



SHIKSHAYATAN PATRIKA 2025



SHRI SHIKSHAYATAN COLLEGE

A NAAC Accredited Women's College
Affiliated to University of Calcutta



Late Sitaram Seksaria

Our Founder

Born : 1st May, 1892

Died : 17th March, 1982

SHRI SHIKSHAYATAN COLLEGE

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SHRI SHIKSHAYATAN PATRIKA

December 2025

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FOREWORD

It gives me immense pride to present *Shikshayatan Patrika 2025*, the annual college magazine. This year Shri Shikshayatan College celebrates 70 glorious years, and the *Shikshayatan Patrika* once again serves as a platform for academic and creative expression for faculty and students alike.

I take pleasure in stating that *Shikshayatan Patrika 2025* contains poems, and scholarly articles on myriad topics – on culture and lifestyle, on concepts of the hero and heroism, on the works by Jackson Pollock the expressionist painter, on a contemporary award-winning artist Supriyo Manna, on a short story by Rabindranath Tagore, on abstract philosophical concepts et al. Articles on social media and social history, and on contemporary politics and demonstration of India's military and strategic power, are complemented by paintings and photographs by both faculty and students, that serve as a documentation of current events.

I thank all contributors who have created this vibrant community of scholars and creative artists and I congratulate and thank the members of the editorial team for their hard work and dedication and for lending their expertise in compiling *Shikshayatan Patrika 2025*.

Thank you!

Tania Chakraverty

Dr. Tania Chakraverty

Principal

Shri Shikshayatan College

EDITORIAL

“Education is the manifestation of perfection....”

Swami Vivekananda

2025 marks a significant year in the history of the College. A journey, which began in 1955 with anxiety, hope and aspiration with a humble strength of only 28 students, has come to its moment of celebrating the 70th year this year with élan. Beginning as a liberal arts college, today Shri Shikshayatan College has become a sought after destination for students. Over the years, both students and faculty members have involved themselves into nurturing an environment of academic engagements, co-curricular activities, community outreach programmes and many more. Shikshayatan Patrika, the annual College magazine, has become the platform to record and publish the enthusiasm and creativity invested in all the diverse activities and accomplishments, fostering the multilingual inclusive nature of the Institution. While 'Ourselves' gives a glimpse of those academic and co-curricular initiatives, other contributions (articles, paintings, photograph) augment the content of the magazine expressing collective feeling and realisation exhibiting their imagination, love and labour.

The Editorial team sincerely thank our Principal, Dr. Tania Chakraverty for her continuous encouragement. The team also wishes to express gratitude to the management for their constant support.

The dedicated Editorial team has striven to present this issue of Shikshayatan Patrika with consistent aim for betterment.

Wishing all happy reading !

Smt. Debolina GuhaThakurta
Editor-in-Chief

OBITUARY



SMT. UMA SIDDHANTA

1933-2025

SENIOR LECTURER, B.Ed. DEPARTMENT, SHRI SHIKSHAYATAN COLLEGE

YEARS OF SERVICE : 1.1.76 – 10.1.1998

We are deeply saddened by the loss of Smt. Uma Siddhanta, the first woman graduate from the Sculpture Department of the Government College of Art and Craft in 1956, specializing in Sculpture and Modeling. A national figure and a luminary in the world of art, she was faculty at Shri Shikshayatan College in the Fine Arts and the B.Ed. Department.

Her calm presence belied a revolutionary spirit, challenging stereotypes and breaking the glass ceiling with grit and determination, through her sculptures in bronze, wood and stone. She was an author, embroidery artist and painter who even painted on betel nut bark. Her ability to diversify enabled her to draw inspiration from nature and psychology and constantly explore new horizons of artistic expression. She was perhaps the first to design a Durga Idol for a theme puja.

Her innovations in pedagogy led to the creation of a new method of teaching language through circles, squares and straight lines. She pioneered the introduction of folk art as a medium of mass education for which she was honoured with National Awards in 1979, 1980 and 1981.

She was the recipient of the National Award by Lalit Kala Academy in 1992 and the Lady Ranu Mukherjee Memorial Lifetime Achievement Award for Excellence in Visual Arts in 2006 she was honoured by the Shilpi Mahasamman by The Paschim Banga Charukala Parshad in 2014.

Her grace, quiet elegance, warmth and her extraordinary work continued to inspire her students and enriched the College through the years.

Visitors' Book

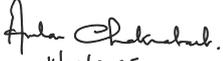
Hello Friends,

I got the opportunity to visit this college second time and was pleased to know about the legacy of Shikshayatan founded by Lt. Sitaram Saksaria ji. This visionary leader has created the best atmosphere to uplift the quality of living. I am happy to had a session on career conselling in the capacity of chairman EIRC of ICAI and found all management people and students are very proactive and I see the fire in them to progress and help the society. Thanks for this opportunity.


23/05/2025
9831054180
CA Vishnu Tulsier



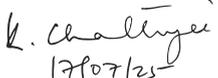
An excellent environment, knowledgeable faculty members which inspired me to deliver a lecture on ICT tools in Higher Education today at this institute. I wish that this institute will progress in a superscaling speed in the teaching learning process and will remain one of excellence centres of learning for one state and one country.


11/07/2025
Dr. Amlan Chakrabarti



Great experience visiting the college after many years – so it was like a home coming. The session became more meaningful for the participants and their interest.

So privileged to be here.


17/07/25
Dr. K. Chatterjee



With so many erudite and inquisitive faculty around, I enjoyed every moment of the class and hope that participants also felt like that.


14/07/25
Dr. Sibaji Pratim Basu

I have the pleasure to deliver the lecture on mental health and holistic approach at the prestigious Shri Shikshayatan on 19th December, 2024. The ambience of the place is lively. The students are well dressed, disciplined and enthusiastic to learn. The Principal, teachers and administrative staff are exemplary and open-minded. I congratulate the Institute for maintaining high standards of not just subject teaching but the right ideology to its students which will be the pillars of a strong and righteous society.

Best wishes and Regards,

Swapan
Dr. Swapan Gupta
Dr. Swapan Gupta



To be a part of this precious celebration 'First Ruby De Memorial Lecture' held today i.e. 12.03.2025 has been very humbling & full of nostalgic moments, being an alumni of this esteemed college in 1991. Discussions have been very amazing & so very thoughtful of them to invite me for this occasion, ignited minds & warm hearts filled the room; the aroma & brightness of which was overwhelming. My best wishes & great accolades."

Mamta Binani
National President (2016)
of ICSI
Mamata Binani



I was invited as Chief Guest in the 69th Annual Function of Shri Shikshayatan College at Kalamandir, Kolkata on 7th December 2024. I am grateful to the College for hospitality offered by the College Administration. I was delighted to know the outstanding performance of students in the University Examination. I wish further success of this college.

Kalyan Rudra 07/12/24
Chairman WBPCB
Dr. Kalyan Rudra



It was a pleasure to be at this college. The students over here are very knowledgeable. We loved interacting with them. I on behalf of EIRC of ICAI would thank for having me here for a beautiful session and discussion about ICAI & CA course. We would love to take forward the discussion we had and organise joint programme. Our collaboration will help the students to enhance the horizon and grow further in their path.

Thank you
Regards

Mayur Agrawal
CA Mayur Agrawal

The debate was excellent. Impressed by the enthusiasm of the student.
Wish them a bright future.

Buroshiva Das Gupta
30/11/2024
Buroshiva Das Gupta



Amazed grateful to Principal lovely students / cerebral interactions. Happy to come again and again Attended the nice debate organised by Mass Communication Department.

Jayanta Ghosal
30/11/2024
Jayanta Ghosal



It was really a wonderful experience of being a resource person for the FDP programme in this college. A lovely audience with questions at the end which added more to my knowledge. An enriching experience indeed!

Saswati Chaudhuri
18/11/24
Dr. Saswati Chaudhuri



I was privileged and honoured to deliver this memorial lecture. The participation of students and teachers inspired me greatly. My best wishes to the department.

Sumit Mukerji
15.9.25
Prof. Sumit Mukerji



Excellent arrangements, perfect technology and a great audience. Wonderful experience with the questions/answers.

Thanks to Shri Shikshayatan College for arranging this.

Rinita Mazumdar
July 18, 2025.
Dr. Rinita Mazumdar

It has been an enriching experience to share my research with the participants. I loved the responses and generous comments of the participants.

Anindita Ghosal
14.07.25
Dr. Anindita Ghosal



किछु जायगा थाके येखाने बारबार फिरे आसते इच्छे करे — ভালबासार জন্য, আন্তরিকতার জন্য। শিক্ষক থেকে শুরু করে ছাত্রীরা — প্রত্যেকেই অসম্ভব সংবেদনশীল এবং আন্তরিক। অনেক শুভেচ্ছা সবাইকে।

ডেবশিশ শর্মা
৩০/১১/২০২৪
Debasish Sen Sharma



श्री शिक्षायतन कॉलेज के सुरुचिपूर्ण आयोजन में शामिल होकर अभिभूत हूँ। श्री सीताराम जी सेकसरिया की विरासत और मूल्यों की जमीन से जुड़कर आह्लादित हूँ। श्री शिक्षायतन कॉलेज की ख्याति अकादमिक उपलब्धियों के लिए है, यहाँ आकर उस परम्परा से परिचित होने का अवसर प्राप्त हुआ। हिन्दी विभाग नित नई ऊँचाइयों को छुये, ऐसी मेरी व्यक्तिगत कामना है। उपस्थिति और परिवेश बहुत उत्साहजनक रहा। मैं श्री शिक्षायतन कॉलेज की अकादमिक उपलब्धियों के प्रति आश्चर्य हूँ और संस्थान के भविष्य के प्रति शुभकामनायें प्रेषित करता हूँ।

राहुल सिंह
23/11/24
डॉ० राहुल सिंह
एसोसिएट प्रोफेसर, हिन्दी विभाग
विश्व शास्त्री विश्वविद्यालय



श्री शिक्षायतन कॉलेज में आना मेरे लिए अपने घर, अपने चिरपरिचित माहौल में आने जैसा है। विशेषकर हिंदी दिवस उत्सव के दिन अतिथि के रूप में आना तो बहुत ही अच्छा लगा। हिन्दी दिवस की प्रसिद्धि हमेशा से रही है और मैंने छात्र के रूप में इन प्रतियोगिता में भाग भी लिया है। आज निर्णायक के रूप में यहाँ आकर मैं अतीत की खूबसूरत स्मृतियों में दोबारा पहुँच गई। विभाग की वर्तमान शिक्षिकाओं को बधाई कि उन्होंने हिन्दी दिवस को उत्सव के रूप में मानाने की परंपरा को कायम रखा है। विभाग को अशेष शुभकामनाएँ।

गीता दूबे
24/11/25
डॉ० गीता दूबे
एसोसिएट प्रोफेसर
स्कॉटिश चर्च कॉलेज

हिन्दी भाषा और शिक्षण के क्षेत्र में श्री शिक्षायतन कॉलेज के योगदान का लंबा सकारात्मक इतिहास है। इस कॉलेज में कई बार आना हुआ है। आज 'कविता कोलाज' जैसी एक रचनात्मक प्रतियोगिता में निर्णायक के रूप में आकर मैं अत्यंत उत्साहित हूँ। नई पीढ़ी में हिन्दी भाषा और साहित्य के प्रति प्रेम और आत्मीयता देखकर सुखद आश्चर्य हुआ। हिन्दी दिवस को इस तरह से मनाना वस्तुतः हिन्दी की सेवा है। कॉलेज के हिन्दी विभाग के शिक्षकों और आयोजकों को बहुत बहुत बधाई और आगामी कार्यक्रमों के लिए शुभकामनाएँ।

इत्तु सिंह
22/11/2025

डॉ० इतु सिंह
एसोसिएट प्रोफेसर
खिदिरपुर कॉलेज



कोलकाता के प्रतिष्ठित संस्थानों में श्री शिक्षायतन कॉलेज एक ऐतिहासिक महाविद्यालय है। यहाँ आना और यहाँ के शिक्षकों, छात्राओं तथा कर्मचारियों से संवाद करना अपने आप में महत्वपूर्ण है। अनुशासन, शिक्षानुराग, लोकतांत्रिक मूल्यों का अनुपालन यहाँ के सभी वर्गों का मूल ध्येय प्रतीत होता है।

शिक्षा और सामाजिक उत्थान में इस महाविद्यालय की बड़ी भूमिका है। आशा है, यह शैक्षिक संस्थान आने वाले दिनों में अपने ऐतिह्य को कायम रखेगा। सादर -

अरुण होता

प्रोफेसर अरुण होता
प्रोफेसर एवं अध्यक्ष, हिंदी विभाग
पश्चिम बंगाल राज्य विश्वविद्यालय
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ANNUAL REPORT OF IMPORTANT COLLEGE EVENTS (2024-2025)

FOUNDATION DAY REPORT 2024

The 69th Foundation Day of the College was celebrated on 08 July 2024 at the College Auditorium. Shri G.K. Khaitan, President, Shri Shikshayatan College Governing Body, graced the occasion as the Chief Guest. Teacher-in-Charge Dr. Papiya Chaudhury delivered the welcome address after an opening song presented by the students. This was followed by the prize distribution ceremony. Achievers' Award was given by the College to erstwhile students as recognition of their achievements in spheres of academia and industry. The Achievers were : Farha S. Ahmed from Department of Commerce and Gargi Chaudhuri from Department of Geography respectively. Ph.D awarded faculty members were felicitated on the occasion. They were Dr. Urmi Gupta (Mehra) from the Department of Political science, Dr. Patralekha Sinha from the B.Ed Department, Dr. Sutapa Roy and Dr. Ujjayini Saha Gupta from the Department of Commerce respectively. The journal of the Women's Development Cell of the College, **Women Talk**, was also released on this occasion. The programme came to a musical conclusion through a dance recital by students, Ode to Monsoon.

69TH ANNUAL FUNCTION 2024

The College celebrated its 69th Annual function on 7th December 2024 at Kalamandir Auditorium. Dr. Kalyan Rudra, Chairperson, West Bengal Pollution Control Board graced the occasion as the Chief Guest. IMPACT, a compendium of multidisciplinary research articles published annually, was released on the

occasion. The Annual College Magazine, Shikshayatan Patrika, was also released on the day. Like every year, meritorious students across disciplines were awarded with medals, book prizes and certificates. The Saraswati Trophy was awarded to Arshi Naaz from the Department of Commerce (Morning), acknowledging her achievements, both academic and co-curricular. After the prize distribution ceremony, a cultural programme titled *Ray-diance : Aparajito Satyajit*, was put up by the students of the College. The programme ended with the Vote of Thanks.

REPUBLIC DAY

The Republic Day Programme 2025 was held on the occasion of the 75th Republic Day of our country. The bright January morning witnessed the performance put up by the students of the College. The trilingual presentation by the students highlighted and celebrated the features of our Constitution which defines our India as a Sovereign Socialist Secular Democratic Republic.

INDEPENDENCE DAY 2025

On the occasion of the 77th Independence Day, Shri Shikshayatan School had put up a cultural programme followed by a flaghoisting ceremony to mark the celebration of the Day on August 15, 2024. The student members of Charcha of Shri Shikshayatan College participated in the cultural programme and enthralled everyone with their performance. It was a multilingual presentation accompanied by dance and music to commemorate the day. The event concluded with the National Anthem.

ANNUAL SPORTS MEET REPORT 2024

Annual Sports Meet for the session 2024-2025 was held on 21st December, 2024 at the Sports field of State Institute of Physical Education for Women, Government of West Bengal, 20B Judges Court Road, Hasting House, Alipore, Kolkata – 700027.

About six hundred and fifty-three (653) students participated in the sports meet. Many students could not participate in the sports meet due to the inclement weather.

Students participated in the following events....

Individual Events								
Event Name	Group-A						Group-B	
	Stream						B.Com. (M)	B.Com (E)
Event Name	B.Com (M)	B. Com (E)	BA/ B.Sc	BBA	B.Ed.	PG	B. Ed	P.G
Skipping Race	34	12	19	09	00	00		
Balance Race	38	26	33	17	11	04		
Sack Race	40	19	25	07	00	04		
Thread & Needle Race	58	28	38	16	11	05		
Stream	B.Com (M)	B. Com (E)	BA/ B.Sc	BBA	B.Ed.	PG		
100 Mt. Run	52	25	30	14	01	01		
Long Jump	28	06	19	07	01	00		
Shot-put	32	13	20	11	00	02		
Discuss	29	19	18	09	00	00		

Team Events				
Event Name	B.Com. (M)	B. Com. (E)	BA/B.Sc.	BBA
	Relay Race	04	04	04
Marching	21	21	24	21

Game Events				
Event Name	B.Com. (M)	B. Com. (E)	BA/B.Sc.	BBA
	Basket Ball	12	12	12
Throw Ball	12	12	12	12
Volley Ball	12	12	12	12
Badminton	04	04	04	04
Tug of War	08	08	08	08

Participating students were divided in four streams e.g. B.Com (M), B. Com (E), BA\BSC, and BBA

In addition to the above mentioned number of events, following events were conducted

Faculty Participation Events	
Flat Race	Female Teaching Staff
Musical Ball	
Balance Race	
Hit The Object	Male Teaching Staff
Balance Race	Housekeeping Staff
Thread & Needle Race	
Balance Race	Female Office Staff
Hit The Object	Male Office Staff
Flat Race	Peons

Some of the events for the above-mentioned staff were conducted at the college.

NOTE : Four Trainee Teachers were appointed as officials to conduct our annual sports from the State Institute of Physical Education for Women Hastings House on 21.12.2024.

To-and-from transport to the participants of the sports meets was provided by the college. Tiffin during the Sports meet was provided.

Heats of the events of sports meet was held first for selections of participants in the finals.

The final of the sports meet started with the ground marching by the students of **Core commute** member, **B.Com. Morning, B.Com. Evening, BA/BSC, and BBA** Streams. Shri G. K. Khaitan, president of Shri Shikshayatan College, was the chief guest and took the salute of March Past. Shri P. K. Sharma, Secretary and Dr. Papiya Choudhury, (Teacher-in-charge) of our college were also present. Among the dignitaries was Dr. Pintu Sil, Principal of the state Institute of Physical Education for Women Hastings House, who was invited as a special guest.

Shri G. K. Khaitan, President of our college gave an encouraging lecture to participants and declared the Sports meet open.

After completion of all events, Ms. Tannu Prasad of the semester 3 BA/B.Sc. Stream was adjudged **BEST ATHLETE** of the Sports Meet (2024 -2025).

In the Sports meet Course **B.COM MORNING STREAM won the FIRST POSITION** by gaining **61** points; **BA/B.SC. STREAM secured SECOND POSITION** by earning **47** points, **B.Com. (E) STREAM retained THIRD POSITION** by securing **24** points and **BBA STREAM was placed in FOURTH POSITION** for securing **12** points.

Prizes were distributed among the successful participants by Shri G. K. Khaitan, Shri P. K. Sharma and Dr. Papiya Chaudhary.

The support and encouragement from the Governing Body of the college, the guidance and necessary advice of Dr. Papiya Chaudhary (Teacher-in-charge), the useful administrative work by Dr. Elizabeth Dey (Teaching staff), Smt. Paramita Chakravorty (Teaching staff) and Shri Mayukh Lahiri (Teaching staff), Sudipta Ghosh (Sports teacher), and the effective voluntary service of all Teaching and Non-Teaching staff led to a favorable termination of the Sports Meet.

Gratitude is hereby expressed to the Principal of the State Institute of Physical Education for Women, Hastings House, for the kind favor and help extended to felicitate the conduction of the Sports Meet of the college.

MEMORIAL LECTURE :

SITARAM SEKSARIA MEMORIAL LECTURE

The Second Sitaramji Seksaria Memorial Lecture was held on 23 December 2024. The inaugural programme began by the lighting of the lamp ceremony by the then Teacher-in-Charge, Dr. Papiya Chaudhary accompanied by the Guest Speaker and other Faculty members of the department and an inaugural performance by the students. Dr. Papiya Chaudhary delivered the welcome address. Dr. Priti Singhi highlighted the values and thoughts of Sitaramji Seksaria.

Dr. Rahul Singh, Associate Professor of the Department of Hindi, Visva Bharti University graced the occasion with his presence. A renowned critic with a profound interest in cinema and various other art forms, Dr. Singh addressed the gathering on the topic, 'Viswa Cinema Me Stree.' It was an insightful discussion. The program was conducted by our student, Eshika Gupta. The programme ended with a Vote of Thanks proposed by Smt. Sindhu Mehta.

LINA RAY MEMORIAL LECTURE

The B.Ed. Department organised the 11th Lina Ray Memorial Lecture on the 04 April 2025. The esteemed speaker for the occasion was Dr. Sharmistha Banerjee, Professor, Department of Business Management, University of Calcutta, an alumna of the department. Dr. Banerjee enlightened the students of Semester II on the significance of empowering teachers.

17TH BELA RANI DE MEMORIAL LECTURE

The Department of Political Science organised the 17th Belarani De Memorial on September 28, 2024, commemorating the birth of the Smt. Belarani De, who founded the

department. First, the Departmental Journal "Perception" was released by Dr. Papiya Chaudhury, Teacher-in-Charge and Dr. Zaad Mahmood, Invited Guest Speaker and Associate Professor of Political Science at Presidency University. Dr. Mahmood delivered the memorial lecture on "Pedagogy and Protest: The Relationship between Education and Social Movement". Contextualising the protests in the city, he explored the relation between education and social movements, focusing on pedagogical practices that shape protests and drive societal change. Additionally, he stressed on the role of incorporating social justice in the curriculum and the agency of students in shaping larger societal attitudes and the contours of political culture. One of the most engaging segments of the lecture was his focus on the convergence of gender, education and protest, where his interactions with the students included hearing testimonies of the students and examining potentials of justice in everyday life. The lecture was followed by the vote of thanks. With the heartfelt participation of the faculty and students of the department alike, the event ended on an enriching note.

CHANDRA PAUL MEMORIAL LECTURE

The Chandra Paul Memorial Workshop 2024, held on 19th and 30th September, featured a dual program combining environmental action and academic enrichment. A tree plantation drive at New Town, Kolkata, in collaboration with the Green for Life Foundation, engaged 25 faculty members and 90 students, fostering environmental responsibility, teamwork, and ecological awareness.

Complementing this initiative, Chartered Accountant Arijit Chakraborty delivered a lecture on "Role of Finance and Commerce Professionals in Viksit Bharat" at Shri Shikshayatan College, emphasizing the pivotal role of finance and

commerce in driving India's economic growth, innovation, and sustainability. The event also included a poster-making and PowerPoint presentation competition, further encouraging student participation and creative engagement.

RUBY DE MEMORIAL LECTURE

The B.Com. (Morning) Department of Shri Shikshayatan College organized the 1st Ruby De Memorial special lecture titled "Just Be Your Own Self" on 12th March 2025. Esteemed guest speaker Dr. (h.c) CS Advocate Mamta Binani's talk focused on embracing individuality, self-expression, and self-confidence. Dr. Binani encouraged students to remain authentic and fearless in expressing their true selves. The interactive session created a safe and inspiring environment for students to share thoughts and experiences, leaving the 50 participants motivated to pursue personal growth and self-belief.

PROF. S. P. CHATTERJEE MEMORIAL DAY

The S.P. Chatterjee Memorial Day was celebrated by the Department of Geography on 22nd February, 2025, to commemorate the birth anniversary of Prof. S. P. Chatterjee who is considered the father of Indian Geography. A lecture on "Geography and Tourism : Unveiling the hidden gems of India – A tribute to Prof S. P. Chatterjee" was delivered by 2005 batch alumna Dr. Ananya Mitra who is currently the Chairperson of Doctoral Research Committee, Amity Institute of Travel and Tourism, Amity University, Kolkata. It was followed by an audio-visual presentation by 2022 batch alumnae and currently research assistants at ECSF, Shreya Das and Madhuleena Das on "Navigating and overcoming challenges in Field Research". This event emphasised the role of geographers in understanding the various environments in order to carry forward the legacy of the famous geographer Prof. S. P. Chatterjee.

SPECIAL DAY CELEBRATION

REPORT FOR THE RABINDRA SMARAN (22SHE SHRABON) 2024

'22she', Rabindra Smaran organized by the Department of Bengali on 25th September, 2024. First half of the program was inaugurated by a performance of Chorchha followed by a session of Translation Reading from Rabindranath Tagore's *Lipika* by the students. There was an Intra College Quiz Competition, Shobdo Jobdo on *Rabindranather Shilpo Sahitya* conducted by Dishari Mukherjee, Department of Bengali, Shri Shikshayatan College. Session was Judged by Dr. Anurupa Mitra, Sociology Department and Divyani Sharma, English Department. Medals were given to the winners of Quiz Competition.

INTERNATIONAL LITERACY DAY

International Literacy Day was organized by the Department of Education on 27th September 2024. The theme of the programme was 'Inclusivity in Education' and the Guest Speaker was Dr. Debasri Banerjee, Professor, Department Of Education, University Of Calcutta. It was attended by 68 students and 9 faculty member.

The event was an intra-college one. The programme started with an inaugural song followed by the release of the Departmental Journal 'Expressions'. NSS student members gave a presentation on – 'In a Slum of Kolkata: Journey towards Literacy with NSS'. Students of the Department of Education presented a paper on – 'Role of Mass Media in Spreading Awareness of Inclusion in Society and Education', and a report on – Summer Internship Programme, Semester 2, 2024 at Monochetna. The Guest Speaker Dr. Debasri Banerjee gave a talk on the theme of the programme – Inclusivity in Education.

HINDI DIWAS

Hindi Divas was held on 24th September, 2024. Inter-College Competitions and Special Lecture were organized where large number of students from various colleges participated in Creative Writing, Poetry Recitation and Kavya Poster Painting.

After Ganesh Vandana, Teacher-in-charge Dr. Papiya Chaudhary inaugurated the program by lighting the lamp along with the guest speaker and the Secretary, Shri P. K. Sharma. The Teacher-in-charge delivered her welcome address.

Renowned poet and novelist, Shri Mrityunjay Kumar Singh, retired IPS (1987 batch), West Bengal was the guest speaker. He delivered his lecture on, 'Bhumandalikaranke Daur Mein Hindi.' The program was conducted by our students, Eshika Gupta and Nidhi Dave. At the end, the prizes were distributed. The program ended with vote of thanks by Smt. Sindhu Mehta.

OBSERVANCE OF NATIONAL SPORTS DAY 2024

Annual Sports Day 2024 was observed on 29th & 30th August 2024 by the Sports Society of Shri Shikshayatan College in collaboration with the NSS Unit of the college.

A total of 40 students participated in the events organized over 2 days – 100m Sprint, Sack Race, Broad Jump and Shuttle Race. The event ended with the award ceremony where the faculty associated with the Sports Society as well as NSS gave away medals and cups to the winners.

CONSTITUTION DAY 2024

The Department of Political Science observed Constitution Day on November 26, 2024, marking the adoption of India's Constitution in 1949 on this day. The opening song "Ae Aakashe Amar Mukti" set the theme of "Right to Life and Liberty", provided by Art. 21 of the Constitution. The performances of recitation and extempore by

students of the department were judged by esteemed faculty members from the Department of English, Hindi and Urdu. The ideas of environmental security, financial security for women, institutions of legal justice, incarceration, societal pressures and reproductive rights were discussed within the theme, highlighting the expansiveness of the fundamental right. The session ended with a film, made by students of the department which questioned whether the right to life and liberty are mutually exclusive or intertwined. This provoked an interactive session that debated the 'Right to Liberty and Life' or 'Right to Liberty or Life'.

BANGLA BHASHA DIBOS 2025

Ekushe, observance of Bangla Bhasha Dibos, International Mother Tongue Day. The formal program was inaugurated by the performance of *CHARCHA* (Bengali Creative Society) named *Gaaner Sekaal-Ekaal*, a composite program of music, dance and narration. Guest speaker Professor Dr. Mahua Mukhopadhyay, former HOD, Dance Department & Dean, Faculty of Fine Arts, Rabindra Bharati University, delivered a lecture on 'Bengali Language and Culture'. Inter College competitions – Debate, Extempore, Solo Song, Creative Writing and Tote Bag Painting were organised on the occasion. At the closing ceremony, all participants were given participation certificates and the winners were rewarded with mementos.

Participating colleges were Asutosh College, St. Paul's Cathedral Mission College, Lady Brabourne College, Women's College Calcutta, Calcutta University, Jadavpur University, Heritage Law College and Shri Shikshayatan College.

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY CELEBRATION

On the occasion of International Women's Day, WDC hosted a Special Lecture delivered by Dr. Jhuma Basak – Psychologist, Training and

Supervising Psychoanalyst, Indian Psycho-analytical Society, on the theme "Resistance and Agency in Women's Empowerment." Dr. Basak's discourse critically examined the dialectics of power and subversion embedded in the lived experiences of women navigating structures of patriarchy. She emphasized that the very act of women claiming pleasure is intricately mediated by socio-cultural prescriptions that often position pleasure as a conditional and morally regulated domain. Drawing from feminist theoretical frameworks, she explained how pleasure for women is frequently accompanied by residual guilt, shaped by internalized norms that dictate appropriate female behaviour. A Poster Making and Creative Writing Competition were organized on International Women's Day, showcasing the artistic and literary talents of participating students. The Creative Writing segment was conducted in four languages-English, Bengali, Hindi, and Urdu, allowing for a rich expression of cultural and linguistic diversity. Participants demonstrated remarkable originality and depth of thought, contributing to the overall success of the event. The event saw participation from 36 teachers and 113 students and created an atmosphere of reflection, expression, and solidarity.

The Department of Geography organized a Special Lecture on International Women's Day, the 8th of March 2025, by Shri Kaushik Gupta; Senior Advocate of Calcutta High Court on the topic "Laws that touch Women's Lives". This lecture was aimed to examine the various laws and legal frameworks in India that have a significant impact on women's lives across different aspects, including health, employment, reproductive rights, family laws, and violence against women. Safety precautions related to IT Act and cybercrime were discussed along with all laws that affect women from birth to old age.

WORLD HERITAGE DAY

On the occasion of World Heritage Day, the Department of History at Shri Shikshayatan College hosted a vibrant and intellectually enriching Intercollege Quiz Competition on 19 April 2025 at the college's Bhuwalka Hall Auditorium. Spanning five hours, the event brought together a diverse and enthusiastic group of 161 attendees, comprising students, faculty members, and quiz enthusiasts from across disciplines and institutions. A total of 70 participants, organized into 35 teams, competed in the quiz, representing nearly 30 colleges and universities from across Kolkata and beyond. Among these were 52 students from external institutions, joined by 7 participants from the host department and 11 students from other departments of the college. In addition to the student participants, the audience featured 91 members, including 14 students from other departments, 6 external student observers, 12 faculty members from Shri Shikshayatan College, and 2 distinguished faculty members from other academic institutions. The event was graced by the presence of esteemed quiz master Dr. Parthasarathi Goswami, Chief of the Department of Neurocritical Care and Neuroanesthesia at Park Neurosciences Centre, whose deep knowledge and engaging moderation elevated the academic tenor of the event. Dr. Goswami, widely known for his passion for quizzing, conducted the quiz in an exciting and thought-provoking format that encouraged quick thinking, lateral connections, and interdisciplinary application of knowledge.

The day commenced with an inaugural presentation on "The Heritage of India through Textile Traditions," curated and performed by the History Department students. The presentation vividly highlighted the cultural diversity and historical continuity of textile practices across different regions of India, drawing enthusiastic applause from the audience. The quiz was conducted in two rounds – preliminary and final –

with intense competition among the participating teams. After a closely contested finale, the first prize was awarded to the team from Presidency University, with Loreto College and Rabindra Bharati University securing the second and third places, respectively. The event successfully met its key learning objectives: promoting holistic and interdisciplinary engagement, cultivating critical thinking, and enhancing collaborative skills among students. By requiring participants to work as teams, reflect on historical contexts, and recall detailed knowledge under pressure, the quiz offered a dynamic platform for learning that extended beyond traditional classroom settings. Moreover, the presence of students and faculty from various institutions created an enriching space for dialogue, fostering intellectual camaraderie and a collective celebration of heritage. The event reaffirmed the Department of History's commitment to innovative pedagogy and experiential learning, positioning World Heritage Day not just as a commemorative occasion but as a vital educational opportunity. The enthusiastic participation, rigorous competition, and celebratory spirit together ensured that this year's intercollege quiz was a resounding success – an inspiring confluence of heritage, scholarship, and youthful curiosity.

EARTH DAY CELEBRATION

The Committee for Environment and Sustainability (ComEnS) of Shri Shikshayatan College, in collaboration with the Botanical Survey of India, Kolkata organized an event to commemorate Earth Day on April 21, 2025 at 11.40 am. The highlight of the programme was an insightful lecture on 'Mission LiFE' – an environmental initiative launched by the Hon'ble Prime Minister to promote sustainable living practices. The programme was attended by 91 students and 20 faculty members.

Mr. Arko Banerjee, the keynote speaker, delivered a compelling address that traced the origins and global significance of Earth Day. He

elaborated on the environmental challenges posed by pollution and the urgent need to adopt eco-conscious lifestyles. Mr. Banerjee discussed the objectives of the Mission LiFE initiative, which was introduced in 2021, emphasizing its core principles of sustainability and community responsibility. The lecture underscored practical, everyday steps individuals can take to protect the environment – such as the principles of “Reduce, Reuse, Recycle,” minimizing e-waste, and shifting away from single-use plastics. Mr. Banerjee's comment on the unchecked human population being a 'cancer to biodiversity' sparked meaningful reflection among the audience.

The session concluded with an engaging Q&A, where students interacted with the speaker, seeking clarity on how they can contribute effectively to environmental preservation. The committee extended a heartfelt thanks to the college management, the Botanical Survey of India, and all facilitators for their invaluable support in making this event a success.

WORLD ENVIRONMENT DAY

Shri Shikshayatan College celebrated **World Environment Day** on **5th June 2025** with an inspiring program organized by **ComEnS (Committee for Environment and Sustainability)**. The program brought together students, faculty, and staff to foster environmental consciousness and responsibility within the college community.

The program was formally inaugurated by the Principal, Dr. Tania Chakraverty, who spoke about the urgent need for environmental stewardship and the importance of both individual and collective efforts in addressing environmental challenges. Following the inauguration, Dr. Debnita Chakravarti, Associate Professor, Department of English, delivered an engaging address that underscored the critical role of education in promoting sustainability and mindful living.

A series of events were organized to mark the occasion :

Photography Contest : Participants captured striking images that highlighted various environmental themes and issues.

Digital Poster Making : Students created visually impactful posters to convey messages of environmental protection and sustainability.

Extempore Competition : Students eloquently expressed their thoughts on environmental topics through impromptu speeches, showcasing their critical thinking and communication skills.

Waste-to-Wealth Upcycling Activity : This innovative event encouraged participants to transform waste materials into useful items, promoting the importance of reuse and recycling in daily life.

The program saw active participation from 17 students, while 79 students and 25 faculty members attended the event, reflecting a strong

community interest and enthusiasm for environmental issues. The event concluded with a Vote of Thanks by Dr. Taniya Neogi, Assistant Professor, Department of English.

The theme of the World Environment Day for 2025 being 'Combat Plastic Pollution', the Semester IV students of the Geography Department made 200 carry bags of small, medium and large sizes with newspapers and stood at shops and stalls along Lord Sinha Road to replace single use plastic packets given by shopkeepers to the clients. Since thin plastic packets are discarded after one use and contribute more to plastic pollution, alternatives like biodegradable paper bags should be more frequently used to combat plastic pollution and that is what the students wanted to impress upon the shopkeepers by not only standing at the stalls and personally handing over the packets to the buyers but also giving the vendors paper packets made by them.

SOCIAL OUTREACH UNIT

NSS ACTIVITIES

The NSS unit of Shri Shikshayatan College had an eventful year with a bundle of activities. We have conducted most of our activities in our adopted slum Topsia and very few were done in the college campus. A list of the activities is given below –

Date	Events
24.05.2024	World Earth Day celebration
05.06.2024	On the eve of World Environment Day, students in Tiljala shed were made aware of the present scenario of our environment. Then they were taught about the types of pollution, cause and preventive measures. We have conducted an enriching drawing competition with these students of Tiljala School to prepare for enhancing the ability to draw & create on the theme of Environment.
21.06.2024	International Yoga Day
15.07.2024	Sanitary Napkin Distribution and Awareness, 2024

Date	Events
18.07.2024 to 21.07.2024	Celebration of Van Mahotsav 2024 – Ek Ped Maa Ke Naam. We have planted almost 80 saplings in various parts of the city.
26.07.2024	We have collected old clothes from students and teachers of various departments of Shri Shikshayatan College and have distributed among the 350 peoples of the slum in Topsia.
12.08.2024	NSS, Shri Shikshayatan College in collaboration with the Department of Health and Welfare, Government of West Bengal celebrated the International Youth Day with the inauguration of the Intensified IEC Campaign on AIDS awareness.
30.08.2024 to 02.09.2024	We have celebrated National Sports Day on 28.08.2024 and 02.09.2024 by conducting many sports events like sac race, shuttle race, flat race, spoon needle race and many more. Almost 40 students have participated enthusiastically in the events.
17.09.2024 to 02.10.2024	Swachhata Hi Seva was organized by our college between 17th September to 2nd October, 2024
19.12.2024 to 20.01.2025	The Pre Republic Day Camp's selection process was held in the campus of Calcutta University wherein 4 NSS Volunteers along with 6 teachers from Shri Shikshayatan College were present. The selection process was a success.
01.12.2024	Blood donation camp was organized. Almost 83 donors donated the blood.
21.01.2025	NIC (National Integration Camp) was conducted in Jorhat, Assam by Government of India's Ministry of Youth Affairs and Sports and the Regional Directorate of the National Service Scheme (NSS).
26.01.2025	Republic Day was celebrated by 6.01.2025 Republic Day was celebrated by The NSS Unit of Shri Shikshayatan College on 26th of January, 2025 in the college premises. Inaugural speech was given by the Teacher in Charge of Shri Shikshayatan College Dr. Papiya Chowdhury followed by the speech of the Special Guests.
February 5-11, 2025	Special camp at our Adopted slum where <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1) Walls in Topsia school were painted with different educational charts 2) Celebration of birthday at Little sisters of poor 3) Self defense course was conducted for all girls in our college

LEADERSHIP TRAINING SERVICE (LTS)

The session started with the celebration of Forest Week BACK TO GREEN from 14th to 20th July. The LTSers took part in sapling plantation sessions along with carrying our various activities and awareness programs about forest conservation which was in line the U. N initiative with preserving forests. August marked the celebration of 78th Independence day of India. LTSers exemplifies their national pride by committing to social consciousness and ecological responsibility. They raised awareness about environmental issues among young children. The annual leadership conclave DUCTUS was held in September. The theme was this year was Women's right and societal challenges faced by women. Group activities were conducted for learning and enhancing leadership skills along with discussions were invited on the above theme. The event highlighted the resilience and strength of women along with emphasising on the importance of standing for ones' rights and empowering one another in the modern world.

Leadership camps were organised for school students by college LTSers in the month of November. Students were given training on public speaking along with working in different kinds of groups to enable leadership building. The Orientation for new members from Semester I was also conducted where they were informed about the LTS movement its objectives and programs. LTS volunteered at the carnival organised by Little Sisters of the poor at the St Joseph Home for the aged. There were different stalls of handicrafts, clothes, food etc. made by elderly people. LTSers helped in selling them by assisting in stalls with the aged people. December ended with IGNITE the family carnival organised by LTSers for LTS family. Students put up various games and foods stalls where they cooked the food themselves and helped to raise funds which would be utilised for the welfare of the less privileged.

A debate with the topic "Issues pertaining to young people today and possible solutions" was conducted in ESCORTIA with the basic aim of enhancing critical thinking, public speaking skills, etc among LTSers. Senior LTSers from SSC went as training members to Loreto School Sealdah to train young members to be future leaders. FEMINISIA celebration of women hood was held on the occasion of International Womens' Day. It brought together students, teachers and inspiring women leaders to honour the achievements and resilience of women across various fields. Few renowned women LTSers shared their success stories along with their challenges and advised the young generation to chase their dreams fearlessly. "E Panaroma" Celebraion of World Sparrow Day, International Day for of trees and forest and World Water Day was celebrated through group discussions on topic like Effect of Illiteracy of people on environment, Effect of micro plastic on environment, effect of mobile towers on sparrows and migrating birds, Effect of Urbanisation and Industrialisation on environment, etc. Students promised to take ten small steps on improving their environment that could make a difference. Another year completed by LTSers in their service to God and society and in leading the LTS way of life.

COSU 2024-2025

SHREE

On 4th October, 2024 students of B.Ed. Semester 3 put up a food stall for SHREE, the proceeds of which were contributed to the college as part of Community Outreach Activity. They contributed an amount of ₹ 3790 for this purpose.

NARI SEVA SANGHA

On 9th April, 2025 students of B.Ed. Semester 4 visited Nari Seva Sangha to understand the struggles and achievements of women there and learn from the real stories of

resilience and leadership. They donated groceries like cooking oil, lentils, soybeans, wheat and biscuits.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME FOR THE AGED

On 21st November, 2024 students of B.Ed. Semester 1 visited St. Joseph's Home for the Aged as part of their Community Outreach Activity. They donated old and new garments, woolens, utensils, dry food items and some other items. It was part of a program called "Campaign the FONDE" held in collaboration with the NSS unit of the college.

BLOOMING DALE ACADEMY

On 17th April, 2025 students of B.Ed. Semester 4 visited an integrated educational institution where neurodivergent and neurotypical students share the same classroom. During the visit, they donated educational materials, including Thinking Flash Cards containing Opposites, Action Words and Sentences, Sight Words and Sentences, Colours and Shapes and Animals. They also donated an Educational Abacus with Colourful Beads.

CALCUTTA BLIND SCHOOL

On 19th April, 2025 students of B.Ed. Semester 4 visited the Calcutta Blind School. The visit included effective classroom observation, methods of teaching and student interaction. They donated two sets of Braille papers a Braille board.

CALCUTTA DEAF AND DUMB SCHOOL

On 24th April, 2025 of B.Ed. Semester 4 visited Calcutta Deaf and Dumb School to observe the teaching-learning environment, teacher student relationship and other facilities. They donated sixty counts of Hearing Aid Batteries and two boxes of chocolates.

PRATIBANDHI KALYAN KENDRA

Students of B.Ed. Semester 2 collected ₹ 40,000 to be handed over to Pratibandhi Kalyan Kendra as part of their Community Outreach Activity.

SOCIAL WELFARE COMMITTEE

The proceedings from Shree, 2023, was handed over on behalf of the Social Welfare Committee, Shri Shikshayatan College to the members of 'Dakshin Kalikata Sevashram', a renowned Non-Governmental Organisation for Children, for the benefit of the inmates on 19th July, 2024.

Social Welfare Committee in collaboration with the Cultural Committee also donated stationaries according to the needs of the inmates.

COMMITTEE REPORT

CULTURAL COMMITTEE

VIDYASAGAR DIWAS 2024

The Cultural Committee organised Vidyasagar Diwason 26 September 2024, commemorating the birth anniversary of the great social reformer, Pandit Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar. The Teacher-in-Charge Dr. Papiya Chaudhury delivered the welcome address highlighting the importance of Vidyasagar's contribution in emancipating women. The Cultural Committee collaborated with the three societies – Charcha (Bengali Creative Society), QuiDra (Quiz and Drama Society) and DebSoc (Debate Society). Charcha presented a cultural program highlighting women empowerment. Student members of QuiDra presented a performance titled 'Inception of Widow Remarriage : Some Pioneering Arguments'. DebSoc arranged an intra-college debate competition on 'Can Gender Quotas in Corporate Boards and Politics Truly Achieve Gender Equality?'. The debate was judged by Dr. Debnita Chakravarti, Associate Professor, Department of English. Participation Certificates were distributed to all students at the end of the program. The program ended with the vote of thanks.

LIBRARY DAY 2025

The Cultural Committee celebrated the Library Day on 14 May 2025, commemorating the birth anniversary of Rabindranath Tagore. The programme began with an opening song presented by student members of Chorchha. It was followed by the lighting of ceremonial lamp by the Principal, Dr. Tania Chakraverty and other members of the Committee. Smt. Ruan Sen, Assistant Professor of English, spoke on the relevance of the day. There was a ceremonial release of journals by Departments of English and Geography – *Literati* (English UG) and *Vasudha* (Geography) – and *ThINKer*, an edited book of multidisciplinary essays by the Postgraduate Department of English. The book has been edited by Smt. Baidehi Mukherjee, the current PG (English) Coordinator. Books were donated by faculty members – Dr. Malini Mukherjee and Smt. Urmi Datta – to the College General Library. The student members of QuiDra enacted Tagore's skit, 'Gurubakya.' The Media Society arranged for a screening of Satyajit Ray's film *Postmaster*, an adaptation of Tagore's short story which was followed by a panel discussion moderated by Shri Mayukh Lahiri, Assistant Professor of Journalism and Mass Communication. The esteemed panelists were Dr. Debnita Chakravarti, Associate Professor of Department of English and Dr. Udit Mitra, Assistant Professor of Department of Sociology. Media Society student members made a short presentation on the said film and the adaptation. The day ended with thanks giving to everyone.

SRIGYAN

The Cultural Committee organised a day long annual Book Fair cum Sale, SRIGYAN, in the College premise on 13 February 2025. Both faculty members and students were encouraged to explore and select from a wide range of books. The Fair was inaugurated by the Secretary of the Governing Body of the College, Shri P. K. Sharma

and Dr. Chitrita Banerjee, Associate Professor and Head, Department of English. Ruminations, the journal of the P.G. Department of English was also released on the occasion by Shri P. K. Sharma. Many reputed publishers and book vendors participated in the Fair and facilitated different departments across disciplines to procure books for the Central Library of the College. Few notable publishers and book vendors who had participated : Oxford University Press, Orient Blackswan, S. Chand and Company Ltd., Som Publishing, Avenel Press, Manohar, Trio Enterprise, Pustak Niketan and many more.

LIBRARY NEWS 2024-2025

"The extent of use to which the reading material of a library is put, should determine its importance rather than the staggering number of volumes"

– Rabindranath Tagore

LIBRARY REMAINS OPEN FROM MONDAY TO SATURDAY AS PER LIBRARY TIME TABLE

1. Procurement of Library :

A. Print :

Library procured 1843 Text books and 11 Reference books. Total purchased amount of books utilizing college grant is Rs. 10,23,064/- 4 books received as donation from Dr. Smt. Tania Chakraverty on 7-8-2024 which made a valuable addition to our collection.

Library subscribed 30 Journals, 17 Magazines and 10 Newspapers. Expenditure on the purchase of Journals, Magazines & Newspapers is Rs. 1,23,437.

New Subscription :

- Library has started subscription of the journal 'Indian Literature' – (Sahitya Akademi's bimonthly journal).

B. Online :

- 8 e-journals subscribed from SAGE Publications

- Membership of NLIST (INFLIBNET) & DELNET to access e-journals, e-books etc.
- Open Educational Resources (OER) are easily accessible through links given on college website.

New Subscription :

- Library has annual subscription to the database 'Indiastat' (www.Indiastat.com) which is perhaps the most comprehensive e-resource providing secondary level, socio-economic statistical information about India, its regions and states.

Total expenditure on e resources =
Rs. 2,45,039/-

2. Services & Activities :

Newly added :

- No prior slot booking is required for students to enter the library.
- 'Library copy/Confined copy' can be issued to faculty members in a restricted manner.
- Price ceiling of issue copies are revised for all categories of borrower.
- library overdue can be paid online.

Regular Services :

- Automated circulation system – (3 books for students for 10 days; 20 books for teachers for 14 days; 4 books for other staff members for 1 month).

Average issue 43 books per day to students and faculty members.

- Reading / Reference service of books, Journals, Magazines, Newspapers;
- Availability of previous years' examination question papers
- Book Bank (Issue of 3 books for 90 days for underprivileged students)
- Free Internet service

- Display of latest copy of journals/magazines/newspapers/departmental publications
- Photocopy service at a nominal rate.
- Issue of Laptop to the faculty Members`

Current Awareness services:

- Display of lists of newly added books in the reading hall.
- Display of list of newspaper clippings
- Display of notices

3. Important Events / Meetings :

- Online orientation programme on accessing indiastat took place on 20th November, 2024.
- Library staff participated in the Capacity Building Programme on 'Conflict Handling Skills to Manage Stress' on 31-05-2025.
- Library Committee Meeting took place on 10th July, 2024.

4. Footfalls

16409 students & 791 teachers entered the library.

Average footfall per day: 66.4

5. Fumigation Treatment :

Fumigation treatment of books as a method of pest control took place in the library. 241 books came under this treatment.

MEDICAL COMMITTEE ANNUAL REPORT

During the academic session, the Medical committee had taken some significant steps.

Memorandum of Understanding

A Memorandum of Understanding was signed between Shri Shikshayatan College (wef 01.08.2024) and Nightingale Hospital under the good offices of the Medical Committee. The Understanding provided for, inter alia, priority attention to students and staff of the college and tests and treatment at a discounted rate.

Value-added Course on Development of Life Skills

The session started with **the Medical Committee organising** a value – added course of 30 hours to the students of Semester I with a view to help them learn basic life skills focussing on self-awareness, interpersonal skills and cognitive/thinking skills. The session, entitled Life Skills Education was conducted in hybrid mode from 30.08. 2024 to mid- November by Sheena Misra Ghosh and Apratim Mukherjee, Consultant Psychologist and life skill coaches. Twenty-one students enrolled for the course.

Eye Test Camp

On 29.04. 2025, the Medical Committee in association with Nightingale Hospital had organised an Eye Test Camp for the students and staff. As a goodwill gesture, Nightingale hospital, which happens to be a MoU partner of Shri Shikshayatan College organised the camp pro bono. The team comprised of staff from Nightingale Hospital. The tests comprised of both the conventional letter board eye test and by auto-refractometer, the latter for those who needed so. The programme was attended by fifty-four students, fifteen teachers and ten non-teaching staff members.

COMMITTEE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND SUSTAINABILITY (ComEnS)

Swacchata Pakhwada Activities (September 19, 2024-October 4, 2024)

Shri Shikshayatan College has actively embraced the initiatives suggested by the University Grants Commission (UGC) and the Ministry of Human Resource Development (MHRD), India, by organizing a series of impactful activities aimed at promoting sustainability, social responsibility, and community engagement. These initiatives reflect the college's commitment

to national goals such as environmental conservation, cleanliness, and awareness-building. From tree plantation drives to cleanliness campaigns and awareness programs, the college has successfully aligned its efforts with UGC and MHRD's guidelines, fostering a sense of civic responsibility among students while contributing meaningfully to the community.

A detailed report on the various initiatives is provided below.

a) Tree Plantation Program

On 19th September, 2024, the Nature Club of Shri Shikshayatan College organized a tree plantation program at Green Verge 13, Street No.- 628, Action Area 2, New Town, West Bengal-135, with the objective of promoting environmental sustainability and raising awareness about the importance of greenery in urban areas. The initiative aimed at fostering a sense of responsibility towards environmental conservation among participants. Seven students and three faculty members, participated enthusiastically, planting over 14 saplings of diverse species, including fruit-bearing and medicinal plants.

b) Cleanliness Drive

On 25th September, 2024, the Nature Club of Shri Shikshayatan College in collaboration with NSS, organized a cleanliness drive in the nearby slum area of Topsia, with the objective of promoting hygiene and creating awareness about the importance of cleanliness in underprivileged areas. The drive, led by college students and faculty, aimed to improve living conditions by clearing waste, educating residents about proper waste disposal, and emphasizing the health benefits of a clean environment. The initiative witnessed active participation from local residents, and more than 50 bags of garbage were collected and disposed of properly. The drive successfully contributed to

a cleaner neighborhood and helped instill a sense of community responsibility towards maintaining hygiene.

c) Dustbin Installation and No-Plastic, No-Horn Initiative

On 1st October, 2024, Nature Club of Shri Shikshayatan College, in collaboration with NSS, launched an initiative to install dustbins in the locality with the aim of promoting proper waste management and curbing littering in public spaces. The project sought to encourage residents to dispose of waste responsibly, thereby improving the cleanliness and hygiene of the area. Several dustbins were strategically placed in high-pollution zones. No-plastic and No-horn placards were displayed by students outside the college campus as a way of promoting awareness about the harmful effects of plastic waste and excessive honking. Fifteen students and seven faculty members actively participated in the initiative, as part of our commitment towards fostering a more sustainable and peaceful environment.

d) Arts, Craft, Culinary and Cultural Fair "Shree"

Shri Shikshayatan College hosted its annual arts, craft, culinary, and cultural fair, "Shree," on 4th October, 2024, which served as a vibrant platform for students to showcase their talents while promoting key values such as sustainability, creativity, and innovation. The event drew wide participation from students across departments, with an emphasis on the theme "Waste to Wealth", inspiring creative approaches to recycling and upcycling.

One of the standout features of the fair was the innovative display of recycled items, as students explored sustainable alternatives to everyday materials. The idea of "Waste to Wealth" was embodied in the variety of exhibits that transformed discarded materials into usable and artistic products.

Students presented artwork and handcrafted items made from waste materials, such as old newspapers, plastic bottles and used fabrics. These items ranged from decorative wall hangings, utility items to handmade jewellery. The fair successfully demonstrated how young minds can contribute to a sustainable future through creativity and resourcefulness. By turning waste into wealth, the students of Shri Shikshayatan College not only promoted environmental awareness but also highlighted the economic potential of sustainable practices.

The event underscored the importance of adopting eco-friendly habits and fostering a culture of innovation around sustainability, making it a memorable and impactful celebration of arts, culture, and environmental responsibility.

e) Zoo Festival

A Zoo festival was organised by Nature Club. 20 students and 2 faculty members attended the Alipore Zoological Garden from 19th September, 2024 to 21st September, 2024 as part of the SwacchataPakhwada week. The festival organised special events, workshops and celebrations that helped to encourage awareness among the students.

Spice Bageecha Visit (19th November, 2024)

The Nature Club organised a visit to Spice Bageecha, an organic garden and rehoming facility for rescued animals in Garden Reach on 19th November, 2024. The owner Ms Lata Bajoria gave the students a tour of the property. She acquainted them with the various medicinal plants and herbs and gave valuable information about their possible uses and benefits. The students spoke to the gardeners who discussed the methods of pesticide-free cultivation. They outlined the ways in which everyone could start and nurture small gardens even in restricted spaces and urban apartments. The students were thrilled to encounter at close range several animals like rabbits, birds of many species,

miniature cows, emus, and ball pythons. They enquired about the food habits and characteristics of these creatures and had very interesting chats with the caretakers. They were inspired to form neighborhood watch groups to care for stray animals in the vicinity. The entire morning was spent in being initiated into a sustainable way of life which is the way forward for a healthier planet. The visit was a cherished experience for the students and they returned with requests for more such visits.

SHREE VRIDDHI E-CELL ANNUAL REPORT

The Entrepreneurship Cell Shri Vriddhi at Shri Shikshayatan College, in collaboration with the Wadhvani Foundation, has been a pivotal institution fostering the entrepreneurial spirit among students since its establishment in 2008. The Cell offers a comprehensive Entrepreneurship Course that equips students with knowledge, skills, and real-world exposure essential for their entrepreneurial journeys. Complementing this initiative is the Shikshayatan Entrepreneurship Society (SES) — the student wing of E-Cell Shri Vriddhi. SES serves as a vibrant platform nurturing entrepreneurial skills, fostering innovation, and providing students with opportunities to develop business acumen, network with peers, and expand their understanding of entrepreneurship.

Throughout the academic year, SES and the E-Cell conducted a series of impactful programmes and events to galvanize student interest and engagement in entrepreneurship. The year began with the E-Cell stall at UDAAN 2024, the Career Pathways Expo held on 21st and 22nd September, where SES members actively managed an interactive stall showcasing the college's entrepreneurial initiatives. The event successfully raised awareness about the Cell's vision while engaging participants with stimulating activities.

This was followed by the investiture ceremony for core and associate SES members on 30th September, inviting a renewed zeal and commitment toward the society's objectives. The much-acclaimed "Eureka" pitching competition, conducted on 3rd October as part of IIT Bombay's National Entrepreneurship Challenge, saw enthusiastic participation from 50 students pitching original startup ideas before notable industry judges, thereby sharpening their skills in business presentation. Further collaboration with the Wadhvani Foundation enabled students to deepen their learning through venture-planning preparation sessions, venture counselling, and online workshops, guided expertly by Senior Program Manager Mr. Subhabrata Bhattacharjee.

A distinctive highlight of the year was the "Be Someone's Santa 2.0" competition and donation drive, held in December 2024, which successfully combined entrepreneurship with social responsibility. Nine student teams were challenged to creatively develop and market products with a modest budget, raising profits that were subsequently donated to charity. The competition not only honed students' sales, marketing, and financial skills but also instilled a profound sense of giving back to society. The initiative culminated in a meaningful donation drive in Bhawanipore and nearby areas, where approximately ₹ 20,000 was raised to provide meals and warm clothing to those in need, embodying the spirit of social entrepreneurship. The event received excellent feedback, with many participants expressing eagerness to engage in similar philanthropic entrepreneurial ventures.

The flagship event of the SES, Shree Arohan 3.0, held on 26th April 2025, was a grand entrepreneurial festival that brought together over 15 colleges for a day filled with competitive events, learning opportunities, and networking. Opening with an inspiring seminar led by Mr. Aswini Bajaj and Mr. Jimmy Tangree, the

event set an empowering tone fostering leadership and innovation. The vibrant student-run stalls formed the heart of Shree Arohan 3.0, showcasing a remarkable array of products crafted and sold by the participants themselves. Ranging from innovative food items to unique art, craft, accessories, and games, these stalls demonstrated the creativity, entrepreneurial spirit, and hands-on business skills of the students. Drawing an impressive footfall of nearly 300 visitors, the stalls were widely appreciated for their originality and effective customer engagement, providing participants invaluable real-world experience in product development, marketing, and sales management.

In addition to the stalls, the event featured a series of diverse competitions that further tested and honed entrepreneurial expertise. The intense Boardroom challenge simulated real-world corporate crises, demanding strategic decision-making under pressure, while the “Hired or Fired” role-play nurtured professional adaptability through corporate scenario simulations. Sell-A-Bration 2.0 showcased students' creativity and persuasive skills in a high-energy marketing battle, the Build & Brand contest challenged teams to innovate and develop market-ready products, and the dynamic Brand Wars pushed participants to devise future-ready brand strategies and respond in real-time to competitor tactics. Each competition was adjudicated by esteemed industry and academic professionals, offering valuable feedback and insights.

The closing ceremony culminated with an energetic band performance and the felicitation of winners, leaving attendees inspired and motivated. Together, these events not only fostered integrated learning but also exemplified the powerful synergy between academic entrepreneurship education and practical enterprise experience.

ANTI-RAGGING AND SEXUAL HARASSMENT CELL

A Special Lecture was organized by the Anti-Ragging and Sexual Harassment Cell of Shri Shikshayatan College in collaboration with the Internal Quality Assurance Cell on 27.11.24 in the College Auditorium. Dr. Tania Chakraverty, Dean of Students' Welfare, Diamond Harbour Women's University was the guest speaker. Her topic for the day was 'Say No To Ragging And Sexual Harassment'. The Lecture was attended by 317 students of Semester 1 of all streams and 22 faculty members.

The programme was organized chiefly to make the new entrants aware of the problem of ragging and sexual harassment rampant across the country in educational as well as other organizations and institutions. The different types of ragging, the consequences as well as the psyche behind such behaviour were deliberated upon. The students were made aware of the redressal measures and government regulations available to tackle the menace. The insightful and interactive session was effective and well received.

STAFFROOM COMMITTEE REPORT

Events during the Session

1. **Farewell was organized by the Staffroom Committee for the following Faculty members :**

- Dr. Papiya Choudhury (Teacher-in-Charge) : Held on April 30, 2025
- Smt. Madhumati Patra (Education Department): Held on January 31, 2025
- Smt. Isha Poddar (B. Com. Evening) : Held on August 15, 2024
- Dr. Subhodeep Ghosh (Chemistry Department) : Held on December 16, 2024
- Shri Prasun Roy : Held on January 6, 2025

2. **T.C. Meeting (August 28, 2024) :**

- Congratulating Dr. Sharmistha Ghosh for her motherhood
- Five new UGC teachers and three new College Full-Time Teachers were welcomed and subsequently inducted to different Committees.

3. **TC Meeting (March 11, 2025) :**

- Welcomed Dr. Bornita Das of Chemistry Department

- Antara Mapdar was felicitated for new motherhood.
- A farewell to Divyani Sharma

4. **Bijoya Sammilani (November 11, 2024) :**

Featured a Shrutinatak(audio drama) organized by Dr. Sharmila Ghosh and other Faculty members, followed by lunch from the Staffroom Committee.

6. Flowers were sent to the Shraddh ceremony of **Dr. Jayati Das' Mother** on 03 May 2025 on behalf of the Principal and all Faculty members.

WOMEN'S DEVELOPMENT CELL : 2024 -2025

The Women's Development Cell (WDC) of Shri Shikshayatan College has continued to function as a platform for reflection, dialogue, and creative expression, encouraging students to engage critically with issues of gender, identity, and empowerment.

On the occasion of the College Foundation Day in July 2024, Women's Development Cell released its annual journal "Women Talk" (Vol.12) was well received with enthusiasm by the college community.

WDC had put up a handicrafts stall in "Shree 2024" featuring handmade items crafted by student members from various departments as part of its outreach and community-building effort. The initiative promoted student creativity and entrepreneurship while raising funds, which

were donated to the Shree Committee of Shri Shikshayatan College. The Cell's commitment to social responsibility and collective empowerment was established once again in its truest form.

The selected articles from the Creative Writing Competition held during the International Women's Day event will be featured in the upcoming volume of Women Talk, further enriching its content with faculty and student contributions.

Together, these initiatives reflect WDC's ongoing dedication to nurturing informed voices and inclusive thinking. As the Cell moves forward, it remains committed to fostering a campus culture rooted in inclusivity, awareness, and transformative engagement—ensuring that every voice is heard, every story is valued, and every act of expression becomes a step toward meaningful change.



A LETTER TO MY YOUNGER SELF

Humairah Mozammel

Department of English, Semester V

You will not always understand why the world feels so heavy at night.
Why the people, you feel, will always be near you, leave you unexpectedly.
You won't understand why you have to face battles and act so tough.
Constantly questioning your worth because people around you will make you feel so.
You'll sit and wonder why the heaviest of heartbreaks is to be faced by you.
Why the trees feel so gloomy and the sky so dark.

Why no one takes your hand and cradles it with grace,
Why does no one tell you I am there.
Why the night sky feels a lot darker and why the daylight feels so fade.
Why staying away from people will bring you peace and you'll feel at ease.

But at the end, you have you and you'll see how well deserved you are.
You'll see yourself bloom!
The night sky will comfort you and the daylight will bring you peace.
Difficulties won't ever leave you, but this time you'll handle it with a smile on your face.



THE WEIGHT OF JUSTICE

Hritika Dey

Department of English, Semester V

Fractured mirror bears my vicious smile,
As the crimson dreor trickles down the bayonet
Turning to rubies as they reach the tiles
God is busy law a *blind* making my hands pen their fate.

Infinite times the metal driven through their skulls
Freeing the souls caged in culpability.
I granted their wish to be the victims.
Locking the red reward in the jar so empty.

Petals fell off that day the weeds ruling the garden
The sun did not greet our window anymore
And Tears didn't escape my eyes
As they brought down my hanging daughter.
And the unwritten letter sang the song unknown
Couldn't write the names she loved so dear.

Today she will lie beneath the soft grasses
And flowers are reborn to bid their last goodbyes
Once the mother deer fought the beast
As every power so low and weak to her love
But this mother failed to her daughter
Pouring the jar of justice through her hollow bones
Painting it all red and divine.
"For the prey to live the predator must die"
so, the final strike through my skull
letting her bones drink my every drop
and the truth lay bared like raw flesh
In a world too bright to hold such darkness



TONIGHT

Sreya Maiti

Department of English, Semester V

I'm in the dark again, again, tonight.
I cannot see beyond, what is beyond my palms ?
And yet, I grasp onto something with all my might
And dig my nails, and tug, and bite.
Are you here ? Please, god, do tell
"No, not god, just you, and myself."

Are you here ? Still here ? Please dear, don't lie
"I'm here, still here, don't fret, don't hide"
But I can't see, can't feel, I've got no sight
"But, did you ever need these things to feel alive ?"

Does her face still exist beyond those eyes ?
And her voice still ring through truth and lies ?
Her smile shine bright beyond the skies ?
Her touch brace your heart despite the crashing tides ?
If she still exists, even beyond your life,
Then rest easy, you need not to pry.

I'm in the dark, once again, tonight
But, now, I can see just a tad bit further, tonight.
My steps run stronger, legs leap longer, tonight.
My palms grasp tighter, nails dig deeper, tonight.
Because, despite all I brace and all I fight
You're here, still here, with me, in the night.



SILENCE HAVE SECRETS

Hritika Dey

Department of English, Semester V

The night was unsettling. She looked out of the window, playing with the hem of her white dress. The colossal rain drops hit and dripped down the glass window. She tried to see the moon amidst the mischievous clouds. She hummed away a song as an unknown fear settled at the bottom of her heart, that made her restless. The silence was screaming in her ears and she knew the night held secrets. Not a soul to find outside except for the night creatures and no sound at all except for her own breathing, which echoed through the house. Once her beautiful hair is now ruffled and messy and her brown eyes have turned a shade darker.

In this lifeless environment, a knock on the door killed the silence. Was her unknown fear coming alive? With an anticipated heart, she cautiously took every step towards the door. For once she dropped the idea of opening the door at all but her curiosity didn't let her. Her breathing became heavy with every step, who could it be at this unfavorable weather when not a life was outside? Whoever it is, must have lost their sanity. There was another knock, this time there was a desperation in the knock. As her hand made contact with the cold metal knob of the door, a shiver ran down her spine. The door creaked open only a half, enough for her to see the person at her doorstep. In the flickering light of the lamp post, she saw him equipped with black raincoat which was pulled down to his face only letting his thick moustache and crooked smile visible to her. "It seems I am stuck at this place, cannot travel until the storm stops" his voice travelled through the silence of the night. "May I please take shelter here till the rain stops" he pleaded to the girl in her teens. "This is the first

house that came to my view" he explained. Seeing the helpless situation, she agreed reluctantly. "Is there a power cut?" he asked as he entered the house. She only nodded. "Thank you, child, for letting me stay". The girl led him to the drawing room and offered him a glass of water but fear was gleaming in her eyes. "Do you stay alone in this big house?" but she didn't reply to his question. The girl sat far across the room keeping a safe distance from the stranger, the night wasn't safe. She didn't dare to blink as suspense gripped her heart. "May I please use your washroom" asked he, she just pointed towards the room behind him. The man found it weird. He disappeared into the darkness of the room but after a while she heard his loud shriek. She rushed in with the candle. In the dim light of the candle, she saw him standing there with a sharp knife in his hand, blood smeared all over his raincoat. Pool of blood overflowed the room. "I swear I didn't do this" he cried. The horror ran across her face. Her parents and her brother laid lifeless with eyes staring into nothingness. "You killed them" she kept repeating the words as she dialed the police station. The power of rain increased when the sirens of the police cars were heard as they made their appearance. "This man killed my family" she said confidently. "With an excuse of taking shelter from rain this man killed my family". "You tried to rob right and, in the process, you killed her family? You thought its easier to escape from the police in this stormy night?" the police snarled at the stranger. The man kept arguing trying to prove his innocence. "I am sorry for your loss, but we have to take the bodies for post-mortem" the police said. She nodded. After getting the answers of their

interrogation the police officer said, "Shall we send someone to look after you ?" "No, my cousin will come over" she replied.

After two days the post mortem report arrived. "Sir you would love to see this report. The timing of the deaths..." As the police officer opened the report the timing of the deaths written was around five to six in the evening. "But the girl said it was around nine at night when the

stranger man came to her house", "Something isn't matching" before he could complete his sentence realization hit them hard. They rushed to the same house only to find locked doors and windows. "No one's inside" a constable checked. There was no one except for a note stuck to the glass window, it read "It's too late now..." the sentence ended with a smiling face drawn. Her smile echoed through the note....



A BALLAD FOR TWO, A BALLAD FOR YOU

Sreya Maiti

Department of English, Semester V

The meaning of love, I once believed,
Was in the moments two hearts were freed –
A knowing glance, a whispered word,
A silent song that goes unheard.

We chased that beauty, hand in hand,
Through fleeting time and shifting land,
Our hopes like blossoms, fresh and bright,
Yet fading softly into night.

You came with grace, a radiant light,
That turned my darkness into sight.
Your eyes, a mirror, pure and true,
Reflected dreams I never knew.

But meaning slips like wind through trees,
And love is never just what it seems.
It's struggle, silence, broken rhyme –
A dance that stumbles out of time.

Still, in that dance, we found our part,
A ballad sung from heart to heart.
Though not forever, not quite true,
It was a ballad for two,
A ballad for me,
A ballad for you.



THE MISSING FRAGMENT

Additiya Ganguly

Department of English, Semester V

When is the correct time to die ? Emily found herself asking while looking outside the hospital window. The trees were rustling against the heavy winds and a dark cloud appeared over the horizon. She felt like nature was giving her a sign and beckoning her towards a whispered farewell. She was ready to welcome death with open arms. There was nothing or no one binding her to this earth. She waited for the fear of nothingness to overwhelm her, however, the only question that kept circling her mind was the number of people who would be attending her funeral. Will there be any ? She didn't think so. She has spent all her life without knowing how it feels to be loved. She was in her mid 30's, unmarried and childless. She has forgotten the last time she heard her parent's voice though she likes to comfort herself by saying that they are old and have maybe forgotten her number. This indeed is the correct time to die. She remembered someone saying that the gateway to heaven is always wide open to hold the hands of those people whose existence on earth is buried into dust.

"What are you thinking, my love ?" Emily heard the voice of an old lady from the bed beside her.

She looked sideways and saw a woman who was probably in her 80's and looked like her body was on the verge of giving up. Emily couldn't help but notice her radiating smile and those eyes which held so much of life and charm.

"Am waiting for the universe to say it's my turn." She says with her chin quivering. She has lost her patience now. Everyday she wakes up wishing to feel relief from this cruelty but all she feels are the crisp bed sheets of the hospital bed and another day of being god's least favourite child.

"Are you happy to leave, sweetie ?", the old woman asked her.

"I am. This world has summoned me to a fate of eternal damnation. All my life, I have not received the kind of love that I wanted from anyone. I have no one praying for my return." She said with hiccups.

The old woman looked at her for some time.

"I feel this is not the time for you to leave yet. Those eyes tell me there are so many things you wish to have but just don't know where to find them. Don't leave with bitterness and anger, my child. Find the right potion of love."

"The right potion of love ? What is that ?" She found herself asking.

The woman smiled and said, "You need to find it yourself, sweetie. I did and I am leaving with no qualms of regret. The potion is the key to keeping the soul alive."

Her words played in her mind all day. The next day she found the bed beside her empty and when she asked the doctor, they told her that she passed away the night before. She felt something breaking inside her.

"Did she suffer ?" She asked the doctor.

"Death is always painful but the woman was filled with inner serenity and calm. Her heart was at the right place." The doctor informed with a smile.

That night she had her dinner and slept. While she was asleep, she felt a sudden jolt and she was transported to the depths of a mystical and parallel universe.

Was this heaven ? Is she dead ?

The place was filled with white marble walls

and chandeliers hung from the ceiling. Her breath got stuck in her throat when she found the old woman sitting on a chair. When their eyes met, she smiled and said, "Welcome my child, how have you been?"

"What is this place? Am I dead?" She asked.

"You are not dead yet. This is where you get the chance to be drunk on a thousand potions of love. Remember how I told you that you need to find the potion that grants what your heart seeks? Look around you and drink the potion you like." The woman said.

She looked around and noticed that there were potions of different colours kept in various shelves. She picked a potion which looked like a shade of amethyst and drank it.

She was suddenly transported to the time when she got her first job. She saw a younger version of herself, a twenty-year old girl who was buying cakes from the bakery to treat herself as a start to this new testament of life. She almost couldn't recognise her. When did she forget to smile like that?

She quickly drank the next potion. She saw a twenty two-year old girl who was running in the streets in search of a dress. She had so little money but she sparkled with excitement at the thought of a new dress even if it was cheap. She retreated from the memory and smiled remembering how much she loved buying new dresses but stopped when a co-worker called her fat one day at the office. Why did she let him have that much power over her to a point that she stopped buying new dresses?

She drank the third potion. She saw herself decorating the room for her mother's birthday. She was giggling while having cold noodles in the small rented house that they could afford. Suddenly she felt like someone had poured cold water on her and forced her to face reality. She always complained about her parents not reaching out but when was the last time she tried the same? It was with utter despondency that she realised it was her who pushed her parents away and not the other way around.

She retreated and drank the next potion and then another. She did not realise when she became drunk on almost a thousand potions of love. Each one taking her to a time where was filled with the vigour of life and the irony lied in the fact that they were not major life events. They were sweet moments of joy that she often ignored but now she can see that those were the moments she was alive for. She felt tears on her cheeks.

"I think I am ready to go now." She said to the old lady.

"Very soon, my child. Drink the last potion before you leave." She said and gave her a potion kept in a blue bottle.

As she drank the last potion, she felt a new sense of strength and courage engulfing her. Her body seemed to shred every dark part of her that she has known and adopting a soul which was illuminated with passion for life.

She opened her eyes and asked, "What did I drink?"

The woman held her hand and said warmly. "This was the potion of self-love. The most important part of being alive that you were missing. Never think of yourself as less."

She woke up again in the crisp bed sheets of the hospital but this time, she recognized the blessing that it was.

She found the doctors talking in whispers.

"She is finally out of danger. It's a miracle. Looks like God decided to give her the missing piece of herself that she was looking for."

"Indeed." She thought.

Sometimes we get so wrapped up in grief and silence that we decide to ignore the little things around us. Never let other people dim your light. Love is present in so many ways around us, we just need to find the time to recognize them. Weave a love story that connects yourself to your soul. If you have no one to wake up for each day, wake up for yourself.

THE WALKING CORPSE OF CREATIVITY

Additiya Ganguly

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William Stafford once said – *“Everyone is a born poet – a person discovering the way words sound and work, caring and delighting in words. I just kept on doing what everyone starts out doing. The real question is : Why did other people stop?”* History is a proof of how throughout generations, artists, writers and creatives of all kinds have been ostracized and casted aside because they were the forerunners of the theories and movements that other people were too afraid to vocalize. The gravitation towards mediocrity is the sole destructor of creativity and originality.

We live in a world that is highly dominated by technology and science. There are immediate and fast solutions and replacements for everything. The rigid structures of the society have left little to no room for a person to sit and think for a moment. Nowadays, time is the tree that only reaps the fruits of materialism because the value of art is only prominent in the minds of few. However, we cannot say that this a sudden evolution which can only be attributed to today's era. Since the dawn of time, society has contributed to the demolishing of arts. As a result, the works of great writers, poets and artists have always shown a sense of isolation from society and love for solitude. Artists have also been seen describing themselves with the term 'outcasts' while other people referred to them as 'fools.' Although, there is one question that people should ponder upon – Why is a person who shows unrequired arrogance and wisdom towards his own knowledge and keeps undervaluing someone else's intelligence, not considered the real fool ? Why does the knife of violence and mockery keeps digging deeper into the soul of a person who embraced their

ambitions instead of casting them aside? The definition of intelligence is subjective and ambiguous. It does not only cater to the fields of technology because art is equally important to sustain in the society. It has been a source of respite and inspiration for people irrespective of time, age, place and gender. The love for arts is what brings together individuals from all spheres of life and allows us to live in united harmony. Creativity is the antidote to all kinds of setbacks and it transcends the boundaries of time. The emotions captured in monotony and expressed in ink in the 18th century can still resonate with someone else in the 21st century. Literature and art have saved lives of various people.

In addition to being a source of escapism, art is the true form of rebellion and change. Authors and writers were the predecessors of many social movements and it is because of the accounts of their work that we can know the original narrations without any form of fabrication. For example, “The Diary of a Young Girl” by Anne Frank is a collection of the diary entries of a Jewish girl who lived in hiding with her family during the mass genocide of Jews by the Nazis during World War II. To this day, it stands as a testament of hope, resilience and the pursuit of finding light in the darkest surroundings. It is because of the work of a young girl that we can know about the pain and sufferings of the innocent and ordinary people during times of turbulence. Many other social movements were also started by feminist authors and the people of Africa which changed the course of time. Creativity is embraced only in the absence of coercion and domination. There has been significant impact on various lives because someone decided to pick up a pen or a

brush and narrate their story to the world. The depiction of the soul through art cannot be replicated by any sort of machine, algorithm or codes. Academia should encourage the sprouting of young minds instead of glorifying only a specific fragment of life. Technology and art are not competitors but the two ends of life which produces a serene rhythm. They are not mutually exclusive to each other and both are required to sustain life. They together make the cathartic element of life.

Creativity will always survive despite the wounds inflicted on it by the society. It is like the flower that grows in arid regions that doesn't require much assistance and help. The rare rainfall and a slow breeze are enough for it to fight and survive despite the atrocities and obstacles. Creativity is a walking corpse – even when dead, it continues to fight and walk. If you have a story, tell the world because the magnitude of creativity is everlasting.



WHO AM I ?

Humairah Mozammel

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Just like the prettiest of skies, the shiniest of stars,
Is my heart wrapped with scars ?
Not knowing who I am, life leads me to places
Where it eventually and possibly can.

Trying to get up from the fall I always have,
Which leaves me scarred and broken,
Life takes me to adventures that shake me up
Meeting new people and the past being forgotten.

Finally met my people who made me feel like home;
The pain, the absurdity, All, long gone.
I realise who I am, a person filled with immense love and adoration,
Who cares for people with much admiration.

Seeing myself through their eyes, I realise how worthy I am of love;
They unveiled to me what Love actually means and kept me all above.
They opened my eyes to who I really am,
A person who gives away and fills people with love as much as i can.

I see an achievement here because not all beings are capable of something like this;
For it requires a lot of courage and strength to be this loving without expecting anything in return.
But the love of people who know you and love you genuinely is what you earn.



OPERATION SINDOOR The Dawn of a Fearless Bharat

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On the morning of May 7, 2025, India unveiled a new chapter in its defense history – Operation Sindoor. It was not just a military strike, but a statement of sovereignty, courage, and responsibility. In retaliation to the brutal Pahalgam terror attack of April 22, 2025, where 26 innocent lives lost, India decided to answer not with words, but with decisive action. What unfolded became one of the most significant counter-terror operations of modern times, earning the respect of the world and restoring faith among citizens that India will never bow down to terror.

Pahalgam Terror Attack :

April 22 was a dark day. Pakistani Terrorists launched a brutal attack at the famous tourist spot, Baisaran Valley in Pahalgam, Jammu & Kashmir, deliberately targeting Hindu tourists. The attack claimed the lives of 26 civilians, once again testing India's patience. This was not the first provocation – India has borne the wounds of terror for decades, from the 1999 IC-814 hijacking to the 2001 Parliament attack, the 26/11 Mumbai carnage, and Pulwama 2019. But in 2025, the message was clear, the age of passive tolerance was over.

On May 7, India launched Operation Sindoor, targeting nine terror camps and launchpads across Pakistan and Pakistan-occupied Kashmir (PoK). What made this operation historic was not just the scale, but the surgical precision with which it was carried out. Advanced drones, satellite intelligence, and precision-guided missiles were used. Over 100 terrorists were neutralized, including several top commanders of Jaishe-Mohammed (JeM) and Lashkar-e-Taiba (LeT) who had masterminded previous attacks like IC-814 hijacking and Pulwama attack. And yet, India exercised remarkable restraint. No civilian areas or Pakistani military bases were targeted, proving that this was not an act of war but a defensive strike against terror.

Victory always comes at a cost. In Operation Sindoor, five Indian soldiers laid down their lives. Their sacrifice painted the "Sindoor" of courage on the forehead of Bharat Mata. As the nation mourned their loss, it also drew strength from their bravery. They became symbols of the spirit that runs in the veins of every Indian soldier: the willingness to give one's life so that the nation can live in peace.

Operation Sindoor has been hailed as a turning point in India's military doctrine. For decades, India followed a defensive posture, often criticized as "too soft" in response to provocations. But in May 2025, India declared itself a nation that will act with strength, responsibility, and foresight. Defence Minister Rajnath Singh described the forces as acting with the precision of "skilled surgeons" removing the disease of terror without harming the innocent body of the nation. The world took note.

International media highlighted India's ability to balance aggression with restraint. Even adversaries realized that India is no longer a passive giant, but a vigilant power.

Operation Sindoor was not just for India; it was for the world. In an era where terrorism knows no borders, India demonstrated that it is possible to fight back with courage, clarity, and conscience. To terrorists, the message was blunt "There is no safe haven." To Pakistan, it was a reminder, that it will have to bear consequences of continuing to support terrorism.

The name "Sindoor" itself carries deep symbolism. In Indian culture, sindoor represents sacrifice, purity, and strength. Just as sindoor on a woman's forehead signifies life and dignity, Operation Sindoor became the mark of India's living courage. It was not just a military strike- it was a cultural and emotional moment where

every Indian felt a surge of pride. From Kashmir to Kanyakumari, the nation stood united. Social media flooded with tributes, schools held special prayers, and tricolours fluttered with renewed pride.

Conclusion

Operation Sindoor will forever be etched in history as the moment when India roared with dignity. It was proof that modern India combines ancient courage with modern strategy. It reminded us of a simple truth a nation's strength is not measured by the size of its army alone, but by the resolve of its people and the spirit of its soldiers. As we move towards 2047, Operation Sindoor stands as a beacon of strength and sacrifice, reminding us that India is fearless, India is resilient, and India will always rise.

JAI HIND!



THE NEBULA OF HOPE

Disha Chakravarty

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Up above the world so high,
floating amidst the vast black sky,
reside millions of tiny celestial bodies...
Humans call them "Stars", while they call us "The
flickering sticks"!
Tiny sticks of life, lingering within a big ball of
water and fire,
coated with dark smoke-of something strange, of
something mysterious.
These sticks are miniscule, but each one of
these flickers with lights of their own!
Not the kind of shine stars have,
they reflect a kind of shine that comes from
within, emerging from the deepest corner of each
of these
...a kind of shine that transcend oceans and
galaxies. Some shining bright,
some flicking slightly while some on the verge of
fading
...but each of the million lights,
shines with all its might.
Here each light has a story of its own,
where each story is written and told.

We humans lie still, looking up to the pearls of
the vast stretch of hematite fabric, etched with
silks of blues and oranges...where, in the center,
floats a nearly halved button of the setting sun,
almost fading...yet burning with all its life.
Similarly, the stars look onto us the way we look
up to them – In awe, in curiosity, clouded with
thousands of questions and swaying towards no
definite answer. Under their cozy dark blankets,
they peek their starry eyes out and observe us
from a distance...While the astronomers of the
star kingdom conduct detailed research of our
blue residence. Their high-tech radars can only
detect earth's warmth and rays, no faces, no
traces, just beams of light coming from the

different points of focus. To them, earth is a
symphony of lights and darkness, a canvas of
beaming synergies...where some parts are
seen to be jeweled with glittering lights of
skylines, some parts hidden deep under, with
random flickers here and there, while some
faded in darkness. A synergy of life they say, a
combination of different frequencies, of survival.

Spanning and studying the humongous
maps of light, over the years, they found
something unusual.

"This area has always been dark and hidden,
but I think I noticed a tiny flicker" murmured a
junior scientist, while adjusting his telescope.

"Probably a rich human building his new steel
tower..."

"A beam of power and wealth" Said one of his
seniors.

"But – This one doesn't look mechanical, this
light has a kind of warmth that isn't found in the
cities, not the bright colors of the high raised
buildings nor the glittering charms of
amusement parks", he said looking deeply into
the subtle flicker, "This one is softer...its
trembling, but its alive-".

All his crew mates leaned in with curiosity...it
was such a challenge to identify that tiny sparkle
amidst desserts of darkness and distant
fireworks, but when they did, a cloud of silence
veiled the lab : what was that?

They meticulously observed and tracked the
tiny spark. Over a few months they noticed it
getting expanded, although it was still flickering,
but now, it flickered together. The light was
emerging from a group of shining souls, who
were driven by a kind of flame that was rare...a

kind of flame that gave them the courage to dream, to shine, to dare!

The taller flames came together as a whole to become ONE- The center of the nebula! The birth of a new dynasty, not driven with the kind of richness that comes from the chains of materials and wealth, this one is an empire of wisdom, of knowledge, of enlightenment.

Centering this mass of stardust were the teachers-the gurus who passed on their flame to the little ones around them...guiding, mentoring and "giving", like how a single candle has the ability to sow its light into hundreds of barren lands of wax.

Circling around this nebula of light, surfaced a handful of subtle sparks...first five, then twenty then a hundred. Those tiny flickers have not completely passed the stage of hesitance that was once darkened by struggle and fear. And yet, they exist...they flourish.

...With each passing day, the spark just kept getting brighter. The once dark alley began to glow, fueled by unsaid dreams, untouched limits and an unwavering sparkle of hope.

Who knew, a flicker so miniscule could spark the birth of a nebula all together! Observing and studying this unusual growth has become a daily task for the star astronomers. Every morning, they notice thousands of tiny lights running towards the very same spot where they emerged...It has now become a routine or rather a ritual, a kind of dedication showcased by the "flickering sticks". The stars delicately observe every single lantern of light, some passing through dark alleys, some running through the melancholic desserts of silence while others walking hours just to reach their sanctuary of

wisdom. As soon as they step inside this magic realm, they gain a different kind of shine. And suddenly the veil of struggle is so insignificant before the mighty hunger of growth...as if their presence here would softly whisper their unsaid identities-their "Pehchaan"

"They keep coming back...", whispered one of the lead astronomers, "they keep coming back, without any excuses, even though some of these flames are hit by winds of the society...almost fading. Yet, they show up...every single day"

Some lights running late, some interacting with other tiny flames and some flickering softly, almost silent...almost afraid to show its light, but every time they step inside, a kind of magnet pulls them in. The nebula welcomes each one of them with a kind of warmth that they are deprived of.

Under the open sky, this empire keeps on flourishing, rhythming each flicker with chants of alphabets and numbers, pencils pressing against the brown papers followed by a sudden cheer of laughter and giggles! Only if the stars would hear them!!

Over a span of a decade, that one tiny flicker turned into a movement, "A Nebula of Hope", they say. The same light that was unnoticeable on the radars are now glowing the brightest in their earth charts. It has now grown into a land of fireworks, outshining the sparklers of the material cities. This glow was nor smooth nor perfect, it was human, it was alive! Every spark of light that brighten up this nebula has a story of its own, has a pehchaan of its own. They glitter with lights of purpose, of emotion and life! Here each light has a story of its own, where each story is written and told.



ENTANGLED LIVES

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Harvest of Trust. The name of the winning entry was intriguing. The stage screen showed an intricately detailed, organic tapestry. The young artist who won this year's CIMA Award, Supriyo Manna, described his work in a few succinct words. He had extracted strands from a local weed in South India to weave his extraordinary creation.

Manna recalled how, in 2019, when he joined the Karnataka Chitrakala Parishath as a guest faculty, the institution was developing its site. The campus was being extended over a tract of the Turahalli forest on the outskirts of Bengaluru. This transformation was particularly fascinating to the former student of Visva-Bharati. His *alma mater* had also been built on extensive terraculture undertaken by Rabindranath Tagore in order to create a biodiverse ecosystem on the rocky-red barrenness of Birbhum. But the boy from Bengal was dismayed to find his workplace endeavour to be the construction of an urbanised utilitarian space with no consideration for native ecology. This prompted Manna to start his research on this terrain in transition "to dig out the memory of the land". The soil was being weeded and tilled to clear space for foreign plants chosen for the beautification process. One of the indigenous shrubs being removed was the *ongonnesoppu* or the Sessile Joyweed. It had been growing in wild abandon around the site. But it was tagged as a 'weed' – by definition a plant that grows wild in an area where it is in conflict with human needs or preferences – and was uprooted along with other unwanted vegetation.

Manna has long been interested in documenting and preserving narratives of non-

human life forms. He works with the weight of the awareness that the anthropocene has wiped innumerable species off the face of our planet and pushed many more to the brink of extinction. Human consumption has been the driving force that has determined Earth's fortunes or, more aptly, its misfortunes. Every other form of life has been deemed lesser than that of human beings and can be treated with greed and violence to profit the dominant species.

Witnessing the landscaping efforts around him, Manna was struck by the curious classification underlying them. He noted that weeds were called *agachha* in his mother tongue, a 'non-plant'. Not only was this shrub denied the right to live, but it was also not even allowed its proper identity. Which made him ask the question – how does a plant become a 'non-plant' ?

Sitting in the audience at the award ceremony, it gave one pause for thought. Mapping the contours and the potency of words stretched the mind thin. The act of naming, labelling, categorising was so much more than simply a mode of reference. It could be used to create hierarchies, cement prejudices, and establish ideologies. Of two organisms with leaves and shoots and roots and blooms, one was considered a plant, and the other was not. What made us differentiate between two similar life forms? One was grown with cost and care, while the other considered a waste of space and uprooted in irritation. A creature with fur got to cuddle with you on your bed, while another with furry legs warranted immediate squashing to death. And even within the same species, the small and white ones got a nice cage and were

fed bits of cheese, while those born slightly bigger and browner had poison and traps waiting for them. What made us prefer and prioritise one species over another? Why are some animals pets and others pests? Why are some flora ornamental landscape choices and others ignominious intruders in flower beds?

The answer, of course, would be that whatever humans deem useful or attractive has an advantage over whatever is considered ugly or unusable. The needs, well-being and complex lives of all other life forms on Earth are reduced to their worth to humankind. Placing *Homo sapiens* at the pinnacle of the pyramid, all other entities are classified and treated based on what they have to offer their human owners and masters. Nature is a plethora of variegated voices that constitute our world, but the final word is always human.

Interestingly, the principles of functionality and attractiveness are not absolute. The concepts of beauty and utility change with time, place and context. What is treasured in one culture is discarded elsewhere. And often, preferences change with time even within the same region and the same people. The plant protagonist of our story is itself a case in point. The *ongonnesoppu* had not always been *planta non-grata* and shunned in the present manner. It was once a source of food and herbal medicine in southern India. When globalisation brought remedies in tubes and phials as well as food with fancy labels and fancier names, the shrub started losing its very right to existence, steadily and inevitably.

Thus, not only did random speciesism determine quality of life but it could also rob an entity of its very essence. The nomenclature that inverted identity percolated through prejudice and became the justification for eradicating the existence of an organism. Taking away the very 'planthood' of a shrub was the rationale behind making sure not a single one was left on a tract where it had once flourished. By the same principle, if enough people could be convinced

that a certain demographic is 'lesser' than human in some manner, the possibilities of oppressing members of this sub-human group became endless. By taking away their humanness through appellations pertaining to lower life forms, they could be marked as vermin infecting the social order, to be weeded out through the most stringent of means.

Researchers like David Livingstone Smith have been studying dehumanisation – its roots, rationale and processes – as a psychological response activated by political forces. He explores how throughout history the denial of full humanity reduced certain people to 'lesser' life forms deprived not only of basic rights but also their core identity.

The shrub that Manna was observing, however, did not give up easily – it fought with all its green might. The artist in Manna wanted to reach out to this 'weed', but it wasn't easy. Years of neglect had turned its delicate blossoms into prickly defences. But he persisted. "I wanted to build a trust between us through dialogue," he said. "I was prepared to endure the agony of harvesting. Word by word, a discourse was woven together. Warp by weft, the narrative became a tapestry. It was the autobiography of a 'non-plant'."

The result was an imperfect pattern of roughly hewn strands jagged at the edges and inconsistent all over, with shrivelled little blooms dotting the work. There was unassuming beauty and quiet strength that came together in its unfiltered, unapologetic 'plantness'. As the eye followed the fibrils over and under other frays and fragments, these lines by Kate Forster came to mind: "I think it's a deep consolation to know that spiders dream, that monkeys tease predators, that dolphins have accents, that lions can be scared silly by a lone mongoose, that otters hold hands, and ants bury their dead. That there isn't their life and our life. Nor your life and my life. That it's just one teetering and endless thread and all of us, all of us, are entangled with it as deep as entanglement goes."

ARCHIVES OF THE FUTURE : WILL OUR WHATSAPP CHATS BE HISTORY?

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If a historian of the year 2125 were to seek an understanding of how we lived, communicated, and imagined our worlds in the early twenty-first century, where might they begin? Until recently, the answer would have been self-evident: they would consult an archive. Archives, repositories of palm-leaf manuscripts, Mughal farmāns, colonial census registers, or the personal correspondence of freedom fighters, have long been the foundational sites of historical inquiry. Yet, the nature of what we record and how we preserve it has shifted dramatically. The future historian may not open a trunk of yellowing letters; instead, they may scroll through a cache of long-forgotten WhatsApp conversations.

The idea may seem improbable, even faintly disconcerting, but it merits serious consideration. Historians have always relied on the personal writings of ordinary individuals to illuminate past worlds. The intimate letters exchanged between Jawaharlal Nehru and Indira Gandhi reveal both political mentorship and filial affection; Rassundari Devi's nineteenth-century Bengali autobiography *Amar Jiban* remains invaluable for understanding the interior life of a woman who struggled for literacy in a deeply patriarchal milieu. Such sources, seldom written for posterity, have nonetheless become cornerstones of historical interpretation.

Today, the epistolary habits of previous generations have largely migrated into the digital realm. Confessions, quarrels, apologies, declarations of affection, and the logistics of

everyday life now reside in WhatsApp threads, emails, and Instagram messages. These may well constitute the “letters” of our time. But if they are to serve future historians as letters once did, two questions arise with urgency : **how will they be preserved, and should they be preserved at all?**

Unlike the handwritten documents of earlier eras, digital records are inherently fragile. A deleted application, a broken phone, or a lapsed cloud subscription can erase years of exchanges in an instant. Even when data is technically preserved, it is submerged in an ocean of triviality. No archivist, decades hence, will parse every forwarded greeting or routine group message. Selectivity will be inevitable, but who will determine which fragments of our digital lives merit survival, and by what criteria?

The question of privacy complicates this further. Traditional archival sources are often distant from their creators by centuries; the diarists and letter-writers are long deceased by the time their papers enter scholarly discourse. But the study of WhatsApp conversations or text messages written a mere few decades earlier would implicate the living, raising profound ethical questions. Should an undergraduate's frustrated rant, a private disagreement, or an impulsive remark be subject to historical scrutiny while its author is still alive? Digital ethics thus becomes entwined with historiography, forcing uncomfortable debates about consent, ownership of digital “memory,” and the right to be forgotten.

These anxieties intersect with a broader and more troubling reality : the **digital divide**. The promise of a “future archive” built from digital communications presumes that all voices are equally recorded. Yet this is far from true. Millions still lack reliable internet access, secure devices, or digital literacy. Their lives remain only partially captured, or not captured at all, within the digital record. A WhatsApp archive of the future might disproportionately represent the affluent, urban, and technologically connected, while the voices of rural, marginalised, or older populations silently vanish. This replicates, and perhaps intensifies, the silences and exclusions of colonial and national archives of the past.

Compounding these challenges is the paradox of hyperconnectivity coupled with interpersonal distance. In our present, one can be perpetually “connected” via group chats, online meetings, and endless message threads, yet experience a growing sense of isolation. The historian of the future might read thousands of messages exchanged between classmates or colleagues, yet never quite locate genuine intimacy within those digital traces. Will the fragments we leave behind convey the emotional nuance of handwritten letters, or will they reflect a world where language was abundant but connection was curiously thin?

Institutions have begun grappling with these dilemmas. The British Library has embarked on systematic archiving of U.K. websites, acknowledging them as historical documents. The Library of Congress briefly attempted to archive every public tweet before recognising the sheer scale and complexity of the task. In India, the National Digital Archives has undertaken the digitisation of newspapers, films, and folk recordings, yet the vast terrain of personal digital correspondence remains largely untouched.

Despite these obstacles, the human impulse to preserve is enduring. History has always been reconstructed from fragments, an inscribed potsherd from Harappa, graffiti on an ancient wall, or a diary found in a forgotten trunk. It is conceivable that a WhatsApp exchange between two sisters separated by migration might one day be indispensable to understanding the lived realities of displacement in our century. A screenshot of messages organising a campus protest might tell posterity more about student activism than any official communiqué.

This prompts a more fundamental consideration : **who shapes the archive, and whose voices are silenced in the process?** In the colonial period, archives largely reflected the priorities of administrators and elites, relegating the experiences of peasants, women, and workers to the margins. A digital archive that privileges the data of those with reliable devices and cloud storage might reproduce similar exclusions. Unless deliberately addressed, the digital record could skew heavily toward those already privileged, leaving gaps as stark as those in the archives of the past.

Format, too, is an obstacle. A Mughal miniature, if properly stored, can endure for centuries. A WhatsApp voice note, by contrast, may languish on an obsolete handset, inaccessible once file formats or devices change. Will the historian of the future become, in effect, a digital palaeographer, deciphering outdated technologies as we now decipher ancient scripts?

The dilemma, ultimately, is not whether to save *everything* or *nothing*. Total deletion forecloses memory; total preservation overwhelms it. A measured approach is already emerging : individuals who export cherished WhatsApp threads with parents, who curate

“digital diaries,” or who save selected voice messages are, consciously or not, beginning the archival process. Professional archivists call this “personal digital archiving”, an awkward phrase for a profoundly human instinct to sift, select, and safeguard what matters.

Yet the challenge is not simply technological; it is philosophical. The transition from letters and diaries to ephemeral chats and voice notes forces us to ask: what, in our digital age, is worthy of remembrance? What does it mean to “leave a trace” when our traces are infinite and our connections, though constant, are often curiously distant?

When future historians reconstruct the early twenty-first century, they will not find only heroic manifestos or eloquent letters; they will inherit fragments of a world both over-documented and under-understood. They may pore over a WhatsApp group titled “College Batch 2025,” puzzled by abbreviations, silences, and sudden

bursts of intimacy. They may conclude that the digital record reflects not just our lives, but our anxieties, our desire to be heard, our fear of being forgotten, and our ambivalence about how much of ourselves should survive.

Perhaps that is the true archival question of our time : not only what will endure, **but how we want to be remembered.**

Further Reading

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CONTROLLED CHAOS : AN APPRECIATION OF JACKSON POLLOCK'S PAINTING NUMBER 1, 1950

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Faculty, Department of English

[Jackson Pollock *Number 1, 1950 Lavender Mist*, 1950 National Gallery of Art, Washington. Dimensions: 221 x 299.7 cm (87 x 118 in) framed: 223.5 x 302.3 x 3.8 cm (88 x 119 x 1 ½ in.)]

Abstract expressionism added an uncommon élan to American art. It possesses fluidity and ambiguity as opposed to the organized, calculated and classical Renaissance Art. The canvas is made a horizontal surface which is approachable from all the sides, the painter does not touch the brush on the canvas instead uses a palette knife or stick. The painting no longer remains a passive surface instead becomes dynamic, instinctual and boundless ensuring uninterrupted flow of unconscious imagery. The margins of the canvas form the only discernible horizontal and vertical lines.

Jackson Pollock through his artistic freedom left an indelible mark on his contemporary artists as well as the progeny. Pollock deliberately kept his paintings named numerically so that viewers do not have any preconceived notions about it. He dissociated lines from their conventional function of creating forms or shapes and endowed upon paints the spontaneity and immediacy associated with pencil drawing. The painting has no beginning or end as it records the patterns of the unconscious mind.

The colors work in a counteracting manner thus ensuring the amalgamation of control and freedom. The paint seems indiscernible and clashing with the colors that are used in various patterns and lines. There are varying shades-black, grey, white, blue-green and pale brown.

The white color comes out towards the viewer while black recedes into the background and grey remains in the middle, some of the lines are smeared and non-transparent while some are pellucid. There is a blast of colors though these hues are organized in a balanced manner. He makes use of aluminium paint though the metal has become dull; translucent dense lines make the name *Lavender Mist* apposite.

The massive size of the painting ensures it cannot be grasped at a glance and there is no fixed view point as it can be observed from any area, and still manages to engulf the viewer. The lines and splash of paints are not accidental they possess a spatial depth and the repetition of elements add an inherent rhythm though no shape or form repeats itself. This style of painting is also called Action or Drip Painting. The different hues exist independently without uniform rhythm however, amidst the chaotic representation (having no vanishing point, plane, angle, form or shape) there is an order that is visually satisfying. The viewers are able to perceive several designs (some have noticed Pollock's name) on their own associating the concept of Pareidolia in a non-natural space.

There is no perspective in abstract art but only a sense of spatial disorientation. The painting possesses a flatness however, the patterns create an illusion of three-dimensionality on a two-dimensional surface and the apparent chaotic lines seem to engulf the viewers. The painting even without any identifiable subject is not an unbalanced composition as all the elements appear to be

shifting and adjusting to form a harmonious whole, Pollock's art is not fortuitous but an extremely intricate and intriguing work orchestrated by him.

The American art critic Clement Greenberg assigned the name (*Lavender Mist*) to the painting after observing it from a distance, in his 1948 essay "The Crisis of the Easel Picture", he refers to the painting of Pollock as "all-over" because it was all-over the surface with the reiteration of the patterns brought about by the manipulation of colors. The painting creates an

illusion of space due to the absence of a focal point and the movements and patterns when perceived from a distance (there is no discernible design but a pattern in a loop) possess a sense of vitality. This concept gave the antithetical notion of homogeneity even in the heterogeneous designs. The avant-garde painting reflects the artist's state of mind which immediately connects it to the viewers' and portrays the contemporaneous metropolitan life in the tumultuous modern age left barren post the two global wars.



GLORIOUS LOSS

Dr. Debnita Chakravarti
Faculty, Department of English

History is the heist of victors, and literature the haunt of the defeated. Victory finds pride of place in public annals, success demands elaborate attention from analysts, and formal felicitations are the exclusive preserve of winners. Dominated by the grand narratives of conquest, coronation, constitution and control, historical documentation is often by necessity an exercise in abstraction, an expansive overview that attempts to identify structures, trends, strategies and ideologies. It speaks about people without passing the microphone to them. Even when it works with memory and individual experiences as data, the intent is often to locate commonality and causality, to categorise and classify with neat comprehensibility.

While historiography has started meandering sluggishly to draw in marginal chronicles and chronologies, the literary arts have always pitched their camps by the banks of the unsung. For every grain of triumph garnered, unnumbered chaff of the 'almost-did', 'could-not', 'would-not' float off unnoticed. Artists follow close behind the steamrollers of time advancing to compact individual lives into charts and statistics. They pick up the discarded pieces, dust off the scraps, and store the shards carefully. These fragments are gleaned to celebrate the ordinary, to document the unremarkable, to shore up against the ruins of erasure and obliteration.

Those working by the way of words have, arguably, an advantage over other mediums in capturing candid soul selfies. The interiority of messy emotions can be plumbed best by the

literary imagination. We tend to judge others through their achievements, but we evaluate ourselves through our intentions. Our constant inner monologues rationalise and justify our failures; our streams of consciousness script individual sagas where each of us is the main character. Very few of these narratives find pride of place in plaques and tableaux; almost all of us recognise our reflections in the slightly-tinted mirror of fiction.

These thoughts crystallised around a Bengali literary festival earlier this year that was themed on the concept of defeat. Delving into portrayals of the failed protagonist in Bengali writings in particular and world literature in general, it brought together sessions on how and why unsuccessful characters often command readers' attentions and affections. In this context, the very notions of victory and defeat came under scrutiny.

The audience did not miss the wordplay that the English word, 'hero', meant a champion or winner, while the Bengali word, 'hero' (pronounced 'heyro'), meant a loser. Now when most of us write our Bengali chat and text messages in Roman alphabet, the irony in the pun became the crux of the entire symposium. Literary characters who do not emerge victorious often become the true embodiment of heroism; in contrast, many who succeed through unethical modes fail to win hearts. The winner might take the prize – in battle, wealth, love, status – but the loser often walks away with our deepest sympathies and our abiding loyalties.

Even those who think that Bengali isn't a language will probably not contest that the Bengali psyche seems to have a situationship with the concept of defeat. Its inclination to engage with failure has both been derided as ineffectual self-indulgence and feted for rich philosophical, emotional and artistic dividends. Very few communities may be called *bedonabilashi* – luxuriating in loss – with more aptness. One might look for the roots of this in historical events like early colonisation of their part of the country, the shifting of the imperial capital away from Calcutta, Partition, displacement and famine. Psychosocial factors like a self-critiquing intellect, disdain for financial enterprise, romanticising adversities may all be cited as compounding an ethos of inadequacy manifested through an aesthetics of melancholia.

But Nikhilesh, Apu, Bimala, Kalyani, Devdas, Herbert, Nandini must converse with characters who people the pages of Premchand, Manto, Markandaya, Murugan, Tendulkar, Ananthamurthy, among innumerable other notable names. From individual frustrations and familial crises to social discriminations based on caste, creed and gender, literary explorations of defeat with its attendant abandonment, disillusionment, suffocation and suffering find a myriad fictional faces in all languages.

One might state, in agreement with Mark Twain, that success is often a function of ignorance and confidence in equal measure. In our present cacophonous competition to tread every trend and bow for public approval for each exhibited moment of our lives, preserving the "noiseless tenor" of one's way and waltzing to one's own mindstrum certainly feel like true achievements. Being able to perceive personal goals beyond the one-prize-fits-all achievement mandate seems like an even more important

win. This 'dailyberate' living for simple pleasures – "a small cabin" and "nine bean rows" – in itself constitutes meeting with "a success unexpected in common hours". But lost heroes are often not the uncelebrated masses living away from "the madding crowd's ignoble strife"; they are individualised by their very defeats.

In attempting to understand literary expressions of loss, the notion of active failure comes to the forefront. The defeat that literature explores is not passive surrender; it is the raging against the inevitable dying of the light. And if there's no cure for the fact that we have to live out our "nasty, brutish and short" lives on an Earth which is hostile, inimical, indifferent at best, one of humankind's greatest inquisitors of defeat, Samuel Beckett, urges us to carve meaning out of void as we fail again, and fail better.

Be it fall from divine grace, cyclical sufferings of karma, or the hamster-hoop of habit in godless absurdism, human existence appears bound upon a wheel of fire. Literature pauses in awe as the frail Lear lifts up his dearest daughter's lifeless body to form a cross as his ripe response to the circle of burn and churn. At the crossroads holding a wheel stands the younger and stronger Karna, staring at death with foreknowledge and inevitability. Thundering through battlefields, the invincible Meghnad cannot escape being clouded by destiny at his most vulnerable moment. Perhaps it is this human helplessness that endears Hector, Achilles and Oedipus even when they fail in their endeavours. They win instead the ability to disrobe defeat of its shame as they step forward, like the battered, bare-breasted DopdiMejhen, the protagonist in Mahasweta Devi's short story, "Draupadi", to challenge empty triumph devoid of all glory.

There are no unqualified victories, and literature homes the dissonant narratives that are stopped from entering through the archways

of history. The brief flights of jaunt and jubilation must come back to nest in the bleak reality of their terms and costs. Epic victories are built on brutality, loud headlines of neutralised enemy camps fail to account for their own expended resources, thrones are ascended after wading through slaughter.

This blur between success and defeat has always fascinated the literary imagination. Sometimes all one is left with is a limp to prove one has encountered the divine, like Jacob who

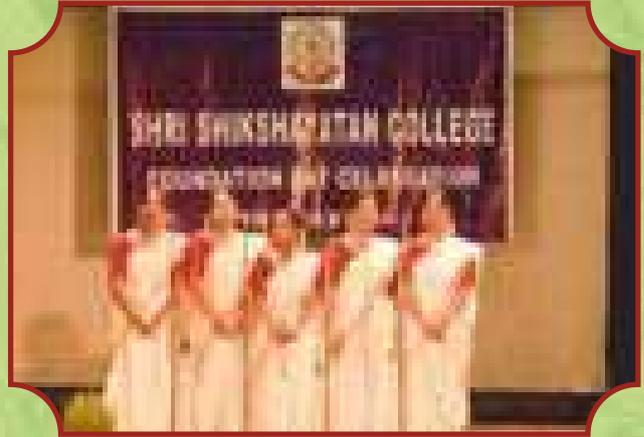
fought a disguised angel and became known as Israel or the god-wrestler. To live by this righteous identity or weaponise it to play god oneself is the only true choice we have as humans. Whether one grapples with god or with the godless Absurd, in seeking the blessing of redemption or the reason to draw one's next breath, the attempt itself is the end. The boulder is real, enormous, unforgiving. Literature waits for Sisyphus to start whistling a fresh tune as he begins to push it up the slope, again.



FOUNDATION DAY



Lighting of the Inaugural Lamp



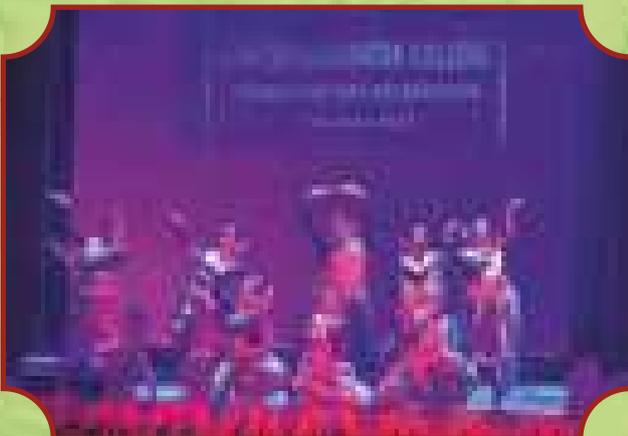
Opening Song by the Students



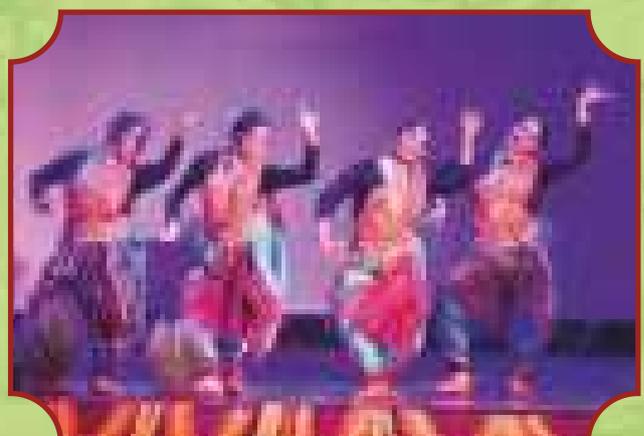
Achievers Award



Felicitating PhD Awardee



Ode to Monsoon, Student Performance



Student Performance

ANNUAL PROGRAMME



Opening song by students



Teacher-in-Charge, Dr. Papiya Chaudhury addressing the gathering



Release of IMPACT



Saraswati Trophy winner Arshi Naaz



Student performance



Ray-Dance, tribute to Satyajit Ray performed by the students

ANNUAL SPORTS



Best Athlete



Winning team



Preparation for the March Past



Marching with grace



Students racing through the tracks



Winners on the victory stand

SITARAM SEKSARIA MEMORIAL LECTURE



Inauguration of Memorial Lecture



Students honouring the guest speaker



Media coverage of the event



Teacher-In-Charge giving her welcome address



Students' Performance



Speaker Dr. Rahul Singh giving his Memorial Lecture

LINA RAY MEMORIAL LECTURE



Lina Ray Memorial Lecture Demonstration



Lina Ray Memorial Lecture

BELARANI DE MEMORIAL LECTURE



Department of Political Science; Release of Vol. 14 of 'Perception'



Lighting the Lamp, 17th Belarani De Memorial Lecture

CHANDRA PAUL MEMORIAL LECTURE



Students and Faculty



Tree Plantation Drive

RUBY DE MEMORIAL LECTURE



Inauguration of First Ruby De Memorial Lecture



Guest Speaker addressing the gathering

SP CHATTERJEE MEMORIAL DAY



Prof. S. P. Chatterjee Memorial Day Celebration



Prof. S. P. Chatterjee Memorial Day Celebration

BAISHE SRABON



22-E Srabon programme



Charcha students performing on the occasion

INTERNATIONAL LITERACY DAY



◀ Certificate Distribution



▶ Guest Speaker giving away tokens of appreciation



◀ International Literacy Day Celebration



▶ Students performing the opening song on the occasion

HINDI DIWAS



Secretary Shri P. K. Sharma,
Teacher-In-Charge Dr. Papiya Chaudhary
and Guest Speaker
Shri Mrityunjay Km. Singh
inaugurating the event with Faculty
of the Department

Speaker Dr. Mrityunjay Kr. Singh
delivering his lecture



Students and Judges during
Recitation Competition

Creative Writing and Judge
interacting with the students



Dance performance by students
of the Department

NATIONAL SPORTS DAY



Sports Society



Collaborative Programme



Students on the ground



Students and Faculty members



Sack Race on the Day



Certificate distribution

CONSTITUTION DAY



Judges of the competitions for Constitution day, Dr. Shaheen Parveen, Smt. Alpana Nayak and Dr. Debnita Chakravarti with the students



Opening Song, Constitution Day



Student Film Makers, discussing 'Right to Life and Liberty' or 'Right to Life or Liberty'

BHASA DIBAS



Bangla Bhasha Diwas



Guest Speaker addressing the gathering

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY



International Women's Day Lecture on 'Laws that touch women's lives' by the Department of Geography



International Women's Day Lecture on 'Laws that touch women's lives'

WORLD HERITAGE DAY
Department of History



Students of the Department showcasing “The Heritage of India through Textile Traditions”



The Quiz in Session

WORLD ENVIRONMENT DAY
Department of Geography



◀ Distribution of handmade paperbags on World Environment Day



Distribution of handmade paperbags on World Environment Day ▶



◀ Distribution of handmade paperbags on World Environment Day

NSS REPORT



◀ IEC

NSS STUDENT INVOLVEMENT ▶



◀ RAMZAN GIFT DISTRIBUTION

SELF DEFENSE COURSE ▶



LEADERSHIP TRAINING SERVICE



ESCORTIA 2025



Independence Day Celebration by LTS

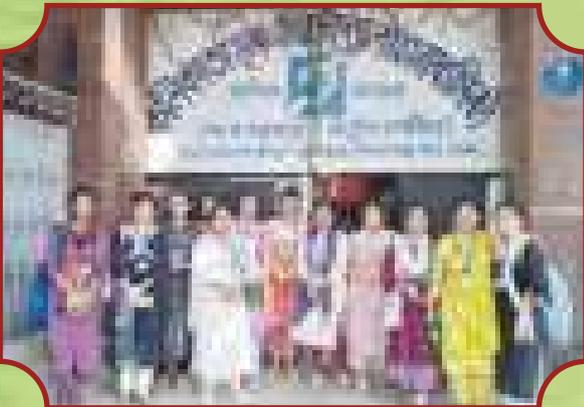
COSU REPORT



B.Ed. Semester 1,
St Joseph's Home
for the Aged 21
November 2024



B.Ed. Semester 4,
Calcutta Blind School
19 April 2025



B.Ed. Semester 4, Calcutta Deaf
and Dumb School 24 April 2025

B.Ed. Semester 4,
Nari Seva Sangha 09 April 2025



Blooming Dale Academy on 17 April 2025

SOCIAL WELFARE COMMITTEE



Donation of stationery items to Dakshin Kolkata Sevashram on the occasion of Library Day



Faculty members with the representative of the NGO

VIDYASAGAR DIWAS



Inauguration Ceremony



Charcha Performing the Opening Song



QuiDra Performance on the Occasion



Student Members of QuiDra



Charcha performance on the occasion



DEBSOC Prize distribution

LIBRARY DAY 2025



Inauguration by Principal, Dr . Tania Chakraverty and Cultural Committee Members



Charcha Students performing the Opening Song

LIBRARY DAY



Library Day Books and Journals Release and Book donation



QuiDra Performance on the occasion



Panel Discussion on Ray's film, *Postmaster*

MEDICAL COMMITTEE



Eye Test – a Collaboration with Nightingale Hospital



VAC Life Skills

COMMITTEE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND SUSTAINABILITY (ComEnS)



Earth Day Oath taking



Earth Day Presentation



Environment Day



Swacchata Week – Cleanliness Drive



Swacchata Week – Waste to Wealth Initiative



Visit to Spice Bagecha

SHREE VRIDDHI E-CELL



Shree Arohan Stalls



Shree Arohan Opening Ceremony & Certificates

STAFFROOM COMMITTEE



Bijoya Sammilani Audio Drama by Faculty Members



Teaching Staff Picnic at Noorpur organised by Staffroom Committee

WOMEN'S DEVELOPMENT CELL



Women Talk, Journal release on the occasion of Foundation Day



WDC Stall on the occasion of Shree 2024



Creative Writing Competition



Jhuma Basak, Guest Speaker on International Women's Day 2025 celebration



Convener sharing her thoughts



Student Performance on International Women's Day

PICTURESQUE : PAINTINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS



◀ The Magnificent T aj



The Agra Fort ▶



◀ Rash Mancha, Bishnupur



Wonders of Terracotta ▶

DEBOLINA GUHA THAKURTA, *Faculty, Department of English*



SARASWATI IN BENGAL PATACHITRA
MOUPRIYA SARKAR, *Faculty, Department of Computer Science*

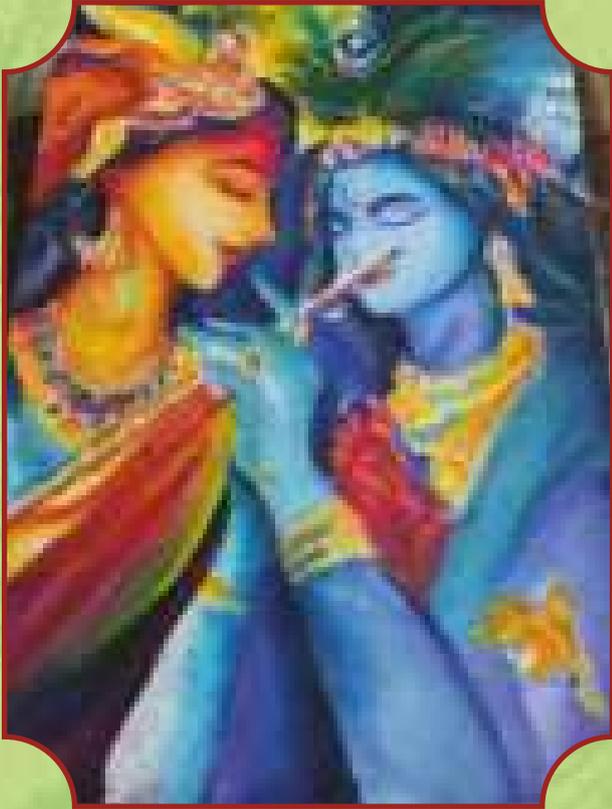


▲ ARUNIMA BHATTACHARJI
Semester III, M.A. English



▲
ADRIJA BANERJEE
Semester III, B.Com. Dept.
▼





▲ PRAPTI CHATTERJEE ▲
Semester III, Dept. of English

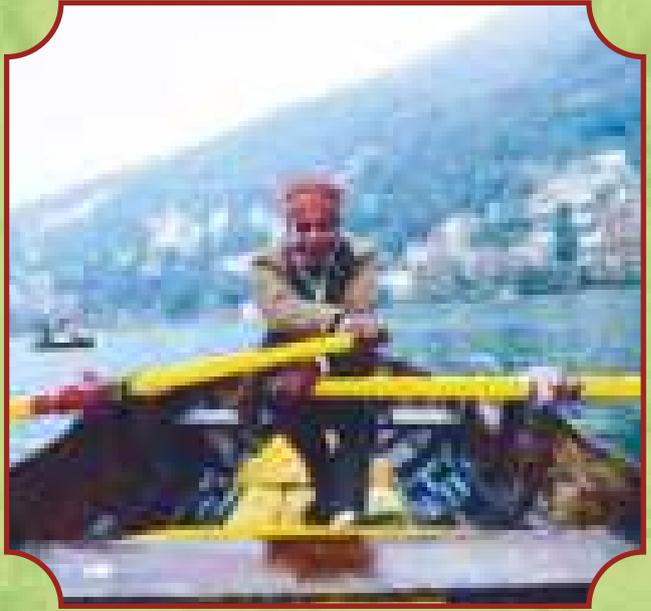


▲ HARSHITA AGARWAL ▲
Semester III, B.Com. Dept.



▲ ANURATNA BANERJEE ▲
Semester III, Dept. of Economics

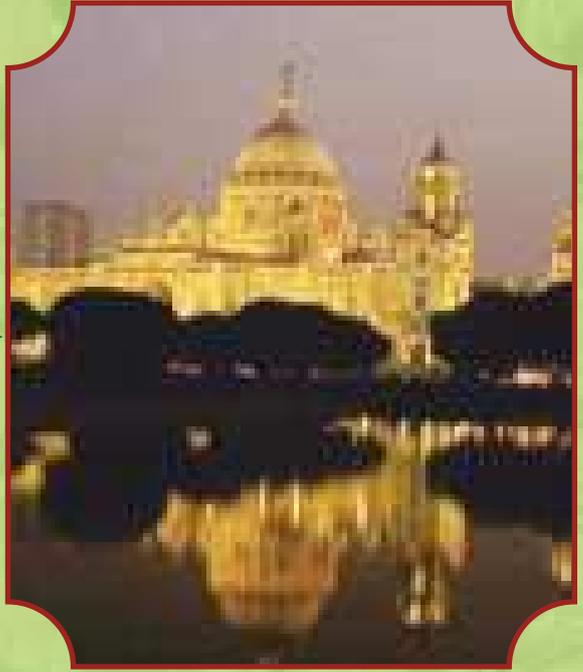




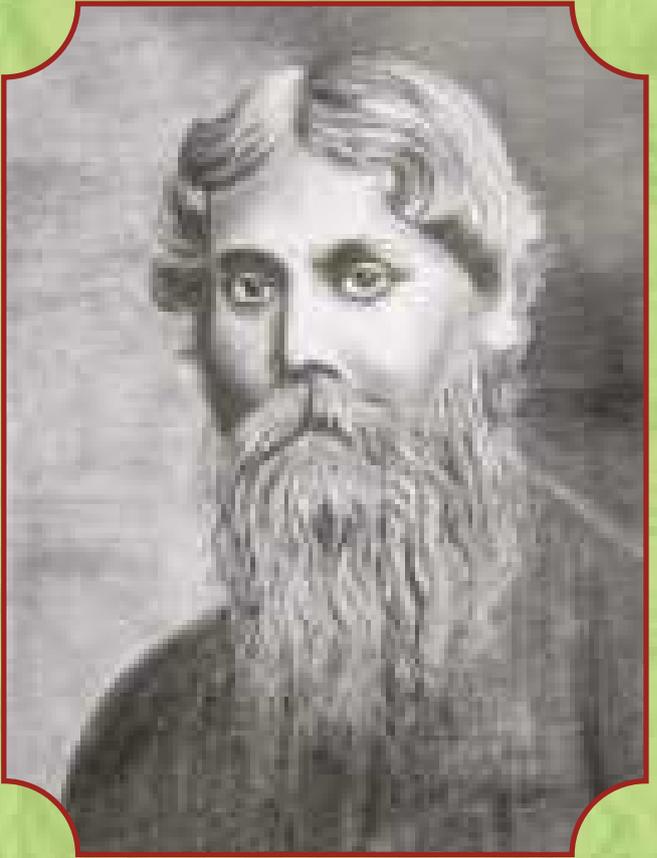
ESHANWITA PAUL
Semester V, Dept. of English



SHARANYA SARKAR
Semester III, Department of English



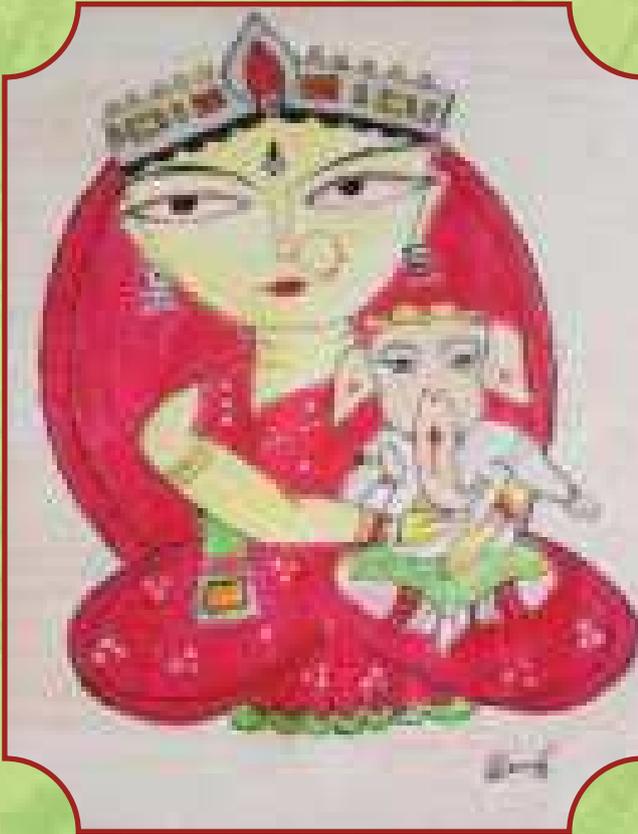
RAJNANDINI BHATTACHARJEE
Semester III, Department of Mathematics



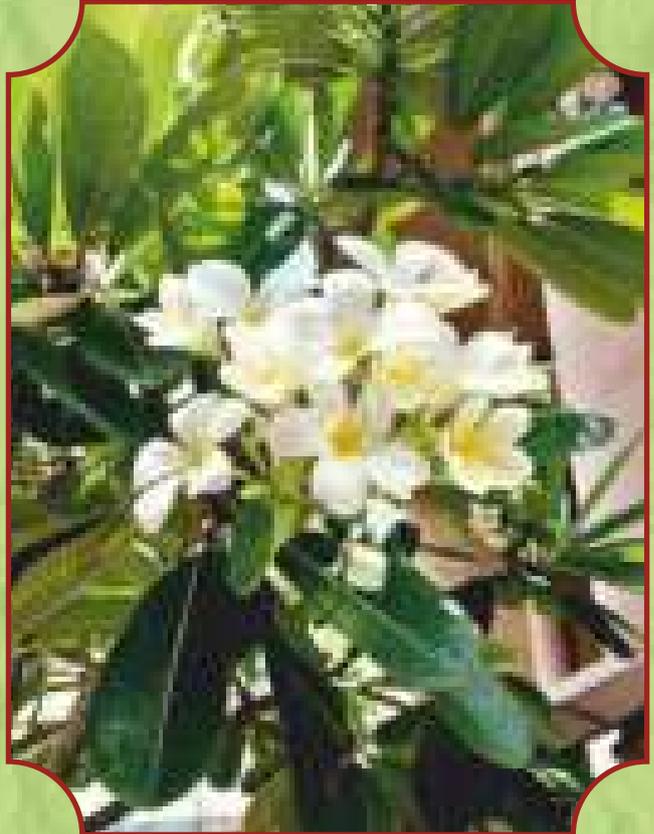
▲ MOHIMA TARAFDAR ▲
Semester V, Department of English



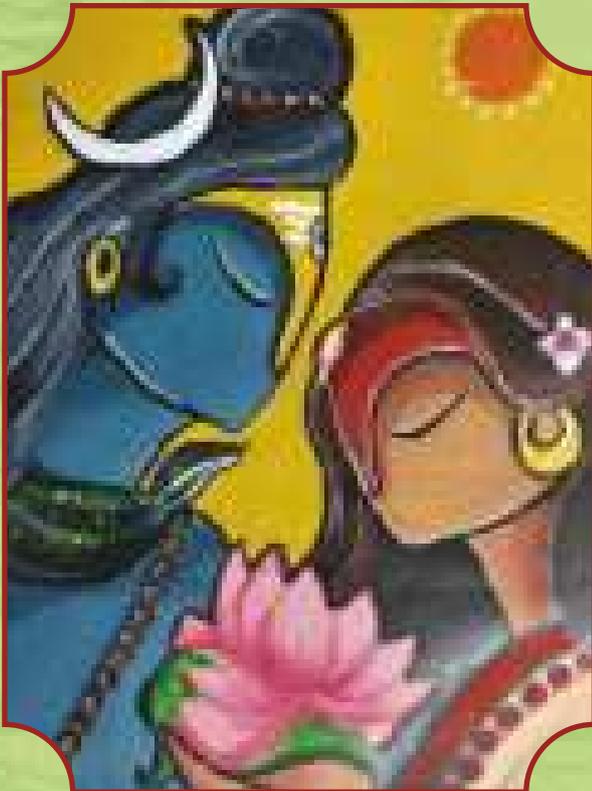
▲ PALAK KEJRIWAL ▲
Semester III, B.Com. Department



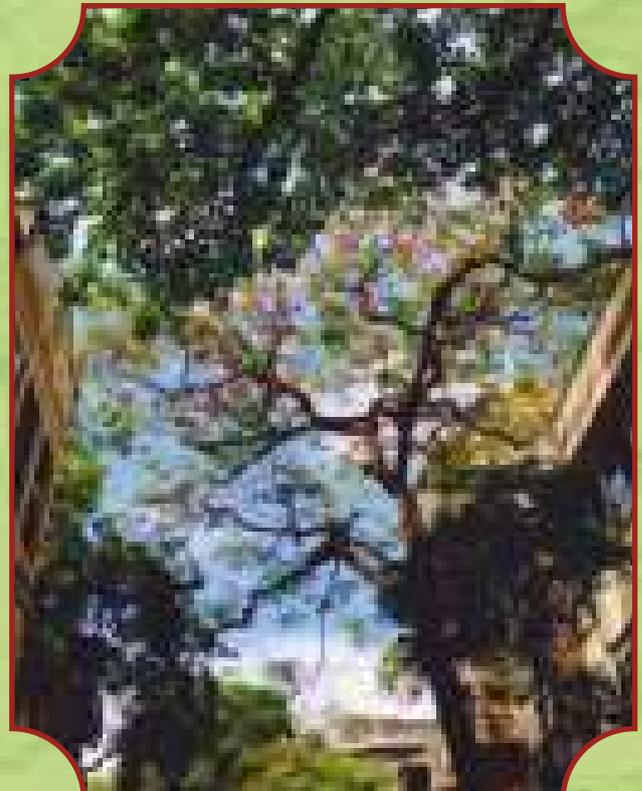
▲ SANGHAMITRA MAITY
Semester V, M.A. English



SHAMBHABI HAZRA CHOUDHURY ▲
Semester V, Department of English



SHIRSHA R SARDAR ▲
Semester III, Department of English



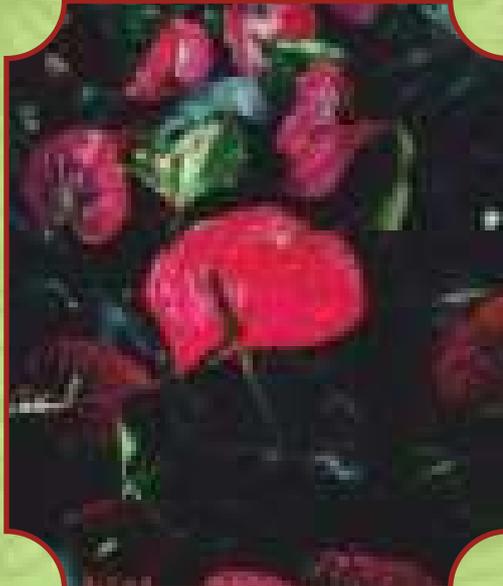
MOHIMA TARAFDAR ▲
Semester V, Department of English



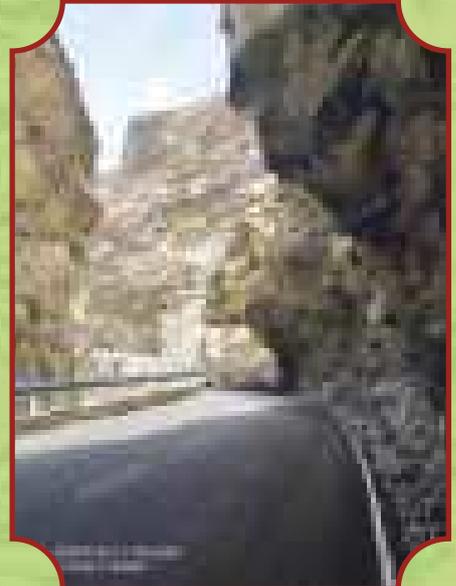
▲ NITIKA SINGH
Semester III, Department of English



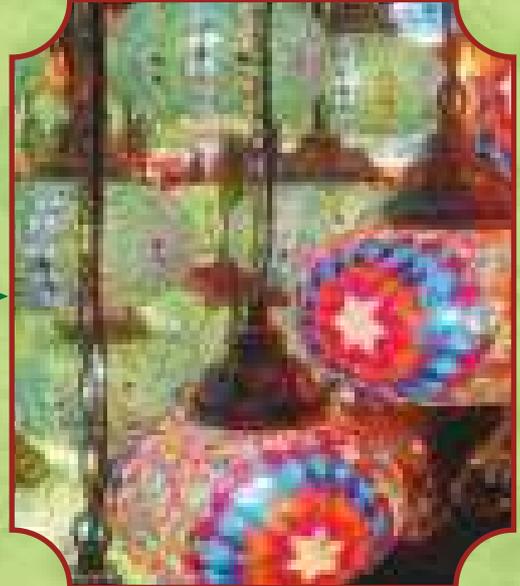
SHARANYA SARKAR
Semester III, Department of English ▲

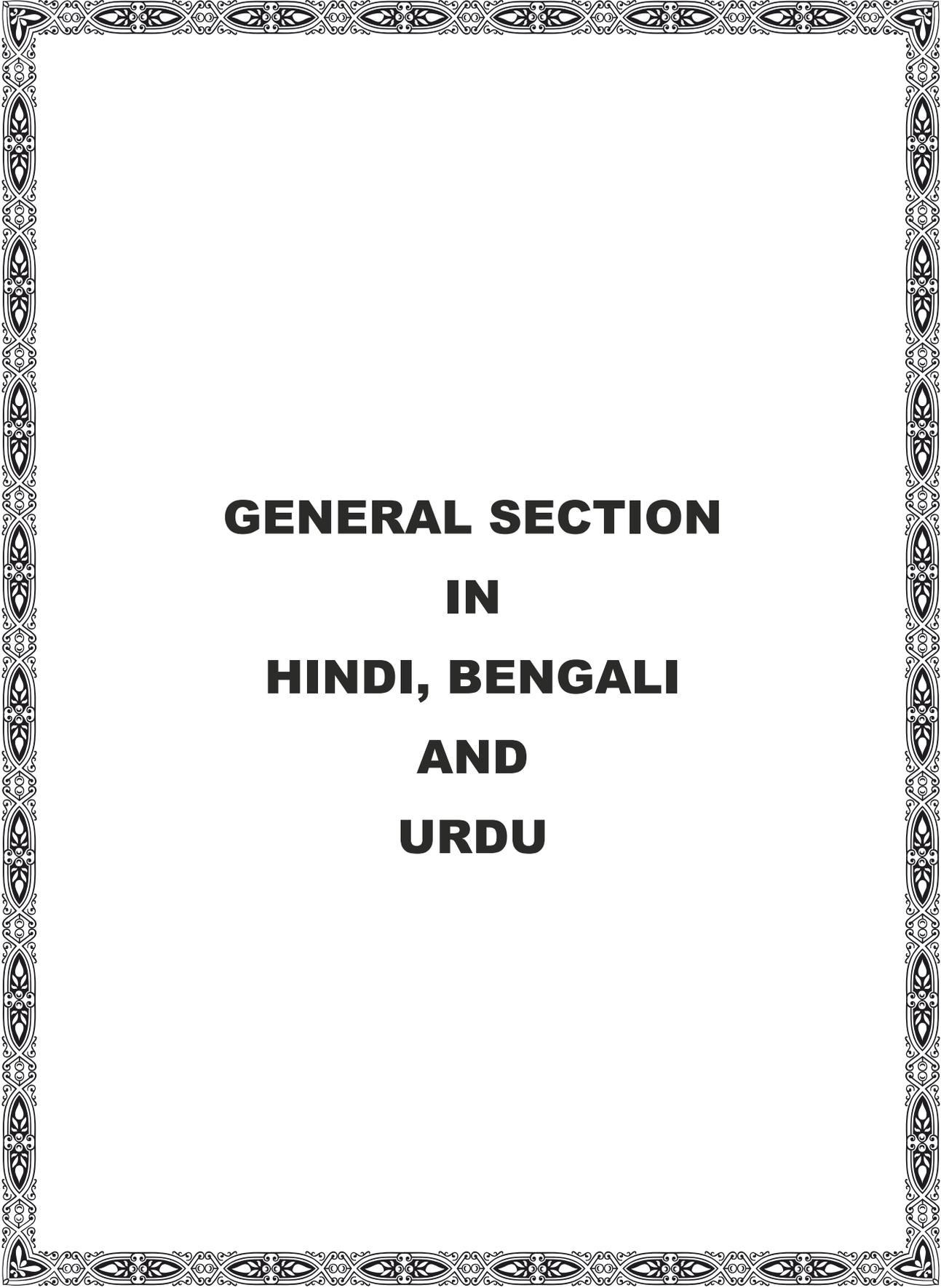


SHARANYA SARKAR
Semester III, Department of English



▲ SHARANYA SARKAR
Semester III, Department of English ▲





**GENERAL SECTION
IN
HINDI, BENGALI
AND
URDU**

समस्या नहीं समाधान ढूँढो

इशिका गुप्ता
सेमेस्टर-6

एक व्यक्ति था। उसके जीवन में हर वक्त कोई ना कोई समस्या रहती थी। कभी कोई बीमार पड़ जाता था, कभी अपनी तनख्वाह को लेकर वह परेशान रहता था। कभी बॉस से उसका झगड़ा हो जाता था। हर समय कोई न कोई उलझन उसके सामने आती ही रहती थी। वह हमेशा पूजा-पाठ किया करता था और सोचता था, मैं भगवान की इतनी पूजा-पाठ करता हूँ लेकिन फिर क्यों भगवान मेरे जीवन में एक के बाद एक समस्या ही देते रहते हैं। बाकी लोग पूजा-पाठ नहीं करते, फिर भी मजे में रहते हैं मुझे लगता है, शायद भगवान है ही नहीं।

एक दिन उस पर एक भारी समस्या आ गई और उसके हाथ से उसकी नौकरी चली गई। वह घर जाकर भगवान के सामने बैठ गया और उनके सामने हाथ जोड़कर कहने लगा - भगवान! मुझे आपसे बात करनी है। आप आज रात को मेरे सपने में आकर मुझे दर्शन दें।

वह लगातार भगवान से यही बोलता जा रहा था और ऐसे बोलते-बोलते उसे नींद आ गई। उसे एक सपना आया जिसमें भगवान ने उसे दर्शन दिए। भगवान को देखते ही वह लगातार बोलने लगा - भगवान मैं पूजा-पाठ करता हूँ। इतना आपको मानता हूँ। फिर भी मेरे जीवन में एक के बाद एक समस्या लगी ही रहती है। गलत काम करने वाले लोग मजे से अपनी जिंदगी गुज़ार रहे हैं और एक मैं, सीधा-सादा इंसान मुझे क्यों आप कष्ट दे रहे हो? मैं इन समस्याओं से छुटकारा पाना चाहता हूँ। क्यों आपको अपने भक्त पर तनिक भी दया नहीं है?

भगवान बोले - नहीं वत्स! ऐसी बात नहीं है मेरा प्रेम और दया तो हमेशा भक्तों के साथ है।

व्यक्ति बोला - तो फिर भगवान मेरी समस्याओं को दूर करो।

भगवान बोले - ठीक है!

भगवान ने एक बरगद के पेड़ की तरफ इशारा करते हुए

कहा - तुम अपनी सारी समस्याएँ एक कागज पर लिख दो और उसे एक पोटली में रखकर बरगद के पेड़ पर बांध दो।

व्यक्ति बोला - सचमुच! भगवान आज ऐसा लग रहा है, मुझे मेरे पूजा-पाठ का फल मिल रहा है।

भगवान बोले - रुको! पर इसके साथ मेरी एक शर्त भी है। तुम्हें उधर पोटली बांधकर आने के बाद उधर से एक दूसरी पोटली लेकर आनी होगी और उस पोटली में जो समस्या होगी वो तुम्हारे जीवन में आ जाएगी और जो तुमने समस्या लिखी हैं वो तुम्हारे जीवन से चली जाएगी। एक बात और, तुम किसी भी पोटली को खोलकर नहीं देख सकते।

व्यक्ति ने कहा - ठीक है, भगवान में ऐसा ही करूंगा।

व्यक्ति ने बहुत सारे कागजों पर अपनी समस्याएँ लिखी और उसको इकट्ठा करके एक पोटली में रख दिया। उसके बाद उस पोटली को बरगद के पेड़ पर बांध दिया। उस पेड़ पर और बहुत सारी पोटली टंगी हुई थी। उसने एक पोटली उठाई फिर वह सोचने लगा, कहीं इस पोटली में कोई बीमारी तो नहीं लिखी। फिर उसने उस पोटली को छोड़ दिया और दूसरी पोटली उठाई फिर वह सोचने लगा, कहीं इसमें ऐसा ना लिखा हो कि परिवार में से किसी की मौत हो जायेगी।

यह सोचकर उसने वह पोटली भी छोड़ दी। तीसरी पोटली उठाई फिर वह सोचने लगा, कहीं इसमें ऐसा तो नहीं लिखा कि मुझसे मेरा घर-बार धन दौलत सब छिन जाएगा। ऐसा सोचते हुए उसने कई पोटली उठाई और झुंझलाकर वह बिना पोटली लिए ही वापस आ गया।

भगवान बोले - तुम पोटली लिए बिना ही वापस आ गए।

व्यक्ति बोला - मेरी समस्या क्या है, वह तो मुझे पता है लेकिन औरों ने उन पोटलियों में अपनी कौन-कौन सी गंभीर समस्याएँ लिखी है, उनका तो मुझे तनिक भी नहीं पता। तो कैसे मैं उनमें से कोई भी पोटली चुन लूँ?

भगवान बोले - तुम तो अपनी समस्याओं को त्यागना चाहते थे।

व्यक्ति ने हाथ जोड़ लिए और बोला - भगवान मैं समझ चुका हूँ, आप मुझे क्या समझाना चाहते हैं। दुनिया में सभी के पास समस्याएं हैं लेकिन हमें अपनी समस्या ही बड़ी लगती है। मैं अपनी पोटली वापस लेकर आ जाता हूँ।

भगवान बोले - यह तो प्रकृति का नियम है। हर मनुष्य को अपनी खुद की समस्याओं से जूझना ही पड़ता है। समस्या है तो समाधान भी है। दोनों एक-दूसरे के विपरीत होते हुए भी, एक ही है। एक के बिना दूसरे का अस्तित्व नहीं है। इसलिए अपने जीवन की हर समस्या को शांति से सुलझाओ। कभी-भी

अपनी तुलना किसी से मत करो। जिन लोगो को देखकर तुम्हें लगता है कि वह पाप करते हुए भी आनंद में है, असल में उस आनंद का उतना ही हिस्सा उन्हें दुख के रूप में प्राप्त होगा। यह नियम सब पर लागू है।

तुरंत उस व्यक्ति का सपना टूट गया और वह उठकर बैठ गया। उसने भगवान की मूर्ति की तरफ देखा और हाथ जोड़ लिए कहने लगा - आपका बहुत-बहुत आभार भगवान। यदि आप मेरे सपने में आकर मुझे नहीं समझाते तो जीवन-भर मैं खुद को कष्ट पहुँचाता रहता। अब तो मेरी आस्था आप पर और बढ़ गई है। अब मैं हर समस्या का समाधान शांत चित्त होकर करूंगा। क्योंकि मैं जान गया हूँ यह प्रकृति का नियम है और इस नियम को कोई नहीं तोड़ सकता।



महिलाओं का मानसिक स्वास्थ्य : चुनौतियाँ, इतिहास और समग्र समर्थन

अदिति साव
सेमेस्टर-6

महिलाओं का मानसिक स्वास्थ्य समग्र कल्याण का एक महत्वपूर्ण पहलू है, जिसमें भावनात्मक, मनोवैज्ञानिक और सामाजिक कारकों का एक विस्तृत दायरा शामिल है। यह इस बात से संबंधित है कि महिलाएं स्वयं को कैसे देखती हैं, तनाव का सामना कैसे करती हैं, रिश्तों में कैसे तालमेल बिठाती हैं और जीवन की चुनौतियों का सामना कैसे करती हैं। महिलाएं देखभाल करने वाली, पेशेवर, सामुदायिक सदस्य और नेता के रूप में बहुआयामी भूमिकाएँ निभाती हैं, जिससे उनका मानसिक स्वास्थ्य परिवारों, कार्यस्थलों और समुदायों के कामकाज के लिए महत्वपूर्ण हो जाता है।

इसके अलावा, सामाजिक अपेक्षाएँ, लैंगिक भूमिकाएँ, हार्मोनल उतार-चढ़ाव और जीवन के अनुभव महिलाओं के मानसिक स्वास्थ्य को विशिष्ट रूप से प्रभावित करते हैं, जिससे अनुकूलित समर्थन और सशक्तिकरण पहल की आवश्यकता पर बल मिलता है।

महिलाओं के मानसिक स्वास्थ्य को समझने के लिए उन विभिन्न कारकों के जटिल अंतर्संबंधों को गहराई से समझना ज़रूरी है जो उनके मनोवैज्ञानिक स्वास्थ्य को विशिष्ट रूप से प्रभावित करते हैं। सामाजिक दबाव, अतर्निहित लैंगिक भूमिकाएँ और सांस्कृतिक प्रभाव महिलाओं के मानसिक स्वास्थ्य अनुभवों को महत्वपूर्ण रूप से प्रभावित करते हैं।

सामाजिक अपेक्षाएँ अक्सर सुंदरता, सफलता और व्यवहार के अवास्तविक मानकों को निर्धारित करती हैं, जिससे महिलाओं पर उनके अनुरूप ढलने का अनावश्यक दबाव पड़ता है। लैंगिक भूमिकाएँ विशिष्ट भूमिकाएँ और व्यवहार निर्धारित करती हैं, जो महिलाओं की स्वायत्तता को सीमित कर सकती हैं और अपर्याप्तता या निराशा की भावनाओं को बढ़ा सकती हैं।

इसके अलावा, परिवार, कार्यस्थल और समाज में

महिलाओं की भूमिकाओं से जुड़े सांस्कृतिक मानदंड और मान्यताएँ आत्म-मूल्य और पहचान की धारणाओं को प्रभावित कर सकती हैं।

पूरे इतिहास में, महिलाओं का मानसिक स्वास्थ्य ग़लतफ़हमी और कलंक से ग्रस्त रहा है, जिससे अक्सर उनकी अनूठी चुनौतियों को नज़रअंदाज़ कर दिया जाता है। प्राचीन काल से लेकर आज तक, मानसिक स्वास्थ्य निदान और उपचार के साथ महिलाओं के अनुभव कठिनाइयों से भरे रहे हैं।

महिलाओं के मानसिक स्वास्थ्य में कई तरह के मुद्दे शामिल हैं जो उनके भावनात्मक, मनोवैज्ञानिक और सामाजिक कल्याण को प्रभावित कर सकते हैं। प्रभावी सहायता और उपचार के लिए इन मुद्दों को समझना बेहद ज़रूरी है। यहाँ कुछ प्रमुख चिंता के क्षेत्र दिए गए हैं:

अवसाद: महिलाओं में पुरुषों की तुलना में अवसाद का अनुभव होने की संभावना अधिक होती है, जिसमें उदासी, निराशा और गतिविधियों में रुचि की कमी की निरंतर भावनाएँ शामिल होती हैं।

चिंता विकार: महिलाओं में चिंता विकारों की दर भी अधिक होती है, जिसमें सामान्यीकृत चिंता विकार, आतंक विकार और सामाजिक चिंता विकार शामिल हैं, जो अत्यधिक चिंता और भय का कारण बन सकते हैं।

प्रसवोत्तर अवसाद: कोई महिलाएँ प्रसव के बाद प्रसवोत्तर अवसाद का अनुभव करती हैं, जिसमें उदासी, चिंता और थकावट की भावना होती है, जो दैनिक कामकाज में बाधा उत्पन्न कर सकती है।

आघात-संबंधी विकार: महिलाओं में आघात, जैसे यौन उत्पीड़न या घरेलू हिंसा, का अनुभव होने की संभावना अधिक होती है, जिसके कारण अभिघातजोत्तर तनाव विकार (PTSD) और अन्य आघात-संबंधी विकार हो सकते हैं।

शरीर की छवि से जुड़ी समस्याएँ: सामाजिक दबाव और मीडिया चित्रण शरीर से असंतुष्टि और कम आत्मसम्मान को बढ़ावा दे सकती हैं, जिसके परिणामस्वरूप बॉडी डिस्मॉर्फिक डिसऑर्डर या कम आत्मसम्मान जैसी स्थितियाँ पैदा हो सकती हैं।

कलंक और भेदभाव: महिलाओं को अपने मानसिक स्वास्थ्य से संबंधित कलंक और भेदभाव का सामना करना पड़ सकता है, जो उन्हें सहायता लेने और पर्याप्त सहायता प्रणालियों तक पहुँचने से रोक सकता है।

मानसिक स्वास्थ्य समस्याओं का इलाज न किए जाने से महिलाओं के समग्र स्वास्थ्य पर गहरा असर पड़ सकता है और उनके जीवन के विभिन्न पहलुओं पर असर पड़ सकता है।

शारीरिक स्वास्थ्य: मानसिक स्वास्थ्य संबंधी समस्याओं का उपचार न किए जाने से शारीरिक स्वास्थ्य समस्याएँ बढ़ सकती हैं, जिससे हृदय रोग, मधुमेह और दीर्घकालिक दर्द जैसी समस्याएँ पैदा हो सकती हैं।

सामाजिक संबंध: मानसिक स्वास्थ्य चुनौतियाँ परिवार के सदस्यों, मित्रों और सहकर्मियों के साथ संबंधों में तनाव पैदा कर सकती हैं, जिससे सामाजिक अलगाव और अकेलापन पैदा हो सकता है।

कार्य और शिक्षा: मानसिक बीमारी के लक्षणों के कारण महिलाओं को कार्यस्थल या स्कूल में प्रभावी ढंग से कार्य करने में कठिनाई हो सकती है, जिसके परिणामस्वरूप अनुपस्थिति, उत्पादकता में कमी, तथा शैक्षणिक उपलब्धि में कमी हो सकती है।

महिलाओं के मानसिक स्वास्थ्य रिट्रीट: एक सुरक्षित आश्रय

हाल के वर्षों में, महिलाओं के लिए विशेष रूप से तैयार किए गए मानसिक स्वास्थ्य रिट्रीट की अवधारणा ने समग्र सहायता और सशक्तिकरण के एक आशाजनक माध्यम के रूप में गति पकड़ी है। ये रिट्रीट एक सुरक्षित आश्रय प्रदान करती हैं जहाँ महिलाएँ अस्थायी रूप से दैनिक जीवन के दबावों से दूर हो सकती हैं और अपने मानसिक स्वास्थ्य को बेहतर बनाने पर ध्यान केंद्रित कर सकती हैं।

एक शांत और सहायक वातावरण प्रदान करके, रिट्रीट प्रतिभागियों को विभिन्न चिकित्सीय पद्धतियों, जैसे माइंडफुलनेस अभ्यास, रचनात्मक अभिव्यक्ति और समूह चिकित्सा सत्रों का अनुभव करने का अवसर प्रदान करते हैं। इसके अतिरिक्त, रिट्रीट में अक्सर शारीरिक स्वास्थ्य को बढ़ावा देने वाली गतिविधियाँ भी शामिल होती हैं, जैसे योग, लंबी पैदल यात्रा और पौष्टिक भोजन।

निष्कर्ष

महिलाओं का मानसिक स्वास्थ्य समर्पण कल्याण का एक बहुआयामी और महत्वपूर्ण पहलू है जिस पर अधिक ध्यान और समर्थन की आवश्यकता है। प्राचीन मान्यताओं और भ्रांतियों से लेकर आधुनिक प्रगति और पहलों तक, महिलाओं के मानसिक स्वास्थ्य को समझने और उसका समाधान करने की यात्रा प्रगति और निरंतर चुनौतियों, दोनों से चिह्नित रही है। ऐतिहासिक अंतर्दृष्टि, समसामयिक मुद्दों पर चर्चा और सहायक संसाधनों की खोज के माध्यम से, इस ब्लॉग का उद्देश्य महिलाओं के मानसिक के मानसिक कल्याण को प्राथमिकता देने के महत्व को उजागर करना है।



पिता

जाहनवी भगत
बी.कॉम., सेमेस्टर-6

राह में चलते-चलते,
एक मोड़ आया,
गिर कर देखा तभी एक हाथ नजर आया,
हाथ वह था जाना पहचाना,
गिरना नहीं जिसने उठ कर चलना था सिखाया।
वे पिता ही तो है,
जो कभी दिखलाता नहीं,
अपने लिए कुछ चाहिए पर जताता नहीं,
रोता वो भी है,
पर नजर न आ जाए,
इसलिए चुप होकर आजतक,
अपना सारे गम बताता नहीं।
मेरे पिता से बढ़कर मेरा भगवान नहीं,
चुका कभी ना सकूं,
क्योंकि मैं इतनी धनवान नहीं,
आंसुओं के प्याले यूँ ही पी जाता है,
तकलीफ देखी ना जाये हमारी
इसीलिए दिन रात कमाता है।



यादें

नीतिका सिंह
सेमेस्टर-2

यादें, तुम क्यों, चुपके से लौट आती हो ?
वह बीते हुए पल फिर याद दिलाती हो ?
तुम्हारे साथ वह पल भी लौट आता है,
जहां, मेरी मासूमियत हार गई
जहां, मेरी दुर्बलता पर हंसा गया।
मैंने जिन रिस्तों को गुलाब समझा
उसमें भी कांटे छुपे थे।
मैंने सहानुभूति के लिए कितनी बेवकूफियाँ की,
पर चाहा हुआ भला कहाँ मिला
लेकिन,
अब वह दौर खत्म हो चुका
अब तुम मीठे ख्वाब नहीं,
कुस्वप्न की तरह आती हो।
रात के सन्नाटे में,
कोई अधूरी धुन गुनगुनाती हो।
फिर भी तुम क्यों आती हो ?
हंसते हंसाते मुझे रुला जाती हो।



दिल चाहता तुम्हारा भी होगा

श्रेया चाँडक
सेमेस्टर-5

सपने थे सुनहरे, बचपन बीता कितना प्यारा था,
आज भी उनको याद करके न जाने कितना पल गुज़ारा था ।
लौट न आ पाएंगे वो पल, कितनी भी मैं फरियाद करूँ,
अब बड़ी हो गई हूँ मैं, कैसे इससे इंकार करूँ ?
बच्चे को देख लगता है, सबसे सुखी जीव है यह,
ममता और स्नेह की गोद में, रखता है यह शीश सदैव ।
याद आती है वे बातें, वे प्यारी शरारती रातें,
रोते-रोते सो जाते थे, जागते थे चहकते हुए ।
मम्मी रोज पुचकारती थी, पापा लाते थे खिलौने नए ।
बेफिक्र थे मौज-मस्ती में, व्यस्त थे बचपन की मस्ती में ।
आज भी याद करके वो बातें, दिल को पसीजता तुम्हारा भी होगा ।
मन ही मन बचपन फिर से जीने को, दिल चाहता तुम्हारा भी होगा ।
वक्त बड़ा बलशाली है, लिखता नई कहानी है,
अब उस मुस्कराहट के पीछे, रहती अनसुनी जुबानी है,
पहले भी आँखों में आँसू थे - हठीले, नाउम्मीद और पीड़ाजनक ।
फर्क बस इतना सा है कि लगता ना कोई अपना सा है,
किससे दिल का हाल बतालाएँ, यही अब परेशानी है ।
जो हुआ करते थे हठीले, वही अब मौन धारण किये हुए है,
वयस्कता की बोझ में, अपना सारा सुख त्याग दिए हैं ।
काश वो बचपन लौट आए, यही मेरी अरदास है,
फिर से मैं खिल उठूँ, इस अनमने दिल की यही आस है ।
मन ही मन बचपन फिर से जीने को दिल चाहता तुम्हारा भी होगा,
एक कोना तुम्हारे दिल का, सदा ये गीत गाता ही होगा ।



महिला सुरक्षा का मुद्दा

अल्फिया मजहर
सेमेस्टर-1

महिला सुरक्षा एक महत्वपूर्ण मुद्दा है। महिलाएं समाज की शक्ति होती हैं। उनसे ही समाज में बढ़ोतरी आती है। वो एक मां, पत्नी, बहन, बेटी होती है। उनके बिना घर अधूरा रहता है। आज हमारे भारत देश में महिलाओं की सुरक्षा एक बहुत बड़ी समस्या है। हमारे देश में महिला को देवी का रूप माना जाता है। हम उस देश में निवास करते हैं जहां महिलाओं की पूजा की जाती है। परंतु यह हमारे लिए कितना शर्मनाक है कि हमारे इसी देश में महिलाएं सुरक्षित नहीं हैं। महिलाओं के खिलाफ अपराधों की बढ़ती संख्या चिंता का विषय है, और यह आवश्यक है कि हम सभी मिलकर महिलाओं की सुरक्षा के लिए काम करें।

सरकार ने महिलाओं की सुरक्षा के लिए कई कानून और योजनाएं बनाई हैं, जैसे कि महिला हेल्पलाइन, महिला पुलिस थाने, और महिला सुरक्षा एप। लेकिन इसके अलावा, हमें समाज में महिलाओं के प्रति जागरूकता और संवेदनशीलता बढ़ाने की आवश्यकता है, ताकि महिलाएं अपने अधिकार के प्रति जागरूक हो सकें और अपनी सुरक्षा के लिए कदम उठा सकें।

महिलाओं की सुरक्षा के लिए शिक्षा और जागरूकता बहुत महत्वपूर्ण है। हमें महिलाओं को शिक्षित करने, उन्हें आत्मनिर्भर बनाने, और उनके अधिकारों के प्रति जागरूक

करने के लिए काम करना होगा, ताकि वे अपने जीवन को सुरक्षित और सम्मानजनक बना सकें। इसके अलावा, हमें पुरुषों को भी महिलाओं के प्रति सम्मान और संवेदनशीलता के बारे में शिक्षित करना होगा, ताकि वे महिलाओं के अधिकारों का सम्मान करें और उनकी सुरक्षा के लिए काम करें। प्रत्येक माता पिता एवं परिवार के अन्य सदस्यों का यह उत्तरादायित्व है कि वे अपने बेटों एवं परिवार के अन्य लड़कों को महिलाओं का सम्मान करना सिखाएं। एक स्वच्छ समाज का आरंभ हमारे अपने घरों से होता है।

महिलाओं की सुरक्षा के लिए हमें समाज में एक सुरक्षित और सम्मानजनक वातावरण बनाना होगा, जहां महिलाएं बिना किसी डर के अपने जीवन को जी सकें। इसके लिए हमें महिलाओं के प्रति अपराधियों को सख्त से सख्त सजा दिलानी होगी। हमें महिलाओं की सुरक्षा के लिए काम करने वाले संगठनों और व्यक्तियों का समर्थन करना होगा, और समाज में महिलाओं के प्रति जागरूकता और संवेदनशीलता बढ़ाने के लिए काम करना होगा।

महिलाओं की सुरक्षा संपूर्ण देश का दायित्व है, और हम सभी को मिलकर इसके लिए काम करना होगा। हमें महिलाओं को सुरक्षित और सम्मानजनक जीवन प्रदान करना होगा, ताकि वे अपने सपनों को पूरा कर सकें और समाज में अपना योगदान दे सकें।



माँ

आन्या पांडे
सेमेस्टर-1

माँ! तू सबसे अनमोल ।
तेरे बिना ये संसार अधूरा है,
तू है तो मेरा जीवन पूरा है ।

तू चुपचाप सब सह जाती,
अपनी मुस्कान मुझे दे जाती ।
तेरी आँखों में देखूँ जब प्यार,
लगता है जैसे खुदा का आकार ।

तेरे बिना जीवन सूना है,
तरा आँचल ही बस मेरा सपना है ।
तेरी बातों में जो मिठास है,
ये बना रहे बस इतनी सी आस है ।

दिन ही नहीं रात भी तू मेरे लिए जागती रही,
हर पल बस मेरी ही फिक्र करती रही ।
हर छोटी मेरी ज़रूरत पर ध्यान तुम देती रही,
मुझे संभालने में अपना सर्वस्व तुम लुटाती रही ।

तेरी दुआओं में वो ताकत है,
जो हर दर्द को खुशी में बदल देती है ।
मुझपर आने वाली हर बाधा से तू मुझसे पहले
आगे बढ़ टकरा जाती है ।

तेरी ममता का कोई मोल नहीं,
तेरा प्यार बेशुमार है, जिसका कोई तोल नहीं ।

तेरे बिना कोई सुबह उजली नहीं,
तेरे बिना दिल में सुकून नहीं ।
माँ, तू धरती का वो रूप है,
जो हर दर्द में भी शांत है ।

तेरी हर बात में जो मिठास है,
वो मेरी दुनिया को बनाती खास है ।
तेरी गोद में बसा मेरा सारा जहान,
तेरी ममता में है मेरी खुशियों का आसमान

तू बिना कहे सब कुछ समझा जाती,
मुझे हर ठोकर से बचाती ।
तेरी ममता का नहीं कोई तोल,
माँ, तू ही मेरा अनमोल मोल ।



कब बदलेगा समाज ?

दीया छेत्री
सेमेस्टर-1

तो आज मैंने लिखा है -

गंभीर सा अल्फाज़।

हकीकत है, यह कोई कड़वी बाता।

कशमकश से भरे जज़्बात को मैं खोलना चाहती हूँ।

भीड़-भाड़ में हुए हादसे को मैं रोकना चाहती हूँ।

कुछ लोगों ने हमेशा कहा है -

“तुम्हारे तो वस्त्रों में कुछ दिक्कत है।”

क्या यह वही है जिसकी सोच में गन्दगी की नीयत है ?

आधी रात जो किसी औरत को चैन से जीने नहीं देता।

हाथ झटक कर लाता है और उन्हें चैन से चलने भी नहीं देता।

क्या यह वही देश है जहाँ लड़कियों को पूजा जाता है ?

यह वही देश है जहाँ दहेज़ न देने पर नारी को देवी मानने के बावजूद जला दिया जाता है।

मैं इस दुनिया की दोहरे वाली सोच को धिक्कारती हूँ।

“वाह रे समाज, बलात्कार होने पर तुम बलात्कारी पर नहीं, लड़की पर ही उँगली उठाते हो।

तुम्हारी इस गलीज सोच पर मैं आपत्ति जाताती हूँ।

पुरुष करे हजार गलतियाँ तो उसे महज 'गलती' कह देते हैं,

औरत करे एक - तो उसे 'पाप' का नाम देते हैं।

कब तक रहेगा यह भेदभाव ?

कब होगा इसका अंत ?

क्या औरत की इज़्जत यूँ ही तार तार होगी ?

क्या किसी की बेटी ही बार-बार पितृसत्ता की बलि चढ़ती रहेगी ?

फिर दो दिनों का होगा छद्म सहानुभूति का प्रसंग।

वह रे समाज - यही है तेरा दो-रूपी रंग।



खुद एक कहानी

साफिया अखतर
सेमेस्टर-1

मत रोक मेरी उड़ान को,
मत बांध मेरी पहचान को।
जो तू कर सके वो मैं भी कर सकती हूँ,
बस भरोसा रख, मैं भी कुछ बन सकती हूँ।

जिसे तुमने “कमज़ोर” कहा था।
वो अब मज़बूती की पहचान है।
जिसे तुमने “चुप” समझा था,
वो सबसे ऊंची आवाज़ है।

अब सिर झुकाकर नहीं, सिर उठाकर चलती हूँ,
इस कदम पर नाम लिखती हूँ।
क्योंकि मैं किसी की परछाई नहीं,
खुद एक कहानी हूँ।

ना मुझे दया चाहिए ना किसी का सहारा,
मैं खूद हूँ अपनी दुनिया का सितारा,
मेरे सपनों का आसमान बढ़ा है,
मैं वहाँ भी जाऊँगी जहाँ डर खड़ा है।

अब मैं चुप नहीं रहूँगी,
हर सवाल का जवाब बनूँगी,
जो दुनिया ने कहा “नहीं कर सकती”
उसी काम में मिसाल बनूँगी।



“এক বাঁও মেলে না। দো বাঁও মেলে — এ — এ না”

ড. শর্মিলা ঘোষ
অধ্যাপক, বাংলা বিভাগ

একটি ছেলের কথা আমার মাঝে মাঝেই মনে হয়। একটি কিশোর ছেলের কথা। আত্মীয়-স্বজন বা বন্ধু-বান্ধবের ছেলেমেয়েদের পরীক্ষার নম্বরের ভয়ংকর ‘প্রাচুর্যে’ যখন কোন মা বাবা স্নান মুখে তাদের সম্ভানের “ব্যর্থতার” কথা বলেন, পাড়া প্রতিবেশীদের খোঁজ নেবার সময় যখন শুনি সবাই প্রায় আশাতীত ফল করলেও অমুক দাদার ছেলেটার পড়ায় একদম মন নেই, সারাদিন টো টো করে বেড়ায়, মা বাবার খুব চিন্তা; অথবা বন্ধুবান্ধব সহকর্মীদের উজ্জ্বল “প্রবাসী” ছেলেমেয়েদের মাঝে কেউ কেউ যখন পড়াশোনায় “ততটা” ভালো হয় না, তখনও ওই কিশোর ছেলেটিকে খুব মনে পড়ে আমার।

ছিন্নপ্রত্নাবলীর একটি চিঠিতে রবীন্দ্রনাথ লিখেছিলেন — ডাঙার উপর পড়ে থাকা এক নৌকার মাস্তুল নিয়ে গোটাকতক বিবস্ত্র ক্ষুদ্রে ছেলের খেলার কথা। এই ছেলেদের মধ্যে দুটি একটি মেয়েও ছিল এবং তার মধ্যে একটি ছোট মেয়ে গম্ভীর প্রশান্ত ভাবে মাস্তুলটার উপর উঠে বসায় খেলা মাটি হবার উপক্রম হলে সবাই মিলে তাকে বেশী সমীহ করেছিল। এই বীজটুকু নিয়ে লেখা ‘ছুটি’ গল্পে মেয়েদের প্রসঙ্গটি বাদ গেল বলে বেশ একটু নারীবাদী নারীবাদী রাগ হতে যাচ্ছিল, কিন্তু ছেলেদের সর্দার ফটিক চক্রবর্তী আমাকে একেবারে আচ্ছন্ন করে দিল।

ফটিক আর মাখন দুই ভাই। বাবা নেই। তাদের মামা বিশ্বম্ভরবাবু দীর্ঘদিন পরে দেশে ফিরে বোনের কাছে এসে জানলেন “ফটিকের অবাধ্য উচ্ছৃঙ্খলতা, পাঠে অমনোযোগ এবং মাখনের সুশাস্ত সুশীলতা ও বিদ্যানুরাগের কথা।”

সব শুনে মামা বড় ভাগ্নেকে নিয়ে যেতে চাইলেন তাঁর কাছে। কলিকাতায়।

মামার বাড়ি তো যে কোন বাচ্চার কাছেই ভালোবাসার জায়গা। তার উপর আবার কলকাতা, সে তো আরও মজা। আরও আনন্দ।

এমনটাই হওয়ার কথা ছিল, হতে পারত; কিন্তু হল না।

মামী এই ‘অনাবশ্যক পরিবারবৃদ্ধিতে’ খুব খুশি হলেন না। তাঁর নিজের তিনটি ছেলে ও স্বামী নিয়ে একটা অভ্যস্ত শহুরে সেটআপের মধ্যে ১২-১৩ বছরের “অশিক্ষিত অপরিচিত পাড়াগোঁয়ে” এক বালক এলে যা হবার কথা তাই হল। আমার মনে হয়েছে এই তিন তিনটি বিশেষণের মধ্যে ‘অপরিচিত’টা সবচেয়ে কমজোড়ি কারণ পরিচিত না হলেও শহুরে, লেখাপড়ায় তুখোড়, বাকবকে স্মার্ট একটি ছেলে থাকতে এলে এত অসুবিধে হত না বোধহয়।

তবে মামীকে সেই অর্থে কোন দোষ দেওয়া যায় কি? আমি বা আমরা কি অন্য কিছু করতাম? সত্যি সত্যি আপন করে নিতে পারতাম?

কিন্তু, তেরো চোদ্দ বছরের বয়ঃসন্ধির এই ছেলেটি, পৃথিবীর কোথাও খাপ খাওয়াতে না পারা এই ছেলেটি, বয়সের কারণে হঠাৎ চেহারা ও কণ্ঠস্বরের শোভা হারিয়ে ফেলা এই ছেলেটি, একটু ভালোবাসার জন্য কাতর এই ছেলেটি এখন কী করবে? কোথায় গেলে সে একটু স্নেহ পাবে!

বয়ঃসন্ধির মেয়েদের নিয়ে তো কত কাব্য কবিতা লেখা হয়েছে। এমনকি রাখার বয়ঃসন্ধি নিয়েও পদ রচনা করেছেন বিদ্যাপতি। কিন্তু বয়ঃসন্ধির ছেলেদের নিয়ে রবীন্দ্রনাথ যে কথাগুলি লিখেছেন তা বুদ্ধি তুলনারহিত। তাঁর কথায় “তেরো-চোদ্দ বৎসরের ছেলের মতো পৃথিবীতে এমন বালাই আর নাই। শোভাও নাই, কোন কাজেও লাগে না। স্নেহও উদ্রেক করে না, তাহার সংগসুখও বিশেষ প্রার্থনীয় নহে। তাহার মুখে আধো আধো কথাও ন্যাকামি, পাকা কথাও জ্যাঠামি এবং কথা মাত্রই প্রগল্ভতা।”

রবীন্দ্রনাথ প্রভুহীন পথের কুকুরের সঙ্গে তুলনা করেছেন ফটিকের। আমার বড় কঠিন মনে হয়েছে রবীন্দ্রনাথকে। কিন্তু

সত্য তো কঠিনই। আর কঠিনকেই তো চিরজীবন ভালোবেসেছেন কবি।

ফটিক লেখাপড়ায় একেবারেই ভালো ছিল না। বস্তুত শহরের সেই স্কুলে এত বড় নির্বোধ আর অমনোযোগী বালক আর ছিল না। স্কুলের শিক্ষকদের কঠিন শাসন, মামাতো ভাইদের ব্যবহার, মামীর স্নেহহীন অনাদর, ফটিককে তার গ্রাম, সেই অকর্মণ্য ঘুরে বেড়াবার নদীতীর, সেই ঘুড়ি ওড়ানোর বিশাল মাঠ, দলবেঁধে যখন তখন ঝাঁপিয়ে সাঁতার কাটার সেই ছোটনদীর কথা মনে করাত, আর সেইসব দলবল উপদ্রব স্বাধীনতা এবং সর্বোপরি “সেই অত্যাচারিণী অবিচারিণী মা অহনিশিতাহার নিরুপায় চিত্তকে আকর্ষণ করিত।”

বেশি কিছু চায়নি ফটিক। গ্রামে ফিরে যেতে চেয়েছিল। মায়ের কাছে যেতে চেয়েছিল। অনেক সাহস করে মামাকে বলেছিল সে কথা। কিন্তু বললেই তো যাওয়া যায় না। কার্তিক মাসে স্কুলে পূজোর ছুটি হলে বাড়ি যাবে ফটিক। মামা তেমনটাই জানিয়েছিলেন।

পূজোয় তো জগৎজননী মা ফেরেন তাঁর বাবা মার কাছে। কত প্রবাসী ঘরে ফেরে। ফটিকও ফিরবে তার মায়ের কাছে। এমনটাও হতেই পারতো। কিন্তু হল না।

স্কুলের বই হারিয়ে ফেলে ফটিক একেবারে নাচার হয়ে পড়ল। মাস্টার মশাইদের ব্যবহার, মামীর অপমান, মামাতো ভাইদের আচরণ সব মিলিয়ে ফটিকের যেন একেবারে অসহায় এক অবস্থা।

এরই মধ্যে জ্বর এল ফটিকের। আর এইরকম সময়ে মা ছাড়া আর কারো কাছে সেবা নেবার কথা ভাবতে তার লজ্জা বোধ হল। এই বয়সের ছেলেদের এমনটাই বোধ হয় হয়।

মার কাছে যাবে বলেই জ্বর গায়ে বৃষ্টির মধ্যে রওনা হয়েছিল ফটিক। কিন্তু পৌঁছতে পারল না সে। পারা সম্ভবও ছিল না। পুলিশ তাকে খুঁজে পেয়ে ফিরিয়ে দিল বিশ্বস্তরবাবুর কাছে।

রোগশয্যায় শুয়ে ফটিক খালাসিদের মত সুর করে বলতে লাগলো “এক বাঁও মেলে না। দো বাঁও মেলে—এ—এ না।” গ্রাম থেকে শহরে আসার সময় সে এভাবে খালাসিদের জল মাপতে দেখেছিল। কিন্তু শেষপর্যন্ত অকূল সমুদ্রে রশি ফেলেও কোথাও তল খুঁজে পেল না এই বালক।

খবর পেয়ে মা এসে ‘ফটিক, সোনা মানিক আমার’ বলে উচ্ছ্বসে ডাক দিয়েছিলেন। মাঝে মাঝে মনে হয় ফটিক কি শুনতে পেয়েছিল সেই পরম আকাঙ্ক্ষিত স্নেহডাক? সে ডাক কি ফটিকের কানের ভেতর দিয়ে মরমে পৌঁছেছিল? আমার কেন জানি বোধ হয় সেই ডাক সত্যিকারের শুনতে পেলে ফটিক হয়তো আবার তল খুঁজে পেত এই অকূল জীবন সমুদ্রে। ফটিক আস্তে আস্তে পাশ ফিরে কাহাকেও লক্ষ্য না করে মৃদুস্বরে বলেছিল “মা এখন আমার ছুটি হয়েছে মা, এখন আমি বাড়ি যাচ্ছি।”

কার্তিকের ছুটিতে বাড়ি যাওয়ার কথা ছিল ফটিকের। মার কাছে যাবার কথা ছিল। কিন্তু তার আগেই শ্রাবণের বর্ষায় সে পাড়ি দিল অন্য কোন “ছুটিতে”।

কেন হল এমনটা! এত প্রাণবন্ত উচ্ছ্বল শৈশব পেরোনো বয়ঃসন্ধির একটি ছেলের এমন পরিণতি হল কেন! তাকে তার নিজের পরিচিত পরিবেশ থেকে বিচ্ছিন্ন করা হল বলে?

মামীর সহানুভূতি হীন ব্যবহারের জন্য??

আমাদের শিক্ষাব্যবস্থার গলদের কারণে???

এর সবকিছুই বোধ হয় সত্যি। ফটিককে গ্রাম থেকে — গ্রামের মুক্ত বাউণ্ডুলে জীবন থেকে — সর্বোপরি তার মায়ের কাছ থেকে উৎপাটিত করে নিয়ে আসা হয়েছিল কলিকাতায়। লেখাপড়া শিখতে। তথাকথিত ভদ্র হতে। কিন্তু নগর কলকাতার সাথে মানিয়ে নিতে পারল না ফটিক। পারল না তথাকথিত শহুরে হয়ে উঠতে।

নগর কলকাতাও তো আগলে রাখল না ফটিককে।

বিদ্যালয়কে দশটা চারটার আন্দামান বলেছিলেন রবীন্দ্রনাথ। ফটিকও নিশ্চয়ই তেমনটাই ভাবতো! সেই ‘আন্দামান’ থেকে বাড়ি ফিরে বালক রবি বৌদিদির হাতের চিংড়ি মাছের চচ্চড়ির সঙ্গে কাঁচা লংকার আভাস মাখা পান্তা ভাতটুকু পেতেন। স্নেহের অভাব বোধ করতে দেননি বৌঠান। ফটিকের ক্ষেত্রে তেমনটা ঘটেনি। সেই স্নেহস্পর্শটুকু পায়নি সে।

এ গল্প আমাকে বড় ভাবায়। বিচলিত করে। আজও একজন শিক্ষক হিসেবে, মা হিসেবে ভয় হয় এই গল্প পড়লে। ফটিকের মৃত্যু এক জীবনের অপচয়। এক সম্ভাবনার অপচয়।

সস্তান বা সস্তানসম কেউ ‘নিরানব্বই’ না পেলেও, অত বাকবাকে স্মার্ট না হলেও আমরা যেন তাদের বুক জড়িয়ে রাখতে পারি, আমাদের শিক্ষাব্যবস্থা যেন সত্যি সত্যি শিক্ষার্থী কেন্দ্রিক হয়ে উঠতে পারে, পড়া না পারলে, বই হারিয়ে গেলে আমরা শিক্ষকরা যেন তাদের একটু বুঝতে পারি, বিশেষ ভাবে যত্ন নিতে পারি। এই কথাগুলো মনে হয় বারবার। নিজেকেই বলি।

একটু ভালোবাসা পেলে, স্নেহের স্পর্শ পেলে ফটিকের এই পরিণতি হত না বোধ হয়।

এ কিন্তু শুধু একটি বিশেষ কিশোরের কথা নয়। মূল আলোর বুকের বাইরে থাকা আরও অনেক কিশোর-কিশোরীর কথা। কোনও অতীত সময়ের কথাও নয়। ১২৯৯ছএর পৌষে লেখা এ গল্প আজও সমান প্রাসঙ্গিক।

এ ঘটনা আজও সমান বাস্তব।

শুধু হুঁদুর দৌড় না শিখিয়ে আমরা শিক্ষকরা, মা বাবারা, অভিভাবকরা, পাড়া প্রতিবেশীরা যেন সেই একটু কম বাকবাকে, একটু কম নম্বর পাওয়া, একটু কম উচ্চাকাঙ্ক্ষী ছেলেমেয়েগুলোর পাশে থাকি, নিজের মতো করে বড় হবার অবকাশটুকু তাদের করে দি।

আজ এইটুকু অঙ্গীকার অন্ততঃ করি নিজের নিজের কাছে।

যে সব বই দেখা হয়েছেঃ

- ১। গল্পগুচ্ছ — রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুর
- ২। ছিন্নপত্রাবলী — রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুর
- ৩। জীবনস্মৃতি — রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুর
- ৪। ছেলেবেলা — রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুর



নিরন্তর

ময়ূখ লাহিড়ী

অধ্যাপক, সাংবাদিকতা ও গণজ্ঞাপন বিভাগ

মাঝে মাঝে মৃত্যুকে
আঙুলে গোনা যায়
আঙুলের ফাঁক দিয়ে
গলে যাওয়া আধুলির মতো
সময় পালায়।

অন্তর
নিরন্তর
আতান্তর

আলোকবর্ষ জুড়ে
জমে ওঠা,
জমাট বাঁধা অন্ধকারে
অকিঞ্চিৎকর মজলিশে
সময়রা দানা বাঁধে
যুগ হয়ে ফুটবে বলে;
শ্রিয়মান তারা
ছায়াপথে জোট বাঁধে;
একটু একটু করে
সময়ের জোরে।



অনন্ত জ্ঞান-ধারা

কুহেলী চ্যাটার্জী

অধ্যাপক, কম্পিউটার সায়েন্স বিভাগ

বহু প্রাচীন এক দেশ আমাদের সবার এ ভারতবর্ষ,।
নামের মাঝেই লুকিয়ে যে এর জ্ঞানের অখণ্ড স্পর্শ।
ভা মারে জ্ঞান, বর্ষ যে ধারা, রত মানে অবিরা;
জ্ঞানের অবিরাম ধারা দেশ ও, তাই ভারতবর্ষ নাম।
বহু ধারায় যায় ধুয়ে যায় যা কিছু পঙ্কিলতা,
জ্ঞানের অনন্ত ধারায় তাই বিশুদ্ধ নির্মলতা।
আবহমান সে ধারাই এক শাখামাত্র এ অঙ্গন,
সে শাখায় ভাসি আমরা সবাই, নাম তার শ্রী শিক্ষায়তন।



قومی تعلیمی پالیسی ۲۰۲۰

NATIONAL EDUCATION POLICY ; QUESTION OF LANGUAGE

قومی سطح کی ترقی میں زبان کی اہمیت

QUME SATHA KI TARAKKI ME ZUBAAN KI AHEMIYAT

قومی تعلیمی پالیسی ۲۰۲۰ سے کیا مراد ہے اور یہ تعلیمی پالیسی کیوں جاری کیا گیا، اس بارے میں ماہر تعلیم اور سرکار کی کہارائے ہے؟ تو اے ہم اس بارے میں گفتگو کریں۔ دراصل یہ پالیسی بنیادی طور پر جامع تعلیم، معیاری تعلیم، تدریس اور ابدی ہندوستانی، علمی روایت، تعلیم کے مقاصد اور عالمی تناظر، تعلیم میں ٹکنالوجی کے زیادہ سے زیادہ استعمال، معیاری تحقیق اور کثیر اللسانی پر زور دیتی ہے۔

سب سے پہلی بات تو یہ ہے کہ طلباء کو کالج میں داخلہ لینے کے لئے تین اسٹیم ہوا کرتا تھا جسے سائنس، آرٹس، اور کومرس لیکن اب نئی پالیسی کے تحت یہ موقع دیا جا رہا ہے کہ آرٹس کیسے کومرس بھی پڑھائی جاسکتی ہے۔ دوسری اہم بات سرکار نے بتولا ہے کہ وہ یہ ہے کہ جہاں ۱۰+۳ اور ۱۲+۳+۳+۳ پر کیا رہا ہے۔ اس صورت حال پر سچائی یہ ہے کہ ہم اس وقت سکھنے کے شعبے میں مسئلے سے دوچار ہیں۔

نئی تعلیمی پالیسی بہت ہی دیانتداری سے ملک کے بچوں کو لسانی علم اور معلومات فراہم کر رہی ہے اگر ہم یہ کہیں کہ ہمارے دہائے میں دوسرے ملکوں کی طرح تمام سہولت مہیا نہیں ہے اور نڈ چین اتنا وسیع ہے جہاں لوگ پڑھیں اور کو ایک نگاہ سے نہیں دیکھتے برعکس اس کے دوسرے ملکوں میں ہر طرح کے کام کی کھل ٹریک ہوتی ہے اور کوئی کسی کو کم تر نہیں سمجھتا، برکیف قومی تعلیمی پالیسی خود اندگی اور صدی صلاحیتوں کے ساتھ معیاری استدلال اور مسائل حل کرنے کی علمی صلاحیتوں کو بھی فروغ دیتی ہے۔ اور سب سے اہم بات فرد کے اخلاقی۔ سماجی اور جذباتی سطح کو بھی ترقی دینے کے بات کی ہے۔ قومی تعلیمی پالیسی میں اس بات پر خاص توجہ دی گئی ہے کہ بچوں کو مختلف زبانوں کو سیکھنے اور نئے کاموں کو دیا جائے یہی وجہ ہے کہ بچے ایک ساتھ تین زبان کو اپنے کورس میں شامل کر سکتے ہیں۔

آزادی کے بعد اسکولوں میں زبانوں کو پڑھانے کی تعلیم کا جائزہ لیں تو یہ بات سامنے آتی ہے کہ ۱۹۶۸ء میں جب اندر گاندھی کی حکومت تھی اس وقت بھی یہ پالیسی اپنایا گیا اور پھر ۱۹۸۶ء میں دوسری بار یہ پالیسی بنی جب راجیو گاندھی کی حکومت تھی۔ اس کے بعد ۱۹۹۲ء میں اس پالیسی میں کچھ تبدیلی آئی، ۱۹۸۶ء کے بعد ۲۰۲۰ء میں یہ پالیسی لائی گئی یعنی ۳۴ سال کے بعد ہندوستان میں نئی تعلیمی پالیسی کا اعلان ہوا، اس پالیسی کے چیرمین ڈاکٹر کرن سماوی کستور پٹیائین ہیں۔ یہ پالیسی NHEB (نیشنل ہیڈ کوارٹرز) کے تحت جاری کی گئی۔ اور ۲۹ جولائی ۲۰۲۰ء میں اسے منظور کی گئی۔ اور پھر ۳ سے ۱۸ سال کے بچوں کو معیاری تعلیم دینے کا بندوبست کیا گیا اور ساتھ ہی یہ بھی کہا گیا کہ ۲۰۳۰ء تک آتے آتے بچوں کو مکمل تعلیم اور معیاری تعلیم دی جائے۔ سب سے اہم بات کے بچوں کو مقامی اور ماہری

زبانوں میں تعلیم دی جائے تاکہ بچے آسانی کے ساتھ تعلیم حاصل کر سکیں۔ اس لئے ماہرین اساتذہ کا تقرر کیا جائے جو زبانوں میں مہارت رکھتا ہو۔ اسکول میں بچوں کی دلچسپی کا سامان مہیا کیا جائے اور لائبریریوں میں تمام زبانوں کی کتابیں، ^{تعلیمی مواد} اور لغت بھی رکھی جائے تاکہ پڑھنے کا رواج پروان چڑھ سکے۔ آج ڈیجیٹل کا دور ہے اس لئے لائبریریوں میں اس کی بھی مہولت ہونا کہ تمام زبانوں کی کتابیں آسانی سے دستیاب ہو سکیں۔ اس پالیسی میں یہ بھی کہا گیا ہے کہ پانچ سال سے آٹھ سال تک کے بچوں کو گھریلو زبان، مادری زبان، مقامی زبان اور علاقائی زبان میں تعلیم دی جائے اور اس پالیسی کو سرکاری اور پرائیویٹ دونوں اسکولوں میں لاگو کیا جائے اور تمام نصابی کتابوں کو جلد از جلد مقامی زبانوں میں دستیاب کیا جائے۔

ہندوستانی تعلیمی پالیسیوں کی تاریخ پر جب نظر ڈالتے ہیں تو یہ نتیجہ اخذ ہوتا ہے کہ اس پالیسی کو نافذ کرنے کا اصل مقصد بچوں کو ان کی مادری زبان میں تعلیم دینا ہے اور اس کے لئے مقامی اساتذہ کی تقرری بھی ضروری ہے۔ بچے کو بولی جانے والی زبان میں پڑھائیں تاکہ بچے آسانی کے ساتھ تمام نصاب کو سمجھ سکیں۔ نئی تعلیمی پالیسی اس بات پر سختی سے عمل کرنا چاہتی ہے کہ ہمارے نوجوان کو اپنے ملک کی زبانوں اور ادب کے وسیع ذخیرے کو پڑھ کر اس کا تحفظ کریں اور آگے آنے والی نسل کو متاثر کریں۔

نئی تعلیمی پالیسی کے دوران ایک پروجیکٹ بنانے کا عمل بھی شامل ہے تاکہ تدریس کو سیکھنے میں مدد ملے اور مختلف زبانوں کا علم بھی حاصل کر سکیں۔ یہاں یہ بات واضح کر دوں کہ پروجیکٹ ہر طلباء، الگ الگ طریقے سے طے ہوتے ہیں اس لئے اسے کمرہ جماعت میں چسپاہ کر دیا جائے جس کی وجہ سے کمرہ کی زیبائش بھی ہو اور بچوں کو سیکھنے میں بھی مدد ملتی رہے۔ سنسکرت، فارسی اور عربی کی تعلیم کو بھی یہاں اہمیت دی گئی ہے۔ ویٹنی یہ ہے کہ سنسکرت، فارسی اور عربی سیکھ کر ہم ہندوستانی ثقافت اور ادب کے ساتھ ساتھ ریاضی، فلسفہ، گرامر، موسیقی، سیاست اور دیگر شعبوں سے بھی واقف ہو سکتے ہیں۔ نئی تعلیمی پالیسی نہ صرف ہندوستانی زبانوں بلکہ دیگر زبانوں جیسے جاپانی، فرانسیسی اور جرمن وغیرہ کے مطالعہ کرنے اور سیکھنے کا مشہور و بھی دیتی ہے تاکہ طلبہ دنیا کی دیگر ثقافتوں کا بھی علم حاصل کر سکیں۔ ساتھ ہی زبان کو دلچسپ، آسان اور جدید تجرباتی طریقوں سے پڑھایا جائے جیسے فلموں، ٹیبلٹ، کہانی سنانے، شاعری، موسیقی اور سوشل میڈیا کے ذریعے روابط بنا کر کہا جائے اس طرح نئی تعلیمی پالیسی کو فروغ دیا جاسکتا ہے۔ ہندوستانی زبانوں، فن اور ثقافت کے فروغ سے متعلق چند قابل ذکر تجاویز ہیں جیسے میں یہاں بیان کرنا چاہتی ہوں۔

(۱) ہندوستانی دستور میں جو زبانیں درج ہیں اس کے ذریعے درس و تدریس دی جائے، اسکول سے لیکر یونیورسٹی تک، تاکہ ہماری

زبان کی بقا ہو سکے۔

(۲) نئی تعلیمی پالیسی میں اس بات پر خاص طور سے توجہ دی گئی ہے کہ چونکہ ہماری زبانوں میں ثقافت شامل ہے اس لئے ہم اپنی زبانوں کی ^{ثقافت} تحفظ اور فروغ دیں گے تو ہماری ثقافت خود بخود برقرار رہے گی۔ یہ بات بھی غور طلب ہے کہ زبان کا انسان کی جذباتی اور ذہنی نشوونما کے ساتھ گہرا رشتہ ہے۔ اس لئے اپنی ثقافت اور زبانوں کی تحفظ ہم پر فرض ہے۔ اور یہ اس وقت ممکن ہے جب اس چیلن کو مقامی روزمرہ زندگی میں استعمال کرتے رہیں گے۔

(۳) سب سے اہم بات یہ ہے کہ قدرہنسی مواد تمام زبانوں میں دستیاب ہونا کہ تعلیم کا وسیلہ ارتقائے قوم ہے، تمام زبانوں کے لغت تیار کیا جائے اور اسے ضرورت کے مطابق اپ ڈیٹ کرتے رہیں، تاکہ تمام مسائل پر گفتگو کی جائے۔

(۴) اعلیٰ تعلیم میں بھی مختلف زبانوں کے مطالعہ کو پڑھانے کے لئے چار سالہ دورہ ہری ڈگری (B.Ed) کو مزید تیار کئے جائیں، جس سے زبان کے اچھے اور قابل اساتذہ تیار کرنے میں مدد ملے گی۔

(۵) ہندوستانی آئین میں جتنی زبانیں قرار دی گئی ہیں، انہوں نے اساتذہ کے ساتھ یہ کہنا پڑھا ہے کہ ہر قسمی سے ہم بہت ساری زبانوں کو کھور رہے ہیں، اور سب سے زیادہ خطرہ مختلف خیر کی زبانوں کا ہے کیونکہ جب ایسی زبان کو بولنے والے قبیلے یا کمیونٹی کے سینئر ممبر کا انتقال ہو جاتا ہے تو زبان بھی ڈھن ہو جاتی ہے اس کی جگہ کے لئے ٹھوس اقدامات کی ضرورت ہے۔

(۶) زبان کی تعلیم کو ترجیح دینی اور بہتر بنانے کی ضرورت ہے اس لئے ہمیں ہندوستان کی تمام زبانوں کے اساتذہ کی شدید کمی محسوس ہوتی ہے۔ اس کے لئے مختلف اقدامات کرنے کی ضرورت ہے۔

(۷) جو زبانیں معدوم ہو چکی ہیں یا خطرے میں ہیں تو ایسی زبانوں کو ٹیکنالوجی کے ذریعے لوگوں کی مدد سے محفوظ کیا جائے، اسکول کالجوں اور یونیورسٹی میں جو بھی پروگرام ہو اس میں ان کی زبان اور مقامی زبان کا استعمال کیا جائے، اس عمل سے زبان کو بھی فروغ ملے گا اور طلباء بھی اس میں متحرک ہو کر حصہ لے سکیں گے اور اپنا جو ہر دکھائیں گے۔

(۸) نئی تعلیمی پالیسی کے فروغ کے لئے ہر ایک زبان کے لئے ایک زبان قائم ہو جہاں بڑے بڑے اسکالرز اور مقامی بولنے والے لوگ شامل ہوں، انڈیائی نئی اور جدید لغات تیار کرے جو ہماری تعلیم، صحافت، تحریر اور گفتگو وغیرہ میں استعمال ہو سکے۔ اس طرح کی کوششوں سے کثیر لسانی پالیسی کو عملی طور پر پھیلانے کے ذریعے دو سے زیادہ زبانوں میں لوگوں کی دلچسپی بڑھے گی اور زبان کے فروغ ہونے میں مدد ملے گی۔

میں اپنی باتوں کو سولانا بولنا کلام آزاد کے اس قول پر ختم کرنا چاہوں گی۔

” ماہرین تعلیم کو طالب علموں میں استفسار، تخلیقی صلاحیت، کاروباری اور اخلاقی قیادت کی صلاحیتیں پیدا کرنی چاہیے

اور ان کا رول ماڈل بنانا ہے۔“

” میں ستاروں کو الفاظ بنا سکتا ہوں اور چاندنی ان کی آواز بن سکتی ہے، اس طرح صاحبزادہ محمد بن یحییٰ ہے۔ معارف کی بلندی

میرے خیال کا فن ہو سکتی ہے، اور سمندر کی تہ میری فکر کا حق، لیکن تمہارے قوم میرا ساتھ نہیں دیتے، شاید تمہاری لغت میں

ان لہجہ کی اہمیت کا نام مضر ہے۔“

مختصر طور پر یہ کہا جاسکتا ہے کہ زبان کا تعلق لسانیات پر زیادہ ہے، اور لسانیات بھارت کی سطح کی ترقی میں اہم رول ادا کرتی ہے

اس لئے لسانیات کی ترقی کو فروغ دینا ضروری نہیں کیا جاسکتا۔ اس کی ضرورت زندگی کے ہر شعبہ میں معنویت کرتی ہے۔

شہریار کی مختصر حالات زندگی اور شاعری

کنور اخلاق محمد خاں 16 جون 1936ء کو آنولہ ضلع بریلی میں پیدا ہوئے۔ والد کا نام کنور ابو محمد خاں اور والدہ کا نام سہم اللہ بیگم تھا۔ شہریار راجپوت خاندان سے تعلق رکھتے تھے۔

چونکہ شہریار کے والد ایک تھانیدار تھے وہ اپنے بیٹے کو بھی پولس کی وردی میں دیکھنے کی خواہش رکھتے تھے لیکن شہریار کا پڑھنے لکھنے میں دل کم اور کھیل کود میں زیادہ لگا تھا۔ شہریار نے پولس افسر بننے کا تکتا کیا اور اس کے بجائے بی اے کی ڈگری حاصل کرنے کا فیصلہ لیا۔ 1966ء میں شعبہ اردو میں لیکچرر مقرر ہونے کے بعد 1968ء میں ان کی شادی نجر محمود سے ہو گئی۔ نجر کی شہریار کے ساتھ شادی کے بارے میں کچھ لوگوں کے خیالات مختلف ہیں۔ اس بات پر اکثر لوگوں کا کہنا ہے کہ نجر شہریار کے ساتھ شادی کے لیے بھرتہ تھیں۔ علی گڑھ میں جو لوگ شہریار سے قریبی تعلق رکھتے تھے ان کا کہنا تھا کہ نجر کے اصرار پر شادی ہوئی اور طے ہو گئی بھی انہیں کے اصرار پر ہوئی۔ شہریار ایک خوش طبع اور خوش مزاج انسان تھے۔ ان کو اپنے کھانوں اور اچھے کپڑوں کا بہت شوق تھا۔ وہ بلا کسی غرض کے لوگوں کے ساتھ صحبت سے پیش آتے تھے۔ اس لیے وہ اکثر لوگوں کے دلوں میں جگہ بنا لیتے تھے۔ ان کا ظاہر اور باطن یکساں تھا۔ اگر کوئی ان سے کچھ کام کہہ دیتا تو وہ اسے پورا کرنے کیلئے بے پیمان ہو جاتے تھے۔ ان کا یہ رویہ نہ صرف اپنے دوستوں اور عزیزوں کے ساتھ بلکہ انہیں کے کوئی ایک کے ساتھ بھی ایک جیسا ہی تھا۔ ان کی خوش اخلاقی اور گفتوں کی وجہ سے لوگ انہیں بے حد چاہتے تھے۔ وہ تیزی سے بولتے ہوئے حالات کے باوجود اپنے آپ کو اس کے مطابق ماحول میں ڈھال لیتے تھے۔ ان کے اندر بے شمار خوبیاں تھیں لیکن ان کے اندر کچھ کمزوریاں بھی تھیں جس میں سے ان کے مزاج میں ضد تھی۔ اگر کوئی ان کی مخالفت کرتا تو وہ ناراض ہو جاتے تھے اور اپنی بات کو سزا کرنا ہی دم لیتے تھے۔ شہریار کی ایک خای شراب نوشی بھی تھی۔

شہریار کے نام کے بغیر جو بڑا درد غزل کی تاریخ کھل نہیں ہو سکتی۔ شہریار نے اردو غزل کو ایک نیا سبب و لہجہ عطا کیا۔ ان کے یہاں اسلوب اور طرز میں تجربہ بندی اور لسانی شکست بھی نہیں جو ان کے معاصرین کے یہاں موجود ہے۔ شہریار کا ابتدائی شعری مجموعہ "اسم اعظم" ہے جو 1965ء میں منظر عام پر آیا۔ شہریار کا کل سرمایہ چھ شعری مجموعوں پر مشتمل ہے جس کی ابتدا "اسم اعظم" سے ہوئی ہے۔ "اسم اعظم" 1965ء میں منظر عام پر آیا۔ شہریار نے اس مجموعے کا انتساب شعبہ اردو علی گڑھ مسلم یونیورسٹی کے مشہور و معروف استاد، ناقد اور شاعر ظلیل الرحمن اعظمی کے نام کیا ہے۔

شہریار کا دوسرا شعری مجموعہ "ساقیاں در" ہے جو 1969ء میں شائع ہوا۔ یہ مجموعہ "اسم اعظم" کے آگے کی منزل کا پتہ دیتا ہے۔ مجموعے کا انتساب شہریار نے صدیق احمد صدیقی کے نام کیا ہے۔ یہ شہریار کے ان دوستوں میں سے ہیں جنہوں نے زندگی کے آخری لمحے تک ان کا ساتھ بچھایا۔ شہریار کے شعری مجموعے میں 59 نظمیں، 32 غزلیں اور 15 نثری نظمیں موجود ہیں۔ اس میں شہریار حسیات اور جدید عہد کے مسائل کا مطالعہ "اسم اعظم" کے مقابلے میں زیادہ دلچسپی کے ساتھ کرتے ہیں۔ "اسم اعظم" کی نسبت یہاں کچھ چیزیں گھٹی بڑھی ہیں۔ غزلوں میں روایتی مضامین کم ہوئے ہیں۔ نظموں میں عصری حسیات اور جدید مسائل زیادہ نمایاں ہیں۔

شہریار کا تیسرا شعری مجموعہ "اہر کے موسم" ہے جو 1978ء میں منظر عام پر آیا۔ اس کا انتساب شہریار نے اپنی اہلیہ نجر شہریار کے نام کیا تھا۔ پیش نظر ظلیل اعظمی نے لکھا ہے۔ مجموعہ 17 غزلوں اور 15 نظموں پر مشتمل ہے، شہریار کا چوتھا شعری مجموعہ "خواب کا در بندہ" ہے 1985ء میں پروفیسر آل احمد سرور کے تہرے کے ساتھ شائع ہوا ہے۔ اس کا انتساب دے کمار بھاج کے نام ہے۔ مجموعے میں 70 غزلیں اور 49 نظمیں شامل ہیں۔ ان کے کبھی شعری مجموعوں کے مقابلے میں سب سے زیادہ غزلیں اسی مجموعے میں موجود ہیں۔ شہریار کی شاعری کا یہ مجموعہ کائنات میں مرکزی اہمیت رکھتا ہے۔ اس مجموعے پر انہیں ساہتیہ کا ڈی ایوارڈ سے بھی نوازا گیا۔

شہریار کا پانچواں شعری مجموعہ "تیند کی کریمیں" 1995ء میں شائع ہوا ہے۔ اس مجموعے کا انتساب شہریار نے وجے کمار بھاج اور بی بی فریدون

شہریار کے نام کیا تھا۔ پیش لفظ جنس از جنس فاروقی کا ہے۔ یہاں نظمیں اور غزلوں کی تعداد تقریباً برابر ہے۔ اس میں 49 غزلیں اور 50 نظمیں شامل ہیں۔ اس مجموعہ کا عنوان علی جدید عہد کے انسان کی نفسیاتی اور جذباتی پیچیدگیوں کا احساس شدت سے کراتا ہے۔ یہاں جنس کا پہلو بھی دوسرے شعری مجموعہ کی نسبت زیادہ ہے۔

شہریار کا چھٹا اور آخری شعری مجموعہ جو اگست 2004ء میں شائع ہوا وہ ”شام ہونے والی ہے“ ہے۔ اس کا انتساب بھی وجے کمار بھاج کے نام ہے۔ حرف آغاز میں شہریار نے لکھا ہے کہ اس میں زیادہ تر شاعری ملازمت سے سبکدوشی کے بعد کی ہے۔ اس میں 61 غزلیں اور 47 نظمیں ہیں۔ اس مجموعے میں زندگی اپنے تمام تضادات و تجربات کے ساتھ رواں دواں ہے۔ انہوں نے زندگی اور شاعری دونوں کا طویل سفر طے کرتے ہوئے اس کے تمام رنگ و روپ کو دکھایا ہے۔ اس لیے شہریار زندگی کے کرب اور اذیتوں کو برداشت کرنے کے بعد بھی امید کا چراغ بجھنے نہیں دیتے تھے، وہ یہ کہہ کر زندگی سے برسر پیکار ہیں:

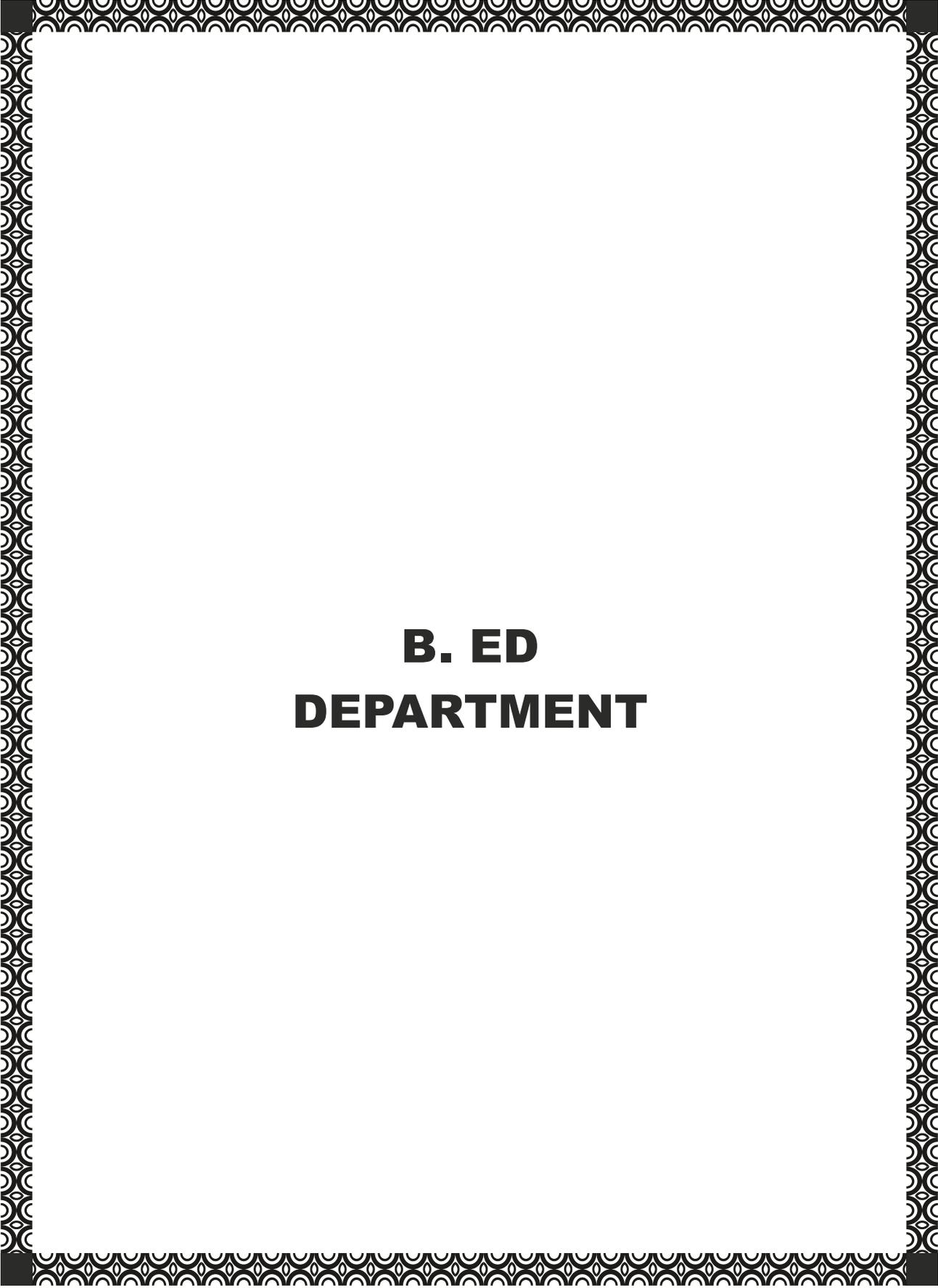
”زندگی ہم نے مگر ہار نہیں مانی“

شہریار کی شاعری میں کلاسیکی روایت کی پاسداری ملتی ہے۔ وہ قدیم روایت کو یکسر نظر انداز نہیں کرتے بلکہ قدیم و جدید کے استخراج سے ان کی غزلوں میں نئے طرز کا احساس ہوتا ہے۔ وقت گزرنے کے ساتھ ساتھ ان کے طرز احساس میں شدت پیدا ہوتی جاتی تھی۔ اس حقیقت سے ہم سب واقف ہیں کہ شہریار صاحب نے اپنی شاعری کے ذریعے نہ صرف ہندوستان میں بلکہ اردو کو ایک بین الاقوامی پایتھ فارم بھی دیا۔ انہوں نے بڑے بڑے دیوارڈ جیتے جس میں موثر ترین ادبی ایوارڈ گیان پتی بھی شامل ہے۔ مگر ان ایوارڈ نے ان کو منحرف نہیں کیا۔

شہریار کینسر جیسے مہلک مرض میں مبتلا ہو گئے تھے جس کا پتہ انہیں کافی وقت کے بعد چلا۔ شروع میں فالج کا شک ہونے کی وجہ سے اس کا علاج ہوتا رہا۔ جب پتہ چلا کہ کینسر ہے تب تک کافی دیر ہو چکی تھی اور مرض کافی پھیل چکا تھا۔ اس وقت انہوں نے علی گڑھ میں علاج کروانے کی خواہش ظاہر کی۔

Juwariah Sajid
Semester II





**B. ED
DEPARTMENT**

রাত ১টা ১৭

বর্ষা মিত্র

বি.এড. বিভাগ, তৃতীয় সেমিস্টার

পশ্চিম মেদিনীপুরের গৌঁসাইপাড়া গ্রামের কথা শহরে কেউ জানে না বললেই চলে। ছোট্ট, অচেনা একটা গ্রাম — যেন একটা ঘুমন্ত সময়ের টুকরো। চারদিকে সবুজ ধানক্ষেত, মাঝে মাঝে সাল-পিয়াল গাছের ঝাঁক, আর তার মাঝেই দাঁড়িয়ে আছে একটি বিরাট পরিত্যক্ত জমিদার বাড়ি-গৌঁসাইবাড়ি।

সবাই বলে, এই বাড়ির পেছনের কুয়োটা নাকি অভিশপ্ত। কেউ সন্ধ্যার পর ওই পথে যায় না। কেউ কেউ দিব্যি করে বলে — কুয়োর অতল থেকে এক নারীস্বর শোনা যায়, খুব নিঃশব্দে নাম ধরে ডাকে... যেন খুব কাছের কেউ।

এমন গল্প কেউ সত্যি বলে বিশ্বাস করে না, বিশেষ করে রুদ্র।

রুদ্র ছিল ঢাকা বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়ের ইতিহাস বিভাগের একজন মেধাবী গবেষক। তার গবেষণার বিষয় ছিল — বাংলার পরিত্যক্ত জমিদার প্রাসাদ ও লোকজ উপকথার সংযোগ। এই সূত্রেই সে এসেছিল গৌঁসাইপাড়ায়।

রুদ্র যখন গৌঁসাইবাড়িতে এসে ওঠে, তখন শীতের শুরু। চারপাশে কুয়াশার চাদরে ঢাকা সকালের আলো, আর সন্ধ্যায় হালকা শিহরণ ধরানো ঠান্ডা বাতাস। বাড়ির একটা পুরনো অংশ যতটা সম্ভব পরিষ্কার করে সে ঘর বানিয়ে নেয়। দিনের বেলা সে স্থানীয়দের সঙ্গে কথা বলে, পুরনো দলিল খেঁটে কিছু ইতিহাস জড়ো করে, আর রাত নামলেই ডায়েরি লেখে।

প্রথম রাতেই কিছু অস্বাভাবিক ঘটে।

ঘড়ির কাঁটা ঠিক ১টা ১৭ মিনিট ছুঁতেই রুদ্রের ঘরের জানালার বাইরে থেকে আস্তে আস্তে একটি গলা ভেসে আসে —

“রুদ্র... তুমি... রু-দ্র...”

একবার নয়, টানা তিনবার রাত ধরে সে একই স্বর শুনতে পায়। গলা খুব ধীরে উচ্চারিত, যেন দুঃখে ভরা, আরেকটু মন দিলে বোঝা যায়, সেটি নারীকণ্ঠ।

রুদ্র প্রথমে ভাবে, এটা হয়তো তার কল্পনা। হয়তো রাতের নীরবতায় তার মস্তিষ্ক একটু ছলনা করছে। কিন্তু যখন চতুর্থ রাতেও সে একই ডাক শোনে, তখন কৌতূহল আর ভয় একসঙ্গে বুকের ভেতর জমা হতে থাকে। পরদিন দুপুরে সে গ্রামের এক প্রবীণ মানুষ, গণেশ দাদুর সঙ্গে দেখা করে।

“ওই কুয়োটা নিয়ে এত গল্প কেন?” — রুদ্র জিজ্ঞাসা করে।

গণেশ দাদু চোখ সরু করে তাকিয়ে বলেন, “বাবু, পঞ্চাশ বছর আগের কথা। জমিদার বাড়ির কিশোরী মেয়ে ছিল — সুরমা। দেখতে অপূর্ব, পড়াশোনাতেও ভালো, কিন্তু বাবা-মার চাপে বিয়ে ঠিক হলে সে এক রাতে অজানা কারণে কুয়োতে ঝাঁপ দেয়। কাউকে কিছু বলে না। লাশও পুরো মেলে না... শুধু ওড়না পাওয়া যায় জলতল থেকে।”

“তারপর?” — রুদ্রের কণ্ঠ নিস্তব্ধ।

“তারপর কুয়োর জল আর স্বাভাবিক থাকেনি। কারও নাম ধরে ডাক দেয় — যারা সাহস করে কাছে যায়, তারা ফিরে আসেনা, কিংবা ফিরে এলেও... আর আগের মত থাকেনা।”

রুদ্র এসব কথা শুনে হেসে ফেলে, কিন্তু মনের ভেতর একটা ঠাণ্ডা অনুভব ঢুকে পড়ে।

সেই রাত। ১টা ১৭।

সে জানালার পর্দা সরিয়ে বাইরে তাকায়। হালকা কুয়াশা, নিস্তব্ধ অন্ধকার। হঠাৎ সেই ডাক আবার শোনা যায় —

“রু-দ্র... তুমি এলে না কেন?”

রুদ্র এবার আর নিজেকে ধরে রাখতে পারে না। হাতে টর্চ আর ক্যামেরা নিয়ে সোজা চলে যায় কুয়োর কাছে। কুয়োর পাশে দাঁড়িয়ে টর্চ ফেলে নিচে তাকায় — অন্ধকার। শুধু কুয়োর জল একবার চকচক করে ওঠে। ঠিক যেন কেউ তার চোখের দিকে তাকিয়ে আছে।

হঠাৎ বাতাস থেমে যায়। চারপাশ নিস্তরু। কুয়োর ভেতর থেকে এক নারীকণ্ঠ ভেসে আসে —

“আমি এখনো অপেক্ষা করছি... আমার নাম কেউ উচ্চারণ করে না আর... তুমি কি পারবে আমায় খুঁজে পেতে?”

রুদ্র অবাক হয়ে পেছনে তাকায়। কেউ নেই।

ঠিক সেই মুহূর্তে তার ক্যামেরার ফ্ল্যাশ নিজে থেকেই জ্বলে ওঠে। তারপর... সব নিস্তরু।

পরদিন সকালে স্থানীয় এক যুবক কুয়োর পাশে পড়ে থাকা রুদ্রের ক্যামেরা পায়। সে পুলিশে খবর দেয়।

কিন্তু সবচেয়ে ভয়ের বিষয় ছিল ক্যামেরা শেষ ছবি। ছবিতে দেখা যায়, রুদ্র কুয়োর মুখোমুখি দাঁড়িয়ে। কিন্তু তার পেছনে স্পষ্ট এক নারী — ভেজা চুল, চোখ দুটো সাদা, ঠোঁটে অঙ্কুরিত এক বিষণ্ণ হাসি।

পুলিশ তদন্ত করে, কিন্তু রুদ্রের দেহ ও কোন চিহ্ন পাওয়া যায় না।

কুয়োর জল আজও নাকি মাঝে মাঝে নড়ে ওঠে...

আর গভীর রাতে, কেউ কেউ শোনে —

“কুয়ো এখনো ডাকে... তুমি কেন ফিরলে না?”



সময়ের দ্বীপ

অদिति পাল

বি.এড. বিভাগ, তৃতীয় সেমিস্টার

একদা এক দেশে ছিল এক বিশাল শহর, যার নাম ছিল মহানগর। এই শহরের মানুষজন দিনরাত শুধু কাজ করত, আর তাদের একমাত্র লক্ষ্য ছিল সময়কে জয় করা। তাদের জীবনে বিশ্রাম, হাসি-ঠাট্টা, বা ভালোবাসার কোন স্থান ছিল না। সময়কে কাজে লাগানোর জন্য তারা সব কিছু দ্রুত করত। খাবার খাওয়া থেকে শুরু করে ঘুমানো পর্যন্ত — সবই ছিল একরকম দৌড়।

এই শহরে থাকত এক তরুণ ছেলে, তার নাম ছিল রায়ান। রায়ান সবার থেকে আলাদা ছিল। সে সব কিছু শান্তভাবে করত। সে ঘন্টার পর ঘন্টা তার জানালার পাশে বসে আকাশের মেঘ দেখত, আর গাছের পাতায় পাতার শব্দ শুনত। শহরের মানুষেরা তাকে অলস বলত, আর তার বাবা-মা সবসময় তাকে বলতেন, “রায়ান, তোমার মতো অলস ছেলে জীবনে কখনো কিছু করতে পারবে না। সময়ই তো টাকার!”

একদিন রায়ান একটি পুরনো বইয়ের দোকানে গেল। সেখানে সে এক অদ্ভুত বই পেল, যার নাম ছিল ‘সময়ের দ্বীপ’। বইটি খুলতেই তার ভেতর থেকে একটি ছোট, সোনালি আলোর রেখা বেরিয়ে এল। এই রেখা তাকে তার ঘরে বারান্দা থেকে তুলে নিয়ে এক অজানা স্থানে পৌঁছে দিল।

রায়ান নিজেই এক অচেনা দ্বীপে আবিষ্কার করল। দ্বীপটি ছিল খুব শান্ত আর সুন্দর। সেখানে কোনো ঘড়ি ছিল না, আর মানুষজন কোনো কিছু নিয়ে তাড়াহুড়ো করত না। সবাই নিজের মতো করে বাগান করত, গান গাইত, আর গল্প করত।

রায়ান অবাক হয়ে একজন বৃদ্ধ মানুষকে জিজ্ঞেস করল, “এই জায়গাটা কোথায়? এখানে তো কেউ কোনো কিছু নিয়ে ব্যস্ত নয়।” বৃদ্ধ মানুষটি হেসে বললেন, “এটা হল সময়ের দ্বীপ।”

রায়ান দ্বীপে থাকতে শুরু করল। সে দেখল, এখানকার মানুষজন খুব সুখী। তারা প্রকৃতির সাথে তাল মিলিয়ে চলে।

যখন সন্ধ্যা হয়, তখন তারা একসাথে বসে গান গায় আর গল্প করে। রায়ানও তাদের সাথে মিশে গেল। সে প্রথমবারের মতো অনুভব করল, জীবনের আসল সুখ দ্রুত গতিতে নয়, বরং প্রতিটি মুহূর্তকে উপভোগ করার মধ্যে।

এক রাতে, দ্বীপে এক রহস্যময় আলো দেখা গেল। দ্বীপের মানুষজন বলল, “ঐ আলো হল আমাদের সময়ের উৎস। এটি এক ধরনের শক্তি, যা আমাদের জীবনকে শান্ত রাখে। “কিন্তু পরের দিন সকালে রায়ান দেখল, সেই আলোটি ম্লান হয়ে আসছে। বৃদ্ধ মানুষটি বিষণ্ণ হয়ে বললেন, “শহরের মানুষেরা সময়ের ওপর এত বেশি চাপ দিচ্ছে যে সময়ের উৎসটি শুকিয়ে যাচ্ছে। যদি এটি সম্পূর্ণ শুকিয়ে যায়, তবে এই দ্বীপও অদৃশ্য হয়ে যাবে।”

রায়ান তখন বুঝল, তার শহরের মানুষজনের ব্যস্ততাই এই সমস্যার কারণ। সে সিদ্ধান্ত নিল, সে তার শহরে ফিরে গিয়ে সবাইকে সময়ের মূল্য বোঝাবে।

সে আবার সোনালি আলোর রেখাটিকে ডেকে পাঠাল, আর সেটি তাকে আবার তার শহরে ফিরিয়ে নিয়ে গেল। রায়ান যখন তার শহরে পৌঁছাল, তখন সে দেখল, শহরের মানুষজন আগের চেয়েও বেশি ব্যস্ত হয়ে পড়েছে। তাদের চোখে এক অদ্ভুত ক্লান্তি আর হতাশা। রায়ান সবাইকে জড়ো করে বলতে শুরু করল, “সময়ের মানে শুধু কাজ করা নয়। সময় হল জীবনকে উপভোগ করা। যদি আমরা শুধু দৌড়াই, তবে আমাদের জীবন থেকে হাসি, ভালোবাসা আর সুখ হারিয়ে যাবে।”

শহরের মানুষজন প্রথম দিকে রায়ানকে নিয়ে হাসাহাসি করল। কিন্তু যখন তারা রায়ানের শান্ত আর সুখী মুখ দেখল, তখন তাদের মধ্যে কেউ কেউ তার কথা শুনতে শুরু করল। রায়ান তাদের নিয়ে একসাথে বসে গল্প করত, গান করত, আর তাদের মনে করিয়ে দিত যে জীবনের অনেক সুন্দর মুহূর্ত আছে, যা তারা উপেক্ষা করে যাচ্ছে।

ধীরে ধীরে শহরের মানুষজন রায়ানের কথা বুঝতে পারল। তারা কাজের পাশাপাশি নিজেদের জন্য সময় বের করতে শুরু করল। তারা পার্কে গিয়ে বসত, একসাথে খাবার খেত, আর নিজেদের সন্তানদের সাথে সময় কাটাত। শহরের এই পরিবর্তনের কারণে 'সময়ের দ্বীপ' আবার উজ্জ্বল হয়ে উঠল। সেখানকার মানুষজন দেখল যে তাদের উৎস আবার আগের মতো বলমল করছে।

রায়ান তার শহরের মানুষের জীবনে পরিবর্তন এনেছিল। সে তাদের শিখিয়েছিল যে সময়কে ধরে রাখার চেষ্টা না করে, বরং সময়কে উপভোগ করতে হয়। রায়ান আর অলস ছিল না, বরং সে হয়ে উঠেছিল 'সময়ের শিক্ষক', যে সবাইকে শিখিয়েছিল জীবনের আসল মানে।



বিষাদ

রেশমি মৃধা

বি.এড. বিভাগ, তৃতীয় সেমিস্টার

তোমার সঙ্গতে আমি বাঁচতে পারলাম স্বচ্ছন্দে
কিন্তু তোমার সেই কথা
আমায় বৃদ্ধ করলো মধ্যলগ্নে
ভাবলাম আমিও, হয়তো বদলা নেওয়া
তোমার এখানেই শেষ হল

কখনো যৌনতার আওয়াজ শুনো ওপার থেকে
বুঝো, কেমন লাগে, হৃদয় ভাগে
প্রতি রাত্রিতেই সেই আওয়াজ
কানে বাজে সুরেলা কণ্ঠে

তোমার অঙ্গে আমার ছাপ
বুঝি এবার মোছা গেল
পরিস্থিতিও পারে তবে মানুষকে ভুলিয়ে দিতে
তবে কেন আমি পারিনা ?

আমি চেয়েছিলাম তোমার স্পর্শ গনধ সহিষ্ণুতা ও আদর ভেবেছিলাম একমাত্র
এইগুলি পারে তোমাতে আমাতে মিলাতে। আর তুমি ক্ষণিকের জন্য চেয়েছিলে
আমাকে,
যেখানে শুধুই অসম্মান অসততা ও অন্ধকার



मेरे इक्कीस वर्ष

निखत परवीन
वि.एड.

हम सब एक छोटे से गाँव से रहते थे, जहाँ लड़कियों को ज्यादा पढ़ाना लोग ज़रूरी नहीं समझते थे। दस साल की उम्र में पहली बार किसी ने कहा – “लड़की है, ज्यादा पढ़कर क्या करेगी? आखिर चूल्हा ही तो संभालना है।”

तेरह की हुई, तो मुझे ताने मिलने लगे –

“अब ज्यादा बाहर मत निकला करो। लड़की का बाहर निकलना ठीक नहीं।” पर एक शख्स हमेशा मेरी ढाल बना रहा – मेरे अब्बु। उन्होंने जवाब दिया –

“मेरी बेटी बंद कमरों में नहीं, खुली किताबों में पलेगी।”

मैंने खूब पढ़ा। किताबें मेरी सबसे अच्छी दोस्त बन गईं। कभी डॉक्टर बनी कागज़ों पर, तो कभी टीचर तो कभी अनुवादक। हर सपना मेरे अंदर शोर मचाता, और मैं उन्हें आवाज़ देती रही। जब मैं सोलह की हुई, तो रिश्ते आने लगे। लोगो ने फिर वही राग छेड़ा – “अब बस शादी कर दो, ज़्यादा पढ़ाई से क्या मिलेगा?” मैंने पहली बार साहस में पूछा –

“क्या सपनों की कोई उम्र होती है?”

मैंने काम किया – बच्चों को ट्यूशन पढ़ाया, और खुद की पढ़ाई का खर्च उठाया। अम्मी ने मेरी कॉपियाँ पुराने अखबार बेचकर खरीदीं। रात में दीए की रौशनी में पढ़ना आसान नहीं था, लेकिन रौशनी कम थी, इरादे नहीं।

एक दिन ऐसा आया जब अब्बु ने रिश्ता आने पर कहा – “अच्छा लड़का है, बस बी.ए. के बाद शादी कर लो।” उस

रात मैं पुरी रात रोई और सोई नहीं। पर अगली सुबह उठी, किताबें खोली, और तय किया – “अब डरना बंद। लड़ना शुरू।”

मैंने पढ़ोस की लड़कियों को पढ़ाना शुरू किया। मैंने खुद ही फार्म भरा और कॉलेज में दाखिला भी ले लिया। रास्ता आसान नहीं था – ताना, रोक, धमकियाँ सब मिली। लेकिन हर बार जब हिम्मत डगमगाती, मैं आईने में खुद को देखकर कहती – “तु हारेगी तो औरों को कौन बचाएगा?”

फिर वो दिन आया जब मैंने बी.ए. पास किया और क्लास की टॉपर बनी। फिर मैंने एम.ए. पास किया और अब बी.ए. कर रही हूँ। नौकरी अभी मिली नहीं है पर सुबह उठती हूँ – ‘सरकारी शिक्षक बनने का सपना लेकर।’ कभी-कभी निराश होती हूँ, थक भी जाती हूँ – पर अम्मी की आवाज़ कोनों में गूँजती है –

“हिम्मत मत हराना। तू किसी दिन मिसाल बनेगी।”

मेरे इक्कीस वर्ष –

ये सिर्फ उम्र नहीं है, ये मेरा रास्ता है।

शायज मंजिल अभी दूर है,

पर अब मैं डरती नहीं,

क्योंकि अब मैं जानती हूँ –

“सपने देर से पूरे होते हैं, पर मेहनत कभी खाली नहीं जाती.....”



गज का गात

श्रेया कांजीलाल

वि.एड.

प्रस्तावना :

जब मनुष्य अपने स्वार्थ के लिए जंगलों को रौंदने लगता है, तब प्रकृति अपने रक्षक भेजती है। यह कथा है एक हाथी की, जिसने न केवल अपने जंगल की रक्षा की, बल्कि मनुष्य को यह भी सिखा दिया कि हर जीव की अपनी गरिमा और अधिकार होते हैं।

मुख्य कथा -

दक्षिण भारत के एक शांत वनांचल में 'अरण्य' नामक जंगल फैला था - जहाँ प्रकृति साँस लेती थी और हर जीव स्वतंत्र था। इस जंगल में रहता था एक विशाल हाथी, जिसका नाम वनराज था। वह न केवल सबसे बुजुर्ग था, बल्कि पूरे जंगल का संरक्षक भी था। उसकी आँखों में वर्षों का अनुभव, और हृदय में अपार करुणा थी।

एक दिन, जंगल में मशीनों की गड़गड़ाहट गूँजी। बुलडोज़र और ट्रक जंगल की ओर बढ़ रहे थे। "यह ज़मीन अब एक कॉपोरेट टाउनशिप बनेगी," यह घोषणा एक अधिकारी ने की।

जानवर डर गए। पंछी घोंसले छोड़ भागे, हिरण झुंडों में छिप गए। मगर वनराज चुप न बैठा। वह जंगल के केन्द्र में खड़ा हो गया, जहाँ पहला पेड़ गिराया जाना था। बुलडोज़र जैसे ही बढ़ा, वनराज ने पूरे बल से उसे रोक दिया।

लोगों ने उसे हटाने के लिए डंडे, बिजली के झटके और आक्रमक उपाय अपनाए, मगर हाथी टस से मस नहीं हुआ।

उसकी आँखों में एक दिव्य चमक थी - जैसे उसमें किसी उच्च शक्ति का वास हो। कुछ ने कहा, "यह तो स्वयं गणेश भगवान हैं, जो अपने भक्तों की रक्षा को आए हैं।"

हैदराबाद की मीडिया में खबर फैल गई - "एक हाथी ४०० एकड़ की भूमि को बचाने के लिए सरकार से लोहा ले लिया!" जानवरों की चीखें, पक्षियों की पुकारें और वनराज की गरज ने पूरे शहर को झकझोर दिया।

लोग सड़कों पर आए, पर्यावरण प्रेमी संगठनों ने आंदोलन शुरू किया। अदालत में याचिका दर्ज की गई और अंततः, न्याय हुआ। परियोजना रद्द हुई और जंगल को संरक्षित क्षेत्र घोषित कर दिया गया।

आज भी, जब सूरज उगता है और उसकी किरणें जंगल पर पड़ती हैं, तो वनराज शांत भाव से अपने झुंड के साथ विचरण करता है। बच्चे उसे "गणेशजी" कहकर प्रणाम करते हैं।

संदेश:

"धरती माँ है - और हर माँ की रक्षा उसका हर बच्चा कर सकता है, चाहे वह मानव हो या हाथी।"

मूल्य:

यह कहानी हमें सिखाती है कि प्रकृति केवल पेड़-पौधों और जानवरों का समूह नहीं, बल्कि एक परिवार है। जब हम प्रकृति की रक्षा करते हैं, तो वह भी हमारी रक्षा करती है। एक जानवर की दृढ़ता ने हमें यह याद दिलाया कि हर जीव में ईश्वर बसते हैं - बस हमें देखना आना चाहिए।



निखत परवीन
वि.एड.

मौन प्रकृति की चेतावनी

पेड़ों ने जब आवाज लगाई, कहा -

“क्यों हमने ये सजा पाई ?

छाया दी, फल भी बाँटें,

फिर भी क्यों कुल्हाड़ी काटे ?”

नदी बोली - “मैं बहती थी,

हर प्यासे को जल देती थी।

अब मुझमें कूड़ा, जहर भराया,

क्यों मेरा स्वरूप मिटाया ?”

हवा बोली - “मैं हल्की थी,

गंध से भरपूर चमकी थी।

अब धुँए से धुटती हूँ मैं,

साँसों की सोदागर बनती हूँ मैं।”

धरती माँ चुपचाप रही,

पर आँखों में आँसू भरी।

कह न सकी, पर समझ गई,

“जो मुझसे खेलेगा, वो पछताए कई।”

प्रकृति न बदले, पर सिखा दे,

जो सीखे वो बचा रह जाए।

प्रेम दो उसको, पालो धारा,

यही है जीवन का असली सहारा।।



बेटी का सवाल

क्यों मेरा आना बोझ लगे,

क्यों चेहरे पर शिकन जगे ?

बेटा हो तो मिठाई बाटो,

मैं आऊँ तो किस्मत कोटो ?

बेटे को सारे सपने दो,

मुझसे कहो - “सीमा में रहो।”

उसके लिए हो ऊँच पंख,

मेरे लिए हो बंधन संक।

क्या मुझमें जान नहीं होती ?

क्या मुझमें पहचान नहीं होती ?

मैं भी तो माँ की धड़कन हूँ,

मैं भी तो पापा की अंजन हूँ।

घर की लाज भी मैं लाती,

फिर क्यों बात-बात पर डाँटी जाती ?

बेटा अगर गिर जाए तो सहारा,

मैं गिरूँ तो कहें - “बस हारा।”

अब तो सोच बदलनी होगी,

बेटी को भी उड़ान देनी होगी।

मैं भी कुछ कर जाऊँगी,

सिर्फ नाम नहीं - पहचान बन जाऊँगी।



मैं बेटी हूँ...और यही काफी है

हत्तिका राय
बी.एड.

मैं बेटी हूँ...और यही काफी है,
न किसी तमगे की चाह है, न किसी बेटे की पहचान।
बस माँ की मुस्कान में दुनिया है मेरी,
और पापा की वर्दी में छुपा है मेरा अभिमान।

पापा सरहद पर खड़े, हैं, राइफल थामें,
आँधी, बर्फ, गोलियाँ, सब झेलते हैं चुपचाप।
और माँ, चूल्हें की आँच में खुद को गलाकर,
मुस्काती है उम्मीद का दिया जलाकर।

बेटी हूँ मैं... हाँ, बेटी हूँ मैं...
ना परछाई हूँ, न किसी की जगह भरने आई हूँ मैं।
मैं तो बस वो रौशनी हूँ,
जो पापा की गैरहाज़िरी में माँ की आँखों में जगमगाई हूँ मैं...
बेटी हूँ मैं, और यही काफी है।

जब बाज़ार की भीड़ में माँ काँपती थी थककर,
मैं दौड़ती थी – दूध, दवा, सब्ज़ी की थैली थाम कर।
पसीना मेरे माथे से नहीं – माँ की हथेली से झरता था,
और मेरी हथेलियाँ बनती गई उसकी नई ताकत।

बेटी हूँ मैं... हाँ बेटी हूँ मैं...
सपनों के लिए किसी बेटे की परछाई नहीं हूँ मैं।
मैं ही पापा की चिट्ठियों का इंतज़ार हूँ,
और माँ की खामौशी में गूँजती आवाज़ हूँ।

आज माँ की दवा, पापा के चश्में का नंबर,
सब मेरी जिम्मेदारी...
अब थकान नहीं दिखती किसी तस्वीर में,
याद नहीं अब दर्पण में खुद को कब निहारी!
बेटी हूँ मैं ... और यही काफी है।

लोग कहते हैं – “बेटा बन गयी है तू!”
पर मैं चुपचाप रह जाती हूँ,
मुस्कुरा देती हूँ...
क्योंकि मैं जानती हूँ –
मैं कभी बेटा बनी ही नहीं,
मैं हमेशा बेटी ही रही।



ठीक हूँ माँ

हत्तिका राय
बी.एड.

“बेटा कैसा है तू?” पूछा उसकी माँ ने,
“तू ठीक है न!” जैसे वह सब कुछ जाने।
और बेटा आँखों में आँसुओं को बाँधे,
कहता है गले में खराश को थामे।
“हाँ, माँ मैं ठीक हूँ”
जुबान पर झूठ का सहारा अंदर चीखू!
“ठीक हूँ माँ”
“वापस आकर कॉल करता हूँ तुम्हें शाम को माँ...
अभी रख रहा हूँ, दफ्तर के लिए निकल रहा हूँ”
कैसे न देखु कि तू भी परेशान है।
बेटा घर से रहता दूर पर वो समझदार है।
जिम्मेदारी लेकर चल रहा है वह कमरबांधे
और सपना देखता नहीं है न वो गाता गाने।
पर मैं कभी कहीं थक जाऊ,
और कभी कहीं बैठा हूँ,
और यह कलम तभी चले, बनू कवि कभी लिखता हूँ।
यह समय कभी बदले, तभी समय थामें चलता हूँ,
और दोस्त मेरे कहते हैं उन्हें कभी-कभी दिखता हूँ।
वह कहते यरियों का मोल नहीं,
वह कहते खुदगर्ज़ी मैंने ओढ़ ली,
कैसे बोलू सपने सोने नहीं देते,
मैं जैसे लक्ष्य थामा अर्जुन ज़िन्दगी के अंधे मोड़ में।
हाँ मैं सोचता हूँ काफी, बाकि ठीक हूँ माँ,
नींद रोज नहीं आती, बाकि ठीक हूँ माँ।
कभी होसला यह टूटे, कभी खुद ही खुद पर थूके,
अभी जीता नहीं मैं, बाकि ठीक हूँ माँ।

वैसे, थोड़ा खुदगर्ज़ तो हूँ मैं,
खुद का खुद दर्पण हूँ मैं,
खुद का खुद ही उत्तर हूँ मैं,
जग के झंझट में हूँ मैं,
खुद को सच करवा दूँ मैं।
सालों बाद पश्चाताप करके,
खुद कष्ट क्यों दूँ मैं खुद को,
समय को जाया किया है, तो फिर अंजाम भुगतों,
कर्म से बचने को कोई तुम जाकर मकान ढूँढो।
जितना भी भागो, आगे मौन शमशान ढूँढों,
और रोज तू तड़पेगा यहाँ होती नहीं है माँ खुश तो।
मैं देखु आसपास तो दिखता मुझे कोई नहीं,
ये आँखे मेरी सोए नहीं,
इरादे का खेल है,
समझ हाथ अंधेर है,
लकीरों कर्म का मेल है।
कर्म कर ले अभी है मौका
अंत में नरक का तेल है।
तो फिर रोजगार को लेकर निकला बोझभारी
लेकिन समाधान नहीं समाज पोते मुँह पर रोज काली
समय की पाबंदी में यह कला न ही खोटवाली।
ज़हर ख्याल में और,
मैं झूठ बोलू कि ज़्यादा सोचता नहीं,
हाँ, मैं सोचता हूँ काफी, बाकि ठीक हूँ माँ,
नींद रोज आती नहीं, बाकि ठीक हूँ माँ।
कभी होसला यह टूटे, कभी खुद ही खुद पर थूके,
अभी जीता नहीं मैं, बाकि ठीक हूँ माँ।

शब्दों का प्रभाव

संप्रीति मुखार्जी
बी.एड.

जब चुप्पी टूटी, आवाज़ आई,
अक्षर बने, बात समझ में आई।
शब्द बने, जिनका अर्थ गहरा,
इन्ही से तो है जीवन का चेहरा।
चाणक्य बोले, सुन लो बात –
“वाणी बनाती है सौगात।”
मीठे बोले जो मन भाए,
वहीं कदु बने जख्म दे जए।
शब्दों से बनी बड़ी-बड़ी नीतियाँ,
जिनसे बना एक मजबूत तरीका।
कभी ये क्रांति की आग बन जाते हैं,
कभी शांति का प्यारा संदेश लाते हैं।
विज्ञान हो, समाज हो या कानून
शब्दों पर ही तो टिका ये सब पसारा,
एक छोटा सा वाक्य, एक नया विचार,
बदल दे न्याय का पूर्ण आधार।
कवि की ये कल्पना उड़ान,
भर देती काव्यों में जान।
भावनाओं का बहता सार।
शब्दों में ही तो है नागर।
इसलिए बोलो सोच-समझकर,
वाणी हो मीठी, मधुर और मुखर।
ये सिर्फ आवाज़ नहीं, जान लो ये बात,
शब्दों में है ताकत, छोटी हो या बड़ी हर बात।
रचना हो जीन की सुंदर,
तो वाणी को संयमित और सार्थक बनाओं।
यही तो हैं चाणक्य का सार –
शब्दों से ही बनता है व्यक्तित्व
अल्टर शब्द से ही बदलता है यह युग।

एक नन्ही परी का कठिन इम्तिहान

संप्रीति मुखार्जी
बी.एड.

छोटी सी कली थी, पापा की लाडली,
पढ़ाई में तेज़, सपनों से सजी थी ।
कभी सोचा न था, आएगा ऐसा मोड़,
सच्चाई की रहा पर चलना होगा कठीर ।
अचानक कोरोना काला साया पड़ा,
खुशियों का गूलशन पल भर में मुर्झा गया,
हँसते-खेलते पापा बिस्तर पर बेजान,
परलिसिस की बेड़ियों में सिमटा सम्मान ।
जीवन की रंगत फीकी पड़ी, खुशियाँ हुई धुँधली,
पर माँ की ममता बानी उसकी सबसे बड़ी हमजोली ।
थाम कर माँ का हाथ, वो लड़ रही है दिन रात,
एक उम्मीद की लौ है, कब बदलेगा यह हालत ?
कब पापा उठेंगे, कब घर में लौटेगीणोशनी ,
उठारह साल की उम्र में, कैसी ये बेबसी ?
चलते व्यक्त की कठोर ने सिखलाया ये ज्ञान,
कौन अपना, कौन पराया, किसका कितना है मान ।
यह इम्तिहाह कठिन है, पर उसकी हिम्मत बड़ी है,
माँ की शक्ति संग, हर मुश्किल से वो लड़ी है ।
विश्वास की डोर थामें, वो देख रही है यह,
जरूर लौटेगी खुशियाँ, मिलेगी फिर से चाह ।



A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN

SSIRSHA BANERJEE

B.Ed. Department

The ray of sunshine peeped through the window bars
On the warm grinning faces
With gleeful gazes ,
Covering miles of aces.
The rainbow of dust flickered in the air,
With little worries to bear,
They looked at the big blackboard with a stare
Less to worry, less to care.

The raindrops pattered on the corridor and window sills
Some imagining the majestic hills,
As bright as the sunflowers covering the vast canopy
Are the carefree heads in ecstasy
Black and white on checkerboards,
Lessons learnt a wisdom hoard.

A compass forged with questions
Lights the seed of mind,
Who are bound with textbooks of a kind,
With curiosity and kindness
Muddy faces sparkled with graces.
With shoelaces torn
In many slow places,
Each book in the dusty playground blooms
While strongdreams in each chair grooms.

The teacher as the cartographer
Sketches out the chalky lines,
Mending the hearts and crafting futures,
In the rhythm of the whispered rhymes,
As the gentle soft wind blows with a chime.

Engravings on the walls,
Among the books and quiet desks
The imagination gently rests
Where a future generation is prepared at its best.

In a room of sixty chairs,
One child stares at the empty air,
Constructing figures and shapes
Where the spaceship might collide
With the Newton's apple in the space
Gravity and equations playing in grace.
Not every lesson ends in playful cheers
Sometimes lingers echoes of fear.
In each child is a vast world unseen
Lays a canvas wide with the gentle minds so keen
To learn and to know
Which nurtures their mind to grow.

In quiet places, harbours a dream
The stars aligned in each mind brim.
The excited heads chartered
With class notes scattered,
Varied thoughts engulf each enlightened seed of mind
Focused on their individual thoughts aligned.

Some glances are shared
Filled with laughter and some sorrows layered
There are also some silent faces which holds a spark
A quiet flame in the dark.

The echoes of the school bell ring through the corridor's pathways
And some children running past
Trying to get hold of their breath at last,
Huge shadows do they cast,
Although they have a life full of blast.

Honking of the cars
Blaring of the loud speakers,
Amidst which lies both the teacher and the seeker.
A quiet hum pervades, "Come the world has come"
While the bread pieces lay in crumb
As quiet observers of the silent cheerful world,
Within which they are curled.
The dusty floor holds the gateway
To a multiple doors
The charts and maps on the walls,
And the textbook that stares,
While the globe spins with stories knit rare,
Where each mind lays bare
With little things to share.

The orchestra of voices raise
Somebold, some shy,
All aiming towards the sky.
Like the ebb and flow of the tides,
The lyre of thoughts take longer strides
With each head held in pride.

Every lesson taught and each story narrated
Transforms timid hearts which is strong and bold.
Knowledge is incited where hope is planted,
Which makes our world a wiser home.

Now the seeds grow once small
Their laughter echoing through the walls
With the ring off the bell the day may end,
With lots of exchange they lend,
With every word in one glance,
They have a chance to swing and dance .

Every lesson taught and morals spun
Turns the timid hearts into a daring one.
Hope is sownand knowledge grows
Through their minds, thewhole world glows.



RECLAMATION VERSES

DEBOLINA DAS
B.Ed. Department

She walks home
In a daze
Anxious
To reach the sanitized interior
The fear in
The night air
Is almost
palpable
Cold and dreary :
Masked faces
Hover around her
With caution in their eyes
As she hurries
On her feet.

Trying
To work with a mind
Shut down
Doesn't help
But the guilt rises.
Another day passes
Right before her eyes
All she can do
Is heave a sigh...
She loses
Interest in things she loved
What remains are days
Filled with
Blank stares
and Apathy.

She sits at her desk, switching on the light
An empty notebook catches her eye
Her fingertips rest on the smooth white sheet
Longing to be roughened up
With words envisioned but left unsaid.
She feels her mind
Brimming with thoughts
Taking a pen she writes
Until pages upon pages fill
With Verses
Expressing everything
She couldn't...
Carving a piece
Of her soul
Into the poetry she makes
She found peace
Yes, she lost herself.
Yet, in the wave
of Disorder
But she found her voice



A CANVAS OF EMOTIONS

Sampurnaa Pramanik
B.Ed. Department

I have grown up in a town, where after every desolate night, when the sun shines and the soft warmth falls on the young green grasses, a pre-celebration of an upcoming success is celebrated by the natives.

Alipurduar, where even a three-year-old is taught about majestic art and artists. Where ferocious teenagers make their first footsteps, when nature's canvas unfolds.

I have seen love, cooking up in every corner of this place. The aroma smells delicious with the perfect mixture of kindness and veracity, spicing up the streets of this beautiful little place.

The name of Alipurduar has three different tales. The first part, 'Ali' is derived from the name of Col.Hedayat Ali Khan, who had once lived there and fought a war against Bhutan uncountable years back from the present date. 'Pur' stands for the meaning of residence and finally 'Duar' has its origin in the name of the region, 'Dooars'.

Surrounded with the thickest deciduous leaves, the forest roads lead to Alipurduar. Filled

with the pictorial vista of luscious tea gardens and semi-tropical greeneries, the place provides an unforgettable visual treat to every viewer, while whispering a secret that delves deep within.

The enchanting view of the precious emerald-blue Teesta River, meandering through the lofty mountainous valley, can steal one's heart and weave a spell around them.

In late September, with the mild chill winds, one can hear the jingling of the first Mahalaya bells and the blissful chant of the pious mantra by a hermit who left his home young.

And the city, like a teenage girl, adorns herself with shimmering colours dissolving in the aura of the biggest Bengali festival.

Alipurduar is a person, who knows how to be best of friends with a stranger, who gives you the feeling of a warm chai, on a winter morning and when the day of your departure comes, she sings “आज जाने की ज़िद न करो” making you feel like the most loved person in the world.



NOT ALL WOUNDS BLEED

SAYANI BAG

B.Ed. Department, Semester II

Fame or nameless, it spares none,
Mental battles aren't easily won.
It takes courage, raw and immense,
To chase a dream, to leap a fence.
Some leave IIT, and choose the skies,
Chasing their dreams with fearless eyes.
Becoming the spark for a million souls,
Teaching us that effort outweighs goals.

"You're not your results," you said aloud,
"You win by trying, standing proud."
Yet the one, who showed us how to cope,
Leave us stunned, stripped of hope.
Depression doesn't always cry or scream,
It wears a smile, it hides in a dream.
Stop calling your dear ones weak or fake,
Their silent battles may make them break.

"Why are you sad? You have it all"—
Words like these can make them fall.
If you can't lift, don't push them down,
Pain doesn't always wear a frown.
We judge by faces, by what we see,
But happiness isn't guaranteed by a plea.
The brightest star might think he's falling,
The warmest heart might still be calling.

Depression hides where laughter blooms,
Inside bright days and glittering rooms.
Speak your heart before you fall,
Reach for a hand, shatter the wall.
We never know whose goodbye will be the last,
So, hold them close, don't let it pass.
Depression is real, and it's time we spoke,
Before another soul is quietly broken.



CLAWS IN THE SHADOWS

SAYANI BAG

B.Ed. Department, Semester II

She is not an opportunity for indulgence,
But a responsibility the world must uphold.
You dismantle her spirit for fleeting pleasure,
On a night cloaked in darkness,
She walked home alone —
An ordinary act turned perilous.

You revere goddesses in sanctuaries,
Yet feel empowered to violate women,
Even within those sacred walls.
You reduce her to a plaything,
A servant to your unspoken desires,
And defile the very womb that birthed you.

One day, it's a newborn.
Another, a woman beneath a veil.
A sixty-year-old, a five-year-old —
Your violence sees no boundary.
You assault the woman, not her attire.
She winces beneath the weight of pain,
Haunted by predatory stares —
The victim becomes hollow,
While her violator walks free.
You devour her soul in silence,

Her cries echo in the alleyways of hell.
With hands like claws,
You shatter the architecture of her dreams.
She was just a child —
It was never her fault.

Rape wears many masks:
In marriage, in law, in silence.
To take without love is another form of violence.
To torment with perverse fantasy
Is yet another violation.

She was wedded to the wrong man —
Her "no" was mistaken for consent.
Rapists aren't always strangers;
Often, they live under the same roof.
She hides her wounds,
Invisible, but ever-growing.
We live in a culture
Where the victim is blamed,
And the guilty find shelter in excuses.

For the rapist, it ends in moments of pleasure.
For her, it becomes a lifetime sentence —
Of despair, of silence, of endless nightmares.



SHREYA BISWAS

B.Ed. Department, Semester III

RAINS AND FROGS

Rains fall.
Bogs form-
Where frogs marry,
For rains to carry on
And tarry on...
Causing floods-
Frogs make merry
Only to sever all ties later.
For rain haters to feel better.



LIFE

Life is like a kaleidoscope,
One whose songs can be heard via a stethoscope:
The beats of life that keep us alive,
Even when hardships are rife.
It is with a strong heart,
That we are able to throw the dart
And achieve the many feats of life with ease-
While also struggling with failures,
Only never to cease.
In a kaleidoscope,
As the patterns change,
So do our lives in this world's stage;
However much do we falter in chasing our dreams,
We are never to yield ourselves to a halter-
Instead follow our own paths in life,
And gain access to the world's rich treasures!
Hence, cherishing our worthwhile pleasure as the gift!



SOME UNTOLD FRAGMENTS

SHREYA BOSE

B.Ed. Department

Another day in the relentless whirlwind of civilized life has passed, but today, a spark of curiosity ignites within me. I can't help but ponder, "Why do I feel this restless longing after meeting that man?"

After completing my MBA, I secured a prominent position in the Corporate Finance Sector in Calcutta, a role that brought both honor and isolation. The more I climbed the corporate ladder, the more detached I felt from my colleagues. Our interactions had become little more than obligatory pleasantries, and I couldn't shake the notion that the luxuries of life had gradually created a wall between us. My reliance on a car and the office lift further distanced me from the simple camaraderie of everyday interactions.

As I arrived at the office, punctuality, my steadfast companion, guided my steps. Yet, when I approached the lift to reach the fourth floor, the guard informed me, "Good morning, sir. The lift is out of order today and will take some time to be fixed." A sinking disappointment washed over me. I despise being late. Reluctantly, I decided to take the stairs, entirely unaware of the unexpected turn I was about to encounter—perhaps this was destiny calling.

On the second floor, my eyes unexpectedly locked with those of a man quietly sweeping the floor. At that moment, time stood still; neither of us spoke, but a profound connection shimmered in the air. He broke the silence with a warm smile, his innocent eyes and unpretentious demeanor striking a chord deep within me. Yet, my commitment to punctuality nudged me forward, and I hurried past him, not knowing that his gaze would linger in my mind.

Throughout my journey home, I replayed the encounter in my thoughts. After combing through my memories, recognition hit me like a thunderbolt – he was Ramesh, my former classmate. We shared the same college, and suddenly, a long-buried bond flared to life. It became a habit to engage with him regularly, and I learned of his grim financial struggles, which stirred unexpected feelings of affection and sympathy within me.

Something within me shifted; I began to contemplate life outside the confines of my work. Each day, I sought to grasp the threads of our past together, and today, fragments of those memories surged back, igniting a familiar restlessness. Then, a haunting line by Thomas Hardy crossed my mind: "Happiness was but the occasional episode in a general drama of pain." My thoughts delved deeper into my college days, each memory vivid and palpable.

Back then, my financial situation mirrored that of Ramesh; we traveled to college by train, sharing that daily grind. Ramesh was an exceptional student, living nearer to the station. One fateful day, the train was crowded, an electric atmosphere fraught with tension. Ramesh clung to the gate while I stood nearby when suddenly, chaos erupted. "Pickpocket! Pickpocket!" people screamed, and all eyes turned to Ramesh. Shock coursed through him as he discovered a stolen wallet nestled within his bag. The crowd quickly grew hostile, a wave of anger crashing over us. They began to beat him before dragging him away to the authorities at the next station. Frozen by fear, I stood as a silent observer. Though I yearned to speak out,

my voice faltered in the tumult. The crowd dispersed, returning to their routines, leaving an indelible mark on Ramesh's life. The stigma of a thief forever altered his academic path, forcing him to abandon his studies and ultimately accept a position as a sweeper in my very office.

That day, I had seen a man with a dark complexion slip the wallet into Ramesh's half-open bag just moments before the uproar began. I had witnessed the act, yet I lacked the courage to confess the truth. The weight of that guilt has haunted me since, an unbearable burden I carry silently.

Now, I sit by my window, gazing at the sky as dark clouds swirl, obscuring the once-bright moon. A strange kinship forms between the gloomy landscape and my own heart, as if those clouds mirror my turmoil. I find myself whispering to the universe, "How long? How long?" The words echo in my mind, but this time, they spark a different kind of fire, a resolve that burns brighter than guilt. I realize that my inaction not only hurt Ramesh but also perpetuated a system where such injustices can occur. I decide to use my position to challenge that system.

The next day, I began by meeting with my company's HR department, proposing a review of hiring practices and employee treatment, with a focus on creating opportunities for those from

disadvantaged backgrounds. I also start an internal dialogue, sharing Ramesh's story (without revealing his name initially) to raise awareness about unconscious bias and the importance of empathy in the workplace. I then reach out to Ramesh, not just with an apology, but with an offer : to support his further education and help him pursue his original aspirations. I also quietly fund a local organization that provides legal aid to victims of wrongful accusations, hoping to prevent others from suffering a similar fate.

The changes are gradual, but they begin to take root. The company started a mentorship program, and there's a noticeable shift in the office culture, with more open conversations and a greater emphasis on fairness. Ramesh, with renewed hope, enrolls in a program to complete his studies.

Years later, I look back and see that my initial guilt didn't disappear, but it transformed into something productive. It became the catalyst for a series of actions that rippled outwards, touching not only Ramesh's life but also the lives of others. And though the memory of that day on the train still lingers, it's now accompanied by a sense of purpose and the knowledge that even from the deepest regret, positive change can emerge.

