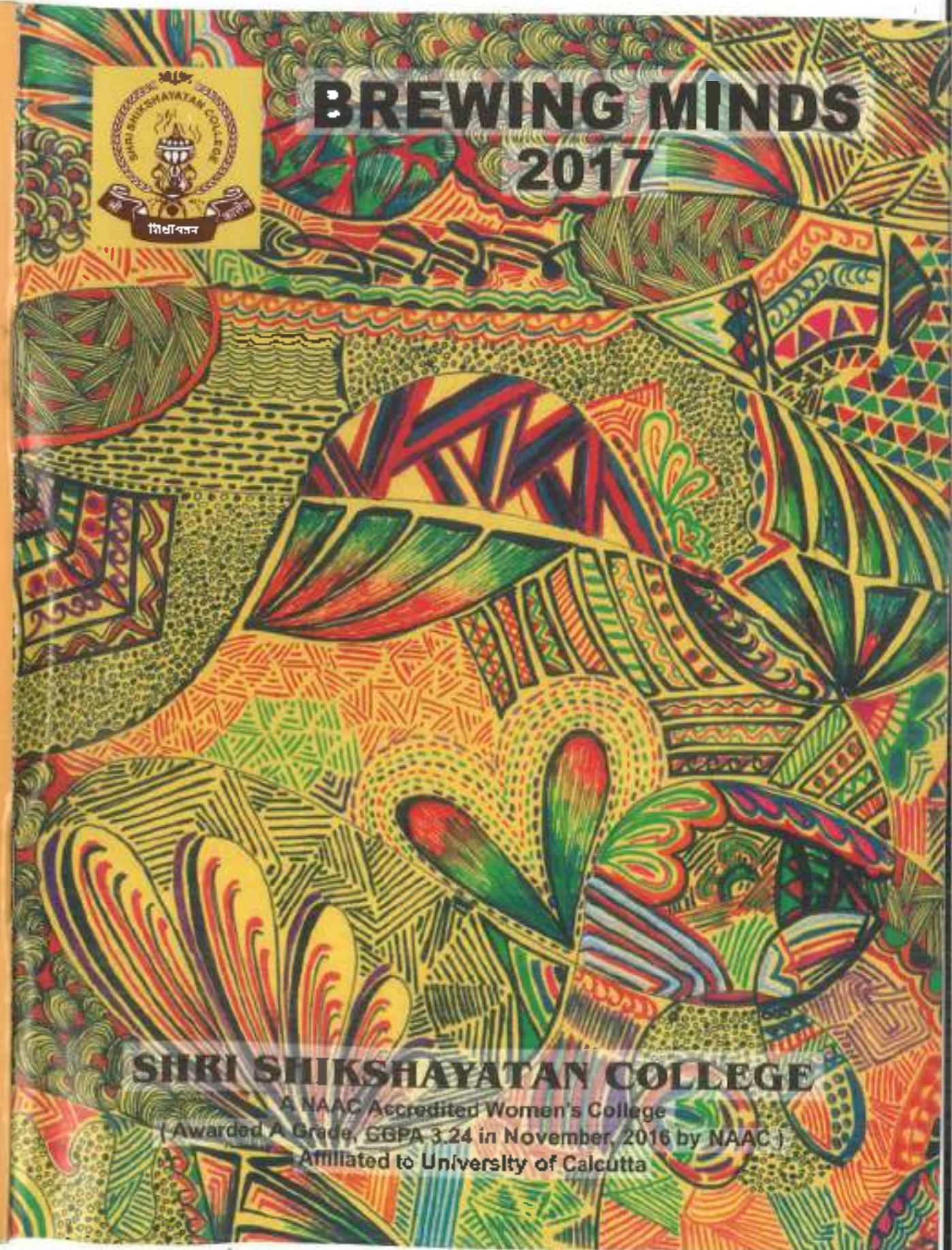




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BREWING MINDS 2017

SHRI SHIKSHAYATAN COLLEGE

A NAAC Accredited Women's College
(Awarded A Grade, GGPA 3.24 in November, 2016 by NAAC)
Affiliated to University of Calcutta

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Volume IV



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BREWING MINDS

Volume IV, September, 2017

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Published by :

Shri Shikshayatan College
11, Lord Sinha Road
Kolkata-700 071
Phone: 033-22826033

Printed by :

PRATIRUP
35, Nandana Park
Kolkata - 700 034
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FOREWORD

It gives me great pleasure to present the fourth edition of "Brewing Minds". It is always very rewarding to experience the creativity, passion and initiative of our students unfolding in the pages of this magazine. They have made us proud of their endeavours and achievements. I wish everyone associated with this exercise the best always. May 'Brewing Minds' grow from strength to strength.

Congratulations!


(Dr. Aditi Dey)
Principal

THE TRIUMPH OF CREATIVITY

Change is an inevitable phenomenon. The delicate blue planet is undergoing changes every day, exposing the pitfalls of humanity. However, mankind is continuously negotiating with the turbid ebb and flow of life. Amid such turbulence, creativity is unleashed when a group of young minds undertake the process of 'making', exploring the aesthetic aspect of human nature. The budding talents of Shri Shikshayatan College have poured their heart and brain out to express their emotion, thought, belief while nurturing 'Brewing Minds'.

The fourth volume of 'Brewing Minds' intends to disseminate the latent artistic fervour of the new generation who, through their constructive mindset, has discovered newer avenues of thought.

On behalf of the Brewing Minds team we wish to express our sincere gratitude to our principal Dr Aditi Dey Under all the challenging circumstances, she remained our constant support. We wish to thank Dr. Shaheen Parveen and Smt. Baidehi Mukherjee without whom the Urdu and Hindi sections of Brewing Minds would have remained incomplete.

Mayukh Lahiri
Debolina Guha Thakurta
Advisors to the Editorial Board

EDITORIAL

"An hour spent reading is one stolen from Heaven" – Shri Shikshayatan College proudly presents their fourth volume of 'Brewing Minds' with such aim to provide all readers a delightful trip to the ethereal world of creative art. 'Brewing Minds', as the very name suggests, has always provided the opportunity to young minds to recognize their originalative abilities and ascertain their position in the world of intellect. The magazine, a treasure trove of innovative ideas and imagination, is a compilation of varied forms of literary and expressive art.

An initiative adhered by our Respected Principal, Dr. Aditi Dey and fostered by the valuable assistance of advisors, Shri Mayukh Lahiri and Smt. Debollna Guha Thakurta, 'Brewing Minds' as a whole is a remarkable work of art, itself brought to life by their collective endeavor and brewed to perfection



এসেছি আবার কিনে সেখানেই
জ্বলন পথের চেলা ঠিকানাগ...

আবারও আমাদের ফিরে দেখা। তিন বছরে এই পত্রিকার প্রতিশ্রুতি আমাদের সত্যিই মুক্ত করে। অীকা-লেখা -ছোট ছোট কবিতার মধ্য দিয়ে আমাদের পত্রিকা আলোকোজ্বলে প্রস্ফুটিত হয়ে আছে এবং প্রতিবারের মতোই এই বছরও আমাদের এই পত্রিকা সংকল্পে প্রাণ কণক এবং পত্রিকার সফলতা আরও বহুদূর বিস্তৃত হোক। এই কামনা করি।



"कुछ सपनों के घर जाने से जीवन नहीं मरा करता है।
चंद खिलौनों के खोने से बचपन नहीं मरा करता है।
लाख करे पतझर कोशिश पर उषवन नहीं मरा करता है।
कुछ मुछड़ों की नारतर्गी से दर्पण नहीं मरा करता है।"

हम सब श्री शिक्षायतन कॉलेज की छात्राओं के लिए यह हर्ष का विषय है कि हमलोग अपनी आवाज को इस पत्रिका के माध्यम से व्यक्त कर रहे हैं, Brewing Minds का यह चौथा संस्करण है।

यह पत्रिका हम सभी छात्राओं को यह अवसर प्रदान कर रही है कि इस बदलते हुए समाज के बारे में हम क्या अनुभव करते हैं यह व्यक्त कर सकें। यह पत्रिका छात्राओं और अध्यापकों के अथक परिश्रम का परिणाम है। प्रधानाध्यापिका डॉ. अदिति दे जी, अध्यापक श्री मयूख लहरी जी, अध्यापिका श्रीमति देबोलिना गुहा ठाकुरता जी का हम अग्रभार व्यक्त करते हैं, जिनके प्रेरणा से यह कार्य संभव हुआ।



आज का यह पत्रिका हम सभी छात्राओं को यह अवसर प्रदान कर रही है कि इस बदलते हुए समाज के बारे में हम क्या अनुभव करते हैं यह व्यक्त कर सकें। यह पत्रिका छात्राओं और अध्यापकों के अथक परिश्रम का परिणाम है। प्रधानाध्यापिका डॉ. अदिति दे जी, अध्यापक श्री मयूख लहरी जी, अध्यापिका श्रीमति देबोलिना गुहा ठाकुरता जी का हम अग्रभार व्यक्त करते हैं, जिनके प्रेरणा से यह कार्य संभव हुआ।

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SOCIETY REPORT OF SESSION 2016-2017

CHARCHA: BENGALI CREATIVE SOCIETY

Charcha, the Bengali creative society of Shri Shukshayatan College, was inaugurated on October 5, 2016 on the day of Shree under the guidance of the faculty members. The society organized a Theatre Workshop for the Students on December 22, 2016 conducted by eminent Theatre personality and filmmaker Shri **Debesh Chattopadhyay**. The student members of the society had put up a cultural programme on the 3rd year Farewell function held on February 9, 2017 followed by another performance on the occasion of Bhasa Dibas organized by the department of Bengali on March 10, 2017.

DEBSOC REPORT

The session began with the introductory meeting on 16 August where the office bearers were selected and the calendar of events was drawn up. The session was flagged off by the Induction Session where good debating practices were discussed and the new members were added to the DebSoc group. The Freshers' Debate was held on 20 September where First Year students had an opportunity to present their debating skills. The Inter College Debate *Etenchus* was organised with enthusiastic participation from seven other universities and colleges including Jadavpur University, Presidency University, St Xavier's College, Scottish Church College and others. The Intra College debate was held on 21 February. Two workshops were conducted – one on public speaking in general on 25 November and the other on MUN operations on 3 March. DebSoc members also attended several MUNs – BESC, KIIT, Scindia, CMC – securing special mention in most of them. They also participated in debates at the Damayanti Shield Trophy competition, NUJS debate, British Deputy High Commission debate, Jogesh Chandra Chowdhury College, JDBI and Arthatantra at Presidency.

NATURE CLUB

- 1 Green Audit 2015 was submitted to WWF on September, 2016 and a report has been received
- 2 Green Audit 2016... data collection (transport, water and energy data) has been done during November and December, 2016 and submitted to WWF on 31st March, 2017 for analysis.

QUIDRA SSC: QUIZ AND DRAMA SOCIETY,

(Quenched by Quiz, Driven by Drama)

QuiDra – SSC, the quiz and drama society of Shri Shikshayatan College, was officially inaugurated on September 12, 2016 with an induction session. It is a society administered by the students under the guidance of faculty members. The society organized its first intra-college quiz and drama competition on November 23, 2016. Theatre actor Shri Satyapriya Sarkar graced the occasion with his presence as the judge of the drama competition. The society performed a play – We, The people of India – on Republic Day, January 26, 2017. It also organized a theatre workshop on February 2, 2017 conducted by eminent filmmaker Shri Debasis Sen Sharma. Apart from various intra college events, the student members of the society have participated in many inter-college quiz and drama competitions.

- Students from PG English have represented the Society and have won the Second Prize in Inter-College/University Drama Competition at the Amity University Theatre Festival (Type: Forum Theatre), held on 1st March, 2017.
- Students from B.A. English Honours have represented the Society in Inter-College Quiz Competition held on 21st February, 2017 at Jogesh Chandra Chaudhuri College.
- Students from PG English represented the Society in the Inter-College/University Drama Competition to be held at Amity University (Street Play) from 22nd to 24th March, 2017.

IMPRINT: MARK YOUR WORDS

A major initiative by the department of English to begin with an English literary society first took its shape on August 8, 2016. The society, "Imprint: Mark Your Words", was inaugurated by our principal Dr. Aditi Dey. The first programme organised by the society was a Book Talk on November 8, 2016 with the third year students conducted by Smt. Indrani Ray. The long cherished dream of "Imprint: Mark your Words" to conduct a one day inter-college literary fest converted itself into reality on 18th November, 2016. The impetus and the name came from our principal Dr. Aditi Dey. The roadmap was provided by our teachers, and we set forth on a new journey. The society is administered by students under the guidance of the faculty members of the English department – Dr. Malini Mukherjee, Dr. Debnita Chakravarti, Dr. Tania Chakravarty, Smt. Antara Ghatak, Smt. Baidehi Mukherjee and Smt. Debolina Guha Thakurta.

Several city institutions participated in this one day inter college literary fest - 'Impressions - 2016'. The participating institutions included Jadavpur University, University of Calcutta, Presidency University, Gokhale Memorial Girls' College, Lady Brabourne College, St. Xavier's College, Seth Anandram Jaipuria College, Nil Ratan Sircar Medical College and Hospital and others. 'Impressions - 2016' upheld linguistic and cultural diversities through its various off-stage and on-stage events. A sense of novelty was added with events like: "Fictionary", "Cover Story", "Th-ink", "Quiz-otic", "Words, Words, Words", "Con-Verse". Eminent personalities including Dr. Siddhartha Biswas, Dr. Pinaki De, Ms. Jole Bose Chatterjee, Ms. Mitall Sengupta, Mr. Subhrajit Dutta constituted the panel of judges.

The impetus that came from the Principal of Shri Shikshayatan College (Dr. Aditi Dey) was turned into an invocatory spell by the professors and the students of the English Department. "Impressions'16" set a firmer ground for the future events of "Imprint: Mark your Words". It celebrated the word spoken, written, sung, etched, and even implied through a range of creative activities.

A LESSON TAUGHT IS A LESSON LEARNT

Roshni Subramani
(English Honours)

'Turn your wounds into wisdom'- Oprah Winfrey

So was the life of JK Rowling, when she did not let the 'scar of life' affect her, and instead created 'The Boy with the Scar.' Her life was filled with ups and downs, but she proved to be a woman of substance and never gave up till she achieved her goal. Harry Potter has always been a favorite, where readers not only look up to the characters for inspiration, but consider the author to be their biggest source of inspiration. Everybody was spellbound, mesmerized and enchanted when the Harry Potter series was published for the very first time, though her books at the initial stages were rejected a number of times. For here, she gives us our second lesson which states-

'Happiness can be found, even in the darkest of times, if only one remembers to turn on the light'- Albus Dumbledore (Harry Potter).

It is not simply a work of fiction, but a tale of magic and wizardry, which is usually considered to be a culmination of reading and living through the tale simultaneously. This masterpiece of Rowling is certainly irresistible, captivating and magnetic. I, for instance never believed in magic, but JK Rowling made me believe in magic even if it was for the sake of stories. But on the contrary she provides us with one of her statements where she asserts-

'We do not need all the magic to change the world, we carry all the power we need inside ourselves already, and we have the power to imagine better.' So it is here we learn our third lesson, which asks, rather requests to believe in oneself and to always remain independent in every sphere of life.

Harry Potter gave us the opportunity to believe in the very fact, that true friendship and love can never be broken, under any circumstances. Harry, Hermione and Ron together serve as the authentic testimony to our very fourth lesson- United we stand, divided we fall.

And Hedwig, Harry's dearest owl and only pet indeed teaches us our very last and important lesson- 'to be as wise as an owl, always. Hence to conclude, Harry Potter and JK Rowling not only taught us the above values and lessons which was not only out of the box and quite exquisite but also beautifully illustrates what selfless love, hatred, loyalty and exuberance is, and how it demands to be felt. Hence-

'Nothing ever becomes real till it is experienced.'- John Keats.

A LETTER TO MY FUTURE SELF

Shrina Dutta
(JMC Honours)

Dear 40 year old me,

I hope you're in the best of your health and spirits. I am certain that as you read this letter, you will grin and pout at your 20 year old self as you remember her.

It will be 2037. I do not have the slightest idea of what are the major movies or series going on or what is in fashion, but I do hope that you are happy. I hope that you have found your 'home'- someplace where you find your peace and solace at. Happiness in the truest form cannot be achieved, but I do hope that you find it in the little things in your life.

Are you still curvy? Or have you finally managed to cut down all the excessive fat in your body? Are you still a foodie or are you on a constant and painful diet? Please say you have an Audi of your own? Did you stay abroad for some time or are you still living there? I hope you at least have Armani, Chanel, Manolo Blahnik and Prada. You may find these to be mere musings but to a 20 year old girl, these are the major check boxes for her future life.

Keeping my questions aside, you must know that I am proud of you. No matter what you have grown up to be, I am sure that you have gone through enough in life to make you who you are today. And the fact that you are still able to smile while reading this letter is reason enough to give yourself a toast.

Since you are 40 year old, I believe that you have a family with a kid. You must have a beautiful, well-decorated house and a car which you drive. But, is your partner the one you feel passionate about? Do you have a passionate life or are you living the life of a conventional 40 year old working lady that you have always dreaded? Do you travel? Do you still read books and at the end of each beautiful story, do you still feel that for a moment the world around you has stopped? If you are silently shaking your head then please, get up! I know it is easier told than done but please take a break. Head out for the horizon and rediscover yourself. Find that burning passion for life which you have always searched for when you were me. And as Oscar Wilde had said, "To live is the rarest thing in the world. Most people exist, that is all."

Are our parents alive? If they are giving you a hard time, remember the times they put up with you. Remember what you are capable of today is the result of the efforts they had put in. It is your responsibility to keep them happy. You can never judge them; you just have to be with them.

I have great plans for you- and for that to get shape into reality, I promise to work hard as much as I can to make you successful. And if you are overwhelmed after reading this letter with two drops of tears on your eyelids,

A cup of coffee, maybe?

Yours yourself,

Me.

ARRANGED MEETING

Nabodita Ganguly
(Political Science Honours)

By the time I was twenty seven, mother everyday asked me if I loved someone.

"No. I do not love anyone," I would reply.

"Why?" she would ask me with her austere face.

"We do not fall in love for any reason. Loving and not loving doesn't come with any reason. I do not love anyone because I do not love anyone." I had replied once.

After this reply, she had decided to look for boys and prepare for my arranged marriage. One fine day, with much she told me that she had decided to arrange a meeting with a family. The boy was from a good background and was suitable to be my groom.

"So what do I have to do?" I asked her on the day of the meeting.

"Be 'you' and fight less," she replied.

I didn't have a problem with the meeting. All of it seemed to be interesting to me and I was going with the flow.

By the time I wore a bindi on my forehead, the bell rang. Ma hurried to open the door out of excitement because the groom and his family had come.

A middle aged, graceful woman with big eyes (she was supposed to be my mother-in-law if the marriage would have been successful), her son (he was tall, dark to be precise and handsome) and her husband entered.

She looked at me with an air of curiosity and I sat on the chair with allure for her son.

We chatted for a while about the weather, the distance from their home, increasing traffic.

Then it started.

"So what do you do?" the woman asked.

"I write for magazines. Waiting for a big break," I replied.

She didn't care about the work which defined me.

"Ever tried of using any fairness cream?" the woman asked looking at my dark skin tone.

For a while I looked at her with all my imitation and then replied, "The very fact that people cannot get over the color of my skin tone, makes me look in the mirror and love myself even more."

The son and father kept numb while she looked at me with disapproval.

"The door is all open. Please do leave and I promise you one thing. I will write about this day one day. Characters like you need to be written, you have no idea how annoyingly interesting you make a story. Thank you." I told in a desultory way. ■

A PHOENIX MUST BURN FIRST...

Nazneen Yasmin
(English Honours)

"In order to rise from its own ashes, a Phoenix first must burn."?

Octavia E. Butler

Mistakes are common in our lives. We cannot progress and improve ourselves without making mistakes. These mistakes and wrong decisions transformed me. We often complain of how harsh life is. But, we fail to embrace the harshness and turn it into something optimistic for the betterment of ourselves. Twists and turns, trials and tribulations of this life are meant to make us stronger and indestructible. The tougher our lives become, the stronger we need to be. And without these puzzles and confusions and challenges of life we are nothing. Ambitions and dreams keep me alive and make me hustle harder everyday for the welfare of myself and my fellow humans.

Cooking has always been dearest to me. I was 12 when I first made Dal for my parents. My mother always welcomed me into her kitchen. I used to sit and watch her cook. I remember the time when I made a nice round chappak and proudly showed to everyone. My Abba always encouraged me in cooking. He would always compliment whatever I made, even when it tasted horrible. We were a happy family.

I was 26 when I found a man whom I thought was perfect for me. Faiz and I were of same age. I met him at a seminar. After six months of our relationship, we decided to talk to our respective parents. My Abba and Ma were very supportive when I told them about it. They showered their constant love in every step. I felt little nervous while talking about it. I anxiously said to Abba, "I want to tell you something really important." He sweetly replied, "Nahar beta, you know that I do everything possible for you to see you smile and happy. Tell me!" I told him everything and he was not upset. Eventually both the families got to know each other and without any difficulties we got married.

We were pretty satisfied with each other after marriage. Faiz had a good job. My father in law died when Faiz was 16 years old. And, my mother in law was a homemaker. Although, I was a bright student since childhood but I never had the determination to be someone worthwhile. I was a normal housewife. I looked after my mother in law's daily needs. I used to do all the cooking and cleaning as well. In my free time I used to teach two poor kids in my room without any fees. Caring for the poor and needy has always been my hobby. It gives me a certain kind of peace and pleasure which I don't find in anything else. Unlike most marriages in our country, my marriage seemed beautiful to me as I didn't think much about it then. I thought this is what wives are supposed to do! I believed that wives are supposed to work at their in-laws' place, serving them.

Complexities arose in our marriage when Faiz lost his job as the organization was shut down

due to fraud charges. Since then, Faiz behaved indifferently with me. He even lost interest to get another job. He spent most of the time watching TV and talking to his mother. I didn't say anything. Soon, Faiz got a low pay job as an accountant of a businessman. And, I used to teach couple of students in my room to contribute to the family economy. At that time, my Abba got diagnosed with lung cancer. Ma was not well due to several health complications. She was the only one who was taking care of him and his deteriorating health. My Parent's financial condition was dreadful. Most of the money went to Abba's medical treatment. I wanted to shift to my parents' home as they were struggling with their lives all by themselves. But, Faiz and his mother totally rejected the idea. I was sure Faiz did not love me the way he loved before. I simply thought it was because of the frustration of losing his job when it was not even his fault. But he was behaving indifferently and we didn't talk much.

My marriage flipped upside down from the time my Mother in law started instilling false errors and flaws of mine into Faiz's mind. One time I was blamed by Faiz for her mother's illness. Cooking was my interest and she was the first person who criticized my cooking. Life was getting very difficult for me. My marriage was turning to be horrible. I was a simple, innocent housewife then and thought maybe I am not doing my best to keep them happy. My husband didn't love me anymore. He hated to talk to me or sleep beside me. My mother in law was happy with his behavior to me.

I was blamed for their crumbling economy and Faiz's sinking career. My mother in law believed that I am the reason behind every problem of the household. She said I was an impediment in Faiz's pathway to success. She even falsely accused my parents of doing some mysterious black magic which led his fair and handsome son to marry a dark and ugly girl. And surprisingly enough, Faiz believed in it. I couldn't believe my husband, who loved me with this dark complexion, now agreed with his mother's ignorance. My parents are very respectable and good people and hearing this was excruciating. I condemned it but it didn't have any effect on them. I couldn't ever complain to my husband of his mother's verbal abuse. He slapped me whenever I told him anything against her. I understood how vulnerable and powerless a woman is in households like this. Tolerating all that torture and verbal abuse, I did all the household chores and continued teaching my students. My financial and physical contributions to the household meant nothing to them. It was absolutely valueless. As the days progressed, Faiz's hatred towards me increased. He shifted to the next room and I was not allowed to go inside. My mother in law continued to ingrain hatred for me inside Faiz's mind. Tears often rolled from my eyes while lying on bed or having food. I didn't tell Ma and Abba about these harshness and injustice inflicted upon me as I didn't want them to be tensed. I was a happy simple jolly woman before marriage. After marriage, I used to always fret about my marriage and life.

There is a limit to human patience and control. My mother in law with my husband tested all the limits of my patience and tolerance when they restricted me from seeing my Abba's dead face for one last time. Abba passed away after suffering from lung cancer. He couldn't get proper treatment

due to grim financial condition. But, they did not let me go and be with my mother. My mother in law locked the entrance gate and kept the keys with her. It was really cruel. My heart could not handle that agonizing, intense pain. Not being able to see my beloved Abba's face for the last time was traumatic. I cannot explain how I felt. I couldn't handle it and my head started spinning. I went to my room and decided to commit suicide. I thought, my marriage has ruined me and now these people will not even let me see my Father, whom I love with all my heart. I said to myself, "Life is really being mean to me. God is witnessing everything but still doing nothing to curb them. Life is unstable. Now, death is the only thing that can bring stability to my unstable life." I sat on the floor with a sharp knife in my hand. Suddenly, I remembered a very important lesson which my Abba gave me. He said, "Life is full of thorns. And, these thorns are there to glorify our success. If we do not face tough times, harsh reality of life, then how will we succeed? You have your entire life for achieving success by enduring the thorns of your life." I pondered on his words for half an hour. They rejuvenated my mind and made me realize that I am powerful enough to stand up for myself. I can inspire and motivate myself. The instability of life will always motivate me to struggle and hustle every day. I will turn these instabilities into a source of optimism and positivity. These will make me stronger and stronger every day.

With that strength and courage I went to Faiz and asked for a divorce. A huge argument arose and my mother in law revealed that they found a bride who is perfect for her worthy son and her parents are willing to pay a large sum as dowry as well. I asked Faiz, "Is it true?" He said, "If you can give me 25 to 30 lakh rupees then I am willing to be married to you. I am letting you live in my house. I deserve the money." No husband does any mercy by feeding, clothing, and providing facilities to his wife and it is the husband's duty to provide for her as he married her. I realized that he married me as I possessed both the qualities which men fancy in their wives - beautiful and wealthy. They curtailed evils which cannot be endured by humans. With much strength and courage I said to Faiz, "I want divorce." I had no idea of where to go, how to provide for myself. I just knew that I have to get out of this horrid hellish place to let myself grow. I stepped out as a strong woman with a lot of determination and courage from a simple, tolerant, quiet, "Indian" wife. I didn't tell Ma about these. I stayed at one of my friends place for one year. I told them lies after lies. It hurt me but I was determined to turn my cooking passion into my profession.

15 years later...

I am a divorced woman with a successful catering business and a fully fledged restaurant. I train my cooks. I act as a guide to my Chefs. Although I never went to any cooking school but I learnt so many techniques and lessons from my Ma and aunties. I hire women with tough background, financial trouble and marital problems. I even give counseling to the women who are tortured and oppressed by their in-laws and husband in the most gruesome ways. It helps me learn and grow too. I surprised Ma with an apartment of her own with each and every amenity. I want to give her a good and peaceful

life now! I built hostels and homes for divorced, oppressed women with no shelter and provide everything to them. I live with my loving Ma peacefully.

In Life you need to go through the toughest of the situation to taste the true pleasure and joy of achievement. I am grateful to some of the worst situations my mother in law and Faiz imposed on me as I turned it into something positive for me as a source of my vigor and courage. Motivating and encouraging yourself to take risky steps with no shelter or destination will teach you the true lesson of life. Looking at your difficult past and being proud of the fact that you encountered and sustained it successfully will always make you truly satisfied with yourself. I told my Ma everything that happened to me. I can proudly tell myself that I survived in the most agonizing and miserable times of my life all by myself coming out as a mentally strong and courageous and happy human being who is fulfilling her dream of making her mother, her fellow humans, women and herself happy and contented.

I was burned into ashes in my married life but "in order to rise from its own ashes, a Phoenix must burn first."



LEARN TO LET GO

Pooja Mukherjee
(English Honours)

Each time we witness an act of forgiveness, we marvel at its power to heal and to break an unending cycle of constant grieving. All spiritual teachings talk about imbuing the quality of forgiveness, but few actually practice or offer it. Forgiveness is the power of letting go – through which one can achieve ecstasy.

Research suggests that grudges, hatred, anger, resentments are all emotions that physically manifest as a disease and destroy mental health. People who consciously make a choice to forgive are reported to have better health in the long term. Specifically, blood pressure, heart disease, stomach ailments, more stress, unhappiness and anger. Forgiveness also heals relationships and provides peace of mind.

Despite increasing evidence of forgiveness being a tool for a happier and healthier life, people struggle with the concept. Perhaps the reason is we associate forgiveness with weakness, but in fact the opposite is true. Forgiveness is a sign of strength and requires extreme courage. As said correctly by Indira Gandhi – "forgiveness is a virtue of the brave". Many even view forgiveness as a way of condoning the wrong. We feel that forgiving an act is supporting it. Whereas, we can only forgive what we think is wrong. Forgiving does not mean continuing to be in a relationship with the person who has wronged us, but rather, to let go and stop dwelling on revenge or harbouring hate. Another misconception is that it depends on whether the person, who did wrong, apologizes or changes his/her ways. This is not necessary in order to forgive. The other person may have justified their actions in their minds but if we hold on to it, we carry the negative energy in our life, which eventually turns into bitterness and anger.

These are better said than done, but give it a shot:

- 1) Talk to someone about your feelings surrounding what happened. Be it a trusted friend, or a relative. A part of healing is being heard, understood and validated.
- 2) When you start to dwell on the event, remind yourself that the anger and hate that well up only harms you, causing diseases and leaving you in a foul mood. By not letting go, you give the person the power over your life and mind and continue to let them hurt you. Many get stuck in the desire of seeking revenge.
- 3) Remind yourself that you cannot control people, but you can take personal responsibility.
- 4) Anger results from the fact that we believe no one should hurt us, or all relationships should be perfect. But this won't happen. We hurt people and people hurt us. Accept this.
- 5) People's ideas of right and wrong differ, however much we try to harmonize ethics, we can never speak for another, only ourselves. Harm is not justice. Talk to others before harming another individual. Justice differs from useless revenge.

Forgiveness has nothing to do with anyone else, but us. It is very difficult to let go the past pain but by accepting its existence and being committed to releasing the past, we gain some freedom from the pain that binds us. ■

BENGAL - WHERE CULTURE MEETS COUTURE

Sarashmi Sarker
(JMC Honours)

I wonder how many of you associate 'Fashion' with Bengal, if at all? However for me this native place of mine, the people here and their taste in fashion have been of great influence to me. The big round bindis accompanied with wet curls to go with the 'Taant' or 'Tussar' saris, men in their 'Baatik printed kurtas' or 'muga bordered dhulis', the Intellectuals with their 'Shantiniketan-style' sling bags are sights you will only see here in Bengal. A mix of these in your ever-so-global clothing always adds an interesting and rustic yet glamorous touch to your everyday-wear.

So, what's the first thing that comes to your mind when you think about Bengal? Tagore and his divine creations, the platter of Roshogolla, nolen gurer shondesh and Mishti Doi, the sumptuous fish maachh, the Durga Puja, football and the frenzy that surrounds a Mohun Bagan vs East Bengal match, the Howrah Bridge, a glimpse of Dada's cover drive at the Eden Gardens or is it the best of films from the times of Satyajit Ray, Ritwick Ghatak to Rituparno Ghosh, which never fail to leave an impact on the thoughtful mind? Anyone? Yes, Bengal is all about that and SO MUCH MORE!

Being born in the cultural capital of India, one automatically imbibes bits and pieces of this rich culture. And out of all the aspects, it's the evolution of 'fashion' that has always intrigued me the most. How many of you didn't see that coming?

You're clearly missing out on a lot if you claim to love fashion, but are clueless about the contributions of Bengal to the Indian fashion scene.

Fashion is an aspect of a culture, which keeps changing with the evolution of taste and style, one's needs and comfort. Fashion in Bengal, too, evolved in its own pace. The appeal of the Bengali couture lies in its originality of style.

Though it has essentially hovered around "dhuti" for the man and "shan" for the woman, the style of draping, the weave of the cloth were all very different from the rest of the country. Gentlemen belonging to the upper strata of the society would wear a piece of cloth called "uttario", while the women draped the "orna" for veiling their head.

Over the centuries we've seen the evolution of Bengal's own handloom - the taant, and in more recent times the world famous kantha stitch of Shantiniketan, which has been appreciated and incorporated by many designers of the UK and Japan.

We are in the 21st century and it's funny how people still point fingers at that girl in 'revealing' clothes and blame her for all the perverse attention she gets. However, it is the women from the same country back in the 1900s who went on with their daily chores with just a piece of cloth tied

around their breasts until Jnanadanandini Debi, the wife of Satyendranath Tagore, popularized the blouses, jackets, chemises and the modern style of the sari today. While Coco Chanel was busy making her mark with the butterfly and banjo sleeves at a global level, Rabendranath Tagore was focusing on giving that fashionable edge to his Amlit, Labanya, Lissy and Sissy.

With time, fashion has progressed and many others have gone ahead of us, but Bengal continues to produce prodigies like Saavyasachi Mukherjee - The only Indian designer to have showcased clothing at the New York, London and Milan fashion weeks; Ritu Kumar - A PadmaShree winner whose baby steps in fashion were taken in Kolkata and still likes to incorporate weaves of Bengal in her work; Anamika Khanna - Popular with the Bollywood celebrities and famous for creating luxurious feminine attire; Kalki Dutta - well known for the rebellion that reflects in his work with references from death, blood and decay; Dev R Nil - A designer duo reflecting classic yet contemporary Kolkata through their clothing lines which have proven to be a big hit with the youth.

With the best of designers to its name, Bengal surely has made its own place in the world fashion scene.



THAT GIRL AT THE COFFEE SHOP

Sonali Pamnani
(JMC Honours)

It was 11th November, 2016

The road was shining with rain water soaked in. There was hustle - bustle on the street, long queues, heavy traffic on the roads but somehow, I managed to reach my favorite coffee spot in the city, of course an hour later than I had planned to.

The smell of coffee brewing automatically soothes one's soul and mind. I often come across a lot of young couples chatting over coffee.

Sometimes, I wonder to myself, whether it's a first date or a final parting date for the young adults or just an afternoon outing for the ladies or probably friends' get-together or maybe just relaxation for others like me.

I witnessed a couple holding hands and sharing a thick coffee together. Thick coffees just like their bond, maybe?

I noticed a little girl dressed in a pink and white polka dot frock having chocolate pastry with her mom. I missed mom and my coffee dates in this big city.

Then I came across a group of young boys laughing and mocking at each other as they had chicken and cheese sandwiches and white creamy pasta with different flavored shakes. I was quite tempted since I was on a no cheese diet.

Soon a middle aged couple entered and sat next to my table. The woman adorned a pretty, white short dress had a dark red lipstick on and the man was dressed in a formal shirt and trousers. Can't deny, that I secretly heard them quarrel on a silly issue. Reminded me of my fantasy as a kid of perfect coffee dates.

Then I overheard a group of five ladies and three gentlemen, in their late 40s (I guess) recalling nostalgic childhood school memories. Who doesn't miss school?

On the right, I saw a group of three young girls gossiping and clicking pictures as their hot coffee turned cold. Oh, I missed my girls!

Talking about myself, to others, I was that girl you'll often find at the coffee shop, who has her cold coffee alone because coffee and me - an unending affair, someone who watches everybody with eyes full of curiosity and pens down something secretly in her pink diary.

Then I suddenly noticed a sixty year old disabled gentleman standing with the help of his domestic help on the other side of the coffee shop. He was dressed formally in white. Unknowingly, I was

sitting at his regular table, so the waiter asked if I could empty it for him.

I was amazed at the thought of seeing him come alone for coffee. I quickly emptied it for him, and I saw the waiter serve two slices of garlic bread and hot coffee

Today, to my surprise, I realized, I could see a bit of myself in everyone present at that cafe.

Somehow, I felt sitting all alone at the coffee shop never felt so beautiful.

It's 2:22 am, I think to myself, "Could spending time alone be more amusing?" as I close my pink diary and tuck myself beneath the cozy quilt.



SUIT CASE

Naha Basak (P.G. English)

Trying to fit yourself into the proper caskets of life as if it is the thing to be suit cased and carried along. The head in the round space, the arms and legs into the leaner and lengthy areas and the largest portion for the torso. But what if, imagine, your round head demands the sleek measure and wouldn't settle for anything other than that? What can be done? It's a headstrong creature, stubborn and free-willed. Do you shape the casket accordingly and compromise with the other parts? Or do you force this immensely creative thing into its pre-destined sphere and compel it to stay within its limits?



BEAUTY OF RESISTANCE

Shruti Dutta (JMC Honours)

It is like the molten wax of a burning candle.

We regret the wrong things we do, the chances we do not take, the people who were not worth the trust.

We appreciate the bright things big or small.

But rarely do we appreciate the beauty of the resistance we have nurtured, the lessons we learn, the long way we have travelled and the vibrancy of the grey in our life.

FOR ONCE...IT'S OKAY

Shreya Basak
(JMC Honours)

Since how long you haven't stopped seeking out for answers, inside out, to match the empty space of your puzzled questions? It's okay to leave it empty for sometimes if you cannot find what you are looking for, for they exist in a far, far away land from where you stand today, dazed. For once don't rush to reach out to the end of your quest, skipping steps. Every step of the journey is the journey itself, waiting to touch you with what it has in store. Stop questioning yourself at every foot, which is where you'll stop looking for answers. It's okay to not fumble with your stepping every now and then, you might lose balance. Instead, I want you to know that you're here for a reason; thousands of consolidated thoughts and wars have made you stand on a high rock. Stand strong. It's okay to fear looking down but for once enjoy the jump. For once be brave to take the leap, be brave to suffer, "suffer beautifully, beautifully, beautifully and you'll be set free." Give time to everything that's a mess now, but isn't time just a mere illusion? So what are you doing today to come out of that illusion? Do one thing, take the time to come Home to yourself that is where the miracle lies, in You. I see you are so tired losing your path. When will you learn paths never run straight, they diverge, they meander into others making the loss inevitable for you. And as you walk alone, it's okay to look deeply into every trail that crosses your sight, to hold hands who offer you shelter in your lost way, to love the newness in a way you cannot define. For once, slow down and breathe every ounce of the serenity while you decided to take walk in the wild. What comes let it and what goes let it. Everything's a learning to help you find the missing answers.

It's okay if you feel for once,

To exist on your own terms.

GROWING UP IS NOT A TRAP

Shibapriya Saha
(P.G. English)

I have often seen a quote being surfaced in the internet to which the present day youth can relate a lot - "Being an adult is the dumbest thing I have ever done". I won't say that I completely disagree with this statement. I am twenty two, officially an adult and as a part and parcel of everyday life I do realize how difficult and troublesome it is to cope up with the problems and unhealthy circumstances that this age ungratefully bestows upon us. Whether it's the 'storm and stress' situations that you face with your parents, the unethical environment of your professional life, and not to forget, the most important problem of almost all people of this age group, 'Relationships and heart breaks'. Most of us are somewhere trapped in this 'jungle' book of mundane life situations where we come across different characters each day; some as a blessing, rest as a lesson. We struggle, we fight, we adjust, and we compromise, hoping that someday we can achieve the much 'desired' happiness, the definition of which again varies from one person to another. However, my long, never ending wait to attain that eventual state of bliss where I can be myself, be at my best without fearing anything makes me relate to the barren, hopeless wait of Vladimir and Estragon for the mysterious 'Mr. Godot', who never turns up. And maybe I do know that even after being blessed with almost all the comforts of life, why we are still unsatisfied, why we still feel trapped in this so called 'happening' Y generation.

I have often being accused of being an 'old school' girl; 'accused' because it is almost a crime if you are not into the cool trends that this fast growing generation brings with it. I sometimes feel that the definition of 'humanity' that I learned in my school days from the Merriam - Webster is a corrupted one or maybe not updated enough to suit the modern definition of the word. Initially I used to feel this tremendous lacking in me; I used to look around and see all my peers having this jazz lifestyle, having no care of the world, disregarding all the morals and discipline of life. Being brought up in almost a military kind of strict household, all that seemed so alien to me. I craved for it badly as that would define my rank in the hierarchy of modern culture and ways and would put me in the competition of 'how cool can one be'; again an ambiguous phrase, the meaning of which I am yet to decipher. But as I am growing up, I am realizing that maybe that is not the sort of competition I would like to see myself as a part of. Maybe I should focus more on self and try to evolve as a human being first, something which most of the people in our generation has got nothing to do with. I completely acknowledge the benefits and the beauty of a modern lifestyle. It does give you the space to breathe, space to grow; but also strangles you at times and that is because it is filled with negative impacts and has its carefully designed flaws. And each one of us must understand that it is extremely necessary to maintain a balance to lead a healthy livelihood.

I am a big time advocate of 'individualism'. I prefer being an individual with an identity first. I believe in building myself for a greater and selfless cause, rather than being a part of the very

popular urban term - 'group'. It is a necessity to have a social circle; it is a necessity to socialize in every sort of environment, but not to an extent where you would forget your own self. The modern culture of the present youth often leads you astray where you blindly, almost religiously, follow the codes of conduct prescribed by it. But that is not something that would actually help you in the long run. I strongly believe that it is very important to have one's own mind, a sense of opinion, enough knowledge to mix with people of every age group and an open attitude towards everything that is old and new. That makes a man feel strong, independent, and confident, that gives him the power of speech, that makes him a 'happening' all rounder. And honestly, for me, this is being 'cool'.

I am still not comfortable using abbreviations while texting. I do not enjoy to keep people waiting. I prefer keeping to the time because I feel one must respect every individual's time and space. I always have the habit to stand up to people's expectations. I do not find any pleasure in breaking the rules of the house or crossing the parameters that would invite embarrassment to my family. I got tremendous respect for the morals and principles which has helped me to grow up and lastly, I am not a big fan of using cuss words. And if all these habits make me an 'old school' person, then I happily prefer to remain so. I believe that each one of us does have the potentiality to make things happen, rather than just sit idle and wait for things to happen to us. 'If you want something, go and get it. Work hard for it'. I often find people around me, not motivated enough or inspired enough, despite being insanely talented and gifted, to change their stationary lifestyle and cultivate meaningful hobbies and passions. I still believe that being a 'gentleman' or a 'lady' with proper manners and etiquettes is way more fashionable and impressive than embracing an indiscipline lifestyle with rough manners and urban language. Young teens often get their hearts broken because nobody these days realizes the true meaning of 'love' and 'commitment'. They find temporary attachments for 'entertainment'. Taking things seriously doesn't make you a weak person. It makes you different from the others and singles you out from the otherwise 'carefree and careless' crowd. I believe we should learn to be responsible enough for our own deeds, rather than finding faults in others. We must know that nobody is perfect and that we should battle to derive goodness, good values and qualities that would probably make us better human beings. Having unlimited power, success, fame and money is not what makes a man in the long run. That gives you a sort of material security. But to be 'happy', in the true sense of the term, it is very important for us to be a proper individual first, not be a part of some modern rat race but develop a sense of identity that would make ourselves feel 'special' and 'different'.

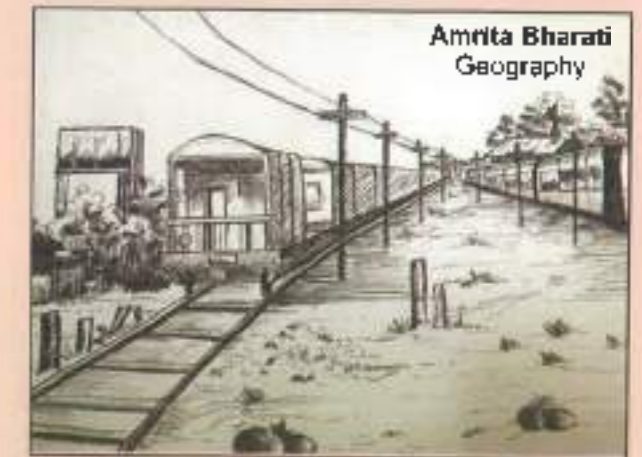
I thus believe, that growing up is no trap. It is a very biological process. If we develop the right attitude to our problems, we always have a chance to be free from this trap. All of the youth must have a focus in life. I would like to end by saying, 'If plan A doesn't work, the alphabetical system has 25 more 'happening' letters. Stay cool'.



Amrita Bharati
Geography



Amrita Bharati
Geography



Amrita Bharati
Geography



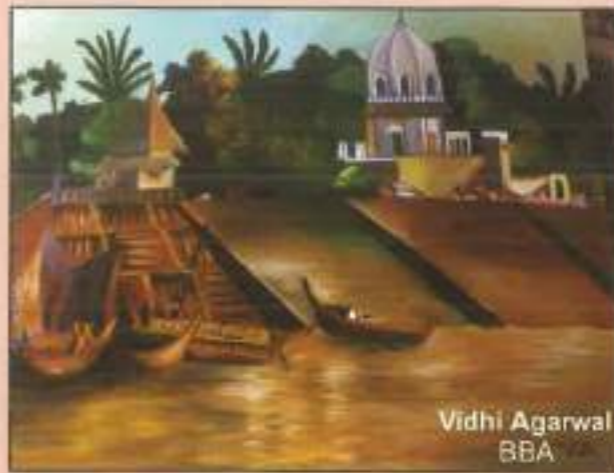
Apiya Parvin
Bengali



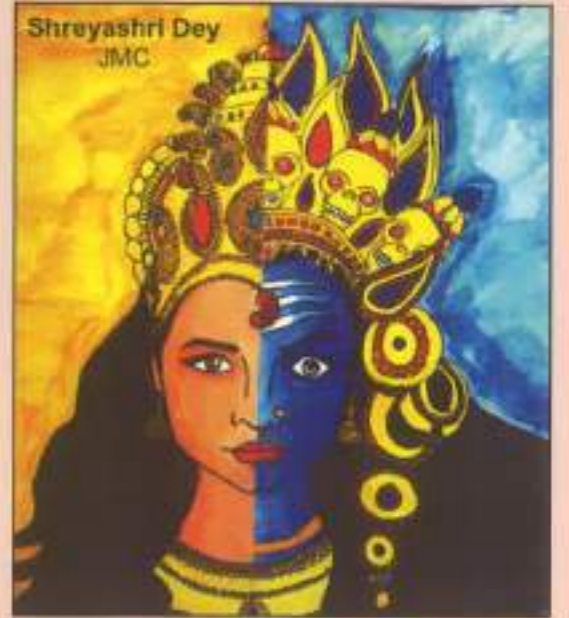
Bushra Siddiqui
BBA



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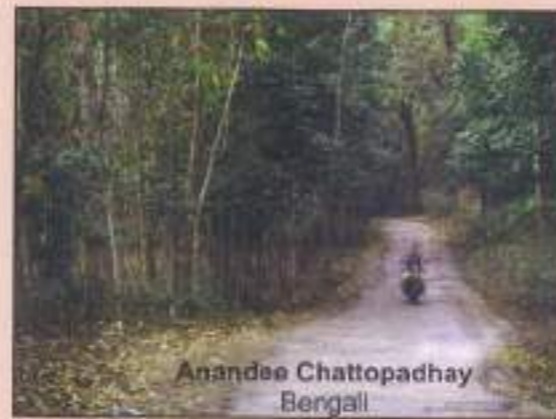


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Aarushi Saha
Education



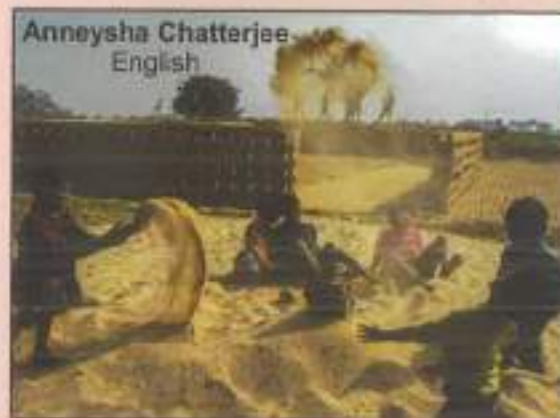
Anandee Chattopadhyay
Bengali



Amrita Bharati
Geography



Aindrisha Mitra
JMC



Anneysha Chatterjee
English



Anneysha Chatterjee
English



Anusmita Ghosh
Geography



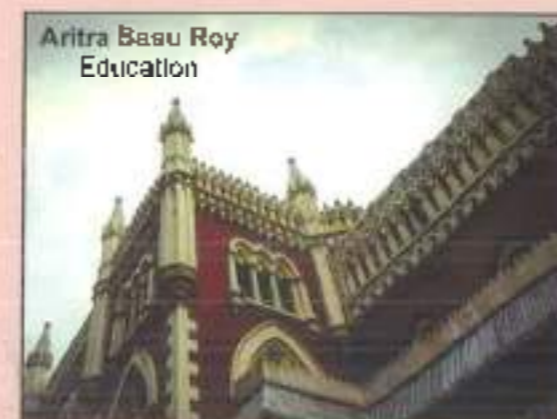
Archana Shaw
English



Anusmita Ghosh
Geography



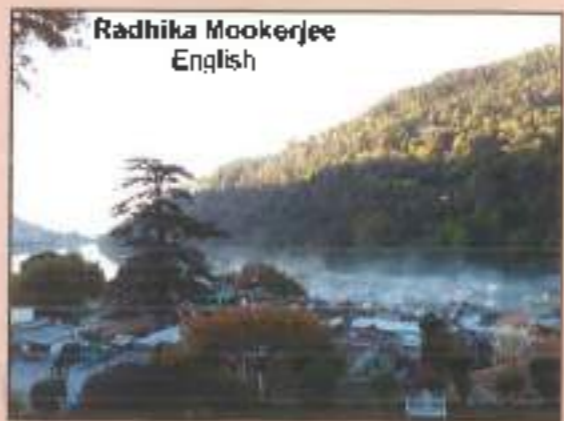
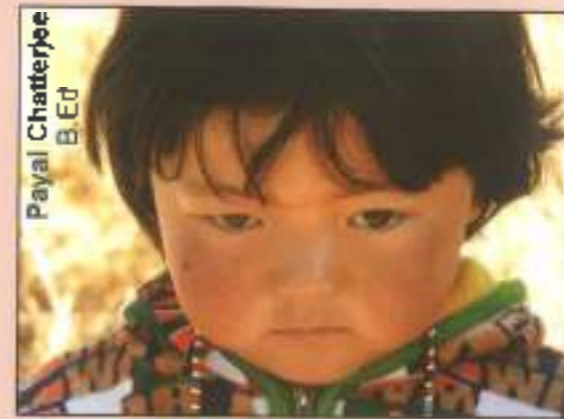
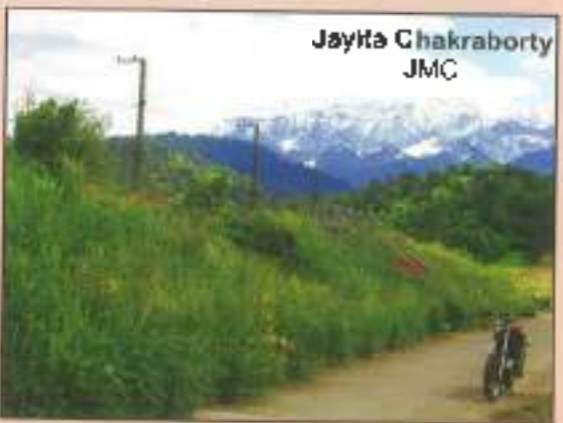
Amrita Bharati
Geography

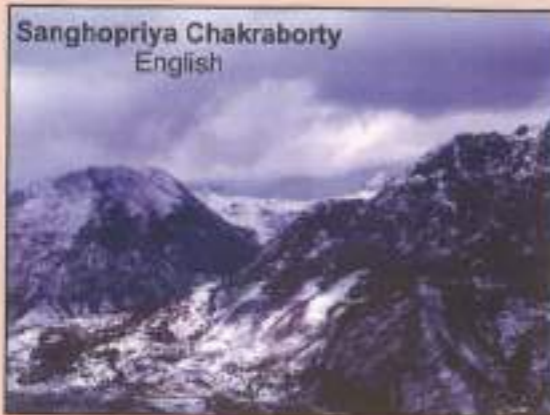


Aritra Basu Roy
Education

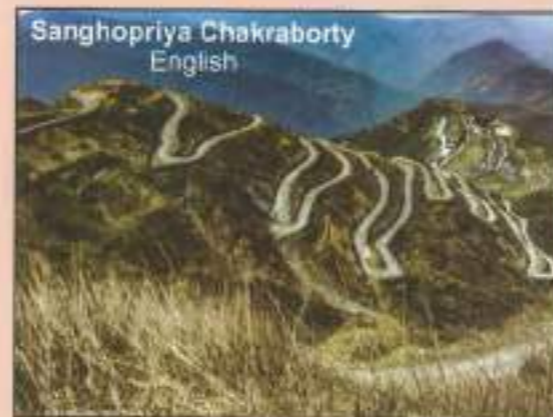


Aritra Basu Roy
Education





Sanghopriya Chakraborty
English



Sanghopriya Chakraborty
English



Sharmindra Paul
PG English



Suchana Maity
PG English

REALIZATIONS

Rashmi Subramani
(English Honours)

It has always been very difficult for human beings to believe in the very significance of their emotional attachment with other human beings, for human beings have the constant fear of losing out on their loved ones. Fear is often said to have been accompanied by despair, sadness, longing and desiring for more, but is there any end to such cravings? We as humans pass through different stages of life, only to see people come and go. It is heartbreaking and distressing, but my dear friend, Shakespeare had rightly said-

All's the world a stage, and all the men and women merely players, they have their exits and their entrances.

For then, one fine day, it dawns upon us, the sea is huge and it is only you standing all alone on the shore to face the waves (one's worst fears) coming in the form of high and low tides. It is then time, we officially consider the very fact that the journey of life from the womb to the tomb, has to be made all alone. But is it not surprising that LIFE is nothing but a teacher and you a mere learner? What is the very explication of trust if you have not been betrayed once? Betrayal helps you come out of a world of illusions, it clears your mind, and unknowingly makes you vigilant of the various hindrances, you will face in the near future. Does it not help you in taking one step closer to reality? Hence instead of cribbing over the fact that you were betrayed (which is a natural process, I agree), for once, we should see the brighter side of it. Why is it so, that hatred though a powerful emotion, does not really allow us to despise the inconstant and false-hearted? To which we come to a very straightforward answer. For this is how humanity works.

It takes a strong heart to love, but a stronger heart to forgive. What is so enchanting about the future, when a past tries to create a spell on the present? A very natural attribute of human beings, is that, they ardently and sincerely wait for that particular day, when they shall receive the very opportunity to run away from the maddening crowd, but what they fail to decipher or rather see, is their efforts put in, to struggle, and make way through the chaos that surrounds the globe. Human beings commit mistakes, but not learning from them could be possibly termed as the greatest folly committed by humans! It takes very little to be grateful for all the good things that happen in life, it depends on us, to be both curious and cautious and seeking the inspiration to acquire both the qualities on an equal basis. For we must learn, that, there is always a bright lamp burning at the end of a long gloomy tunnel of unhappiness. There is no harm in hoping for a warm ray of sunshine, for the wintry night shall soon be over.

That my friend is the temerity of Hope! Finding peace and solace in hope!

'If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?'- P.B.Shelley ■

NO ONE WANTS TO LOVE A SAD GIRL

Shrina Dutta
(JMC Honours)

No one wants to love a sad girl. She is neither the daisies nor the roses. She doesn't find spring at her feet. She is the melancholic thoughts with an anxious mind. She finds comfort in wearing turtlenecks to cover her face when she cries. She is the one to be late for dates because she has been racing back and forth in her apartment deciding whether or not to go. She cannot bring life to the room with her rings of laughter because she is busy staring at something unknown. You cannot take pride over her like a shiny penny you have collected because she always looks so exhausted.

No one wants to love a sad girl because she is a forever battle you are afraid you will be forced to fight. She makes problems out of nothing and nothing out of everything. She is not spontaneous. She is not the one to sit by the bonfire humming a sweet tune with hair all over her face that you gently tuck behind her ears. Instead you have to hold her hair back tight with her face over the toilet seat vomiting all over.

No one wants to love a sad girl because she is not easy. She has a baggage. She is not that girl on TV you wish you could have. No day is the same. No one knows what will the next moment bring in. She is not the one to look perfect in your t-shirt and Calvins with the perfect pair of lips sipping a smoothie through a straw. She is not your manic-pixie dream girl. She does not care for the thousand bucks spent on makeup or the wasted gym membership.

No one wants to love a sad girl because when you first saw her she did not look sad. She had wit, a strong face and a sharp tongue. And, you enjoyed it. You seemed to like that edge but not so much when she started telling her story and you started seeing her phases. You panicked. You do not want that. You do not want to be that person who could not make her happy even though you were the one and every reason who made her try to be happy. You wanted the same version of every story with a side of extra pepper. And so you don't. And it's okay because she deserves the mountain while you are just a pebble of the ocean.



"SO SAY GOOD NIGHT TO THE BAD GUY" - AMERICA THROUGH GANGSTER MOVIES

Shibapriya Saha
(P.G. English)

Henry Hill (Ray Liotta) in Martin Scorsese's 'Goodfellas' says, "As far back as I can remember, I always wanted to be a gangster".

Criminal/gangster films are one of the most enduring and popular film genres. They date back to the early days of film during silent era. In fact, even Edwin S. Porter's silent short western 'The Great Train Robbery' has often been considered a classic hold up story and chase film – a movie about crime. Crime and gangster films are developed around the sinister actions of criminals or gangsters, particularly bank robbers, underworld figures or ruthless hoodlums who operate outside the law, stealing and violently murdering their way through life. Criminal and gangster films are often categorized as post war film noir or detective mystery films – because of underlying similarities between these cinematic forms. Gangster movies highlight the life of a crime figure or a crime's victim or they glorify the rise and fall of a particular criminal (Scarface), gang (Reservoir Dogs), bank robber (Dog Day Afternoon), murderer or law breaker in personal power struggle or conflict with law and order figures (Heat), an underling or competitive colleague (The Gangs of New York) or a rival gang (The Godfather).

Don Vito Corleone (Marlon Brando; 'The Godfather') – "I am going to make him an offer, he can't refuse."

Two of the most successful gangland 'Mafia' films ever made, appeared in the 1970's with Francis Ford Coppola's direction of Mario Puzo's bestselling novel, 'The Godfather Part I' (1972) and 'The Godfather Part II' (1974). Both were epic sagas of a violent, treacherous and tightly knit crime family superstructure from Sicily that had settled in New York and had become as powerful as the government. The third and final installment in the trilogy was 'The Godfather Part III' (1990). With Bonasera's (Salvatore Corsitto) "I believe in America. America has made my fortune. I raised my daughter in the American fashion" – which opens 'The Godfather', Gangster movies are morality tales or 'pursuit of American Dream' success stories turned upside down in which the criminals live in an inverted dream world of success and wealth. Tony Montana (Al Pacino) in 'Scarface' (1983), a defiant drug addict Cuban gangster dying in the film's explosive finale with his guns blazing, says – "In this country you gotta make the money first. Then when you get the money, you get the power. Then when you get the power, you get the woman". Sergio Leone's epic American gangster film 'Once upon a time in America' (1984), a lengthy and sometimes confusing saga was pecked with

the authentic period details in a story that spanned fifty years. The dark side of America is represented in gangster movies such as Brian De Palma's **'The Untouchables'** (1987), an exciting action tale set in Prohibition era Chicago; Mike Newell's thrilling biological crime drama **'Donnie Brasco'** (1997) which talks about the 1970's undercover infiltration of the New York mafia led by Sonny Black (Michael Madsen) by FBI agent Joe Pistone, who assumed the name of Donnie Brasco (Johnny Depp); Ridley Scott's **'American Gangster'** (2007), which is dubbed by some as the 'Black Godfather', Quentin Tarantino's **'Pulp Fiction'** (1994) which rehashes a handful of other great gangster movies to form a modern masterpiece and Michael Mann's **'Heat'** (1995) where Lieutenant Hanna (Al Pacino) decides to nab a seasoned criminal (Robert De Niro) who has vowed to pull off one last robbery before he retires.

Lefty (Al Pacino; 'Donnie Brasco') – "A wise guy is always right. Even when he is wrong, he is right."

Film gangsters are usually materialistic, street smart, immoral, megalomaniac and self destructive. The theme of family ties being torn apart by unpredictable crime violence in a world of losers, loners, outsiders and low lives has been explored by director Martin Scorsese. Frank Costello (Jack Nicholson) in Scorsese's **'The Departed'** (2006) says – "When I was of your age, they would say you could become cops or criminals; today what I am saying to you is this: When facing a loaded gun what's the difference?" **'The Departed'** is a retelling of the Hong Kong thriller **'Infernal Affairs'** about two undercover moles (Leonardo DiCaprio and Matt Damon) from the opposite sides involving the Massachusetts State Police and Irish mafia led by kingpin Frank Costello (Jack Nicholson). **'Mean Streets'** (1973) which establishes Scorsese's reputation was about the lives of small time aspiring crooks in the Little Italy section of New York. **'Goodfellas'** (1990) which follows thirty years in the lethally violent criminal careers of rising mobsters is based on the life of actual ex mobster, Henry Hill. **'Casino'** (1995) examined a mafia criminal dynasty making its presence known in a brutal takeover of a gaudy, neon lit 1960's – 70's Las Vegas. Scorsese's recent bloody epic **'The Gangs of New York'** (2002) showed the rampant, lawless street warfare of 19th century New York's lower Manhattan Five Points.

Travis Bickle (Robert Di Niro; 'Taxi Driver') – "Someday a real rain will come and wash away all this scum off the streets."

Gangster films set in large crowded cities to provide a view of the secret world of the criminal, dark nightclubs or streets with lurid, neon signs, fast cars, piles of cash, sleazy bars, contraband seedy living quarters or rooming houses, thus bring out successfully the sordid nature of the underworld American life. Mr. French (Ray Winstone) in **'The Departed'** says – "Then make more... money. This is America. You don't make money, you are a ...douche bag". Doomed to failure and inevitable death, the criminals rise to power with a tough, cruel façade, but often expressing sensitivity and gentleness underneath, forming the foundation of gangster/mafia movie made in Hollywood. To conclude, one might recall Tony Montana (Al Pacino) from **'Scarface'** where he very proudly remarks,

'So say good night to the bad guy' ■

CLUSTERED

Neha Basak

(P.G. English)

On a night like this. The wind blows with an essence of winter's advent. With the cold scented coolness caressing the face, the eyelids get heavier and sink to meet the other half. In the illuminated darkness, I find a thousand memories clustered, each with a story to tell, time waiting to be reminisced. So many memories dancing on the palate of my mind's eye, each with a colour of it's own, bubbling and bursting with nostalgia.

I stand leaning on the frosty railing, staring at the blank vastness above, trying to fathom the stars' path. Everything that was everything that is and all that would be. My thoughts travel piercing the constricts of time- here & there, nowhere & everywhere. So many faces, so many more emotions. All passing through me, carrying a bit of me with each of them and leaving a bit them in the leftover me. Suddenly, I can hardly remember what I started with and fight hard to figure out what's to become and sink in the numbness. The nothingness you feel when you feel everything at once. A numb joy engulfs me and I can feel no more.

It is time to part. The eyes open only to find nothing changed. Nothing at all. It's all still there. Stuck in the clock's hand. And in this tiny white, I've travelled through time's brook, felt the joy & sorrow of a lifetime and have them all conjured up inside me- sands of past present & future.

THE 90S MAGIC

Jayita Chakraborty
(JMC Honours)

The release of 'Finding Dory', 'The Jungle Book' and 'The PokemonGo' app definitely excites today's kids. But little do they realise that we, the 90's kids, who have grown up and faced the real world lately, got back a part of our golden childhood. An era of infinite happiness and innocence. We weren't used to gadgets like iPads and PS4s, we played under the sun and with other humans, not computer systems. Everything was real, the virtual world hadn't taken over back then. The swings weren't empty like they are today and the playgrounds weren't filled with the eerie silence.

Yes, those were the days- Winx Club at 4:30, Pokemon at 5, Beyblade at 5:30. Can Chota Bheem even come close to Scooby Doo? Can Oggy replace Courage, The Cowardly Dog? Can the New Cartoon Network ever replace the original one? Children today don't really know the joy of watching R.K Narayana's Malgudi Days, nor do they have the same craze like us, for PokemonGo.

The 90's was magical, maybe because we weren't slaves of technology. Playing penfights and book cricket in school and Hide and Seek till late evening, or maybe Lock and Key after we came back. The cotton-candy which we nagged for but couldn't complete, and those Coca-Cola flavoured candies, can Candy Crush Saga or Temple Run replace these priceless perks of being a 90's kid?

Nostalgic much? Let's not forget the DoorDarshan music on TV, or Aqua's "Barbie Girl", "Macarena", or "The Ketchup Song", the tunes of which we always kept humming. When TV shows like "That's So Raven" and "The Suite Life of Zack and Cody" made us happy. Times when renting VHS tapes was cool, because Torrent didn't exist, or the task of manually rewinding the cassette with a pen, absolutely worth remembering! Today, we have Doramon's gadgets, the dream of every kid. In our time, it was the magic pencil from Shaka Laka Boom Boom. Reading Goosebumps and Nancy Drew made our day. -

Our lives were simple back then.



THE NIGHT SKY

Shreya Basak
(JMC Honours)

The night sky. The starry night. The hollow thoughts. The gleaming eyes.

I paint the mind's eye with the pictures of such nights, and these hundreds of words I scribble are just thoughts I echo to myself

A quote I had recently read, which reads "In the sky there are always answers and explanations for everything: every pain, every suffering, every joy, and confusion". Words, thoughts, emotions cloud my mind, whenever I contemplate about the essence of what just rolled up my head. True that I realize. Oh! Don't I see how with every passing moment, as I look up at the sky aligned with stars, I grow. I expand cracking open a block, allowing myself to let lose the heap of mind wars.

I am no more stuck in a loop. There's a shower of stardust. That's the prodigy contended in the vastness of the unending space, making all the unease appear so short-lived. Streaming my eyes along the lining of the stars, is like walking the esplanade of rescue. The ocean of stars exhibit to me what I fear to realize, in the most composing manner, to feel not so trivial about it. It is the reflection of what I choose to think, as if letting me paint it with my disoriented bits of bewilderment.

"When my world maneuvers in daze

Just up at the sky, a contemplating gaze

And grows feeble, there

All of my drunken gaze."

The taste of the night sky savors unmatched, and do I know when? Yes, when with the bed of bushes beneath, I lay there in search of a continuity and the inaudible sky whispers to me 'solitude'. I hear it and let it run deep down my nerves. Hush, it lulls me away into the dreams of wanderlust.

'The sky speaks to those who look and listen to it'

.....from this night to every night I allow the sky to talk

Let me hear.

Let me find myself, in the reflection of the blue yonder.



VIRTUAL HARASSMENT

Pithona Das
(English Honours)

Women have been harassed through ages. With all the catcalling, whistling and abusing, women have never felt safe outside. But in this digitized era, women don't even have to step out of the house in order to face harassment. With the advent of the social media, there has arrived another type of harassment- the online harassment.

Online harassment, also referred to as "cyber bullying", is the term used to describe the use of the Internet to harass, threaten, or maliciously embarrass someone. It can involve behaviours such as sending unsolicited or threatening messages over social media platforms, encouraging others to send the victim unsolicited or threatening messages over social media platforms, spreading rumours or making defamatory comments about the victim, leaving abusive messages online, harassing a victim during a live chat, sending the victim pornography or other graphic material that is knowingly offensive, depicting the victim in a negative way online, impersonating the victim online by sending a controversial or enticing message which causes others to respond negatively.

Around 40% users are victims of online harassment and 9 out of 10 victims happen to be women. Many women said that they witnessed being called offensive names or being sexually harassed or stalked online.

Expressing an opinion online over something has had adverse effects on the user and especially in case of a woman. Women, over the ages, have been condemned for expressing opinions and presenting their point of view. Previously, this inhibition was probably easier. But with the help of the social media, the suppression becomes increasingly difficult. But every boon comes with a bane. Women have become victims of cyber bullying which have proved to be nightmares for many. Threats of rape and physical harm, stalking, using pictures of the victims for wrong purposes are on rise.

1. In 2012, multiple Twitter users threatened Indian writer, poet and activist Meena Kandasamy after she discussed a beef eating festival in the southern city of Hyderabad. She was threatened with acid attack and televised gang rape.
2. In 2013, Sagarika Ghose, an Indian journalist, was threatened with rape by Twitter users who discovered and published her daughter's name and school.
3. Kavita Krishnan, a prominent Delhi based woman was harassed during 2013 online chat about violence against women.
4. Regha Jha, BuzzFeed India's editor was subjected to rape threats after she praised Pakistani players on twitter in 2015.
5. Journalist Barkha Dutt has been called India's most trolled woman.

6. Delhi University student Gurmehar Kaur received rape and death threats after she uploaded a "Peace for Profile" video in 2016 which went viral in 2017, after she came forward to condemn the violence done by ABVP in the DU campus.

Many a times, women do not even need to express an opinion in order to be trolled. Moral policing has become a large factor when it comes to teaching a woman her etiquettes.

1. Actress Priyanka Chopra was recently trolled online when she wore a knee length dress while meeting the Indian Prime Minister, Shri Narendra Modi in Berlin.
2. Actress Kangana Ranaut was criticized for wearing an off shoulder dress while receiving award from the Former President Shri Pranab Mukherjee.
3. Actress Fatima Sana Shaik was shamed for posting a picture wearing bikini.
4. Cricketer Mohammad Shami's wife was trolled for wearing a gown.
5. Chief Minister, David Fadnavis's wife, Amruta Fadnavis was trolled for her choice of dress.

Do these people actually get a right to abuse or troll a woman over her choice of clothes or lifestyle?

Many of these harassments go unreported for various reasons. There are no clear guidelines stating the process by which these crimes can be reported. Online forums often do not take rigid measures to stop online bullying and there is lack of compassion for the victim. Social stigma, rape anxiety and fear of physical threat often prevent women to take a stand. They fail to seek help and often cow down.

A few laws made in pursuit of preventing or at least controlling cyber bullying include

1. Section 507 of IPC which deals with "criminal intimidation with anonymous communication" that can be effectively used by women facing harassment and threat online.
2. Section 66E of IT Act concerns "punishment for violation of privacy" which punishes any person who intentionally captures or transmits pictures of private area without his/her consent.
3. Section 499 of IPC- using words, signs or publishing anything knowingly in order to defame a person.
4. Section 509 of IPC- word, gesture or act, intended to harm the modesty of a woman.
5. Section 354A and 354D- Deal with sexual harassment, stalking, including stalking via electronic media.

If social media gives you a platform to express yourself, it also creates a space for people to react violently to your opinions. Online harassment has become as common as street harassment. Probably because, we have not been successful in advancing the mind set at the same pace with the technology. Women are still seen as commodities to be modified in the hands of the society. Women have been either deified or vilified but have never been treated as normal beings made of flesh and blood. ■

NOT ALONE, BUT LONELY...

Sampurna Majumdar
(JMC Honours)

Our flight to Guwahati was scheduled at half past two in the afternoon.

Once we settled down, the precautionary instructions flowed in from the elegant air hostesses. We were requested to switch off our electrical gadgets. Well, of course, there was hardly a soul without a smart phone, tab or a laptop and such was the addiction that switching it off even for a few minutes looked depressing! The very looks on almost every face gave it all. Yet people obliged. For me, it was a moment as if the very air supply was about to be snapped off. Yet I was supposed to survive for quite some time without allowing my fingers to scroll up and down my smart phone looking over and over the messages and the uploads, which my friends would have posted. What was worse still, while my little world would be moving on, I'd be up in the air knowing nothing about it!

As the airplane sailed through the air, the ban lifted, people started switching on their laptops and tabs to watch movies or listen to songs. Well, somehow I didn't feel to grab my phone and listen to the songs or watch the movies, which I have enjoyed so many times. The internet was still off, listening to songs or watching movies was nothing real compared to the reality of the virtual world.

I reclined to my seat and cared to turn around to take a look outside. The fluffy clouds dipped in colors of golden white with pink shades at their crowns almost took my breath away. The colorful and diverse shapes of clouds placed in, layer after layer, with the sunrays penetrating through them almost mocked the silence and the gloominess within the airplane. Suddenly, it was as if there was so much life outside. It was almost a crowd outside... enactments with clouds of different shapes looking like diverse expressions of people... shapes of birds and animals, all gathered around, waving at us, whispering in the ears of each other... looking at us with curiosity. Shut away from the virtual world, I could suddenly feel how brilliantly the real world could weave us a fairy tale and I smiled to myself. Somehow, I thought I missed looking at the world with my own eyes and was way too busy looking at the virtual world through the eyes of many others.

I wanted to share this wonderful experience with my mother and as I turned around towards her sitting next to me, I noticed her closely for the first time in a long time. The thin grey strands of hair around her temples and her pale face almost surprised me. It seemed I missed even looking at the person who was always next to me. With her eyes closed, she looked tired. Managing her work and home, she fell asleep almost instantly. Yet, I thought, somehow I missed noticing that while I was growing up, busy in my own world, my mother was growing old. I lifted my head a little to see if father was awake. He was reading something. He looked a little too bent and his cheeks hollow. As I gazed

on, I realized that I did not have a good long talk with my father for long. Though I, got to see very little of him as he mostly lived in Guwahati for work, where we were going this time to have some time out with him. As I kept looking at him, he lifted his head from his book, took his spectacles off and turned around and smiled. I smiled back.

My eyes suddenly filled in. I realized while I was expressing my emotions through emoticons, quotes and memes and sharing my love for the entire world around me, somehow I didn't let the people who loved me the most, know how much I loved them. Spending quality time with them had become such a waste. It would be my leftover time after mingling in my virtual world that I would spare time for them. Up in the air, in the middle of nature and perhaps close to God, my loneliness truly for once made me realize how life is full around me. It seemed that my life waited for this moment of truth to realize that being alone is not being lonely and you could still be lonely standing in the middle of the crowd. Being in the virtual world is no more than being lonely in the middle of a crowd.

For the rest of my trip, never for once, I chose to look at what was happening far away in some distant land. My life was full with my own real people, their emotions and their stories.

WRITING

Nabodita Ganguly (Political Science Honours)

A world where the writer plays with her emotions and converse with her creations.
The gap between reality and this world is separated by the line of imagination of the writer.

When a writer finishes a piece of art, She gets thirsty,

Thirsty to find readers,

To find critics, to find words of appreciation.

Every time the writer doesn't get a reader;

A part of the writer dies

Find the decrepitude of the writing, criticize it, love it, adore it;

The only way to know a writer is through her writings because a writer has a part of herself within it

Help. Help the writer to write more by being a part of her world.

THERE'S ALWAYS LIGHT...

Radhika Mookerjee (*English Honours*)

Less trodden paths lead us to beautiful destinations,
Often we're delusional with obstacles,
That's Life's only mission,
To make ourselves fluidly fit in any vessel.

Challenges ahead prepare us for the journey,
Since childhood the numerous stages we undergo.
Unknown yet known are those situations,
That brings us closer to our goal.

Blessed are we at every juncture,
With Family, Friends and Love
They give us strength to endure all pain,
Protecting us from the satanic vultures.

Pain and Sorrow the constant obstacles,
They chain us to the ground, firm and tough
However difficult it might get,
We must have faith in ourselves and march forward.
For the battle is ours, true till the end we must fight for
With all our might.
Till it is time to board off the train of life,
And there is no place for despair.

Let it go, when you can't hold it back,
Set it free when it gets tiresome,
Never give up on your cherished ones,
For they shall be there eternally long.



COURAGE, DEAR HEART

Sherline Modak (*English Honours*)

Amidst the world of chaos and hurt,
There is a place where dwell the brave at heart.
It is indeed a place of grandeur,
Only if one discovers its splendor.
It is a place where the mightiest fall,
For justice here is equal for all.
It is also the place where revolutions ignite,
Because here it is where none bow down
to spile.

This place is strange, and the beings
stranger still.

They say that the evil lies within us
And yet it is our choices that maintain
Our status as the creature or the sane.
For the world is such that it would laugh at you
And never let any confidence brew.
But you are the one that holds the reins
Of the fiery horse that calm does not remain.

The strangest question however is:
Where to find this place and all that therein is?
Is it in our heart? Is it in our soul?
Or is it where there is no foul?
So you are asked to follow the light which guides
To the kingdom where the just knight rides.
And the flags wave high in valor,
As the gallant and brave galore
As long as you persevere through what you
endure,
You will be lead to what you deserve for sure.



DREAMS

Sherine Modak (English Honours)

Imagine a little girl of common means,
Of a hut by the river and eyes full of dreams.
Now imagine the same but with a tiny bend
In the lines of the fate that, they say,
mark her end.

They say her mother is of meanness and black,
Who calls in villagers whose faces are slack.
They say she feeds on the souls of the same.
A story the modern folks would simply call 'lame'.

They say they saw the night before,
Her mother by a fire; a robe she wore.
Chanting words from a different age,
They say she looked nothing like sage.

They claim their children have been
missing forever.
They blame the witch that dwells by the river.
They would rather burn her down at a stake;
But for fear of the curse they are likely to take.

Little do they know,
Witch knew neither mirth nor sorrow.
Came she just from those distant lands,
Where religion and culture were carved by
very different hands

At dawn, Witch looks into her daughter's eyes,
so full of dreams.
And she knows she has to fulfill them
by all means.
Why matter if they call her names?
She will make those dreams win in all
life's games. ■

EYES

Priyanka Patra (English Honours)

Deep dungeons her eyes were,
Which light never comforted,
She could look into the world,
Free from all prejudices of appearances.

Her mind was an eye, and heart a reflector.
She dwelled in strange
Far beautiful ways of life
Concerted in living in a yet coherent world.

Receipt painted her imagination
Of strange things into mind's eye.
Facade she never did taste
But deception she knew well

Forsook by all, love alone resurrected her,
In the stream of life's race
She revived love with him,
That was lost with her eyes.

She had known depths
And was ready to soar aloft,
Every fear she now weeded
Willpower never succumbed to dread.

Waves of dreams and hopes
Then washed her sullen eyes,
Again a magical world was crafted
With those blind eyes.



YOU ARE A MASTERPIECE

Jayita Chakraborty (JMC Honours)

Look into the mirror, look closely I tell you.
What do you see? A big figure standing there
and staring back at you with blank eyes? Or
something more?

You see a manifestation of your soul,
The books you read, the movies you watch
The songs you hum and the thoughts that
constantly hover in your head.
You see the doorway to your creative mind,
and then your loving heart.

Believe in yourself! You are more than that
outer layer you see,
you are the people you talk to, the emotions
that you bleed,
the way you laugh and the way you cry.
You are your own passion, your dreams.
you are a million little things
You are the unique creation of the universe,
an enigmatic masterpiece.



REFLECTIONS

Diyasha Paul (English Honours)

Have you looked in the mirror and seen
The ghost you have hidden underneath?
Have you looked and wondered why
Teardrops outnumber the smiles?
Have you gazed at your eyes, and thought:
When did they gather despair and rot?
Have you tried to build a smile on your face,
But abandoned to count your ribs, instead?
Have you seen your reflection under a clear blue sky,
And wondered: Is the reflection obscured, or, am I?
Have you counted the steps to your paper home,
And found you are further than you were a moment ago?
Have you lost everything that once mattered in your life,
And found that – yet – you are breathing, and alive?
Have you ever believed in something so much,
That you forgot the difference between love and trust?
If so, then just know:
You are one of many who *will* learn from their mistakes.
If not then pin the thought:
You are the only one who has not begun to live, yet.



PHANTOM

Sharmintrila Paul (P.G. English)

I knew a Woman.
Distorted in existence.
Coiled in the Corner of a Room,
She sat. Dust & damp ran in her spine.
Ashes filled her heart.
Broken to pieces, somehow,
She managed to breathe.
She gaped at me,
With hollow eyes.
Her reeking breath
Fell on my shoulder.
People assailed her
They called her witch.
I called her a Diva
The source of my introspection.
I knew the Woman
Her fate was deferred.
For centuries it seems.
A victim of hoodliganism,
Called Marital Rape;
She lived with a violated soul.
Succumbed to the darkness.
She had a pale face.
Anaemic, they called her
I called her Snow.
I found her in the attic,
Sitting with chin on her knees,
Her swollen eyes asked innumerable
Unanswered questions.
Long dried the stream of tears
Down her cheeks.
She lived on pity
Murdering her dignity.
I knew the Woman

Who fell in love with him.
It was her' . . . desire that made him male
"He's not of your religion" they said.
She refused to comply.
Since then honour killing has been in vogue.
She ran. Ran for her life.
And crossed the borders.
"Everything is an illusion", she once murmured.

I knew that Woman.
I heard her talking,
Perhaps to herself, or to the broken walls
"Appearances are deceptive. Beware of their trap".
She imbued in me the ultimate question .
"To believe or not to believe".
He left her. And the world.
Satisfying the blood thirsty swords.
She has taken a refuge since,
Cocooned in herself, she continues to breathe
"If it's being alive, I'm living" she told me.
I knew the Woman
Whom I loved & loved to love.
I wanted to embrace her.
And say "I'm there" But
Words seemed to elude me.
Turned into a living corpse.
She now has a hair of lice
For company.
I still adore her.
My Confidante.
My Doppelganger,
Mirrors don't lie...



THE RAIN SAILS

Sanchita Bannerjee (B.Ed. Department)

Rains that wet the window panes
Rains that water the lonely lanes.
Come hither' to caress my mane
When there's none other to claim.
Down the temples arching the face,
Sensations walter without a trace
Droplets carve, the bruised breast
Calming the pangs, down the waist.
A marked reign, yet unknown
Who's the Lord had it known!
Let it wash, let it dash —
The burn that reddens to relieve the lash
Every sphere the touches struck
Yells at the marvel it begs to suck
Come home, let the waters break
To leave the doors on the wake
An ambivalent feeling only be borne...
Yet never do, never mourn!
The rains sail the thoughts so many,
You can never buy with a thousand penny.

মুক্তি

বনামিত্তি চক্রবর্তী
(সংবাদিকতা বিভাগ)

আমি স্পষ্ট পেতে পাই:
একটি দিকান্তব্যাপী নির্জন সমুদ্রসৈকত
সোনা রঙের গোপালি, ঘেঁটেয়েব ডাঙ্কাস
যালুতটে ফেটে পড়া অস্তিত্বের গর্জন
আর এসবের মধ্যে দাঁড়িয়ে
এক নিঃশব্দ আমি
স্থির ও স্তব্ধ
সহসা পায় এসে থেকে বন্ধ বিনুক
ঝোলসের দুনিয়ার বন্ধি উপহাস
তুই কি করে 'মুক্ত' নাম পাস?
জানতে যখন ছুঁ দিতে যাই
স্তম্ভ করে সে জনগণি,
কানের কাছে ভাসলো এসে

“ছেড়ে যাস না
ভালোবাসি”।

অ্যালবাম কথা

সুমিত্তা মুখার্জী
(বাংলা বিভাগ)

অ্যালবামের সাদা-স্বলো খাঁড়ির ভিতর থমকে রয়েছে শুষ্ক শৈবাল। তার প্রতিবিম্ব হারানো শহরের চিলোকঠা
আর কেটে যাওয়া ঘুড়ি। সতর্ক গোয়েন্দা মাছেরা এই সব জগৎ হয়ে থাকা সম্পন্নগুলি ঘিরে সীতরে কাটছে ডুবজলে। অগ্নি
গভীরে দীর্ঘ পোড়িয়াম, সমবেত বর্ষাসংগীত, জল আলো করে থাকা কুঁচবরন দ্বিপ্রহর। যার সামনে ট্রেন ছাড়ার পর বুরবাক
প্র্যাটফর্মের মতন দাঁড়িয়ে আছে চাইনিজ ইংল হোয়া প্রান্তন দরদালান। স্টুডিওখাত অশ্বদিন মৃত্যুদিনগুলি, ভোমাসের বিষয়
ভার্কক্রম ক্রমশ মধুর করে দিচ্ছে মন্থ মাঠের খেলা। ফাঁকা গ্যালারি থেকে ছাপি উপচে পড়ছে, যেন লাফিং ব্রাগের সম্মিলিত
হাহাকার: পুড়িকে আর পেনাসিট বস্ত্র পর্যন্ত টানা যাচ্ছে না। তার আগেরই ড্রপ বেতে বেতে সে ফিরে যাচ্ছে কটোত্তার
ওপারে। নাছোড় কুয়াশায়।

কবিতা

সুমিত্তা মুখার্জী
(বাংলা বিভাগ)

অশ্রুর পরম গভীরে যাপিয়া আসা
বাতাসের ঊর্ধ্বনাক, উদায় বোনে তার বাসা
বয়ন করো, বয়ন করো একে দণ্ড স্থিরতা
আমাদের মধ্যে জাণক সময়ের মূর্ত্ত কর্বিতা।

মাটিতে কঠোরো গড়া মাটিতেই ডাড়া
জীবনের পটুয়া স্নেহ রঙ, জীবনেই প্রাণ হয় রাজা
সাজাও সাজাও পট, গড়ে দাও যচ্ছ বিমূর্ত্ততা
আমাদের মধ্যে জাণক কালের সে একক কবিতা।

আঁখার অন্তর্লীন, অতিমাত করে যাওয়া আসা
যে আলোতে মান্নি চেনে পথ, যে আলোতে এ তরম্বী বাণ্ডা
বেয়ে দাও মান্নি, বেয়ে দাও মান্নি, এনে দাও পার্বিবতা
আমাদের মধ্যে জাণক কালান্তর জীবন-ববিতা

রঙ
শমিজিলা পাল
(এম.এ. ইংরাজী বিভাগ)

আজ আরও একবার তোমার বাড়ির গলি দিয়ে যাচ্ছি, দশ দশটা বছর পর হয়ে গেছে...
প্রায় কতদিন बादে আবার সেই হলুদ বাড়িটা দেখলাম... তোমার বাড়িটা...
হয়তো সেটা কেমনদিন আমার হাতে পারত।
কিছুই বদলায়নি সেরম...
যললে গেছে শুধু সময়...
যললেছিস তুই জার আমি।
মিষ্টি কাকিমার বারান্দার আজও সারি সারি ফুলের গাছ...
তোমার জানলা দিয়ে ঢিল হৌঁড়া সুরে...
বেদিন কাকের মত ভিজ্ঞে ওই ফুলটাই তো দিয়েছিলি,
নূকিয়ে কাকিমার বারান্দা থেকে চুরি করেছিলি।
এখন সুমনসা আমাকে দেখলে চোখ নামিয়ে নেয়...
তোমার পাড়ার চা দেওয়ানের হাগানকাফু আজ আর আমার চা খেতে বলে না।
রিফার হর্ন ও মোস্তানে বাজা রেডিয়োতে নচিকের গানের মাঝেই
বোন জানিনা শুনেতে ইচ্ছে করে তোমার জাক। সেই জাক ... যা
আমার খুব চেনা।
আমার নাম নীলাঞ্জনা বাটে...
তবে আমি তোমার প্রথম, শেষ কোন প্রেম ছিলাম না।
তুই তো আমার কৃষ্ণা বলে ডাকতিস
আবার কখনো শ্যামো বলে।
সময়-গোজ, ঠাট-বাট আমার কোন কসেই ছিল না...
পাট পাট করে পড়া সুতির শাড়ি,
কাঁখে নামের বানানো ব্যাগ ও হাতে বাবার হাতি...
সাজ করতে শুধু কবজলুই, কখনো টিপ।
আমার মত মেয়েদের আর কী বা আছে বল ?
সময় বলেছে আমায় মর্যাদাটুকু।
সুন্দরী আমি কোলকাতাই ছিলাম না...
গায়ের রঙটাও ছিল না...

কম কথা শুনেছি সেইজন্য...
মা বলত "কালো জগতের আলো"
হাজার মাথা!
নিজের দু-আনার জীবনটাই আর...
তবুও তো আমার ভালবেসেছিস বল!
নাকি সবটুকু অভিনয় ছিল?
আজ তোমার অনেক নাম হয়েছে গায়ক হিসেবে।
সহ শিল্পী আজ তোমার বিয়ে করা বউ।
আমি সেই সিঁদুরিগিই রয়ে গেলাম।
অথচ তোমার সবচেয়ে জনপ্রিয় গানটা হল -
"শ্যামা তোমার জেবেগ কালো..."
কী প্রকৃত নাহ।
আমার মত মেয়েকে নিয়ে গান লেখা যায়,
কবিতা লেখা যায়...
অপট ভালোবাসা যায় না
প্রতিক্রিয়া দেওয়া যায় না ...
তাই না বল ?
সব্ব নামে, আমার আরো জেরে পা চালাতে হবে।
আর কতবার স্মৃতির কাছে আমি ভেঙে পড়ব ?
আর কতবার আমায় তোমার কথা না রাখার দম দিতে হবে ?
আর ঠিক কতবার নীলাঞ্জনা স্বপ্ন দেখবে না ?
ভালবেসেবে না ?
আজ... গায়ের রঙ কী মনের রঙের চেয়ে বেশী গুরুত্বপূর্ণ ?



মুহূর্ত
আনন্দী চট্টোপাধ্যায়
(বাংলা বিভাগ)

হঠাৎ দেখা হল
সময়ের সঙ্গে,
একটা চলমান ট্রেনের ওপারে
দেয়ালে হেলান দিয়ে দাঁড়িয়ে আছে...
খোঁজা গাছের নীচে, জমিটো বাঁধা কুম্ভকারে
ঠাণ্ডা শিশিরের সব রহস্যটুকু গায়ে যোগে
অকিয়ে আছে আমার দিকে...
অন্য পাড়ে আমি দাঁড়িয়ে:
সময়টাকে স্পষ্ট করে দেখবো বলে —
গত জন্মের ছবি আঁকছি,
খুসর সোয়েটারে কবিতা লেখে...
সময় এগিয়ে এসে
হাতে স্থলস্ত সিগারেট, গায়ে পারিজাতের গন্ধ!

কলকাতা
বনাস্তি চক্রবর্তী
(সংবাদিকতা বিভাগ)

আমার শহর জন্মেছিল আলোর মহিমায়
অন্যরা এসে গড়ালো ব্রিজ, আনল যে ইংলিশ,
ওতেই মাতে শহরবাসী
চার বা চূয়াট্টিশ
আমার শহর বড়ো হলো, বাক হলো টোল
দিনা থেকে সীমা-বিকাশ, শালনের বদল
তবে বদলাবে না: দুর্গাপুজো, ব্যাস্কর পাগলাখি
ভিক্টোরিয়ার প্রেম কিংবা নন্দনের আঁতলামি
রঙ্গগোপাল মাপ কমলে দল বাড়লে' বটে
ওবানীপুরের সৈত্র মেলা শুধুই স্মৃতিপটে
হাওড়া ব্রিজ বাড়লো আলো, সমাধি অক্ষয়
শহরবাসীর মনের কথা যায় না বোঝা গর
বেশাবীর পঁচিশে গায় অক্ষয়র সুর
বাকি দিনের আঁধার যে তার বৌঠামে ডর পুর
শহরটাকে বাসা বাঁধলো পরকীয়ার পোক
ছয়ছাড়া সম্পর্ক, সবাই যেন এক।
তবু আঁপন শহর আঁপন হলো কীমনপথে চলায়
সাম্প্রী হয়ে হইলো হত জনর ভাঙা গড়ার, একান্ত
নীলবতায় আঁধার গল্পগুলো খরে রাখে কবিতার ছেঁড় পাত।
আজও গড়ীর রাতে কথা বলে আনরই
“কলকাতা”।

নারী

সুস্মিতা যাদব (রাষ্ট্রবিজ্ঞান বিভাগ)

ব্রহ্মাণ্ড ক্যা অস্তিত্ব হৈ নারী কী উপস্থিতি সে
ফির খো ক্যো হৈঁ হম অনজান নারী
কী পরিস্থিতি সে,
নারিখো হৈঁ হমারে সমাজ কা অভিমান
ফির খো বিফল হৈ মানব রাখনে মৈঁ
উনকা মান ॥
বেটী কে রূপ মৈঁ করতী পরিবার কা সংস্কার
লেকিন দহেন কে দানব করতে হৈঁ উনকী
খুশিয়ো কা মক্ষণ
মোঁ কে রূপ মৈঁ করতী হৈঁ অপনে সন্তান
কে ভবিষ্য কী সৃজন
ফির খো অধুরী রহ জাতী হৈঁ,
উনকী ইচ্ছাখো কী অধিব্বজনতা
নারিখো প্রত্যেক রূপ, প্রত্যেক ক্ষেত্র মৈঁ
দেতী হৈঁ নিপুণতা কা উদাহরণ
কদাপি ন করৈঁ উনকে প্রতি কোঁই
কুআচরণ
নারিখো কে স্বার্থহীন পরিত্যাগ সে বাবনুদ
খো ক্যো হোতা হৈঁ উনকী সালীনতা পর প্রহার
ক্যা নারী কা অপমান হী হৈঁ মানব
সংস্কার কা আধার ?

সফর

সুস্মিতা যাদব (রাষ্ট্রবিজ্ঞান বিভাগ)

হর সফর হমৈঁ মিলবাতা নয়ে রিশ্তোঁ সে,
অহমিয়ত সমজোঁ ইনকী ক্যোঁকি মিলতে
হৈঁ যে কিস্মত সে,
রিশ্তোঁ কী মিঠাস লাতী হৈঁ জীবন মৈঁ এক
নয়া রং
হর মুশ্কিল হো জাতী আসান, অগর হো
জীবন কে সফর মৈঁ রিশ্তোঁ কা সং
রিশ্তোঁ কী অহমিয়ত জো সমজোঁ বহী
অসলী সৌদগর হৈঁ,
ক্যোঁকি ইসসে হী হর ঘর কী খুশিয়োঁ
ঠনাগর হৈঁ,
মোঁ-বাপ কা রিশ্তা হোতা হৈঁ অনমোল,
প্যার দেতে হৈঁ হমৈঁ যে দিল খোল
রিশ্তা খেসলী কা হোতা হমারে সবসে করীখ
সব্বে দোস্ট মিলনা হোতা হৈঁ নসীব
হর तरफ হৈঁ লালচ, ইর্খোঁ আর
স্বার্থ কা নোলমালো,
ইস সফর কী জো প্যার কর জায়ে
বহো হোতা হৈঁ অসলী দিলবাতা।

आँखों की भाषा

निष्ठा बिन्दा (हिन्दी विभाग)

आज शब्द है...
पहले तो नहीं थे...
तब भी लोग समझने थे, ना?
उनमें क्या खासियत थी?
समझने और समझाने की...
बिना कहे, बिना सुने...
बस इशारों में, आँखों ही आँखों में...
सुनना, समझना और समझाना।
तो फिर आज क्या बदला, मानसिकता वही है...
बदले हैं तो केवल ढंग...
समझने का ढंग और समझाने का ढंग...
तब में और आज में फर्क यही है बस...
अब इशारे बन गये हैं शब्द, और
अनुभव बौ लियों...
इशारों की भाषा समझना मुश्किल है क्योंकि...
समय बदला, लोग बदले...
साथ ही बदल गया उनका अनुभव भी।
अब वो नहीं आँखों जो का इशारा समझे।
ना ही वो भावनाएँ जो आँखों का इशारा पढ़ सके...
वक्त के साथ इशारों को मिले हैं कई शब्द...
शब्दों से मिले हैं भावनाओं को कई नये एहसास...
अब समझना हमें है चाहे वह आँखों के इशारों हों...
या फिर शब्दों में छिपी भावनाएँ...
समझना है सामने वाले के जगतगत
फिर चाहे वह आँखों के इशारों से हो या...
फिर स्पष्ट रूप से कहे गये शब्दों में

यही दस्तुर है...

निष्ठा बिन्दा (हिन्दी विभाग)

ये कैसा दस्तुर है दुनिया का...
जो वर्षों से धे धेरे, आज पराए हो गये...
जिनको अपना कहते थी मैं आज मुझसे ही
जुदा हो गये...
जिनके घर-आंगन में बचपन बीता...
जिनके बल पर जीना सीखा...
जिनके हाथों को थाम कर चलना सीखा...
आज अचानक पराए कैसे हो गये... ?
जब कहती हूँ उनसे यह बात मैं...
तब समझाते हैं वो कि यह दस्तुर है...
जिसे हर बेटे को निभाना ही होता है...
हर बेटे को माँ - बाप का घर छोड़...
एक दिन अपने घर जाना ही होता है...
वह कहते हैं यही दस्तुर है दुनिया का...
जो सदैवों से पलता आया है...
जिसे हर परिवार को निभाना ही होता है।

संघर्ष

सायोनी दास (बी. एड. विभाग)

धका-हारा सोचता मन सोचता मन।
उलझती ही जा रही है एक उलझन।
अँधेरे में अँधेरे से कब तक लड़ते रहे ?
सामने जो दिख रहा है, वह साँझाई भी कहे।
पीड़ अंधों की खड़ी खुश रेवड़ी खाती,
अँधेरे के इशारों पर नाचती-गाती।
धका हारा सोचता मन सोचता मन।
भूखी-प्यासी काना फूँसी दे उठी दस्तक,
अंधा बनना झुका दे तम द्वार पर मस्तक।
रेवड़ी की बाँह में तू रेवड़ी बनजा,
तिमिर के दरबार में दरवान - सा तनजा।
धका हारा, उठा गर्दन - जुझता मन,
दूर उलझन। दूर उलझन! दूर उलझन।
चल खड़ा हो पैर में यदि लग गई ठोकर,
खड़ा हो संघर्ष में फिर रोशनी होकर।
मृत्यु भी बरदान है संघर्ष में प्यारे।
सत्य के संघर्ष में कभी रोशनी हारे।
देखते ही देखते तम तोड़ता है दम,
और सूरज को तरह हम ठोकते हैं खम।
अब दूर हुई उलझन!
संघर्ष करते रहने का,
सोचता मन सोचता मन।

क्यों ?

सिमरन घोष (गणित विभाग)

रोशनी है हर कहीं, फिर भी है अंधेरा क्यों ?
सुख में डुबी हर गली, फिर भी आँसू उसमें क्यों ?
नारी ने काँ समाज की सृष्टि, पर उस पर
अत्याचार क्यों ?
देवान है खड़े हर मोड़ पर, हैवानियत पर पर्दा क्यों ?
बच्चे हैं कौमल कली, उनके सपने तोड़े क्यों ?
बचपन उनसे छीनकर, समाज ऐसा पाप करे क्यों ?
किताबों की जगह उनके हाथों में कालिख
दिखती क्यों ?
उन्हे मिले बचपन को हर खुशी, समाज ऐसा
प्रण ना ले क्यों ?
पृथ्वी है इंसानी की रचना, इंसान ही इंसान
को मारे क्यों ?
उन्नति है हर जगह, फिर भी ध्वंस की ध्वनि क्यों ?
प्रश्न है इतने सारे, फिर भी उसका जवाब नहीं क्यों ?
जवाब है हम सभी में, फिर भी हम बेजुबान क्यों ?

راہے

سایونی داس (بی. اڈ. বিভাগ)

لو چل مائی مہندار موزے، دے دے بس اب پتवार موزے
ان لہروں کے ٹکرانے پر آتا رہ-رہ کر پیار موزے ॥
مات رोक موزے भयभीत न कर, मैं सदा कंटोली राह चला ॥
पथ-पथ मेरे पतझरो मे नवसुर भि भरा मधुमास पला ॥
फिर कहाँ उश पाएगा यह पगले जर्जर संसार मोजे ॥
ان لہروں کے ٹکرانے پر آتا رہ-رہ کر پیار موزے ॥
मैं हूँ अपने मन का राजा, इस पार रहूँ, उस पार चलूँ ॥
मैं भस्त खिलाड़ी हूँ ऐसा, जी चाहे जोतूँ, हार चलूँ ॥
मैं हूँ अबाध अखिराम अथक, बंधन मुझको स्वीकार नहीं ॥
मैं नहीं अरे ऐसा राही, जो बेबस-सा मन पार चलूँ ॥
कब रोक सकी मुझको चितवन, मदमाते कजरारे घन की,
कब लुभा सकी मुझको बरबस, मधु मस्त फुहारे सावन की ॥
जो मचल उठे अनजाने ही, अरमान नहीं मेरे ऐसे -
राहों को समझा लेता हूँ सब बात सदा अपने मन की,
इन उठती-गिरती लहरों का कर लेने दो श्रृंगार मोजे ॥
ان لہروں کے ٹکرانے پر آتا رہ-رہ کر پیار موزے ॥

(Dosti Ek Nemat Hai) دوستی ایک نعمت ہے

دوستی وہی ہے جو دوست کے دل کی گہرائی میں جھاٹ کر اسکی ذات کو مکمل طور پر جان سکے۔ مخلص دوست مخلصاً وہی ہوتے ہیں جن کے متعلق سوچے اور محسوس کرتے ہوئے ذہن میں ٹھنڈک کا احساس جاگے دوستی کی گہرائی پیارا اور دعاؤں سے لکر بنتی ہے ہر گہرائی وقت کے ساتھ ساتھ مزید گہری ہوتی جاتی ہے۔ اچھا دوست خدا کے طرف سے ایک نعمت ہے۔ دوستی لفظ کہنے، سننے اور لکھنے میں بے حد مختصر سا ہے لیکن اس نغمے سے لفظ کے اندر ان گنت مقابم پوشیدہ ہیں۔ جو صرف اور صرف اخلاص اور پیار کی راہ بتاتے ہیں۔ دوست دعاؤں کی طرح ہر پل دل میں موجود ہوتے ہیں۔ ان کی سلامتی کے لئے دعائیں نکلتی رہتی ہے اس لئے جہاں کہی بھی مخلص اور سچے دوست ملیں ہاتھ بڑھا دینا چاہیے تاکہ زندگی کے رنگوں میں مزید ایک حسین رنگ اور اپنائیت و پیار کا اضافہ ہو سکے کسی مہربان دوست سے اگر ہمارا زرا 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 یہی ہے کہ اگر کسی شخص سے کوئی غلطی ہو جائے یا وہ ہماری توقعات کے مطابق کوئی کام نہ کر سکے تو اس کی نیکیاں کو یاد کر کے دوستی کی پاسداری کی جاتی ہے۔ لیکن ہمارا رویا اس کے برعکس ہے، ذرا سوچیں لفظ ”دوست“ کے معنی کیا ہیں۔ ہمارا دل جسکے ساتھ جڑا ہے وہی دوست کہلاتا ہے، ہمیشہ اچھے دوستوں کی قدر کرنی چاہیے، کیونکہ دوستی زندگی کی دھوپ میں گہنی چھاؤں مانند ہے۔

Zainab Khatun
(B.A. General)

افسانہ ----- عجوبہ بلی (AJOOBA BILLI)

انگلی کو اپنے اکیسویں کی تمام چھوٹی بڑی چھلیوں سے بھرا تھا اور اسکول کے کاموں سے فراغت پانے کے بعد جب اسکے
 میا پاپا ٹیلا دہریوں کے پروگرام اور خبریں سننے میں لگے رہے تو وہ گھسوں اپنے اکیسویں کے سامنے بیٹھ کر چھوٹی چھوٹی ٹھہرت چھلیوں کو
 ادھر سے ادھر جاتے دیکھتی رہتی ایسے میں انکی براؤن رنگ کی بلی بھی اس کے سامنے آکر بیٹھ جاتی اور انکی آنکھیں چھلیوں کو گھورتی رہتی
 چھوٹیں انگلی کو کبھی کبھی ایسا لگتا کہ انکی بیاری بلی چھلیوں کی تاک میں رہتی ہے تاکہ موقع ملے اور اکیسویں کو رو سے اور وہ تمام چھلیوں کو چٹ
 کر جائے پچھلے دنوں اکیسویں کی ایک چھلی جب سری ہوئی پانی کی تو ڈوبی لے اسے اکیسویں سے لگا کر بلی کی طرف بھٹک دیا تھا تو وہ کیسے
 حیرت سے اسے چٹ کر گئی تھی شاید وہ اسی آسے میں رہتی ہے کہ بھر کوئی چھلی کھائے نہ کول جائے اور یہ سوچ کر انگلی کو کبھی کبھی اپنی بیاری
 بلی سے نفرت ہونے لگتی تھی۔

اس دن اسکے پاپا کو ایک دعوت میں جانا تھا اور پوری ٹیلی کی دعوت تھی اور پاپا نے صبح ہی کہہ دیا تھا کہ شام کے وقت سبوں کو تیار
 رہنا ہے اور خیر سے لوٹیں گے اور جلد ہی دعوت کے لئے ردا دہریاں گئے لہذا انہوں نے اپنی بیوی جانا اور اپنی انگلی کو شام کے سات
 بجے تک ہانگ کر رہنے کو کہہ دیا تھا۔ انگلی کا دل نہیں ہوا اور اٹھا کہ وہ اپنی بیاری چھلیوں کو چھوڑ کر جائے لیکن بھیند کی تھی شام کو تیار ہو کر جانا
 پڑا اور کچھ راستے میں اسے کچھ یاد آیا کہ گھر کے اندر تو بلی رہ گئی تھیں وہ چھلیوں کو نہ کھائے لیکن اس کی می جانا لے اسے اطمینان دلایا
 کہ یہ نہیں ہو سکتا۔

اور گھر کے سب لوگوں کے چلے جانے کے بعد انگلی کی بلی اکیسویں کے ہاتھوں سے اپنے شیشے سے صحت کار کر چلی تھی اور انکی بیوی
 چھلی آنکھیں چھوٹی بڑی چھلیوں کو تک دہری جس ہانگلی کی تیز نظروں کو دیکھ کر چھلیاں تیرتے ہوئے اس طرف آئیں اور گھبرا کر فوراً دوسری
 طرف بلی چائیں ہاں وہاں ایک قدر سے بڑی چھلی آکر شیشے سے زور سے گھرائی تو اندر پالی بھی اچھل کر باہر گرا اور ساتھ ہی ایک چھلی
 بھی نیچے پڑ کر گر پڑے گی جب بلی اسکے ہاتھوں سے اٹھی اور انکی آنکھیں جیسے اس چھوٹی سی تڑپتی ہوئی چھلی پر جم گئیں پر بلی آگے بڑھی
 اور اس چھوٹی سی تڑپتی ہوئی چھلی کو ہاتھوں سے دھو سے لگا اور اکیسویں کے اوپر ہی جیسے کی جالی سے اس چھلی کو پالی میں ڈال دیا وہ
 چھوٹی سی چھلی پھر سے پالی میں تیرتی نظر آئی جیسے اسکا شکر یا نا کر رہی ہو۔

انگلی کو کچھ بھی نہ چلا کہ جس بلی سے وہ نفرت کرتی تھی اور لڑتی تھی کہ وہ انکی جان کی دشمن ہے۔ اس نے اس کی حفاظت کی ہے
 اور اس گھر میں رہنے کا حق لیا کیا ہے۔ چھلیاں بھی آج پوری آزادی سے تیرتی ہوئی نظر آئیں کہ جن سے انہیں خطرہ تھا۔ اسی نے انہیں اپنی
 زندگی بچا کر دی ہے۔

Farea Kasier
 B.Com (Morning)