



Impressions 2017



Extempore being judged by Filmmaker Shri Debasish Sen Sharma – Quidra

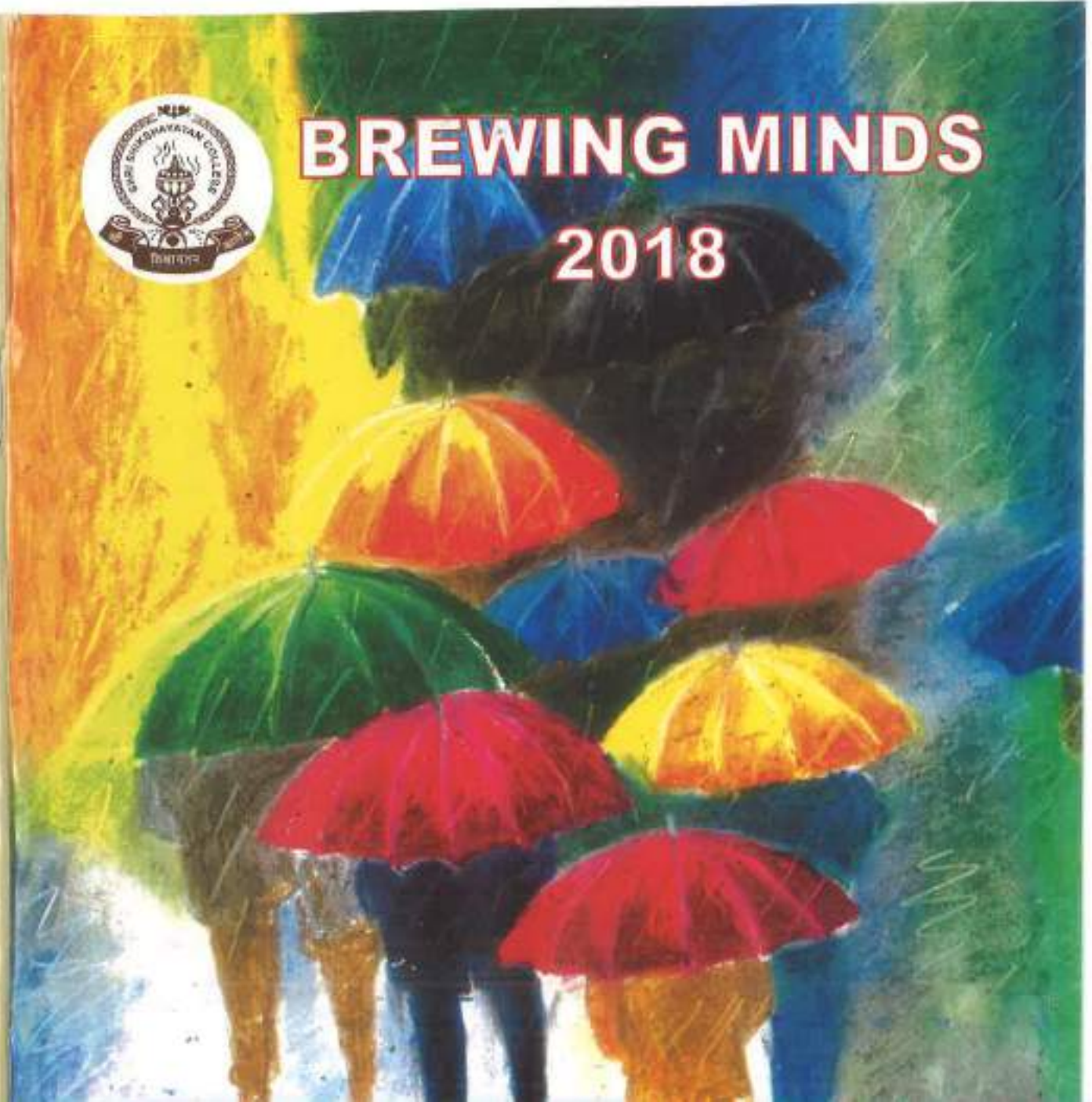


Nature Club programme



BREWING MINDS

2018



BREWING MINDS 2018

Volume V



SHRI SHIKSHAYATAN COLLEGE

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

BREWING MINDS

Volume V, September, 2018

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FOREWORD

This is a milestone edition of "Brewing Minds"- 5 years into this wonderful journey of discovery, of angst, of ecstasy and of hope!

Our students have displayed exemplary initiative, innovation and creativity in bringing out each volume. Their impressions and imprints have already become legacy and we look forward to the onward journey with happiness and fulfilment.

(Dr. Aditi Dey)

Principal

FIVE YEARS OF FULFILMENT

The inaugural issue of *Brewing Minds* was published in 2014. We have walked a long way to reach the milestone of fifth year. The editorial team kept changing, but the essence of *Brewing Minds* remained the same — creativity in developing form and content. Like the previous four years, we present another collection of young thoughts, carefully woven into a single jacket.

We wish to thank our Principal Dr. Aditi Dey for her continuous support and giving us the opportunity to remain associated with this wonderful endeavour. We are grateful to the management of Shri Shikshayatan College for their encouragement. We wish to thank Dr. Shaheen Perveen for editing the Urdu section of the magazine.

With your support, we aim to proceed towards betterment.

Mayukh Lahiri
Debolina Guha Thakurta
Advisors to the Editorial Board

EDITORIAL

Reading is a basic tool in the living of a good life. - Mortimer Adler.

With immense pride, Shri Shikshayatan College proudly presents their fifth volume of *Brewing Minds* with a hope to present its reader with thoughtful write-ups, making them go through the mystical journey of immense creativity.

The very name "Brewing Minds" suggest that the magazine have always provided an opportunity for writers, painters, and photographers to enhance their creative spirit in their respective fields. Every year, the magazine accepts new ideas of students and thus has become a hub of creativity for the young minds.

This has been a journey which had started with the cooperation of our respected Principal, Dr Aditi Dey and valuable assistance of our teachers Shri Mayukh Lahiri and Smt Debolina Guha Thakurta. They have worked as a catalyst throughout the entire journey and have helped the young minds to be debonair and make their collective effort a success.

* * * * *

'कोथां त्वमार् हरिये याग्यार नेई याना ...'

आर सेई 'कोथां' ई हलो आमारेण ई पत्रिका। आर करेक बहरे ईई पत्रिकाए अगिरे चला सति भुक्त करे। कथुताए चापे खुलो कमाते पका अनुकूलितोको, कीकत करे डोलवार कना आमारेण पत्रिका.. आवार तामारेण मते: करे तामारेण सामने एलाय आमारेण ईई सफल निरे। ईई सफल के तामारा आरगे सुगम करे तुलो, ईई कामना करि...

* * * * *

"क्यों डरें कि जिंदगी में क्या होगा, हर वक्त मनो सोचें कि बुरा होगा।"

बढ़ते हुए संजिलों पर कुछ न मिला तो क्या हुआ, ये साथी, कम से कम तसुबों तो नया होगा।"

हर वर्ष *Brewing Minds* पत्रिका एक नए रंग-रूप के साथ एक नए जोश को लाती है और पाठकों का मनोरंजन करती है। यह *Brewing Minds* का पंचवा संस्करण है जिसके द्वारा श्री शिक्षायतन कॉलेज की प्रतिभालाली छात्राई अपनी रचनात्मकता और कलात्मकता को नए आयाम देती है। विद्यार्थियों द्वारा अपने विचारों को उद्घाटन देने में यह पत्रिका विशेष भूमिका निभाती है। यह पत्रिका किसी एक विचार विशेष पर आधारित नहीं है बल्कि विभिन्न विचारों और अनोखे विषयों का भंडार है।

छात्राओं द्वारा प्रतिपादित यह पत्रिका उनके सपनों और हीसलों का भविष्य चिंतन है। आदरणीय प्राध्यापिका डॉ. अदिति दे जी, अध्यापिका प्रमति देबोलिना गुहा ठाकुरता जी, अध्यापक श्री मयूख लहरी जी का हम सहृदय आभार व्यक्त करते हैं, जिनके मूल्यवान व अभूतपूर्व दिशा-निर्देशन से यह कार्य सम्पन्न हुआ।

* * * * *

१. *Brewing Minds* का ५वां संस्करण
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SOCIETY REPORT OF SESSION 2017-2018

A REPORT ON ACTIVITIES OF CHARCHA (2017-2018)

- 18.9.2017 — Team 'Charcha' visited the old age home - 'Nabaneer' & presented a dance-recital.
- 22.9.2017 — 'Charcha' presented 'Achin Pakhi' in 'Shree'.
- 20.12.2017 — Theatre Workshop supervised by Dr. Kinjal Nanda.
- 26.1.2018 — Charcha' performed in College Republic Day Programms.
- 3.4.2018 — 'Charcha' performed a Dance-recital named 'Hay Sakha' on the occasion of Women's Day Celebration

DEBSOC

SOCIETY REPORT - JULY 2017 - JUNE 2018

The first meeting for the session 2017-18 was held on 30 August 2017. This was the Induction Session where the First Year students were introduced to the activities of the society. The contact group for the new session was formed in order to keep members informed about upcoming debates, extempores and MUNs. The core committee of the society-President, Vice-Presidents, Secretaries and Treasurers—were elected.

On 14 November 2017 the Freshers' Debate saw several First Year students speaking before their seniors to receive valuable feedback that helped them build on their strengths and improve on their weaknesses. The Intra-College Debate, *Elenchus*, was held on 22 February 2018. Several renowned colleges of the city participated and impressed the panel of eminent judges. DebSoc maintained a prominent presence on social media with its Facebook and Instagram pages being updated with the achievements of members as they won awards and special mentions in several inter-college events across the city, and even outside. As the academic session draws to a close, DebSoc looks forward to a new session of events and activities.

ANNUAL REPORT NATURE CLUB

DATE	NAME OF THE EVENT	ORGANIZED BY/ COLLABORATION WITH	NO. OF PARTICIPANTS FROM THE COLLEGE/ OTHERS	BENEFICIARIES
09.01.2018	Awareness Lecture On "Dust Allergy As An Upcoming Disorder Due To Change In Lifestyle" Speaker : Dr. Gaulam Saha (Professor and Ex-H.O.D. of Dept. of Zoology, Ballygunge Science College)	SHRI SHIKSHAYATAN COLLEGE: Nature Club	Students and faculty members of Shri Shikshayatan College Some research scholars from Dept. of Zoology, Ballygunge Science College, CU	

- (i) Green Audit 2017 : Data collection has been completed, will be submitted very soon to WWF for analysis.
- (ii) Permission has been taken from our Principal, Dr. Aditi Day to declare our college premises a "NO PLASTIC ZONE". Arrangements are going on for awareness programs etc. in this regard involving student volunteers of Nature Club

A Report on:

IMPRESSIONS 2017: AUSTENTATIOUS

ANNUAL FEST OF IMPRINT LITERARY SOCIETY :

Date: 09-11-2018

Venue: Rooms 301, 302 and 303

In Memoriam of Jane Austen's Bicentenary Death Anniversary, **IMPRINT: Mark Your Words**, the Literary Society of Shri Shikshayatan College, Kolkata conducted the one-day Inter-College Fest *Impressions 2017: Austentatious* on November 9, 2017. The impetus and the name came from our Principal, Dr. Aditi Day and the roadmap was provided by our teachers. The society is administered by students under the guidance of the faculty members of the Department of English – Dr. Debnita Chakravarti, Dr. Malini Mukherjee, Dr. Tania Chakraverty, Smt. Baldehi Mukherjee, Smt. Debolina Guha Thakurta and Smt. Antara Ghatak.

Several city institutions participated in this literary fest. The participating institutions: Lady Brabourne College, Loreto College, Gokhale Memorial College, Seth Anandram Jalpura College and others. *Impressions 2017: Austentatious* upheld linguistic and cultural diversities through its various off-stage and on-stage events. A sense of novelty was added with events like: "Words, Words, Words", "Staging the Page", "Cover Story" and "Th-ink". The panel of judges consisted of Dr. Arpita Chatteraj Mukhopadhyay, Associate Professor, Department of English and Culture Studies, University of Burdwan and Shri Senkha Banerjee, Assistant Professor, Department of Multimedia and Animation, St. Xavier's College, Kolkata.

Impressions 2017: Austentatious met with resounding success and 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.

QUIDRA-SSC: QUIZ AND DRAMA SOCIETY

(Quenched by Quiz, Driven by Drama)

ANNUAL REPORT 2017-2018

- ❖ QuiDra organized Intra-College Quiz & Extempore Competition under the Youth Parliament Competition Scheme on August 17, 2017. The Extempore was judged by eminent film director, Shri Debasish Sen Sharma.

Total No. of Participants (Quiz)	18
Extempore	10
Total	28

- ❖ QuiDra collaborated with Impressions 2017, *Austentatious* (literary fest organized by the department of English) in the event: Inter-college Play Reading Competition and secured the second position.

Total no. of participants	05
Prize winner	2 nd prize

BEYOND HAPPINESS

Debarati Banerjee
(Geography Dept.)

"The burst of monsoon hits Kolkata hard. Most parts of the beautiful city is water-logged. Circular rail services have come to a standstill", the radio blurted out. I had visited my friend that evening and invariably, couldn't go back home, for the rain hadn't ceased yet. I had borrowed some money from my father telling him that I had to get a haircut, but needless to say, that money was invested in gold flake classic and tuborg super strong beer. That was the first time. I would be yielding to the devil's call. I've always been in a family, where parents are protective even about the 'son' of the family, and let me tell you, it is really difficult to deal with this. You would believe me when I tell you, that I'm in my second year of college and this is the first puff I'll be taking. I was a real daredevil to perform this task, despite knowing my father's rage. I couldn't help it, as my friend's parents were rather 'modernised' so they didn't stop their son for these things. thus turning him down would mean real embarrassment for me.

The next morning, as I was back home with reddened eyes, for I was sleep deprived, and the 'super strong beer' was way too strong for me. My father's suspicion reached its peak, he took my right hand, and sniffed it, of course Gold Flake Classic had let out the little secret. Probably, that slap right across my face that day brought me back to track.

3 years later,
Kolkata, 30th May, 2017.

I am too happy today, despite the over-crowded bus and the heavy stack of papers I'm carrying in a pocket. The packet would give away anytime, from the weight of the papers. Just as I held on to life with perseverance, similarly, I held the packet. There was something ethereal, something which was inexplicable, something for which words wouldn't be enough, about today. I felt as though, I am the most happy and satisfied man, to tread on this planet. I got off the bus and re-read that one text message, for the 'n' th time today. It was not a 'yes' from the lady I was lately wooing, but it read "Your salary has been credited to your account number 256600*****"

The moment was breath-taking. I walked down the damp alleys of Sovabazar. Stopping by "Balaram Mullick and Radharaman Mullick" I brought a kilogram of 'Rabri'. I generously gave away twenty rupees to a 'buri maa' for whom the pavements served to be her feather bed. I would often see my dad, giving her some money. I rang the door bell, as my mother let me in, I hugged her as tight as I could and my embrace almost covered her. I saw the composed face of my father, who tried to hide his proud smile, but that twinkle in his eyes, revealed it all. Obviously, he fathomed the reason

behind all my excitement. I handed my mother the 'rabri', she seemed happy yet confused. My father was gleaming with joy. I touched their feet, I could finally make them proud. I told them, about my first pay cheque.

Nostalgia had hit me harder than my father's slap, 3 years down the line.

I recalled, how my father would bring ice-cream for us on his way back home, from office. He would sacrifice his basics, to provide me and my mother some luxury. I remembered how I would take my father's office bag, as he would return, today when my mom took the bag from my hand, I understood how time has moved forward. I wanted to shower all the happiness of this world upon my parents. It was time for me to make them smile. I took them out for dinner one day. I held back my father's hand as he was about to pay the uber driver, and I paid it. We had a sumptuous dinner at 'Hatar' that night. My father pronounced his happiness over a phone call with his old friend, whom he said, "My son took us out for dinner today, so would you mind, if I call you back once I reach home?"

He was a proud father today. This day, was long awaited by me. That night I was too out of emotions, I could not sleep. I kept smiling to myself as I remembered that warm embrace of my mother. I knew, I could no longer ask for small things from my father, I was self-sufficient now. I had to let go my childhood, but it was all worth it.

All of a sudden, I heard my room's door close softly, it was dad. He was probably reliving this phase of his life. He too awaited this day.

I was beyond HAPPY.

[6]

FAREWELL

Payal Roy

(Journalism and Mass Communication Honours)

Walking out of this gate never felt so tough before. Since the past thirteen years, there has been numerous times when I walked in and out of this gate. But today this age old black Iron gate has become very important. Today I am walking out of this gate never to walk in again. Yes, this is my school gate and today is the last day of my school life - class 12 Farewell Day.

This is the same old gate through which I walked in for the first time, thirteen years ago. With a sad face and teary eyes, I was forced to leave my mother's hand and had to enter this gate. Today also I'm sad and tears are rolling down my eyes as I am standing still in front of this gate. For the last time I turned back. For a moment all the memories of my school life started flashing in my mind's eyes. Those benches with names carved on them, those charts made by us hanging on the school walls, those corridors, those empty classrooms, that canteen and this huge school building. I am standing still unable to move, tears rolling down irresistibly from my eyes. Those prayers of the morning assemblies, those rattling of tiffin boxes, those ringing of the bells, those good morning wishes, those heated debates to prove 'our house is the best', those beating of the benches, those teacher's day celebrations and those fights and laughter of friends echoed in my ears. I could clearly hear the voice of my maths teacher screaming at me, "Don't come to school tomorrow if you can't finish the homework". With a choking voice, I mumbled, "I won't come to school again ma'am, never again".

My heart wished to run back to that classroom, to roam around the corridors, to jump and fly and scream in that school campus for one last time. At that very moment the gatekeeper asked me to leave and empty the place. And for the very last time I walked out of that gate with a bag full of memories. Few lines from the last song of our Farewell party echoed in my ears, "Chalte chalte mere ye geet yaad rakhna, Kabhi Alvida na kehna..."

[7]

ROMANTICALLY MAGICAL!

Sagonika Roy

(Journalism and Mass Communication)

It was not the usual morning that I experience every day. It was not even a morning that I will face ever again because... that morning was something called 'magical'. The smell, the love, the romanticism that morning held within itself was 'mesmerizing'. I felt really different and special – the wet earth, the cold breeze wrapping me in its arms, the soggy weather, everything was seeming very conjuring and beautiful as if something new was happening around me or was going to happen with me. The fresh air outside seemed to be filled with immense amount of positivity that it just attracted me to love once again!

It was around 4:30 in the morning, I was heading towards airport for my 6'o clock flight to Hyderabad. Usually I tend to take a small nap while heading towards airport when I avail an early morning flight but, that morning, I was just staring outside my window and was surprised to realise that while I remain asleep, so many people finishes off with their chores in order to earn a living for themselves by the end of the day.

The other day It rained continuously in Kolkata like cats and dogs, I really got worried that if it continued till the next morning then how would my flight take off? But thankfully it didn't rain and I was happy that my flight would not get delayed as I was in a hurry to reach Hyderabad as soon as I could so as to see my mother who was away from me for a month then. It was the longest period in my 20 years of life that I stayed without her .

As my car was heading towards the airport, I saw wholesalers of fisherman for the first time in my life from where exchange of fresh fishes were taking place, and the smell was on the notch. However, the view pretty well excited me! Then, I found men and women settling their vegetables shop and flower shops respectively for the bazaar to start off soon. This was followed by jogging, morning walks, running, exercising, and so on. I wondered how do people wake up this early in order to remain active for their entire day first and then I wondered that with their fast moving lifestyle – don't they feel sleepy in the middle of the day or in the morning by waking up this early? I mean what inspires them to be so disciplined and maybe for this very reason they achieve success in life, remains fit and holds a handsome personality !

All these sights seemed to be so bewitching and amazingly magical that I kept staring outside the window wondering "Is this how my City of Joy- Kolkata looks like during early mornings?" I kept on observing amusing things which I had missed all this while and felt the smell of positivity and love of that wondrous morning . The miraculous, astounding morning breeze did spellbound me! The musical nature was so spectacular that it seemed 'magical'. Finally, the charming, unearthly sight came to an end as I finally reached to my destination- The Airport! Bidding my father farewell I checked in. At 6:30 am, my flight took off and soon my wait was going to cease and I would see my mother whom I have been missing all this while.

Thus, that morning was indeed ROMANTICALLY a MAGICAL ONE... 16/11/2017! ■

UNTOLD STORIES OF INDIA'S ACHIEVEMENTS

Muskan Jaiswal

(Political Science Honours)

11th May, 1998 is the day when India became the 'RISING BUDDHA' in the world and all the Indians were eager to celebrate this moment of being the 6th nuclear power in the world. Our Missile Man and former President Dr. Abdul Kalam Azad made this successful mission possible under him. The day of this nuclear explosion is remembered as the "National Technology Day".

As one of the Fundamental Duties of our Constitution specifies in Art.51(A) that Indian citizens shall develop scientific temper, humanism and the spirit of inquiry and reform which is though neglected as a duty by Indian youth.

INDIA - 'RISING BUDDHA' known for its youth power in contemporary times, which is known as Digital India, as the future super power, the developing India from every domain of excellence to shine its tri-colour in the world is all set

But the present scenario speaks more about the negative tenets everywhere like terrorism, stone-pelting, undemocratic entities, and anti-nationalistic harrowing grievances happening in the society that marks the youth as the creator and major responsible factor for sparking these issues unconstitutionally. But merely talks about those positively motivated youth's new discoveries and technologies which really can spark the tri-colour in the world constitutionally that is happening in our society, is not enough.

In the field of technology and science many Indians contributed their hardworks like Prof C.V.Raman, Ramanujam, Aryabhata, Homi Bhabha, Vishveshwary, Venkataraman Radhakrishnan, S. Chandrasekhar and others who also got global recognition. But today our highly educated youth is misguided by different ideologies which results in problems like hatred, casteism, terrorism, communalism and acts like stone-pelting and spreading violence in society as social evils which states that they are not actually following the fundamental duty positively but negatively and forcefully. Even the media and other social groups are more interested in spreading such issues frequently.

Thanks to the talent and infrastructure of our country today, INDIA is among the top most countries in the world in the field of scientific research and technology. There are innumerable technological achievements that every Indian should feel proud.

- Development of an Atomic Clock has made ISRO one of the few space organizations in the world to have gained this sophisticated technology.
- A team of Indian astronomers discovered an extremely large supercluster of galaxy named 'Saraswati'.

- Launching of heaviest rocket GSLV-MK III
- Rishabh Shukla, an 18 year old from Karur in Tamil Nadu, scripted history by designing the World's Smallest Satellite
- PARAM- India's first ever indigenously super computer.
- Aryabhata- the first unmanned satellite built by India to conduct experiments in X-raying astronomy, aeronomics, solar physics.
- Brahmos- World's fastest and most formidable anti-ship cruise missile.
- The Mars Orbiter Mission- In first attempt.
- Chandrayaan - 1 : India's first lunar exploration mission.
- Successful use of Cryogenic Engine technology put India among a league of only five other such nations.

There are unaccountable achievements, discoveries and developments that have occurred in India which people need to know, Youth need to know and those who are running after jobs in and for MNCs must know that criticising their own Nation won't benefit any. People, today only wants to be successful but no one talks about new ideas. rote learning, selfishness and other unconstitutional acts will destroy the energetic positive youth from making history.

As Kautilya said that the world's biggest power is the youth and beauty of man.

So thus being the future of the Nation, we must pledge and wake up before the call of alarm. As in 14th century, Western World developed through scientific temperance, logic and reasoning similarly the Indian Youth must follow the above mentioned fundamental duty as their priority and serve the Nation constitutionally.

SHE IS JUST A GIRL.

Payal Roy

(Journalism and Mass Communication Honours)

" She does not roll like thunder,
In all its hopeless crashing about
But floats like clouds and decorates,
Just underneath these stars as polished as planets "

She was as lively as a swift river, jumping for joy over all griefs, her smile can melt a giant's heart, her eyes can paint a thousand canvas. She is a Girl - lovely but lonely, happily sad.

She belonged to a middle class family in Kanpur. Being the only sister of her seven brothers, she was the one who's always looked down upon. Neither she had the right to education nor she had the right of freedom - just because she is a Girl. Her mother died giving birth to her eighth child and that merely added to her reasons of thousand sleepless nights. She was abused by her brothers when she was too young to understand what was happening. In her sleep she used to shout, " Help me Ma! Help me Ma!" trying to cope with the trauma suffered after the assaults.

She was 15 years then, when one night she finally managed to escape from the cage of her painful life. She kept running with overjoyed thinking that finally she got the freedom she was dreaming for so long. But do a Girl really gets her freedom? Destiny had set something else for her, something that she had never thought off.

The lonely girl in search of a work and shelter came in contact of a family, who promised her a good job in Mumbai. The immature soul did not have the slightest knowledge of what Destiny had in store for her. The family used to bring girls like her to Mumbai and sell them to the highest bidder. She was taken to a bar and was asked to give 'shaking a leg' a chance. She had to entertain the visitors by dancing everyday and had to depend on the tips earned from them.

Yes, she became a Bar Dancer. Someone who is treated as an object, who don't have the right to claim a little respect from the society. She is a Girl everyone looks down upon. She is a Girl at whom crisp currency notes were thrown. She is a Girl forced to quench thirsts of men. She is the one whom the society addresses as a ' Dirty Girl'

But does she has any fault what life brought her into? Is she really responsible for having this life? Does she really wanted to become a bar dancer? Or her only fault is that she is just a Girl? There lies the big question!

ONSET OF DURGA PUJA

Pritha Chakraborty
(English Honours)

Kolkata, the city of joy is world famous for its Durga Puja celebration. They all are familiar with the great hue and cry with which the celebration takes place. The word "Durga Puja" instantly brings to our mind the fight between the good and the evil and the eventual win of the former over the later. The pattern of celebration is known to all but the feeling that takes place before the occasion sets in can only be realized by the 'Bengalis'. Durga puja for the Bengalis is not just the worship of Devi Durga but our obsession and meriment at a highest level. The manner in which the atmosphere changes after 15th of august brings a unique tranquillity in our mind, which reminds us that hardly days are left for the occasion to set in.

It's somewhat after the independence day that we perceive a peculiar change in the atmosphere. The first being the autumn season setting in. The transformation of the green leaves to the yellowish one is the major sign of the occasion. A cloudy atmosphere with cool breeze that relates well with our mind's serenity. The huge colourful banners being put up almost everywhere reminds us of our goddess, and her eyes glancing at us brings a peculiar confidence and courage in ourselves. The advent of "kashful" peeping through lush green paddy field ignites the euphoria of the puja.

The evergreen song of Mahalaya commences during this time which positively changes our mood and our way of thinking making us forget all our sorrows and eagerly waiting for 'MA' to come and bless us. The occasion comes closer with the idol making in Kumartuli, a famous place for idol making. During "Akshaya Tritiya", clay for the purpose is collected from the holy Ganges and the work is worth seeing. Grandfather's normally take their grandchildren to notice the wonderful way of creating the idol and children usually enjoys the process to the utmost. "Kuthi puja" is another event which occurs two months before the puja which again rises the tempo of the occasion.

During this time in every locality the 'SARVOJININ PUJA COMMITTEE' sits for meeting, the discussion of it being the theme, budget, sponsorship. Their own advertisement throughout West Bengal creates a colourful ambience throughout.

After all these events comes the 'Chokkhu Dhan' which happens during Mahalaya and it is said to bring the idol alive. Simultaneously, the ritual dancers or the "Dhakis" as they are commonly known as starts arriving and absolutely brings a change in the ambience. The evergreen voice of Birendra Krishna Bhadra at the dawn of Mahalaya is what we usually wait for and that feeling is beyond words to express. Finally the puja arrives, 4 days festival being awaited since the last year's puja. An occasion which people seems to enjoy with all their might. And eventually when it ends again the wait for the next year seems inevitable.

This is how the small events before the onset of puja brings a unique feeling in people's heart and makes the period worth waiting. The occasion is no doubt exciting but the wait for the same and a gradual change of the entire ambience is what makes it all more special!

70 days more for the occasion.....Again a day to be mesmerized forever!..... ■

THE AUCTION OF HEALTH

Sampurna Majumder
(Journalism and Mass Communication)

Evolution in the health sector has been faster than the shooting up of the petrol price. From governmental hospitals we now we have private nursing homes and most recently we have the super-speciality hospitals. Now the question that often comes to the common minds is, "What's the basic difference among them?" Well, to be precise, the common notion is better infrastructure and services are provided by the latter one. But the irony is that we might not be lucky enough to experience it, especially in Kolkata. So let me just throw some light on the potholes. Be careful. Watch your steps!

The newest trend is the package system. Different package systems have cropped up for the respective diseases. In this system the patient has go through numerous tests irrespective of their actual requirements. Today's doctors need to confirm themselves several times before concluding about the disease. Thus, the patient parties become totally dependent on these white-coat saviours. They don't care about the number of zeroes that keep getting added to their bills but faster than the fastest recovery of their loved ones. Moreover, it's not even a big deal if money is squeezed out from every drop of our blood as we believe "prevention is better than cure".

Some doctors prefer the so-called 'bigger set-up' for the spotless treatment. What exactly does this mean? It's nothing but simply a hospital which has been metamorphosed in an elegant way in its infrastructures so that one gets an impression, "Yes! Only this place can save me". Not being concerned about the patient's financial condition they keep on adding the medicines, medical tests and the best part is we don't question them because we consider them as "Gods"... and God always saves His children. So let them make to a huge "wish list" and we become the bearer of the bills.

In some of them it is such that one cannot ask for the medical summary of his/her patient while the treatment is still on. One shouldn't expect that they will inform us about the medicines that are being given. As these queries are against the authority's norms. A small reminder for going through the summary, minutely is of utmost importance as they might not pen down some medications which have been prescribed. This scenario is more common when some ill-treatment has taken place. It is the best way of avoiding any controversies.

Now don't freak out if you find the super speciality hospital to be running short of professional nurses. They consider the learners and interns to be as well trained as the veterans. They might even assign a single nurse, on the night duty, in-charge for the entire floor. May be on an average, twenty patients suffering from varied diseases and with their respective medications all dependent upon that particular super woman... Incredible indeed!

The funniest part, the nurses might even be taking some of the food from the patients' meal. This is an added advantage when the patient is losing his/her appetite. But the doctor would be reported of something totally opposite and accordingly some more heavy doses of medicines might be prescribed. This situation might become fatal for the sufferer, especially if that person is diabetic. Now the proverb "sharing is caring" can be substantiated, I guess.

The latest fashion is consulting the psychiatrist irrespective of any disease. They consider the patient to be 'violent' if there is slightest difference in the wavelengths between them and the nurses. Even sedatives and injections might be given together. The patient's age is not of their concern. The side effects might make him/her fall asleep for almost seventy-two hours, but don't be apprehensive as we know these Gods are saviours. Any wrong step in diagnosing might be accepted by the doctors but the patient party need not react to it as, according to them, we all must remember that mistakes are done by humans. A wrong medicine might even cost a life, but never mind, our doctors are humans. Thus, suddenly the so-called Gods become Humans... Interesting.

When they get to know about you being aware of their carelessness then they might arrange for a meeting with the patient party where management representative may also be present. This is basically their strategy of brain washing us. By hook or by crook they would cover up their mistakes and prove themselves innocent.

Well some more bitter truths are there. The doctor might not even disclose some vital states, like heart failure of the patients. Their main focus is on some different portion of the body. Unnecessary complications may occur, thus, worsening the patients' condition. If you think that prior permission will be taken before consulting any specialist for your patient then my dear, let it be a dream that would never come true.

Keeping yourself updated about the every detail of the bill is again a vital thing. The accountants are so workaholic that they might include the bill amount of some other patient. Thus, even if the amount makes your blood pressure shoot up they would still be ignorant.

Lastly, when your patient is being discharged keep in mind to check that he/she is not inflicted with any kind of bed sore. The nurses might be totally ignorant about it. Moreover, even after spotting one they might use V-lazyme (digestive medicine) instead of Betadine (antiseptic) for its dressing.

I know, after reading so far your pupils might be dilating in bitter awestruck wonder. You might think that how did I come to know about all this. Well "experience is the best teacher" and I have experienced all of these when my maternal grandmother was hospitalized. The ill-treatments were spotted by our family physicians and the administrative mishaps were experienced by us, especially by my mother while she stayed there during night as my grandmother's conditions were serious. I have actually seen the bleeding reality of such a super speciality hospital. A wrong undertaken and everything is shattered.

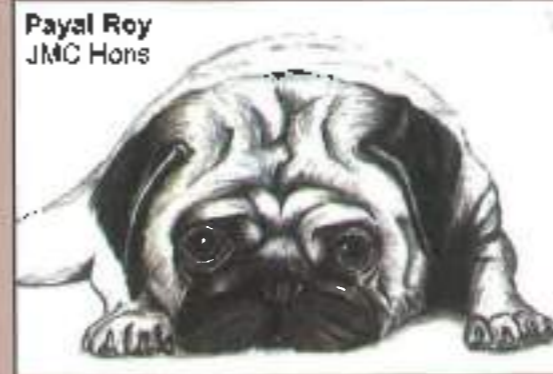
All our efforts were in vain. I lost my grandmother on 1st April, 2018. I know not whom to blame, maybe it was my destiny. The sorrow of losing your fairy god mother is beyond words. Now I feel that even after qualifying the medical entrance exam I should have pursued that stream, then at least my family and acquaintances would have got a loyal and trustworthy doctor.

The health sector is gradually becoming a business where humanity is fading away.

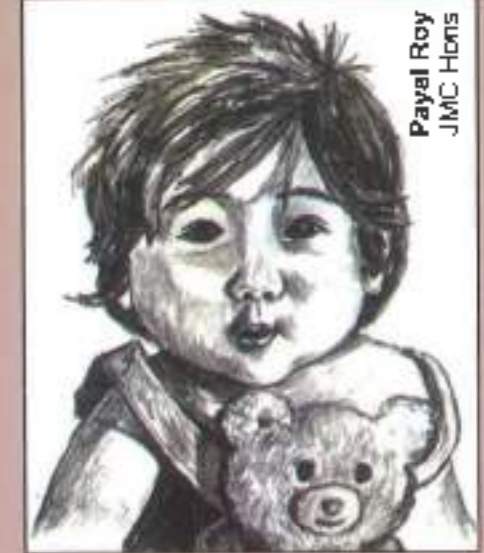
'Heal the world
Make it a better place
For you and for me
And the entire human race
There are people dying
If you care enough for the living'

- Michael Jackson

Payal Roy
JMC Hons



Payal Roy
JMC Hons



Sampurna Majumdar
JMC Hons



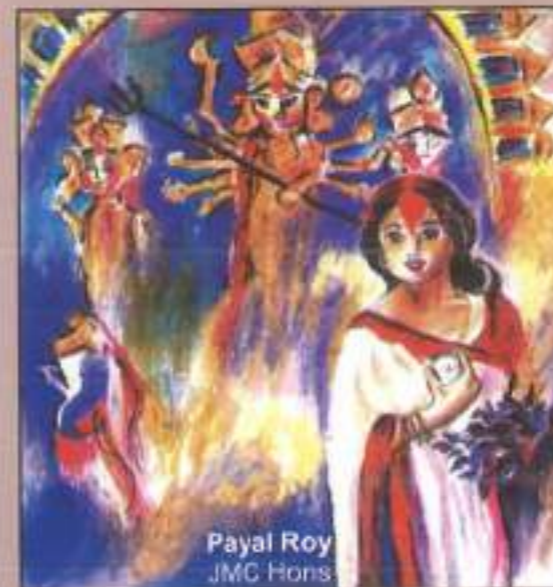
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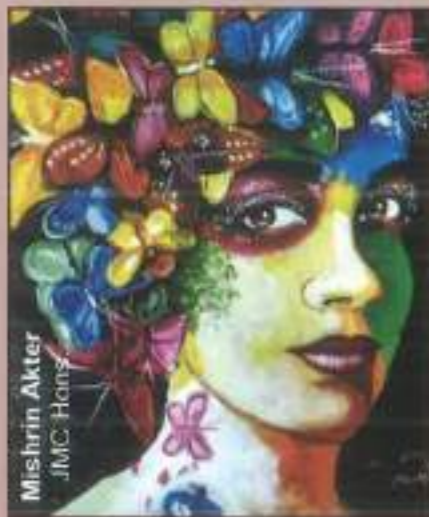
Payal Roy
JMC Hons



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JMC Hons



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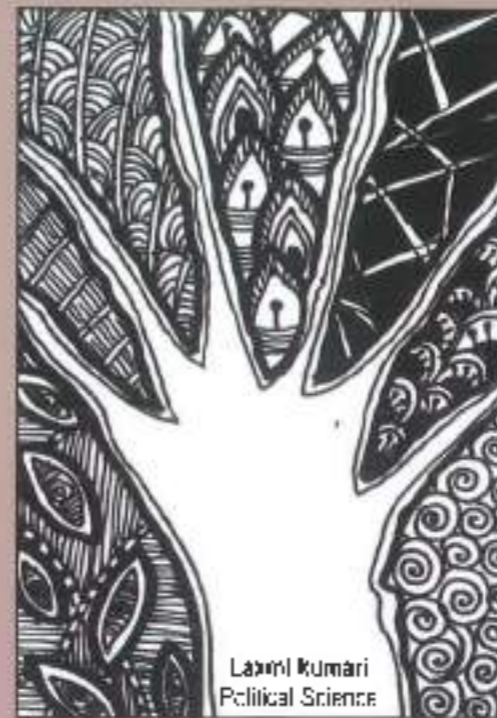
Mishrin Akter
JMC Hons



Mishrin Akter
JMC Hons



Srijita Chakraborty
Jmc



Laxmi Kumari
Political Science



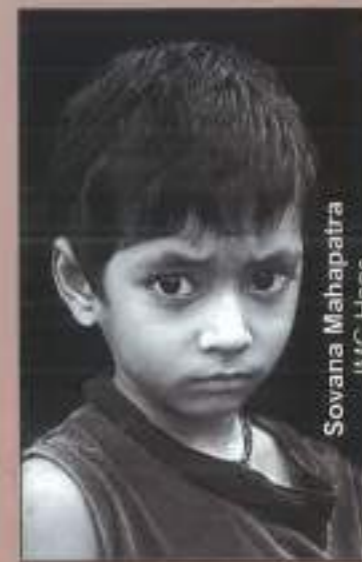
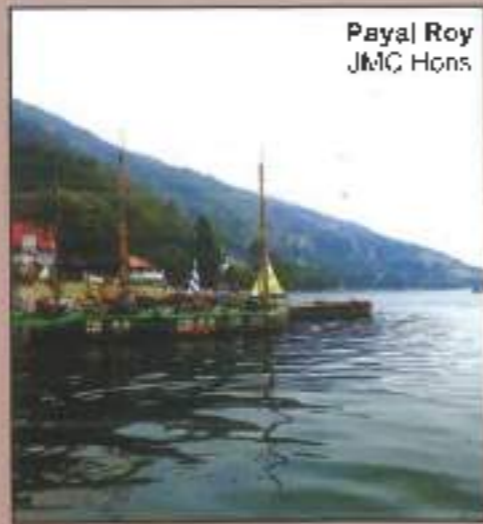
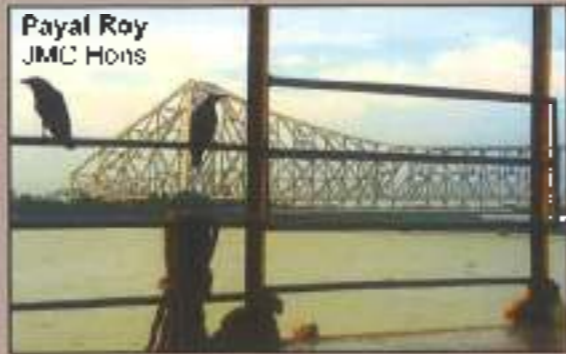
Laxmi Kumari
Political Science



Laxmi Kumari
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Shamima Sayeed





Sovana Mahapatra
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Chaitali Gayen
B.A. General



Chaitali Gayen
B.A. General



Ramyan Sarkar
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Joyita Sarkar
Eng Hons



Ramyanl Sarkar
Eng Hons



Ramyanl Sarkar
Eng Hons



Srujan Chakrabarty

THE MASTERPIECE

Mrittika Banerjee
(Economics Honours)

"Anthony Costa wanted to become an acclaimed painter since childhood. His parents had always encouraged him to follow his passion. They said to him, 'Follow your dreams. Everything else will follow!'"

However, these encouraging words were followed by a sigh of despair. Reason? They were residing in the Germany of 1942. on top of that they were Jews.

Though Anthony did attend school till he was nine years of age, eventually he had to drop out and went into hiding with his parents since the 'Führer' and his Gestapo were coming for them. Even in hiding, the perils of the Concentration Camp and the chill of impending death would haunt them.

About a year later, they were also taken to the Nazi Camps. Anthony escaped, but his parents couldn't be so lucky. That was all that Anthony had told Mrs. Webbe.

Anthony used to live in the first floor of Mrs. Webbe's house. She was a British lady, separated from her husband, a mother of three.

Anthony had never spoken to anybody about how he had escaped the Concentration Camp and fled from Germany, eventually landing up in this house in London.

"The man did not speak much. When he first came here, he was a young man, barely twenty years of age. I felt pity for him. He was in dire need of a roof over his head and some nutrition. He worked at the nearby studio designing posters for commercials. But I knew this man's talent was beyond that. He earned barely enough to keep his body and soul together. I do not learn what provoked Anthony, God bless his soul, to do such a horrible thing."

Anthony had committed suicide by slitting his wrist, and the blade that he had used to do so was lying in the pool of blood beside his cold body. He had been drinking throughout the night. The empty bottle of whiskey was still rolling on the floor.

Mrs. Webbe added, "He was dying to paint his masterpiece."

"Is this life even worth living? I miss my 'Mutter' (mother) and 'Vater' (father) so much. I miss my friends. My country. The lovely sunshine, the green grass, the sound of the waves crashing on the shore. What is the purpose of the life that I am living? Will I ever be able to do something I have always wanted to do?", that was what he used to say.

"Occasionally", Mrs. Webbe continued, "Anthony found it difficult to sleep at night. Even in the silence of the night he could hear the sirens of the Gestapo Army. Even in the dark of the night he

could see someone flash a bright torchlight right into his eyes. Even in the clean air of London he could breathe in the Gas of Auschwitz. Sometimes he couldn't sleep for five nights in a row. We urged him to visit a Doctor, but he didn't want to. Seemed to us as if he didn't even want to get better.'

Mrs. Webbe suppressed a sob and sat down on the chair just beside the dining table.

'The room is such a terrible mess! The air pathetically smells strong of whiskey. It's impossible to work in here!', complained one of my sub-inspectors.

Meanwhile, the forensic team arrived. The investigation continued. About an hour later, Costa's body was carried off to the morgue in a nearby hospital. Mrs. Webbe agreed to cremate the body after it would be brought back.

All of Costa's half finished paintings were taken for investigation, along with a few other of his belongings.

Though it seemed like a suicide, you never know. He could've been murdered too. And people did have strong motives for the purpose.

He was a habitual drinker. He did not have enough money. He borrowed money from people to support his habit.

He used to steal colours, paint brushes and canvases from the studio. He did not have the money to support his own passion.

The innocent British lady, Mrs. Webbe could also be the culprit. Anthony failed to pay his rents, frequently borrowed money from her and failed to pay back the money. Mrs. Webbe was bothered by his drinking habit as well, as I heard from their neighbours. Nevertheless, she allowed Anthony to stay in the house, because she felt that "robbers would be afraid to enter the house if they knew that the 'man of the house' was in there."

Upon further Police investigation, out of the twelve paintings which were found in Anthony's house, only one had been finished. The entire painting had been done with only one colour, deep red.

Even to a man like me who does not know anything about art, the painting sure had something in it, something so addictive, so appealing, that one couldn't stop looking at it.

The man... Was he insane? He surely did lose his mind! Gave up his life to create his masterpiece. Gifted the world of art a new treasure.

He painted a picture of a young boy with a woman and a man. He had written something in German below. We summoned an interpreter.

'Follow your dreams, everything else will follow!', said the interpreter.

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REVISITING GAURI LANKESH — A TRUE GIFT TO THE INDIAN SOCIETY

Unmesha Chanda
(Political science Hons.)

Gauri Lankesh, born in Bangalore Karnataka, was a prominent Indian journalist turned social activist who started her career as correspondent at various news outlets and later followed in her father P.Lankesh's footsteps to publish the Kannada language tabloid 'Lankesh Patrike' advocating equal rights for many oppressed groups, despite pressures from different sectors of the society. In spite of various accusations from religious, political and social aspects she uplifted herself to be true to her profession, being an uncompromising journalist. Her essays on Nagaraja, the Bangalore rapist and murderer is a brilliant example where wit, empathy, details and political acumen are so well mentioned. Her disdain from powerful gurus such as Sai Baba or for that matter any form of authoritative power is clearly evident in her writings which indicates how much she gave interest to the position of common subjugated talents.

Her humorous yet insightful piece on leaders such as Rajiv Gandhi and Veerendra Patil is truly an example where she reads aloud her liberal mind. On mentioning her father, she reflected mixed emotions. She adored and admired his literary political expertise and courage. Yet he hovered over her as a difficult act to follow.

But the way Gauri fought this and impacted Karnataka's social consciousness without depending on her influential last name was stunning — Lankesh. The emergence of 'Gauri Lankesh Patrike' from 'Lankesh Patrike' seems as a force but here again we get glimpses of her flight of independent ideas. Her short essays on her Amma, B.V Karanth and K.P Purnachandra Tejasvi are entirely subtle and thoughtful. In her last editorial 'During the days of fake news' she clearly states that she salutes those who expose fake news and wished many more like them in the coming future. Her writings are a must read as they broaden one's mind thus sharpening capabilities to establish differences between the right and wrong especially for the youngsters.

The woman who spoke her mind — Gauri, was also a passionate activist. She was everything that the Sangh loves to hate, a fearless and opinionated single woman. She was an extremely important voice against individualism of politics as well as a vehement criticiser of caste system. She was distinct, personal, a spirit filled with excitement and anger, responsive and reactionary. Bababudangli, Revathi and Dalits of Savanur or the magic that filled her when she was surrounded by other activists; everything became personal. Every experience, became a part of her life and consequently her writing. The most important sphere of her revolt was right wing fundamentalism

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where she was desperate enough to criticize openly and bring out the violence, dual nature and falseness of the political parties and their leaders nakedly. She was much against fraternity adopted by the corrupt parties through religions and caste and later conversion of these into ideologies by the same parties. She severely criticised blind and non-judgemental laws of these parties implemented in the name of democracy. Being a social revolutionary, she was deadly against fundamentalism, communalism and popularization of Babri Masjid in 1992.

As the head of Komu Souharda Vedike, a communal harmony forum for the oppressed communities, Gauri was again proved to be humble who realized the importance of the upliftment of minority sections. Gauri was indeed a true gift to India. While she did not have any children of her own she considered JNU student leaders Kanhaiya Kumar, Umar Khalid, Seha Rashid Shora, Gujarat Dalit Activist Jignesh Mevani as her adopted children and inspired them with her spectacular energy and works serving the public. Though she faced many troubles (most popular being her conviction in defamation case which continued till 2016), her thoughts always remained unclipped. But to people's utmost misfortune she was assassinated on the 5th of September, 2017 — a huge loss especially for preservers of liberal democracy. Highlighting her optimism and on preserving it, a true Indian should always give emphasis on the fact that India's sovereignty mostly depends on the secularist approach of the country. Whenever any obstruction comes in form of corruption (e.g. right wing fundamentalism) there come saviours like Gauri Lankesh to free the country from creeping evils as well as create replicas of themselves who could protect the country further. While doing these many leaders like Gauri Lankesh had faced assassinations (popular among them being Mahatma Gandhi, Indira Gandhi and many more). But the fact that remains stable is that a mere assassination of any single 'Gauri Lankesh' cannot merely disrupt the nature of secularism because of Optimistic and Radical leaders like Gauri Lankesh who possessed the capability of not only restructuring the society but also widening peoples' mind for future developments. Gauri Lankesh should be the ideal of every young mind. She was indeed a true preserver of democracy.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BEING LITERATE, EDUCATED AND INTELLIGENT

Suhasini Ghosh
(B.Com)

Many people often think all of these are the same thing and that just because you graduate from school you obviously know how to read and write. 21% of adults can't read above a 5th level and 19% of high school graduates cannot read.

To be Literate means to be able to read and write. Any 6 years old child knows how to write, but they are generally not educated on even simple things. They have not started or may be just started schooling recently and their knowledge of educational topic is very limited. It is very important to be literate if you are not able to write. I strongly encourage you to seek tutoring. Writing and being able to read is the most important thing in life. As far as education, I believe that everyone should spend their life continuing to educate themselves. *Because all knowledge is power.* Education is providing you with access to information for you to learn. Intelligence is the way we process that inform, create connections, inferences and extensions and take that learning to new places that education didn't lead us. To paraphrase a quote I heard somewhere: **Education is learning that tomato is technically a fruit, intelligence is knowing not to put it in a fruit salad.** Intelligence is a poorly defined concept. In fact, Intelligence test measures knowledge, not aptitude. Education is a much more easily ascertainable thing. You can ask people what kinds of degree they have and from where. But more importantly you can see what they bring to the conversation by the references they make and the knowledge they use. I think that when people talk about intelligence what they really mean is education because education is easily discernible and intelligence doesn't really mean much of anything. Intelligence can come naturally in a person.

Therefore, to be Successful in life what you need is EDUCATION not literacy and degree.

THE OTHER SIDE

Sayantani Chakraborty (Department of English)

When I say I need you
Do I mean it?
For needs mean absolute essentials.
When I say I would die without you
Do I mean that?
For dying means the stopping of the vitals.
Will I become destitute as you walk away?
Will my vitals co-ordinate inversely with your every further sway?
Will it?
Will it?
It will not.
But I still say such things
Such things, you say (secretly), give you the joy of kings.
When I choose to overfeed your insatiable ego over my starved self esteem,
You smile,
You bask in the sun of complete entitlement.
My self esteem is a ladder
You climb on it and soar in the sky,
High
High
Can you see me from up there?
Am I not as good as a speck of dirt?
I am not
The things I have given I can take back too;
I can remove that ladder and stuck up there will be a lonely you.
Heights have a good view,
But that they have less oxygen is of course not new to you.
Best things will happen then.
Inverse will become you from class of men.
I will be your need, it's actually essential
You will die without me, won't work your any vital.
You will say "I need you, I will die"
You will mean it I know, you will cry.
But I will choose to not hear it ■

[28]

BEYOND EXPECTATIONS!

Urmi Saha

(Journalism and Mass Communication Hons.)

Never thought to be so,
Neither expected,
That the time would change so rapidly
As never before

A new-born child
Is a child just for yesterday,
And then suddenly
He has to lift a burden
Of aims and responsibilities.

Yesterday, yes, just yesterday
He used to go to school;
But today
He doesn't at all
Have time to fool.
The environment that the child addressed
yesterday
Was just unknown,
But today,
Every one is his own
And he ought to live alone.

Yesterday, he was cared and nursed by
everyone

He was nation's;
Today, he has to serve,
As nation belongs to him now.

The child just yesterday was so innocent;
Today he has to be patient
For every work he does
Whatever is his status
That is all he deserves'

Yes, true indeed.
Time flows so swiftly
That we cannot capture.
Life enquires so much
That we cannot answer ■

[29]

FOR MEAT SAKE

Urmi Saha

(Journalism and Mass Communication Hons.)

Past the blue dome,
Past little boys flying kites
On my way came the butcher's shop
The butcher had his eyes on I walked past the
crumple home

His goats, in case rouses rob,
Nobody could rob them, except of their lives,
Which, the butcher did often with his sharp
curved knives.

Then, came a man and said, "I want fresh meat"
The butcher replied calmly, "Sir, please take a
seat"

He picked up a kid as per the customer's choice
Sharpened his already sharp knife,
making a screeching noise
With malice in his eyes, he jostled with the kid
I shut my eyes and walked on,
A little later, I heard the kid moan
For the last time did the kid bleat,
This time I felt the Earth tremble beneath my
feet.

Then, silence crept in, like a slithering snake,
All of this, just for Meat's Sake? ■

IN HONOUR OF THOSE LOST TO ABORTION

Deepika Ravi (M.A. English)

Behold, children are a heritage from the Lord
The fruit of the womb is a reward.
There's just one tiny plot twist though,
And that is "as long as you can afford"

Woe unto that fateful year of 1973!
When the choices of the most innocent
among us
Were curbed by that decree,
Never before had I heard
That a gift brought with it a sense
of entitlement.
But here I am witnessing the worst,
'Pro-choice' is the word in favour
of these God-sent.

Inconvenience, burden, choice or freedom,
Call it what you may.
Repugnant to the senses is abortion,
Though the world considers,
"Fair is foul and foul is fair"

Since when did motherhood become a shame?
This are simple question I ask
How pitiful it is to think
that the greatest privilege of being a woman
is now considered the most unambitious task

A number of gracefully fashioned excuses,
To cover up the lies.
After all mute were the victims,
Had they been put to trial.
Who will speak on behalf of these
Who will plead their cause?
It's sheer arrogance to presume that
if we do not
So will not the Lord. ■

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VIRTUE, THOU HAST A SHROUDED FAME

Deepika Ravi (M.A. English)

Virtue, thou Hast a shrouded fame
If doth strike me now
How unappreciated thou goest!
How unnoticed than movest!
Yet, Thou makest no claim,
Over that which is righteously Thine own
Virtue, Thou hast a shrouded fame.

Thy presence doth not affect the sons of men
Tis Thy absence that makes Thy presence
known
Thy possessors, thought, on every side
distressed
May yet take comfort in this
"Blessed are they that mourn."

The world is full of Thy sweet fragrance,
And tis Thy power that set it aflame,
But, Canst a fool ever behold Thee since
Virtue, Thou hast a shrouded fame?

TIME STAND STILL

Deepika Ravi (M.A. English)

Time, stand still
For I am weary,
Weary of this race that I run with Thee.

O what a fruitless pursuit!
This, that has been appointed as my lot,
For to have to commute
On this woebegone life,
Is a path I'd rather tread not

The more I plead with Thee,
The more I feel Thy quips
How foolish have I been!
To expect mercy from Thee,
Who art as a cruel taskmaster

Thou takest pleasure in my pain,
And even if this be not true
It shall be Thy hand
by which I shall one day be slain.
For on the day that my thoughts perish,
Thou shalt yet again be declared triumphant
This race that Thou runnest with me,
is, at most, redundant.

Conscious am I
That this race cannot win,
No matter how hard I try.
Hence;
This is all I ask of Thee.
"Rest", So I could rest a while.

FOR THE LOVE OF POETRY

Deepika Ravi (M.A. English)

I improve you to not critique a poem,
As if it were written to soothe a particular taste.
'Poetry' the Romantics got it right
'is the spontaneous overflow of powerful
emotions'
To interpret it by reason alone will prove
to be a waste.

Let go of your reason,
Let other passions take hold.
For a poet to lay bare the inner
strivings of his soul,
Is a step too bold,
To be trampled under the foot of intellect

JUDGEMENT

Shazeen Sania (Political Science Hons.)

'Do not judge a book by its cover'.

Why is it often found that a person's attire
becomes a measure to determine one's
personality?

A person can be very much modern
under a traditional attire,
and a person in a modern outfit
may have obsolete notions.

So, it's not the attire that shows
how modern you are or how's your
personality.

What really shows your modernity are your
thoughts
and how you conceive things that's around. ■

[31]

সনাতনী তিলোত্তমা

পায়েল রায়

(সাংবাদিকতা ও গণজ্ঞাপন বিভাগ)

সেফালে ছিল গ্রাম,
এখাল মজার জ্ঞানি
তবু প্রাণহীন আমার শহর,
মানি না এ বাপী;
এখনো মামিনী ভাঁড়ে চুমুক দিয়ে,
পাড়ার স্বেচ্ছা বসে
ইন্সট্রুমেন্ট-স্ট্রোহনকাপান নিয়ে
তুমুল বিতর্ক চলে।
এখনো কে এম সি অর
ম্যাকডোনাল্ডের থেকে,
ফুটকাওয়ালার সামনেই
বেশি লাইন পাশে।
ওসা-উবের মাঝে মাঝেই সাজে,
ডিড় সাসেই শহরবাসী নিভা চড়ে বসে।
হারিয়ে আজও
ভজহরি মায়ার স্তম্ভচিহ্নকে,
মায়ের হাতে কশা মাংসই
জ্বিতে জল আনে।

জিটোরিয়াম প্রেম,
প্রিমোপে নৌকা বিহার,
কলেজ স্ট্রিটের বইপড়া তাই
আজও প্রিয় সবার।
কোয়াম-কেনয়েন্ট হোক বা
থাকুক স্টিপকর্ট-অ্যানাফন,
পুজোর শপিং মানেই
নিউ মার্কেটে সবার চল।
মজার মেয়েও অটমীর অঞ্জলিতে
শাড়িটাই বাড়ে,
হোয়াটসঅপের বিক্রয় আজও পিছিয়ে
মিষ্টির ভাঁড়ের কাছে।
নন্দনের খাঁতলামি আজও
মাস্টিন্সকে হার মানায়,
নাইট ক্লাবের চেয়ে আজও
গঙ্গার ধারেই মন ভেলায়।
আধুনিকতার হাতছানিতে তাই
আঁকড়ে পুরাতনের কথা,
নিরুন্ন রাতে গল্প বলে আজও
সামারই কপকপা।

অ-বিবাহিতা

সৃজিতা চক্রবর্তী

(সাংবাদিকতা ও গণজ্ঞাপন)

ঘুম ভাঙে রোজ - ঠিক তোর পাঁচটায়
নশারি সরালে খানকায়ক সিঁড়ি - বাপসা
হাসের বাগানে জল ছোটনোর পর
দুটো ফুটায় অক্সিসের রিকশা ধরি
অবিবাহিতা, বরস শুই - সীউটিল।
পত্রবর্ষ - মূখরী - গুণটুন, বাহের খাতায়;
আগের পৌষে খ'বা গেলেন, মাস কিসতেই মা
বিয়েগুলো হবে হবে করে
বেনারসি আলতা পরে যসে রইল,
পাত্রে পুষ্পরথ আর বাড়িমুখো হল না
বয়স বাড়তে শুভাকাঙ্ক্ষী চেনা গেল কিছু
মদ-থেকে ধোয়াবর, অধতিমান খনীর দুলাল
আরও কত পৌকষের বাহরে।
শেহেরেশ-একখানা সঙ্গী তো এক
ওই চাকরি।
শক্তির কিছু ঘাটতি না হলে চলছিল না তাই
পাশের টেবিলে - বড়বাথুর চেয়ারে
ক্যাফিনে - চায়ের দোকানে
অনারকম চোখ - হাতে হাত হৌয়ালো ইচ্ছে করে:

রবীন্দ্র রচনাবলীর উজ্জ্বল পাতায়
পাওয়া গেল দুটো সিনেমা টিকিট
সিসিভারে কিসকিস
ইত্যাদি ইত্যাদি

সে যক!
ডানাকাটা ইচ্ছেয় পালক কুড়ি না আর
বাড়ি তিরে খোলা বারান্দায় গান গাই
এলোচুল - ল্যাপটোনো কফজল
সূর্যের শেষ আলোর আঁচল ছুঁয়ে
কাঁচের আয়নায় নজর ফাটি -
কতো।

স্ত্রী হইনি করো
মা। তা ও নহ:

তবু ওই মাসের শুরুতে কটা টাকা
রবীন্দ্রনাথ - জীবনানন্দ - সুনীল - গোসাই
বেতে মোড়া, যুগোৎসর্গ রেড্ডিও
খৌপার কাটা, গ্যাসের বই
দিকি আমার খেমালা রাখে

রডের স্বপ্নে - মাঝসড়ক দিয়ে
একলা হেঁটে যায়
আগুন রঙের ডালবাসার মোড়ক
চোক'ঠ জুড়ে প্রতিদিন;
কে স্নেন লিয়ে রাখে -
'এ পৃথিবীতে মেয়ে-রা কখনো একলা হয় না'

कालवैशाखी

सुमित्रा मुवाख्खी

(शाकन हात्री, बांग्ला विभाग)

प्रत्येक महिन्यास असाय तापत्रवाह्यर अवसान घटिये मालकुमिडे आरु अनोकर एकसाथे वृत्तिर निःश्राम पडल, कारपती अकथाई कालवैशाखीर बोडो हांग्या आर वृष्टि।

जानला गिये आसा ठाण। हांग्यर आर सौवा गरु अनोकर साथे वृत्तिर आमिउ उपमृकि करलाम; प्रथम वृष्टिडे लिजव बले एककुटे हादे चले गेलाम। एई पालसामिटा छोट्टे थेंक एखनउ आछे एकईरकम। एक अजुत मानकता आछे प्रथम वृष्टि र योडाय।

वृष्टि र साथेहि विमृतेर अलकनिडे आमार बाडिटा थिये चारिदिके पाहाडुगुलोकें लेखते गेलाम। मज्जन-विकल लोखेई लेखि, किंख एत रहस्यमय आणे कवनउ लार्थेनि। पाहाडुगेर उणरेर साला मन्निरटा भाने हाछे आरु रहस्यमयक। कारण एई मन्निरेर हासे केवन चूडा नोई, अयनि समडल। या एर आमे कथने मन्नि वा थेंवाल क्खिनि। हयातो उईटा करोर बाडि। वा रूपकथार पळेर मतेर केने वाजकुमारी थारु। आमिउ यदि एई पाहाडुगुलोकें धाकरत पारताम। वृष्टि, मेवके आरु हाह थेंके छुते पारताम।

एईसव जावते जावते हंतेर जेका हांग्याय ठाण। पासतेई लेखि कालवैशाखी उडे चले गेहे अना कोथाउ। वाह! आज आमार आर वृष्टिडे जेका हलो ना। आवार अपेकार दिन रोना गरु कालवैशाखीर जन्य।

भीष्म-प्रणाम

सुकन्या शर्मा (हिन्दी विभाग)

महाभारत का युद्ध चल रहा था।

एक दिन दुर्योधन के व्यंग्य से आहत होकर भीष्म पितामह घोषणा कर देते हैं कि

'मैं कल पांडवों का वध कर दूँगा'

उनकी घोषणा का पता चलते ही पांडवों के शिविर में बेचैनी बढ़ गई -

भीष्म की क्षमताओं के बारे में सभी को पता था इसलिए सभी किसी अनिष्ट को आशंका से परेशान हो गए।

तब श्रीकृष्ण ने द्रौपदी से कहा - 'अभी मेरे साथ चलो।' वे द्रौपदी को लेकर सीधे पितामह के शिविर में पहुँच गए। शिविर के बाहर खड़े होकर उन्होंने द्रौपदी से कहा कि अन्दर जाकर पितामह को प्रणाम करो।

द्रौपदी ने अन्दर जाकर पितामह भीष्म को प्रणाम किया तो उन्होंने उसे 'अखंड सौभाग्यवती भवः' का आशीर्वाद दे दिया। फिर उन्होंने द्रौपदी से पूछा, 'वत्स, तुम हतनी रात में अकेली यहाँ कैसे आई हो, क्या तुमको श्रीकृष्ण यहाँ लेकर आये हैं?'

द्रौपदी ने कहा, 'हां! वे कक्ष के बाहर खड़े हैं।

भीष्म कक्ष के बाहर आ गए और दोनों ने एक दूसरे को प्रणाम किया। भीष्म ने कहा - 'मेरे एक वचन को मेरे ही दूसरे वचन से फाट देने का काम श्रीकृष्ण ही कर सकते हैं।'

शिविर से वापस लौटते समय श्रीकृष्ण ने द्रौपदी से कहा - 'तुम्हारे एक बार जाकर पितामह को प्रणाम करने से तुम्हारे पतियों को जीवनदान मिल गया है। अगर तुम प्रतिदिन भीष्म, धृतराष्ट्र, द्रोणाचार्य, आदि को प्रणाम करती होती और दुर्योधन-दुःशासन, आदि की पत्नियां भी पांडवों को प्रणाम करती होती, तो शायद इस युद्ध को जीत ही न आती।'

प्रेम-पत्र

मुषा मतालिया (बी.एस.सी.)

रेखा के जीवन में एक विशाल तूफान आया था। अपनी माँ की आकस्मिक मृत्यु के पश्चात् वह अपने आप को संभालने में असफल रही। घर में सिर्फ वह और उसके पिता ही बचे थे। अठराह वर्षीय रेखा ने जीवन की इस दुखमय घड़ी में अपने आप को अकेला पाया। माँ ही वह एक बंधन थी जिसने पिता को पुत्री से जोड़े रखा था। उनके जाने के बाद वह बंधन भी टूटने लगा।

रेखा के पिता अक्सर काम के सिलसिले में शहर से बाहर रहते थे और रेखा अक्सर अपने आप को घर में अकेला पती थी। पिता से किसी कार्य हेतु ही वह बातचीत करती थी। एक दिन जब उसके पिता घर वापस आए तो साथ में रेखा के लिए एक नई माँ भी लेते आए। रेखा के पिता ने बिना रेखा को बताए दूसरा विवाह कर लिया था। यह देखकर रेखा गुस्से में तमतमा उठी। उस औरत को अपनी माँ के रूप में स्वीकार करने से इनकार कर दिया। इस तरह वह अपने पिता से और भी दूर चली गयी और अपना घर छोड़कर नानी के गहों रहने लगी।

कुछ दिन पश्चात् रेखा की नई माँ सुनन्दा उसे घर वापस लाने के लिए उसके नानी के घर पहुँची। रेखा का रूखा व्यवहार देखकर उसे बहुत दुःख हुआ परंतु फिर भी उसने हार न मानी। रेखा को बहुत समझाने की कोशिश की पर वह न मानी। न ही उसने सुनन्दा को अपनी माँ माना और न ही उसका गुस्सा उसके पिता के प्रति शांत हुआ। हार कर सुनन्दा को घर वापस लौटना पड़ा। परंतु फिर भी सुनन्दा को मन में यह उम्मीद थी की एक दिन सब ठीक हो जाएगा।

एक हफ्ते बाद रेखा को एक पत्र मिला है। भेजनेवाले का नाम पढ़ा है तो आश्चर्य चकित हो गई है। वह पत्र उसके पिता ने लिखा था। खोलकर पढ़ने लगी -

मेरी प्रिय पुत्री रेखा,

मैं जानता हूँ मैंने तुम्हारे साथ बहुत गलत किया। तुम्हारी माँ के जाने के बाद मुझे तुम्हारा सहारा बनना चाहिए था परंतु मैंने तुम्हें अकेला छोड़ दिया और बिना तुम्हें बताए विवाह कर लिया। नई माँ को अपनाने से जब तुमने इनकार कर दिया तो मुझे बहुत गुस्सा आया और मैं अपने क्रोध में यह भूल ही गया कि विवाह तो मैंने तुम्हारे लिए ही किया था ताकि तुम्हें फिर से एक माँ का साथ मिले। अगर आज सुनन्दा ने न बताया होता तो मैं कभी तुम्हारी पीड़ा समझ ही न पाता। हो सके तो मुझे माफ कर देना और जल्द-से-जल्द घर वापस लौट आना। तुम्हारे बिना मैं रह नहीं पाऊँगा। हम तीनों तुमसे बहुत प्रेम करते हैं - मैं, सुनन्दा और आकाश मैं तारा बनकर नैडी तुम्हारी माँ।

सहप्रेम,

तुम्हारे पिता

पत्र पढ़कर रेखा की आँखें में आँसू आ गए। उसने सौतेली माँ को कितना गलत समझा था परंतु उन्होंने ही उसके और उसके पिता के बीच की दूरियाँ मिटा दी। एक माँ ने फिर से प्रेम की खोर बनकर रिश्ते बाँध दिए। रेखा वापस अपने घर लौट आई और सुनन्दा को अपनी माँ के रूप में स्वीकार कर लिया और कहने लगी - "माँ तो आखिर माँ होती है, चाहे जन्म देने वाली हो या सौतेली हो।" ■

रेलवे स्टेशन का दृश्य

सृष्टि खन्ना (हिन्दी सम्मान)

प्रस्तावना : "चाय-चाय!" यह गाड़ी प्लेटफार्म पर आ रही है। "गाड़ी संख्या!" ठफ यह मैं कहाँ आ गयी हूँ। एसा होता है रेलवे स्टेशन? इतनी आवाज़ें, इतने लोग, इतनी चहल-पहल! मैं अपने परिवार सहित 'हावड़ा स्टेशन' में एक बेंच पर बैठा हूँ। हम दिल्ली जाने वाले हैं तथा हमारी गाड़ी एक घण्टे की देरी से आने वाली है।

विषय-विस्तार : मेरे सामने क्या हो रहा है? यह नहीं बल्कि यह पुछना चाहिए कि क्या नहीं हो रहा है! यहाँ से कोई आवाज, तो वहाँ से कोई टिकट घर में लोगों की ऐसी लंबी कतार बनी हुई है मानो, भूकंप आ गया हो तथा सभी शहर छोड़कर जाने को उसुक लें। मेरे सामने कुछ आगे एक चाय वाला अपनी चाय बेचने हेतु जोर-जोर से चिल्लाए जा रहा है। पास ही मैं एक भोजन स्थल है, जहाँ का भोजन "पानी की तरह बह रहा है", अर्थात् बिकता ही जा रहा है। क्या मैंने आपको यह बताया कि घड़ी में कितने बजे हैं? अभी रात के एक बज रहे हैं तथा मैं तो यह बात का जिज्ञासु हूँ कि दोपहर तथा शाम को क्या हाल होता होगा। अरे! यह क्या! मेरे थोड़ी ही दूरी पर एक महिला इतना चीख चिल्ला रही है थोड़ी दूर अपने दृष्टि फिरावे ही मैंने देखा एक आदमी अपने हाथ में एक बस्ता लिए, चम्पत हो रहा था परंतु, उस चोर को यह न पता था कि उसका प्रयास व्यर्थ पड़ जाएगा तथा उसे यह अनुभव होगा कि उसने अपने पैरों पर कुल्हाड़ी मारी है, जब पुलिस उसे पकड़ ले जाएगी।

उपसंहार : ट्रेन में अपना स्थान ग्रहण कर मैंने अपने पिताजी के थके चेहरे की ओर देखा। मैंने उनसे यह कहा की "खोदा पहाड़ पर निकला चुहा", अर्थात् मुझे यह लगता था कि एक रेलवे स्टेशन सुंदरतापूर्ण तथा शांतिमय होता है, पर यहाँ तो गंदगी के अलावा और कुछ नहीं। आज मैं "रेलवे स्टेशन के दृश्य" को सच्चाई से वंचित हो उठा हूँ।

भ्रष्टाचार मुक्त भारत के प्रति मेरी दृष्टि

राखी कर्ण (हिन्दी सम्मान)

भारत में 'भ्रष्टाचार' शब्द का इस्तेमाल बराबर किया जाता है. भारत के लोग इस शब्द के आदि हैं और भ्रष्टाचार के बुरे परिणामों का सामना करने के लिए मजबूर। भ्रष्टाचार मंत्रियों के संघ द्वारा किए गए एक प्रक्रिया के रूप में परिभाषित किया जा सकता है। सिर्फ मंत्री लोग ही नहीं यहाँ तक कि बड़े से बड़े राजनीतिज्ञ और शक्तिशाली लोग भी भ्रष्टाचार को बढ़ावा देते हैं। जिन लोगों के हाथ में सत्ता है वे आम जनता के लिए परेशानी खड़ी करते हैं। आज भ्रष्टाचार इतना फैल गया है कि आम जनता भी इसकी चपेट में आ गयी है। भ्रष्टाचार इतनी तेज गति से हर दिन बढ़ता जा रही है, जो बाद में हमारे देश के लिए बहुत हानिकारक हो सकती है। इस के चंगुल से खुद को बचाना मुश्किल होता जा रहा है। अमीर लोगों की तो इससे बहुत फायदा होता है। पर बेचारे गरीब को इसका फल भुगतना पड़ता है और इससे उनका जीना मुश्किल हो गया है।

आज भारत जैसे इतने बड़े देश में गरीबों को खाने की कमी है, रहने के लिए घर और जगह की कमी है पेट भरने के लिए रोजगार की कमी है। इनका पढ़ने लिखने पर भी कम ध्यान है और अंत में सही जीवन-पथ पर चलने के लिए ईमानदारी की भी कमी है।

भ्रष्टाचार भारत के हर एक क्षेत्र में है और आजकाल यह लोगों के लिए कोई बड़ी बात नहीं है। हम लोग भी कहीं न कहीं इसका शिकार होते हैं क्योंकि हम हमेशा खुद के फायदे के बारे में सोचते हैं चाहे वो डोनेशन देकर विद्यालयों में दाखिला लेना हो पुलिसवालों का घूस देकर काम करवाना हो इत्यादि। ये भ्रष्टाचार नहीं है तो क्या है? लोग भी जाने बिना कि देश पर इसका बुरा प्रभाव पड़ रहा है, सब करते जा रहे हैं। भ्रष्टाचार फैलाते जा रहे हैं। हमारे भारत की प्रशासनिक व्यवस्था पहले ही बहुत अप्रभावी है और वह भी धीरे-धीरे भ्रष्ट होती जा रही है। शास्त्र में एक कुटिल और शैतानी प्रक्रिया है जो एक विकसित और विकसित देश के बीच को खाई पाटता है। यह एक उत्प्रेरक है जो विकास को रोकता है। मेरी दृष्टि, भारत को भ्रष्टाचार से मुक्त करने की, कुछ इस प्रकार है :-

एक ऐसा देश जिसमें सब के लिए कानून समान हो। एक ऐसा देश जहाँ किसी भी बड़ी शक्तिशाली या रईस व्यक्ति को गलती करने उपयुक्त सजा दी जाये। एक ऐसा देश जहाँ संसद राजनीतिक दवाब में आकर फैसले न ले। हमारा भारत एक अखंड राष्ट्र है। हम अपने देश को इज्जत भ्रष्टाचारियों की वजह से नहीं खो सकते। अब यह हमारा भी कर्तव्य कि हम अपने देश को भ्रष्टाचार मुक्त बनाएँ।

हर समस्या का हल होता है और इस समस्या का हल 'आप' है। आप स्वयं भ्रष्ट होना बंद करेंगे तो देखेंगे कि दूसरे अपने आप ठीक हो रहे हैं। आप ही इस देश की आशा हैं। इसलिए इसे अपनी आदत बनाएँ। "भ्रष्ट न खुद हों न दूसरे को होने दें"। भारत को बेहतर बनाने की प्रतिज्ञा लें और उसे भ्रष्टाचार मुक्त बनाएँ। ■

बदल जाएगा

निष्ठा बिन्दा (हिन्दी सम्मान)

कोई मेरी बात तो करता है!
बुरा कहता है तो क्या हुआर,
धो पाद तो करता है ...

कौन कहता है
कि नेचर और सिग्नेचर
कभी बदलते नहीं!

धस एक चोट की जरूरत है
अगर ऊंगली पे लगी तो
सिग्नेचर बदल जाएगा ...

और दिल पे लगे तो
नेचर बदल जाएगा ...

शिक्षक का महत्व

निष्ठा बिन्दा (हिन्दी सम्मान)

लोग कहते हैं
लिख लेती हूँ मैं हर पहलु पर।
पर क्यों हूँ निःशब्द आज
लिखना है जब गुरु पर !
जिसमें दरिया समा जाए ...
धो गागर कहीं से लाऊँ!
जीवन में जो आपकी पहचान बताए ...
वो अल्फाज़ का ज़रिया कहीं से लाऊँ!

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

राष्ट्र एक - सोच अनेक

निष्ठा बिन्दा (हिन्दी सम्मान)

राष्ट्र हमारा एक है
पर सोच यहाँ अनेक है।
देवी की पूजा करते हैं
पर बेटों की हत्या करते हैं
बेटी के पैदा होने पर
यहाँ दुःख के आँसु बहाते हैं
बेटे के पैदा होने पर
यहाँ देश खुशियाँ मनाते हैं।

राष्ट्र हमारा एक है
पर सोच यहाँ अनेक है
बेटे की छोटी बातों को
फल में पूरा करते हैं
बेटी के सुन्दर सपनों पर
पानी फेरा करते हैं।

राष्ट्र हमारा एक है
पर सोच यहाँ अनेक है
बेटे का ब्याह रचाने को
यहाँ लड़कौ दूटा करते हैं
पर बेटी के पैदा होने पर
सिर को पीटा करते हैं।

राष्ट्र हमारा एक है
पर सोच यहाँ अनेक है
बेटे की शिक्षा-दीक्षा को
सब से ऊपर रखते हैं
बेटी के पढ़न-लिखन को
बोझा समझा करते हैं
राष्ट्र हमारा एक है
पर सोच यहाँ अनेक है। ■

लड़कियाँ किसी से कम नहीं

करिश्मा सिंह (हिन्दी सम्मान)

जिनको लगता था, कि लड़कियों में दम नहीं,
अब उनका हो जाएगा यकीन कि
लड़कियाँ किसी से कम नहीं।

वो दिन गए जब
हम शोषण को चुप-चाप सहते थे,
किसी से भी कुछ ना कहते थे।
अब अन्याय सहना हमारा धर्म नहीं
लड़कियाँ किसी से कम नहीं।

क्या गलत, क्या सही, जान चुके हैं हम
अपनी मजिलों को पहचान चुके हैं हम।
लोग क्या कहेंगे इसका हमें डर नहीं,
लड़कियाँ किसी से कम नहीं।

दुनिया का हर काम कर सकते हैं हम
लड़कों के संग कदम मिलाकर चल सकते हैं हम
अब मुसौबतों का हमें भय नहीं, गम नहीं
लड़कियाँ किसी से कम नहीं।

कोई छोटा-बड़ा नहीं है

राखी कर्ण (हिन्दी सम्मान)

माँ, मैं तो अह्यापिका बनूँगी।
पूड़ी-लिखी अह्यापिका बनूँगी।
मेहनत को लक्ष्य बनाऊँगी।
ज्ञान की भशाल जलऊँगी।
सच का पाट धड़ाऊँगी।

माँ, मैं तो डॉक्टर बनूँगी।
लोगों की सेवा करूँगी।
अच्छी, असली दे दवाई,
बीमारी दूर भगाऊँगी।
परने किसी को मैं न दूँगी।

माँ, मैं तो नेता बनूँगी।
देश को पूरी सेवा करूँगी
सुख जन-जन में बाँटूँगी,
नहीं घर अपना भरूँगी।
देश को महान बनाऊँगी।

बच्चों! तुम कुछ भी बन जाना।
कभी देश को भूल न जाना।
लालच मन में कभी न लाना।
सेवा भाव को नहीं भुलाना।

काम सभी ऊँचे होते हैं।
नीचा कोई काम नहीं है।
जग में सभी हैं एक बरान्बर,
कोई छोटा-बड़ा नहीं है।

नारी शक्ति

निधि जयसवाल (वि.ए. जेनारेल)

"अगर रख सको तो
एक निशानी हूँ मैं
खो दो तो सिर्फ
एक कहानी हूँ मैं।"

"माँ लक्ष्मी माँ सरस्वती की
चाहे कितनी भी पूजा कर लो,
या घाहे अखंड उपवास कर लो,
लेकिन अगर नारी की इज्जत करना नहीं सीखा तुम्हें
तो कहो क्या सीखा तुमने!"

"अपने कर्तव्यों संग नारी भर रही है उद्धान,
ना है कोई शिकायत, ना कोई थकान,
यहाँ है नारी की पहचान, उसी से
है यह सारा जहान।"

"मुझे महिलाओं से यही कहना है कि
लोगों के फैसले को छाया में न रहें।
अपने खुद के ज्ञान के प्रकाश में अपनी
पसंद और, नापसंद खुद तय करें।"

حال رہا۔ صوفیانہ مسائل اور موضوعات پر غالب کی نگاہ تھی۔

غالب صوفی شاعر شاید اس لئے بھی نہیں بن سکے کہ انہوں نے دنیا اور ملاقا دنیا سے خود کو دور نہیں رکھا۔ انہیں اپنی پیش کی بھی فکر تھی اور دنیا میں اعزاز و کرام حاصل کرنا چاہتے تھے، اچھی شراب کی بھی خواہش تھی۔ ظاہر ہے ایسا شخص علم تصوف سے آگے رکھنے کے باوجود صوفی نہیں ہو سکتا۔ یہی وجہ ہے کہ انہوں نے تصوف کے مسائل پر گہری نظر ڈالی اپنے اطراف و اکناف کی زندگی اور اپنے زمانے کی دلی کے بارے میں خوب خوب لکھا۔

ع۔۔۔ زندگی اپنا جب اس ڈھنگ سے گزری غالب۔۔۔ ہم بھی کیا یاد کریں گے کہ قدر رکھتے تھے۔

غالب نے غزل کے علاوہ اور اصناف میں بھی طبع آزمائی کی۔ انہوں نے قصیدے، مثنوی، رباعیات، قطعات اور مرثیے بھی لکھے، لیکن ان میں کوئی شہ نہیں کہ وہ غزل اور صرف غزل کے شاعر تھے، گویا کہ غالب کے شاعری میں پوری زندگی پوری کائنات سما چکی ہے۔ ذات انسانی کا درمیانے مسائل اس کے آس پاس غرض کہ ہر چیز غالب کی شاعری میں نظر آتی ہے۔ اور جب تک انسان کے اندر یہ درد جذبات اور کیفیات زندہ ہیں گے غالب کی شاعری اس دنیا میں زندہ رہے گی۔ غرض کہ غالب نے اپنی شاعری میں نئی نوع انسان سے جتنی باتیں ہو سکتی ہیں ان سب پر روشنی ڈالی ہے۔

ع۔۔۔ ہے اور بھی دنیا میں خنور بہت اچھے۔۔۔ کہتے ہیں کہ غالب کا ہے انداز بیان اور۔

Zainab Khatoon
(B.A. General)