعہ معاشرے میں بہترین تبدیلی لائی جاسکتی ہے۔

Ayesha Anwar
(B.A. General)

دوستی ایک نعمت ہے (Dosti Ek Nemat Hai)

دوستی وہی ہے جو دوست کے دل کی گہرائی میں جھانک کر اسکی ذات کو مکمل طور جان سکے۔ مخلص دوست یقیناً وہی ہوتے ہیں جن کے متعلق سوچتے اور محسوس کرتے ہوئے ذہن میں شخصک کا احساس جائے دوستی کی گہرائی پیار اور دعاؤں سے ملکر بنتی ہے۔ اور یہ گہرائی وقت کے ساتھ ساتھ مزید گہری ہوتی جاتی ہے۔ اچھا دوست خدا کے طرف سے ایک نعمت ہے، لفظ دوستی کہنے سننے اور لکھنے میں بے حد مختصر سا ہے۔ لیکن اس کے باوجود اس لفظ کے اندر ان گنت مفاد ہم پوشیدہ ہیں۔ جو صرف اور صرف اخلاص و پیار کی راہ بتاتے ہیں۔ دوست دعاؤں کی طرح ہر پہلے دل میں موجود ہوتے ہیں انکی سلامتی کے لئے دعا نہیں نکلتی رہتی ہے اس لئے جہاں کہیں بھی مخلص اور سچے دوست ملیں ہاتھ بڑھا دینا چاہئے۔ تاکہ زندگی کے رنگوں میں مزید ایک حسین رنگ اور اپنائیت و پیار کا اضافہ ہو کسی مہربان دوست سے اگر ہمارا ذرا بھی جھگڑا ہو جائے تو ہم اس کی سب نیکیاں بھلا دیتے ہیں۔ اور ہم یہ بھول جاتے ہیں کہ ہم نے دوستی کے پودے کی کس طرح آبیاری کی ہے۔ اچھے انسانوں کی پہچان ہی ہے کہ اگر کسی شخص سے کوئی غلطی ہو جائے یا وہ ہماری توقعات کے مطابق کوئی کام نہ کر سکے تو اس کی نیکیوں کو یاد کر کے دوستی کی پاسداری کی جاتی ہے۔ لیکن ہمارا رویہ اس کے برعکس ہے، ذرا سوچیں لفظ ”دوست“ میں کتنی شیریں ہے ہمیشہ اچھے دوستوں کی قدر کرنی چاہئے کیونکہ دوستی زندگی کی دھوپ میں مگی چھاؤں کی مانند ہے۔

Zainab Khatoon
(B.A. General)
