

SRIJAN



National Institute of Technology
Hamirpur

PROLOGUE

You've been viewing the sun as a servant
serving you day and night; the moon was your
apprentice, people your enemies, and Nature
your plight.

Do you see the irony?

The sun doesn't care if the Earth stops spinning.
You do. Make it all right for me, will you?

Cover Illustration by **Harsh** (@h.arsh_)
Cover Story by **Shreya** (@aura_autumn)



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE SUN?





Director's *MESSAGE*

Prof. Lalit Kumar Awasthi
Director
NIT HAMIRPUR

To say that the previous year has been an unprecedented one would be an understatement. It requires immense courage, devotion, and futuristic vision to keep oneself engaged in the quest for knowledge and creativity. But despite these trying times, it fills me with pride to present the 19th edition of SRIJAN, the annual magazine of National Institute of Technology Hamirpur (NIT-H). SRIJAN continues to personify the heart and soul of our perpetually vibrant and dynamic community. It provides a colossal canvas allowing the thoughts of the entire institution to congregate into an artistic and literary masterpiece, shining a powerful light upon the living and breathing environment of the college and illustrating the emotions and culture inherent therein.

It is my utmost hope that this fine edition inspires the readers to introspect and develop a progressive outlook, one that is not shackled by conventional ideals and stereotypes but one that showcases the utopian virtues that our institute proudly boasts. I extend my heartiest praise to the SRIJAN Editorial Board for chiselling these raw, eclectic ideas into masterfully curated artistic pieces that capture the aura of our institution at

its finest. It is my honour to represent a small part of this grand endeavour in creating a space that encourages creative freedom and the unrestrained, ebullient flow of ideas.

Unfortunately, the NIT-H family lost an invaluable member, Dr. Narottam, a dedicated, hardworking, and promising faculty, to the COVID-19 pandemic. Through this message, the entire NIT-H family pays tribute to Dr. Narottam and wishes that the Almighty give his family the strength to bear this irreparable loss.

I end my communicate with confidence that SRIJAN will continue to embody the principles on which this institute stands, along with hope for the reader to find meaning within the pages of this magazine and introspect themselves through the medium of art. Lastly, I wish all my students and faculty a bright, prosperous, and productive learning year ahead.

Registrar's *MESSAGE*



Dr. Yogesh Gupta
Registrar
NIT HAMIRPUR



I am reassured to discover that even in the face of great tribulation during this unprecedented global predicament, the students of NIT Hamirpur have successfully continued the heartening tradition of publishing the institute magazine, SRIJAN. The magazine has always been a tremendous delight to read, and I have no doubt that the students have outdone themselves to generate the very best representation of what the college experience has to offer.

Bottling the immense influx of ideas, novelty, and spirit of a student body is no mean feat, and yet to provide to its readers such a varied end product is hugely inspiring to witness. Furthermore, these attributes elevate in time and in such a manner that the characteristic brilliance and ingenuity that our institution is known for shines beyond its walls. For not only are these students technically adept backbones of the country, but this magazine is also physical proof that their innate creativity and zeal know no bounds.

I sincerely praise the contributors of the magazine, who in every way added to it with the wish that whosoever picks up this edition genuinely enjoys delving into its eclectic contents. I hope that this glorious tradition of moulding out the finest of NIT-H continues for the years to come.

Happy reading to all !

Dean's *MESSAGE*

Dr. Pradeep Kumar
Dean Student's Welfare
NIT HAMIRPUR

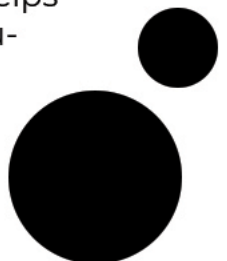


As quoted by Thomas Wolfe, "Culture is the arts elevated to a set of beliefs." These beliefs become thoughts, and these thoughts crystallize to take the form of words. Team SRIJAN truly fabricates these beliefs onto the finest paper embellished with exquisite designs. I take extreme pleasure to present before you the 19th Edition of SRIJAN, the annual student magazine of NIT Hamirpur.

SRIJAN, with its rich legacy, mirrors the quality of our esteemed institution and precedes its reputation most positively, its splendid content perfectly reflecting the cultural, aesthetic, and creative aspects of our technically and artistically insightful students. I appreciate the committed faculty and staff for their constant support and unwavering efforts towards motivating the students to bring such a masterpiece to life. I highly praise the profound dedication of the Editorial Board for their commendable work and am grateful to the cooperation of all the young and visionary minds who helped in the magazine's compilation and made this publication possible.

Crafted with hard work, raw talent, and unbounded novelty, this edition shall prove worth your time. I hope that the authentic emotions and imaginative concepts manifesting in this year's publication leave you with a lasting impression and a vision that helps you grow into individuals bearing the strongest personalities. Keeping the enthusiasm up and blessing you with the best wishes, dear readers, I now let you be with this true treasure.

Happy reading !



Faculty Incharge's *MESSAGE*

Dr. Aniket Sharma
Faculty Incharge, SRIJAN
NIT HAMIRPUR



It brings me immense pleasure to present the 2020-21 Edition of SRIJAN – the annual magazine of National Institute of Technology Hamirpur. SRIJAN continues to be a conglomeration of untethered dreams, boundless beliefs, and uncurbed thoughts. Like each year, this issue perdures its predecessors in bringing out the zeal and creativity in the budding minds of the institution.

I believe that the novel minds of this institution are constantly shaping futurity into a unique world that appreciates art, culture, and innovation as a prominent part of the human experience. SRIJAN – the process of creation – dwells in the possibility of providing an ideal platform for attracting and moulding such immeasurable flairs and has continued to do so over the years. The annual magazine essentially captures the inclinations and passions of the young creators of the college, serving as an inspiration for the upcoming generations of students at the Institute.

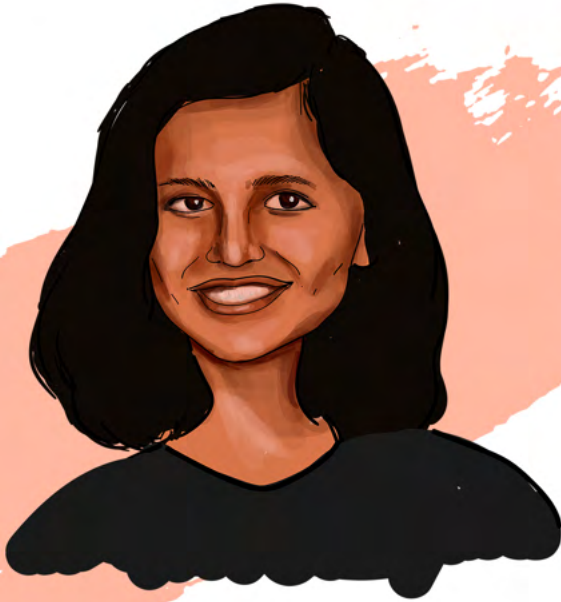
This year's edition is special in many ways, given the pandemic and the online work culture that brought a new perspective to the conventional work environment. I feel glad to associate myself with such an exuberant and defined team that rendered the advent of the magazine amidst these challenging times.

In conclusion, I extend my immense pride towards the exponential growth in the team as well as the magazine, which serves as a brand for the institution. I congratulate and commend the editorial board for the successful launch of the 19th edition of SRIJAN.

I sincerely hope that their consistent and illimitable efforts meet your expectations.

Jai Hind !

Editorial's Message



Mansi Kapoor *Editor-in-Chief*

Srijan has always been a place of passion, and when I say passion, I don't just mean a mere bunch of highly energized people thinking about a 100-page worth of creative content. No. I mean a group of creative misfits who realize and believe that it is when you stand tall with the sheer audacity of having a difference of opinion is when you know you've sparked art. Because you can't create work like this by just throwing a handful of random people in a room. In my three years of being in this team, I have understood one thing- it doesn't matter if you're here because you have friends who were already part of this team, or you're looking for a distraction to submerge yourself into, or you're looking to learn and up your creative game; if there's even a tiny part of you who actually wants to be here, there will be a place for you here.

The 19th edition of SRIJAN is the epitome of how fierce and powerful passion is, even in the face of adversity. People have worked through trying times, even grieving. And this edition won't be complete if I or anyone who reads it decides to overlook it.

The 49 people who've made this edition possible are the only people in the 19 years of SRIJAN who did not get to meet and brainstorm together. This is tragic, but to think that all this right here was discussed, written on, and designed over the phone is amazing, at the very least.

We, the people of this team, are proud misfits. Misfits of this world, who saw a dystopian world around them and chose for it to inspire us into making this piece of art right here. This edition is a transition, each article, each illustration, and each sketch is a transitional idea that grew and developed as this year went by. This edition has grown, become, and even slightly suffered, not just by us but with us. It is a compilation and a recollection of not only our ideas but also our fears, flaws, and emotions, and that's what makes this edition so beautiful.



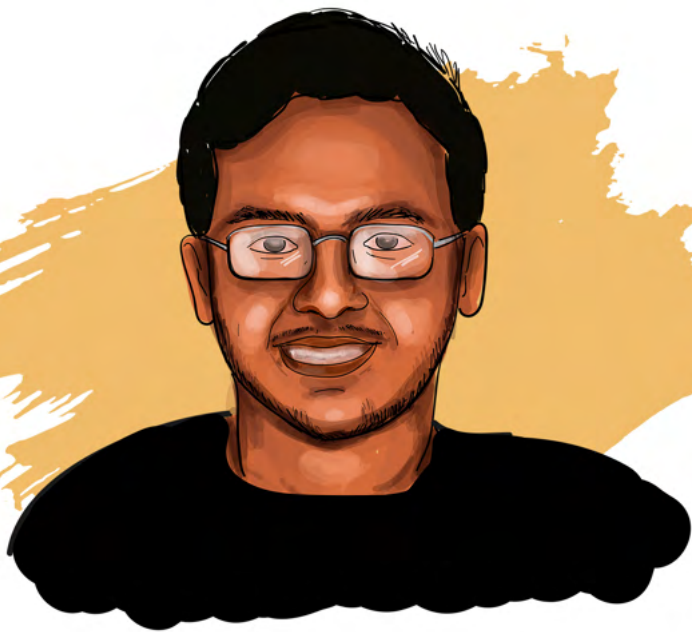
Aryan Sahu *Design Head*

I've perfected my flaws. And anybody who believes to relate, cannot be as bad as I am. In the post-pandemic world, where one is asking for existential validation from a stranger, I'm a known track of Bon Iver — left to be played on repeat. Who cares if I might miss something great as long as I want to be in the moment. And embrace my flaws. Cause nobody can do them better, or worse, than myself. Flaws are beautiful, flaws are magical. You ought to fall for flaws than faces.

The nineteenth edition of SRIJAN is one such collection of flaws; gracefully sewed with time and imperfections. It will hold you for a while and then let you fall freely. And I wish it to be your best flight. Hopefully, you'd meet the clouds your friends probably made chilling in the hostel room. The thrust against you, making it challenging for you to raise your GPA. And the gravity, you'd always felt for someone or many. It's really up to you..

SRIJAN is a room full of Charles Bukowskis, Vincent Van Goghs and Alan Gregory Isakovs not struggling to find their muses for once. The art that belongs here embraces harmony and respect. It's peaceful but it never hurts. Sometimes it's like someone left Bon Iver to be played on repeat. And nobody cares to change.

So, if you love such silences, then put on your akin headphones, and come on, Skinny Love!



Vinayak Shrote *English Head*

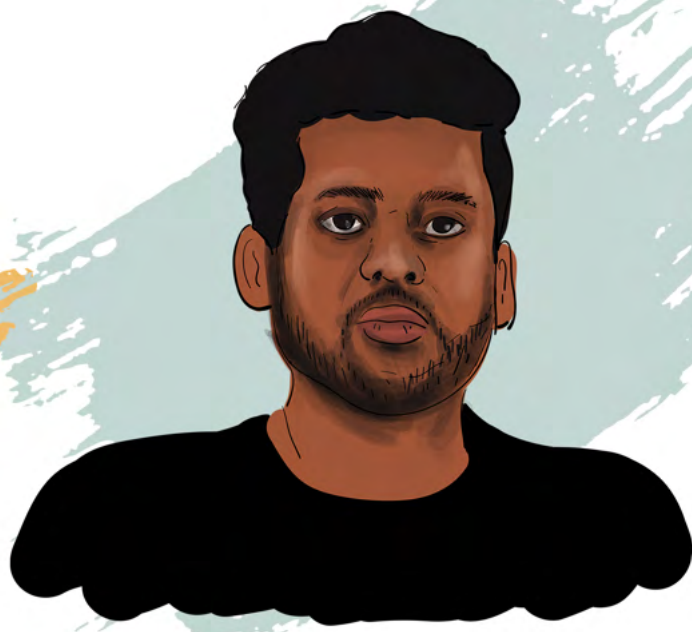
"And when his Musa finally cast away his blindfold, he broke free from the cosmic treadmill and plunged headfirst into the gigantic ocean of hermetic rime. As he sank, his lungs began to swell with the ethereal essence of the fluidic verse, threatening to burst forth with his own beautiful rime. And while the poetry liberated from his soul, the body slowly drowned away, into the unknown abyss, finally become part of the powerful verse."

And thus, is the sweet tragedy of a writer's world. A tragedy that leaves behind a beautiful composition of esoteric emotions, novel thoughts, and suppressed scribbles that yearn to find expression in a mundane world ravaged by authoritarian dictums.

The 19th Edition of SRIJAN bears such a composition, with a cornucopia of divergent ideas meticulously interwoven into a unique singularity by some of the finest literary practitioners in our vibrant community. I am grateful to witness the familiar artistic experience thrive despite the fusillades hurled at us by the lingering pandemic.

Standing true to its name, everything that SRIJAN is... is an instrument that invokes the beautiful connection between the composer and their art. And I am thankful to this diverse team of unyielding misfits that constructed a Promethean stronghold for these composers to nurture this bond by exposing their splendid literary façades. Indeed, a mere few lines would prove grossly insufficient in appreciating this mélange of boundless talent.

That each rime is its poet's own, and your verse is yours alone, is the beauty of literature and art. With that said, I now rest my weary pen with the hope that you find your inner muse as you immerse yourself in the powerful verses scribbled inside SRIJAN, 19th.



Monish Jaiswal *Hindi Head*

"सृजन" शब्द जैसे ही मेरे कानों में पड़ता है तो मेरे

अवचेतन मन में भरी सारी मधुर अविस्मरणीय स्मृतियाँ अकस्मात मेरी आंखों के सामने प्रकट हो जाती हैं। दोस्तों के साथ नेस-कैफे पर पार्टी हो या OAT पर मस्ती, हॉस्टल की महफिल हो या जंकशन के पराठे, ऐसी ही अनमोल यादों और ढेर सारे प्यार से बना है हमारा "सृजन परिवार"।

हमारे संस्थान के लिए "सृजन" सिर्फ एक पत्रिका ही नहीं अपितु एक माध्यम है जिसकी सहायता से संस्थान का प्रत्येक व्यक्ति अपने विचार संपूर्ण संस्थान के सामने रख सकता है। सृजन को अगर हमारे संस्थान का आईना कहा जाए तो कोई अतिशयोक्ति नहीं होगी। जिस प्रकार आईना हमें हमारा प्रतिबिंब दिखाता है उसी प्रकार सृजन पत्रिका भी हमारे संस्थान की छवि को प्रदर्शित करती है। सृजन पत्रिका वर्षपर्यंत संस्थान में घटी हर छोटी-बड़ी गतिविधियों को सम्मिलित करती है तथा साथ ही साहित्य एवं कला को बढ़ावा देने का भी कार्य करती है।

मैं स्वयं को सौभाग्यशाली मानता हूँ कि मुझे सृजन संपादकीय का भाग बनने का अवसर मिला। सृजन संपादकीय में कार्य करके मुझे बहुत कुछ सीखने को मिला और साथ ही ऐसे साथी मिले जिनसे एक अटूट सा बंधन बन गया।

सृजन पत्रिका को हमने अत्यंत प्रेम एवम् लगन के साथ बनाया है। उम्मीद करते हैं कि आप सभी को सृजन पत्रिका का यह संस्करण अवश्य पसंद आएगा।

अपनी बात समाप्त करने से पूर्व मैं सृजन संपादकीय के सभी कर्मठ साथियों का धन्यवाद करना चाहूंगा जिन्होंने अपने अमूल्य समय तथा रचनात्मक कार्यशैली द्वारा सृजन पत्रिका के इस संस्करण को इतना सुंदर एवं संपूर्ण बनाने में योगदान दिया।

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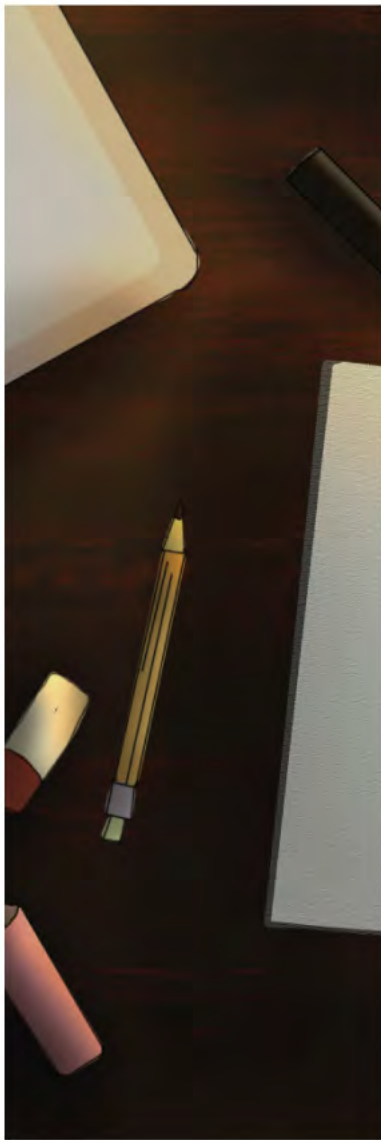
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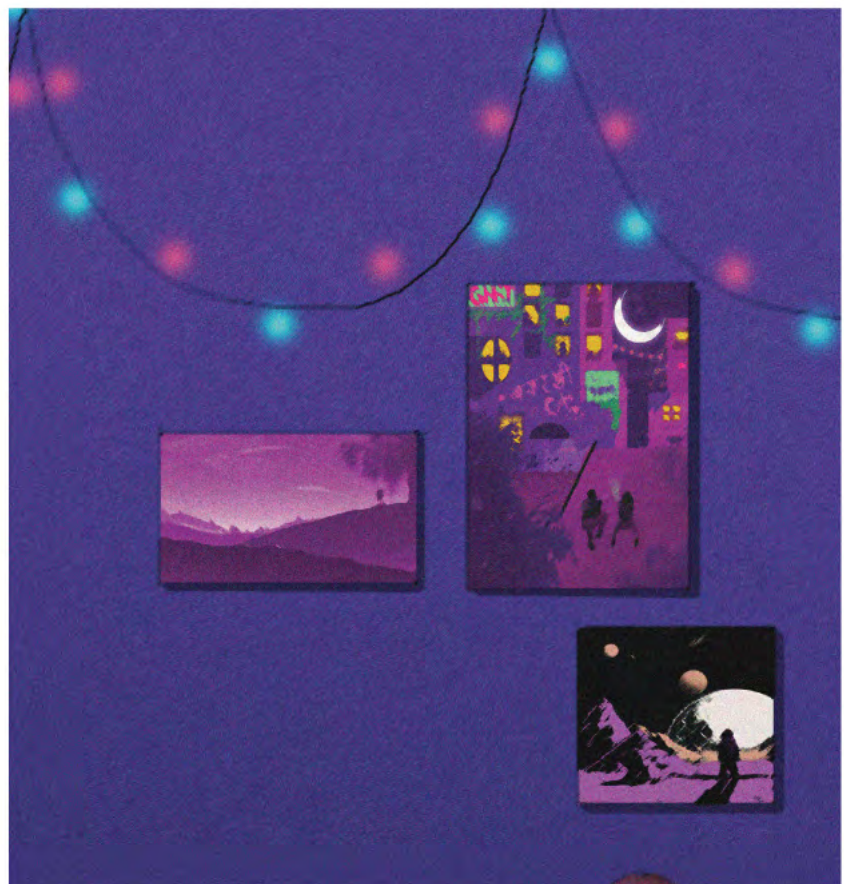
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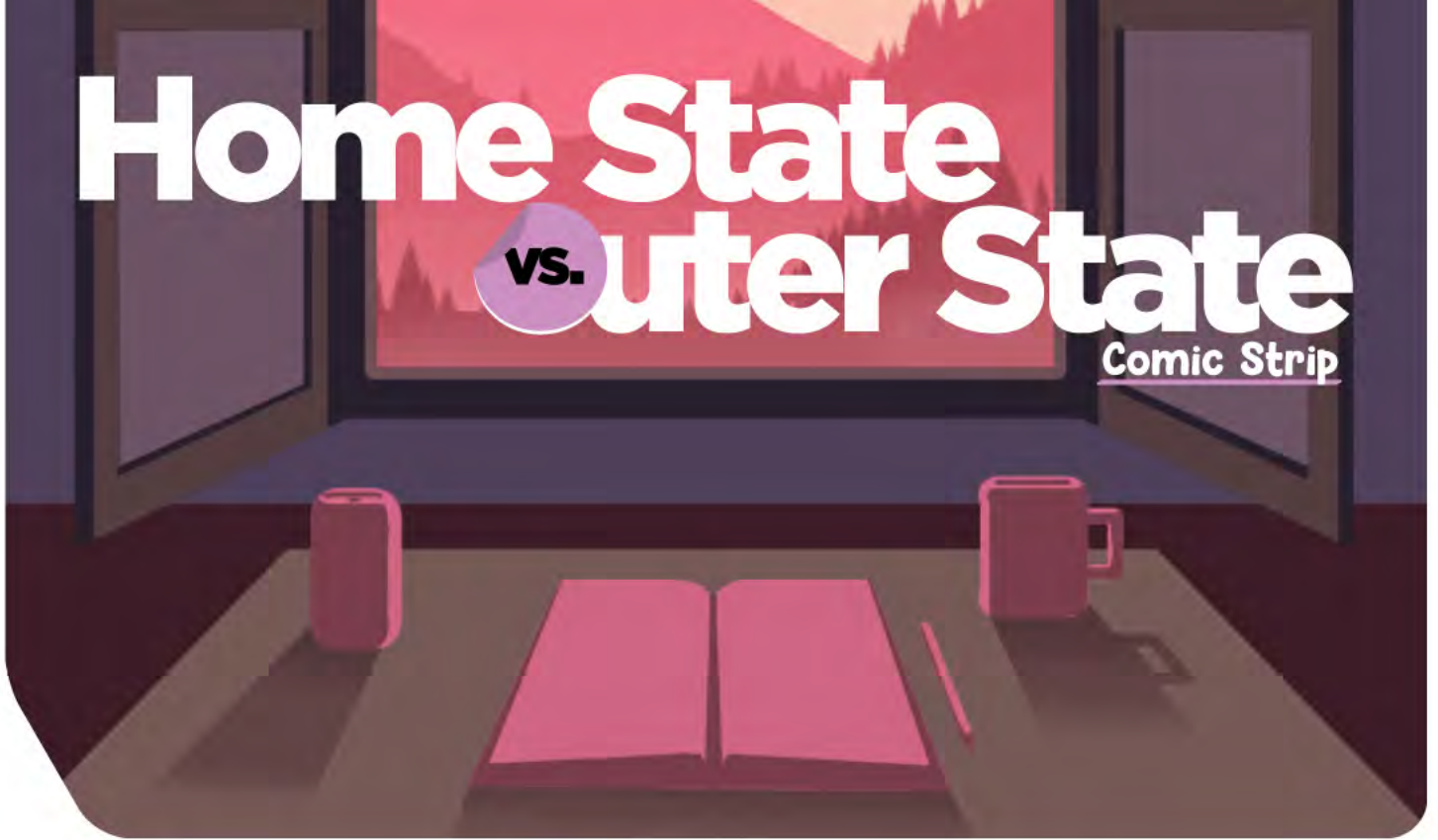
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Home State vs. Outer State

Comic Strip



The mountain view was always better than watching neighbours.

Time stands still with books wide open and a bewitching view of the enduring hills. A cup of coffee in one hand and a bunch of notes in the other, awaiting the lift of murk to feel the chills of the weather.

◀ **The only view people in cities had, were of their neighbours.**

Restrictions have been imposed and all doors are now closed. Sitting alone by the window, all for the vibrant views, But all you see now, is neighbour's face, subdued.

Mountains cannot be closed

Lockdowns enforced again and yet, the spirit of mountains remains. Free to run, walk, and climb, And sit under the shade of trees amidst the starry lamp of the placid night.

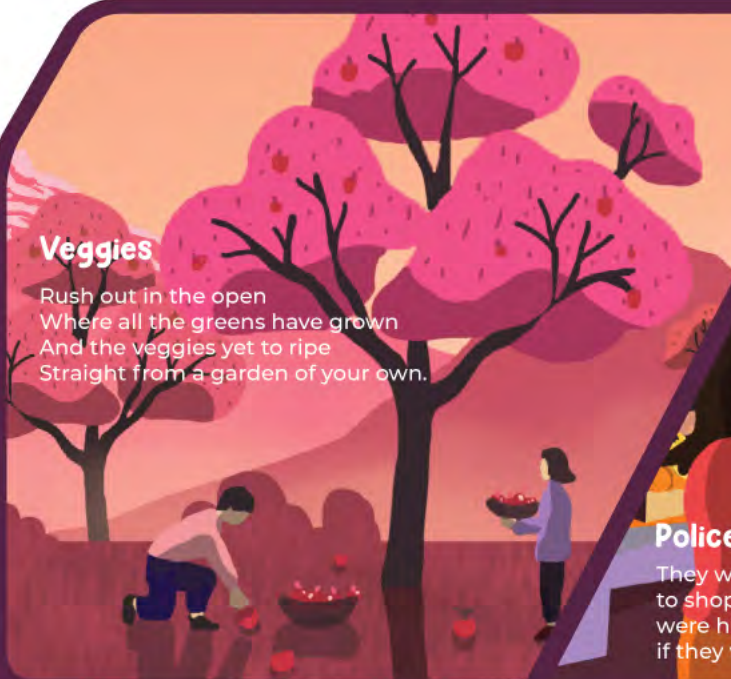
NETFLIX

Netflix was the main idea of staying in the room.

Nine months and beyond drained inside the room. Lost track of all the mornings and the noons. You're offered neither the vistas nor the hills. But still, you made it till here, at the sheer courtesy of Netflix and chill.

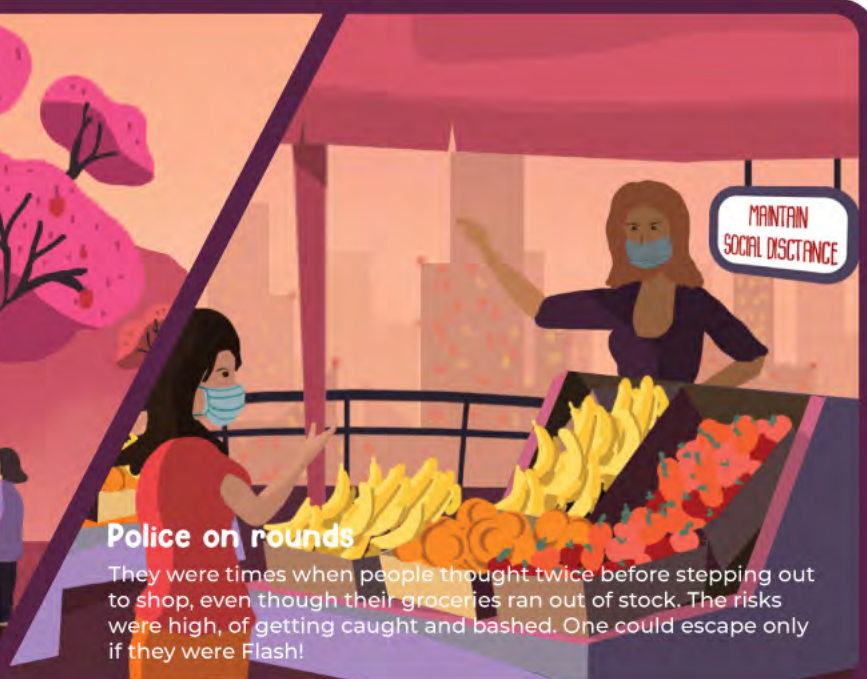
Veggies

Rush out in the open
Where all the greens have grown
And the veggies yet to ripe
Straight from a garden of your own.



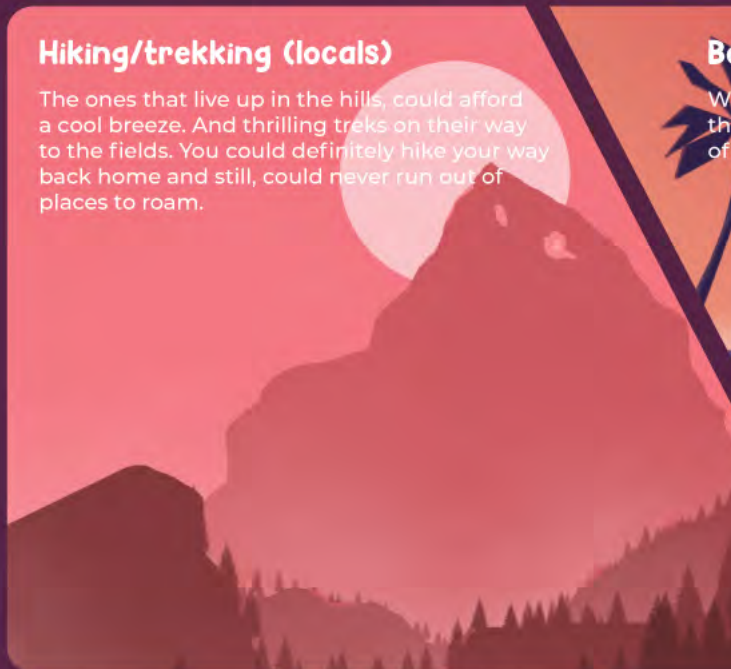
Police on rounds

They were times when people thought twice before stepping out to shop, even though their groceries ran out of stock. The risks were high, of getting caught and bashed. One could escape only if they were Flash!



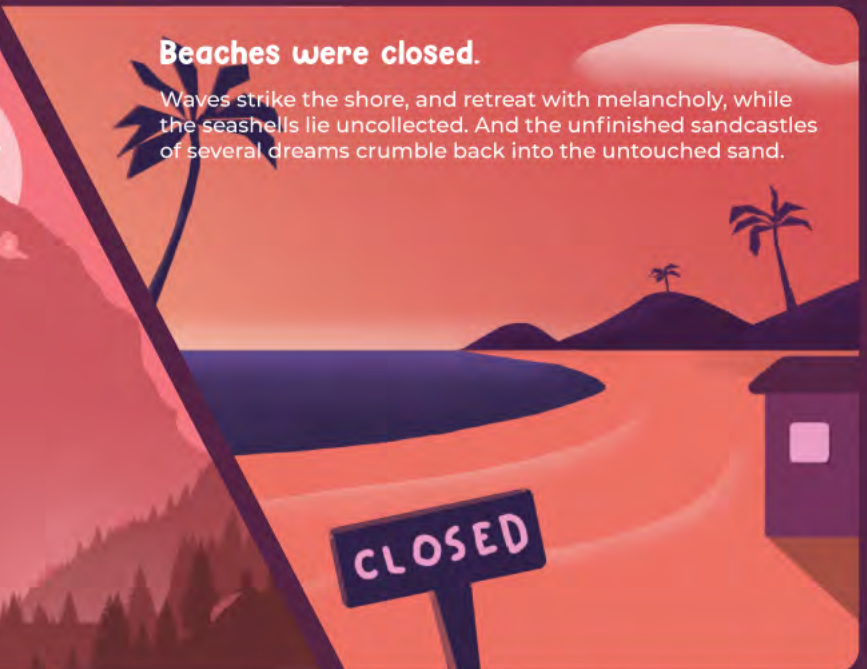
Hiking/trekking (locals)

The ones that live up in the hills, could afford a cool breeze. And thrilling treks on their way to the fields. You could definitely hike your way back home and still, could never run out of places to roam.



Beaches were closed.

Waves strike the shore, and retreat with melancholy, while the seashells lie uncollected. And the unfinished sandcastles of several dreams crumble back into the untouched sand.



Fewer restrictions in Himachal villages

If you dwell amongst the smaller villages, you know precisely how it feels to have friends and family waiting to greet with unqualified freedom awaiting to spend and only petty restrictions compared to the towns.



More restrictions in cities

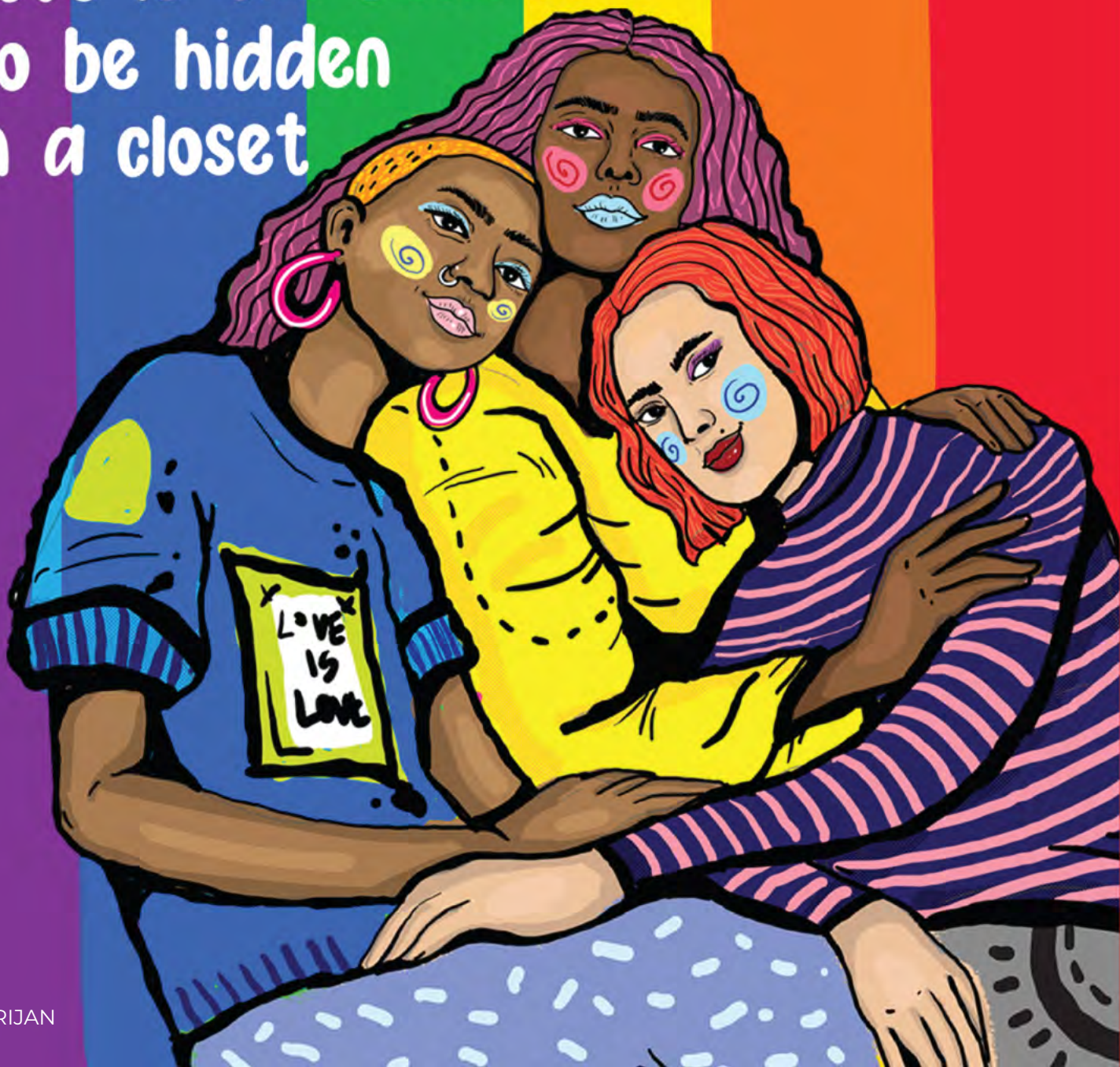
Curfews across the entire town, the timings have been narrowed down, fewer hours of freedom, confined within the walls, far away from your mates, yet closely connected through calls.



"Call me by my ~~name~~ prounoun"?

"He", "she", or "they" – the mere grammar pronouns that your English teacher kept correcting you with, have turned into a worldwide movement today. Using the right pronouns for a person is not just a trend that people are including in their Instagram bios. The practice of invoking their correct usage is a way of showing respect to a person's gender identity and acknowledging the psychological perceptions of their gender.

Love is too beautiful to be hidden in a closet



Ritchie Norton once said,

"Don't put me in a box until I'm dead."

Gender is no longer the umbrella over the two boxes of male and female, masculine and feminine, and man and woman. Today, Gender is more fluid and considered to resemble more as a spectrum than possess binary characteristics. In physics, the wave-particle duality states that matter can be a particle or a wave. Analogously, Gender too bears resemblance to a wave throughout the spectrum, and also a particle (or a box) at its ends (comprising the usual masculine and feminine separations).

A very important thing to note here is that your biological gender does not define your gender identity. Your identity is unique to you and is not determined by your birth.

"I do drink red wine. But I also drink white wine. And I've been known to sample the occasional rosé. And a couple summers back I tried a Merlot, that used to be a chardonnay. I like the wine and not the label."

– David Rose, Schitt's Creek.

Bedazzle the world with whatever wine and whatever label you are into. It's entirely your choice, and dare anyone take away your chances of meeting your Mariah Carey.

People of the LGBTQIA+ community have suffered for ages. People such as the great mathematician Alan Turing, renowned painter Leonardo da Vinci, world-famous sculptor Michelangelo, the witty author Oscar Wilde, and even the world-famous Alexander the Great, have all been a part of the queer community and have, from time to time, changed the world in unprecedented ways. Regardless of their gender identities, they were the people who contributed to the history of humankind. Society of the 21st century, while appreciating their work, can also, in the least, accept this community for who they are and recognize them as an equally respectable, and normal part of the society. For it is not the queer who are in a box, but the minds who refuse to open up and accept love in all its forms.

To make things easy for all of us, here is a pronoun guide that might come in handy in everyday conversations.

The pronoun guide

Now, this brings us to the part where we get acquainted with gender-neutral pronouns.

What are they, exactly?

A gender-neutral, or gender-inclusive pronoun, is generally a pronoun that does not categorize or associate a person with a particular gender.

A few things to keep in mind before we delve into these gender-neutral pronouns:

1. These pronouns should be used only towards those people who prefer being addressed by those words. Or for someone whose pronouns you do not know.

2. While neutral pronouns can be used with anybody, it is usually a good practice to address someone with their preferred pronouns if you know them entirely.

3. Pronouns referring to any individual do not indicate their sexuality and should not be misinterpreted.

We have lots of gender-neutral pronouns that are currently in use. Here are a few examples for you:

They/them/theirs These are very common gender-neutral pronouns and denote both singular and plural subjects.

Ze/hir These are some not-so-common pronouns used in various sections of society. Ze (pronounced like "zee") replaces she/he/they. And Hir (pronounced as "here") replaces the pronouns her/hers/him/his/they/theirs. You may consider avoiding these if their verbal usage gets too clumsy.

Talk like Sgt. Terry Jeffords Some humans don't believe in pronouns and like to be addressed only by their names (and that is completely okay). Terry loves yoghurt and Terry loves all human beings too. Be like Terry.

A few ethical rules to keep in mind:

1. Never address anyone using the words "it" or "he-she". They are considered offensive.
2. Never use the wrong pronouns while referring to diverse sections of people (especially on purpose. What are you? Satan?) Even if you do it accidentally (which is normal), apologize immediately and rephrase (simple and straight).



Agender

Someone who does not associate themselves with any gender on the gender spectrum at all.

Ally

A cisgender human supportive of the LGBTQIA+ community.

Aromantic

(Moh Maya se upar) A person not interested in any kind of romantic or carnal relationship with anyone.



Cisgender

The privileged ones who don't have to fight for their gender identity to be accepted. The ones whose gender identity is the same as their biological gender.



Demi-girl

A biologically female human, who does not identify as a woman either socially or mentally.



Gender Binary

This is an opposing term to the gender spectrum that considers gender to be divided into two groups – male and female; often considered poles apart.

Gender creative

A person (usually a child in his growing years) who does not confine their identity to any particular gender and hence are open to the gender spectrum. It is increasingly becoming a way of explaining the notions of gender to the children by modern families.

Gender essentialism

"Ladkiyan bas ghar chalayein, bachche sambhalein, pati ko parmeshwar mane." *"Ladke paise kamanlein ki sochein. Mard bano, dard nahi hoga"*. Ye aur aise uchch vichar come under gender essentialism.

Gender non-conforming

syn. Gender creative

Gender spectrum

This is a term that refers to gender being a fluid identity, rather than encompassing just two categories. It refers to the idea that gender is a continuum rather than being a quantum. (turns out Einstein knew about it too).

Genderqueer

A believer in the gender spectrum.



Homophobia

Phobia here refers to more reluctance, avoidance, or hatred towards the people of the LGBTQ+ community, rather than being the fear of them. "Karen" of the loving human community.



Neutrois

Anyone who is an agender or a genderqueer individual.

Non-binary

A non-binary individual refers to someone whose gender identity is fluid, i.e., not restricted to any one of, or to any of, the conventional genders (man/-woman or male/female). They do identify with one of the genders on the gender spectrum.



Pocket gender

A series of gender identities belonging to certain individuals or very small groups.

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Chaos ~~is~~ isn't a ladder

"My life was a mess... but I could clean my room."
- Lara Jean Covey

Home has always possessed a “safe” feeling that you could wrap yourself around in. Apart from *maa ke haath ka khana*, what makes a house “home” is the way you maintain your space. Imagine sitting on your favorite couch donned with the perfect peach-colored covers and “F.R.I.E.N.D.S.” themed cushions to complement the seating. Think of your coffee table, having that rugged, posh look, your beautiful black coffee mug filled with warm tea, and some cake beside. All the frames and pictures that you had collected during your travels perfectly aligned on the wall behind, and a television set sits right in front of you, with a cozy Christmas movie playing. Sounds wholesome and comforting, doesn’t it?

Picking the right furniture and the right piece of art, bringing them together and making them blend into one snug coffee-drinking spot summons up quite an indescribable feeling. In short, an organized space makes home a *feel-good* space.

I have always considered myself to be following the footsteps of Lara Jean Covey, the shy 16-year-old half Korean protagonist of Jenny Han’s book-series. Organizing my room is the first thing I do every time my life turns into a rollercoaster ride; it makes me feel better, on top of my life, and most importantly, *in control*. While all of that is true, some people still despise planning and organizing, thinking that it would lead to a robotic life. Adventure and spontaneity, according to general consensus,

lies outside the sphere of being prepared and clear about things. Hence, one of the widespread debates around the globe has always been about spontaneity versus planning.

I’m being severely blunt when I say that I had encountered severe anxiety the previous year (what with the world spiraling on a downhill ride) and needed something to keep everything in check. Being very honest with you, dear lovely reader (*Did someone smell Lady Whistledown’s ink?*), I am a rather adventurous soul with a love for the miracles of life. Hence, this debate was very important to me. And I will break it down for you.

To better understand this debate, let us begin with the definition of a control freak. According to the Oxford Dictionary, this is a person who feels an excessive need to exercise control over themselves and others and to take command of any situation that befalls upon them. Now, when it comes to bringing organization and planning into your life, it does feel as if you’re either giving up all the spontaneity and living a boring, monotonous life. As if you’re turning into a control freak. Trust me, I can understand the pain.

And the very same thing will be the case if you define every minute of your day with a pre-decided task, and try to plan out every single month for the next ten years. People do that, yes. And I used to follow the same norm too, once.

As a normal rule, I'd used to decide on a particular routine and tell myself, "**I am going to follow this schedule every day, starting tomorrow!**". And then I'd wake up the following day – usually late, and at the wrong time – and lose all that built-up motivation to follow anything. I'd spend the remainder of the day as a couch potato and wouldn't finish anything that I had intended to complete. There was this unspoken pressure of planning that'd somehow prevented me from following through or even getting started.

Consequently, I'd decided to give up everything. I was pretty much convinced that planning and organizing my life was stupid. I'd created problems, bogged myself down in the process, and then started solving them, only to perform the same activity all over again! It was a never-ending vicious cycle, and I was a tangled mess in between.

I'd failed to recognize this insidious pattern. And hence, I'd kept going on with my not-so-ordered, utterly chaotic life. I would open my email inbox and find thousands of unattended or forgotten emails. I would look at my downloads folder and never find

the right file in time. And my gallery had a greater number of unwanted memes than selfies. I'd forgotten how many outfits I'd owned or which shirt was where. I'd had no idea what my subjects were that semester, and I'm pretty sure I'd forgotten to submit half of my assignments. Above all of that, the world was making more impromptu decisions than I was in my dating life.

Everything was utter chaos in its finest manifestation.

It was at this sheer disarrayed juncture when I decided to give organization and planning another chance. However, as opposed to the conventional approach, I started with a different mindset. This time, I wanted to choose exactly what I wanted to organize. And set some boundaries too.

In a way, I was taking control. But this time, I wanted to discover the hidden element – that characteristic integration of letting life surprise me and my taking control of things that shouldn't surprise. I needed a middle ground, a treaty of sorts to end this war inside my head. To find something that would keep my universe going.



a bal- ance

I finally settled on this small rule: "*You shouldn't organize something that you don't desire.*"

Before getting into the details, it is important to know how you can find balance among the realms of chaos and order.

We could start by talking about the **complexity theory**, that deals with the discovery of certain

patterns and their application, while embracing the randomness of various algorithms and problems. You could, in essence, choose to organize certain aspects of your life while continuing to have dynamism in the remaining areas.

This also relates to a theory in psychology and spiritual philosophy, called **Ken Wilber's integral theory**. It talks about the integration of ideas, usually on the two sides of the debate. Wilber states, "**When you start to make room for everything, everything works better**". No one is smart enough to be entirely wrong!

It cannot be completely insane to not plan ahead (or to plan everything in advance). We must

integrate diverse ideas (from various sources of inspiration) to form a system that works for us.

As an example, I started with watching documentaries on minimalism. Although I don't practice the technique, the concepts helped me declutter a few things (and people) out of my already inundated life. I deleted most emails that I no longer needed, donated books and outfits, and unfollowed some people while forgiving a few. I realized that I couldn't afford to move ahead with that kind of negativity on my shoulders.

I let go.

Soon, it was time to decide: to organize or to let everything be. This is where balance comes in. Your balance will look different than mine. It is unique to you, to the things that matter to you, and to the position you are in your life at that moment.

In my case, I was crushed under the weight of professional work and had no time to spare for myself or for pursuing any of my hobbies. So, I decided to organize my digital space first. I wanted to automate that space and not think about it any further. I also planned my semester as much as I

could, organizing my calendar with my course timings and assignment dates, and scheduling meetings with my boss.

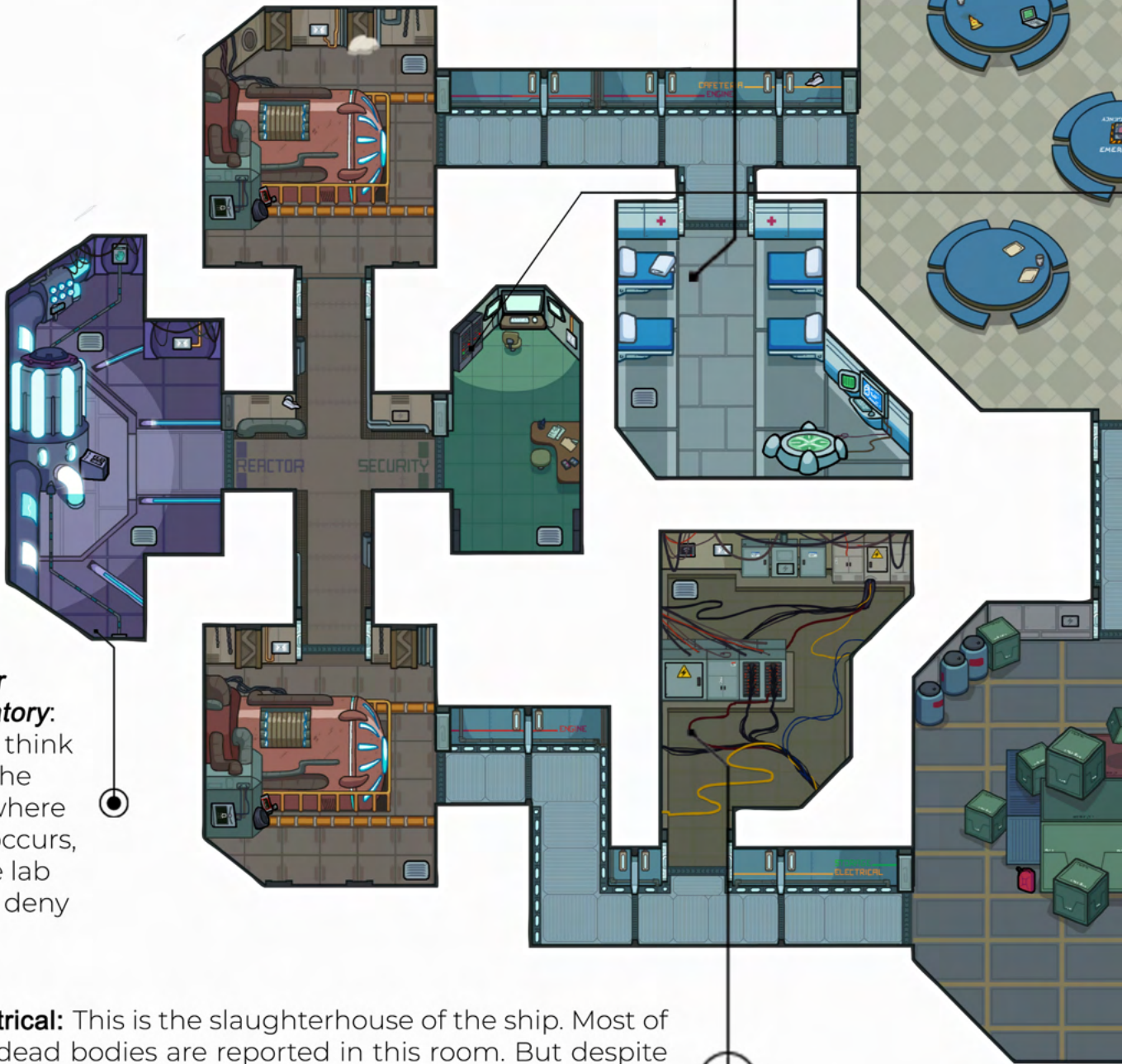
Now, I had one less area to think about.

What I left untouched was my creativity. I planned my weeks, not the days. There was always a list of stuff to complete, but not a time attached with them, unless necessary. This way, I had more time and space in my life, and that helped me disconnect from all the noise that I was running from. In short, I organized my physical world to embrace the chaos inside. This worked in my case. Something else might work in yours. The key is to find that sweet spot, the right balance. So, if you ever feel like things are spiraling out of control, and you can't ever perceive all that is happening around... just stop. Take a deep breath, and get rid of the noise. Then, work your way up.

There is always something that you can put in order, and a few things that you cannot control. Also, the things that you can control will often slip away too. But this time, you'll know where exactly to put them back.

AMONG US: NITH

Med Bay: The solution to all your problems. Med Bay has enough supplies of paracetamol to cure any crewmate. Serious cases are often offered traditional cough syrups for better treatment here. The only thing that Med Bay can't detect is the imposter. However, with their ever-advancing technologies in medical treatment, they claim to cure the imposter syndrome too; probably with the same medication.



Reactor /Laboratory: People think this is the place where math occurs, but the lab people deny that.

Electrical: This is the slaughterhouse of the ship. Most of the dead bodies are reported in this room. But despite the risk, some people enter this room by mistake, which brings to them nothing but regret.
Most of the ghosts are found completing their tasks in this room for the sake of finishing their courses on this ship.

Cafeteria: Also known as Nescafé, this is the most popular place for our players. All the important meetings must be called here. Skeld sweethearts are seen chilling out at this place quite often.

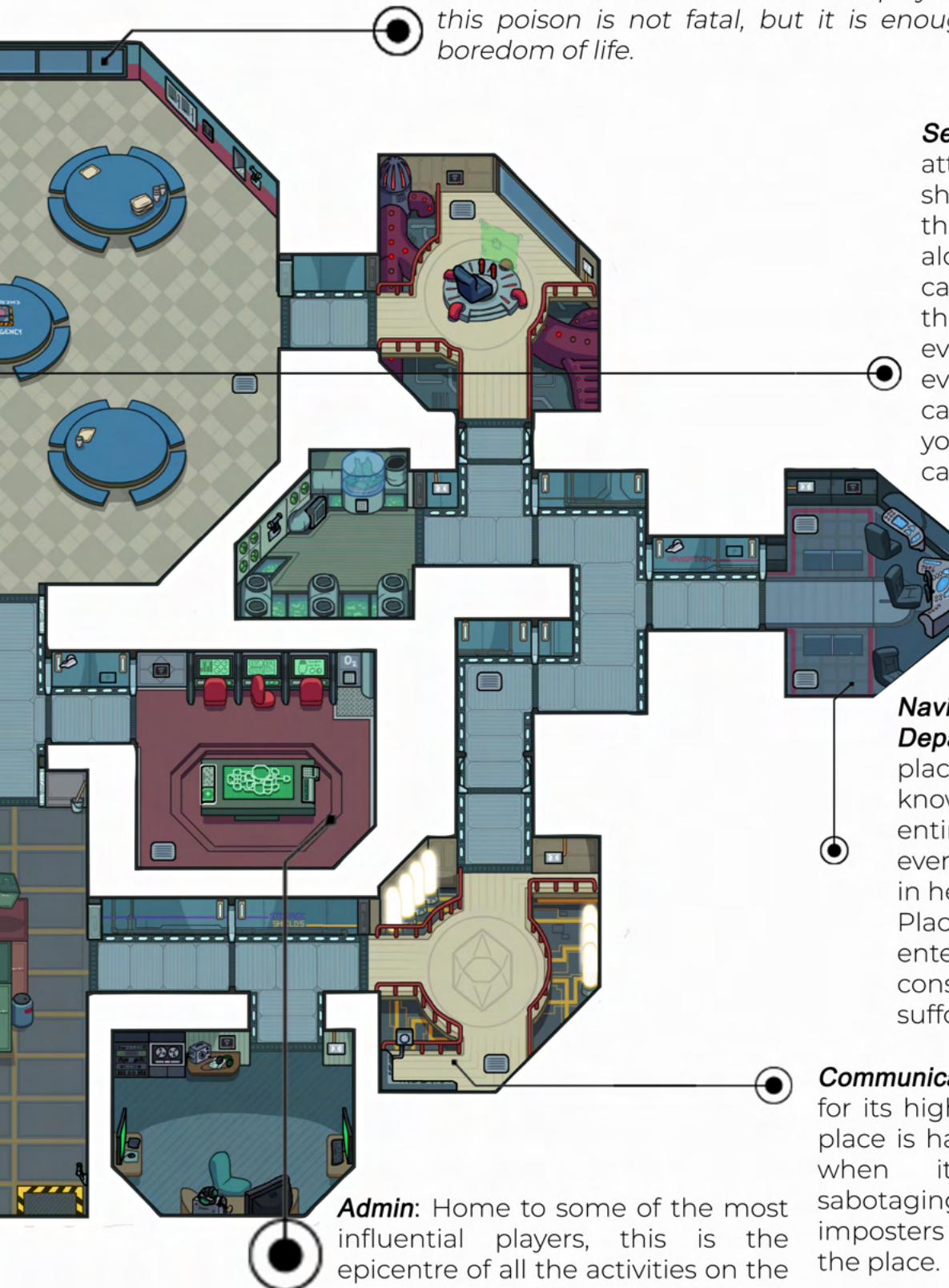
However, players are advised to be extremely cautious while consuming food here as there have been several reports of poisoning in the past and some people believe it is the work of one of our players. Reportedly, this poison is not fatal, but it is enough to kill the boredom of life.

Security: The attentive eyes of the ship. You might think that you are alone. But be it the cafeteria or the OAT, these eyes are everywhere. So take every step with caution. Who knows, you might get caught!

Navigation/Civil Department/Archi: The place is infamously known for guiding the entire ship. But not every crewmate likes it in here. For instance, Placement refuses to enter the room, considering it to be too suffocating for her.

Communications: Known for its high efficiency, this place is hardly considered when it comes to sabotaging the ship. The imposters seem to dislike the place.

Admin: Home to some of the most influential players, this is the epicentre of all the activities on the ship. The only thing that this room cannot control is the altitude of the ship.







Dictator

Where?

NITHian



We found the body at Comms. Researchers must have been the first ones to notice something wrong here. They have been shut before they could take any action.



Faculty

I think this is self-report.

NITHian



IIITian and I were together, so this is someone other than us. The person clearly wants to misguide us by hiding the tasks and other stats of the ship.



Haryali

I think IIIT is the imposter. They are literally admitting the fact that they do not belong here.



Haryali has voted. 9 remain.



Dictator has voted. 8 remain.



IIITians

Come on lime, I was with green all the time.



Zehri

Focus, people. Maybe you all need some coffee. Also, I was at the Cafeteria so I am not the imposter.



IIITians

Red sus



IIITians have voted. 7 remain.



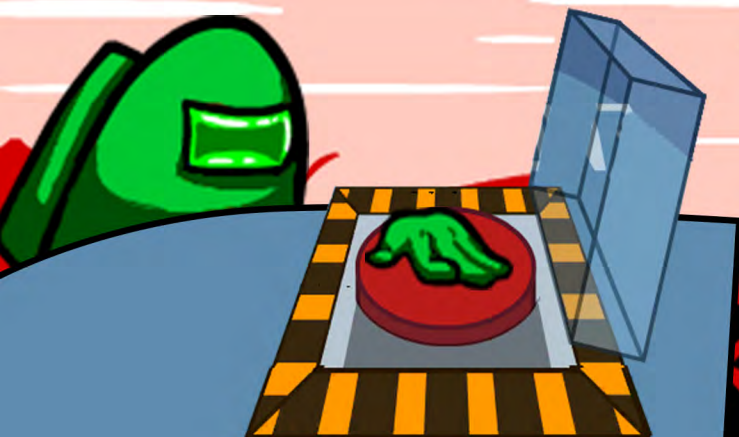
Faculty

Should we skip? Time is running out.



III Tian was not an Imposter.
1 imposter remains

EMERGENCY
MEETING



NITHian 

The ship is going down. Mayday! Mayday!



Placements

We need to fix this immediately. You know I can't survive at lower altitudes. I feel dizzy already.

NITHian 

Yes, Purple. We know that. This is a crucial time; we can't lose another crewmate.



Dictator

How do you know that Purple is a crewmate. You seem sus green.



Zehri

I saw Purple do weapons. She went there right after having coffee at my place.



Dictator

Then the dizziness is because of the coffee. Purple, you know there have been cases of poisoning at the cafeteria. I have been trying to tell you guys initially, and I am telling you guys right now too: Red is SUS and is trying to kill us



Faculty

And if it actually is the low altitude, then Lime can save us. I heard that she knew how to handle the equipment that altered the altitude.



Fest

Yes, she has been a very helpful crewmate to me as well. I believe she can save us all before we crash

NITHian 

All the best, Lime.

Admin Room

*Vent closes

EMERGENCY
MEETING



Fest

The funds supply has been cut all of a sudden. We need to know who did it.

NITHian



Definitely not me. You know I don't even have access to it.



Haryali

I really hope this doesn't affect the beauty of the ship, does it? Can anyone of you please confirm that?



Faculty

Come on! Is that all you care about when 50 per cent of the funds have been drawn out? I am really worried. This is going to affect our ship altitude intensely. None of you care about anything here. I am the only one who has to look out for all your shortcomings.



Dictator

But the system never tells how much of the funds have been drawn out. How is it that you are aware about it, Blue?



Fests

Blue SUS. I vote blue



Fest voted. 7 remain.



Fest voted. 6 remain.



Faculty

Wait! I have an explanation...

NITHian



I have some bad news, people. Purple could not survive. She suffocated. I just found her body near the Oxygen Room. I think it is blue's work. I am voting blue out.



Haryali has voted. 5 remain.



Faculty

You people are mistaken! I had special access to the readings I was just assisting them with the readings. I can tell you who it is.



Zehri

Yes. Do that to save yourself



Zehri has voted. 4 remain.



Dictator

The countdown is running. Vote fast, everyone.



Faculty was not an Imposter.

1 imposter remains



Zehri

Focus, people. Maybe you all need some coffee.
Also, I was at the Cafeteria so I am not the imposter.



Faculty

Red sus



Faculty has voted. 3 remain.



White Walker

Will guide you all, we need support. NITHians, go
check what happened. I KNOW A WAY OUT OF
THIS.

NITHians



The game is not fair. The systems have been
hacked now.



Dictator

How do you know that?

NITHians



I did a course through NPTEL. That's how.



White Walker

Guys, I need extra support to initiate antihack.
Once we do that, the imposter will be ejected
automatically

NITHians



We are in this together. Extra support initiated



Dictator

you people know that it is against the rules? You
can be expelled for that



White Walker

A lot of things that happened here were against the
rules.



Zehri

Truth shall prevail. So should the poison.



Anti Hack system initiated by White Walker,
BROWN was the imposter.

Victory

Hariyali

I hope the new shipmates
help me grow

NITHian

Phew! That was a close
one.

Placements

Imma stay the same,
no change in 2k21



Zehri

Poison was not deadly :')

IIITian

I no longer care about
rasode mei kon tha. This
place has got better drama
than Star Plus

Fests

I guess it's time for some
reincarnation spells

The Diary

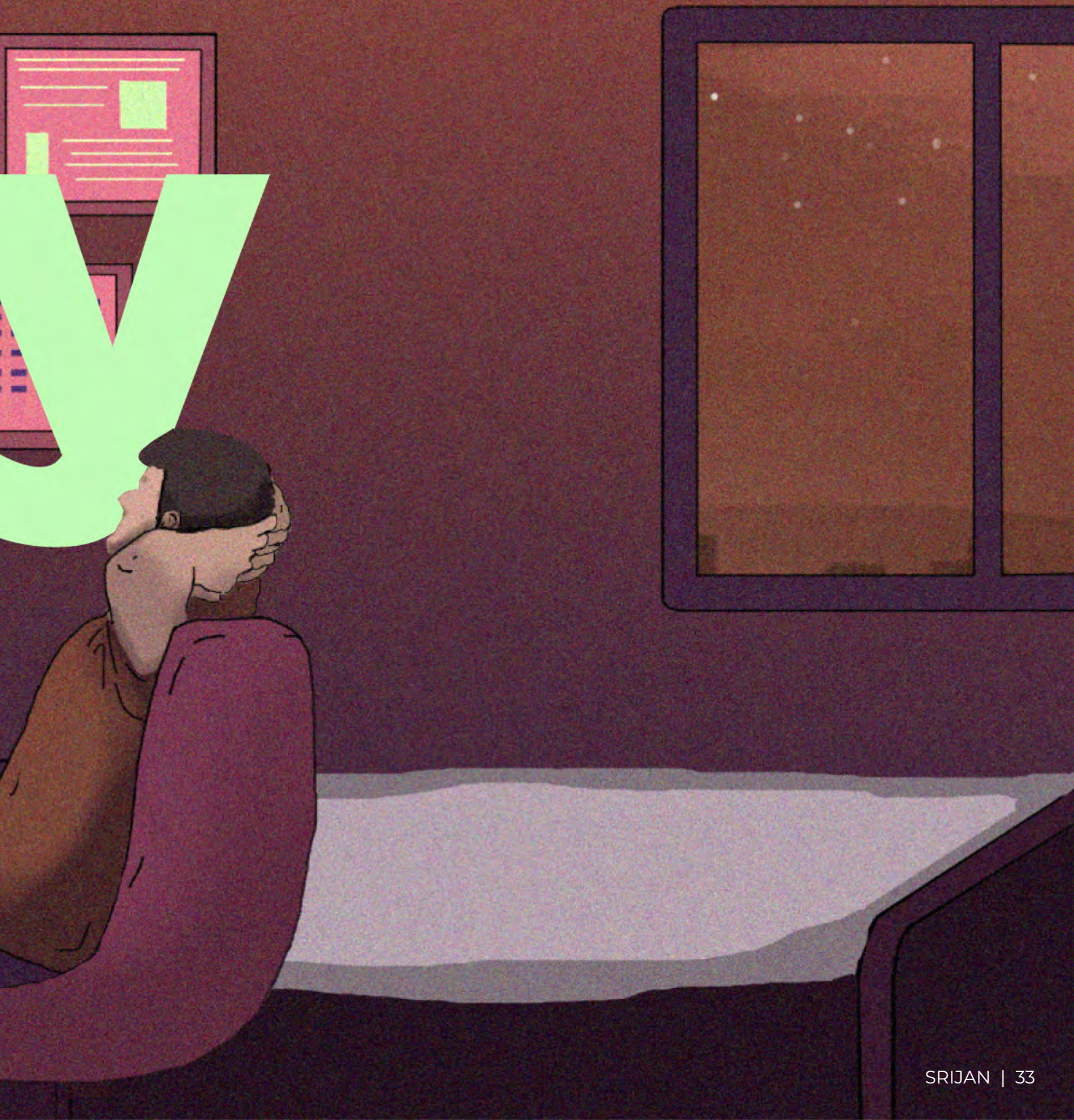
november 2nd

I've finally moved into the old estate. It's out in the woods, about 5 miles outside of Blackmoor village. The solitude suits me well, for I cannot stand those despicable beings since I fell ill, not because of the illness, you see, but for all the suppositions folk make when confronted with something they can neither understand nor empathize with. Just makes me feel paranoid around them, weird, scared, and even thrown up sometimes. It's been a while since I've written something in my journal, hopefully I'll be consistent this time around. It should snow in a month or so, I think. The house is nice, sturdy, and quiet. I think I'll like it here.



december 10th

Had a really weird nightmare last night, I seemed to have fallen through the sheets of my bed and was floating around an empty abyss of sorts, slowly moving closer to something, a weird entity – almost a being, one might say – closer and closer still, as if it were pulling me in. The still darkness seemed to emanate from within that being, almost as if it oozed the blackness, cold, slimy, and soft, so very soft in its calm, caressing touch, as if it might lighten the burden shouldered by Atlas the Titan himself.





**Dear,
Seeing things
Everything e
Take care-**

december 12th

With the first light of the day permeating through the shades of the diaphanous curtains, I saw what looked almost like a scar on the wall behind the bed. It seems to have appeared on the wall sometime in the night. The scar looks really weird; something about it seems uncannily different from the usual cracks on walls.

I had a similar dream last night. This time, the being seemed less blurry: it bore the shape of a dark octopus, with thin, black tentacles slowly wriggling and writhing in the dark, coming closer to me. And once they had me, they began to coil around my lanky waist, slowly at first, lacking any virility, but then they tightened around me immediately, pushing the air out of my chest. I tried to struggle but everything stiffened up, as if my body underwent rigor mortis and I just saw red. Woke up in cold sweats, couldn't sleep for the rest of the night, just sat up and occasionally read a little as I waited for the incandescence of the little orb to be assimilated into the incandescence of the godly orb floating in the heavens up high.

december 15th

Been keeping an eye on the scar, and it seems to get bigger and bigger as the days roll by. Perhaps it is just an illusion or some sort of plant or animal growth. I daren't touch it, though; something's wrong about this scar, very wrong indeed. I ain't the most superstitious but lord knows that thing ain't natural. This time, I saw a cat in my dream. I simply sat on the bed and stared at the little thing sitting timidly before me, we both gazed into each other's eyes intently. The little thing would have stared into my naked soul but all I saw in those eyes was emptiness, even though it felt as if they wanted to convey something. But what? I left the house for the first time in months, had to send my sister a telegraph.

s again, don't know why.
lse is fine, making ends meet.

december 20th

Dear,
are you taking the salts that barber gave you? Hope you get better. Will try and visit you soon. Ploughing nonsense. I'm taking my medicine alright. I'm perfectly fine, these things are real, and the scar on the wall grows bigger every day. It's real. Real. Real as me and as you, and the cat, and the..... the cat? Was the cat....real? Where did I see a cat?

Looking back through the journal, it seems I am mixing some things up. Perhaps she's right, I shall increase the doses.



december 21st

Could swear I can see walls moving, with faces trying to get out in the dark, and hearing scratching noises emanating from the backside of my bed. I might just be shaken up by everything that's been going on. The cat returned to my dreams tonight, it simply dragged itself out slowly from the shadows and slumped down in front of me, its head stomped on and crushed. Eye popped out, soft brain matter strewn over the floor, stomach opened, entrails plopped out slowly, plop, plop, ugh that noise, limbs ripped apart and blood gushed forth in thin streams, warm, shiny, sticky. Skeleton getting exposed slowly. I woke up in sweat. Horrible, just horrible. The scar has grown bigger, and covers the entire wall now almost.

december 22nd

Went out into the forest to collect firewood. Heard screams and screeches, hurried back home, needed my salts fast, maybe need to double the dosage. Saw blood in porch, went close and saw dismembered mangled corpse of a cat, the same one I've been seeing in my dreams. Ran back inside and sat next to the window, had to keep an eye out all day and night, didn't see anything. Couldn't sleep, will not sleep at night now, tomorrow during the day only. Scar covers the entire wall now, almost worried it might break.

The horror the horror blood gushes from the walls the void beckons getting pulled into the scar pulling into the darkness struggling cannot hold on it beckons it beckons pulling me in eyes falling out brain flowing out of ears drip drip drip drip drip intestines pulling out gushing out tearing my stomach lungs bursting blood covers the skin slowly rotting away cannot wake up cannot wake up stop please stop no no



december ?

Woke up to the setting sun. It seems as if the bright orb's going down as if it were the last time it would do so. The wall is completely fine now, and there's no cat to be seen anywhere either. Maybe she was right; I might have simply been having an episode, maybe have thought it all up in my head. I can't seem to find my journal; did I lose it? I feel really disoriented, cannot tell what day it is or just what happened the days before. I'll write to her, let her know I'm coming. Something's really wrong here.

january 1st

Finally got back after the funeral. I still cannot even begin to comprehend what has happened in these past couple of days. I know something was wrong when he did not show up at the train station, but seeing that dead cat near the door turned my fear into horror. To fathom what led to a death so violent would certainly drive one mad. I immediately went to the police upon being unable to enter the house. When they went inside, some of them began praying, others came outside and threw up. They didn't let me in nor tell me what they saw; only said that he was dead. They took his remains and had them cremated. I shall take the ashes back with me. I'm sorry, brother. I should have cared for you myself, it was wrong to let you deal with your sickness alone. I'm sorry. I'm going to stay at the estate till I can get it sold and put this whole affair behind me.

**There's a strange looking
crack on a wall,
almost looks like a scar.**

Timeline of Challenges



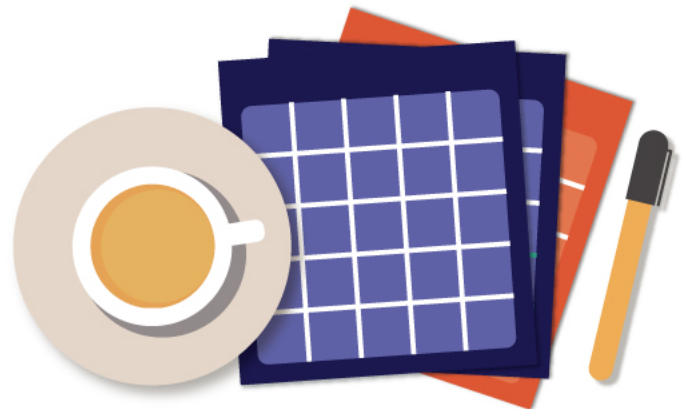
until tomorrow

You do remember the days when your ugliest and most awkward pictures are uploaded by your crazy friends for the entire world to witness – on your birthdays!

Now, imagine unintentionally signing up for something similar. Until Tomorrow was a challenge in which a person had to post an ugly picture of themselves on Instagram: a post that had to remain uploaded for 24 hours. And no, it does not end there! There was a subtle catch: anyone who would like your hideous picture was supposed to do the same!

bingo challenge

When you have ton loads of time in your hands, and you feel that you have done everything that could be done so far, the question that arises - What next? Think about the first time when you finished your to-do-list. What could be the best way to cross-check other than a Bingo! Many bingos started to trend during this period; from your choice of beverage, city, to behaviour, it had everything. Just tick-mark the things and incidents that are common and have happened with you to date. One such bingo, exclusively prepared for the NITH peeps, was the infamous Bingo Challenge by the notorious **nit_k_maymay**.



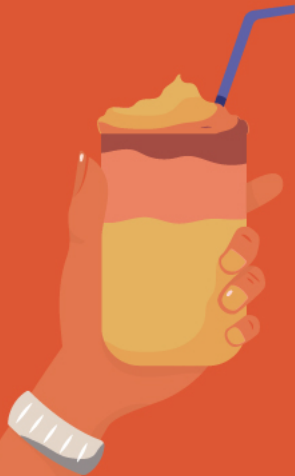
doodle challenge

With so much of leisure time in everybody's life during the Lockdown, everyone started to explore their lost interests and forgotten hobbies and subsequently overcame the creative block. The **Doodle Challenge** gave one the freedom to create Art – Art that needed to be as abstract and as raw as possible. After all, haven't we all at some point of time scribbled on the back pages of our notebooks and called it our doodle masterpiece? This trend began to gain attention towards the end of May, during which the Avant-gardists and aesthetic architects of our college conducted a NITH Doodle Challenge to spam our screens with the best of their works.



dalgona coffee

If there was anything that 2020 had taught us, it was to **expect the unexpected**. No one would have thought or even imagined the possibility of the internet going crazy after coffee! The **Dalgona Coffee Challenge** took over social media by storm, wherein everybody became specialists in the art of 'Dalgona Making'. After all, who would not mind a nice, hot, frothing cup of coffee, especially during these confusing times?



queen's challenge



With **#ChallengeAccepted** trending everywhere across social media platforms, many started to wonder what this challenge was actually about. The Queen's Challenge seemed to be the most talked-about topic as people took to several heated debates to discuss the 'challenging' aspects in posting a picture. This trend was primarily about "Tagging your Queens" and getting them to post a black-and-white picture of themselves. Most people believed that it carried a hidden message to support the female gender without being a critic. However, the real meaning of this, supposedly empowering initiatives, came to light only later. Several Turkish women took to social media recently to clarify that the latest trend became popular in Turkey as a mark of protest against the growing atrocities against women in the country. On a darker note, the black-and-white photos were apparently meant to represent how pictures of murdered victims from gender violence usually ended up in B&W in the daily newspapers.

dance challenge

Way before Tiktok got banned in the country, many challenges seemed to surface on social media. Like the Super-bowl challenge and Toosie slide challenge, to mention a few. And what else can be expected from a bunch of people who love music, got 'em moves, have a phone, and are totally up for a dance challenge? An online dance battle was started by the very own **Rhythmeecz** – the Dance Club of NITH. It also attracted other colleges like NIT Jalandhar, where people collaborated on constructing their unique dancing styles.



temptation challenge

"To lose patience is to win a treat!", this sums up the temptation challenge for all of us.

Nobody can deny when I say that nothing compares to the unconditional love that our pets offer us every day. But if it were not for 2020, we got to be honest that none of us could have spent so much time with them.

So clearly our pets did play an important role in our monotonous lives during the quarantine. A challenge that seemed to be a Treat Cheat challenge took a toll over the internet as it involved putting our pets and their patience to a test by leaving them alone in a



room with a treat and a hidden camera to see whether they wait for you to return and give permission or go ahead and **EAT THE TREAT!** because we all know the two things that matter: One, your patience when you have nothing and two, your hunger when no one is looking! It was so much fun to watch those Cuties drool over the treats, as one minute of patience is 60 long seconds away from treat!

toilet paper challenge

Fear and panic can make a man do so much more than one can expect. The fear regarding the shortage of toilet paper led to its hoarding and subsequent shortages in stores. Imagine smuggling toilet paper because of FOMO!!!

So the toilet paper being the centre of everyone's attention and concern became a part of a challenge called **#10toqueschallenge** aka 10 touch challenge that required people to juggle a roll of toilet paper with their feet but can't let it touch the ground.

Lionel Messi and Real Madrid's Brahim Diaz took up the challenge as well. From children to elderly fans who love football, everyone was hooked to the challenge. From cricket to football, sporting events have been widely affected by the coronavirus outbreak all around the world, leaving fans bereft. With major football leagues and championships, including the Euro Cup 2020 being postponed, footballers and football buffs had taken up an unusual challenge to keep up their spirits. A trend that started with a few prominent football players broke the internet, as everyone had joined in.





dolly parton challenge: #LinkedinInstagramFacebookTinder

Anyone who graduated from college during the social media era and was instructed to promptly scrub their Facebook pages for any indication of turpitude, lest their potential employer finds out they have interests spanning beyond the banality of their entry-level employment:

Your LinkedIn photos are not fooling anyone.

The **#LinkedinInstagramFacebookTinder** challenge started when a 74-year-old legendary singer Dolly Parton posted four photos of herself on four separate social media platforms. It is a parody through a four-panel image macro series about how people present themselves on the social media platform. Thus she triggered a meme challenge by putting it under an engaging caption, "Get you a woman who can do it all", in case you can't find a single picture that you can call Social media worthy. The social media phenomenon is a pleasant reminder that we all have multitudes, that we're all liars, that most of us are faking our true level of professionalism and most importantly, a universal truth: that Dolly sees you.

Dolly sees all.



pillow challenge

During the lockdown, the pain of not being able to go out was doubled when those new dresses that lied on top of the clothes pile in the wardrobe stared right at you but you had nowhere to go! And this is exactly when you realized that: One- retail therapy was not an option and Two- Life is too short to wear boring clothes.

So, a buzz-worthy challenge - **the Pillow challenge** grabbed the attention of the audience, while others grabbed pillows for styling. This challenge required participants to make outfits from their favourite pillows and of course, you can add your touch by using accessories like belts and pair them with funky shoes.



pass me the brush challenge

Doing makeup is a tough job, painting faces makes makeup fanatics no less than Picasso. Have you ever wondered what if these people collaborate to swipe everyone off their feet with the look-changing and sensational challenge – **Pass me the Brush**, which was centred around the idea of giving yourself a makeover.

Basically, a person starts the video with a natural look and then revealing a glamorous makeover after briefly covering the camera screen with a makeup brush, and then as the name suggests, you pass the brush onto the next participant of the challenge. Exploratory peeps added an eccentric touch and twist by fusing traditional and modern outfits and much more.



जिन्दगी का फलसफा भी कितना अजीब है,
शामें कटती नहीं, और साल गुज़रते चले जा रहे हैं.
■ गुलज़ार

Dearest,

By the time this edition of dreams, art, literature and the hopes of many hearts reaches your abode, I might be gone.

The day it all happened, I saw the façade of faces looking at me and heard the cacophony of dismayed hearts...

'What's wrong with the sun!'

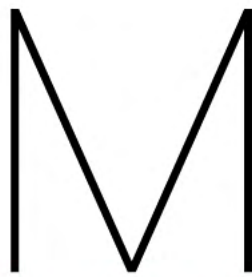
She had let the sun get sick and let the moon hide. The stars glowed bright red in the sky like fire, reminding you of the mortal blood that flows through your veins. Nature had no mercy.

All this doesn't make any sense at first glance, I know. But bear with me. I'm the one who is leaving this fleeting life so soon. One of the many who is losing the battle.

But hey, hear me out...

I want you to look outside, gaze into the sky, a little farther than you looked at me. Do you see what is wrong? I, too, thought that life might be short, but the days are way too long. Just as you do. Just as you said...





Entitled?

Do you feel like **#MeToo** when a guy you don't fancy asks for your number? A celebrity accuses a middle-aged man of molesting through her 'Instagram Live' instead of going to the concerned authorities. Do you jump in and join her fight against the 'Rape Culture' without knowing the other side of the story? Have you ever accused "all men" of being nothing more than sexual predators always on the hunt for their next prey? Does the statement "everything around you was once built by a man" sound oppressing and demeaning while "everyone around you was borne by a woman" sounds empowering? If some or all these questions hit your tempo then sit tight because this is going to be a bumpy ride. Although make no mistake, it is not my intention to belittle anyone's opinion and put mine atop theirs. The media giants' business model depends on you being spoon-fed just one kind of opinion. And this overwhelming amount of distilled information inflow, very often, could lead to critical thinking taking a back-seat as the vicious feedback loop drives us deeper in the downward spiral of cognitive dissonance. My only intention is to sow seeds of introspection. Ultimately it would be you who

would choose to water that seed or to toss it in the bin.

A.N. Vishwavidyan committed suicide along with his entire family of 4 in March 2011. As the 12-page suicide note detailed, Vishwavidyan's wife would often threaten the family with domestic violence case, that led them to take the extreme step. Owing to "legal technicalities", the wife was not even arrested. Section 498A of Indian Penal Code was introduced with the noblest of intentions in 1983 to suppress domestic violence cases that may have been silently violating women across the country. The law was meant to be used as a shield in the face of heinous cruelty against women by their husband and his family. How easy is it to misuse this law? To say, "very easy", would be an understatement. Downright shameful for a judicial system that was built on the maxim 'It is better to let 10 guilty escape than to make one innocent suffer'. In 2012 alone, of 1.97 Lakh people that were arrested under 498A (interesting, absurdly interesting, point to note is that the number is only lesser than petty crimes like chain-snatching and small theft), the conviction rate struggled to be a mere

4%. This systematic torture of men by laws made for the protection of women is not just a threat to men, they are an injustice to women who were truly violated as well. Clearly, the law is being grossly misused a lot more than it is being used.

"Merely because the provision is constitutional does not give the license to unscrupulous persons to wreck personal vendetta or unleash harassment. By misuse of the provision, new legal terrorism can be unleashed. The provision is to be used as a shield and not as an assassin's weapon. If the cry of a wolf is made too often as a prank, assistance and protection may not be available when the actual wolf appears"

"The fact that 498A is a cognizable and non-bailable offence has lent it a dubious place of pride among provisions that are used as weapons rather than shields."

To think this is the only law that is being misused would be ignorance. As of now, there are a sum total of 48 women centric laws in the country and not one to protect men against misuse of the 48 made in spite of them, making them the 'legally disabled race' in the country. It's not a daughter you should worry about raising in this country; it's a son.

What happens when someone is accused of rape? (just accused, not convicted.) He is stripped of even the base level of human respect. There is no concept of presumption of innocence. The accused is immediately convicted by 'Judiciary of Social Media'. Mere accusation makes him lose his job, his career prospects, his home, his reputation. A man's life is ruined in moments. And even if he is found not guilty, the damage has already been done. His image has already been tarnished and there is no way for him to gain back his dignity, while the accuser can go on with their life without so much as a scar. Despite, or maybe because of, realising what just an accusation might do to a man, the number of false rape accusation stand equal, if not more. According to the report released by Delhi Commission of Women, 53.2% rape cases filed between April 2013 and July 2014 proved to be false in Delhi, very conveniently dubbed as the 'Rape Capital of India' by those-who-must-not-be-named. Even more, of the total cases filed, the acquittal rate was 78%. To put that into perspective, of every 4 women claiming to have been assaulted, 2 were blatantly lying, while one had consensual physical relations with the accused but later filed a case due to family pressure, personal differences et cetera. So, if anyone says that India is a dangerous place for a woman; it is, beyond a measure of doubt, worse for a man.

Sexual Assault of any kind is the grossest form of human depravity. No one has the right to make light of the fact that it is a traumatic experience of extreme severity no one should ever have to go through. It is a crime perpetrated by criminals, not because they do not know it is a crime but

Minors, as young as 2- and 4-year-olds, have been accused of domestic violence because of this law. The Supreme Court of India has released the following two statements on 498A.

because, like all criminals, they think they can get away with it.

What it is not, however, is a culture. The term 'Rape Culture' refers to a societal setting where acts of sexual violation are normalized and trivialised. The notion was developed by second-wave feminists, primarily in the United States around 1970. The term in itself does not carry much logic behind it, unfortunately. The notion blankets in itself a spectrum ranging from mildly bawdy text message from a colleague, an irritable man chatting up women at a bus stop to acts of forced sex. Think of it like this, would we talk about 'murder culture' and go around accusing people for perpetrating it with nipping and pinching at one side of the scale and homicide on the other? Conflating borderline instances of sexist behaviour with genuinely depraved acts of harassment only serves to trivialise really serious attacks on an individual's dignity, a stark contrast to what any rationale would ever want. There would be absolutely no way to distinguish between outrageous acts of molestation and minor infringements of social code if they are packed into the same parcel. RAINN, United States' largest anti-sexual violence organisation, in a report detailing recommendations to the White House on combating rape on college campuses, identified problems with an overemphasis on the concept of 'rape culture' as a means of preventing rape and as a cause for rape, saying,

"In the last few years, there has been an unfortunate trend towards blaming 'rape culture' for the extensive problem of sexual violence on campuses. While it is helpful to point out the systemic barriers to addressing the problem, it is important to not lose sight of a simple fact: Rape is caused not by cultural factors but by the conscious decisions, of a small percentage of the community, to commit a violent crime. The notion has the paradoxical effect of making it harder to stop sexual violence, since it removes the focus from the individual at fault, and seemingly mitigates personal responsibility for his or her own actions"

There will always be more incidents to cover, more notions to blame, more official statements to quote. The takeaway is that it is not men who are cruel to men, or women who are cruel to men. It is people who are cruel to other people. Justice is sought in a court of law, not on Instagram and WhatsApp stories. How many Instagram stories did you see at the time of the 'Bois Locker Room' scandal that blamed 'all men'? And then, how many of them apologised for putting them up when the scandal turned out to be 'juvenile act of childishness by a minor girl' (As stated by Delhi Police)? Not to forget that the 'social media justice movement' practically forced one of the accused students into taking his own life, which was not even covered by media giants because it is not

good for TRP. If we can have 48 laws for protection of women, why can we not have one for protection of men?

We cannot hope to create equality by creating even more discrimination. There is no such thing as 'positive discrimination', it is just a recipe for slow-cooking chaos. So, think. Think before you idolise Deepika Padukone's 'My Choice'. Before you print Priyanka Chopra's "I don't need a man for anything except for children" on a T-Shirt. Before you share BuzzFeed's '10 reasons why women make for a better boss'. Think how you would feel if the genders were reversed. Think if you would feel educated if this article was written by a woman and 'mansplained' if written by me.

Mass suicide termed accident for now

<https://punemirror.indiatimes.com/news/india/mass-suicide-is-an-accident-for-now/articleshow/32203320.cms>

Quest of a father for Justice

<youtube.com/watch?v=9eCrIOL15yg>

53% rape cases false, commission of women

<https://www.indiatoday.in/india/north/story/false-rape-cases-in-delhi-delhi-commission-of-women-233222-2014-12-29>

2 and 4 year-olds accused of domestic violence

<https://bangaloremirror.indiatimes.com/bangalore/crime/domestic-violence-domestic-violence-complaint/articleshow/45663827.cms>

498a arrests show gross abuse of human rights

<http://menrights.org/articles/ipc-498a-arrests-conviction-rate-statistics-show-gross-abuse-human-rights/>

Only men can be booked for sexual assault

<https://www.hindustantimes.com/delhi/only-men-can-be-booked-for-rape/story-qQNnSnT8Izd1QOCsansK1H.html>

The Rhyme of TIME

INTRODUCTION

In layman's language, Time is what a clock measures, which is, for a fact, quite true considering all the international standards of measurement. But looking at it just that way is analogous to believing that the earth is flat. The history of time goes back to millions of years. Time is an indefinite account of existence in an irreversible progression, increasing constantly from the past, through the present, and to the future. As time is the origin coordinate for all the events occurring around, it is considered that the past is always changing and is never a fixed event, as we move away from it. The details and understanding of the event seem to alter over time. Moreover, predictions are neither true nor false at the instant they are uttered; it is the future that influences their credibility. And this is the entangled reality we live in, which is also subjected to deviate as we alter the reference point of its collection.

An archive of events, time is a quantity to measure, a way to organize, and a memory to live by. But is time just a mere unit to quantify? Well, no. Time is a paradox. Despite 2,500 years of investigation into the nature of time, it remains a mystery, both philosophically and scientifically. And for a human mind that dares to wander at the bottom of the deep blue sea of chaos, here is a list of some concepts of time, arranged in no particular order, that lend an understanding of its existence.

TIME IS SUBJECTIVE

While philosophy can be personified as looking for a black cat inside a dark room, Science is like looking for the same black cat in the same dark room, but with a flashlight. While a physicist would consider it something his watch reads, time is rather subjective to experience. And so, the concept goes on, for every minute that can be quantized into a fixed number of seconds. Time, irrespective of the duration, can be perceived differently by different people based on the unfolding of their respective events. For someone going through a rough patch, it indefinitely slows down. And all the happy times tend to pass away quickly. While the quantity of a timeframe must be the same, the duration differs dynamically. Time is a perception, a frame of reference with multiple origins. Staying true to the words of Henry Van Dyke who quoted in one of his works – "Time is too slow for those who wait, too swift for those who fear, too long for those who grieve, and too short for those who rejoice. But for those who love, time is Eternity."

TIME AS A KEEPER OF RECORDS

Another distinctive aspect of time is that it is the keeper of all the stories of the universe (possibly the multiverse?). Anything that had ever been projected under this heavenly abode or beyond, time has attained that. There are no secrets that time hasn't seen. All the glories, all the sorrows, the errs, the triumphs, the peace-bearing treaties, all the history, and all that is yet to become history, Time knows it all. There is no pill that time hasn't swallowed and no space where it hasn't reached. Nostalgia is yet another component of time. While nostalgia has a Greek origin associated with pain, time is a conveyor of pain. You eventually burn for all the elements in the past that you have cherished. And you bleed for all the events that you wish would have happened differently.



TIME MAINTAINS PERFECT BALANCE

Life on this planet revolves around equilibrium. A perfect balance of various things generates the recipe for "Life". Ever since our beginning, everything that has existed has this characteristic inclination towards maintaining balance. Even the most volatile species on this planet, the humans, strive for balance. Here, time is the creator of equilibrium. What we all witness every day is organized with time. Nature too follows the constitution of time. All the 365 days and their 24 hours are perfectly arranged disciples. The longest day and the shortest day occur at the same interval of six months or a year. Even the day and the night are equally spread throughout a year in a way that there exists just an equal amount of light as there is darkness in the world. All the good and the bad occur in the same proportion of 1:1 in everyone's life, and that's what Time's equilibrium ensures.

TIME IS THE GREATEST THIEF

Time is the greatest thief of all emotions. It steals the pain, the agony, the happiness, everything, until they become a mere thought and nothing more. All the wounds fill up, all the terrible memories fade, and the pain washes away with time. What tormented you today will pain a little less tomorrow and eventually will become just a tenuous memory. Something that is felt profoundly today will not be experienced the same tomorrow. The happiness felt during a moment is at the highest level of its existence that anyone can ever feel. Because as the moment passes, the happiness slips away. Because as Time strikes, it steals, both the good and the bad fade, and only the important stays. The events of the present flow into the past, like an inflated helium balloon, left free to float away. We flow into the future, leaving past events behind us. These memories are like a unique fragrance; you can remember and recollect the scent of a fragment of memory but can never find a similar scent anywhere else.

TIME IS SPATIAL

Humans' minds have an entire world of their own. Even if the impacts of this time wash away, the thoughts and the set-up associated with each memory stay embedded. So, instead of taking time as general here, humans think about time as a spatial dimension. Using space to perceive time, we mentally organize temporal events in specific yet different ways. To test the concept, close your eyes and try walking down the memory lane, where events are hung to play, repeat, and stop, as you please. Time here does not follow the laws of the universe. A mental timeline for the world to freeze. It is an alternate reality where the soul succumbs to the memories deeply embedded in the brain, printed in DNA. It's a stage for dreams, a place where your mind goes floating when you encounter that specific moment in your niche that once touched your heart and soaked your mind. The mental time is a place to hope, dwell, and introspect. It's a place for imagination to fly free and ideas to be born.

TIME MAINTAINS PERFECT BALANCE

We experience physical time, psychological time, and biological time. All the biotic lives in this universe are living clocks of their own. For humans, there are regular heartbeats, the rhythm of breathing, and cycles of sleeping and waking. All set in synchronized routines, natural or mechanical, with timed alarms and deadlines. Every living being is like a ticking time bomb and will eventually fade out of existence. Into cold oblivion. All the abiotic things in this world too come with an expiration. Every event, every person, anything that had and will have a chance to exist even for a millisecond, is bound to end. We are only here to play our roles through the crest and trough of living to eventually part; nothing is permanent. Taking a reference from Shakespeare, not marble nor the gilded monuments can outlive this powerful rhyme of Time. Even the galaxy or the universe will just turn into stardust and ash in the all-encompassing vacuum and die. And while we consider time to be omnipresent, it will also eventually end along with the world.

Ironically, a man-made entity will, in the end, outlive all the forms of the universe, discovered or undiscovered. Science or philosophy, nothing will matter when Time ends; even its mysteries will vanish like they were never there. What started will end. This dead-end will stretch in the dark reach of nothingness, a void. Oblivion is inevitable. And Time has planned it all. But, for all that matters, we have now our very present. Away from the reach of the past, untainted by what the future holds. This very moment of living is only real, a chance to be different, and will never repeat.

The Unchanged



Changes are a part of life and adult life is all about dealing with this execrable fact. Nature has a tendency of maintaining equilibrium and so does the human mind. Even if we may desire alteration to break out of our routines, we tend to avoid and ignore them. But as real is the blue sky above us, it is only fair to say that the consistency of change is the only thing that does not change in this entire world even if it represents something that stands against our outlook towards life. **No matter how hard we try to maintain a steady lifestyle, things tend to slip.** And, when approximately everything seems to freeze and differ when the distance becomes massive, and fences look like huge impenetrable walls, we cannot deny the fact that it

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has been hard. Amidst this global pandemic, a lot has changed and is continuously changing, challenging every dimension of our living, but there are still a zillion more things that did not. As one may say that few things in our life simply never change, even if you desire them to, they just don't (like our sleeping routine ft. lockdown). And if they didn't help, they kept us afloat. So, to mark the end of a year that, in actuality, felt like one endless day (we are writing this on a not-so-fine March 300th, 2020), let's discuss the "unchanged" post lockdown.

Life does not just happen, you ought to look for it, even in the cracks of the wall that stands between us and our desires. We witnessed many changes

since the beginning of March 2020, starting with some geographical changes, few restrictions which kept bugging us, and a serious bat pandemic trying to engulf our very 'existence'. Nevertheless, deep down it's still the same-old-us trying to cope up with these 'uncalled for alterations'. Trust me, everything is the same, at least we are still hopeful about it. Back in college "campus", we used to start our semester with a fresh bunch of resolutions and hopes. And we still do. The next semester is here, and **"Is sem toh phod ke hi aaenge!"** remains an expression widely used, taken seriously for the first few weeks by the students before they submit to their true, inevitable destinies. During pre-lockdown, attending classes was just a dream, which it still is for every student, even when all one needs to do now is to tap that 'join' option. But at this point, the proxy system is far more student-friendly. **Nevertheless, students did not want to attend classes back then and they do not want to even today or ever.** See? It's pretty much the same. Class groups continue to buzz with messages that rarely make sense, except for those times when a class is cancelled or somebody is planning a birthday party (Or when the results get announced!). Although, when some assignment is to be turned in, all the messages directly go to the Bermuda triangle, still a mystery. Nevermind these gazillion assignments that we keep receiving, are being done the same way as they were used to, with no changes in the practice. The register that I had bought during my first semester is still the same. Just a pile of blank pages craving for an ink stain. They even smell the same, chlorine-ish. **If the AGH and PGH rulebooks were to ever be revisited, they are something that is just never going to change, no matter how hard you try (or protest).** No, not even the font size. Once a saanp is always a saanp, and our friends are still the same deep down. They still call you at odd hours with their world-changing problems, which can never wait. But whenever the lightning strikes, as it always does, they will have your back.

Roads still have potholes. And, to put it in simply, it is not because these roads were never fixed; they were. But in our country, it so happens that, when a road is built, it is simultaneously dug back for underground work. And then rebuilt. This is a never-ending vicious cycle in which we are stuck. We still run out of data and face connectivity issues. Moreover, these two are completely unrelated issues: one is an act by a certain individual (Mark Zuckerberg?), and the other, lack of actions by multiple organizations. The strange fact is that customer care still thinks that connectivity problems can be fixed simply by switching the slots of your sim cards. And if that did not work, it's your device that's at fault. NCERT books still preach two-decades-old content, no matter what they say about updating it. ICSE students still flex about being better than CBSE kids. The world continues to remain pretty irresponsible, which is perhaps the only reason why corona exists in the first place. **It sounds cool to not follow the rules, but who knew that we would ultimately end up being shut inside our homes by following the trend which shouldn't have been there for the sake of our existence.** Crime rates are persistently increasing

(Growth?). Minority, majority, and racism exist (Remember "All lives matter"?), people continue to be deeply influenced by social media, and Netflix still remains pretty expensive to everyone. **For all that matters, the impeccably beautiful sky and the stars we live under have not changed a bit.** They have remained with us since the beginning of our lives and know all our stories, the truths, and the lies. They have seen the world change, ignite, and die since the beginning of time.

The world loves Harry Potter and this is something that will be for "always". Even when forever somehow seems to have its limitations, this always happens to overcome them. The emotions and intensity associated with these phrases can never fade. And this is the legacy that Harry Potter left for the entire universe. On the contrary, Indian soap operas continue to air their melodramatic dramas with their mind-boggling side-effects... effects... effects....

Alas! The drama and intensity associated with these effects does not fade. For those of us in love with the Avengers, **Iron Man is gone.** But the world is back to how it was before the "Endgame" took place. Thanos, an extraterrestrial species, couldn't do much about the population. Friends remains the most-watched series in the entire world and smelly cat is still probably homeless. GOT ended with the worst possible ending and roughly the entire global population will continue to demand a re-make of the GOT finale. **Whatever be the conclusion, gradually the word "bad luck" will be replaced by "Jon Snow".**

Based on the cosmological model of the observable universe, the Big Bang took place initially, and the universe emerged into existence. Millions of years later, another Big Bang Theory started with yet another world. It started with a level - 0 emotional interpretation of Sheldon and ended with us all growing up, step-by-step, in such a way that even Coursera could offer a certificate for completing it. **Sheldon is one character who was highly uncomfortable with changes,** whether it be a change in the temperature of his room, it was all unbearable. He was very specific about everything, even the slightest of change in his day would be a blunder. He wouldn't give up a centimeter of his sitting spot for the sake of routine. But he grew up, accepted spontaneity in life and with him we all did.

No matter how much we list down the things that did not change, the only thing that stays the same is-everything is subjected to differ. Change can very well be simply acknowledged as the passing of time. It's up to us how we look at it – as an obstacle or a chance. And, however, we may perceive it, we can always count on acceptance to save the day. Towards the end, the universe is set to undergo changes. We are always changing one way or the other but it's a choice, not a compulsion. **It's the spontaneity that makes life worth living, embrace these changes and accept what life offers.** So, when life gives you lemons (not subjected to change) make lemonade.



analysis

of the motion arts

Film is easily one of the most creative forms of art, just in the sheer amount of freedom of expression it can provide and its ability to combine visuals and audio to create an experience like no other, from the grounded to the abstract, with each work having the ability to make the viewer feel experiences they never could have otherwise. As a perfectly made film is hypnotic, it sucks you in as the aesthetics and sound drown out any existence of a world outside and overwhelm the senses as you sink deeper and deeper, until there is only you and the abstraction. Broadly, film can be divided into two categories (generalizations, to be more accurate – no films tend to be just the one) based on its style – **Realistic and Formalistic**.

Realistic films, as the name implies, tend to recreate the surface of reality with a minimum of distortions. These films are less concerned with the style and aesthetic and focus more on the content being delivered. These are about creating a grounded work, where the subject matter is discussed in more traditional methods. (Realistic films do have style and aesthetics, only they make an effort to make them as concealed as possible)

As for **formalistic films**, however, all bets are off. These works focus on the abstract, told through creative and unconventional methods. Formalists deliberately distort and manipulate reality. These films are completely style-heavy, and it's all part of the show. These are purely imaginative works with little to no basis in reality.

To discuss film analysis in more depth, I'm now going to discuss one contemporary film of the formalistic type and bring up certain interesting things they do and why they do so. (I shall attempt to keep from discussing the story as much as possible, so the reader can watch the work themselves)

mandy

Panos Cosmatos

2018

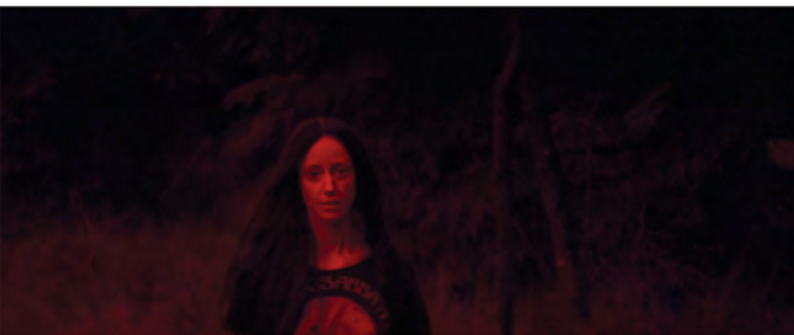
2018's Mandy is perhaps one of my favourite films of the last decade, just because of the incredible visuals and creativity that it presents, showing us what films are capable of and just how expansive this art form truly is. It sits proudly in the Formalism camp, overflowing with style and masterfully crafting beautiful cinematography in almost each and every one of its scenes. **Even without the subtext, Mandy is still a wonderful film just based on its aesthetics.** It is a very hypnotic film and one that takes its time slowly building up feelings and emotions in some very artistic ways. Everything in Mandy works – from its atmosphere, tone, soundtrack (one of the great Jóhann Jóhannsson's last work), visuals, aesthetic, style, and they all come together to elevate the work into something bigger than its simple narrative.

This discussion will provide an analysis of the film itself and also show how a formalist film can portray ideas through its style.



1 The first section of Mandy starts off very slowly and subtly, with Red (Nicholas Cage) and Mandy (Andrea Riseborough) being the only two characters to be shown. Everything feels like a fantasy, a fairytale about lovers living out alone in a forest away from society. The entirety of the first section is made to make us feel relaxed and calm, reflecting the characters' feelings towards each other. There is sparse dialogue; everything is conveyed via visuals and audio. As they lie together, an otherworldly light washes over them, and they bring this light to each other's lives, brightening up each other's existence. It's an amazing scene, as it shows just how close they are to each other, and how much one matters to the other. Their world literally changes around them when they are together.

3 In this beautiful scene, Mandy is shown as almost hypnotic, and it has the same effect on Jeremiah Sand, which drives the rest of the plot as he too is completely enamoured by her.



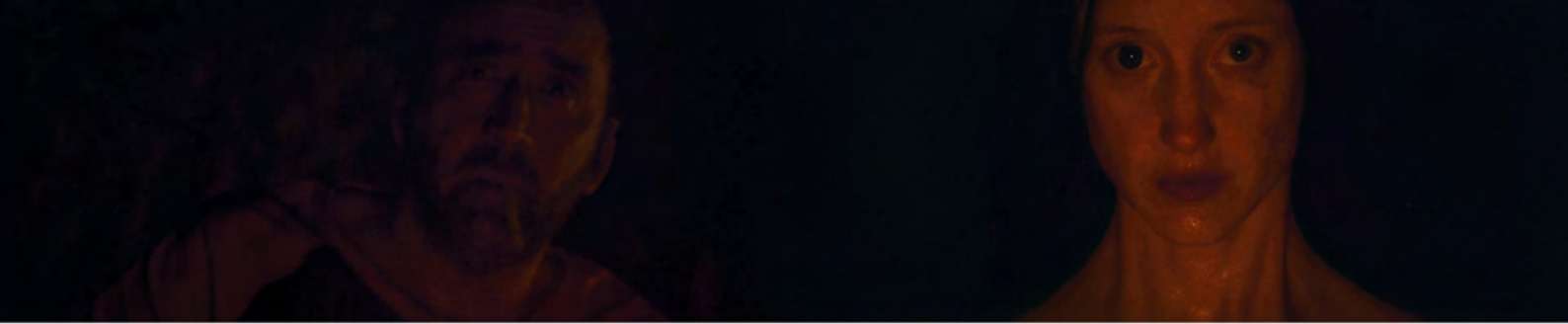
5 The first half also sets up certain bits and pieces about Mandy – her love for 1980's heavy metal and fantasy, which shall be paid off later in the film.

6 Finally, I would like to discuss the third act of the film, or what is effectively the second half, where the tone shifts completely – from a fairytale to a slasher film. Here the setups about Mandy aren't paid off physically but tonally. In essence, the film is told from her perspective, or



One final aspect that I would like to touch upon is the fact that all the concepts and ideas that have been discussed are not set in stone: these aren't "rules" to be followed/are followed when creating a work. These are just the very basics of storytelling, filmmaking, or critiquing art, and artists are not ticking the boxes when they work. A work doesn't need any of these aspects (or any of the many others) to be good. What matters is that when these "rules" are broken or replaced with something new altogether – it's with something creative or interesting, and indeed the most artistic and ambitious works regularly do away with any such conventions completely – it creates a certain kind of uniqueness that is unparalleled. For example, David Lynch's works usually disregard normal storytelling and have completely non-linear narratives, being focused on his artistic vision. However, a mastery of the basics is very important as one must first learn the rules before they can break them.

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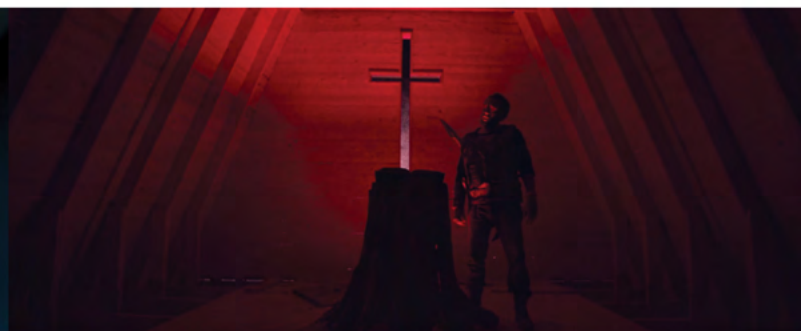
2 Mandy is shown as an otherworldly being almost, and we and Red feel completely in awe of her.

4 Another chillingly beautiful scene is when Jeremiah and his cult drug Mandy, and he stares directly at her (and at us, into the camera) and their faces slowly dissolve into each other's as he's trying to annihilate her individuality, both becoming one.



rather, her essence drowns out the entire second act – with scenes looking like they were ripped straight out of heavy metal albums and fantasy tales. The third act's title font is a direct nod to metal fonts and is even named after her. Thus, Red's feelings for Mandy are what drives the second half, and so the

world seems entirely otherworldly. As his grief has completely destroyed the world for Red, he has nothing to lose anymore and so the world becomes twisted and warped around him in response.



In closing, I would simply like to say that Art is perhaps the greatest thing that we can fabricate as a species. Our expertise in science, technology, and engineering, among several other fields, is marvelous and, in many ways, a necessity, as without them we cannot even begin to imagine what the meaning of our existence could be. But art provides something that even science fails to lend – immortality. Death is inevitable, and the only way to surpass our lifetimes would be to make art and learn from it. Because what has already been passed down and what will continue to be passed down will only be what the best of us have created, and it's not just about what they learnt or experienced; art allows us to wholly transcend the reality we see around us and will something into existence out of thin air. In some ways, it might just be something in which we might find some semblance of meaning or shelter, especially in this grand struggle that is being.

A few months back, I had woken up inside a small, white-washed room. There were no windows, just a bed, a clock, a few books lying around, and an even smaller washroom. Everything from the time before was blurry; it was hard to recall anything. I tried to escape but the doors were locked. I cried for help but my echo was the only audible reply. Later that day, a faint sound of footsteps approached my cell, and from the narrow opening at the bottom of the door slipped in a plate of rice porridge, a complimentary glass of milk, and a pill.

"Eat them," was all I heard. I demanded an explanation for this inhuman treatment. I begged for freedom, but that mortal voice disappeared as fast as it came. I swallowed the pill and immediately lost consciousness.

With each passing day, this haunting loneliness made me lose my grip on sanity. My emotions started to leak out in disturbing ways, sometimes in the guise of frequent fits of rage, or other times with cases of maniacal laughter. And on some days, in the form of grieving tears that would fall relentlessly from my sullen eyes. I needed to get out but no matter how many times I tried to break out that door, the perpetual failures would only add on to my plight. The walls and the door were just unbreakable.

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The unknown voice used to arrive only thrice a day, always with a meal along with those multi-coloured tic-tacs that tasted funny and used to knock me out. "Eat your meal, if you desire to get out!" became the routine voice whose echoes ricocheted from the four confines of the room, aside from the tiny scurrying sounds by my friend Maurice, the talking cockroach. Maurice had found himself into my cell only the day before, through the tiny openings of the prison door. We used to talk for long hours. Sometimes he would joke that this was the great beyond.

After Maurice's death, I started to have dreams of a certain girl. She had Bob-cut hair with red highlights and wore round-rimmed spectacles that complemented her wheatish complexion. Every dream of hers had a different setting; some of them

were outside a college building, while others in the backdrop of a lush-green park. The most frequent and rather disturbing ones were on her death-bed, with her frightened face and blood-stained satin wrapped around her body. She'd take deep, scattered breaths as she would cry for mercy, and later would beg incessantly for death. I could swear I had seen her before, somewhere. That afternoon, when that uncanny voice came by, I made sure to get my answers at all costs.

"MEAL!" the voice barked.

"I am having some weird dreams," I stated.

"What kind of dreams?" the voice inquired, startled by my response; the rather bossy tone now indicating a certain level of anxiety

"About a Bob-cut girl," I replied.

This time, the voice was hesitant to reply.

"Can you at least tell me where I am?" I inquired, desperate to elicit a response.

There were a

few moments of silence. And then, the voice seemed to take a deep breath. At last, it spoke.

"It is the year 2025. Five years back, your fiancé died during the COVID-19 pandemic. Her untimely death drove you into an unforeseen state of extreme depression, followed by a series of anxiety attacks. Until one day, you fell into a coma that lasted five years. Meanwhile, a team of German scientists had developed a cure that suppressed the COVID-19 RNA in the human body. However, during the previous year, several countries started reporting a series of sudden surges in corona patients. Every single vaccine that had been previously developed was rendered ineffective towards mitigating this unprecedented predicament. Many scientists believe that Genetically Modified Crops were responsible for this global mess. These plants were grown in labs and later transferred to fields. They had started to become a staple diet by the mid-2020s, making every citizen prone once again to the deadly virus. Many researchers even speculated that after the successful launch of 7G smartphones, the radiations emitted from those devices were responsible for the mutation of these crops that led to the rise of these hybrid viruses. Humanity was all but doomed. And since then, you, among a few other survivors, are being treated in this central hospital."

I was completely shocked to the core.
"But-" I started.
"Quiet! That's all you need to know. Now, eat your meal," the voice returned to its usual bossy tone.

The short conversations between me and the Voice now became a daily routine. The Voice would update me with the daily news or the developments that had taken place during my five-year coma. However, he refrained from talking about the girl from my dreams.

There were days when I would feel fit as fine. And then, there were times when I would beg for the sweet poison to flow down my throat. I had recently started reading



"Don Quixote" a n d maintaining a few journals. And then, there comes my small talk with that familiar voice, which had started to grow a soft spot for me. Last week, after I had my pills, my nose had started to bleed, and breathlessness took over my body. I'd thought I was about to die. But soon, a man in a PPE kit had come rushing through that impenetrable door and injected an elixir into my veins.

Yesterday, that soothing Voice woke me up with morning cereals and the usual milk. But this time, there were no pills.

"You are having a speedy recovery. They are going to inject you with the last vaccine tomorrow, and then you can go home."

This time, the Voice wasn't stern but sad, and the words seemed to break as it spoke. I reached out to that white door upon which I had looked at for so long, and asked the one single question whose answer I so desperately desired to know.

"Can you at least tell me my name?" I asked slowly. After some moments of silence, the Voice finally spoke, "Your name is Maurice." It didn't speak further, as I heard his footsteps receding from the door, until they completely faded away.

The thought of not having anyone waiting for me outside those walls made me a little sad. But the sheer joy of going back to my sweet home, running my fingers through the grass, stopping near the woods to gaze upon the squirrels, and experiencing the freedom from this white cubicle, made me forget about everything else in this world. I had the most peaceful sleep that night.

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CENTRAL HOSPITAL DEVELOPS A CORONAVIRUS CURE FROM A MURDERER

New York | Nine months back, a college student named Maurice raped and brutally killed his girlfriend when she refused to marry him. Maurice was later proved to be mentally unstable and was allowed bail. This led to a nationwide unrest amidst the Corona pandemic. It prompted the government to pass a bill

that allowed criminals to be used as test subjects for procuring vaccines against the virus. Today, a group of doctors from Central Hospital were successful in creating a vaccine from the antibodies generated inside one of the criminals. However, an insider reported that the subject couldn't withstand the test

procedure and died soon after the cure was confirmed. This antidote will prove to be extremely vital during the fight against COVID-19. Major governments of the world along with several private companies have ordered the vaccine in a lump-sum quantity.



KAFKA ESQUE

Snow fell slowly, the branches swayed as wind whistled past the trees while the city and the night sky slowly meshed together as lights melded in with the stars, until they became part of the tiny microcosm of bright, locked eternally in a struggle against the void. **No luminance stood its ground beyond the pines though,** only the abyss lay somber with the wide gaping jaws of the silent predator patiently waiting to assimilate its prey – trudging forth into its belly, legs shifting through the knee-high snow, with more floating down slowly and covering everything in a muted white in the dead of the night, a lone figure amidst the sea of trees, feet struggling to move.


Where are we going? “Away, just as far away as I can get.” *Why are we running?* “Running? What do you mean by running? I’m not running I’m just.....” *...Just what? Just out for a stroll, are we?* “It doesn’t matter, there’s nothing back there anymore.” *Why don’t you just stop running and head back, save us the trouble of dealing with another mess.* “Stop it, stop tormenting me. I’m not running, leave me be, just leave me be, please just leave me be.”

Trees dipped under the weight of the ashen snow, everything became silent, so unbearably silent as if the whole world ceased to exist outside the woods that surrounded K., all the silent spectators returning to slithering along their tiny empty lives, distracting themselves whilst waiting for their demise. **The trees huddled closer together as if they too felt the cold of the night,** grappling and pulling at K.’s arms exhausted and weary of this intruder in their domain, as he moved ever closer to the end of his journey and into the caress of the great stillness.

“There’s no point you know” *What?* “There’s no point in my going back. It’s really now, at times like this, when I’m alone, when I really think about it, that I feel empty and devoid at just how pathetically insecure

and inadequate I am. Truly, any moment could just as easily be my last, any step the one that leads down the road to a sullen demise. What would I leave behind when that happens? Nothing, and nothing it shall always remain really, for the entirety of the human race could turn to dust tomorrow and those spheres in the sky shall keep on turning, until they too fade into oblivion, and without even a forgotten memory of their having been here. Amidst this swirling chaos, however, there seems to be an answer, a way to leave something behind and a way to remain and to exist outside of oneself, now and forever, to will into being from between the atoms. **The essence of Art.** It feels so warm and beautiful, the reality it can muster so striking and evocative, not only does it make you fall in love but also exposes feelings of nausea and emptiness as it draws upon what you lack in your life, heh, I’m really so distant from being sensible now that I just get anxious by the idea of seeing something like that. I want to grasp it, to hold it in my hands, to create and add to it, I want to watch it, I want to appreciate it and to fall in love with it, for it to take me places, to make me feel but I don’t know if I’m capable of that, if I’m smart or whatever is needed and if I have enough to appreciate it, if I’ll be able to like it or will just end up hating it because I’m just stupid. Should I keep trying to do it? I certainly want to but is there really a point? So melodramatic, I know, that’s why I hate this, **it’s better to keep everything to oneself lest others find just how doltish you are.** This driveling on just stop, no one cares for your “feelings”. So, what really would be the point of living if I can’t even get any of that? No one is entitled to anything but I hope the least one can ask for is to appreciate what they want to do, what I want to fall in love with, and to use it to get from one day to the next, **if that’s too much to ask for then I suppose there really isn’t no point in existing,** no point at all whatsoever.

K. struggled to move now, the gaps between the



trees becoming ever so slight, and the snow slowly rising higher and higher under him, he starts to drag himself from one tree to the next, each movement getting harder as if each tree was vying to be his last. **Everything lay still now as K. stopped, too tired to move any further.**

*It's so very true, you really are pathetic. "What makes you say that now?" All this, you're just lying. You're lying because you are just lazy, making everything up so you don't have to put in the work anymore, so you don't have to try, look at me, I'm the victim of this empty meaningless world and there is no point in what I do. You don't think that, you think you do, and you act like you do, but in actuality, you are just a coward, too scared to stand your ground, waiting for everything to be dropped into your lap, cowering and wallowing in your misery, because it's comfortable, it's easy, it takes the blame off, doesn't it? **If you can view yourself in pain and suffering, a poor old helpless victim, then there's no need to blame yourself, is there?** You're just the helpless little kid waiting for a hand then, who can't do anything wrong, who can't be blamed for giving up at the first signs of hardship and just run away. If you really cared, if you really loved it, you'd try, and keep trying, but of course we both know that you don't.*

You want to feed your ego, see yourself as special, as doing great things, but we both know you can't ever do that because you always run away, and then you come up with this...

this fantasy, the poor old you, the sad little you, the shell you use to protect yourself from any and all responsibility for your actions and then everyone around you has to deal with the mess, and carry you and your burdens along with their own. You like that, don't you? You like that attention and pity, that altruism they shower you with. "I can't do what I want because I can't stop

giving up, so I'll just act upset and then someone else will have to carry me till the day I die". That's what you think, right? That's how

*you make yourself look different, make yourself stand out... "Look at me! At all the attention I'm getting, everyone's giving me so much value!" **THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU THINK!** It's a good thing you ran, one day they'll figure this out and leave, no one wants to deal with this... this hokum, and why should they? So here, keep up with these charades and giving in to these delusions you have about yourself and your importance, about your value and "thoughts" and just all such forms of nonsense that have no real meaning or point whatsoever, because that's just how messed up life is, ain't it?*

Wind began whistling past, trees began to sway violently and a blizzard ensued, **the fluttering leaves sounding like applause, as if the whole world lauded the scene that had ensued in front of them tonight**, enjoying the front row seats they had to the end of a life. K. fell to his knees and wept, tears feeling cold against his cheeks, the whole audience lauded and cheered – this is the end of the show, folks. Hope you had a good laugh! So sorry, but there truly is no possibility of an encore!

K. slowly pulled himself into a hole under one of the roots, "So.... cold.....so...tired....." Outside, the storm grew in intensity and noise, snow closing the entrance and removing all signs of this empty life, not even footsteps shall remain, wiping away any clues lest someone find anything that hints at the existence of the scene that played out this night. *Rest now, K., give in to the umbra, give in to the great void, for it shall carry you for all eternity now as you float through the black seas, under the crimson sky where the black stars rise, there shall be no pain, no suffering anymore for there are no unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in the quiet earth. "Peaceful sleep....."*

MONOLOGUE



Rise of Fake

कहते है विद्यार्थी एवं शिक्षक मिलकर भविष्य गढ़ते है।
अगर ऐसा है तो मैं एक विद्यार्थी, भविष्य से पहले वर्तमान की बात करना चाहूंगा।

आज

जैसे ही आप समाचार-पत्र या टीवी खोलते है वैसे ही "Bring the old glory back", "Make America great again", "अखण्ड राष्ट्र का सपना" और ना जाने कितने ऐसे ही स्लोगन हमारे सामने आ जाते हैं। हम आये दिन किसी न किसी देश के मुखिया या चुनाव में किसी उम्मीदवार से ऐसे स्लोगन सुनते रहते हैं, जबकि आज सूचनाओं का आदान-प्रदान इतना आसान हो गया है तो इस प्रकार की बातें करने वाले लोग भी उसी अनुपात में बढ़ रहे हैं।

पर सवाल ये है कि ऐसा हो क्यों रहा है?

क्यों जब भी किसी राष्ट्र में चुनाव होने होते है तो सीमा पर तनाव बढ़ जाता है?

क्यों अचानक से कोई सत्ताधारी उम्मीदवार देश की गौरव गाथा गाने लगता है?

बड़ी-बड़ी कम्पनियाँ अपने विज्ञापन में राष्ट्र भक्ति का एंगल जोड़ देती है?

क्यों अचानक से सामान्य सा नमक देश का नमक बन जाता है?

इन सभी सवालों का जवाब हम और आप बारीकी से ढूँढने की कोशिश करेंगे।

1.WORLD History:

इतिहास हमें सिखाता है कि हमें कौन-सी गलती नहीं करनी चाहिए। परन्तु कुछ लोग इतिहास को तोड़-मरोड़के उसका कोई और ही अर्थ समाज के सामने रखते हैं जिसका सबसे अहम उद्देश्य जनता को emotional fool बनाना है।

चाहे Hitler हो, Mussolini हो या कोई और, इनके सत्ता में आने से पहले एक पैटर्न दिखाई पड़ता है :

देश में अराजकता का फैलाव।

देश को एक मजबूत नेतृत्व की दरकार।

ऐसे में अचानक कोई आशा की किरण बनके आता है जो देश को फिर से खुशहाल बनाने की बातें करता है, देश को मजबूत नेतृत्व के सपने दिखाता है और देश को फिरसे अपने पुराने वर्चस्व में लाने के वादे करता है। बीते सालों में बाहरी देशों द्वारा जो अन्याय किया गया है उसका बदला लेने के वादे करता है एवं लोगों को भरोसा दिलाता है कि उनके बीच कुछ IMPURE BLOOD वाले लोग हैं जिनसे उनके देश एवं संस्कृति को खतरा है। साथ ही वह के समाचार साधन जैसे रेडियो एवं समाचार पत्र पर एकाधिकार कर लेना। इन सब में सबसे अहम बात ये है की ये सभी इस बात पर जोर देते हैं की "देश खतरे में है"।

2.Border Standoffs:

हालही में हमने देखा कि नेपाल में जब लोग सरकार से नाखुश थे, जगह-जगह धरने हो रहे थे, ऐसे में नेपाल की सरकार ने सीमा विवाद का बेहतरीन खेल शुरू कर दिया जिससे पूरे विश्व का ध्यान उसके आंतरिक विवादों से उठकर सीमा विवाद पर स्थानान्तरित हो गया। बात सिर्फ नेपाल की नहीं, बल्कि जब भी कोई सरकार अपनी नीतियों के सही रूप से कार्यान्वयन में असफल हो जाती है तो उसके बॉर्डर पर हमले होने लगते हैं। अचानक देश के स्वतंत्रता सेनानियों, सेना के जवानों की

Nationalism

बातें होने लगती हैं। इस बात को हम ऐसे समझ सकते हैं कि चाहे आपके पिताजी या चाचाजी में कितना भी घमासान द्वंद्व चल रहा हो पर अगर कोई बाहरी घुसपैठ करे तो वो दोनों एक हो जाएंगे। यह बात सरकार सलाहकारों को (जो सरकार की खामियाँ छुपाने के लिए बैठे हैं) हम या आपसे ज्यादा भली-भांति पता है। इसलिए अक्सर सरकार की खामियाँ छुपाने के लिए इस पैतरे को अपनाया जाता है।

3. गौरव गाथा:

सिनेमा हमेशा से ही लोगों को आकर्षित करता रहा है। आजकल अचानक से NETFLIX, PRIME VIDEOS पर THE GREAT ROMAN EMPIRES, OTTOMAN EMPIRES या दूरदर्शन पर रामायण / महाभारत जैसे ऐतिहासिक धारावाहिकों का प्रसारित होना साफ़ दर्शाता है कि जब भी देश पर संकट आए या लोगों को जोड़ने में समस्या आए तो जनता को राष्ट्रवाद और संस्कृति का झांसा देकर आसानी से बेवकूफ बनाया जा सकता है। एक साधारण सा फिल्म अभिनेता एक के बाद एक देश प्रेम वाली फिल्में बनाने लगता है तथा ऐसी फिल्मों के ज्यादातर कलाकार दोहराये जाते हैं। कुछ समय बाद ये कलाकार राष्ट्रीय संस्थानों के अध्यक्ष बनाए जाने लगते हैं। सरकार के विज्ञापन में बस वही कलाकार दिखने लगते हैं। देश के मुद्दों पर राजनेताओं से ज्यादा लोग इन अभिनेताओं की सुनने लगते हैं और अगर आप थोड़ा सा रिसर्च करें तो आप पाएंगे कि इन अभिनेताओं के रिश्तेदार तो फलाना पार्टी से सांसद हैं। बस यहीं पर बात CRYSTAL CLEAR हो जाती।

4. शुद्ध देशी घी:

जैसा कि नाम से स्पष्ट है, देश का घी ही शुद्ध है और बाकी सब अशुद्ध। ये मेरे कथन नहीं हैं बल्कि आज जितने भी विज्ञापन राष्ट्रवाद का चोला ओढ़ के आ रहें, उन सबकी MARKETING STRATEGY है।

क्या आपने कभी सोचा की दो उत्पाद जिसमें सामान तत्व डाले गये हैं उनमें से एक देश की जड़ी बूटियों से बना होता है और दूसरा खतरनाक रसायन से, ऐसा क्यों?

क्योंकि ऐसा हमें वही देश प्रेमी अभिनेता या राष्ट्र सेवक बोल रहे हैं जो देशी-देशी करके विदेशी लग्ज़री गाड़ियों में घूम रहे हैं और दिन भर विदेशी टेक्नोलॉजी पर आधारित AC में रहकर विदेशी कंपनियों को

5. The Game:

बात ये नहीं है की कौन सही या कौन गलत। बात ये है कि आप कितने जागरूक हैं। आसपास होने वाली घटनाओं से, उनकी सत्यता से या उसके पीछे निहित इरादों से कितने वाकिफ़ हैं। मेरे ख्याल से आप अबतक समझ गए होंगे की भोली-भाली जनता को उन जगहों पर बेवकूफ़ बनाना जहां वे बेहद संवेदनशील हैं, कितना आसान है। इन सबके पीछे का उद्देश्य जनता को आपस में लड़वाना तथा उनका ध्यान भटकाना है ताकि वो वर्तमान की सच्चाई पर कभी सवाल ही ना उठा पाए। ये हमारी ज़िम्मेदारी है की हम चीजों को बारीकी से परखें। इन असामाजिक तत्वों द्वारा भावनात्मक खेल खेलकर ऐसे हालत उत्पन्न करने से पहले ही हम ईमानदारी से वह सोच विकसित करें ताकि समाज में सकारात्मक बदलाव ला सकें। खुद को सिर्फ़ किताबी कीड़ा या कुछ ख़ास लोगों के कथनों पर चलने वाली कठपुतली ना बनाकर, खुद से फैसलें लेने लायक बनायें। क्योंकि हम और आप ही वर्तमान हैं और भविष्य भी। ये हमारा समाज है और हमें ही इसे बेहतर बनाना है।

परिवर्तन की एक बयार विज्ञापन

आज बैठे-बैठे एक बहुत पुरानी बात याद आई। कुछ सालों पहले किसी ने मुझसे बोला था कि तुम तो बिल्कुल अपने पापा की फोटो काँपी हो। वही शैतानियाँ, वही बातें। अब जाकर वह बात कुछ समझ आई।

जो बच्चा जिस माहौल में पलता है, वो उसी का हो जाता है और यह बात तो सभी मानते हैं कि हमारी सोच की आधारशिला वही होती है जो हमें अपने आसपास दिखाई देती है। शायद यही वजह है कि हर कंपनी बाजार में अपना प्रोडक्ट या उत्पाद उतारने से पहले उसकी गुणवत्ता से ज्यादा महत्व उसके प्रचार-प्रसार को देती है ताकि वह अधिक से अधिक जनसमूह को विज्ञापनों की मदद से प्रभावित कर सके और यह लोग बड़े ही व्यावसायिक तरीके से हमारी इनसिक्योरिटीज पर चोट करके अपने प्रोडक्ट की बिक्री करते हैं। उपभोक्तावाद की संस्कृति ने भी विज्ञापनों के अतिशयोक्तिकरण में एक महत्वपूर्ण योगदान दिया है।

विज्ञापनों के अंधानुकरण ने एक तरफ बनावटी माहौल के साथ-साथ लोगों में खुद के प्रति हीन भावनाओं को भी जन्म दिया है। और हमारे समाज की रूढ़िवादी सोच से तो हम भलीभाँति वाकिफ़ हैं। किसी का रंग थोड़ा सांवला है तो दूध-हल्दी लगाकर गोरे हो जाओ, मोटे हो तो कम खाओ और अगर पतले हो तो थोड़ा खाया करो नहीं तो हवा के साथ उड़ जाओगे। इन्हीं बातों का विज्ञापनों के माध्यम से सरल उपाय दिखाकर ये कंपनियाँ उपभोक्ता की इनसिक्योरिटीज का फायदा उठाती हैं। आइए ऐसे ही विज्ञापनों पर एक नजर डालते हैं।

“
एक हफ्ते में पाएं एक ऐसा निखार
जो सबको बना दे दीवाना।
पाये चमकती त्वचा और निखरता
चेहरा। अपना ग्लो करो अनलाक।
बढ़ती उम्र को रोके।
”

सारे ब्यूटी प्रोडक्ट के विज्ञापन में बस यही दिखाया जाता है कि गोरे हो जाओ तो बिना कुछ किए जिंदगी की दाँड़ में सबसे आगे निकल जाओगे। ब्यूटी प्रोडक्ट तो छोड़ो एक बल्ब के विज्ञापन ने तो हद ही कर दी जब एक लड़की का सांवली होने की वजह से रिश्ता नहीं हो रहा था तो उसकी छोटी बहन ने उसके सिर के ऊपर का बल्ब बदलकर उसे इतना गोरा कर दिया कि उसे अपना मनचाहा रिश्ता मिल गया।

India and its un-fair beauty standards. यह बताना इसलिए आवश्यक है क्योंकि हम अपने उपभोक्ता को क्या मैसेज दे रहे हैं ये उतना ही जरूरी है जितना नमकीन में नमक।

गहराई में आकर तो हर नदी सांवली हो जाती है। एक तुम हो जो गोरी चमड़ी को ही सुंदर कहते हो। कॉस्मेटिक्स इंडस्ट्री को यह समझना होगा कि सुंदरता और गोरापन एक दूसरे के पूरक नहीं हैं।

“
अंधानुकरण वाली संस्कृति से बचें।
सावधान रहें सतर्क रहें। सूचना
जनहित में जारी।
”

आपका आत्मविश्वास आपको आकर्षक बनाएगा, आपकी कार्यकुशलता आपको बाहरी खूबसूरती को ही नहीं बल्कि आपके आंतरिक व्यक्तित्व को भी निखारती है।



ब्यूटी प्रोडक्ट इंडस्ट्री को यह समझने की जरूरत है कि वह किसी व्यक्ति कि सफलता की सीढ़ी को उसकी त्वचा के रंग के आधार पर नहीं बता सकती। ब्यूटी इंडस्ट्री को अपने विज्ञापनों के तरीके में बदलाव लाने की जरूरत है। विज्ञापनों के तरीके में बदलाव लाने की जरूरत है। चलो देर से ही सही पर समय के साथ कुछ तो बदलाव आया है।

मिस यूनिवर्स ऑर्गेनाइजेशन का Motto है "Confidently beautiful" और मिस यूनिवर्स 2019 जोजिविन तोंनजी, साउथ अफ्रीका ने 90 प्रतिभागियों को हराकर खिताब अपने नाम किया और लोगों को ही कहना ही पड़ा "जरूरत से ज्यादा बेमिसाल हो तुम, सांवली हो पर कमाल हो तुम"

अब परिवर्तन की ऐसी हवा चली है कि एक प्रतिष्ठित कंपनी ने अपने नाम से fair हटाकर glow कर दिया है। अगर फ़ाउंडेशन की बात करें तो कुछ अरसे पहले तक गौर रंग के हिसाब से ही बाज़ार में प्रोडक्ट थे पर अब तो विज्ञापन भी कहता है "chose what fits you and make it happen"

सैनिटरी नैपकिन

इन्हीं रक्त कणों से तुम्हारे देह का निर्माण हुआ है, फिर कैसे तुम्हें बुद्धि-विवेक का अभाव हुआ है! हमें अछूत जेता कर पंच दिवसीय पाप बताते हो, और रजस्वला देवी को पूज कर भक्ति भाव दिखाते हो? आज पूरी दुनिया में नारी सशक्तिकरण की बातें होती हैं लेकिन जैसे ही मेंस्ट्रेशन की बात होती है तो कहीं ना कहीं लोगों में हीन भावना का दृष्टिकोण देखने को मिलता है।

सैनिटरी नैपकिन को खरीदते हुए शर्म महसूस होती है। दुकान वाला पहले उससे न्यूजपेपर में लपेटता है फिर काली पन्नी में डाल कर देता है।

क्योंकि अगर दिख जाएगा तो रास्ते पर चलते लोग पन्नी को घूरेगे और तुम्हें शर्मिंदगी का सामना करना पड़ेगा। जहां खले में सड़कों पर गटखें तैबाकू जैसी चीजें बेचीं व



खाई जा सकती है वही कोई अगर साधारण सैनिटरी नैपकिन का पैकेट बिना किसी रैपिंग के ले जाए तो लोग ऐसे देखते हैं जैसे हाथ में एके-47 हो। 21वीं सदी में तो एके-47 भी इतनी बड़ी बात नहीं है।

लोगों को यह समझना चाहिए कि यह चीज महिलाओं की जिंदगी का हिस्सा है। प्रकृति की दी हुई चीज है। दुनिया में बहुत से बदलाव हो रहे हैं यहां भी एक बदलाव की जरूरत है। जैसे विज्ञापन हमारे जीवन पर प्रभाव डालते हैं उसी तरह विज्ञापनों की मदद से हम लोगों के दृष्टिकोण में भी बदलाव ला सकते हैं।

एड्स में अगर नीले रंग की जगह लाल रंग का दृव्य दिखाएंगे तो कोई शर्म की बात नहीं होगी बल्कि यह तो बदलाव की ओर एक कदम होगा। कुछ सैनेटरी पैड कंपनी की टैगलाइन इस प्रकार है।

जिओ बेफिक्र।
कदम बढ़ाए जा।
यही सोच तो बदलनी है।

आप खुद ही गौर कीजिए जहां छठी क्लास के चिट्ठे से कोडिंग करवाई जा रही है वहीं देश के युवाओं से टीम बनवाई जा रही है।

“
काली पन्नी में लिपटा सैनिटरी
नैपकिन नहीं बल्कि आपकी काली
सोच है। जिओ बेफिक्र
कदम बढ़ाए जा।
यही सोच तो बदलनी है।
”

“
जब सोच बदलने की पहल की है,
तो आओ पूर्ण परिवर्तन करते हैं।
आखिर परिवर्तन ही समय का नियम है,
यह तो बस आगाज है, सफर अभी बहुत
लंबा है।
”

शिक्षा - कल, आज और कल

"शिक्षा के विषय पर, मैं केवल यह कह सकता हूँ कि मैं इसे सबसे महत्वपूर्ण विषय के रूप में देखता हूँ, जिसे हम एक व्यक्ति के रूप में देख सकते हैं।"
- अब्राहम लिंकन

यदि आप किसी देश का भविष्य जानना चाहते हैं, उसे समझना चाहते हैं तो आपको उस देश के स्कूलों में जाना चाहिए। यदि आप किसी देश या व्यक्ति को गुलाम बनाना चाहते हैं और ऐसा गुलाम कि वह सालों तक आप की गुलामी की बेड़ियों में जकड़ा रहे तो मानसिक गुलाम बनाइए यानी उसकी शिक्षा में बदलाव लाकर। अब तक आप समझ ही चुके होंगे कि राष्ट्र के उत्थान एवं पतन में शिक्षा की कितनी अहम भागीदारी होती है। और हमारी शिक्षा व्यवस्था पर तो एक वृहद जनसमूह को शिक्षित करने का उत्तरदायित्व है। जनसंख्या के लिहाज से देश में साधन-संसाधन बहुत ही सीमित है और परिस्थितियाँ भी अनुकूल नहीं हैं। फिर भी हम लक्ष्य प्राप्ति की ओर अग्रसर हैं मगर अपनी ही धुन में। हम बीते हुए सालों में कहां पहुंचे हैं? और आगे कहां पहुंचेंगे? हमने अभी तक क्या गलतियाँ की हैं? बगैर इसकी परवाह किए बिना हम चले जा रहे हैं! योजनाएं लागू की जाती हैं पर कभी हमारी और कभी सरकार की पूर्णता सक्रिय भागीदारी ना होने की वजह से हम चिन्हित लक्ष्यों से कोसों दूर रह जाते हैं। ऐसे अहम विषय पर हम सजगता के बिना, सिर्फ कागज़ी योजनाएं बनाते हैं और कागज़ों पर ही लक्ष्यों तक पहुंच जाते हैं। आपकी नौकरी, आपकी योग्यता एवं सरकारी कार्यों की समीक्षा के लिए हर जगह सिर्फ कागज़ ही देखे जाते हैं। आपके 20 वर्षों के अनुभव व कड़ी मेहनत से कमाया गया ज्ञान, कौशल और निपुणता की इज्जत कागज़ की डिग्री के आगे कुछ भी नहीं। कागज़ नहीं तो आप अयोग्य हैं। हालांकि कागज़ एक तरह से प्रमाण होते हैं लेकिन यह भी तो जरूरी नहीं कि ये कागज़ी साक्ष्य सदैव ही व्यक्ति की योग्यता के बारे में 100% पुष्टा और सटीक जानकारी ही प्रदान करें। जैसा कि अक्सर देखा जाता है। इसलिए हमें अनुभव की भी कद्र करनी चाहिए। लेकिन हर जगह कागज़ों (अंकसूची, डिग्री और प्रमाण पत्र) की बढ़ती मांग को देखकर हमारा युवा भी किसी भी तरह से कागज़ लेना चाहता है। इस मांग को ध्यान में रखते हुए स्कूलों-कॉलेजों के नाम पर फिर व्यवसायियों की दुकानें खुलना आरंभ हुईं, जहां से डिग्रियाँ और प्रमाण-पत्र पैसे देकर ले जाइए। इस तरह शिक्षा एक व्यवसाय बनती गई। यह सिर्फ कागज़ों पर योग्यता जांचने का ही दुष्परिणाम है, जिस पर सरकार को कभी आपत्ति नहीं हुई। यह हमारे देश के अधिकतर शिक्षण संस्थानों का कटु सत्य है। हकीकत तो यह है कि लोग पीएचडी करने के बाद भी चपरासी की नौकरी के लिए आवेदन कर रहे हैं और तब भी चयनित न होकर, अयोग्य घोषित हो जाते हैं। इंजीनियरिंग करके घर की वायरिंग, मैकेनिक की बेसिक जानकारी नहीं रहती। डॉक्टर एक्स रे फिल्म पढ़ने के काबिल नहीं होते....

यहां दोष सिर्फ किसी एक का नहीं बल्कि पूरी व्यवस्था का दोष है जिसमें प्रत्यक्ष रूप से शिक्षक, विद्यार्थी, पाठ्यक्रम और प्रबंधन शामिल है। चलिए एक दक्षिण अफ्रीकी विश्वविद्यालय के प्रवेश द्वार पर क्या लिखा है उस पर नजर डालते हैं

"किसी भी राष्ट्र को नष्ट करने के लिए परमाणु बमों, मिसाइलों या घातक युद्ध हथियारों के उपयोग की आवश्यकता नहीं है। केवल जरूरत है, वहां शिक्षा की गुणवत्ता को गिराने और छात्रों को परीक्षाओं में नकल करने की अनुमति देने की।" मतलब..

"शिक्षा का पतन ही राष्ट्र का पतन है।"

यहां कहने की आवश्यकता नहीं है कि ज्यादातर स्कूल- कॉलेजों का हमारे देश में यही हाल है। हम किस दिशा में जा रहे हैं.....?

निश्चित तौर पर ये दोष पूरी व्यवस्था पर ही आरोपित किया जाना चाहिए। सर्वप्रथम देश में बेहतर शिक्षा नीति होनी चाहिए जिसे सुचारू रूप से चलाने के लिए एक व्यवस्था होनी चाहिए। समय-समय पर दोनों में ही अपेक्षित परिणामों के लिए बदलाव भी जरूरी है। फिर विद्यार्थी की पूरी सक्रियता के साथ-साथ शिक्षक की भूमिका, उससे भी ज्यादा महत्वपूर्ण है। क्योंकि जब कलाम जी से उनकी सफलता के बारे में पूछा गया तो उन्होंने कहा कि मेरी सफलता का श्रेय गुरुओं को जाता है, मुझे हर जगह श्रेष्ठ गुरुओं के सानिध्य में कार्य करने का अवसर मिला। हालांकि शिशु के लिए माता-पिता ही उनके पहले गुरु होते हैं तत्पश्चात हम गुरुओं के मार्गदर्शन में ही अपने जीवन के लगभग 20 वर्ष बिता देते हैं। आमतौर पर किसी विद्यार्थी के वही विषय मजबूत होते हैं जिस विषय में उसे एक पारंगत विषयाध्यापक मिलता है। विद्यार्थी के लिए किसी भी विषय में, शिक्षक एक चिंगारी का काम करता है। कलाम जी के अनुसार शिक्षक को चाहिए कि वह अपने विद्यार्थियों के बीच स्वयं को आदर्श के रूप में स्थापित करें। स्कूल कॉलेजों में बच्चों को जिस तरह से उनके प्रदर्शन के आधार पर ग्रेड दिए जाते हैं, क्यों न उसी तरह हम शिक्षकों की भी ग्रेडिंग करें। जिससे उन पर सिर्फ पाठ्यक्रम को खत्म कराने के अलावा विद्यार्थी को योग्य बनाने की भी जिम्मेदारी हो। वर्तमान शिक्षा व्यवस्था में अध्यापक विद्यार्थी को योग्य बनाने के दायित्व से रहित है। यह परिवर्तन जरूरी है क्योंकि-

"एक इंजीनियर की गलती किसी नींव में दब सकती है, किसी डॉक्टर की गलती किसी कब्र के नीचे दफन हो सकती है, परंतु एक शिक्षक की गलती संपूर्ण राष्ट्र के निर्माण में झलकती है।"

ऐसा लगता कि हम कोई औपचारिकता का बोझ ढोते जा रहे हैं। जहां हर कोई ऊपरी दबाव में सिर्फ बचूट कर रहा है। शिक्षक आता है और अपना पाठ्यक्रम पूरा करके चला जाता है, विद्यार्थी आते हैं और अपनी 75% उपस्थिति दर्ज करवा कर, अपनी डिग्री लेकर चले जाते हैं। दोनों पर ही ऊपरी दबाव है। डिग्री के बिना वो अयोग्य है और शिक्षक के ऊपर दबाव बनाया जाता है कि, इतने समय में इतना कोर्स खत्म करना है..कैसे भी। कौन? कितना? और क्या सीख रहा है? किसी को मतलब नहीं। हमारी व्यवस्था और पाठ्यक्रम भी हमारे अंदर ज्ञान को सिर्फ ठूँसे जा रहे हैं। रचनात्मकता, नैतिकता, व्यावहारिकता और कल्पनाशीलता से इसका कोई ताल्लुक नहीं। यहां पर बेंजामिन फ्रैंकलिन का एक विचार दिमाग में आता है-

"मुझे बताओगे, मैं भूल जाऊंगा। मुझे सिखाओगे, मैं याद रखूंगा और यदि मुझे शामिल करोगे, मैं सीखूंगा।"

उच्च शिक्षा के अलावा देश में स्कूलों की खस्ता हालत भी किसी से छिपी नहीं है। 6-14 वर्ष के लिए मुफ्त शिक्षा है, सर्व शिक्षा कानून बना लेकिन ग्रामीण इलाकों (मध्य प्रदेश, उत्तर प्रदेश, बिहार) के अधिकांश स्कूलों में एक शिक्षक-एक स्कूल की प्रथा भी बखूबी निभाई जाती है। मूलभूत सुविधाएं तक उपलब्ध नहीं। कुछ बच्चे गरीबी के कारण सिर्फ मध्याह्न भोजन खाने के लिए आते हैं। अगर कोई कहे कि ये सब एवं बेरोजगारी अधिक जनसंख्या के दुष्परिणाम हैं। तो ऐसी सोच रखने और ऐसा कहने वाले भी अशिक्षा या निम्न स्तरीय शिक्षा का ही परिणाम है।



क्योंकि यहाँ एक आम किसान, मैकेनिक, कारपेंटर, लोहार, छोटे-छोटे ग्राम स्तरीय उद्योग करने वाले लोगों को हम बेरोजगार कहते हैं। उन्हें कम पैसे देकर या बेरोजगार कहकर हम उनके काम की अवहेलना करते हैं। वहीं किसी सरकारी पद या सिविल सेवा के एक छोटे से कर्मचारी-अफसर को हम भगवान की तरह पूजते हैं।

एक समय था जब विश्व ने हमें विश्वगुरु कह कर संबोधित किया था क्योंकि हमारे पास तक्षशिला, नालंदा जैसे विश्वविद्यालय थे। पूरी दुनिया में विश्वविद्यालय की परंपरा हमारी ही देन है। लेकिन आज के समय की बात करें तो विश्व के शीर्ष 100 विश्वविद्यालयों की सूची में हमारा देश कहीं नज़र नहीं आता है अर्थात् वर्तमान में विश्व को भारत की उच्च शिक्षा ने प्रभावित किया ही नहीं। परिवर्तन शाश्वत है तो देश, काल और परिस्थिति के अनुसार शिक्षा भी परिवर्तन के दौर से गुजर रही है। लेकिन हमारी शिक्षा व्यवस्था में बीते कई दशकों में आमूल-चूल परिवर्तन हुआ ही नहीं। हम शिक्षा परिवर्तन का मतलब समझते हैं कि किताब में कुछ अध्याय जोड़ दो और कुछ घटा दो। और जब 34 साल बाद नई शिक्षा नीति आयी है तो आज हमें ऐसे पाठ्यक्रम और ऐसी शिक्षा की रूपरेखा और व्यवस्था की जरूरत है जो बच्चों का मानसिक, शारीरिक, बौद्धिक, भावनात्मक और रचनात्मक विकास करें एवं सहनशीलता और समानता को विकसित करें। छात्र की क्षमता के अनुसार उसको पोषित करें। भय से मुक्त कर उसे संतुष्टि और पूर्णता का एहसास कराए। हमें उम्मीद है कि हमारी नई शिक्षा नीति निश्चित तौर पर उपरोक्त सभी जरूरतों को पूरा कर, उल्लेखित खामियों को दूर करेगी। आज के परिदृश्य में देश की शिक्षा में परिवर्तन करना अत्यंत आवश्यक था। यदि देश का उत्थान करना है, इसे फिर से जगतगुरु बनाना है तो यह परिवर्तन जरूरी था। मैकॉले को मालूम था कि शिक्षा को बदले बिना भारत में शासन करना कठिन है इसलिए उसने सबसे पहले शिक्षा को बदला और आज तक हम कहीं न कहीं उसी शिक्षा व्यवस्था को ढोते आ रहे हैं। परंतु नई शिक्षा नीति से शायद हम इन बंधनों से मुक्त होंगे। चलिए एक नजर नई शिक्षा नीति के कुछ महत्वपूर्ण बिंदुओं पर भी डालते हैं।---

इस नीति के तहत हुए प्रमुख बदलाव निम्नलिखित हैं-

1. इस नीति के तहत 3 साल की आंगनबाड़ी/Pre-12 साल की स्कूली शिक्षा के साथ एक नया 5+3+3+4 स्कूली पाठ्यक्रम लागू किया जाएगा। पांचवी कक्षा तक की शिक्षा मातृभाषा में होगी।
2. वकालत और मेडिकल को छोड़कर समस्त उच्च शिक्षा के लिए एक निकाय के रूप में भारत उच्च शिक्षा आयोग का गठन किया जाएगा अर्थात् उच्च शिक्षा के लिए एक सिंगल रेगुलेटर रहेगा।
3. छठी क्लास से वोकेशनल कोर्स शुरू किए जाएंगे और इच्छुक छात्र इंटरनशिप भी कर सकेंगे।
4. म्यूजिक और आर्ट्स को पाठ्यक्रम में शामिल कर बढ़ावा दिया जाएगा।
5. ई पाठ्यक्रम को बढ़ावा देने के लिए एक राष्ट्रीय शैक्षिक टेक्नोलॉजी फोरम (एनडीटीएफ) बनाया जा रहा है जिसके लिए वर्चुअल लैब्स विकसित की जा रही है।
6. नई शिक्षा नीति का सबसे महत्वपूर्ण अंग मल्टीपल एंट्री और एग्जिट सिस्टम लागू होना है। तत्कालीन शिक्षा नीति के अनुसार यदि कोई छात्र 3 साल 7. इंजीनियरिंग पढ़ने या 6 सेमेस्टर पढ़ने के बाद किसी कारण से आगे की पढ़ाई नहीं कर पाता है तो उसको कुछ भी हासिल नहीं होता है लेकिन नई शिक्षा नीति के तहत मल्टीपल एंट्री और एग्जिट सिस्टम में 1 साल के बाद पढ़ाई छोड़ने पर सर्टिफिकेट 2 साल के बाद डिप्लोमा और 3 साल के बाद पढ़ाई छोड़ने पर डिग्री मिल जाएगी और इससे देश में ड्रॉपआउट का अनुपात कम हो जाएगा।
8. अगर कोई छात्र किसी कोर्स को बीच में छोड़कर दूसरे कोर्स में एडमिशन लेना चाहे तो वह पहले कोर्स से एक निश्चित समय का ब्रेक ले सकता है और दूसरा कोर्स ज्वाइन कर सकता है और इसे पूरा करने के बाद फिर से पहले वाले कोर्स को जारी रख सकता है।
9. मौजूदा शिक्षा नीति के अनुसार अभी सेंट्रल यूनिवर्सिटी, डीम्ड यूनिवर्सिटीज और स्टैंड अलोन इंस्टीट्यूट के लिए अलग-अलग नियम हैं। नई एजुकेशन पॉलिसी 2020 में सभी के लिए समान नियम होंगे।
10. इसमें शोध और अनुसंधान को बढ़ावा देने के लिए अमेरिका के NSF (National Science Foundation) की तर्ज़ पर एक शीर्ष निकाय के रूप में National Research Foundation (NRF) की स्थापना की जायेगी।

इस नई शिक्षा नीति को इसलिए लाया गया है ताकि यह देश में स्कूली और उच्च शिक्षा में परिवर्तनकारी सुधारों का मार्ग प्रशस्त कर सके। 34 साल पुरानी नीति को बदलकर नई नीति लाना इसलिए आवश्यक हो गया था क्योंकि जिस तरह से एक जगह रुका हुआ पानी बदबू देने लगता है उसी तरह से पुरानी पद्धति (जिसे रट्टो तोते वाली शिक्षा व्यवस्था भी कहा जा सकता है) से पढ़ाई करने पर बच्चों को शिक्षा से लाभ मिलना बंद हो जाता है।

नई शिक्षा नीति का अहम लक्ष्य ``भारत को विज्ञान एवं तकनीकी क्षेत्र में वैश्विक महाशक्ति बनाना है।

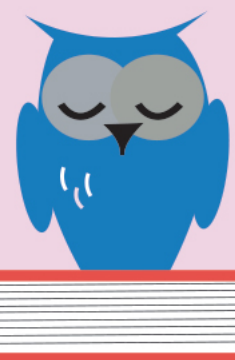
पर नई शिक्षा नीति कब तक लागू होगी इसकी तिथि निर्धारित नहीं है।

इस नई शिक्षा नीति से उम्मीद की जाती है कि देश में रोजगार परक शिक्षा को बढ़ावा दिया जाएगा और रटकर पढ़ने की संस्कृति से बच्चों को छुटकारा मिलेगा।

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LIT रेसी मिशन ...

शिक्षा क्या है?

“इस देश को अतुल्य बनाने की, जो कल्पना है

उस कल्पना को हकीकत में बदलने का माध्यम है शिक्षा।”

भारत एक विविधताओं वाला देश है। इस देश का हर व्यक्ति आशावादी और मेहनती है। इन्हीं सिद्धांतों पर चलते हुए इस देश के लोगों ने अंतरराष्ट्रीय स्तर पर भी अपना वर्चस्व स्थापित किया है। लेकिन इन सबके बीच एक वर्ग ऐसा भी है जो कि पूर्ण रूप से शिक्षा पाने में असमर्थ है। शिक्षा का अधिकार एक मूल अधिकार है जो हर व्यक्ति को प्राप्त होना चाहिए। इसी मूल अधिकार को हर वर्ग तक पहुंचाने और एक शिक्षित भारत बनाने की सोच के साथ हमारे संस्थान राष्ट्रीय प्रौद्योगिकी संस्थान हमीरपुर के तीन छात्रों “आशीष कुमार”, “अमित शर्मा” एवं “असीम कपूर” ने वर्ष 2005 में संस्थान में लिटरेसी मिशन की स्थापना की थी।

लिटरेसी मिशन का मुख्य उद्देश्य शिक्षा को उस वर्ग और उन बच्चों तक पहुंचाना है जो इससे वंचित हैं। अपने इसी उद्देश्य का पालन करते हुए संस्थान के छात्र-छात्राएं अपनी पढ़ाई के साथ ही आस-पास के बच्चों को सप्ताह में छह दिन (सोमवार-शनिवार) शाम को लेक्चर हॉल में पढ़ाते हैं। पढ़ाई के साथ ही बच्चों को नैतिक मूल्यों से भी अवगत करवाया जाता है। पढ़ाई तो आवश्यकता है ही लेकिन एक स्वस्थ शरीर भी बहुत महत्व रखता है और इसी बात को ध्यान में रखते हुए बच्चों के शारीरिक विकास के लिए प्रतिदिन प्रातः 6 बजे उन्हें लेक्चर हॉल के बाहर योगा भी करवाई जाती है तथा प्रत्येक रविवार को मैदान में विभिन्न प्रकार के खेल जैसे वालीबॉल, बास्केटबॉल, क्रिकेट, बैडमिंटन, कबड्डी इत्यादि खेलाए जाते हैं। बच्चों के शारीरिक पोषण को ध्यान में रखते हुए उन्हें हफ्ते में 3-4 दिन फल इत्यादि भी वितरित किये जाते हैं। इसी के साथ ही बच्चों और उनके अभिभावकों के स्वास्थ्य को ध्यान में रखते हुए प्रति वर्ष हेल्थ कैंप का भी आयोजन किया जाता है जिसके अंतर्गत सभी बच्चों एवं उनके अभिभावकों की जांच की जाती है और उन्हें संपूर्ण दवाइयां लिटरेसी मिशन द्वारा ही उपलब्ध करवाई जाती हैं।

प्रतिवर्ष बच्चों के लिए ही संस्थान में एक सांस्कृतिक कार्यक्रम “प्रयास” का आयोजन किया जाता है। इसी कार्यक्रम के अंतर्गत लिटरेसी मिशन का सालाना फंड कलेक्शन किया जाता है, जिसमें संस्थान के छात्रों, अध्यापक गण, पूर्व छात्र एवं हमीरपुर के लोगों का भरपूर योगदान रहता है। “प्रयास” का मुख्य उद्देश्य बच्चों को पढ़ाई से अलग एक मंच प्रदान करना है, इसका उद्देश्य बच्चों में मंच का डर खत्म कर एक नए आत्मविश्वास का संचार करना एवं गत वर्ष आयोजित हुई लिटरेसी मिशन की सभी गतिविधियों का ब्योरा देना होता है। कार्यक्रम संस्थान के ऑडिटोरियम में आयोजित होता है जिसमें बच्चे नृत्य, गायन, नाटक, रैप-वॉक इत्यादि प्रस्तुतियों से सभी का मन लुभाते हैं।

गत वर्ष कोरोना काल के कारणवश प्रयास का आयोजन नहीं हो सका, परन्तु वर्ष 2019 में लिटरेसी मिशन के सदस्यों ने “प्रयास 2019: ज्ञानम परमं बलम” का आयोजन पूर्ण उत्साह से किया था। कार्यक्रम की शुभारंभ श्री अर्जित सेन ठाकुर, SP हमीरपुर, हिमाचल प्रदेश द्वारा दीप प्रज्वलन एवं माँ सरस्वती की वंदना के साथ किया गया जिसके उपरांत सभी बच्चों ने अपनी कला से सभागार में उपस्थित सभी जन का मन मोह लिया।

बच्चों में सीखने की इच्छा और उनकी कलात्मक सोच को देखते हुए लिटरेसी मिशन द्वारा “ज्ञान मंथन” नामक कार्यक्रम का आयोजन करवाया जाता है, जिसके अंतर्गत वॉलंटियर्स की मदद से बच्चे अपनी क्षमता अनुसार प्रोजेक्ट बनाते हैं और ये प्रोजेक्ट संस्थान में प्रदर्शित किए जाते हैं। ज्ञान मंथन का मुख्य उद्देश्य बच्चों में किताबी शिक्षा के बाहर भी चीजों की समझ विकसित करना है।

इन्हीं कुछ वार्षिक कार्यक्रमों के साथ ही अन्य उत्सव जैसे होली, दीवाली, रक्षाबंधन इत्यादि भी बच्चों के साथ ही मनाए जाते हैं।

इस आपदा के समय भी संस्थान से दूर होते हुए भी लिटरेसी मिशन के वॉलंटियर्स ने बच्चों को ऑनलाइन क्लास के माध्यम से जुड़े रहकर उनका सहयोग किया है। इसके साथ ही बच्चों और उनके अभिभावकों से भी नित्य संपर्क रखा गया है। लिटरेसी मिशन के कुछ वॉलंटियर्स ने कॉलेज में ही रहते हुए बच्चों को कॉपी, किताब उपलब्ध कराने का काम किया है।

बच्चों की मेहनत, लिटरेसी मिशन के सदस्यों की लगन, अध्यापकगण और संस्थान के पूर्ण सहयोग का ही नतीजा है कि बच्चों ने शिक्षा के क्षेत्र में काफी उपलब्धियां प्राप्त की हैं।

जिनमें से कुछ उपलब्धियां निम्नलिखित हैं,

गत वर्ष 7 बच्चों ने नवोदय प्रवेश परीक्षा में सफलता प्राप्त की है।

चंदन भगत ने JEE MAINS 2013 में NIT पटना में Mechanical Engineering में सीट प्राप्त की।

भूपेन्द्र ने Air force परीक्षा में सफलता प्राप्त की है।

पॉलीटेक्निक के छात्र दीपक ने मारुति मोटर्स में नौकरी प्राप्त की है।

युवाओं के इन्हीं छोटे छोटे प्रयासों से ही हम इस देश को पूर्ण रूप से शिक्षित बना सकते हैं।



॥ वातलाप ॥

(एक सुहानी शाम को वातलाप शुरू होती है)



और बताओं दोस्तों, क्या हाल-चाल है?

11:30 pm



हाल-चाल तो ठीक है, मगर आजकल आपके बारे में बहुत अफ़वाह सुनने को मिल रही है। 😊😊

11:30 pm



हाँ, हमने भी बहुत कुछ सुना है सर जी।

11:30 pm

अरे भाई, हमें भी तो बताओं, क्या बातें चल रही है 🤔🤔

11:31 pm



अरे नम्रता, तुमने नहीं सुना? MJ जी आजकल बहुत पतंग उड़ा रहे हैं। 😊😊😊

11:31 pm

मतलब? 🤔

11:31 pm



अरे मतलब कि सर अब से हमारे मैसेज का late reply देंगे क्योंकि समय की कमी होने वाली है उनके पास। 🤔🤔

11:31 pm



ऐसा कुछ नहीं है, ये सब अफ़वाह है। 😊😊

11:32pm



अच्छा देव, अब मैं समझी। 😊😊

11:32pm



तो सर बताइए पार्टी कब और कहां दे रहे हैं? 🥳🥳

11:32pm



अब पार्टी नहीं भंडार होगा जनाब। 😊😊

11:32pm



हां, महाशिवरात्रि के अवसर पर gate 1 वाले मंदिर पर मेरी तरफ से भंडारा। 😞😞

11:33pm



नहीं सर, हमें तो चोपड़ा में पार्टी चाहिए। 😞😞

11:33pm



अरे! सर तो अब चोपड़ा खरीद कर दे देंगे। 🤔🤔🤔

11:34pm



लगता है कि मेरा इंटरनेट खत्म होने वाला है। वो क्या है ना मैंने आज incognito mode पर एक मूवी देख ली थी 😂😂😂

11:36 pm



11:36 pm



11:36 pm



सर पार्टी तो देनी ही होगी, बड़ी मशक्कत के बाद आपके आंगन में कोई पतंग गिरी है। 😊

11:37 pm



सही पकड़े हैं, नहीं तो सर की पतंग तो कुछ ऊँचे मकान वाले लोग पकड़ लेते थे। 😂

11:37 pm



यार अविनल, सभी के सामने पुराने राज़ मत खोलो। 😞

11:37 pm

(कोमेश ऑनलाइन आते हैं)



अरे! हमें तो बताओ क्या बात चल रही है? इतने सारे मैसेज किस लिए है? 🤔🤔

11:38 pm



अरे भाई, इंपोर्टेंट बात चल रही है... डिस्टर्ब मत कर।

11:38 pm



मत बताओ, मैं खुद पढ़ लूंगा मैसेज। 😞😞

11:39 pm



अरे मुझे भी लगा था कि सर उच्च दर्जे के पतंगबाज हैं, ऐसे खाली- खाली तो नहीं हो सकते। 😊😊

11:40 pm



अरे अभी, अभी तुम नए हो। सर के पास तो पतंगों का पूरा कलेक्शन है। 😂😂

11:41 pm

वाह सर, फुल पतंगबाजी। 🎉

11:42 pm



अरे सर, भाभी का नाम तो बताइए। 😊😊😊

11:43 pm



भाई ऐसा कुछ है ही नहीं तो फिर किस का नाम बताऊं। 🤔🤔

11:44 pm



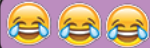
सर ऐसा मत बोलिए, हमारे source कभी गलत नहीं होते। 😞😞

11:45 pm



मुझे तो कुछ वैसा सीन लग रहा है! 😂😂

11:46 pm



11:48 pm



11:48 pm



मुझे तो अतुल भी बहुत पहुंचा हुआ खिलाड़ी लग रहा है! 😊😊

11:48 pm

हाँ सर, आजकल ये इंस्टाग्राम पर NIGHT CLUBS की बहुत फोटो डाल रहे हैं, ऊपर से कॉमेंट सेक्शन भी ऑफ कर देते हैं! 😂😂😂

11:48 pm



अरे वो मजबूरी है मेरी, मेरे कुछ नालायक दोस्त कॉमेंट में कुछ अनचाहे लोगों को टैग कर देते हैं! 🙄🙄🙄

11:49 pm



hmmmm सर, जहां आग होती है धुआँ भी वहीं से आता है! 😊😊

11:49 pm



हां, तभी तो रात रात भर ऑनलाइन रहते हैं! 😊😊

11:49 pm



देख लो तुम उनकी हालत, और तुम लोग मुझे बोल रहे थे! 😊😊

11:50 pm



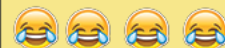
अरे MJ सर, आप तो गुरु हो, हम तो आपके ही पदचिन्हों पर चल रहे हैं! 😂😂

11:50 pm

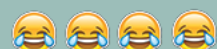


बेटा, तुम ज्यादा हमारे पदचिन्हों पर ना चलो तो बेहतर है, नहीं तो तुम्हारे सारे गंदे कामों का दोष हमारे सिर पर आ जाएगा! 😞😞😞

11:50 pm



11:50 pm



11:51pm



सही पकड़े हो! 😂😂

11:51pm



सही बात है सर, ये देव कुछ काम-वाम तो करता है नहीं बस बातें बनवा लो। 😂😂

11:53pm



हां, खुद तो कुछ करता नहीं है और दूसरों के कामों में टांग अड़ाता 🙄🙄

11:54 pm

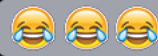
बंदर क्या जाने अदरक का स्वाद।

11:54pm



अब बोल देव, अब बोल ना! 😂😂

11:55 pm



11:55 pm



ऐसा कुछ नहीं है MJ सर, ये सब लोग मुझसे चिढ़ते हैं, इसलिए ऐसा बोल रहे हैं। 😞😞😞

11:55 pm

हमारे इतने बुरे दिन भी नहीं आए जो अब इससे चिढ़ेंगे। 😊

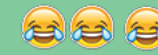
11:57 pm

(MJ ऑफलाइन हो जाते हैं)



लगता है पतंग का कॉल आ गया 😂

11:57 pm



12:00am



12:00am



चलो अब हम भी चलते हैं, रात बहुत हो गई है। सभी को शुभ संध्या...

12:00am

(सभी ऑफलाइन हो जाते हैं)

Note:- इस लेख के सभी पात्र काल्पनिक हैं
तो कृपया ज्यादा ज्ञान ना बांटे, धन्यवाद।

कोरोना काल में

बदलते
रिश्ते



क

"लगता है आज फिर से अंश नाराज़ होकर सो गया है।" ज्योति ने दरवाज़ा बंद करते हुए राजीव से कहा।
 "मुझे लगता है तुम्हें उसे बात करके समझाना चाहिए।" अपने कमरे की तरफ जाते हुए राजीव ने थके हुए स्वर में कहा।
 ज्योति पेशे से एक डॉक्टर थी और उसके पति राजीव IPS। अंश उनका बारह वर्ष का बेटा था जो कि उनसे नाराज़ रहता था क्योंकि उसके माता-पिता बहुत ज्यादा व्यस्त रहने के कारण उसके साथ समय व्यतीत नहीं कर पाते थे। उसे लगता था कि वो उसे प्यार नहीं करते।

"सॉरी बेटा अंश, कल एक emergency case आ गया था इसलिए मैं...."
 "नहीं आप दोनों हमेशा ही ऐसा बोलते हो, मुझे कोई प्यार नहीं करता इससे अच्छा तो मैं दादा-दादी के पास ही रहता।"

ज्योति की बात काटते हुए अंश ने कहा।
 "बेटा, तुम तो जानते ही हो हमारी नौकरी ही कुछ ऐसी है, हमें अपने परिवार से भी बढ़कर लोगों की हर संभव मदद करने के लिए तत्पर रहना पड़ता है और इसलिए हमने इस पेशे को चुना है।" राजीव ने अंश को समझाने की कोशिश की।

"बाकी सबके पापा भी तो नौकरी करते हैं, उनके पास तो खूब समय होता है आप तो मुझे प्यार ही नहीं करते" अंश ऐसा बोलकर गुस्से में नाश्ता किए बिना अपने कमरे में चला गया। "चलो ऐसा करते हैं, कुछ दिन के लिए माँ-बाबूजी को यहीं बुला लेते हैं। अंश भी अकेला महसूस नहीं करेगा।" राजीव ने ज्योति से कहा। ज्योति आज काम पर जाते समय थोड़ी परेशान थी, अंश का उसके प्रति बदलते रवैये को लेकर उसे डर लग रहा था कि कहीं अंश उनसे दूर ना होने लगे।

"हैलो बाबूजी, कैसे हैं आप?" राजीव अपने पिताजी से फोन पर बात कर रहा था।
 "बेटा मैं ठीक हूँ बस आजकल थोड़ा खेतों में काम ज्यादा रहता है, फसल की कटाई का समय चल रहा है।"

"अच्छा मैं सोच रहा था....." राजीव बोलते हुए थोड़ा हिचकिचा रहा था इतने में बाबूजी ने कहा।
 "बेटा मैं सोच रहा था कि तुम कुछ दिन के लिए अंश को हमारे पास गाँव छोड़ जाओ। दो-चार दिन यहाँ रहेगा तो हमारा भी मन लगा रहेगा।" वो राजीव के मनोभाव को समझ चुके थे, वो जानते थे कि राजीव-ज्योति व्यस्त होने के कारण अंश को ज्यादा समय नहीं दे पाते हैं।

"अच्छा ठीक, मैं कल अंश को लेकर गाँव आ जाऊँगा। वैसे भी बहुत कम आता है वो गाँव, कुछ दिन आपके पास रहेगा तो उसे भी अच्छा लगेगा।" राजीव ने मन ही मन खुश होकर कहा।

"ठीक है बेटा, अपना ख्याल रखना।" कहते हुए बाबूजी ने फोन रख दिया।
 "ज्योति तुम शाम को घर आकर अंश का सामान पैक कर देना, सुबह मैं उसको छोड़ने जाऊँगा।" कहकर राजीव अपने दफ्तर के लिए निकल गया।

(शाम को खाना खाने के बाद)

"ज्योति, अंश को सुला दो, हमें सुबह जल्दी निकलना है।"

"अच्छा, पर मुझे डर लग रहा कि अंश का मन तो लग जायेगा ना, वहाँ नेटवर्क ज्यादा अच्छा नहीं है और अंश अपने वीडियो गेम के बिना कैसे रहेगा वहाँ?" "तुम चिंता मत करो, माँ-बाबूजी के साथ उसका मन लग जाएगा।" इस सबके बारे में सोचते-सोचते ज्योति को नींद आ गई जो सुबह अलार्म से खुली। ज्योति ने राजीव को जगाया। अंश को नहला कर तैयार कर दिया। राजीव ने अंश का सामान गाड़ी में रखते हुए अंश को आवाज़ लगाई "बेटा दादा-दादी को परेशान मत करना, और अपना ख्याल रखना।"

"ठीक है मम्मी, बाय।" अंश रुखेपन से बोला और जल्दी से गाड़ी में बैठ गया। गाड़ी अब गाँव के रास्ते पर थी।
 कुछ 4-5 घंटे के लंबे सफर के बाद वो गाँव पहुँचे। राजीव ने अंश का सामान निकाला। बाबूजी के पैर छूकर, अपने जरूरी काम की वजह से वापस जाने की आज्ञा मांगी और शहर की तरफ गाड़ी मोड़ ली।

अंश भी सफर में बहुत थक गया था इसलिए खाना खाकर दादी से कहानियाँ सुनते हुए जल्दी ही सो गया।
 अंश को गाँव आये 3-4 दिन हो गये थे। आज रात को वो दादाजी के साथ टीवी देख रहा था तभी देश में प्रधानमंत्री के द्वारा covid 19 के बढ़ते प्रभाव के कारण किये गये लॉकडाउन की खबर सुनकर दुःखी हुआ क्योंकि उसे अब गाँव में रहना पड़ेगा। लॉकडाउन खत्म होने तक और वहाँ उसे वीडियो गेम खेलने को नहीं मिलेंगे। यह सोचते-सोचते वो दादी की गोद में ही सो गया।

"अंश बेटा, चलो मैं तुम्हें अपने खेत दिखा लाऊँ। वहाँ पर बहुत बच्चे भी हैं तो तुम्हारा मन भी लग जायेगा।"
 "हाँ, दादाजी मुझे भी वो yellow crop देखनी है।" अंश ने चहकते हुए कहा।

"अरे बेटा!, उसे धान कहते हैं, चलो मैं तुम्हें ले चलता हूँ वहाँ।"

अंश के मासूमियत भरे सवाल के साथ दादाजी मोटर, कुएँ-कुंडे और तालाबों को देखते हुए खेतों की तरफ बढ़ रहे थे। जैसे जैसे वो आगे बढ़ रहे थे, अंश को उसके सवाल के जवाब मिलते जा रहे थे। अंश बहुत खुश था गाँव के माहौल से। उसको गाँव आए 3-4 महीने हो चुके थे और वो वीडियो गेम के बारे में भूलकर अब पिट्टू, कंचे, जैसे खेल खेलने लगा था। पिज़्ज़ा-चॉकलेट जिनको वो बहुत पसंद करता था, उनसको गमा भूलकर अब उसे दूध-दही, छाछ-रबड़ी ज्यादा मन को भाने लगे थे। उसका नज़रिया अब अपने मम्मी-पापा के प्रति बदल चुका था क्योंकि उसने मीडिया के ज़रिए डॉक्टर और पुलिस के द्वारा किये जा रहे काम के बारे में सुना था और उसे अब अपने माता-पिता पर गर्व था।

आज लगभग 1 साल बाद लॉकडाउन खत्म होने के बाद उसके पापा उसे लेने आये। अंश ने भरी आँखों से सबसे विदा ली और शाम तक वो अपनी मम्मी की गोद में था। रात को मम्मी को गाँव के बारे में बताते अंश को कब नींद आ गई पता ही नहीं चला।
 अंश को खुश देखकर राजीव और ज्योति की आँखें भर आई और वो दोनों भी अंश को देखते-देखते सो गये।





धर्म और हम

धर्म यो बाधते धर्मो न स धर्मः कुधर्मकः।
अविरोधान्तु यो धर्मः स धर्मः सत्यविक्रम ॥

-वेदव्यास

अर्थात् जो धर्म दूसरों के धर्म में बाधा दे वह धर्म नहीं कुधर्म है और जो धर्म दूसरों के धर्म को अवरोध से हटाए वही वास्तव में धर्म है। किंतु आज सारी लड़ाई इसी बात की है कि "मेरा धर्म ही महत्वपूर्ण है, श्रेष्ठ है"। आप कोई भी धर्म ग्रंथ जैसे कुरान, बाइबिल, गीता या गुरु ग्रंथ साहिब उठा कर देखिए, यदि इनका एक शब्द या वाक्य में सार कहें तो वह है "प्रेम"। मतलब यह है कि हमारे दिल में प्राणि जगत और वनस्पति जगत, सभी के लिए प्रेम होना चाहिए। जिसने दिल में सच्चाई, प्रेम और पवित्रता को हृदयगम किया हुआ है एवं अपने कर्तव्य का पालन कर रहा है तो यही उसका धर्म है। फिर उसे किसी दूसरे धर्म, किसी देवता की जरूरत नहीं वह स्वयं ही अपने आप में पूर्ण है। परंतु यह भी स्वाभाविक ही है कि जब कभी इंसान अपने को अकेला, संकट में या किसी गतिरोध में फंसा पाता है तो उसे किसी ऐसे सहारे (वह कोई व्यक्ति भी हो सकता है) की जरूरत होती है जिस पर वह विश्वास कर सके और उसे ऐसी घड़ी से बाहर निकाल सके। इस प्रकार वह किसी ना किसी को ढूढ़ ही लेता है। यही कारण है आज आबादी का अधिकांश हिस्सा आस्तिक है। आस्तिक होने में किसी भी तरह का दोष नहीं है, फिर हमने रालतियां कहाँ की? जो आज आपसी बैर और अमानवीयता का कारण बनी।

अब्राहमी पौराणिक कथाओं में अब्राहम के 'गॉड' ने मनुष्य को अपनी जिंदगी कैसे जीनी चाहिए उसके लिए कुछ नियम बताए। इसी तरह से वेदों और पुराणों में भी कुछ नियम बताए गए हैं। ये नियम एक पीढ़ी से दूसरी पीढ़ी तक पैगंबर, धार्मिक गुरुओं और अन्य लोगों के माध्यम से पहुंचते गए। परन्तु दुर्भाग्यवश, सही नियम-धर्म क्या है? यह आज कोई भी नहीं जानता। इसलिए यहूदियों, मुसलमानों, ईसाईयों और हिंदुओं में उनके विभिन्न उप समूहों के ही बीच झगड़े होते आए हैं। इन झगड़ों की क्या वजह रही?

क्योंकि:-

लोग अपनी-अपनी बुद्धि, सहूलियत व स्वार्थ के अनुसार नियमों का मतलब निकालते गए और जाने-अनजाने में इन्हें जरूरत के हिसाब से बदलते गए। इसी बीच मूल या स्थाई तत्व कहाँ खो गया? इसका पता ही नहीं है?

लेकिन वेदों में (जो वास्तविक रूप में हैं या थे) विश्व को देखने का नज़रिया अलग है। वैदिक से पौराणिक काल तक हिंदू धर्म में हुए परिवर्तनों में हम असीमता, विविधता और नश्वरता जैसी धारणाओं पर ध्यान केंद्रित किया हुआ पाते हैं।

अब्राहमी या यहूदी विचार निर्धारित "नियम या वैल्यूज" द्वारा विश्व को ठीक करना चाहते हैं। जिसमें पाश्चात्य संस्कृति और सभ्यता भौतिकवाद पर ज्यादा जोर देती है। उसके अनुसार जिसे हम छू सकते हैं, देख सकते हैं, सिर्फ उसका ही अस्तित्व है। परंतु हमें यह भी समझना चाहिए कि हमारी जीवनदायिनी वायु को क्या हम देख सकते हैं? छू सकते हैं? लेकिन उसका अस्तित्व है। इसी तरह प्रकाश और अग्नि भी है।

वहीं वेदों में समझाए गए विचार इसके बिल्कुल विपरीत हैं। वेदों में प्रकृति सबसे महत्वपूर्ण मानी गई है- संस्कृति और मनुष्यों से भी महत्वपूर्ण। लेकिन प्रकृति में "मत्स्य न्याय" लागू होता है जिसके अनुसार सिर्फ शक्तिशाली प्राणी ही जीवित रहते हैं। हालांकि यह मनुष्य, जिसके पास कल्पना करने की क्षमता है, उसके लिए जरूरी नहीं है कि वह इस न्याय का पालन करे ही। मानवीय सामर्थ्य के अनुसार यह उसका धर्म है कि वह असहाय-अक्षम प्राणी और लोगों को संसाधन देकर उन्हें जीवित रहने, समानता एवं विकास में उनकी मदद करे। यह बात प्रकृति के सभी तत्वों (जो समर्थ हैं) पर लागू होती है। केवल स्वयं के बारे में सोचने से ही हम अपने सामर्थ्य को पूरा नहीं कर सकते, इसे अधर्म कहते हैं।

हमारे पूर्वजों ने हमें या यूँ कहें कि हम उस विरासत की परवरिश हैं, जिस संस्कृति-सभ्यता ने हमारा पालन-पोषण किया है जिसमें "वसुधैव कुटुम्बकम्" की विचारधारा को अपनाया गया है। जिसका अर्थ है "संपूर्ण वसुधा (पृथ्वी) ही एक परिवार है"। तब यह कितनी ओछी मानसिकता वाली बात होगी कि हम आज धर्म-जाति के विषय पर आपस में लड़ रहे हैं और असमानता-भेदभाव को जन्म दे रहे हैं। हमें यह भी समझना चाहिए कि इन झगड़ों में निश्चित तौर पर कुछ लोग अपना-अपना स्वार्थ साधने के लिए मध्यस्थता कर रहे हैं, यह वर्तमान परिदृश्य की सच्चाई है और हम इससे मुक्त नहीं सकते। हर धर्म और जाति के लोग अलग-अलग राजनीतिक दलों के लिए वोट बैंक का काम करते हैं। जिससे समाज और ज्यादा बंटता चला जाता है। बल्कि हमें इस बात पर गौर करना चाहिए कि -

"देश में सिर्फ एक ही जाति और एक ही धर्म होना चाहिए और वह है 'भारतीय'।" जिससे देश में समानता और भाईचारे की भावना विकसित हो, जहाँ लोग शांतिपूर्ण ढंग से मिलजुल कर रह सकें।

अपने अपने धर्म के प्रचार-प्रसार एवं उसकी श्रेष्ठता को साबित करने की जद्दोजहद को लेकर, एक वास्तविक परंतु तर्कसंगत उदाहरण को लेते हैं -

जब हम किसी से प्रेम करते हैं तो यह चाहते हैं कि उससे मेरे अलावा कोई भी प्रेम ना करे, सिर्फ मैं ही उसके हित का सोचूँ, वह भी सिर्फ मुझसे ही जुड़ा रहे। यानी हम उस पर एकमात्र अधिकार चाहते हैं। और अगर यही बात धर्म या ईश्वर पर लागू की जाए तो एकदम विपरीत जान पड़ती है। क्योंकि जब हम किसी की आराधना करते हैं या किसी के अनुयायी बनते हैं तो हमारी यह अभिलाषा होती है कि सभी उसे मानें, उससे प्रेम करें और उस पर विश्वास करें। दोनों स्थितियों में हमारे सोचने का नज़रिया पूर्णतः विपरीत है। फिर आपका या हमारा यह कैसा प्रेम हुआ? इनमें से कौन सा प्रेम सच्चा है और कौन सा सिर्फ दिखावा?

दूसरा नज़रिया धर्म को देखने का यह होना चाहिए कि हम धर्म को अपने कर्तव्य के नज़रिए से समझें, जैसा कि गीता में कहा गया है। वास्तविकता में हमें धर्म का मतलब अपना कर्तव्य ही समझना चाहिए और ईमानदारी से उसका निर्वाहन भी करना चाहिए। जिसमें सर्वप्रथम आता है "इंसानियत का धर्म" जो समय, कर्म, जाति-धर्म, अमीर-गरीब, भूखंड-देश से भी ऊपर है, और समूची मानव जाति को एक सूत्र में पिरोता है।

डिप्रेशन से मैं हारा.. आखिर किस चीज़ का अब सहारा..?



रवि :

अब इस दुनिया से मैं दूर होना चाह रहा था।
देख रहा था मैं खुद, खुद को खोते हुए,
खुशियों का भार ढोते हुए...!
आज़ाद नहीं था मैं, जब बंधा गया मुझे मेरी ही बेड़ियों से।
कहीं टिप्पणी न करें कोई, बस यहीं मुझे सताता था।
आखिर मैं भी वो इंसान था जो इस मायाजाल से बाहर आना चाहता था..!

डॉ शाह :

Hmm....

जान गया अब मैं तुम्हारी समस्या का कारण,
आओ मिलकर करें इसका निवारण,
मिल जाएगा हमें कोई ना कोई रास्ता,
अब मैं सुनना चाहता हूँ तुम्हारी ये दास्तां।

(रवि खुद से नाराज़ होते हुए)

रवि :

मैं अंदर ही अंदर घुट रहा था शायद मेरी ही गलती थी।
मैं परिस्थितियों के हाथों मजबूर था, और कोई रास्ता भी नज़र नहीं आ रहा था। फिर मैंने अपने दोस्तों की मदद ली।
दोस्त भी कितने अजीब होते हैं ना। मेरे दोस्तों को ही देख लो, एक मुझे इस आभासी दुनिया में ले गया और दूसरा मुझे वापस खींच लाया है।

डॉ शाह :

“उसे मौत ने नहीं उसकी सोच ने मारा है, जो इंसान खुद से हारा है...”
जो बीत गयी वो बात गई और अपने आप को कोसना
किसी भी परेशानी का हल नहीं, तो बताओ कि इसकी शुरुआत कैसे हुई?

रवि :

शब्द नहीं है मेरे पास इसे बयां करने के लिए, मैं इस दलदल में फंस गया था कोई दूसरा रास्ता नज़र नहीं आ रहा था....
किसी दोस्त ने दिखाया और मैं चल पड़ा इन इंसानों की भूल भुलैया में...
शुरुआत में तो मुझे इंसान available हो गए और मैं इंसान लेते-लेते #feelgood वाली दुनिया में चला गया...
(और इसी प्रकार पहला मित्र अपनी मित्रता की व्यर्थता सिद्ध करते हुए उसे इंसान की ओर ले जाता है।)
एक समय ऐसा भी आया जब मुझे इंसान मिलने बंद हो गएवो कहते हैं ना जनाब पैसा नहीं तो कुछ नहीं..!
और मैंने जिस डिप्रेशन को हटाने के लिए इंसान लिए थे उसी भूलभुलैया ने मुझे ऐसा भटका दिया कि जिंदगी के एक मोड़ पर मैंने खुद को खत्म करने की कोशिश की ।

(पर सच ही तो है, आखिर सुदामा को कृष्ण मिल ही जाते हैं।)

डॉक्टर साहब आज उसी कृष्ण समान मित्र की वजह से मैं आपके सामने हूँ।

दलदल से बाहर आकर कभी वापस न जाने का प्रण लेकर यहां बैठा हूँ...!

(यह दोस्ती भी एक ऐसा रिश्ता है जो निभा दे वो फरिश्ता है..और दोस्त...का चुनाव हमेशा हमारे हाथ में ही होता है!"

फिर क्या था, वह दूसरा दोस्त रवि को उस दलदल से बाहर निकालता है और इस प्रकार यह एक छोटा सा प्रसंग हमें बहुत कुछ सिखाता है।)

डॉ शाह :

बेटा मैं तुम्हारे हौसले पर फख्र करता हूँ!!

तुम अपनी समस्या लेकर मेरे पास आए, वरना आजकल की दुनिया तो मनोवैज्ञानिक की मदद लेने वाले को पागल करार देती है जिससे ऐसी समस्या से जूझने वाले व्यक्ति डर के कारण अपने आप में ही घुटने लगते हैं।

वो किसी और को अपनी बात बताने का साहस नहीं जुटा पाते क्योंकि कहीं ना कहीं उन्हें अपना मज़ाक उड़ने का डर सताता है।

उन्हें खुद पता नहीं होता कि उनके साथ क्या हो रहा है। और वो ना चाह कर भी दुनिया से दूर रहना ही पसंद करते हैं।

विवेक :

मैं आप से पूरी तरह सहमत हूँ डॉक्टर साहब और लोगों का क्या है।

"कुछ तो लोग कहेंगे, लोगों का काम है कहना!"

डॉ शाह :

शाबाश!! बेटा तुमने यह चुना, "डर कर नहीं डट कर" और इसी प्रकार हमेशा हर समस्या का सामना करना। और अपने मित्र को संभाल कर रखना, सच्चे मित्र नसीब वालों को ही मिलते हैं।

रवि :

शुक्रिया, यह मैं हमेशा याद रखूंगा।

डॉ शाह :

अपना ख्याल रखना और यह सारी दवाईयां समय पर लेते रहना,

साथ ही सदैव याद रखना :-

पाओ कभी खुद को अगर खोया,

रास्ता भटका, न जागा, न सोया,

खुद से करनी होगी तुम्हें बातें,

आईना दिखा कर ये मुलाकातें,

नकारात्मक ना हो कुछ भी,

चाहे आचार हो या विचार।

जब खुद से जोड़ोगे वास्ता,

तभी मिलेगा तुम्हें सही रास्ता,

अकेले लड़ने की जरूरत नहीं, साथ मैं हूँ तुम्हारे।

पहले सोचना फिर राह चुनना,

कभी ना समझना खुद को बेसहारा,

जो ना समझ पाया खुद को,

वही इंसान है हारा..!

कभी भी खुद से नेगेटिव talk का विचार आए तो उसे आने ना देना

और किसी न किसी सही इंसान से परेशानियों को साझा करना,

जिससे तुम अकेले नहीं होगे।



(दोस्त वही होता है जो अपने स्वार्थों से ऊपर उठकर अपने दोस्त को बुराई की राह पर चलने से बचाता है।
गिरते हुए मित्र का हाथ थामकर उसे गिरने से बचाता है, वह अपने मित्र को ना कभी भटकने देता है न हीं सही रास्ता भूलने देता है।
सच्चा मित्र अपना विवेक सदैव जगाए रखता है और साथ में मित्र का विवेक भी जगाए रखता है।
यू तो भटकाने और मौज़ मस्ती में साथ देने वाले मित्र जीवन के कदम कदम पर मिल जाते हैं परंतु सच्चे मित्र बहुत कम मिलते हैं।)
(अब दोस्तों का भी कुछ, क्या कहें जनाब..! मुश्किल है तय करना किस पर विश्वास किया जाए.. पर यकीन मानिए परिस्थितियां
सब सीखला देती है।)

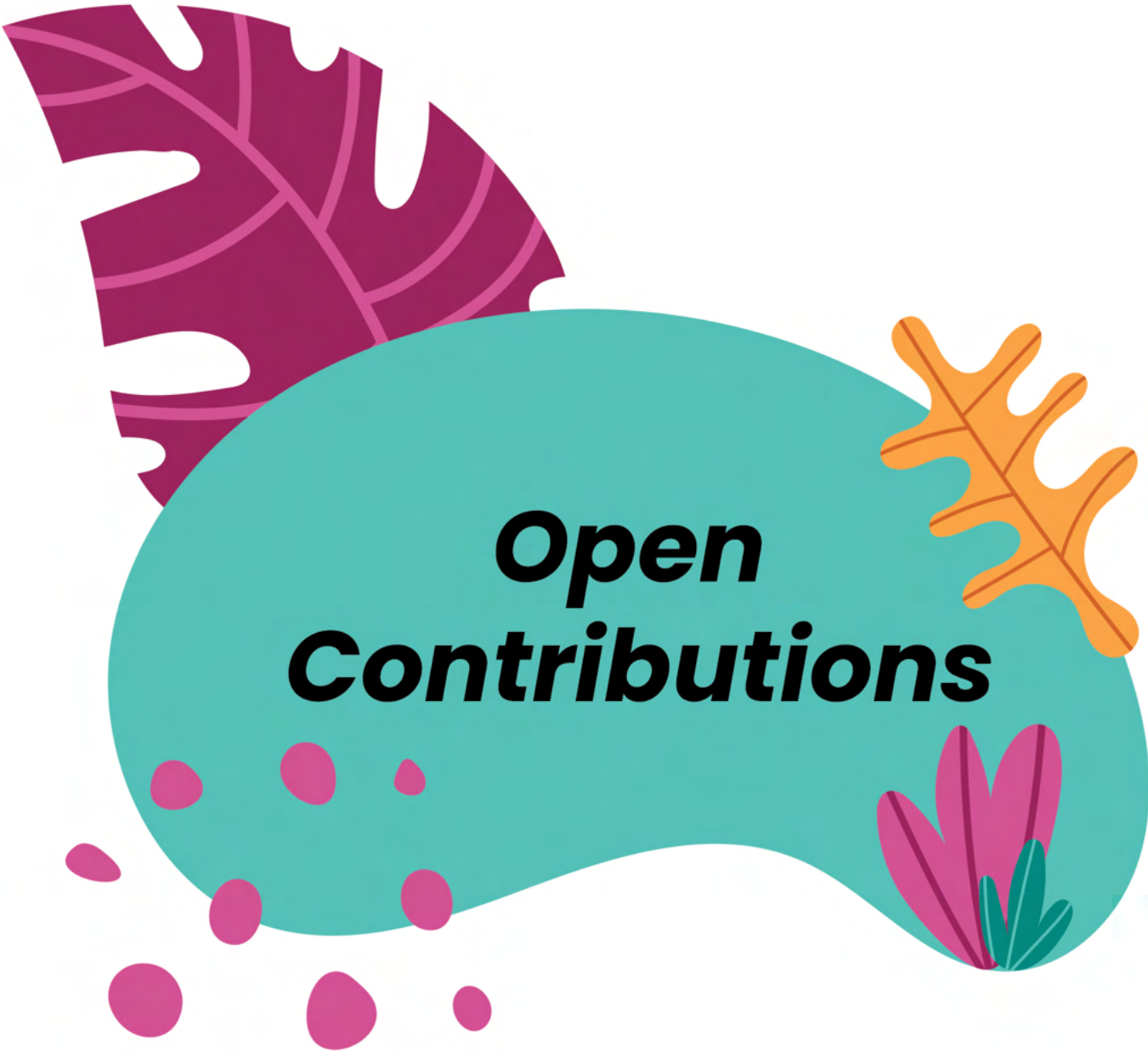


1. WHO also states that the mental health workforce in India is not upto the mark and there is a huge shortage of psychiatrists and psychologists in the country as compared to the number of people suffering from mental health issues. WHO states that in India, (per 100,000 population) there are psychiatrists (0.3), nurses (0.12), psychologists (0.07) and social workers (0.07), while the desirable number is anything above 3 psychiatrists and psychologists per 100,000 population.

2. WHO also estimates that about 7.5 percent Indians suffer from some mental disorder and predicts that by the end of this year roughly 20 percent of India will suffer from mental illnesses. According to the numbers, 56 million Indians suffer from depression and another 38 million Indians suffer from anxiety disorders.

अगर कुछ भी परेशानी आए तो भारत सरकार द्वारा शुरू किये गये अभियान “मनोदर्पण” का सहारा ले।

Helpline no:- 8448440632



Open Contributions





Vinayak Shrote

The Perfect Place

I have travelled miles and miles
 In search of this beautiful, pristine place,
 This sanctuary of unsullied utopia,
 Where everything resides in perfection,
 Where all the plagues dissolve away,
 Where the heart always attains what it craves,
 Where the mind emerges free from its confines,
 And the soul glides unceasingly without fear.
 But in this timeworn quest for this perfect place, I realized
 That it can never survive in this mortal place,
 But can only prosper within the limitless conscience,
 The only place that is devoid of decadence.
 Where, only to one's own will, this haven can be built.
 Until infinity, this paradise can never wilt.
 This lone architect, it beseeches me to heed its advice,
 To forever, and ever, reside within this peaceful paradise,
 A haven where only you and I can jive,
 The perfect kingdom where we can, forever, thrive.



Mridul Chauhan

Appraisal

I stain, I bleed.
 Only pain, no relief
 I howl, I cry.
 It feels as if I am gonna die.
 You joke, you smirk.
 I break bones giving birth.
 Open minds, at temples let me in,
 If giving birth a blessing,
 Then why bleeding a sin?

Times change, change the myths too.
 do not make me repent,
 That I have given birth to you.
 As blood flows down my thighs,
 And your eyes roll up towards my skirt.
 Wondering whether a virgin?
 If not, then definitely a Slut.

In the hope that maybe
 Today, tomorrow, sooner or later
 Your thinking will change.
 But it is so disturbing to see
 How every time the same story,
 It only gets strange.
 It is a cycle that we go through.
 And it is crystal clear.
 You do not want to understand.
 Maybe that is why I have this gift.
 And the power to give birth is not in your hands.

Into the Mind

There are moments.
Stirrings of panic
Huge enough to dwarf the
surroundings.
I would try to reassure myself
The tangible vicinity
That is real

The sight of my blurred vision
The touch of the cold breeze
The breeze that fills the heart
Fills it with warmth
Despite all
I felt indifferent

The world seems too cruel
To let me believe all that
The slightest of emotions
They seem buried
Buried inside the depths
Of what we believe as
Our invaluable traditions
The trades
That the human race
Keeps on following inexplicably
Leading to utter sorrow

And all of that
Which is now significant?
Will vanish
Into the shadows of inevitable solitude
That falls upon us as we grow
And we would be too far then
To come back home

Pragya Angra



The Sky

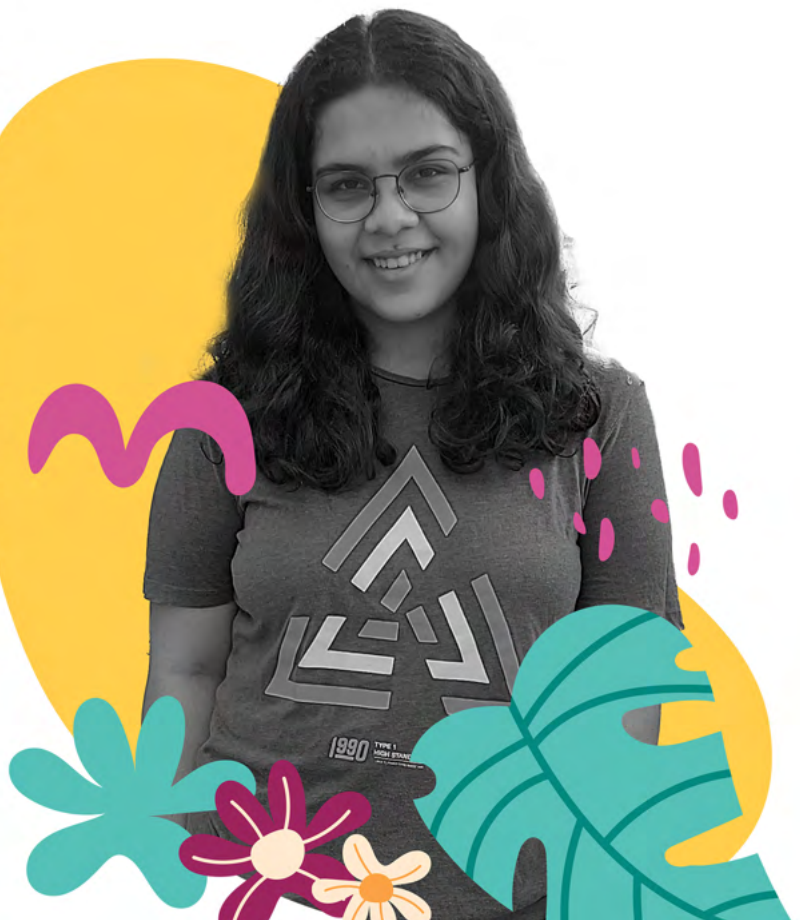
So, I look above with a breath of relief, gaping at the celestial adobe stretching all along in all the directions known in all the mythologies "The Sky". And I thought, "Was it always this beautiful?", if so, how was I so ignorant to it all this time. Or is it the same? The same old sky every day, and "I" am different. Maybe the sky is just a perspective. After all, as they say, "It is all about how you think", it is changing according to how I think or how I feel at this moment. Hence, I merely imagined. It was all just a fantasy. The sky wasn't different, but a fragment of my curious, hyperactive mind because I was thinking differently. I was looking differently at the world, so it was all different to me.

Still, what is "the sky"? A heavenly adobe or just a screen, a super amazing theatre that nature gifted to the entire mortal world, with a thought to keep us entertained by changing the colours and views with every passing second. Or the sky is a veil standing between the greatest mysteries of the world, the galaxy, and "us". Sometimes projects a gazillion of stars and sometimes lets the two-nemesis project light: the sun rises, and spreads hope, and the moon guides the path even in the darkest of times. A projector of our own actions and nature itself, a portal to the universe. The sky, an arena for two archenemies to exist together, and a spectrum of all the energies that ever saw the face of the earth.

Besides, when everything in this universe comes with an expiry date, the sky is a story, the story of all the stories. If "We all are just stories" then it is the keeper. The sky has seen it all: the monuments wreaking; the deadliest wars; those peace-bearing truce; the greatest victories; revolutions and

establishment of time on the earth. Every story that we tell or become goes there, all above, and becomes a part of the sky. Like the story of cloud and rain, which is its favourite companion, it has all of it. And with the melting of time, the sky has seen all of us and is even looking at me as I stand alone, staring at it, admiring its beauty and life.

Rushika Singh





Harsh Thakur

Silhouettes

Were we really alive,
Or were we silhouettes
Of a life that once was.
Like an hourglass,
that trickles its sand gently down.

A child, who traces his hand on paper,
And a hunter who carved his on a rock
Thousands of years ago,
Both ensuring that their presence is not
limited to themselves.
That they are a part of something larger
than their own selves.

It's almost as if art is a compulsion,
A desire so overwhelming
To have our mark on the world,
To have a life beyond the flesh.

Despite the foolishness of humanity,
There is still beauty in their faults,
Hope in their lives,
And joy in their hearts.
Consciousness is a fickle thing of
unwavering potential
And a bottomless imagination.
It is a bounty and a curse
To be aware of your own insignificant
flame
In the multitude of the cosmos.
And yet it is our greatest virtue,
Our will to live and learn and conquer
all.

The Dialogue

"Oh! So dreamy tree,
Who set you on fire?"
"It was my inner self,
That unfulfilled desire"
"That seems decent to me,
you had a lot in there."
"I concur with that.
All it ever needed was a spark.
Inflamed it was by their
Expectations of me to be greener.
When it was the fall that I faced,
Oh, they were not so fair."
"I heard you lost a lot;
your losts were lost too."
"You seem like a person of intellect,
your particulars so true.
Indeed, it were my yellowed leaves
that caught fire, from my own fury.
I burned my remnants,
And they burnt me too."
"I pray for you, my dreamy tree.
May you restore."
"I appreciate your concern.
Thank you for the warmth.
But leave me on my own, I insist.
Because too much warmth is what
Reconstructs the heat,
To trigger a fire."

Arsh Aggarwal





Agrawal Yash

Long Live The Nobel King

The myth is a fact
And the truth, a pretty sly.
And so were the tales,
That the legends honestly lied.

Long, long ago, in a faraway land,
Lived a mighty king.
Had bright skin, a muscular chin,
With vast treasure, and a gigantic army
'Ye strong as a mountain!
Ye furious as a volcano!
Dear masses,
Bow before your noble king!
He proclaimed and sang,
While with heavy hearts
And wide smirks,
His crowd cheered the noble king.

History claimed that he killed a beast.
Historians believed it to be a boar.
Rumours said a dam was on the way,
While Ministers believed that was just sewage.
"Look at my work, ye godly! Ye lofty!"
The king proclaimed and sang.

On the 13th night of February,
The walls squeaked, the breeze shrieked,
And a single lantern lit the mansion.
The king tiptoed across the corridor,
Until a mouse bit the king.
The king fumbled and tumbled,
And fell down the stairs.

Ministers declared the king no more.
The crowd rejoiced and mourned,
"Ye majestic! Ye despair!"



Shailesh Kandpal

The Other Woman

The sun came out like a Greek warrior
With crimson sword, killing the dead of the night
And just like a couple of deers in the woods,
We were running from the gloom, while the hearts were bright.

Summer of '06, the month was June,
When we were learning our quintessential ways
And sitting there, blinding me with that dazzling smile
You brightened up my gloomy days .

The order of words which questioned order.
The entropy of our souls was truly shining
And never did I see in my intoxicated daze ,
that this love will soon turn into pining
The blindfold of love was a sweet deception.
Ignorance was a bliss, I wasn't wise
But the blindfold was snatched like a fortune

Because to battle the sun, came the dark skies
Two hearts were broken, one was mine
And it dawned upon me, I was bonnie to his Clyde.
For she was the one who had him first
I was the criminal, he, the mastermind
The web of lies, those deceptive eyes,
Homewrecker, my new identity
And perfecting the art of facial muscles

I craved the feeling of eternal serenity
The talk of the town, the witch on the stake
The owner of a bastard, my pain is fake.
Because they found the Achilles' heel
The sun lost the battle, and I wasn't allowed to feel
And yet I sit there, under the crimson skies
Remembering those eyes, those tranquil smiles
For I was destined to be the other woman
And our love, yeah, it was juvenile



Ashwani Kumar

Consequences of Being a Wallflower

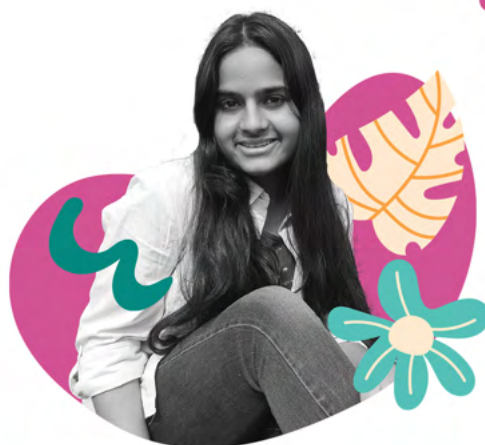
I come from a garden of beauty with the sound of silence,
A garden of mythical love and mental violence.
A place filled with tempting desires, no guidance,
And I am just a wallflower on that mysterious island.

Most of the residents there are subservient,
But there are some with hearts of shining diamonds.
All they can do is pretend and show compliance,
For the rulers of that kingdom are cruel tyrants.

I wanted to be the change, to know my existence,
Forge a chance to live and show defiance.
I thought I would make a lasting alliance,
That I would break free. But all I heard were loud noises of sirens.

They mocked and laughed, but I was not the audience.
So I sat there and thought, "Does it make any difference?"
But I know I'll have to save my diamond and run thence.
Deep in the midnight, I woke, and gained conscience.

Every night I go to that garden of beauty for the sound of silence,
A garden of mythical love and mental violence.
A place filled with tempting desires and no guidance,
For all I am is a wallflower on that disastrous island...



Prerna

My Puppet

My puppet
Feeds on fame.
It stammers while remembering
A handful of names.
She sleeps with her curtains
Wrapping up all her pain,
With strings made of nerves,
And warm days made of rain.

She can control
All her thoughts.
And yet, her untouched soul
Will remain hidden behind the plot.
For she is a puppet,
And she sees with my eyes.
And yet, understands with her brain,
That if she speaks of rebellion,
She would be abandoned
And killed.

She would rather betray her dreams,
A character at last.
Amongst laughter and tears,
She would see them
Cherishing her exploitation.
In stories,
she'd receive no love
And appreciation.
Oh, but she would live through.
A flood for the emotionless,
A puppet.

Divinity

Of all the legends in Greek mythology, there is one that has managed to shake me to my core and stay with me even after all these years.

The Greek myths are full of stories of heroes defeating monsters, huge escapades into the unknown, fables that tour the underworld, or those that talk about the war among the Titans and the Gods - yet the one story that managed to strike a chord within me, the story that taught me about love, about selflessness, about life and about what defines a deity has been the one that seemingly lacks all of them.

Prometheus was among the last surviving Titans in the age of Olympus, owing to the bond he shared with Zeus as his friend and trusted companion. After the war, Zeus assigned him the task of creating life on Earth - beings capable of surviving but not thriving without the protection of Olympus, beings who would worship the Olympians and tend to their needs, beings that would soon come to be called humans. The Titan crafted humans from mud in the shape of the Gods. He poured his entire essence into creating the sculptures, and as they gained life, he came to love them as a mother loves her children. He wished for them to prosper under the Gods, but the Olympians had different plans for the fragile beings. Not being able to protect themselves, their life's purpose was reduced to the amusement of the Gods, to be expunged from existence on a whim. Seeing the atrocities the Gods laid on the humans, a disheartened Prometheus decided to rebel against their king. No more would his children suffer; no more would they cry out, desperate for help. Fuelled by his immense pain, he scaled the mountain with his bare hands, climbing till he reached the Flames of Olympus. According to the legends, the Flames were the absolute power created by the Gods, capable of giving the humans a chance to thrive without help. Prometheus carried the Flames and distributed them among his children, giving them the power to harness nature for their benefit and to ultimately dominate the natural order. When Zeus looked down at the humans, he realized what had happened. He appeared before Prometheus with a tear welling up in his eye, a tear that symbolized betrayal, and the god was furious. Prometheus was to be chained to a cliff for eternity, each day a vulture would come and feast on his liver, each night his liver would grow back, only for it to be torn apart again. He had gone against the king of Gods, and Zeus was merciless in his punishment. Although Prometheus was to remain in this perpetual agony until the end of time itself, he never expressed any signs of pain, fear or regret at his act of rebellion. Instead, he looked below, at his children with the faintest of smiles underneath the vulture's shrieks and a sign of relief on his face.

There is something about this story of rebellion against a power he had no hope of winning against that goes out of the ordinary even for a myth that has the Gods involved.

Prometheus had nothing to gain by giving humans the power of fire and the means to overcome their benevolent overlords. He did it for something that has seemingly become foreign to the humans of today. He did it out of the love he harboured for them. I remember reading this story and feeling powerlessly overwhelmed at his sacrifice. I tried to put myself in his shoes. Will I ever be strong enough to witness eternal pain for those I say I love? Will I ever have enough power to rebel against the Gods, not for my happiness but the happiness of others? Can humans even fathom doing something close to this? Can they ever reach divinity? Yet throughout history, there have been cases of the same, of people giving their all to the movements that outgrew themselves, going as far as sacrificing themselves for



Abhineet Barwal

the people they loved and the ideas they believed in. When we think of divinity, we think of magic, or of Moses parting the sea, or of Gods stopping time to showcase their power and might over puny mortals. Somewhere along the way, we lost sight of what godliness is. Divinity does not require an act that will remain etched in the history books till the end of time. What divinity requires is love, selfless love. When the prophets said there is a God within all of us, I believe they were referring to the love we hold within our hearts, we need to let it pour out the way Prometheus did without a thought for our well-being, in doing so, we might reach divinity.

A Bunch of Roses

Towards that anomalous place,
With all my grace,
I stepped
In search of a shelter,
On that frosty, showery night.
Lights out,
In a blackout,
With contracting eyes, I saw,
With a lamp, an old lady,
Forthcoming,
To enlighten my scrap.

The upcoming sunshine
Hit as my golden times,
As you entered,
A beat capered again
With a hot farrago in a tray.
And I became all insane.

Then, she confiscated me
To explore
The countryside's beauty.
Nevertheless,
Ignorant she was,
That not the place,
But a woman
had captured the trance
In the core of my heart.

Passing by the rose yard,
"Your favourite colour?" I asked of
her.
"All," she said gracefully.

Contrasting colours.
Designated not to select,
But to love them all.
The first time, I perceived
A woman,
Not choosing the scarlet rose.
And so unknowingly, I fell,
Fell hard in love.

And yet, the time had come
To depart.
And I never confessed,
And moved to my part.

The circle of my own
Failed to sidetrack
The memories.
And I realized,
That something was left calling.
I left everything aside
to get what was mine.
And she gave me
All the love and care, and more.
And so, it is payback time.
I headed forward,
With dreams in mind
And a ring
In my wrap
For the proposal.
Never had she dreamt of it.
As I reached, I met
That old lady.

Naught worse,
Than seeing
Your beloved's dust.
Placing my hand on her grave,
Said, "I love you."
And left her
A bunch of roses
Of all the colours in the world.

Apoorva
Kaushal





A Haven so Beautiful....

Winding down the messy lane of wilderness, eerie howlings as if engulfing even the last rays of hope, despair creeping in from every direction, I sauntered frantically, hoping that somewhere a speck of light would hit me and deliver me out of this wreck. My frenzy grew uninhibited and so did the darkness around me. Past memories came rolling down just like the burst of water when the remaining strength of an old dam gives way. My mind became murkier, perspiration burst forth from every cell, and... Bang! My eyes were wide open. I looked around anxiously and saw Bush peeping guiltily at me from a far corner of the room. It gave a low groan and sat meekly at the end of the bed. I laid back. Relieved. The infernal nightmare had passed.


The first rays of the morning sun danced gleefully in the room. Tiny birds on a nearby tree were chirping as if in a choir. Everything was still and peaceful. I lay there for a long time, basking in the mystical serenity that pervaded the air. As a child, these little gifts of life were, for me, like an undiscovered oasis in a faraway desert – unknown and unconcerned was I to find them out. Perhaps at that time, my inner world was much bigger and interesting than the one outside. As I grew older, the outer world with its flash and fire grew bigger and my magical inner one shrank. And this taught

me to appreciate these small yet exquisite gifts of life.

I got up slowly, relishing every single moment of that beautiful stillness, and ambled downstairs. I opened the door and went still. My eyes gleamed. I started resonating the stillness around me and from the deep recesses of my soul, a sound echoed... A haven so beautiful! The sheer beauty and exquisiteness surrounding me transported my soul to a higher realm of bliss and joy. I felt content being there and wished for nothing more. I started strolling leisurely. The green grass glistened in the morning light as if expressing its solidarity with its surroundings. The distant snow-capped mountains stood tall with their majestic stance. The vast mesh of snow that sprang forth their tops spread far and wide, telling the world of its host's hospitality and generosity.

A gentle wind was blowing, carrying with it the refreshing earthly scent mingled with the heavenly fragrance from the blossoming fruit trees. All my senses grew acute as if awakened from a deep slumber. A bunch of butterflies danced above me, so delicate and graceful that even the most favoured nymphs of Indra could have been put to shame. Bright and colourful flowers sprawled haughtily on the gentle earth. Their radiance and beauty could have lit up even the gloomiest of souls. The velvety clouds descended very gently on the mountains, fearing the rugged mountains would scatter them all around.

Everything seemed so exuberant and harmonious. I wished if this could be mine forever. At that moment something struck my mind....I was home! I whirled around and danced my way back.



Sonam Youdon

The Plague of Humanity

Mukul C. Mahadik

Autumn had arrived early in 1984. Whilst the foliage had yet to transform into the brilliant orange hue, the raging fires coalesced with the cacophonous mobs and had set the skies ablaze. Amidst the turbulent setting of the riots sparked by the recent communal violence incidents, an ecstatic married couple were on their way to the hospital as the inaugural day of their parenthood had arrived. As they drive on, they are forced to abandon their car and tread on foot. The mobs on either side of the road block the way to the hospital. The young man, Tanvir, hulks up, shielding his wife with his body, beginning the treacherous walk to the hospital. They're at the halfway mark when Tanvir feels something shatter, followed by a cry of anguish from the distance. Tanvir, glances at his wife,

crestfallen, only to be rescued from the impending doom by a seemingly familiar Stranger.

The aftermath of this ordeal left Tanvir with his newborn son and an antique Hourglass left behind by the Stranger. Once, a cheerful person, over the years Tanvir had grown into a man hardened by the experiences of his past. He raised his son Karan in an extremely closed environment. Karan had lived what one may call a restrictive life of a caged bird – open to the sundry views of the world yet trapped behind the barricades of his father's fear.

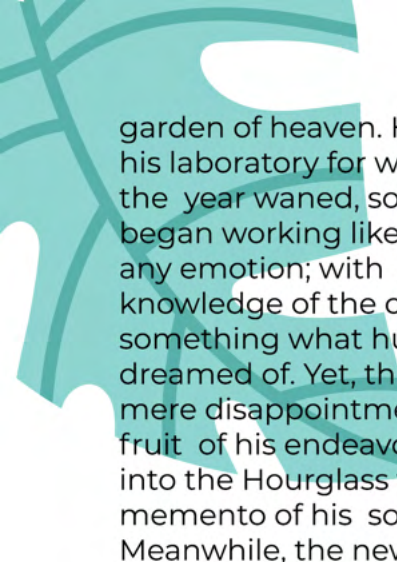
Having survived the worst nightmare of his life, Tanvir just wanted to love his son with all his heart and soul. He didn't want to lose the love of his life all over again.

Karan grew up to be a bright young child not plagued by the night of his gloomy birth. He understood the reason his father decided to raise him the way he had been, having been fully supportive of his father's love and care for him. Karan had always been fascinated with the cosmos and its infinite intricacies since his childhood. In his early 20s, Karan embarked upon the journey to become one of the finest researchers in the field of the space-time continuum. He sailed through his young adult years charmingly, met his soulmate, fell in love and eventually fathered a son. Tanvir handed over the Hourglass from his past to Karan as the keepsake from the day of his birth to signify the start of his parenthood. Karan swore to himself to make sure his son didn't have to experience the restrictive childhood he felt while growing up. He developed an open relationship with him, made him feel loved, allowed him to enjoy his life freely. The profound father-son bond of his succeeding generation had filled Tanvir with a sense of pride and admiration for his son. Karan has now been living the tranquil life he had imagined, the one he had worked so hard for until one day, on his son's 16th birthday, his son goes missing. They spend the entire day looking for him but to no avail. At 1800 hrs that autumn evening, the doorbell rings. At first,

he only sees the blood-smeared clothes but slowly, as his gaze extends beyond the clothes, horror engulfs every ounce of his soul. What once meant the whole life to him, now lay there in front of him, naked, in pieces.

Karan, stunned by the events of the day, now understood why his father had been so protective of him. He realized that he had been too naïve to mistake the world for the






garden of heaven. He locked himself up in his laboratory for what felt like months. As the year waned, so did his sanity. He began working like a machine, devoid of any emotion; with one objective. With his knowledge of the cosmos, he built something what humanity had only ever dreamed of. Yet, this too proved to be a mere disappointment, it seemed. The final fruit of his endeavours, was incorporated into the Hourglass that had served as the memento of his son's birth.

Meanwhile, the news of his son's death had made headlines, garnering support for his family in their battle for justice. No sooner had he stepped out of his paranoia into the real world than he found himself leading the justice movement. Threatened by its existence, there soon arose anti-mob forces against the movement who as the situation deemed had most likely been the perpetrators of the events that led to this. On one such day amidst the protests, Karan was suddenly struck on his forehead by an indiscernible object.

He collapses with a thud, barely awake, with a bleeding forehead. As he wipes off the blood, he feels the Hourglass in his bloodied palm come alive as the blood from his hand surges towards the sand in the Hourglass. He gets to back to his senses, bewildered by this sudden resurrection of his device, which had been conceived to cause a tear in the fabric of space time. What follows is a deafening sound succeeded by the quick emission and absorbance of cosmic light and finally sheer silence.

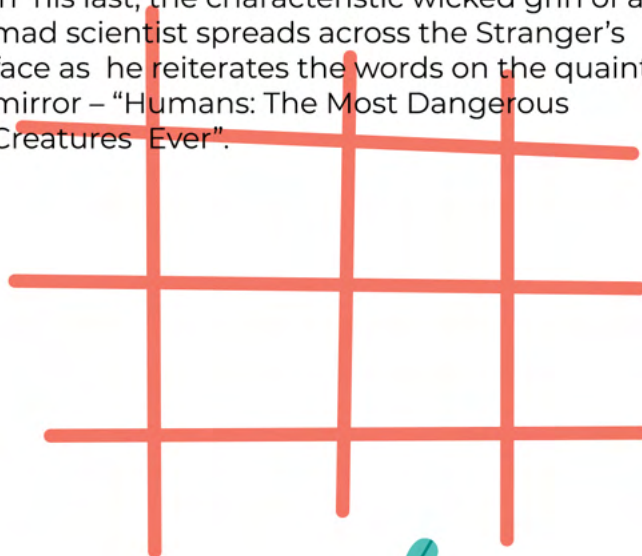
After what seemed like eons, Karan awakens from a deep slumber with a sharp pang in his head, almost failing to recollect his predicament until he feels the Hourglass clenched in his fist. He gathers his footing, observes his surroundings. The saffron hues in the skies and the smoke in the air suggest that the protests had taken a violent turn. He realizes that something about this place is amiss; this time - there's a tinge of nostalgia hanging in the air. The world seems familiar yet older than he had left it. As he trots along, he comes across a quaint mirror with the following words engraved – "Please take a moment to observe the mirror's reflection. It shows the most dangerous creature that has ever walked the Earth."



He's lost in thought as he keeps staring at his reflection wondering all that had transpired for him to be here at this very moment.

His attention then turns towards the rumpus coming from a distance and soon he has become a part of the protests yet again. As he makes his way through the crowd, facing the mob in front of him, he picks up a glass bottle. He hurls it towards the mob when it strikes a pregnant woman who had just reached the middle of the street and along with her husband was on the way to the hospital across the street. He lets out a cry of anguish as his heart sinks into the void of non-existence as it all starts to make sense now. He remembers the story his father narrated to him regarding his birth: that fiery evening sky with the clamorous protests and the Stranger with the Hourglass.

He races towards the couple, shielding them from the incoming attacks and carries them to the temple of life. As he holds his dying mother's arm, he places his hand on his mother's stomach. He feels the life being sucked out of his body whilst his mother perceives a sudden in surge of life as the foetus inside her womb starts to come alive while she herself evanesces into the afterlife. Karan looks at his father teary-eyed, begging for forgiveness. Tanvir, then a young man, fails to understand this Stranger's intense empathy at first. Yet, as he gazes into the soulless eyes of the Stranger, he understands it all. Tanvir accepts the Hourglass from the Stranger and hugs him one last time before laying him to rest for eternity. As he breathes in his last, the characteristic wicked grin of a mad scientist spreads across the Stranger's face as he reiterates the words on the quaint mirror – "Humans: The Most Dangerous Creatures Ever".



The White Knight

On that stormy night,
when I was just struggling to find my savior, the white knight.
The rebel in me wanted to put a fight,
asking the same questions all over again,
Why couldn't she rise?
Her thought of rewriting the same story of all those quirky cries didn't even seem worthy enough to try;
But then with a thud in my eyes, loud thunder hit the sky.
I was lost and utterly lost the inner fight,
but still not ready to give up on the fact that that knight in that silver armor is ready to be my savior.
That was the time with the ultimate riddle,
Why are we still blessed to breathe?
To save or to get saved.
The scary envelope of darkness consumed everything well,
And it was mysteriously quiet all over those beautiful planes.
I was trying to read my mind, and with the lightning striking the horizon I realized,
The face of the person in the armor was designed using the same mold as mine,
But she seemed to have much more strength and power than I ever dreamt of calling mine.
She wanted to write something new and beautiful.
Her eyes felt warm just as the first ray of sun, unlike mine.
Her smile felt genuine and confident and lifted her cheekbones in a way that could even revamp the heart of a vamp.

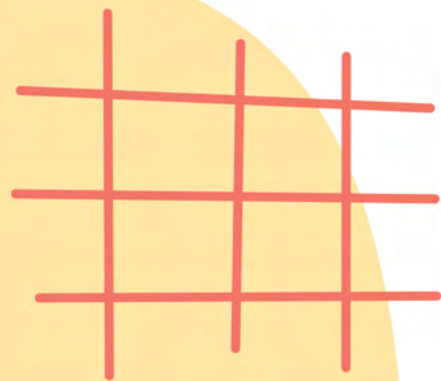
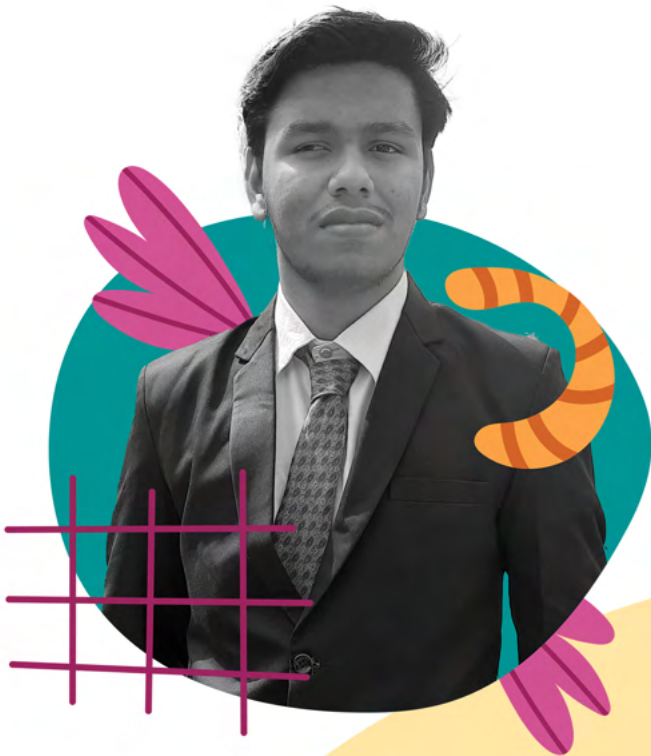


Harshita Sharma

Her silky brown locks were free to play with the stormy waves of wind.
That was the time after fighting all those unnecessarily necessary battles in the sea of time,
I felt that I could be saved without any rewind.
I felt her presence in me, perhaps for the first time.
Maybe because I wasn't ready to drown without putting a fight for my life.
With every single wave of time striking my wind chime,
I realized I didn't want to get saved,
Instead, I want to save.
I didn't want to have someone with that white-shiny armor all made with the ultimate qualities of compassion, strength, bravery, and passion.
I want to wear that armor.
Because I was the only knight for me to put any fight.

The Alternate Realities

Rohit Thakur



Truth is just a finite interpretation of one of the ten dimensions of reality, mind in itself is a 4-dimensional delusion of 6 senses of sanity, emotion is just the genetically morphed neurotic rush through limbic physicality, actions are the queues of impulses emanating from the finite truthful imparity. So what is to be believed and held firmly? Every study is finite, Every decision is flawed, every win is someone's loss , It's not all just fortune but, the manifestation of entropy and chaos; It just is a battle between the finite senses and the ever-expanding multiverse's veritable moss, thus, there never was and can never be a belief, on which no changes emboss. Masters and disciples are nothing but the observers of the multiverse expansion, respected are the discoveries which accept the change and genuflect in its extension, change is the fundamental of them all and systematic in its own form of retention, no racism, no rigidity, no xenophobia, change is the one impartial to every infraction.

Identity, consciousness, and entitlement are all the pursuits of illusion, nothing in this world can actually be established to the conclusion, It all succumbs down to being the carrier of change and being open to intrusion, leaning on and working over the current change can often be the optimal solution. The paradox of the Ship of Theseus is also a , of change in a mechanical sense, but the same applies to humans at the mortality's expanse, It all just is the shift of energies from one state to another through a metaphysical fence. The things which can be perceived by senses are just a spec of the innumerable possibilities, we all are immortal in the form of energies in space-time singularities, beliefs and emotions are helpful only up to the extent of unenforced hostilities, Thus, there's no sense of belittlement in accepting the truths of distinctly perceived realities.

a letter to my first year self

Younger me,

You probably heard there's a pandemic coming? No? Neither did I, such is life. Last year, I told everyone in the group that 'it' was in China and it is never going to come to India. Two days later, I was packing my bags for a "14-day" vacation. Some of us brought only as many clothes as one needs for 14 days, some of us left our shoes, laptops, calculators (yeah, it's a big deal in college) and what not. You never know what turns life will take. A microscopic organism can take the last years of your college life away and there is nothing you can do about it.

You have time for yourself, your friends and your family. I always tell my friends (the older versions of your friends) that "Time is the only reality in this universe", everything else is abstract. Everything else may change its course but time would still be moving forward. Paradoxical but true. It's hard to define time and that's what makes it even more important. The ones who capture time are the ones who win in life.

In the coming years of your college life, travel more, care more, play more, take memorable photos and most importantly spend quality time with your friends. Be there for talks, seminars, competitions, flag-hoistings, parades, laddoos you get on Independence and Republic Days, Hill'ffair, Nimbus, the events of other clubs, everything. Organise fests, events, and seminars yourself. Get involved with Prayas (literacy mission), nothing will bring more happiness than imparting knowledge to a few underprivileged children.

At this moment, you might be thinking, "When will I get the time to rest?" The answer is simple, you don't. You don't rest. Life is made for working, for working your a*** off. You must have heard "Work for some time, and then you can rest as much as you want in the college". Nope,

it's a misdirection society gives, although with a bonafide intention of making you work for a few days at least. And why would you want to rest? Just because you cleared an exam after 2 years of dedicated preparation. The coming years are the more crucial ones which decide the final course of your life, whether you make it or break it.

Make learning a habit. Learning doesn't have to be in the classroom, it can happen anywhere. You can learn from every person you meet in life or every moment you experience, provided you are smart enough to understand the lesson.

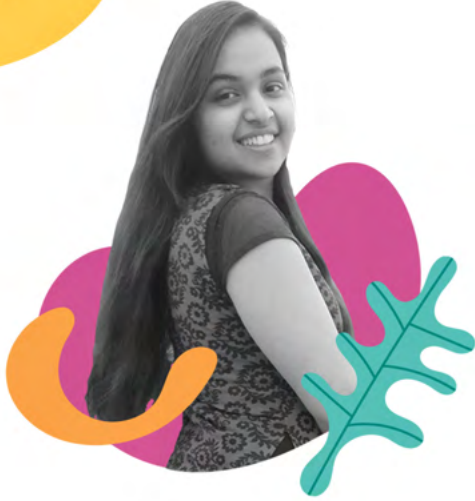
If you want to be successful, you have to push yourself harder every day. It goes without saying that a goal is of the utmost importance. You might not have a very good idea of what you want to do with your life and that is fine but you have to try everything with an unbiased mind and choose the best for you. Learn from the people around you and their experiences, make friends who demand that you push your limits every day and in return you do the same for them.

I might have not covered everything you need to do in life but I'm sure you will learn eventually. Life is full of opportunities; you just have to be smart enough to grab them. In fact, one lifetime might not be enough to live life to the fullest, you can't rest. You just can't.

Yours
Future me

Suyash Tripathi





नम्रता यादव

जाति-धर्म और सत्ता

बचपन से जो पढ़ा, जो सुना,
सब जगह यही पढ़ा यही सुना,
यहां सब एक समान हैं।
सभी के विचारों का सम्मान है।
पर जैसे-जैसे तर्कसम्मत समझ आती गई
वैसे-वैसे कई राजों से पर्दे गिरते गए।
यहां अपनी सहूलियत के हिसाब से हर चीज परिभाषित कर दी जाती है।
ताकत पाने के लिए लोगों द्वारा जब चाहे जैसे चाहे
नीति-नियम, धर्म-कर्म और सत्य की रूपरेखा अपने अनुसार तैयार कर दी जाती है।
कभी कहते हैं हम हिंदुस्तानी हैं,
तो कभी मनुष्य द्वारा ही बनाए धर्म की परिभाषा पढ़कर
हिंदू-मुस्लिम-सिख-ईसाई बन जाते हैं।
और यहां भी नहीं रुकते, अपने काम निकलवाने के लिए
जातिवाद के पौधे का बीज भी बोते हैं।
इसे मैं सत्ता के गलियारों की हवा कहूँ या ऊँच-नीच का भेद कहूँ।
जहां हर इंसान स्वयं को श्रेष्ठ और ताकतवर समझता है।
वास्तविकता में तो दोगलेपन का मुखौटा पहने बैठा है।
वह कहता है कि मैं बिरादरी और जात-पात में विश्वास नहीं रखता
परंतु वह श्री राम और श्याम में भी जाति के नाम पर भेद करता है।
जबकि राम और श्याम स्वयं परमात्मा हरि के दो अलग-अलग अवतार हैं।
उसे ये भी नहीं पता कि मेरे श्री राम की मर्यादा मेरा आदर्श है
और श्याम की कृष्ण-लीलाएं मेरे हृदय में एक अद्भुत आनंद की तरंग लेकर आती हैं।
तो तुम होते कौन हो?
अपने शब्द और विचार मुझ पर थोपने वाले।
श्री राम और श्याम में बंटवारा करने वाले,
मैंने तो आपसे कभी नहीं पूछा- अपने ईश्वर का नाम।
मैंने तो नहीं पूछा- कि मैं कौन हूँ?
मेरा धर्म क्या है?
मेरी जाति क्या है?
मुझे किस भगवान में आस्था रखनी चाहिए?
तुम होते कौन हो?

मृदुल चौहान



फिर मिलेंगे

कुछ लम्हे होते हैं ज़िंदगी के,
कुछ सफर तय करते हैं हम।
कभी मिलते हैं तुमसे,
और कभी बिछड़ते हैं हम।

सफर में बातें होती हैं,
और यादें बनाते हैं हम।
कैसे तुम से जुड़ते हैं,
और रिश्ते बनाते हैं हम।

नज़दीकियों को बढ़ाते,
तुम्हारा साथ पाते भी हैं हम।
कभी बिछड़ना पड़ेगा,
ये भी भूल जाते हैं हम।

गलती तुम्हारी है लेकिन,
अनजाने में हमारी आदत बन जाते हो तुम।
कीमती यादें देकर,
ललचाकर जुदा हो जाते हो तुम।

अब रोना भी नहीं कह कर,
हक जताते भी हो तुम।
और अपनी कमी का खालीपन देकर,
दूर भी हो जाते हो तुम।

यूँ दूर रहकर,
और दूरियों को अपना भी रहे हो तुम।
अब रोकना मुश्किल है पर, हों
दिल में अपनी जगह बना चुके हो तुम।



मोनीश जेसवाल



मैं खलनायक हूँ

मैं जानता हूँ कि सभी अपनी कहानी के नायक बनना चाहते हैं, लेकिन जैसा की आपने शीर्षक में पढ़ा, मैं अपनी जिन्दगी का खलनायक हूँ। मुझे लगता है कि आपके चंचल मन में बहुत से सवाल उठ रहे होंगे, तो चलिए साथ में उन सवालों के जवाब ढूँढने निकल पड़ते हैं।

कहानी शुरू होती है साल 2013 से, जब मैं लगभग 14 साल का बच्चा कक्षा 9 में पढ़ रहा था। मेरे बड़े भाई का चयन IIT के लिए हुआ था। घर में सभी खुश थे और पापा को तो मानो कोई अनमोल खजाना मिल गया हो। इसी खुशी के माहौल में अचानक पापा ने घोषणा कर दी कि मेरा छोटा बेटा भी IITian बनेगा। यह सुनकर मुझे अचानक ऐसा महसूस हुआ कि मानो किसी ने मेरे कंधों पर कोई बहुत भारी पत्थर रख दिया हो। मैं पापा का ये उम्मीद का पत्थर अपने कंधों पर रखने से मना भी नहीं कर पाया और बस यहीं से मैंने अपने जीवन का खलनायक बनने की शुरुआत की।

कक्षा 11 में आते ही Science, Math मुझे अपने भाई से विरासत में मिली, अरे भाई IITian जो बनना था! Science, Maths के साथ-साथ उसकी कोचिंग, किताबें और उसके शिक्षक सभी मेरे पल्ले बांध दिए गए। मगर बात यहाँ ख़तम नहीं हुई। घर में सबसे छोटा होने के नाते कुछ अतिरिक्त चीज़ें मेरे खाते में पहले से ही थी जो मेरे भाई को कभी नहीं मिली। बाज़ार से सामान लाना, घर के कामों में हाथ बंटाना आदि अतिरिक्त कार्य मुझे बोनस में मिल गए। और हूँ बड़े भाई से भी अच्छे IIT में चयन की मेरे माता-पिता की उम्मीद को कैसे भूल सकते हैं। ये दूसरी बार था जब मुझे लगा कि मैं खुद ही अपने जीवन का खलनायक हूँ।

फिर आया 12th बोर्ड। यहाँ भी बड़े भाई के साये ने मेरा साथ नहीं छोड़ा। मानो मैं सिर्फ उसके साये के तले चलने के लिए ही बना हूँ। बड़े भाई के गणित में पूरे 100 अंक आये थे, तो जैसा आपने अनुमान लगा ही लिया होगा कि एक और उम्मीद का पत्थर मेरे कंधों पर रख दिया गया और मेरे जीवन का उद्देश्य 100 अंक लाना हो गया। मैं सच बताऊ तो गणित मुझे कुछ खास पसंद नहीं है, परन्तु उम्मीदों के बोझ तले मैं क्या करता। मैंने NCERT की गणित की किताब को ऐसे रट लिया मानो Honey Singh का कोई Rap Song हो। परन्तु अब भी मैं उम्मीदों पर खरा न उतर सका। मुझे गणित में 99 अंक मिले, और Result आने के 1 महीने बाद तक मुझे ये ताना सुनना पड़ा “आखिर बड़ा तो बड़ा होता है”।

इस साल मैंने IIT की cutoff पार तो की पर इतने अंक नहीं ला सका कि मुझे अच्छा कॉलेज मिल सके, परिणामस्वरूप मुझे फिर से तैयारी करने जयपुर भेज दिया गया। जयपुर में मैंने जी-तोड़ मेहनत की और अपने बैच के Toppers में गिना जाने लगा। मगर जिन्दगी को कुछ और ही मंजूर था।

JEE mains की परीक्षा से ठीक 13 दिन पहले मुझे तेज बुखार हुआ। मैं इसे सामान्य बुखार समझ के एक दवा की गोली खाकर सो गया। मगर जब दुसरे दिन भी बुखार कम नहीं हुआ तो मुझे डॉक्टर के पास जाना पड़ा। डॉक्टर ने बताया की मुझे चिकन-पोक्स हो गया है और बुखार, सिरदर्द-बदनदर्द का ये सिलसिला लगभग 1 महीने तक चला। फिर भी मैंने जैसे-तैसे JEE की परीक्षा दी।

यहाँ मुझे महसूस हुआ की मेरी जिन्दगी में सिर्फ मैं ही खलनायक नहीं हूँ, मेरी किस्मत भी इसमें बराबर की भागीदारी निभा रही है।

JEE का रिजल्ट आया तो मैं IIT के लिए सेलेक्ट हो गया था। मेरे परिवार में खुशी की लहर दौड़ गई, मगर मुझे कुछ खास खुशी नहीं हुई। मुझे पता था की अगले चार साल फिरसे मेरी तुलना मेरे भाई के CGPA, कॉलेज एक्टिविटी आदि के रिकार्ड्स से की जाएगी इसलिए मैंने IIT छोड़ NIT में जाने का निर्णय लिया। हाँ, कुछ परेशानियां तो अब भी थी। चिकन पोक्स की वजह से JEE mains में मेरी रैंक JEE ADVANCE की तुलना में बहुत ख़राब थी, लेकिन मुझे किसी भी हालत में अपने भाई की छल-छाया से बाहर आना था इसलिए मैंने NIT जाने का मन बना लिया।

अब थोड़ी वर्तमान की बातें कर लेते हैं। IIT में ना जाने के चलते मैं NIT Hamirpur में विद्युत अभियांत्रिकी विभाग में अंतिम वर्ष का छात्र हूँ। कोरोना महामारी के चलते प्लेसमेंट और क्लासेज का सारा कार्य ONLINE हो रहा है। मेरे क्षेत्र में INTERNET की कम स्पीड के चलते मैं 6-8 कंपनी के Aptitude से बाहर हो चुका हूँ। सिर्फ इतना ही नहीं, कुछ दिनों से गुर्जर आन्दोलन के चलते सरकार ने मेरे क्षेत्र में INTERNET सेवा पूर्णतया बंद कर दी है जिसकी वजह से मैं प्लेसमेंट प्रक्रिया से पूर्णतया वंचित हूँ। अब तो समझ नहीं आ रहा कि मैं करूँ तो क्या करूँ? समझ नहीं आता की मैं खुद को कोसू या अपनी किस्मत को? पर इससे कोई फर्क नहीं पड़ता क्योंकि मेरे जीवन की कहानी में दोनों ही खलनायक की भूमिका बहुत अच्छे से निभा रहे हैं।

अब तो मन में बस यही खयाल आता है कि - काश! मैं कक्षा 9 में पापा से बोल पाता की मुझे IIT में नहीं जाना। काश! मैं कक्षा 11 में बोल पाता की मुझसे बड़े भाई की इतनी विराट विरासत नहीं संभाली जाएगी।

काश ... काश ... काश ...!

मगर एक प्रसिद्ध WEB SERIES का डायलॉग है ना कि- “माँ-बाप के DECISION शायद गलत हो सकते हैं, मगर उनकी नीयत कभी गलत नहीं होती।”

To be continued...

वंदना कुमारी



कशमकश में हूं

आंखों से दिल में जो उतर रहे इस अदा को दिलकश कहूं,
या फिर मजाक उड़ा कर चुप रह जाऊं, कशमकश में हूं।

उन नजरों को इन आंखों में कैद कर तो लूं,
क्या मिलेगा करके बस, कशमकश में हूं।

मुद्दतों में प्यार से भागता रहा, पर आज जब ये फिर दस्तक दे रहा,
दिल को खोल दूं या फिर नकार दूं, कशमकश में हूं।

कसम थी उसकी जाम कभी होठों से न लगाऊं,
हाथों में जो है जाम तो क्या करूं, कशमकश में हूं।

खुद को बड़ा बताते जो, पर बड़प्पन ही नदारद है,
उन्हें बड़ा मानूं या बुरा, कशमकश में हूं।

जिंदादिली और ज़िन्दगी की रूहानियत खो रही,
उम्मीद कुछ रखूं या छोड़ दूं, कशमकश में हूं।

दिल को चुनूं मैं अंश या दिमाग की सुनूं,
या अब मैं जीना ही छोड़ दूं, कशमकश में हूं।

॥प्रेम॥

प्रेम क्या है -

एक मधुर एहसास,
या गहनतम विश्वास?
हृदय का कोमल स्पर्श,
या फिर जीने की आस?
प्रेम आस्था है, भक्ति है
बन्धन से मुक्ति है।
पत्थर को मोम बनाने वाली
अद्भुत शक्ति है।
निराशा में आशा है,
यह हृदय की भाषा है।
शाश्वत ऊर्जा है,
सम्पूर्ण समर्पण है।
रूह की पावन पनाह है यह,
जीवन का आधार है यह ॥



आदित्य नाथ सुमन



Hypocrisy की भी सीमा होती है !

"Hypocrisy की भी सीमा होती है।"

इस डायलॉग का राजनीति से कोई अभिप्राय नहीं है तो हम उस क्षेत्र में इसकी चर्चा नहीं करेंगे, इसी से याद आया जैसा कि हम अधिकतर देखते हैं कि कोई भी सरकार बनती है तो विपक्ष हर एक विषय पे भारी भरकम आलोचनाएं करता है फिर वही विपक्ष जब सरकार बनाता है तो अपनी की हुई आलोचनाओं को भूल जाता है और उसी ढंग से वह भी काम करने लग जाता है। खैर छोड़ो, हमें तो इसपे चर्चा ही नहीं करनी है।

"Hypocrisy की भी सीमा होती है।" यह वाक्य मीम प्रचलन में भी खूब चला। जहां से मुझे इसे अपने लेख का शीर्षक रखने की इच्छा हुई। मैंने अपने आसपास के माहौल पर नजर डाली और वाक्य के संबंध से मिलते जुलते कई उदाहरण देखने को मिले। इससे पहले मैं इस लेख को आगे बढ़ाऊँ, मैं आभार व्यक्त करता हूँ एक आदरणीय और माननीय व्यक्तित्व का जिन्होंने इस छोटे से वाक्य से हमें दुनिया की सच्चाई से रूबरू होने का मौका दिया। चलिए तो आपको भी कुछ ऐसे क्षेत्रों से अवगत कराते हैं जहाँ hypocrisy का अद्भुत उल्लेख देखने को मिलेगा-

अमन वर्मा



सबसे पहले हम बात करते हैं बाल मजदूरी के बारे में, अक्सर लोगों को यह कहते सुना जाता है कि बाल मजदूरी गैरकानूनी है। इस उम्र में बच्चों को पढ़ाई लिखाई करनी चाहिए, शिक्षा हर बच्चे का मूल अधिकार है। राजनेताओं द्वारा काफी भाषण दिए जाते हैं, सोशल मीडिया पर पोस्ट डाले जाते हैं। पर यह शिक्षा का अधिकार कागजों तक और सोशल मीडिया पर एजेंडा चलाने तक ही सीमित है, और यही डायलॉग मार कर हम भी अपना पल्ला झाड़ लेते हैं। हम खुद इस गुनाह के भागीदार हैं क्योंकि जब हम किसी बच्चे को कहीं मजदूरी करते देखते हैं तो एक बार भी अपनी आवाज नहीं उठाते, दुकान के मालिक या ढाबे के मालिक से कुछ नहीं कहते, बल्कि हम खुद "छोट्टू एक कप चाय लेकर आ" कहकर उस बच्चे को अपना ऑर्डर दे रहे होते हैं।

लगभग हर शहर के चौराहे पर आपको बच्चे भीख मांगते दिखेंगे, कुछ की मजबूरी होती है पर अधिकतर लोगों से यह काम जबरन कराया जाता है। लोग उन्हें भीख दे इसके लिए उनको विकलांग तक कर देते हैं। हम कोमल हृदय कर उनको पैसे दे भी देते हैं। बच्चे अपने हक के लिए नहीं लड़ सकते तो क्या हम उन्हें अपने हक के लिए लड़ने को प्रेरित नहीं कर सकते? जिस वजह से उनके साथ ऐसा हो रहा है, क्या हम उसको मिटा नहीं सकते? जब हम पैसे देंगे ही नहीं तो कोई उनसे जबरन भीख मंगवा ही नहीं सकता। हम उन बच्चों के मां-बाप और अभिभावकों को भी गालियां देते हैं पर हम खुद पैसे देकर इस चीज को, इस पाप को बढ़ावा देते हैं।

अब मैं पहनावे की ओर अपना रुख मोड़ना चाहूंगा।

लोग कहते हैं- सबको अपनी मर्जी से जीने का हक है, लेकिन हम लोगों को जज करने से पीछे नहीं हटते। हम लोगों के पहनावे को देखकर उनके स्टेटस, संस्कार और उन्नति की इमेज बना लेते हैं। हमें समाज में कैसे रहना चाहिए, हमारा पहनावे कैसा होना चाहिए, इन सब चीजों के भी अपने मापदंड हैं। पहनावे को लेकर भी हिप्पोक्रेटिक सोच देखने को मिलती है। मैं आपको इसका एक उदाहरण देना चाहूंगा लोग कहते हैं शॉर्ट ड्रेस पहनने वाली लड़कियों को जज नहीं करना चाहिए पर वही लोग सूट पहनने वाली लड़कियों को झलली(jhalli), बहन जी और पुराने जमाने की लड़की का खिताब दे देते हैं। किसी को क्या पहनना है यह उसकी choice है, जो चाहे पहने हम judge करने वाले होते कौन हैं?

इसी पंक्ति में मुझे एक और बात याद आई "bargaining"। यह bargaining भी हर जगह ना होकर कुछ ही जगह पर जाकर सीमित हो जाती है। मैंने कहीं पढ़ा था-

"If it is branded, price does not matter.

If it is from the street, bargain to the lowest price"



ब्रांडेड कपड़े, फाइव स्टार होटल्स और मॉल्स में जितना मांगा जाता है हम उतना पैसा देकर आते हैं यहाँ तक कि हम टिप्स भी दे देते हैं। लेकिन जब हम सब्जी, फल या सड़क के किनारे किसी दुकान से सामान लेते हैं तो हमारी बारगेनिंग skills का कोई जवाब नहीं, हम जितना कम से कम हो सके उतने दाम कम कर आते हैं। ₹5 की चीज के लिए ₹10 क्यों देने ऐसे डायलॉग मारते हैं, पर ब्रांडेड चीजों का बिना क्वालिटी देखे भी 10 गुना पैसा देते हैं। क्लास और नाम करने के लिए हम पैसा उड़ा देते हैं पर कभी किसी की मदद करने के लिए हम 100 बार सोचते हैं।

चलिए अगला रुख करते हैं भारतीय राजनीति की और- बड़ा ही असमंजस सा है यह तो, नेता बनने के लिए आपको कोई वैसी शैक्षिक योग्यता की जरूरत नहीं है, लेकिन एक चपरासी की नौकरी के लिए आपके अच्छे grades होने चाहिए। यहाँ पढ़े लिखे लोग पढ़ कर नेताओं के सेक्रेटरी होते हैं और उन्हें उनके नीचे काम करना पड़ता है; खैर हमें तो इसकी चर्चा करनी ही नहीं है।

लड़कियां घर की लक्ष्मी होती हैं।
लड़कियां बाप पर बोझ होती हैं।

आप लोग खुद समझदार हैं इसलिए इन दोनों बातों में छुपी hypocrisy पर मैं कोई टिप्पणी नहीं करना चाहूंगा। भारतीय विवाह संस्कृति के बारे में भी कुछ व्याख्या करना चाहूंगा जो मैंने समाज में देखा है उस आधार पर। हमारी सोसाइटी में लव मैरिज को अभी भी एक गुनाह के रूप में देखा जाता है। अगर अरेंज मैरिज में पति पत्नी के बीच झगड़े होते हैं तो यह ऐसे मामूली झगड़े तो हर कपल के बीच होते हैं, लेकिन लव मैरिज में अगर झगड़े होते हैं तो लड़का-लड़की को ताने सुनने पड़ते हैं। तलाक के बढ़ते प्रचलन को भी आजकल लव मैरिज और कोर्ट मैरिज की वजह बताया जाता है, जबकि वजह महिलाओं का आर्थिक रूप से सशक्त होना है।

अब मैं एक सीरियस मुद्दे पर बात करना चाहूंगा। जब सुनने में आता है कि मेंटल डिप्रेशन और अकेलेपन की वजह से किसी ने आत्महत्या कर ली है। तब सब लोग सोशल मीडिया हैंडल पर मेंटल हेल्थ के प्रति जागरूक हो जाते हैं और स्टोरी डालते हैं कि हम आपके साथ हैं। अगर आपको कोई बात share करनी है तो text me anytime, लेकिन जब कोई उन लोगों से बात करने की कोशिश करता है तो वो ही लोग सबसे पहले मुंह फेर लेते हैं। तो कहाँ गये आपके वो शब्द जो अभी कुछ दिनों पहले दिखावा कर रहे थे?

इतना कुछ hypocrisy हो ही गयी है तो अंत में थोड़ा कॉलेज की भी बातें discuss कर लेते हैं, काफी clubs के जब orientation होते हैं तो बोला जाता है आपको हम ये सिखाएंगे वो बतायेंगे, जरूरी नहीं आप को पहले से ही सब आता हो। फिर जब बच्चे interview देने पहुँचते हैं तो अंत में ये बोल के रिजेक्ट कर दिया जाता है कि जब आपको इसके बारे में पता ही नहीं था आप यहाँ इंटरव्यू देने ही क्यों आये?





अक्षय कुशवाहा जिंदगी

आज फिर सुबह मैं उठा, लड़ने जिंदगी से,
कुछ बातें अधूरी थी, वो पूरी करने जिंदगी से,
यु तो मैं बेखबर था जिंदगी की बुनयाद से,
फिर सोचा, आज कुछ और सीखने को मिलेगा जिंदगी से।

राहो पर मंज़िल को तालाशते रहा,
शायद कुछ तो बताएगी जिंदगी,
पर इस बात से अनजान था मैं,
कभी उलझती कभी सुलझती जा रही थी जिंदगी।

कहते हैं दो पहलु होते हैं जिंदगी के,
गम और खुशी जैसे नाम हैं जनिके,
एक रुलाना तो दूसरा हँसाना सीखा देती है,
शायद यही इम्तिहान है जिंदगी के।

किसी की काटे कटती नहीं जिंदगी,
कोई चंद दिन में ही गुज़र जाता है।
कुदरत का क्या अजीब ये कानून है,
सोचकर ये, दिल उलझन में पड़ जाता है।

यु तो हर रोज़ एक सबक देती है जिंदगी,
सबक में उसके कुछ नयी सीख होती है।
दिन और रात तो बस ढलने का काम करते हैं,
पर जिंदगी खूबसूरत, हर एक शक़्स की होती है।

किताबी जिंदगी या जिंदगी एक किताब ?

भावनाओं के इस संसार में,
भांति-भांति के लोग मिले इस व्यापार में ;

कभी जान बूझ के तो कभी अनजाने में,
दिखे लोग ढूँढते खुशी दूसरे के खज़ाने में,
हाँ, कुछ निष्ठावान भी मिले लुटा दिया उन्होंने सबकुछ
कभी खून तो कभी प्यार के बहाने में ;

ऐसे ही चलते-चलते मुझे एक दिन एक किताब मिली,
जुलाई की बारिश वाली धूप की रोशनी में खिली खिली ;

मैंने उसे बिना पढ़े, अन्य किताबों की तरह ही मेज पर रख
दिया,
उस किताब में जाने क्या था?, उसने मेरी मनःस्थिति को
जाने कैसे परख लिया,
अगस्त की वो दोपहर,
उस किताब का प्रथम पृष्ठ आँखों के सामने प्रखर;

पढ़ एक ही पृष्ठ एक अलग ही सुकून मिला,
ठहरी हुई जिंदगी को एक अलग ही जुनून मिला,
नित्य नये-नये प्रयास किया,
उस कठिन भाषा का अभ्यास किया ;

उस किताब के ना जाने कितने पन्ने अनसुलझे थे,
सभी को एक एक कर के सुलझाया,
मुझे जिस 'ज्ञान' की दरकार थी,
उसे एक ही किताब में पाया.
अब भावनाओं के तूफान से भी लड़ना आता है,
मुश्किलों में भी हंसकर आगे बढ़ना आता है!!



कुंवर अतुल

ये दिल गुनहगार है तेरा, अब जो चाहे सजा दे मुझे

ये दिल गुनहगार है तेरा, अब जो चाहे सजा दे मुझे ॥

बहुत हुआ ये आँख चुराने और मिलाने का खेल,
कुछ निगाहों से जादू कर ऐसा, जो लजा दे मुझे ।

चलते चलते थक जाता है इस दुर्गम, अविरल पथ पर,
सुकून पाऊँ तेरे आँचल में, अब इसकी भी रजा दे मुझे ।

अरसे बीते वक्त बदला, तुझमें ही जीता हूँ पर -
तेरे सिवा गर जिंदा हूँ कहीं, तो फिर कजा दे मुझे ।

यह नाराजगी क्यों है इतनी, जरा ये भी बता दे मुझे,
ये दिल गुनहगार है तेरा अब जो चाहे सजा दे मुझे ।

हर सजा को तेरी सिर-आँखों पर रखकर निभाऊँगा,
"है क्या तेरे दिल में ?", बस एक बार जता दे मुझे ।

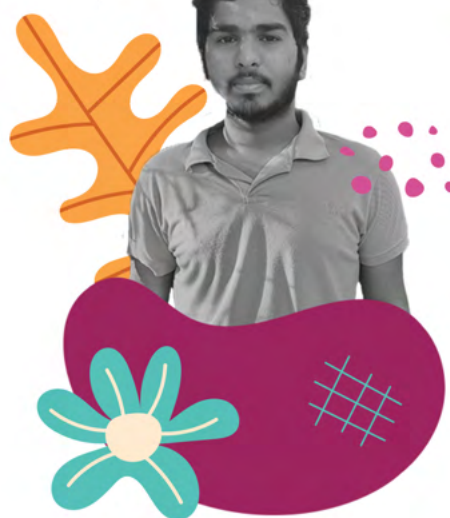
ये दिल गुनहगार है तेरा अब जो चाहे सजा दे मुझे ॥

बहुत ढूँढा तुझसा, पर कोई न मिला,
इक छोटी सी गलती का इतना बड़ा सिला ।
रहते हो दूर-दूर इतना क्यों मुझसे?
कोई बात बुरी लगी, या है कोई शिकवा गिला?

कोमेश



देव



क्यों तेरा ख्याल आया?

पता नहीं क्यों आज तेरा ख्याल आया,
दिल में ना जाने क्यों एक सवाल आया ।
क्यों?? मैंने तुझे हर बार सताया,
फिर भी तूने हमेशा अपना प्यार लुटाया ।

आज हूँ दूर तुझसे तो क्यों यह सवाल आया,
क्यों? मेरे दिल में तेरा ख्याल आया ।
सोचा रच डालूँ एक ख्याल मेरे इस सवाल का,
क्या पता? फिर आये ना ख्याल मेरे इस सवाल का ।

क्यों? मैंने तुझे हर बार रुलाया,
फिर भी तूने हमेशा अपने आँचल में सुलाया ।
आज तेरा आँचल ना मिल पाया तो,
क्यों?? मेरे दिल में तेरा ख्याल आया ।

क्यों? मैंने तुझे हर बार भुलाया,
फिर भी तूने हमेशा दिल में बसाया ।
आज तेरा लाड़-प्यार ना मिल पाया तो,
क्यों? मेरे दिल में तेरा ख्याल आया ।

क्यों? मैं तुझे हर बार समझ नहीं पाया,
हर मुश्किल में तूने साथ निभाया ।
आज तेरा साथ ना मिल पाया तो,
क्यों? मेरे दिल में तेरा ख्याल आया ।

हूँ अकेला तो यह सवाल आया,
क्यों? माँ मुझे तेरा ख्याल आया ।
लफ्जों में ना बयां कर पाया,
माँ मुझे तेरा ख्याल आया ॥

उस खुदा की रूह भी माँ में ही समाई है

श्रेयांश



हाँ तुम्हें भी सुनाना है ये वाक्य,
उन नन्हीं-सी आँखों ने जब इस जहाँ को पहली बार था देखा।
हमारी इस दुनिया में बेशुमार है शब्दों का पिटारा,
तो क्यों उस नन्हीं-सी जान ने उस पिटारे में एक ही शब्द टटोला।

नन्हीं-सी जान ने पहली बार कुछ बोला तो माँ ही क्यों बोला,
हाँ कुछ तो खास बात है इस शब्द में,
ये सिर्फ शब्द नहीं एक एहसास है,
रूहानियत जुड़ी हुई है इस शब्द से।

ये है तो ही तुम्हें खुदा के होने का एहसास है,
चोट लगे तब भी ये ही याद आती हैं,
दर्द हो, नींद ना आए, जब अकेलापन सताए,
तू कमाल तो देख रोते-रोते भी माँ को ही बुलाए।

यह रात अबकी लंबी ठहर गयी

रात ये अबकी लंबी ठहर गयी,
कोई आए तो रोशनी ले आना।

किसी ने अपनों को खोया,
किसी ने ग़ैरों पर रोया।
कहीं पे बच्चे चिल्लाते,
कहीं पे बुढ़े मर जाते।

कहीं पे लोगों को रेल के बोगी में इलाज दिया,
तो कहीं पे शवों को रोड पर जला दिया।
किसको पता ये कैसी महामारी है,
अधर्मी दुनिया पे विनाश अब भारी है।

ऐसे भी लोग हैं जो सेवा में मग्न हैं,
डॉक्टर और सिपाही को मेरा नमन है।
जान पे खेलकर कितनी जान बचाई है,
देख ले स्वार्थी ये तेरे ही भाई हैं।

किया जो हमने ये उसका ही फल है,
झुके ये सिर हैं, सब उपाय विफल है।
भगवान ही अब तो धरती पे आए,
इस संकट की घड़ी से हमें बचाए।
दूरी है सबसे फिर भी जुड़े मन हैं,
घर पे रहो बस यही निवेदन है।

तुम नहीं समझ सकते वो दर्द जो खुद की चोट पर होता है
बेशक आँसू निकलते हैं तुम्हारी आँखों से, पर कलेजा उनका भी रोता है।

सपने तुम्हारे इस दुनिया में आने से पहले उसने ही संजोए थे,
और इस दुनिया में आने के बाद उसने ही तुझे जीना सिखाया।
आंगन में धूप थी, पर गोदी में उसने तुझे सुलाया
ना जाने कितनी रातें वो गीले बिस्तर पर सोई,
लेकिन हर बार तुझे सूखे में सुलाया।
आज भी तू चाहे कितना बड़ा क्यों ना हो जाए
तू अभी भी उसकी वही नन्हीं-सी जान है और आज भी वो तेरी छोटी-सी छोटी
मुश्किलों को लेकर परेशान है।

कब तक मंदिर मस्जिद में टूटेगा उस रब को
उस खुदा की रूह भी माँ में ही समाई है,
और अब अपने अल्फाजों से इस तरह बतलाता हूँ
कि जितना भी बोलूँ माँ के लिए लगता है
हर बार मैं अधूरा ही बतला पाता हूँ।

रितिक धीमान





नेहा कुमारी

वक्त अब लहर नहीं है

वक्त अब लहर नहीं है,
सप्तक के विकृत स्वरों की तरह,
एक अंतहीन कर्कश शोर-

मौत के रेल से एक दीवार भेदने की कोशिश बाधित होती जा रही है।
जिंदगी पर किसी का हक नहीं,
शीशी और इंतज़ार,
इस गुमान में कि मैं जी रहा हूँ।

दिन का हिसाब रखने की कवायद करने वाले
धीरे-धीरे मूक हो रहे हैं।
कहने को कहानियाँ नहीं,
बच्चों का पेड़ फल-फूल चीन्ह लेना ज़रूरी है।

सारे उपहार हाथ में सिमटे समय को कोस रहे हैं,
कोई अनजान नहीं है।
एक दुःख, ऐसे साथ होना संभव था?
भूल जाओ, सहने को तैयार, भूल जाओ।

मेरी बीमारी का किसी को पता नहीं,
कुत्तों से दो दिन की दोस्ती,
और पता चला वो किसी और के वफादार हैं
दया का संचय, मदद किसको चाहिए?

वक्त को खांचे में सपाट गुजर जाते देखना,
मेरी नज़र में कोई भी हिलती डुलती चीज़,
आशा, मेरे कान अनर्गल आवाज़ों के अभ्यस्त हो रहे हैं।
नींद, उसे कोई बंधन नहीं है।

एक आदमी ढेर सारे दूसरे आदमियों से पूछता है,
ऐसे वक्त में उनका क्या हाल है?
वे क्या सोचते हैं?
उनकी बात वो दूर तक पहुंचाएगा।

प्रार्थनाएं लिखी जा रही हैं,
मैं आंख बंद करना भूल जाती हूँ।
ख्वाब में बच्चे, मैं उन्हें गलत पढ़ा रही,
सुबह आईने में लड़की अपना चेहरा बहा देती है।

बहुत जरूरी है

महानता के साथ, सहृदयता भी जरूरी है।
सहृदयता के बगैर, सचमुच महानता अधूरी है।
महानता के साथ, सहृदयता भी जरूरी है।

और कुछ न दो किसी को, दो मीठे बोल बोलो।
प्रेम स्नेह का अमृत, सबके हृदय में घोलो।
उदारता के साथ, मधुरता बहुत जरूरी है।
महानता के साथ, सहृदयता भी बहुत जरूरी है।

वो जीवन भी क्या जीवन है, जिसमें हो मिठास नहीं।
वो सरोवर भी क्या है, बुझे जिससे प्यास नहीं।
दिव्यता के साथ नम्रता बहुत जरूरी है।
महानता के साथ, सहृदयता भी बहुत जरूरी है।
झुकती वही डाली है, फल जिसमें होता है।
कर लो परिवर्तन आज, कल किसने देखा है।
सत्यता के साथ, निर्भयता बहुत जरूरी है।
महानता के साथ, सहृदयता भी बहुत जरूरी है।

भर लो मिठास अब तो, अपने निज व्यवहार में।
बांटो सच्चा प्यार सबको, क्या जाता है प्यार में।
शालीनता के साथ, सहनशीलता बहुत जरूरी है।
महानता के साथ, सहृदयता भी बहुत जरूरी है।

वही है महान जो सबके दिलों की दुआयें लेते।
नेक राह पर चलने की, सबको शिक्षायें देते।
श्रेष्ठता के साथ, गम्भीरता बहुत जरूरी है।
महानता के साथ, सहृदयता भी बहुत जरूरी है।



चारु सहगल



एक परिवार ऐसा भी।

2 अगस्त 2019, यह वो दिन था जिस दिन मुझे कॉलेज में सीट आवंटित हुई थी। मैं बहुत खुश था क्योंकि मैं जो चाहता था वह मिल गया था। मैं खुशी-खुशी कॉलेज आने की तैयारी करने लगा। मैं आप लोगों को बता दूँ, कि मैं एक ऐसा बच्चा था जो घर और माता-पिता से दूर अकेला कभी नहीं रहा था। तो मन में घरवालों को छोड़ने का दुःख भी था और कॉलेज में मिलने वाले लोगों को लेकर एक अजीब सा डर भी। मुझे नहीं पता था कि लोग कैसे होंगे, सीनियर कैसे होंगे। एक तो ये सीनियर को लेकर लोगो ने एक ऐसा डर बना दिया होता है कि सीनियर-जूनियर स्टूडेंट्स को परेशान करते हैं, रैगिंग लेते हैं। इसलिए उनको लेकर तो अलग ही प्रकार का डर था।

5 अगस्त 2019, को मैं कॉलेज पहुंचा और वहां के वातावरण और वादियाँ देखकर मैं बहुत खुश हुआ क्योंकि मैं हमेशा से ही ऐसी जगह जाना चाहता था। मैंने कॉलेज में प्रवेश के लिए सारी कार्यप्रणाली पूरी की और अब मैं एनआईटी हमीरपुर का एक विद्यार्थी था। ट्रेन का समय हो गया था तो मैंने अपने अभिभावकों से मुस्कुराते हुए चेहरे के साथ अलविदा कहा लेकिन मैं अंदर से रो रहा था, उन्हें अच्छा लगे बस इसलिए बहादुरी दिखा रहा था। यह वह समय था जब मैंने अपने घर वालों को अलविदा कहा और मैं भी अनजान लोगों की भीड़ में अकेला खड़ा होकर सोच रहा था कि अब आगे क्या करना है। मैंने हॉस्टल में रूम के लिए पता किया लेकिन ज्यादा समय होने की वजह से बैंक बंद हो गई थी और मुझे हॉस्टल “रूम नहीं मिला”। और मैं वही उदास होकर बाहर बेंच पर बैठ गया कि आज तो रात बाहर ही बितानी पड़ेगी। और मैं दुखी होकर ये सब सोच ही रहा था कि एक हट्टा-कट्टा लड़का जो दिखने में यूपी का लग रहा था मुझसे पूछता है क्यों भाई! क्यों उदास बैठे हो? मैंने अपनी दुख भरी आवाज में कहा, रूम नहीं मिला है। यह सुनकर वो बोलता है कि हम कॉलेज के गेस्ट हाउस (सतपुड़ा) में रुके हुए हैं और अगर तुम चाहो तो हमारे साथ रह सकते हो, यह सुनकर मुझे ऐसा लगा कि मानो रेगिस्तान में किसी प्यासे को पानी मिल गया हो। मैं उनके साथ दो दिन रहा और उन्होंने मुझे रूम दिलाने से लेकर कॉलेज में रहने के लिए सभी जरूरी सामान लेने में मदद की। अब मेरा एक डर तो दूर हो चुका था कि लोग कैसे होंगे। वो उतने ही अच्छे थे, जितने कि होने चाहिए।

मुझे मेरा रूम आवंटित हो तो गया था, लेकिन मैं गया नहीं था। दिन में सारी क्लासेज लेकर मैं अपने रूम A-205 पर पहुंचा जो कि 3-सीटर रूम था। लेकिन जैसे ही मैंने दरवाजा खोला, उसमें 10 से 15 लोगो को देखता हूँ। उनमें से कुछ गाना गा रहे थे, तो कुछ गेम खेलते हुए चिल्ला रहे थे “मार, मार उसे मार”। मैं सोच रहा था कि ये मैं कहाँ आ गया क्योंकि मुझे शोर-शराबा बिल्कुल भी पसंद नहीं था। मैंने उनसे कुछ बिना कहे अपने बेड पर बिस्तर लगाया और फिर घरवालों को याद करते हुए लेट गया और बस जल्दी से घर वापस आने के बारे में सोचने लगा। मुझे वैसे तो उनका ये ऊधम मचाना बिल्कुल भी पसंद नहीं आ रहा था लेकिन फिर भी मैंने सोचा शायद आज ही है, कल नहीं होगा। ऐसा ही सोचते-सोचते 4-5 दिन बीत गए लेकिन कमरे में उनकी संख्या कभी कम ही नहीं हुई। और फिर मुझे पता चलता है की मेरा रूम मेरे आने से पहले ही कॉमन रूम घोषित कर दिया गया है। फिर मैंने सोचा कि ऐसे तो काम नहीं चल सकता तो कभी-कभी मैं उन्हें गुस्से में आकर डांटकर भगा भी देता था।

लेकिन जैसे-जैसे समय बीता कुछ मैं बदला, कुछ वो बदले और पता ही नहीं चला कि कब मैं उन सब में इतना घुल-मिल गया कि जो चीजें मुझे पसंद ही नहीं थी वो कब मेरी पसंद बन गई।

इस तरह मेरी दो परेशानियां तो दूर हो गई थी की कैसे लोग मिलेंगे और कैसा माहौल होगा। अब इतना समझ में आ गया था कि हमेशा ऐसा ही नहीं होता कि जैसा आप चाहे सब कुछ वैसा ही मिले कभी-कभी आपको अपने कफर्ट जोन से बाहर आकर सभी प्रकार के माहौल के साथ घुलना मिलना पड़ता है। थोड़ा सा खुद को बदलना पड़ता है, थोड़ा सा माहौल को बदलने की कोशिश की जाती है। अब तो बस उन्हीं दोस्तों के साथ रात-रात तक जागना, सुबह क्लासेज लेना फिर कॉलेज कैपस घूमना, Nescafé पर कॉफी पीना बस यही जिंदगी बन गई थी।

एक दिन दोपहर को एक मित्र का कॉल आया कि आज रीजनल मीट है, सीनियर से मिलना है और वो भी मेरे ही तरह एक फ्रेशर था। जैसा कि मैंने रैगिंग के बारे में सुन रखा था तो, मैं बहुत डरा हुआ था और सोच रहा था कि पता नहीं अब क्या होगा। लेकिन जब मैं और मेरे मित्र सहमे हुए वहां पहुंचे तो कुछ सीनियर्स फ्रेशर्स के बीच में बैठे हुए थे और बस सभी से इंट्रो मांग रहे थे। मेरी भी बारी आई जब मुझसे मेरा परिचय पूछा गया तो मैं अपनी लड़खड़ाती आवाज में अपना परिचय देने लगा, तभी उन्होंने कहा भयमुक्त और आत्मविश्वास के साथ फिर से परिचय दो। मैंने अपनी आवाज़ संभाली और पुनः परिचय देने लगा। ये परिचय देने की प्रक्रिया करीब 5 से 6 बार चली, फिर जब उन्होंने मेरे डर को कम होते देखा तो फिर उन्होंने कहा की थोड़ा और प्रयास करो आत्मविश्वास से बात करने का। उन्होंने एक बड़े भाई की तरह समझाया कि उनका काम हमें परेशान करना नहीं है बल्कि हमारा मार्गदर्शन करना है कि कॉलेज में चीजें कैसे काम करती हैं। उन्होंने अपने सभी जूनियर्स को विश्वास दिलाया कि कोई भी, कैसी भी परेशानी हो हमसे आकर कहो हम हर संभव प्रयास करेंगे और उसके बाद कुछ उनके साथ मस्ती हुई फिर सब अपने-अपने हॉस्टल के लिए निकल लिए। सीनियर्स से इस मिलन के बाद अब मेरी सारी शंकाएं दूर हो चुकी थी। सीनियर्स वैसे नहीं थे जैसा कि सोचा था। मैं खुद को बहुत भाग्यशाली महसूस कर रहा था कि मुझे ऐसे बड़े भाई-बहन जैसे मार्गदर्शन करने वाले सीनियर्स मिले, प्यार से साथ रहने वाले, मस्ती करने वाले दोस्त मिले, अच्छे साथी मिले जो कोई भी काम हो हमेशा सहायता करने के लिए आतुर रहते थे। सब कुछ उम्मीदों से कहीं बढ़ के मिला।

संकल्प





इसी तरह कॉलेज का फर्स्ट सेमेस्टर लोगो को समझने और उनसे रिश्ते बनाने में निकल गया। एग्जाम हो गए थे एंड टर्म अवकाश मिले थे सभी काफी लंबे समय के बाद घर जा रहे थे सभी खुश थे हालांकि मैं भी बहुत खुश था इतने दिनों बाद माता-पिता से जो मिलने जा रहा था। मैंने सारा सामान पैक किया और अपने कॉलेज के दोस्तों से अलविदा कहता हुआ चल दिया। लेकिन जैसे ही मैं कॉलेज से बाहर पहुंचा अचानक एक अलग सी मायूसी ने मुझे जकड़ लिया, मैं घर तो जा रहा था लेकिन पता नहीं ऐसा लग रहा था कि कुछ अपनो को पीछे छोड़ता जा रहा हूँ। अजीब सी बैचेनी हो रही थी क्योंकि अब मैं उन चीजों को पसंद करने लगा था जिनसे कभी मैं दूर भागना चाहता था। मैं उन सभी से प्यार करने लगा था, वहां की हवाओं से जो कुछ गुनगुनाती थी, वहां के छात्रों से भरे रास्तों से, Nescafe की कॉफी से, हर उस चीज से, जिससे हर रोज मुलाकात होती थी। मैं खुश था क्योंकि अपने परिवार से मिलने जा रहा था लेकिन उससे कहीं ज्यादा दुखी भी था क्योंकि अपने एक परिवार से दूर जा रहा था। मैं जा घर रहा था लेकिन वहां पहुंचने से पहले ही, वहां से वापस आने की सोच रहा था। क्योंकि अब यहां मुझे अपना नया परिवार मिल चुका था।

नोट:- अगर आप मैं से भी कोई मेरी ही तरह इन अब शंकाओं को लेकर परेशान है तो मैं आप लोगो को बता दूँ कि बेफिक्र होकर कॉलेज आए आपका अपना परिवार आपका बेसब्री से इंतजार कर रहा है।



अभि खंडेलवाल



माँ

जज्बातों से लड़ना तो मुझे मेरे हालातों ने सिखा दिया,
लेकिन इस नादान परिदे को आसमान में उड़ना माँ ने ही सिखाया ।

बचपन में उंगली पकड़कर मुझे चलना सिखाया ,
खुद भूखी रहकर मुझे प्यार भरा निवाला खिलाया ।

आंसू आने पर सबसे पहले माँ का पल्लू ही आगे आया ,
गलत काम करने पर मुझे हमेशा सही मार्ग दिखाया ।

अक्सर कई दफा माँ को मुझ पर जायज गुस्सा भी आया,
लेकिन मुझे रोता देख उसका दिल भर आया ।

मैंने कई दफा नादानियों में उसका दिल भी दुखाया,
लेकिन मैंने उसके नाराज होने के बजाय हमेशा उसका प्यार ही पाया ।

भले ही गूगल मैप ने लोगों को सड़क मार्ग दिखलाया,
लेकिन जिंदगी जीने का सही मार्ग मुझे माँ ने ही दिखलाया ।

जितना लिखू उतना ही कम है,
माँ पर बस इतना ही कहना चाहता हूँ,
मुझे जीवन जीना मेरी माँ ने ही सिखाया ।

अभी बाकी है

अब मत कहना कि कपड़े छोटे थे हमारे,
शायद छोटी बच्चियों का साड़ी पहनना बाकी है ।
कब तक हमारा समाज ऐसे रहेगा,
और कितनी लड़कियों का मरना अभी बाकी है ।
मत करो कैडल मार्च और ना कोई प्रोटेस्ट,
बस अब रेप करने वालों के लिए, फांसी की सजा बाकी है ।
ना निर्भया पहली थी,
ना प्रियंका आखरी थी ।
कब तक झूठ के पहलू में रहेगा समाज,
बस यह बात कहना बाकी है ।
बस एक जवाब दे दो,
और कितनी लड़कियों का मरना अभी बाकी है ।
शायद जीत नहीं सकते हम ऐसे समाज से,
अब ऐसे समाज को खत्म करना अभी बाकी है ।
और हाँ याद रखना एक बात तुम भी, इतने गुनाह करके जी नहीं
पाओगे,
क्योंकि जिसकी दुनिया में तुम हो, उस रब का तुमसे हिसाब अभी
बाकी है ।

सोनम



afsoon e kalam





/artist
Praseon Kumar Gupta



/artist
Ananya Sharma



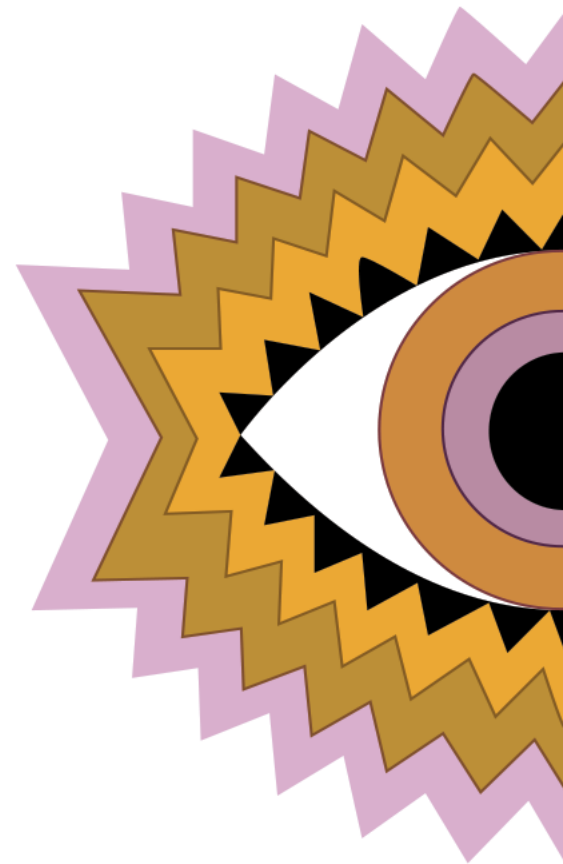
A Happy Place

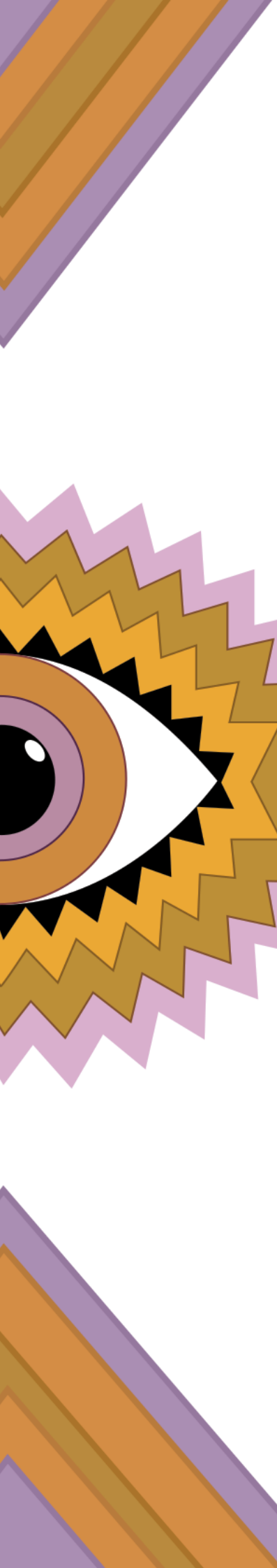
Come let's construct a new globe once again.
And Incinerate the lively baggage which endures
gruesome pain.
If not God, atleast let's become a good heart one ;
With no abject demarcations, marginalized, divides
& fear none.

Let that world not be round, Be it plain yet having a
cubical ground.
A fictional place pouncing to terms and sudden real-
ity,
Not a pinch of subjugated superiority and wretched
inequality.
Where all heads-hearts 're doppelgangers by soul,
Love is all it takes is a principle: takes not two but all
to tango in a merry ball with zero brawls;

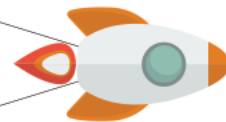
Nothing as a sluggish paranoia exists out there,
Only present stays , future is obsolete and cared for
less there;
Where happy couples sit by the sea sparkle,
Aim high, observe star-light and discuss life that
shines and dazzle.

Contains chapter which withholds no politics in
deeds whereby innocence is the only creed.
Where Juliet won't die by happenchance, folks pray.
As she was Romeo's to stay.
A nascent energy that bounds all together,
Where negative things dies and gets tethered.
Come let us make one.

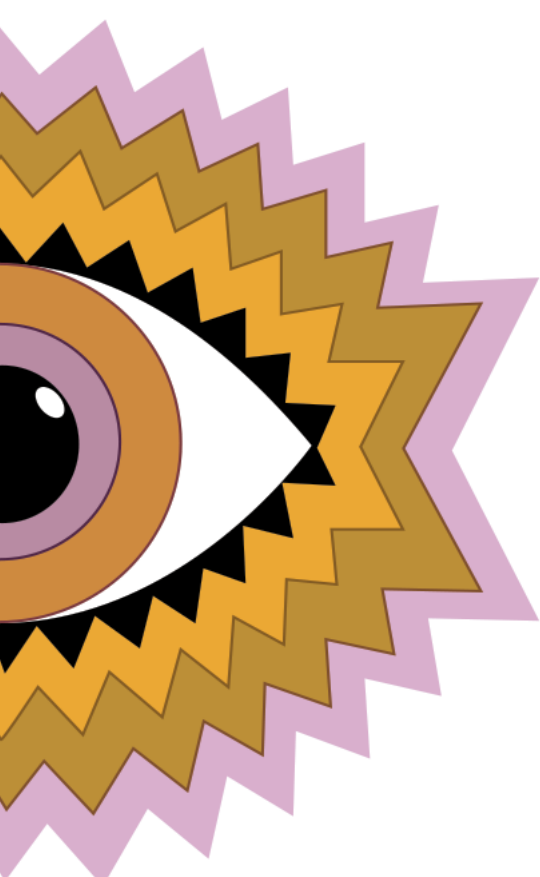




By Porash Singh



गुनाह



उन आँखों से हँसना,
लबों से मुस्कुराना,
ज़ुल्फों को उंगलियों से कान के पीछे तक ले जाना,
गुनाह है तेरा।

सड़क पे चलते हुए नज़ारों में खो जाना,
सोचना किसी का और मन ही मन खुश हो जाना,
गुनाह है तेरा।

सोचना कल का, बिन आज को जिये,
रूठना खुद से फिर, बिना कुछ किये,
याद करना वो लम्हे, जो कई साल पहले जिये,
बिन बताए चले जाना, अपनी बात किये,
वो था तो कुछ नहीं, पर फिर भी कुछ तो था,
समझा था शायद मैंने, जो तुमने बिन कहे कहा था।

पलटना तेरा पीछे, किसी और वजह से,
फिर हँसना ज़रा सा, नज़रे मिला के,
हाँ-हाँ वो कोई और था,
पर देखा मैंने भी,
हँसा तो मैं भी, पर अंदर थोड़ा गम था।

पता नहीं क्यों दूर होने चल पड़ा था,
वो पल ही कुछ ऐसा था,
जो सपने बर्बाद कर चला था,
ना रहा मैं एक तरफ,
न तेरे समंदर का कोई किनारा था,
मैं फँस गया ऐसी एक लहर में,
जिसका नाम इश्क़,
और मुकाम आशिक़ी से बुरा था।

COVER STORY

I've seen you fade away into the abyss of fatuousness. I've witnessed the chirping of the birds succumb to the noise of the city, and the races you never signed up for make all the little books, stories, and music fade away into the distance. Work meetings became more important than your birthdays... But I've also seen art helping you drift away into a world wedged between reality and utopia; you weren't you for a long time.

You've been viewing the sun as a servant serving you day and night; the moon was your apprentice, people your enemies, and Nature your plight.

Do you see the irony?

So hey, hear me out...

What would happen if you'd wait a little longer? You'll wake up one day, and it'll all be gone.

Your beloved will cry themselves to sleep every night. Your books will lay unread. Your friends will drink their coffee alone. And that little checklist of dreams will remain unchecked...

It's an inevitable tragedy, I know. But can't you realize the magic that exists in a mere moment? Don't you understand the importance... the importance of taking that one last call, embracing that one last hug, sharing that last smile, and cherishing the last cup of tea together?

These are things that I might never see again, things that people on my side of the war have never got to do.

You see... that's what went wrong with me. I forgot that **even though the days are long, life is short.** Even though I think I'll go on forever, I won't. So, I've never really lived! They have never really lived. They walked on lonely roads, days through nights. But are the roads more alone now, or are they?





to be continued...



In talks with

Ambika Bhardwaj

*Rushika Singh, Ansh Jamdagni,
Arsh Aggarwal*

I was adamant on pursuing journalism after high school, and my mother did not want me to do that at all. Eventually, I sought my own ways, and realised journalism was not my cup of tea. So, I did a course through correspondence and landed a job at AMEX. This was a turning point in my life; I was earning, spending, enjoying my weekends and whatnot. Materialistically speaking, I was content with my life. But eventually, you realise that, every day, while sitting in your cab and going to work, a single thought strikes your mind, "I am going to take this for another day". And it becomes a heavy feeling. After this realization, I quit AMEX and started my journey...

1. What made you choose Manali as home?

Earlier, I was working with a company that wanted us to document a lot of offbeat stuff and write about experiential travel. As we progressed, Manali happened to be on our list and the moment I got down from the bus, I looked around and could see snow-clad mountains. I couldn't explain that move, it was a feeling that stemmed out of my heart and I knew if I ever built a home, it has to be in Manali.

In fact, Old Manali was a cultural hub back then, and people from all around the world brought their music here. Even though it was a single lane, within that lane, you could visit so many countries and meet so many people. And that's how my conviction to build a home here grew further.

2. What inspired you to take the road away from the monotonous chain of life where most of the people avoid risk? What role did Kanyakumari to Kashmir play in this journey?

Take a moment to imagine that this is a huge room having huge screens. And these screens are broadcasting all the bad that is happening in the world right now. If you leave, you will not find safety, especially given the society that we come from.

However, a few of us decide not to be restrained. No matter what, we still walk out of that room, and that is what Kanyakumari to Kashmir was all about. When I did that, I realized you can most likely throw yourself like a child to the world, and you can expect that the world is going to take you back home.



Q3. How did you manage your trips and finances all these years while travelling?

People have always been very kind to me. I have always found work in one way or the other. I've done a lot of things, from selling jackets on Instagram to posting social media campaigns, running a homestay and, a long time back, even bartending somewhere. So, it is openness, or the ability to do anything and everything by the virtue of which one can learn to thrive.

Q4. Social media is a powerful tool, but it has its downsides as well. Has it ever negatively affected your life?

I have not faced trolling, but sometimes I received some unwanted responses. Earlier, I was posting about mental health and I started getting messages from people asking me if I needed help. I appreciated their concern, but it was not something that I was asking for.

One doesn't always write about themselves but about the experiences of other people too because their stories are all around us. Today, we are all stories and the moment you tap into this universe of so many stories around you, you fetch certain things. You find your reflections in them and that's how poetry is born. Not everybody who writes about mental health is asking for sympathy.

So, I paid little attention to those messages. But at the same time, another set of messages started coming and people were grateful to me for writing something which they could relate to.

Q5. Could you tell us a bit about your experiences as a homestay owner and how you maintain a balance between professional and personal life?

It has always been my dream to have a cottage on top of a mountain and sit and write there. Initially, the homestay was good money but it deprived me of my personal space.

When I started the homestay, I realized this system has to be constructed in a manner that is not only meant for other people to enter my domain, but at the same time I need to very strictly monitor the kind of energies that are coming in my space.

In a role like this, the process of making yourself understood is very much needed to maintain a balance between personal and professional life. The more I'm okay saying no, the more I understand that I can guard my private life.

Q6. What advice do you have for the students of NITH who are extremely keen on pursuing their interests?

My only advice is that even if what is happening today is not making sense, it's okay. Life is beyond what your peripheral vision can see. You can't see beyond the horizon, but life can. For the same, what I follow is the Urdu word called "Tavakkul" which means to keep walking the divine path. No matter how difficult it gets, keep the faith that everything's going to work out and keep doing your bit to get where you want to get. This is a small word, but its impact is huge.

Q7. What were the difficulties you faced when you switched your career and what was the motivation behind this move?

Building a home in Manali was a dream I discovered in 2016. But still, it was never a constant for me. The it of my life kept changing with times.

For instance, when I was living alone and working, my it was earning and saving money. After quitting my job, the it of my life was travelling. And soon after I started travelling extensively, my it was to build a home to settle down. Now that I have built a home, my latest it is to write a book.

There is no fatalistic conformity as at different stages of life, you understand your dreams change. If today someone asks me why I don't travel, I just say that I don't even like it. Probably one day I might not like writing, but I like it today.

Q8. What is your advice for someone going through writer's block?

Lawrence Block's tip has always helped me get over writer's block. What this tip says is that you need to permit yourself to write badly. If you take a day off, you will take the next day off. And after you will take over-morrow off, you'll keep taking these offs. Acknowledge the blocks and work on them.



Q9. Our childhood and past experiences strongly influence what we become. What led you to pursue exploratory travel. Was it “the plan” from always?

My mother has always been strict. Being a single parent, she had many responsibilities and had to manage a lot by herself. But she never failed to do what she was supposed to do.

However, she was also quite scared, being a single parent. So, she has always been very protective of me. Every child wants to

explore and go out. My mother's demeanour led me to become a rebellious kid who would question each and every restriction that was imposed on her. I did what she didn't want me to do as it was thrilling for me, and I took her restrictions as challenges.

In hindsight, it was a very interesting journey for both my mother and me. Had she not been so strict, I wouldn't even have had this urge to go out and do what I did.

Do you have any particular story from your innumerable travels that you would like to share?

This is one of my favourite stories. I call it the Raghavendra story. It is from when I was travelling from *Kanyakumari to Kashmir*. It just so happened that I was in Kerala and I met a guy called Manju. My trip from Kanyakumari to Kashmir was mostly about sponsored travel where I was existing on the border. I had write-ups to offer, website content to offer, videos to offer, pictures to offer and Instagram promotions to offers.

So I met Manju, and he asked me to check out some websites and places around for my trip, and thus I reached this place called Aagumbe through Manju's reference. Here, I met Shashank who was hosting me at his 300 years old house. Aagumbe happened to be the place where *Malgudi Days* was shot and I was excited to explore this place. Since day 1, Shashank wanted me to meet Raghavendra. So we kept on procrastinating and on the last day Shashank woke me up and told me that we were going to meet Raghavendra. So we reached Raghavendra's place at dawn and since we did not wish to disturb him, we went to the riverside which was close to Raghavendra's place. So we are talking with our feet dipped in water, we're talking about the wonderful time we've had in the past seven days and then Raghavendra shows up. It was a cinematic view, the sun was rising and Raghavendra, who is a differently-abled poet, stood in front of it with his buttoned-up shirt. He looked divine at that moment. So we stand up and I go and shake my hand with Raghavendra. Since I don't speak Kannada and Raghavendra doesn't speak English, we relied on Shashank to translate everything. So Shashank told him about my journey from Kashmir to Kanyakumari and what I was doing there and Raghavendra looked at me and said something to Shashank in Kannada. The whole conversation took an interesting turn when Shashank told me what the answer was. Raghavendra always replies in a story so the conversation is always an interesting one.

So Raghavendra told this story that once on a very hot day, a group of friends went to the riverside. The water in the river was as cold as the day was hot. These friends wanted to take a jump in the river but the river was so cold that no one dared to do so. But one of the friends decided to take a plunge in the ice-cold water. All the friends laughed at him but the guy went ahead. He took a plunge but the moment he went in, he came rocketing out because the water was that cold. And then everyone made fun of him again, but he decided to retake a plunge in the river and this time he enjoyed the swim. Now when this guy comes out of the river all the friends start to touch him and he is baffled. The guy who jumped in the river asked his friends why they were touching him to which they replied that they couldn't dare to jump in the water but by touching him they could experience what he had experienced.

That's what Raghavendra said that since he couldn't travel, by shaking my hands he is shaking hands with all the experiences that I have experienced.



In talks with

OSHO JAIN

*Ayush Verma, Shreya Dubey,
Ansh Jamdagni*

Brought up in a family with roots deep into soulful Indian classical music, Mr. Osho Jain is one of the beaming pearls of India's Indie music Industry, expressing vulnerability through his music. An avid reader and a fervid traveller, this singer-songwriter, performer and music composer/producer has some humble words to spread kindness and express gratitude.

1. How did you get introduced to music in the first place, and in what ways was your childhood conducive for a musical career?

I had a really interesting childhood. My father is a really good singer and also has a couple of degrees in Indian classical music. He is also an excellent Tabla player. He used to play with some of the finest musicians back in his time. But he couldn't pursue music because of financial reasons. There was always quality music filled in my home. I woke up to Jagjit Singh Sahab's or Ghulam Ali Sahab's music and some of the sweetest ghazals. Most of the time, the conversations in our home revolved only around music. I also used to read a lot of ghazals growing up, and still do. They are always so measured and so seamlessly rhymed, yet so simple in their words. The number of musical technicalities that go into writing these ghazals is what ultimately makes them a form of precious art. There was a phase in my career when I consciously used complex Urdu vocabulary in whatever I wrote. It took me quite some time to realize that writing with simple vocabulary is actually tougher than writing complex stuff. So, it was somewhat natural for me to become a musician myself after being around so much outstanding music during my youth

2. Indore, your home city, is well known for its rich heritage of poets. What do you find most interesting about that place?

Indore, where I grew up, gives a lot of importance to Hindi as a language. People use so many sophisticated and "shudhh Hindi" words in normal day to day conversation. Only after living in quite a few places other than Indore, I realize how uncommon this was. And when you use these kinds of vocabulary on a daily basis, they get ingrained into you. When I was a kid, my father used to take me to a 'Mushaira' on almost every other weekend. Those are some of my fondest memories of that place.

3. The life of a musician is very romanticized and glamorous as social media likes to show us. But the reality is seldom what social media tells us. What's the most difficult part of your job?

I personally feel like people do not want to be moved by art these days. It's almost as if they are scared of it. Mainstream music industry has conditioned people to consume factory-made music that contains little to no



artistic aspect. Good commercial music makes up for only around 10 percent of the total mainstream music. Most of that music's visual content is also, hate to say it, downright trash. As an independent artist you make an honest, moving piece of music, it stings when it is not well received simply because people were not ready for it. It was somehow too much for the audience to consume. To me, that feels like the most dreadful part of my job. For example, my songs like 'Kya Pata', 'Khush to Hai Na' are both commercially profitable and close to my heart as well. But at the same time there are also songs like, 'Sahaare Tere' and 'Dheere Dheere' that I knew before releasing that they would be difficult to consume. Still, I am more than grateful for all the love that I get from my audience, they are the reason I will not stop making music.

4. There has been an ongoing trend for quite a long time in mainstream music that promotes liquor and alcoholic beverages. What are your views on certain music that promotes drinking and intoxication and raises alcohol as an idol?

The problem is that the music business is actually run by people who don't know the first thing about the art that is music. Nobody wants to make trashy music, whether they be music directors, composers, or lyricists. Most of the time what happens is that a struggling artist gets a contract and thinks "Well, this contract can do a lot to forward my career and help with finances too", so he gets sucked down the downward spiral of these contracts and, somewhere or the other, he loses his originality. Blaming just the artists is not quite right, they are doing this because the business hierarchy asked them to make that kind of music. Even dance music used to have some of the most incredible writings in music history. Names like 'Javed Sahab' and 'Gulzar Sahab' have written some of the best dance music in the past. Currently, the bodies that are governing mainstream music business just perform a silly market analysis and order artists to make the kind of music that they feel appeals to contemporary society. But somewhere, I do think that it is an artist's duty to take a stand against producing the kind of music that has a hand in polluting society. Just because you are making money off of making certain types of music does not mean you should not take a stand. Ultimately, it is simply a question of your own principles and morals.

5. Most of your songs are quite vocal about emotional vulnerabilities such as loneliness and depression. What is your message for our readers who live in a society that believes that displaying signs of vulnerability and expressing feelings is a sign of weakness?

It is really important for us to talk about mental health issues. If you have problems you should reach out to your friends, your parents, and people you actually trust. If a friend opens up to me about their issues, I would definitely comfort them through their struggles but at the same time I would also request them to seek out professional help. Through music, I can only express my emotions and you may resonate with them. One more piece of advice that I would like to share with people is to reduce the distance that has been built up between them and their families. Ultimately it is our families that will stick with us. Something that makes me really sad is that some people tend to make a fashion out of mental health issues. They actually hinder those who are really suffering from getting the help they need.

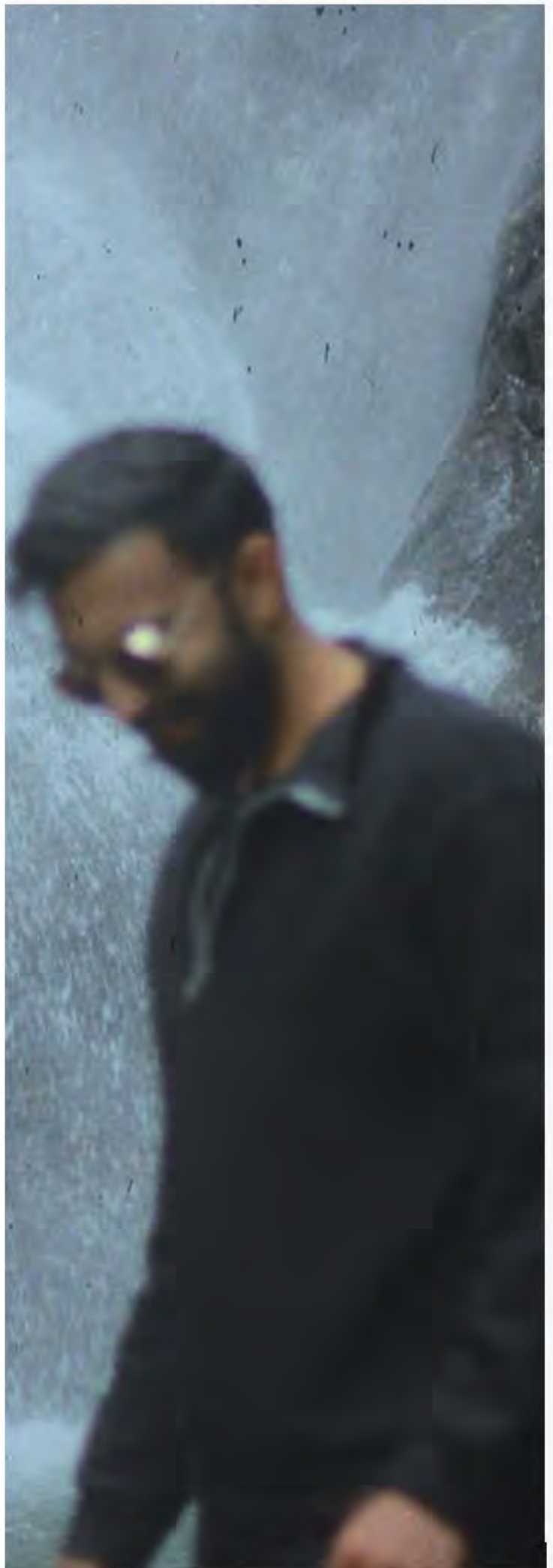


6. What are you looking forward to doing ahead in your career?

I do not want to bind myself to one kind of thing for my entire life. I want to make orchestral and electronic music; my next song will most likely be on a keyboard. I don't want to be a mere guitar player and make all music on guitar only. It sounds unrealistic but I want to try everything in music and not stay tangled in one thing.

7. We as writers at SRIJAN often encounter writer's blocks or dry periods of creativity. Does songwriting have a similar phase? How do you deal with it?

I have this problem a lot. I have around 100-150 unfinished songs. An interesting story, I had a Hindi teacher who used to make on-spot poetry and read it out to us. I convinced her to teach me how to do that. She would give me a word and I was supposed to write a short poem on the word. I was only supposed to rhyme it, no matter how absurd it sounded. I still follow something similar. The Only way to tackle a creator's block is to be persistent with your basic practice. But ultimately these 'dry-spells' are inevitable and can last for days, weeks even. But after these, a period also comes when ideas just naturally flow through you.



messagink

***Messagink** is an online platform that lets you create a text-based story for free. It can be accessed by both website and application. MessagInk has a simple editor that lets users add members and chat elements, giving them the freedom to write about anything. One can create, read, and share fictional stories and non-fictional conversations through this platform.*

Alumni Start-up @NITH

Q1. Presenting stories in such an aesthetic way, Messagink is one of its kind. How did this idea occur to you? And what motivated you to continue working on this idea?

Most of our conversations today are carried out over Instant Messaging apps like WhatsApp and Messenger. People who want to share these conversations do so by taking screenshots and sending them to their friends. We believed sharing it in the original text-based format would be a good idea.

I saw that there are already applications in the market that do this. They are called "chat fiction apps" and are very popular among kids and teenagers. However, the problem with these applications is that they don't allow you to create your own stories, and to read stories you have to pay three times a Netflix subscription. They are simply looting these kids. We thought of building a free platform for everyone to create, read, and share fictional stories and non-fictional conversations.

Q2. What were the challenges you faced while developing your product? According to you, which aspect is harder: building a product or maintaining one?

Sagar and I are both software engineers, so building the product is an easy part. Designing, however, is a bit tricky as we are not much of designers. But one can take inspiration from other products that are out there and learn from them.

Getting users is a difficult task. With any product that you build, you cannot know if a user really wants such a thing. As a founder, you are sure that the idea is great, but does it click with the user? That's the most difficult question to answer.

From what I have learnt so far, getting feedback, iterating on it, and getting more users to sign-up to use your platform, is definitely hard and a time-consuming process. As engineers, we think in logic and abstraction, but the art of talking to people and marketing your product are different skills altogether, and very useful skills to have as well.

Q3. Messagink provides a lot of features to the composer, from writing stories to making videos. What kind of features did you initially come up with, and what got added along the journey? Are there any new features that you are planning to include in the future?

When we'd initially launched as an MVP, we needed to have two basic features: a reader and an editor. We have added a lot more features over time, some of which are:

- Launching mobile apps for Messagink.

1. Launching mobile apps for Messagink.
 2. You can choose from different types of text messages.
 3. You can upload images, your avatars, etc.
 4. You can download your conversations in video form and share the same on social media.
- Dark mode for night owls like me.

Also, we are working on additional features, such as allowing you to create a series/episode form of your story if you are writing a novel, and introducing a way to create a playlist of your stories. For example, a playlist titled "My favourite horror stories" for readers.

Q4. Messagink is a brilliant platform where writers can present their stories. Can individuals use this platform for composing other forms of writing? What are your further plans for Messagink?

The editor, at its most basic, is a text editor. So, you can draft anything: you can write a blog, a monologue, or a movie script; it all depends on your creativity. The Messagink platform is designed for conversations but no one is stopping you to write an essay here! I would even appreciate it if people try something crazy and unique!

Q5. Apart from Messagink, are you working on any other product, or planning to work on one? Would you like to share anything about that?

Yes, we are working on another product called Fanbee [fanbee.co]. It lets you create a subscription model on Instagram using its Close Friends feature.

Q6. Many individuals possess a plethora of ideas about creating something new. However, certain unprecedented obstacles hinder them from transforming their ideas into reality. What advice would you like to give to young entrepreneurs that face similar complexities?

Most people simply get bored with what they are building, and so they move on. You should build something that inspires you to get up in the morning and solve that problem for you. If your idea can solve a problem for you, it can definitely do the same for many individuals! You should always aim to build something that other people want, while ensuring that you have fun in doing the same. Because in the end, even if your product fails, you would have learnt something new and had a good time building new stuff. I recommend everyone to read Paul Graham's essay, "How to Start a Startup" [<http://www.paulgraham.com/start.html>]

मनोदर्पण

मनोदर्पण 'शिक्षा मंत्रालय' के द्वारा शुरू की गई एक पहल है। यह लोगों के लिए एक मनोसामाजिक सहायता प्रणाली के रूप में कार्य करता है। यहां न केवल स्कूल-कॉलेज के छात्र बल्कि माता-पिता और शिक्षक भी भावनात्मक एवं मानसिक तनाव की काउंसलिंग ले सकते हैं।

आईए जानते हैं कुछ प्रश्नों के जवाब, मनोदर्पण के एक वालंटियर, मिस हनिक्या खुल्लर के साथ।

1. मनोदर्पण के साथ आपका अनुभव कैसा रहा है?

सच कहूँ तो मनोदर्पण के माध्यम से लोगों की सहायता करना मेरे लिए बहुत गर्व और सम्मान की बात है।

पूरे भारत में अलग-अलग शहरों के लोग इस सुविधा से लाभान्वित हो रहे हैं। वैसे तो आप सब लोगों को पता ही है कि हमारे देश में इस प्रकार की काउंसलिंग सुविधा बहुत दुर्लभ व महंगी है। मनोदर्पण एक अत्यंत ही प्रशंसनीय पहल है।

2. हमारे देश में 'मानसिक स्वास्थ्य' को बहुत कम आंका जाता है जिसके कारण अधिकांश लोग (विशेष रूप से छात्र) अपनी समस्याओं को छुपाते हैं और मन ही मन घुटते रहते हैं। इस बारे में आप क्या कहना चाहेंगे?

हमारी भावनाएं हमारे जीवन को चारों तरफ से घेरे हुए हैं। हमारी सोच और कार्य हमारी भावनाओं से प्रभावित होते हैं, परिणामस्वरूप कभी-कभी हम खुद को पूरी तरह से भावुक पाते हैं तो कभी बिल्कुल निर्भाव हो जाते हैं। पर हमें दोनों परिस्थितियों में ही संतुलन बनाकर चलना चाहिए। साथ ही यह सीखना भी अत्यंत आवश्यक है कि उन्हें कैसे संचालित करके बेहतर ढंग से लोगों के सामने रखा जाए। बहुत बार हम जाने-अनजाने में भावों को दबाने की कोशिश करते हैं जिससे आगे चलकर कई मानसिक बीमारियां जन्म लेती हैं।

3. कई बार ऐसा भी होता है कि कुछ लोगों को पता ही नहीं चलता कि वे डिप्रेशन की ओर बढ़ रहे हैं। समय रहते वह यह नहीं समझ पाते हैं कि वे किस समस्या से जूझ रहे हैं और वे अपनी सामान्य दिनचर्या में लगे रहते हैं, और धीरे धीरे ओवर थिंकिंग का शिकार हो जाते हैं। हम ऐसे लोगों को कैसे पहचान सकते हैं?

जब बात डिप्रेशन पर आ ही गई है, तो यह जानना जरूरी है कि अवसाद या डिप्रेशन एक तरह से मानसिक स्थिति होती है जो किसी भी इंसान को हो सकती है। यह लोगों के सोचने तथा काम करने के तरीके में बदलाव लाता है। व्यक्ति हमेशा स्वयं को उलझन में एवं हारा हुआ महसूस करता है।

अवसाद-ग्रस्त व्यक्ति में आत्मविश्वास की कमी हो जाती है और उसे किसी भी कार्य में ध्यान केंद्रित करने में परेशानी होती है। अवसाद का रोगी खुद को परिवार एवं दोस्तों से अलग रखने की कोशिश करता है।

प्रत्येक अवसाद-ग्रस्त व्यक्ति को इन्हीं शुरुआती संकेतों की पहचान करके स्वयं को इन सबसे बाहर निकालने का प्रयास करना चाहिए।



4. एक स्वस्थ व्यक्ति खुद को डिप्रेशन में जाने से कैसे रोक सकता है? और दूसरों की मदद कैसे कर सकता है?

इसके लिए हमें मानसिक स्वास्थ्य को प्राथमिकता देनी चाहिए। हमें हमारे सोने, उठने, खाने, खेलने जैसी सभी चीजों का समय निर्धारित करना चाहिए। हमें हमारे शारीरिक स्वास्थ्य का ध्यान रखना चाहिए। हमें तनाव, परेशानियों का सामना करना आना चाहिए और आवश्यकता पड़ने पर मदद लेने से नहीं कतराना चाहिए।

5. अगर हमारा कोई दोस्त एल्कोहल या किसी और चीज की लत का शिकार हैं तो हम उसे इस अवस्था से कैसे बाहर निकालें?

कोई भी व्यक्ति जन्म से ही एडिक्ट नहीं होता है, एडिक्शन पांच स्तर में होता है:

1. प्रयोगात्मक स्थिति (उपयोग)
2. दुरुपयोग
3. अब्युज
4. निर्भरता
5. लत

लोग खुद को एक्सेप्टेबल बनाने के लिए अल्कोहल और ड्रग्स का सहारा लेते हैं। एक शोध के अनुसार अल्कोहल खुद एक 'डिप्रेसेंट' है। यह आपको कुछ क्षणों की खुशी तो देता है, मगर साथ ही बाद में आपको 'लो फील' भी कराता है। हालांकि आप सब बच्चे हैं मगर आप अपने दोस्तों को सजग कर सकते हैं। अपना सपोर्ट दे सकते हैं और साथ ही उन्हें कई एंटी अल्कोहल ग्रुप जॉइन करने के लिए भी प्रेरित कर सकते हैं।

"I am there for you no matter what"

ये बहुत छोटे से अल्फ़ाज़ हैं मगर डिप्रेशन और लत से जूझ रहे आपके दोस्त के लिए किसी उपहार से कम नहीं है। कुछ नहीं तो शायद यही उन्हें बदल दे।

6. आधुनिक पीढ़ी को सोशल मीडिया अत्याधिक प्रभावित कर रहा है। युवाओं में

टेक्स्टिंग स्किल में वृद्धि हुई है लेकिन खुद को व्यक्त करने की क्षमता में तेजी से कमी आई है। लोगों में हीन भावना, नकारात्मक आंतरिक मोनोलॉग तथा दिखावटीपन और बनावटीपन का माहौल बनता जा रहा है। इस प्रकार की मनोदशा से किस प्रकार बचा जा सकता है?

यह सच है कि आजकल हम जो कुछ भी कर रहे होते हैं उसे सोशल मीडिया पर शेयर करते हैं फिर उस पर सकारात्मक प्रतिक्रिया जैसे लाइक्स, कमेंट्स आने की उम्मीद रखते हैं। हमें ऐसा लगने लगता है कि अगर हम इसे वर्चुअल प्लेटफॉर्म पर शेयर नहीं करेंगे तो यह चीज हमने की ही नहीं। लोगों का फॉलो, फ्रेंड रिक्वेस्ट एक्सेप्ट ना करना, रिप्लाई ना देना इत्यादि से हम कहीं न कहीं खुद को खोया हुआ महसूस करने लगते हैं। इसी को FOMO (Fear of Missing Out) कहते हैं जो कि आज सोशल मीडिया इस्तेमाल करने वाले अधिकतर लोगों में देखा जा सकता है।

"मैंने अक्सर देखा है जब बच्चे गुस्सा होते हैं तो वो अपनी DP हटा देते हैं, हा हा!"

सिर्फ वर्चुअल प्लेटफॉर्म पर पोस्ट-शेयर करके, दिखावा करके क्या हम अपनी भावनाओं या समस्याओं का उचित समाधान पा सकते हैं? नहीं, इसके बजाए हमें अपनी भावनाओं को खुद समझकर स्वीकार करना चाहिए और काल्पनिक दुनिया की बजाय हमें वास्तविक दुनिया में जीना चाहिए।

सोशल मीडिया ने हमारे आत्मसम्मान को भी बहुत प्रभावित किया है। प्रतिक्रिया में देरी, नेगेटिव फीडबैक, अनफॉलो जैसी छोटी-छोटी चीजें हमें असहज महसूस कराती हैं। हमें यह समझना होगा कि ये सब सिर्फ काल्पनिक दिखावा है।

दूसरी ओर इंटरनेट ने हमें तात्कालिक तृप्ति का भी आदी बना दिया है। हम हर चीज, दोस्त, मूवीज, फूड, खरीदारी आदि से सिर्फ एक क्लिक दूर रहते हैं, हमें प्रत्येक चीज फौरन चाहिए। इन सबने हमें असहिष्णु बना दिया है।

"People nowadays are running after making memories rather than feeling the essence of 'now' & living in the moment."

एक रिसर्च के अनुसार सोशल मीडिया का उपयोग हमारे अंदर लत पैदा कर सकता है। यह हमारे दिमाग को वैसे ही प्रभावित करता है जैसे नशीले पदार्थों का सेवन। नशीले पदार्थों का सेवन से हमारे दिमाग में डोपामाइन लेवल को बढ़ाता है, ठीक वैसा ही काम सोशल मीडिया पर लाइक्स, कमेंट, सकारात्मक प्रतिक्रिया करती

हैं जिससे हम इसके आदी हो जाते हैं।

इसलिए हमें स्क्रीन पर अपना समय बहुत ही सावधानी से बिताना चाहिए। डिजिटल वेल-बीइंग फ्रीचर का इस्तेमाल करके अपनी हर एक्टिविटी को ट्रैक करना चाहिए। टेक-डेटोक्स को महत्व देते हुए मानसिक विकास पर कार्य करना चाहिए।

7. कई बार दूसरों की भावनाओं से प्रभावित होकर हम अपने आप को बदलना चाह रहे होते हैं, मानो जैसे हम उनकी भावनाओं के गुलाम बनते जा रहे हो, इससे कैसे बचा जा सकता है?

लोगों को आपकी भावनाओं पर नियंत्रण करने की अनुमति नहीं है, यह केवल भावनाएं नहीं हैं, आपकी लक्जरी है, आपकी खुशी ही आपकी अमानत है। आप कैसे दूसरे व्यक्ति को अपनी खुशी को नियंत्रित करने दे सकते हैं? अपने भावनाओं की ज़िम्मेदारी स्वयं ले और इन्हें बाहरी दुनिया से कभी प्रभावित ना होने दे।

8: कुछ लोग अपनी भावनाओं को संभाल नहीं पाते और न ही वे अपनी भावनाओं को व्यक्त पाते हैं (विशेषकर ब्रेक-अप में) मानो जैसे उनका पूरा जीवन एक ही व्यक्ति के इर्द-गिर्द घूमने लगता है। इस मामले में आपका क्या कहना है?

जीवन एक सुंदर यात्रा है। रिश्ते जीवन का सिर्फ एक हिस्सा है। कृपया अंतर समझने की कोशिश करें। लोग अपने करियर तथा रिश्ते में विफल होते हैं या नीचे गिरते हैं तो उनमें फिर से खड़े होने का साहस होना चाहिए।

आप जानते हैं कि आप किसी को भी आपसे प्यार करने के लिए मजबूर नहीं कर सकते। यह एक प्राकृतिक भावना है। लेकिन महत्वपूर्ण बात यह है कि आपको पहचानना होगा कि मैं अभी क्या महसूस कर रहा हूँ। यदि आप ठीक महसूस नहीं कर रहे हैं तो मदद लेना जरूरी है। जज होने के डर को एक तरफ रखें तथा आगे बढ़ें।

9. 'दुनिया का सबसे बड़ा रोग, लोग क्या कहेंगे!' यह अक्सर देखा जाता है कि लोगों में एक डर सा रहता है, एक अदृश्य डर, जो कहीं न कहीं दूसरों की राय से जुड़ा होता है। इस पर आप क्या कहना चाहेंगे?

डर एक नकारात्मक भाव है। हम जो भी कहते या करते हैं उसमें हम यह चाहते हैं कि लोग हमारी बात को समझें, उसे सत्यापित करें और हमारे कार्यों को प्रमाणित करें कि 'हां, यह सही है'। यही चाह इस डर को जन्म देती है कि - 'लोग क्या सोचेंगे? और हमें क्या समझेंगे?' यही डर हमें सताता रहता है।

हमारा मानसिक स्वास्थ्य हमारी पहली प्राथमिकता होना चाहिए। हमें ध्यान रखना चाहिए कि बाहरी दुनिया हमें संचालित न कर पाए। हमें हमारे कार्यों और बातों को समझने वाले या सत्यापन करने वाले लोगों की खोज भी बंद कर देनी चाहिए। हमें यह बात अच्छी तरह से समझ लेना चाहिए कि कभी-कभी सब कुछ ठीक ना होना भी ठीक होता है।

10. आज की दुनिया में भौतिक संपत्ति के पीछे भागते लोग अपने मानसिक स्वास्थ्य को भूल जाते हैं। इनमें से अधिक महत्वपूर्ण क्या है भौतिक संपत्ति या मानसिक स्वास्थ्य? क्या इनका कोई संबंध है?

जब हम भौतिक धन की बात करते हैं, जो कि महत्वपूर्ण है लेकिन यह ही सब कुछ नहीं है। हम सभी को जीवित रहने के लिए खाने की आवश्यकता है। कल मान लें कि आप एक अरबपति होंगे लेकिन अपने जीवन से संतुष्ट नहीं हैं, यदि आप खुश नहीं हैं तो आपने क्या किया?

इस पर दो अलग-अलग राय हो सकती है-

अपनी बुनियादी जरूरतों को पूरा करने के लिए धन होना जरूरी है। धन अनिश्चित समय के दौरान भी आपकी मदद कर सकता है, जिस प्रकार कोरोना महामारी ने हमें ऐसे कई पाठ पढ़ाए हैं। जिसके पास पैसे थे वह अपनी जीविका का प्रबंध कर पाए और जिसके पास पैसे नहीं थे वह कहीं ना कहीं मानसिक डिप्रेशन और तनाव का शिकार हुए हैं।

दूसरी बात अगर हम दिन-रात सिर्फ पैसे कमाने के पीछे भाग रहे हैं और अपनी परवाह नहीं कर रहे तो कोई फायदा नहीं। इसलिए अपना ख्याल रखना जरूरी है। कभी-कभी क्या होता है कि हम पैसे कमाने के लिए इंपल्सिव हो जाते हैं क्योंकि हम शक्ति, धन-दौलत चाहते हैं जो शायद हमारे और दूसरे लोगों के लिए ही उचित नहीं है। इससे हम आत्मकेन्द्रित तथा कम मानसिक हो जाते हैं। आपको अपने मानसिक स्वास्थ्य का ध्यान रखना होगा। पैसे कमाना जरूरी है लेकिन पैसा ही सब कुछ नहीं है। यह बस आपके जीवन को गतिशील बनाए रखने का तरीका है।

11. हममें से ज्यादातर लोग जानते हैं कि योग तथा ध्यान हमारे लिए अच्छा है, फिर भी हम इसको अपना नहीं पाते हैं। हम इसे अपनी व्यस्त दिनचर्या में इसे कैसे शामिल कर सकते हैं?

हमें यह समझने की जरूरत है कि हमारा मानसिक स्वास्थ्य महत्वपूर्ण है। अपने मानसिक स्वास्थ्य का ध्यान रखने के लिए हमें अपनी जीवन शैली में योग अपनाने की आवश्यकता है। योग और ध्यान आपको अपनी अंतरात्मा से जोड़ने में मदद करता है और आत्मनिर्भरता की भावना को प्रेरित करता है। अंत जो आपके साथ रहेगा वह है आपकी अंतरात्मा। योग और ध्यान अपने मन और शरीर के बारे में अधिक जागरूक होने में मदद करते हैं।

अगर लोगों को शुरुआत करना मुश्किल लगता है तो वे सांस लेने के सामान्य व्यायाम से शुरू कर सकते हैं। कुछ लोगों सोचते हैं कि योग में बहुत सारे आसन करने पड़ेंगे बहुत देर तक बैठना पड़ेगा। वास्तव में आपको दैनिक दिनचर्या से 5-10 मिनट निकलने हैं। बस इधर-उधर देखें और अगर आपको कोई फूल दिख रहा है तो उस फूल को लेकर फिर गहरी सांस लें और उसकी खुशबू को अपने अंदर महसूस करें। फिर देखें

12. 'उसे मौत ने नहीं उसकी सोच ने मारा है, जो इंसान खुद से हारा है' कुछ लोग हार जाते हैं, वह सब कुछ खत्म कर देना चाहते हैं तथा अंदर ही अंदर अपने आप में ही घुटने लगते हैं, आप उनके लिए क्या कहना चाहेंगे?

मैं इसका उत्तर कुछ पंक्तियों के द्वारा देना चाहूंगी:

खुद को नष्ट करना किसी भी समस्या का समाधान नहीं कमजोर होकर हारना, यह बहादुरों की पहचान तो नहीं।

चाहे कैसी भी हो मजबूरी,

डिप्रेशन से बनाए रखनी होगी दूरी।

इस सोच से लड़ने का यही कारगर तरीका है,

हम जीतेंगे, हम जीतेंगे हमारा जीतने का यही सलीका है।

कभी उम्मीद मत हारना चाहे तुम्हें सौ बार ही क्यों ना गिर कर उठना पड़े।

घुड़सवार ही गिरते हैं मैदान-ए-जंग में, वो बच्चा क्या गिरे जो घुटनों के बल चले।



Leafy Pouch

Suraj Kumar

**START-UP
@NITH**



LeafyPouch is an online nursery established by a group of plant lovers trying to make the world greener. With most urban dwellers living in high-rise buildings, the connection between nature and humans is all but severed. That's where LeafyPouch comes in, providing all the necessities for building a rooftop garden or decorating your house with green bundles of life. They aim at providing high-quality saplings and plant accessories to gardening enthusiasts all over India, all at the click of a finger.

Q1. How did you, as a group of budding Engineers (excuse the pun), find your true calling in the world of Plants, a world that seems to stand distinctly apart from the field of engineering?

We have always been fascinated by plants; building a garden must be one of the most fulfilling experiences life has to offer. But it is always a chore finding the right nursery that offers a variety of saplings and that too at a reasonable rate. It all started with a goal to make gardening easy enough for everybody to chip in and make the world greener. I started working on the LeafyPouch website a year ago. I connected with some of my fellow college mates who shared my interests, and we all started working hand in hand, fulfilling each other's shortcomings while building LeafyPouch. We were quickly able to build a brotherly understanding and foster that characteristic connection in which we help each other whenever someone is stuck, all the while working together and growing our Start-up.

Q2. Could you highlight some of the biggest challenges you faced during the early days of incubating your start-up? And if you had a chance to go back in time, is there anything you would have done differently?

It is always challenging, traversing an unknown territory. Building the website for the company was a big hurdle. Originally, we started building our website on Wix, an online site building platform. Unfortunately, spending four to five months on the site gave us only lacklustre results. But we did not give up; we contacted a few mates who were experienced with software and web development. Slowly, we started changing things. And today, our LeafyPouch website is up and running, just in line with my vision and fully integrated with the necessary features. Another major problem we faced was the official work – bureaucratic tasks such as registrations and obtaining GST numbers. Registering a company and getting the GST number is a very time-consuming process if you don't know the right places to visit. Looking back, it would have been easier to contact someone with experience in this field before running from one office to the other. Another aspect that we would have liked to do differently would be the website development. But as the saying goes, you do not make mistakes; you learn lessons. And that's how the team looks at things.

Q3. Being an online nursery, how do you manage your inventory? Do you have your nurseries set up, or does LeafyPouch act as an intermediary to deliver plants from the nurseries you have tie-ups with directly to the consumer?

For now, we act as an intermediary. We have contacts with over 20+ sellers all around India. Before signing a deal with a nursery, we make sure their product is up to our standards as customer satisfaction is especially important. The nurseries send us the product which we box up with the official packaging before sending the same to our plant lovers. As far as inventory is concerned, right now, we only have a small warehouse. Currently, it is more efficient for us to source the product directly from the vendor and forward it to the buyer. In the future, we plan on setting up our own nurseries which will help us decrease our price points. But for now, we are trying to grow as an intermediary between the consumers and the sellers.

Q4. What differentiates your organization from similar businesses that also offer to deliver houseplants at people's doorsteps? And how exactly, in this competitive environment, have you been able to set a brand name for your company?

We believe that while you are innovating, you should solely focus on making your product as incredible as you can. Sure, someone might have done the same thing before. But you might find a better, more efficient way of doing the same thing. This has always been our motto and is a recommendation to anyone trying to start something new. We do not view other companies as our competition but as teachers from whom we can learn much. With LeafyPouch, you do not just buy a plant and be done with it; we maintain contact with you after you purchase our product, offering expert opinions on how to care for your plants, and are always available to help you with your gardening needs. We focus on promoting a green lifestyle. Also, we plan to add smart pods to our catalogue along with a whole lot of other innovative features by the end of the fiscal year. So be on the lookout for that!

Q5. What would be some of the ideal beginner-friendly plants that you would recommend at home? And is there any advice that you would like to offer to the

] readers trying to get into the habit of gardening?

For beginners, the low maintenance, easy-to-survive-with plants are a good option. For example, Bonsai is not only one of the most aesthetic plants but also boasts of great resilience and is also easy to take care of. Money plants and aloe vera are among the others that come to mind. As far as advice is concerned, it is important for people taking up gardening to read up about different plants, especially about the less common ones. Each plant on our website has been duly planted and cared for by our dedicated team, with special focus on its specifics. We determine exactly how much water the plant needs, how much sunlight they require, and so on. We monitor all our plants closely and then report our findings on the website, making it easier for the future plant owner as all the information about caring for the plant is easily available.

Q6. Quite a lot of individuals of the younger generation show a profound interest in creating their businesses. What advice would you like to offer to these enthusiastic soon-to-be entrepreneurs regarding the subtle elements of building a successful brand?

It all begins with finding a problem that exists in our world and then brainstorming on how you can tackle that problem in the most efficient way possible. Once you have a rough idea of what you want to do, just surround yourself with that idea. Stop thinking too much and taking others' views on your idea. It is important to trust yourself and commit to your passion project. Another important thing is to build connections. You need to have as many contacts as you can; you never know when you might need someone's help. It will also help you in building a team on which you can trust. The position that we have acquired today is solely because of the efforts of everyone in the team. We try to step in and share the workload among ourselves; this is one of the key pillars of building a great brand. In the end, it is not simply a matter of how much success you gain while incubating your start-up, but also how about how you tackle the disappointments and the obstacles you face along the way. That is what differentiates a success story from a failed one.



GOA IS ON !



Second trip that make me, reminisce about the Goa trip together

A short account
by **Niharika**



Train Journey

Everything was going very smoothly. Nobody had canceled. Tickets were booked. I thought we had bypassed the jinx of Goa somehow. And that's when the bomb dropped! A conversation broke out early in the morning about a virus outbreak that started in China and pretty much seemed like another world problem to us. It had come to India but still, nothing impactful seemed to be happening around us. The fearful among us started second-guessing the trip and frankly, I remember the sigh I let out when I realized that the jinx of the Goa trip may finally catch up to us. But, not yet! We left caution to the wind and it was time to board the train. The long journey turned out especially long for us as the next morning, all phones started

ringing simultaneously. That very day, all colleges took out notices. The hostels were to be evacuated and all students were supposed to go home. Soon it was said the states would start locking their borders. But we were already on our way and there was little we could do apart from going on. So, despite everything, Goa is still on!!

DAY 01

Goa Railway Station --- Villa --- McDonald's --- Calangute Beach --- South Indian Restaurant --- Villa

It was almost lunchtime when we finally arrived at Goa Railway Station. It was extremely hot and we, traveling from the relatively cold weather in Hamirpur, were



Vagator Beach

already sweating profusely. The fatigue of almost 36 hours of train travel was evident in our muscles but not so much on our faces, because of GOA!! The Traveller that we had booked for this trip arrived and we were immediately driven to our very cost-effective accommodation, a Villa near Calangute Beach. It was a 4-bedroom villa entirely for us for the next week and was also within a walking distance from Calangute Beach. After freshening up, the next stop was at McDonald's. Now, I know it was weird that we were eating at a fast-food joint rather than at a local eatery but the times that included Corona and Bird Flu at the same time had us at our careful best at all times. Although the world was whimpering because of COVID, it seemed that Goa did not care. Calangute Beach was swarming with tourists. We went from soaking our feet to becoming completely drenched in a matter of seconds. With every dip in the water, our fatigue was washing away just like those



Beautiful Sunsets



McDonald's



Shivani and Sachi

beautiful waves. By nightfall, we had showered, dried off, and donned our neon bands. We ate at an extremely simple South Indian Restaurant by the beach which had awesome Mango Lassi. We'd return to this restaurant almost every day during our trip.

can only be described as a wastage of money, The Dolphin Point. If I remember correctly, it was 300 bucks per person and the sighting of Dolphins was rare.

Our lunch that day was a very sumptuous Goan thali filled with various seafood dishes, fried fish, Kokum Curry, and Crab Platter. Surprisingly, we got violent on the table because the crabs were a little too hard to break. The thali was relatively heavy and we washed it all down with a glass of Kokum Sherbet. This is the Goan equivalent of Sattu and immediately cools you down on a hot day. From there it was a short ride to Vagator Beach where we waited until sundown to visit Chapora Fort of the Dil Chahta Hai fame. It is a short trek to the main fort. The view from the wall down at sunset is pure bliss. The horizon

is at eye level and all you see from there to you is a seamless sea.

All that was left to do that day was a party. Baga Beach is the party capital of Goa. The whole beach shimmers with countless shacks' lights. We danced till we couldn't breathe that day. The waiter at our shack was from Kangra, Himachal Pradesh. He started asking for something and we thought it was money, but all he wanted was the gift of Himachali feel. We ended up eating at Domino's at midnight, which also brought my very first destination birthday! Happy 22nd to me!

DAY 02

**Aguada Fort --- Dolphin Point
--- Goan Lunch --- Vagator
Beach --- Chapora Fort ---
Baga Beach Domino's**

Aguada Fort boasts a really big lighthouse overlooking the Arabian Sea. We saw a battleship for the very first time from the railing on the opposite side of the fort. When I'd visited Aguada Fort

as a kid, Aguada Central Jail was still a jail and the lighthouse was open to the visitors. Quickly moving on from this fort, we arrived at what can only be described as a wastage of money, The Dolphin Point. If I remember correctly, it was 300 bucks per person and the sighting of Dolphins was rare.

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SRIJAN | 133

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DAY 03

*Water Sports Combo --- Subway
--- Chocolate House*

This was the most tiring day of the entire trip. At almost 2.5k bucks per person, we booked a combo of five water sports, two meals, and travel included. The rides included Bumper Boat Ride, Banana Boat Ride, Jet Ski, Parasailing, and Scuba Diving. The duration of these rides was questionable but we got what we wanted – embarrassing moments of our friends in life jackets. We were in the water for the entire day. When we were not doing sports, we were left in the sea or we ate. We squeezed the worth of our fee by smuggling cans into our bags and eating as much food as we could. Also, point to be noted, we saw more Dolphins on this day than we did at Dolphin Point. By the time we were done, it was late evening. We freshened up, ate at the Subway, and then stopped at

Chocolate House to end my birthday with a final bang! The food is a major drool factor. It was as delicious as it was beautiful, and nobody ever said no to Chocolate Fountains.

DAY 04

*Anjuna Beach --- Anjuna Market
--- Palolem Beach --- Calangute*

The last two days of activities were finally taking their toll on us. So, we kept this day to chill off. It originally was supposed to be a club night but COVID took care of it. Another reason was to shop for souvenirs at the Wednesday Anjuna Market. It is the flea market of Goa, but sadly when we visited only a third of the actual market was open. At the rocky Anjuna Beach, I found a local lady selling corn on the cob. Little did I know she'd make up for a great conversation. I always thought that the locals there must hate us tourists but she told me that despite everything, in the end, Goa owes its prosperity to the tourism it supports. I flexed my Marathi skills in front of her but she realized I'm a North Indian. Guess I'll always be a tourist in Goa.

This was followed by sunset at the awfully quiet Palolem Beach. We went waist-deep into the sea and spent hours in the water. The sea was so loud and yet all of us were rendered speechless. We ended this day with dinner at our

beloved South Indian Restaurant and staying up till 4 at Calangute Beach, making sandcastles. While we were returning home, a group of guys by the road saw us and shouted, "If you have to die, you will die," because we were wearing masks. Well, technically they're not wrong but I'd still like to postpone my death.

DAY 05

*South Goa Churches ---
Miramar Beach*

We woke up late and, after another hearty lunch at Domino's, we visited various churches of South Goa. Among them was the Church of Our Lady of Immaculate Conception and Basilica of Bom Jesus. Sadly, they were both closed and we could only visit the outskirts. We made our way to the ever-famous Miramar Beach. Unfortunately, this was where we said goodbye to half our squad. Originally, we were supposed to head to Mumbai after today but Mumbai was in a dire condition



Happy faces



The last trip. before covid. Happy times.

due to the virus. And as flights were available, our other half left that day. We also had our flights the next day so we left the villa and checked in a hotel in Vasco De Gama near the airport. It was at this moment when the Prime Minister addressed the country and announced the nationwide lockdown in two days. We were relieved, and yet worried. I remember how we walked the streets that night looking all sad and then forgetting everything after finding a good restaurant. Do visit Temptations in Vasco, Goa!

DAY 06

*Colva Beach --- Baina Beach
--- Japanese Garden --- Airport*

As there were only four of us, we rented a car and did a bit of a road trip in the most typical part of Goa. The roads with palm trees on both sides, music hinting at young wanderlust and amazing company. We went from beach to beach trying small food stalls here

and there. In the late evening, after visiting the Japanese Garden, we finally left for the airport. Our flight was still late in the night. For some reason, the mood at the airport was very glum. Whether it was just us or was it the world mulling over its condition, we might never know. As the trip ended, it finally dawned on us, we had no clue when we would all meet again. The uncertainty with which the colleges were closed and with us final year students only having three months of college life left, was all a little disheartening. Even during the trip, although we kept our spirits high throughout the day, every night one of us would get a worried call from our parents to return home. It was the wrong time to be on a trip but we were worried it might be our last. With a sigh of relief, I write this travelogue inside a room full of familiar people, one year later, on another trip.



Feet in cold ocean water



Just boys



*We and my friends know how to pose, and
click good pictures together*

Malviya Sports Tournament 2020

Malviya Sports Tournament 2020, organised by MNIT Jaipur, was held on 7 March 2020. NIT Hamirpur made its presence at the two-day tournament, represented by its various sports teams. The overall results of the event were delightfully positive for the institute. After two whole days characterized by the constant demonstration of qualities of athleticism and perseverance, several teams of our institution triumphed in winning medals and laurels at this glorious inter-college tournament.

The teams represented the college in a stupedous fashion. Displaying qualities of zeal, synergy, and sportsmanship, the athletes of our college truly made an indisputable mark at the event.

The volleyball teams performed exceptionally well, with the Girls Team having secured the Gold medal while the Boys Team won the Silver medal. The Volleyball Girls Team had their final match against the team from Kota. Winning the final round was a piece of cake for our splendidly-trained individuals as they had already defeated one of their strongest competitors: the IIIT team, in the semi-finale itself. The Volleyball Boys Team had their final match with the home team. They performed excellently, winning a single set out of four to secure the Silver medal.

The Badminton teams secured the Bronze and Silver medals, with the boys winning the former while the girls, after an amazing performance, won the latter. The Girls Team secured the same after an eventful finale

eventful finale against the MNIT Jaipur team itself. NIT Hamirpur's crusade to take home the Gold brought forth a worthy challenge for the home team, who until then had been winning all their matches seamlessly. The race for the game point remained a close one until the very end. After an exceptional performance by both teams, the home team succeeded in snatching the Gold with a final score of 21-17. The campaign of the Boys Team that eventually landed them the Bronze was equally eventful. Competing in a knockout tournament, the team was able to win the first two matches easily. However, the third match against JECRC College took an unfavourable turn as the team lost, with a final score of 1-3. In the final match for the Bronze medal, NIT Hamirpur went toe-to-toe against NIT Uttarakhand and came out on top, effortlessly defeating them with a score of 3-0.

The Basketball Girls Team too outshined their opponents and eventually secured the Gold medal. NIT-H had a flawless run leading to the final match, having been able to beat their opponents very easily. During their final match against the home team, hopes ran high as the whistle signalled the onset of the finale. In the first set, the team captain and star player, Miss Neha, got injured, bringing a state of apprehension into the team. MNIT Jaipur was able to capitalise on this and made a strong lead going into the second set. And although NIT-H did make a comeback in the second set, it failed to surpass the lead gained by MNIT. The start of the third set marked the Hamirpur team at its lowest. Having lost their star player, their hopes for

procuring the Gold were all but lost. However, in that moment of uncertainty, the tides of the battle suddenly changed, with a three-pointer scored by the NIT-H team. This surge in the score allowed them to not only close the points gap between the teams but also gain a lead of 2 points. Towards the end of the match, Hamirpur made a foul during the layup, giving rise to a penalty shoot and a grave possibility of having their win stolen by the home team. MNIT made a score with the first shot and lowered the lead to a single point. All eyes rested on the court as the home team once again prepared to shoot, with slight hopes to render a draw. But the whistle blew the moment the player began to lift the ball, marking the end of the match and making NIT Hamirpur the champions of the court.



had one of the best line-ups in the entire tournament. The team was completely in control during the match and played with remarkable form. In the third and final match, once again, this incredible form was clearly visible and led them to an easy win. Unfortunately, due to the structure of the tournament, Hamirpur failed to qualify. Still, having performed to their utmost, the team made an impactful presence in the entire event.

The Table Tennis team, also present at the event, failed to secure a position. Nevertheless, their performance at the event was remarkably positive. Another team representing NIT-H at the Malviya Sports Tournament 2020 was the well-renowned cricket team. They competed against GEC Bikaner in a knockout match. The team bowled first and succeeded in constraining GEC at a respectable score. However, right before the second innings, the tournament got shifted from a twenty20 format to a five-over-one configuration due to unfavourable weather conditions. NIT Hamirpur had to score 52 runs in five overs owing to the DLS method which had to be implemented because of the rainfall. Despite the drastic shift in the format, the team performed to their utmost potential and gave their all. The hopes of winning were high even as the last over ensued, but the team eventually lost by just two runs. Nevertheless, their performance was highly applauded. Mr. Abhishek Kapoor of the NIT-H Cricket Team even won the Best Fielder award.

Scoreboard

	Event	Position
Girls	Basketball	
	Volleyball	
	Badminton	
Boys	Volleyball	
	Badminton	



Best Fielder Award (Cricket)

Mr. Abhishek Kapoor

Conversely, the Boys Team did not fare as well. They did, however, showcase a marvelous performance against some of the strongest intercollege teams present at the event and gave them a run for their money. In the first match, the team was leading till the third quarter when they, unfortunately, suffered a slip-up and eventually lost by 3 points. However, the team was able to jump back to their feet after the first loss. In the next game, the Hamirpur boys quite comfortably defeated their opponents, even though they

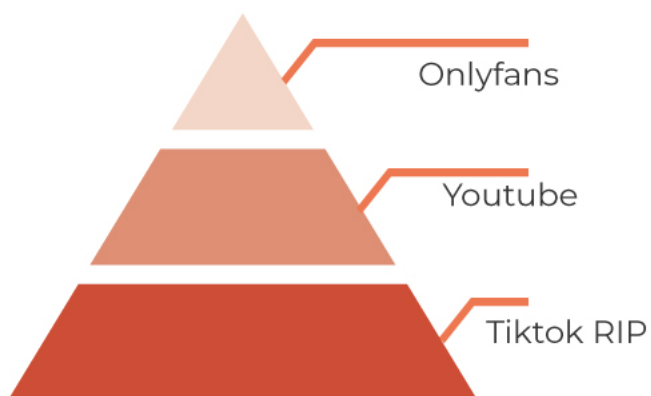
The overall performance of all the NIT-H teams during the Sports Tournament 2020 was exemplary. And although some may not have secured winning positions at the tournament, they surely secured the applause and appreciation of all the spectators who graced the spectacular event.



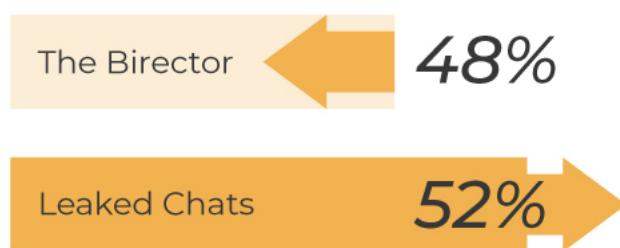
Survey



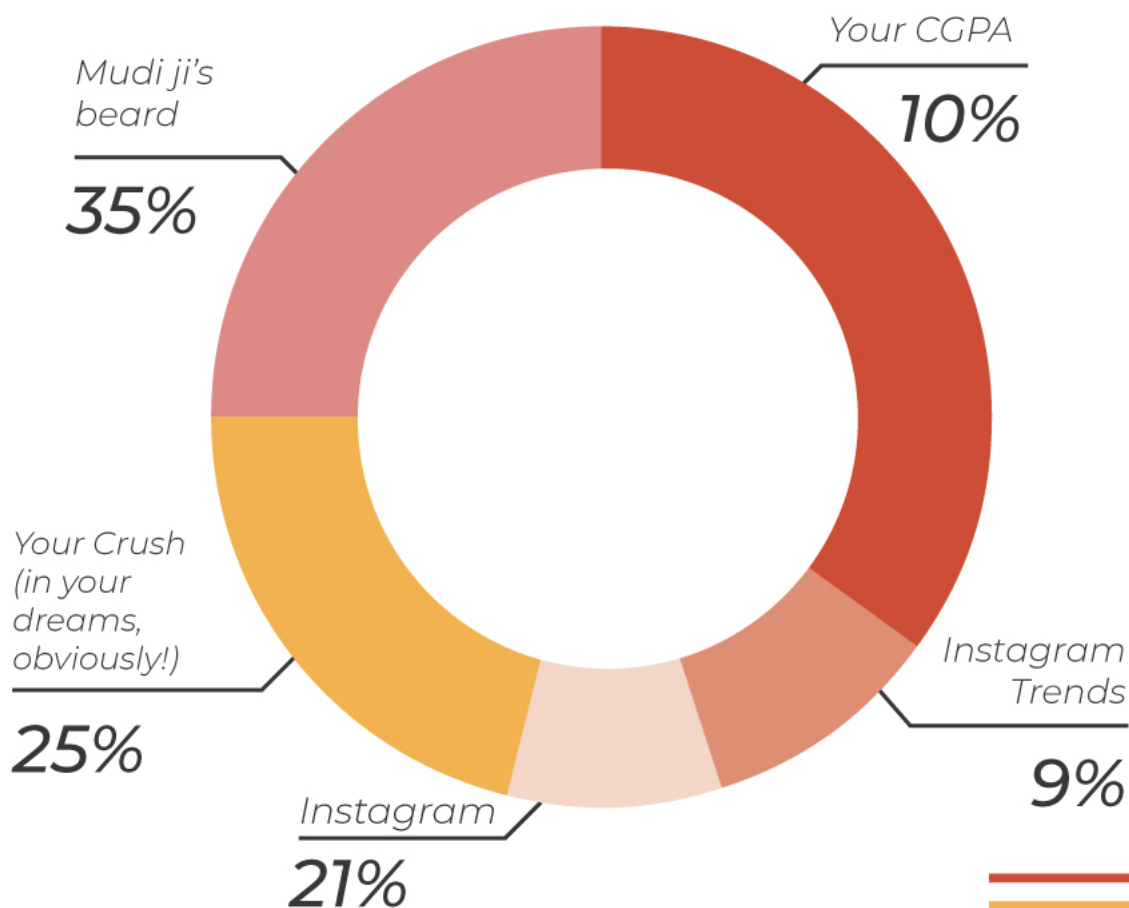
Which career would you choose?



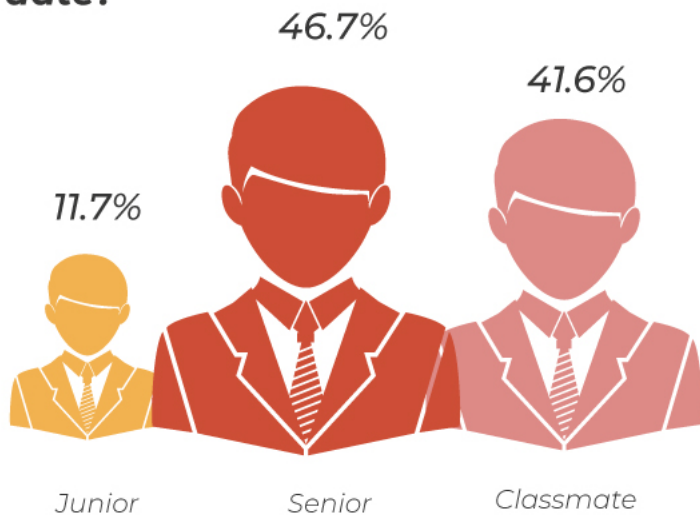
Which was the bigger scandal of NIT-H in 2020?



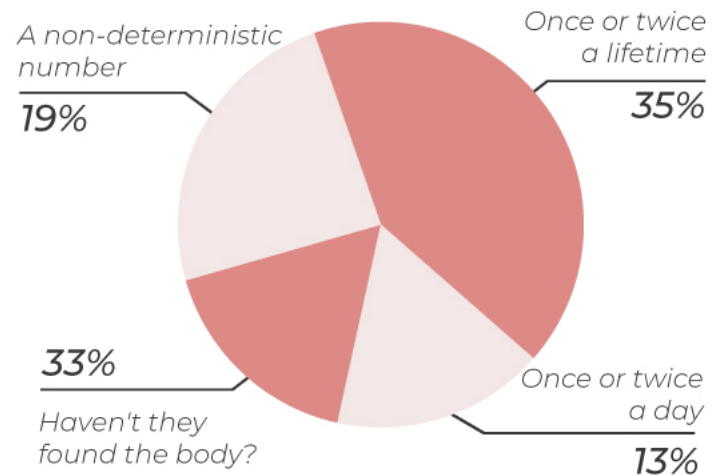
What caught your attention the most this year?



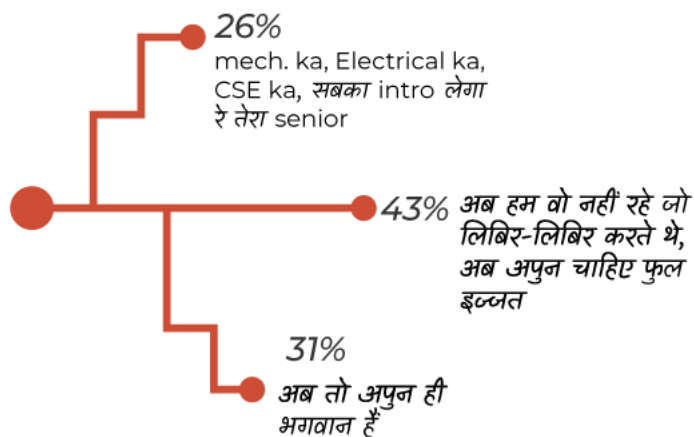
Which one would you prefer to date?



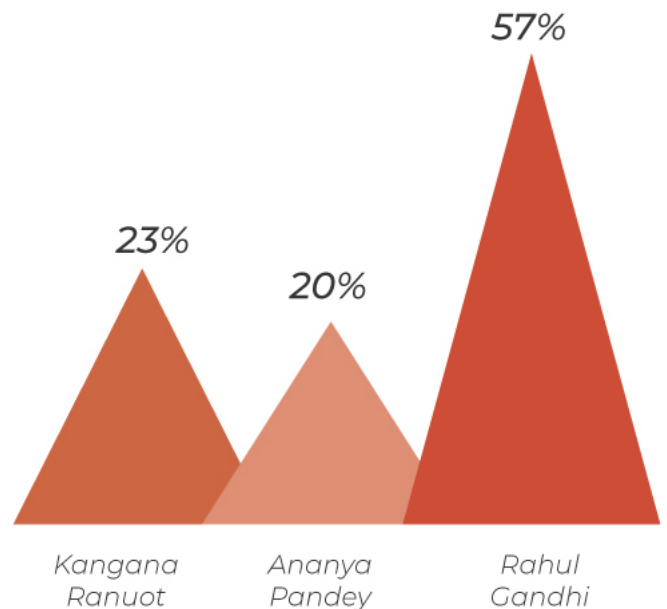
How many times did you plot your siblings' murder?



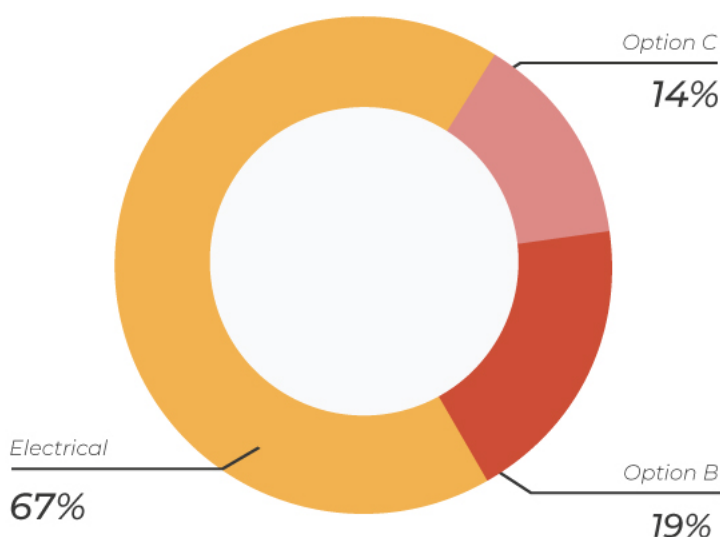
पहली बार **Senior** बनने के बाद (offline)



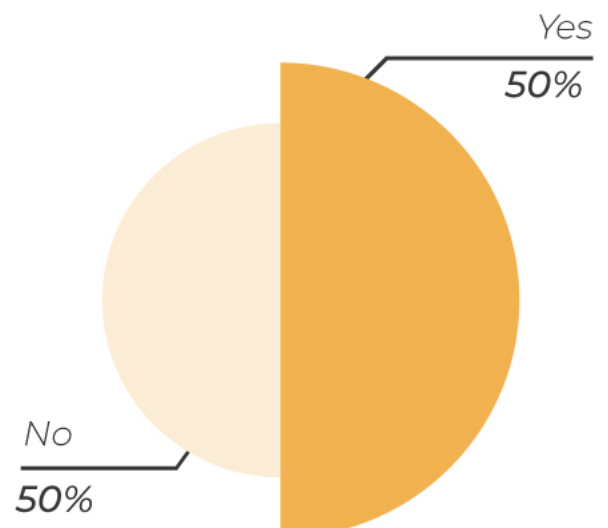
Who'd you rather be?



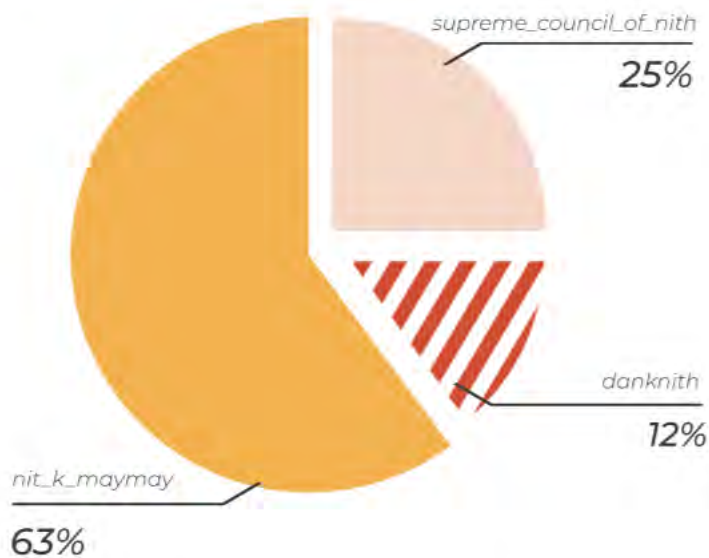
कौनसा department सबसे ज्यादा suppli के लिए famous h?



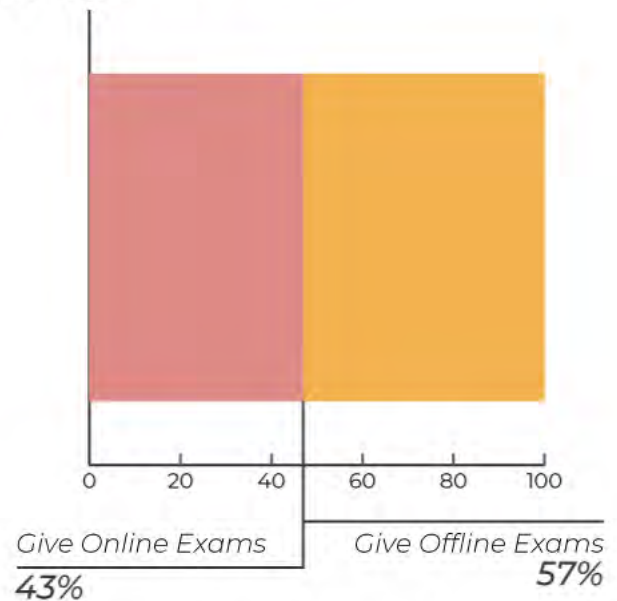
Do you think confession pages should be shut down?



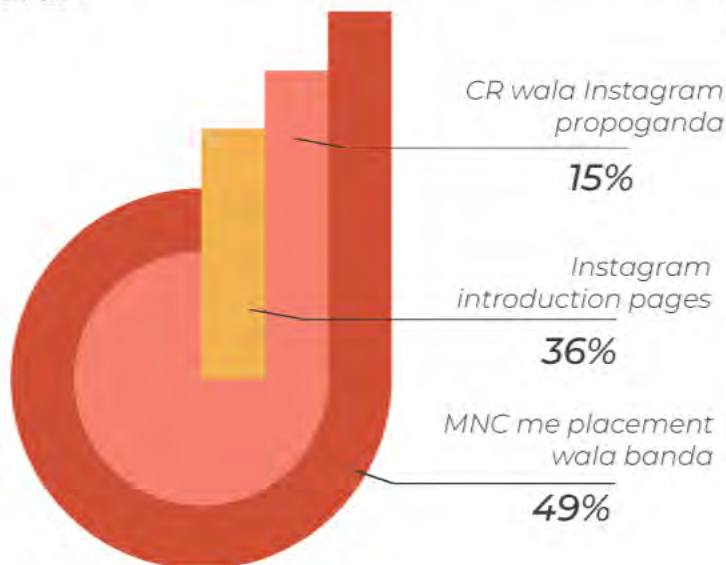
Best meme page of NIT-H



What would you rather choose?



Cringiest thing this year's freshmen did.



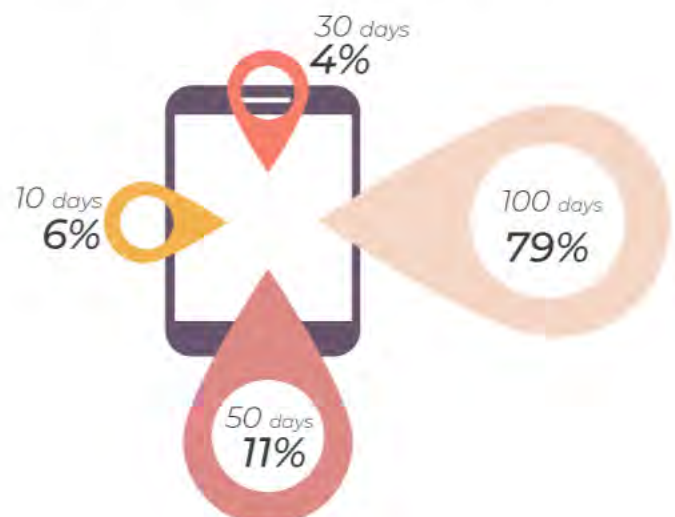
Which graph recorded the worst fall in 2020?



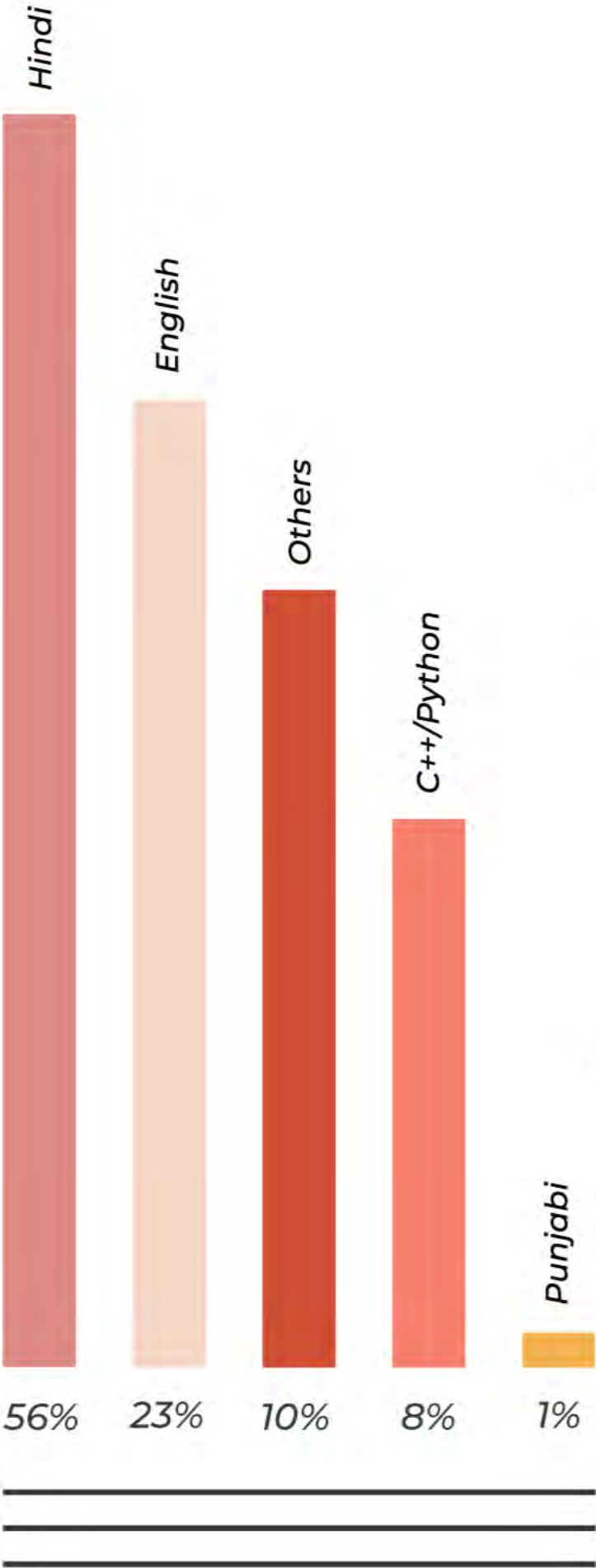
Who could've done a better job at being the Birector than the ex-Birector?



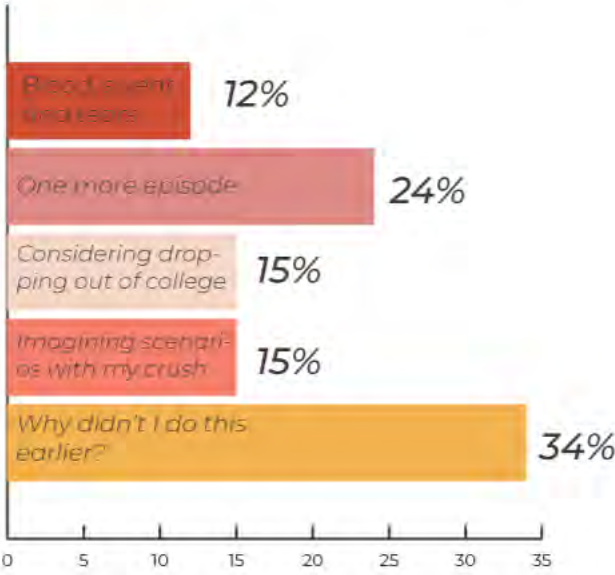
How many days you felt like you spent on phone in 2020?



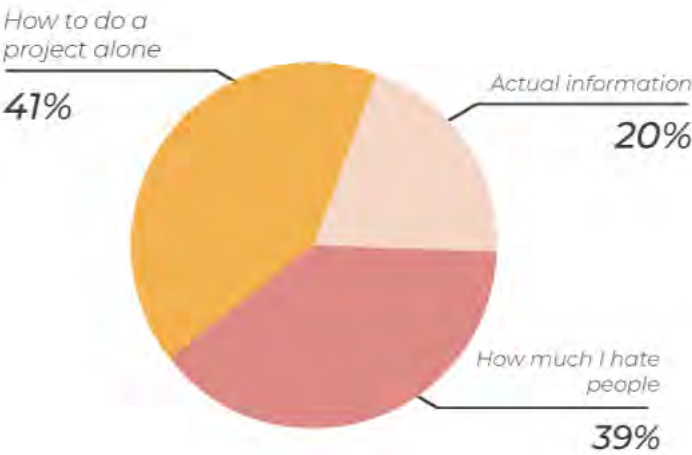
Which language are you most fluent in?



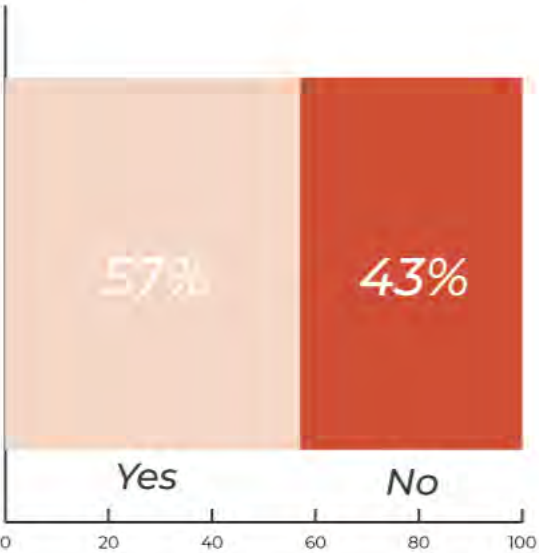
Anatomy of a student's assignment-



What group projects with strangers taught me?



Are you a feminist?



What would be your life's theme song?

L**de lagg gye..

Ye duniya ye mehfil mere
kaam ki nhi

Doraemon Theme Song

Zinda hun yaar, kaafi hai.



If your online classes were a movie, what movie would that be?

Housearrest ft. Covid19

Final destination (each
installment for each sem)

Aise exams nhi milenge
doobara

One that I wouldn't watch



Describe online semester in three words?

Eat sleep repeat

Paisa barbad BC

Humse na ho payega

Law*e ka semester



The biggest addiction you have fallen into during lockdown.

Netflix

Incognito mode

Mindless scrolling

Anime

NETFLIX

Inspired by recent events, if you were to start a petition, what would it be about?

Bhaiya 100-200 zyada lelo
lekin college khulwa do.

NITH mai nightclub
khulwa do :)

Sab moh maya hai

Let me die peacefully. F*ck
you, all humans



Best location for photo-shoot in Campus?

Not photogenic.
Nothing works

Jahan Aryan Sahu ko
thik lage

Google meet

How would i know
(cries in first year)





Recommends **by Srijan**

YOUTUBE CHANNELS



Ali abdaal
 Berliner Philharmoniker
 PBS Spacetime
 Positive Psychology by Tal Ben-Shahar
 Michael Reeves
 The School of life
 Living Big In A Tiny House



SHOWS & MOVIES

Watchmen (HBO mini-series)
 Barry
 The Man from Earth
 Lipstick under my burkha
 kurt cobain: montage of heck
 Waltz with Bashir
 Memories of murder





Top Podcasts
Top Podcasts
Top Podcasts

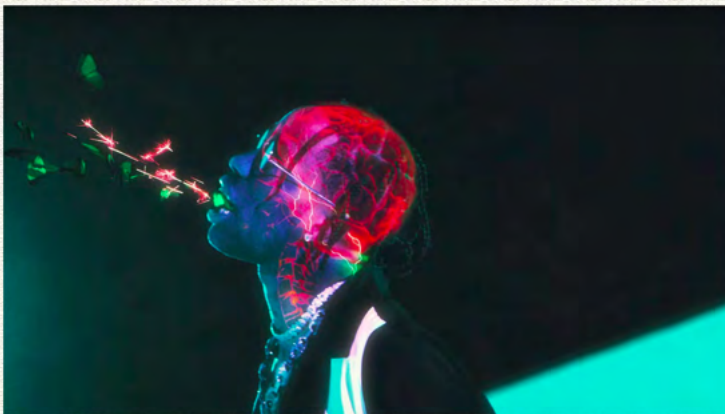
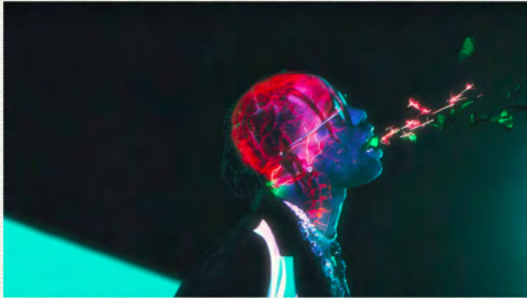


The Musafir Stories
The lazy genius
The overthink tank
In Our Time
Impulsive
Waveform : The MKBHD
Podcast
Ted Talks Daily



PODCAST
PODCAST





SONGS

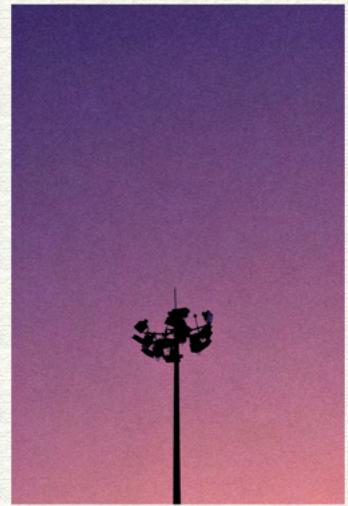


Halfway to nowhere, Chelou
3 Nights, Dominic Fike
Though I know, Tajdar Junaid
Ghar, Bharat Chauhan
Leaves that are green, Simon & Garfunkel
A Gallant Gentleman, We Lost The Sea
Roslyn, Bon Iver & St. Vincent
Nikamma, Lifafa
The Light behind your eyes, My Chemical Romance
Chidiya, Vilen

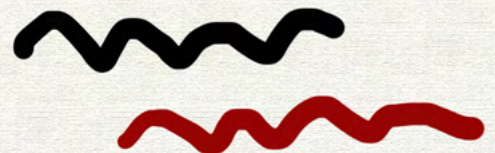




TOP PLACES TO DO A PHOTOSHOOT ON CAMPUS



OAT & Ground during rainy season
SAC
Holy Rail of OAT (Best silhouettes, Best sunsets)
Behind Admin block with all the mountain range in bg

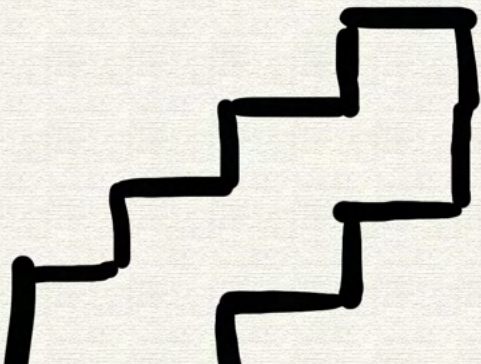


TAAPNE KE RAASTE

SBH ke piche
Gate 2 ke bagal
AGH ke samne
Go out in confidence from gate 1.



TOP PEOPLE TO BEFRIEND IN COLLEGE WHO AREN'T STUDENTS



All the Chachus
Hostel warden
Zehri badka
Mr. Kumar Saurabh (Training and Placement Officer)
Dogs & Monkeys ;)

TOP ARTISTS OF NITH



PHOTOGRAPHERS

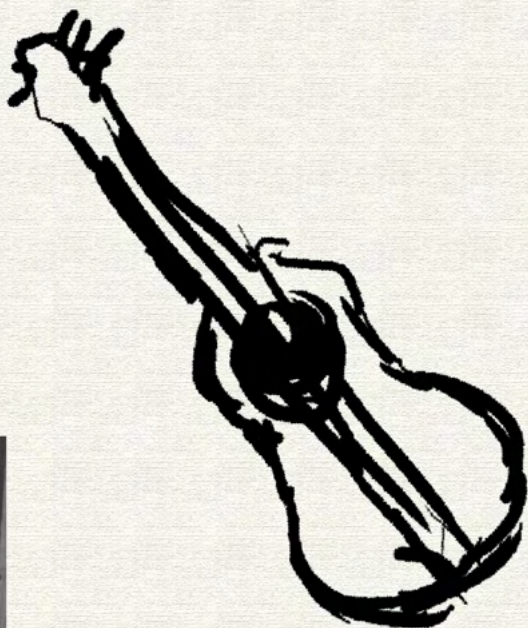
_nazariya
kronos.avnish
sajalshoots



POWERFUL WITH

GROOVING WITH BEATS

kanak_sharma_ks (dancer)
the.anshjamdagni (singer)
sanyasingh253 (singer)
call_me_tavishi (dancer)



kaalikhkh
half_baked_illustrators
ohraysanatomies



artbyringchen
pranjali.sood
the_default_cube_

TH WORDS

MASTERS OF BRUSHES

thugs of srijan



Title
**The Aesthete
enchanter**

Power
Aspect of the Muses : Card leaves opponents dazzled by a grand display of artistic virtuosity

Personality
Thomas Shelby

Description
A confident, headstrong character known for doing things their own way, this card can only be summoned by offerings of paper and Lofi. Very ambitious and cunning, known for their perfectionism and eye for detail.



Title
The Grand Magus

Power
 Divine Interdiction : Card cancels any status effects and is immune to all damage

Personality
 Harvey Spectre

Description
 After countless fights and as an ode to her immense wisdom and knowledge, this character was bestowed the title of Grand Magus from the forces of the cosmos after she became the destined Ruler of the dark and light.



Title
Druid of Gaia

Power
 Unleashing the power of its signature attack 'chacha vidhayak h', this card can call higher value card for assistance.

Personality
 Zakir Khan

Description
 This character dwells in the deepest caverns in recesses of nature. Creating art out of mere letters is what gives this character its power.



Title
The exquisite Euphrosyne

Power
 Playing this card increases the flair of the deck, increasing evasion.

Personality
 Rachel Green

Description
 An avid rhetorician with a happy-go-lucky attitude who speaks her heart and sparkles any attire with an aesthetic panache.



Title
Archduke an Rachmais

Power
 Play this card to Take active status ailments from the afflicted card onto self in order to boost their chakra.

Personality
 Kakashi Hatake

Description
 Inflicted with the cursed blessing of transforming pain into poetry, this character is also the master of coins and a jester at heart.

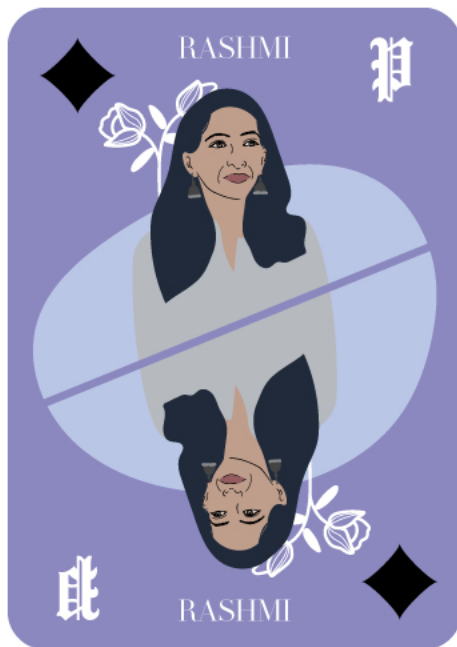


Title
The apathetic empath

Power
 Playing this card is a numbers game, multiple uses of this card increase the base power by 2 every turn.

Personality
 Rosa (Brooklyn nine nine)

Description
 This headstrong character often displays her intellect and isn't afraid to venture into the unknown.



Title
Nati Queen

Power
This card can heal the other cards in deck of emotional ailments, while attacking with dance fighting.

Personality
Tinker Bell

Description
this character's Sceptre is always there to help the ones in need, be it a measly task of drawing circles or need to heal after a battle.



Title
The Secret Scholar

Power
This card can capture opponent card's in its lenses, rendering it immobile.

Personality
Miyamoto Musashi

Description
This character is the wisest addition to a deck. Swaying to unheard rhythms, watching unseen enactments, a sage in pursuit of the lofty heights that are artistic beauty.

Title
Technomancer

Power
This card can actually predict things but not a prophet (ML).

Personality
Oracle (Barbara Gordon)

Description
Like the cardamom to the tea, this character always brings a gentle, pleasant yet strong aura.



Title
Jack of all trades

Power
This card can learn any trick the opponent plays, explorer of the unexplored.

Personality
Remy (Ratatouille)

Description
An artist who loves drawing. This character loves to cook and leaves the player engraved with imagination, empowerment, and creativity. Just like the ocean with soft currents, this character is consistent.



Title**Courteous beast of columnists****Power**

Exceptionally powerful, can rewrite the opponent card's powers and descriptions in a heartbeat.

Personality

Hidetoshi Dekisugi

Description

To challenge this character would be equivalent to a person in a story challenging its writer. His heart of gold allows cards of its deck(?) to surpass their limits, exponentially increasing their stats.

**Title****Ambassador of merriment****Power**

This card's humour puts the opponent at ease, decreasing attack and defence.

Personality

Ninja Hattori

Description

"Mein khalnayak hu" contrary to his famous line, this character is a hero. This character is flexible with quests but goes super saiyan if deadlines aren't met. This character is a Campaigner with a good sense of humour.

**Title****Creativista****Power**

This card gives you a chance to mend your mistaken moves and power up other cards in the deck with their quirky cheer.

Personality

Ella Lopez from Lucifer

Description

This character brings around a jolly vibe as she goes around lightning the darkest of arenas. A witty character who has got a knack for perfection, she is the one who would give you a million chances to fix your mistakes.

**Title****Daughter of Athena****Power**

This card's military training increases the offensive potential of the deck, and can be summoned multiple times by other cards to attack simultaneously.

Personality

Moana

Description

At the break of dawn, the sun shines down on this character performing rigorous training atop a mountain but donut get this character started about south Indian movies.

**Title****The Charmer of Drachmas****Power**

Having this card in your deck increases your rewards on winning.

Personality

Naveen Bansal (Pitchers - TVF)

Description

This character is Well versed and up to date on the current socio-political landscape, a keen trader, plying out romantic shayaris that attract listeners from far and wide.



#team **Srijan**



Streaks



Yash Aggarwal



Shailesh Kandpal



Suysh Shukla



Suraj Kumar



Ansh Jamdagni



Arunima Singh



Virendra Lohia



Avinal Kumar



Lovely Kumari



Kunwar Atul Ang



Aditya Agrahari



Digvijay



Shreya Dubey



Ayush Verma



Manan



Rushika Singh



Arsh Aggarwal



Abhineet Barwal



Mridul Chauhan



Shashwat Sood



Harsh Srivastava



Aryan Sehgal



Raghav Agarwal



Divyanshi Verma



Garima Vasanta



Namrata Yadav



Devendra Meena



Komesh



Harsh Thakur



Kartik



Prerna Singh



Annany Awasthi



Divya Sahni



Pukhraj Gupta



Sparsh Choudhary



Vandana Kumari



Vidhi Garg

Fond Disclosures – XIV

“Fear Not The Unknown”

Watch out for your friends during the ongoing pandemic!



Dr. Kumar Vijay Mishra
NITH ECE'2003 Batch
Adelphi, Maryland, USA

The ongoing COVID-19 pandemic has brought untold suffering to many of us or to people we know of. On this sunnier day in the middle of May 2021 here in Washington DC, I wish everyone in my beloved NITH community good health and send my wishes and prayers to anyone who has been affected by this monstrous calamity.

The NITH is a very supportive community. When the chips are down, we come together to support each other. When we take an evening walk around the campus and chance upon a familiar face, we corral that individual in a friendly *chin wag*. During the NITH festivals, new friendships, collaborations, and love blossom on NITH campus. I am reminded of my friends who would bring me a complimentary bolus when I would be incapacitated by terrible headaches during my NITH stay. When my brother caught jaundice, the Mani Mahesh Hostel staff prepared special meals for him. A community's survival is based on mutual caring and bonding. In an epic story that spans from 1849 to 2321, David Mitchell's *Cloud Atlas* captures this sentiment beautifully: “Our lives are not our own. From womb to tomb, we are bound to others. With each crime and every act of kindness, we birth our future.” Therefore, in difficult times as COVID-19, we should be even more integrated and look out for each other. If you have not, try reaching out to as many NITH community members you know and ask about their well-being.

Callous or ignorant societies that either discourage empathy to exploit others or encourage selfishness for self-preservation are doomed to fail. Yet these thoughts have often been propagated throughout the history. For example, Aristotle wrote in *Nicomachean Ethics* that certain human societies are destined to dominate others. However, we know this is not true because almost every country or society has witnessed both world dominance and spectacular downfall. In fact, their undoing was the direct consequence of their own weakened social and moral fabric. Will Durant says in *The Story of Philosophy* that “A great civilization is not conquered from without until it has destroyed itself within,” implying that social units glued by conscience, empathy, and wisdom have a much higher chance of survival.

This jogs my memory to the summer of 2018 when I read Isaac Asimov's story *Nightfall* (1941) during a family vacation in Bali - the beautiful island province of Indonesia. The story won the equivalent of Nebula Award for Best Sci-Fi Short Story at its time. It narrates the tale of the inhabitants of planet *Lagash*, which revolves around a cluster of six suns. As a result, the citizens of this celestial body never experience the 'night'. A rare bimillennial eclipse of all the suns throws a change-up in their lives. Desperate to put the kibosh on the impending darkness, they end up burning down the whole planet! It is revealed later that similar annihilation of civilizations have taken place on that planet regularly at an interval of 2000 years coinciding the concurrent hexad solar eclipses.

Asimov's story is a good example that fear of the unknown could drive people to irrational decisions and they may conjure bizarre hypotheses that may only compound their fear. In his delightfully readable novel *The English Patient*, which was the inspiration for the 1996 Oscar-winning film, the Sri Lanka-born author Michael Ondaatje inserts a discussion on the types of winds in a conversation between the lovers Count Almásy and Katherine Clifton (when they are caught in a sandstorm in southern Egypt): “There is a whirlwind in southern Morocco, the aajej, against which the fellahin defend themselves with knives ... The arifi, also christened aref or rifi, which scorches with numerous tongues ... There are other, less constant winds that change direction, that can knock down horse and rider and realign themselves anticlockwise. The bist roz leaps into Afghanistan for 170 days - burying villages. There is the hot, dry ghibli from Tunis, which rolls and rolls and produces a nervous condition. The haboob - a Sudan dust storm that dresses in bright yellow walls a thousand metres high and is followed by rain ... There is also the -, the secret wind of the desert, whose name was erased by a king after his son died within it ... The harmattan blows across the Sahara filled with red dust ... deposited as far north as Cornwall and Devon, producing showers of mud so great this was also mistaken for blood ... Herodotus records the death of various armies engulfed in the simoom who were never seen again. One nation was so enraged by this evil wind that they declared war on it and

marched out in full battle array, only to be rapidly and completely interred."

I was persistently reminded of these stories while traveling through the Jordanian desert of Wadi Rum in 2019. Almásy did not name any Jordanian wind in this monologue. But the wind I could associate with Wadi Rum was the sandstorm shown in the sci-fi film *The Martian* which was shot in Wadi Rum. A variety of winds have also been mentioned in Tulsidas's *ŚrīRāmacaritamānasa*. During the torching (*dahan*) of the golden Lanka, we encounter the following couplet in this epic: "हिर प्रिरत तिह अवसर चले मरुत उनचास । अट्टहास किर गजाट् कप बिड़ लाग अकास ॥" It means that when Hanuman's tail was set on fire, then inspired by God he flew toward the sky and all 49 winds – each presided by a distinct God (*the Maruts*) – began to bluster terrifying the denizens of the island nation.

Similar variation of the fear of the unknown appears in literature *Americana*. Mark Twain's 1889 novel *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* is about a Hartford American Hank Morgan, who is transported to sixth-century fictional England ruled by King Arthur. A comedy of errors ensues and when the wizard Merlin connives to burn Hank at the stake, the clever Yankee exploits his knowledge of eclipses – à la Christopher Columbus did to Jamaicans in real life – to impress the court by 'hiding' the sun momentarily and thereby extricate himself from the conspiracy.

Ancient civilizations have numerous stories to explain the phenomena not known to them. Sometimes they are exaggerated to warn the posterity that such dangers pack a wallop when they strike. At other instances, they are made to appear more humane to dragoon the society into respecting certain customs. A Japanese folk tale narrates the story of two noble brothers and the elder brother's wife who all suffer many troubles. They later reincarnate as a betel leaf, betelnut, and a hill of lime, respectively. In their previous birth, the family had asked a wise man that they wished to be together all the time. Hence, the prescribed practice becomes to eat all of them together in the next birth. This is the Japanese genesis of what we know very well today as *paan*.

In *Battlestar Galactica*, Cylons are fabled to be invincible robots. However, they can also assume human forms. Gaius Baltar – the famed scientist of the Twelve Colonies – misses this and is fooled to cause the microwaving of the entire humankind. In Philip K. Dick's *The Man in the High Castle*, no one has seen 'The Man' but he is believed to be a super-human. He turns out to be just a funky old man in disheveled toggery who was simply not getatable. In *Harry Potter* books, the Death Eaters remain fearful of Lord Voldemort for the latter had 'killed' the-boy-who-lived. But the moment truth dawns on Narcissa Malfoy that Harry remained alive despite the casting of the ominous *Avada Kedavra* spell, her fear vanishes thereby empowering her to boldly lie to Voldemort.

In the climactic scene of the *Mahabharata* story of star-crossed lovers King Nala and Princess Damayanti, the latter is unable to distinguish the real Nala from the five Gods who all come in the guise of Nala to test Damayanti in a *swayamvar*. When she hesitates to make a choice and ask for a boon from Goddess Saraswati, the deity refuses to tell Damayanti who is the real Nala. Instead, as mentioned by the Indian Sanskrit poet Śrīharṣa in the epic *Naiṣadhiya-carita*, the Goddess advises Damayanti: "देवा हि नान्यत- वितरिन्त किन्तु प्रसद्य ते साध- धियं ददन्ते । i.e., *when Gods are pleased, they grant nothing else but a clear understanding*". Damayanti is then reminded of the fact that, unlike humans, the Gods levitate above the ground enabling her to choose the real Nala in the *swayamvar*.

The COVID-19 pandemic has led to numerous theories on what is treatable and what is not; how the virus propagates; who gets affected; what are the symptoms and what have you. The cycle of fright that it has set in our societies needs to be vanquished through rationale and mutual support. Fearing the unknown is unhelpful and should be vociferously and clangorously quelled. So, let us join this effort by trusting science and lending a helping hand to our community members.

A Note on 2012 FD

I have been writing *Fond Disclosures* column in *Srijan* since 2003. I often receive feedback about the stories I tell in this column from various NITH community members. In my 2012 column titled *An Unfond Disclosure*, I narrated an unpleasant experience of bullying and physical violence (that NITH community euphemistically calls *ragging*) that I had to endure at the hands of a senior student who I identified as SachinM. I also mentioned harassment by another senior student AshutoshK.

My objective in sharing this personal story was that it may help, empower, and guide other students, who faced (or are facing) similar abuse or harassment during their NITH stay. The column was *neither* meant to be a text of *remedial hermeneutics* in that I did not wish to reinterpret an incident worse than it was *nor* was it supposed to be an anti-thesis of *pollyannaism*—a psychological effect in which people tend to remember beautiful incidents more vividly than the unpleasant ones. My intention was to describe the incident truthfully and accurately as I witnessed it and the feelings it induced in my psyche for several years; some effects persist even today.

What my story suggests is *this can happen to anyone*, i.e., well-meaning senior students who pretend to be friends with juniors may just one day suddenly become their abusers and inflict trauma during the formative periods of the lives of their victims that the latter may never recover from. It is irrelevant if you are a 'popular' student.

This indeed can happen to anyone.

Some friends questioned comparison of my experience with apartheid sufferers in South Africa as well as a Holocaust survivor in the movie *Sophie's Choice* that I mentioned in the article. Let me clarify that I do not wish to make comparison of the trauma of ragging victims with these historical atrocities. I only wished to suggest that it is necessary for the victims to be at least heard even if their abusers could not be punished. This is what the South African Truth and Reconciliation Commission did. The victims should also not suppress their experiences like what Sophie did.

The article was also *not* a passive revenge against both students. Revenge is not a therapy for trauma, and I would never advise any student to take that path against their abusers. The Chinese philosopher Confucius described revenge as a self-hurting experience: *"Before you embark on a journey of revenge, dig two graves"*. More recently, while reading a review of the modern revenge classic *Promising Young Woman* in *The New Yorker* magazine, I came across the following lines by Emma Copley Eisenberg: *"Revenge is the place the fracturing mind goes when it is trying to stay whole. That is the paradox of it, because revenge often means doing—even justified and righteous things—from which it is very unlikely you will return whole."* Retaliation could seldom be a redressal of psychological effects of abuse. Therefore, my article focused more on my experience and possible redressals for similar ragging-victims than on the two students themselves, whose full names I chose not to mention.

In 2014, AshutoshK emailed me that he came across my article and wanted to clarify that he had no role in the physical violence inflicted on me by SachinM. He also apologized for mistreating me during our interaction in the NITH English Club. It took me many years to process AshutoshK's email. In October 2020, I responded to him that I accept his apology and needed to hear it to heal myself. I wrote to him that I will mention this update in my future FD article.

Not each one of us may be able to forgive and, as suggested by some studies, forced forgiveness only brings more guilt and trauma to victims. So, I do not wish to prescribe or proscribe this path to other students. But I do intend to explain my own thought process on the choice to forgive others. It is summed up succinctly in this quote by Lewis Smedes: *"To forgive is to set a prisoner free and discover that the prisoner was you"*.

Bio: Dr. Kumar Vijay Mishra obtained a Ph.D. in electrical engineering and M.S. in mathematics from The University of Iowa in 2015, and M.S. in electrical engineering from Colorado State University in 2012, while working on NASA's Global Precipitation Mission Ground Validation (GPM-GV) weather radars. He received his B. Tech. *summa cum laude* (Gold Medal, Honors) in electronics and communication engineering from the National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur (NITH), India in 2003. He is currently U. S. National Academies Harry Diamond Distinguished Fellow at the United States Army Research Laboratory (ARL), Adelphi; Technical Adviser to Singapore-based automotive radar start-up Hertzwell and Boston-based radar start-up Aura Intelligent Systems, Inc.; and honorary Research Fellow at SnT - Interdisciplinary Centre for Security, Reliability and Trust, University of Luxembourg. Previously, he had research appointments at Electronics and Radar Development Establishment (LRDE), Defence Research and Development Organisation (DRDO) Bengaluru; IIHR - Hydrosience & Engineering, Iowa City, IA; Mitsubishi Electric Research Labs, Cambridge, MA; Qualcomm, San Jose; and Technion - Israel Institute of Technology.

Dr. Mishra is the recipient of American Geophysical Union Editors' Citation for Excellence (2019), Royal Meteorological Society Quarterly Journal Editor's Prize (2017), Viterbi Postdoctoral Fellowship (2015, 2016), Lady Davis Postdoctoral Fellowship (2017), DRDO LRDE Scientist of the Year Award (2006), NITH Director's Gold Medal (2003), and NITH Best Student Award (2003). He has received Best Paper Awards at IEEE MLSP 2019 and IEEE ACES Symposium 2019. His research interests include radar systems, signal processing, remote sensing, and electromagnetics. When not thinking about research, he enjoys swimming, reading classical literature and comic books, creative writing, road trips to national parks, sampling vegetarian cuisines around the world, and learning new programming languages. He is a HAM radio licensee (call sign KV0KVM), has released a Times Music album of his lyrics in 2005, and is an author of four upcoming books on radar: *Signal Processing for Radar and Communications* (John Wiley & Sons, Inc.), *Next-Generation Cognitive Radar* (IET Press Radar Series), *Modern SAR Signal Processing and Image Denoising* (Artech House), and *Advances in Weather Radar and Applications* (IET Press Radar Series). He is an Associate Editor of *IEEE Transactions on Aerospace and Electronic Systems* since 2020.

Ready to join?



Final Year is in this call

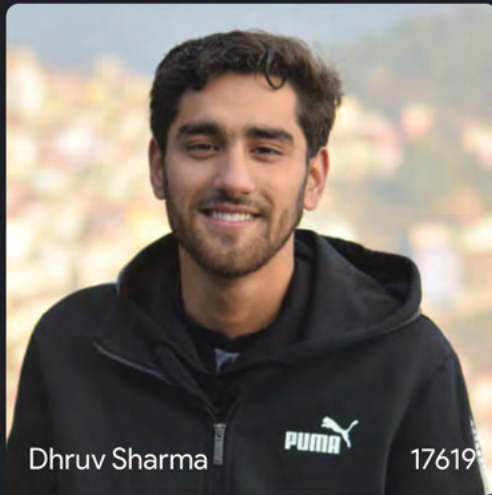
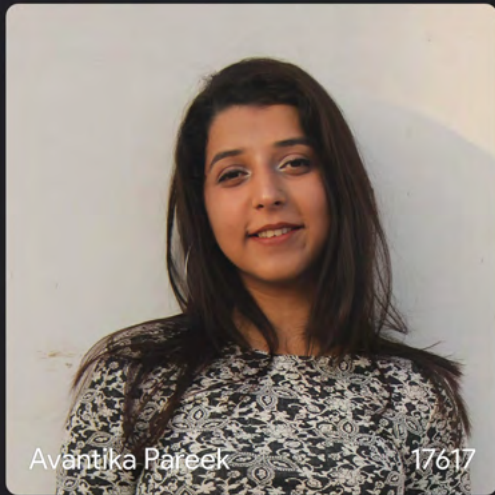
Join now



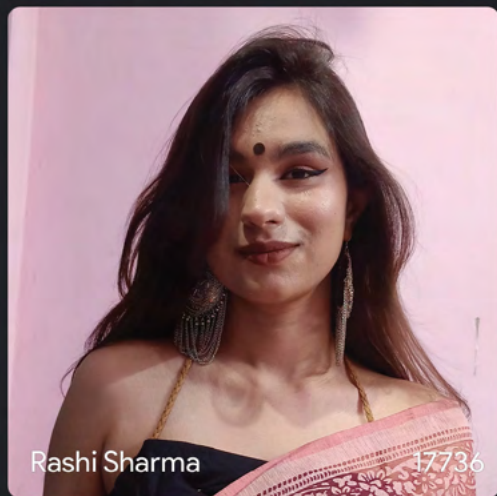
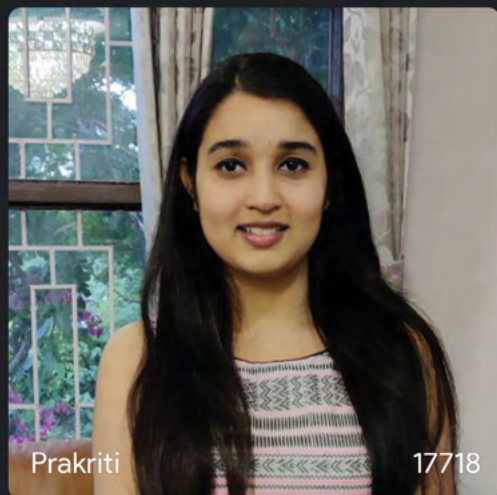
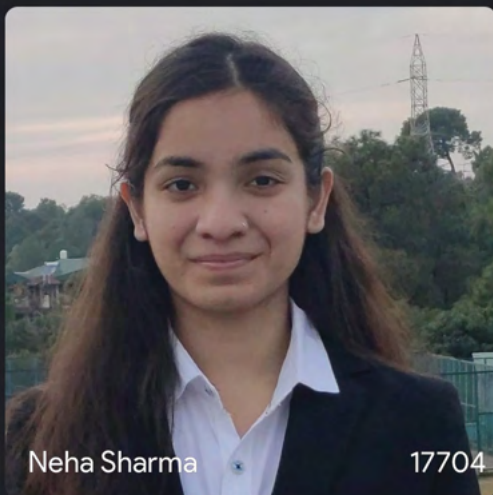
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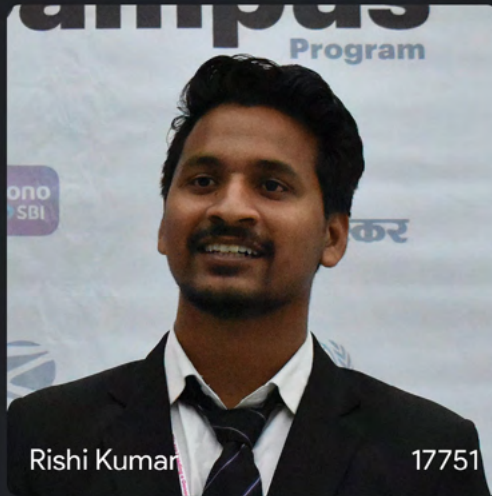


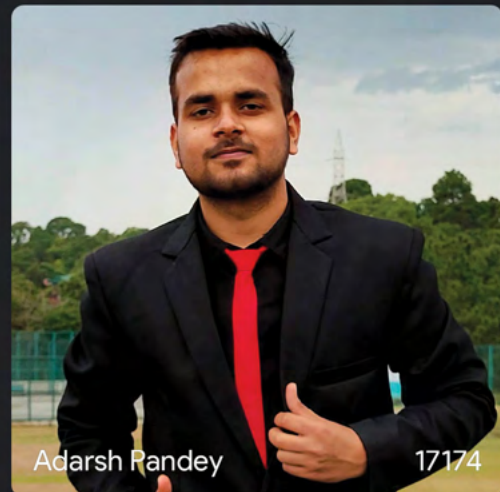
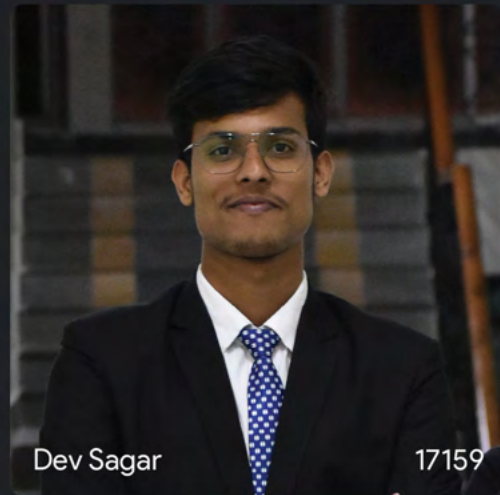
Join and use a phone for audio



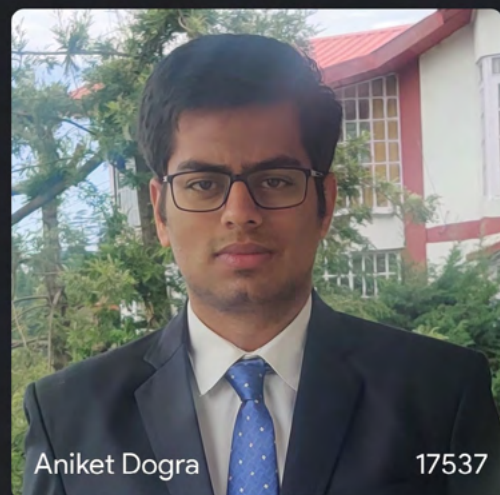
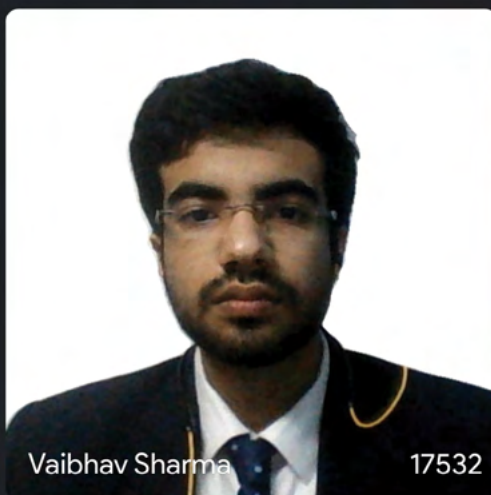














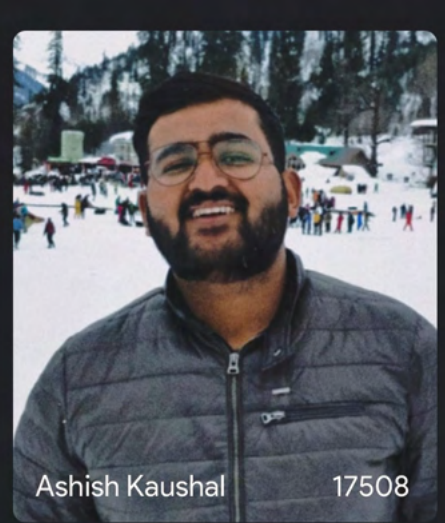
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Sukhjinder Singh 17507



Ashish Kaushal 17508



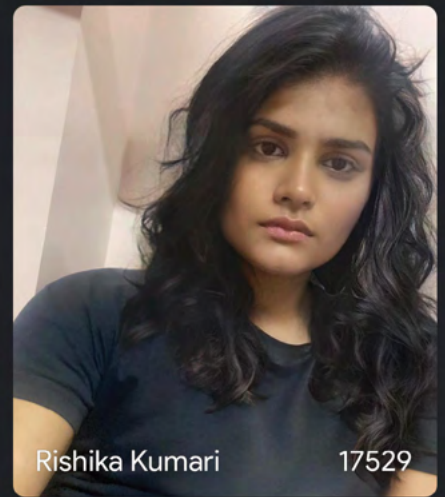
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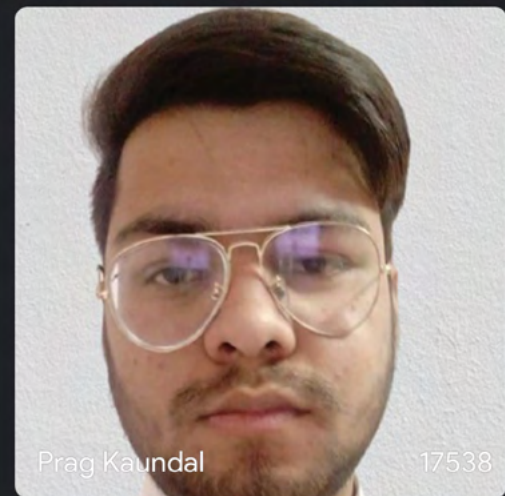
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Amit Kumar Singh 17526



Rishika Kumari 17529



Prag Kaundal 17538



Abhinav Rawat 17539



Aarsh Sharma 17540



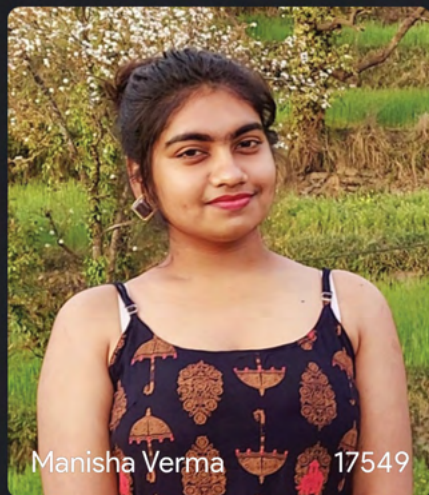
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Aditya Nath Suman 17546



Rohit Sharma 17548



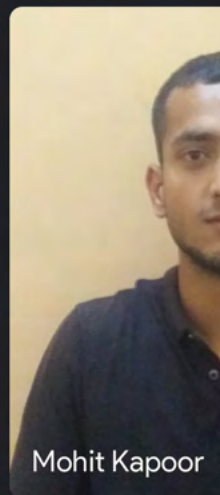
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Yogendra Singh 17551



Mohit Kapoor



Haq Nizar 17557



Pranjali Sood 17558



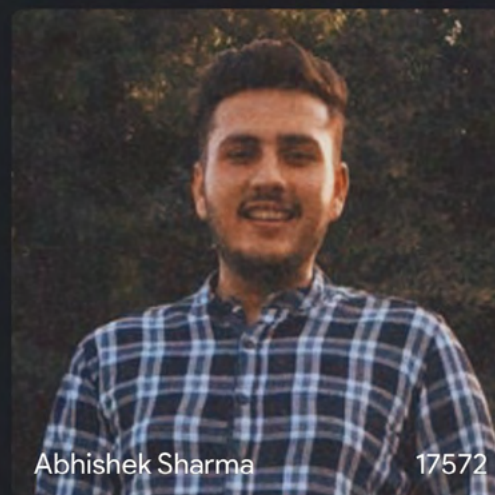
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Mayank Singh Parihar 17568



Abhshek Mishra 17569



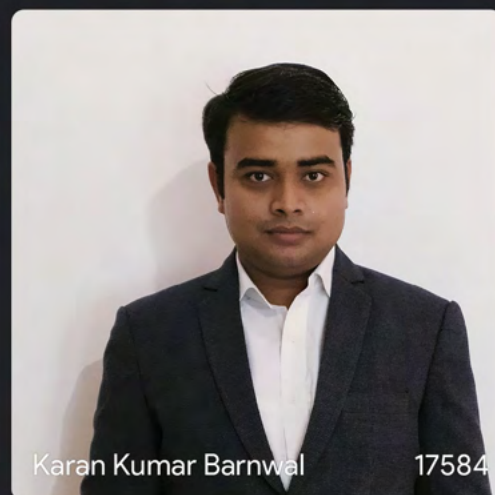
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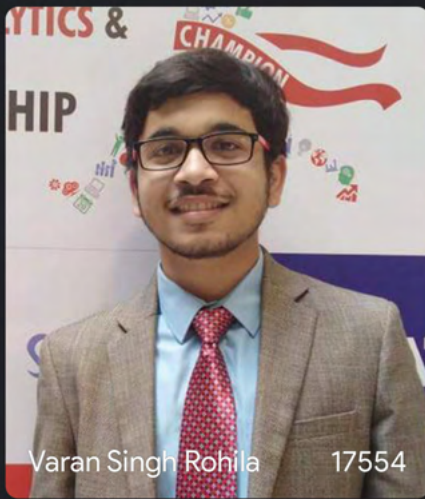
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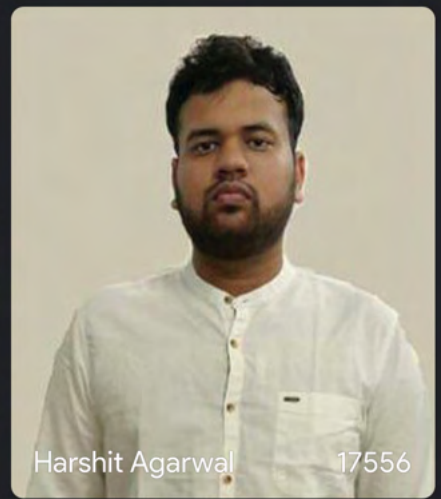
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Kusum Koli

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Harshit Agarwal

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Ashish Yadav

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Muskan Mangal

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Anshita Vishwa

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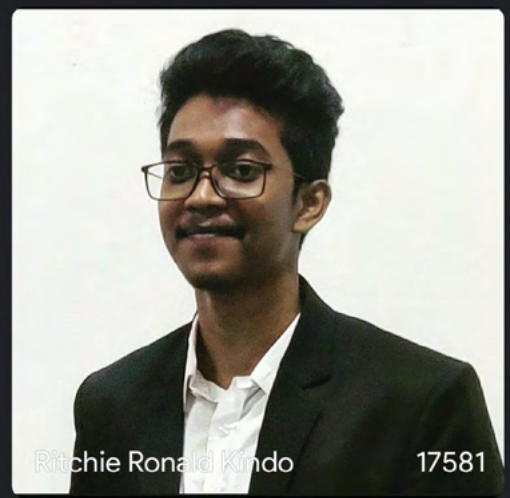
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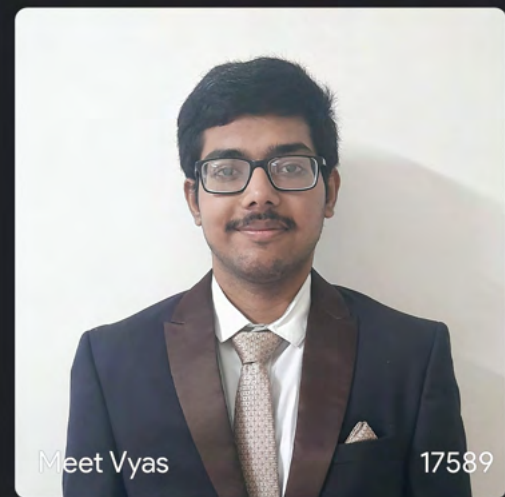
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Ritchie Ronald Kindo

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Meet Vyas

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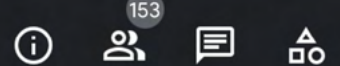
Kashish Kalsi

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Namisha Goyal

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Rajat Kumar Saini

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Sakshi

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Saksham Kumar Sharma

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Vaibhav Kumar



Kritika Mahajan

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Royal Sethi

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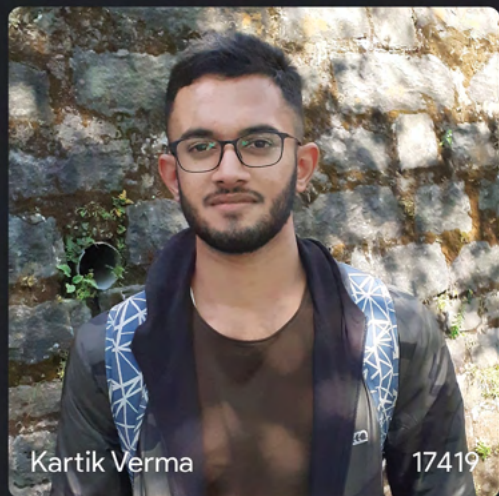


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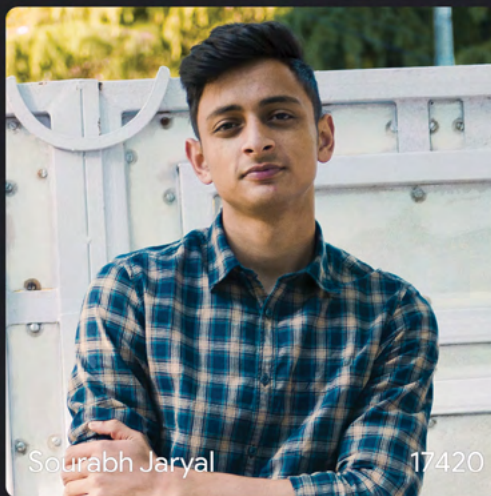


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Sourabh Jaryal

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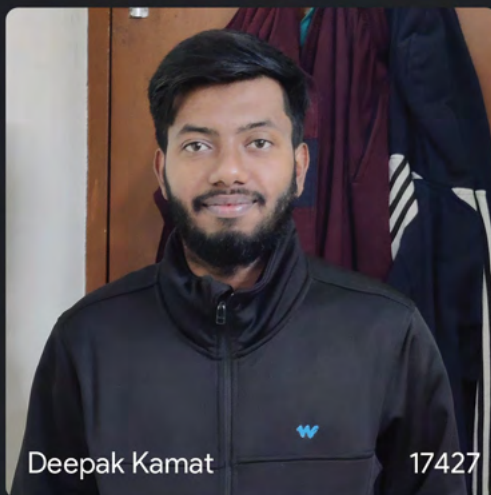
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Mayank Singh

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Deepak Kamat

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Nitin Kumar Maurya

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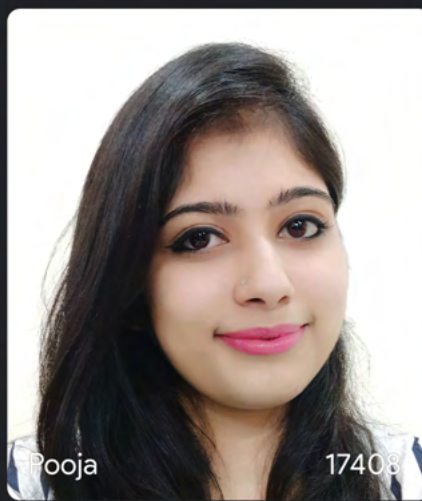


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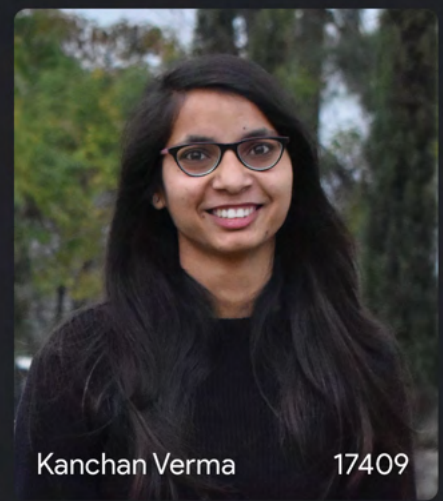
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Pooja

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Kanchan Verma

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Shubham Jarautia

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Sukant Sharma

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Akshat Sharma

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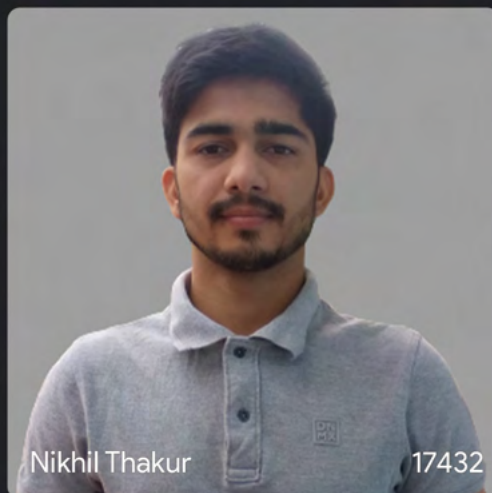
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Kriti Sharma

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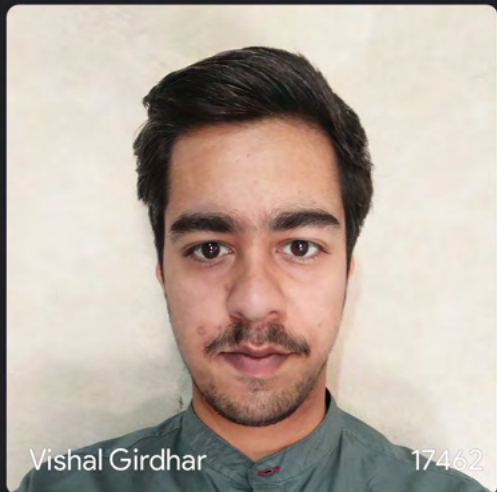
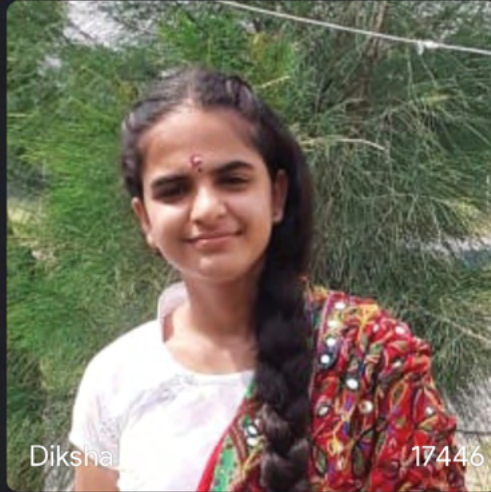
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Mustafa Ahmed

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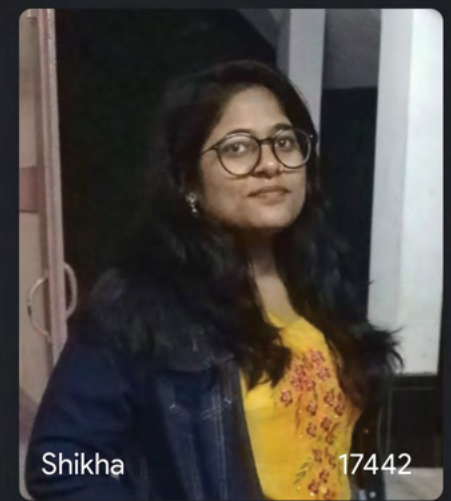
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Naresh Kumar Meena

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Shikha

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Ripal Sharma

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Pankaj Pant

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Maulika Sharma

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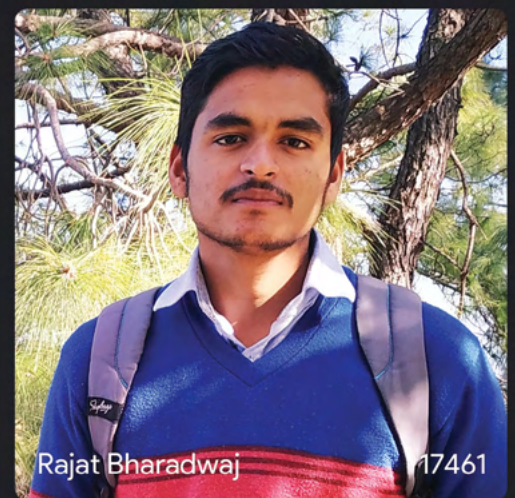
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Rajat Bharadwaj

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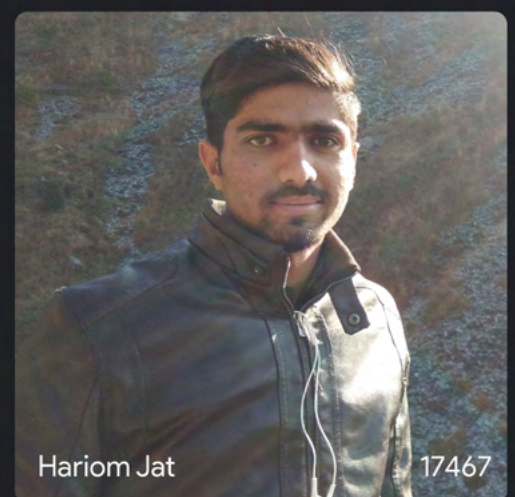
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Shivansh Vashishtha

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Hariom Jat

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Sanajana Bansal 17468



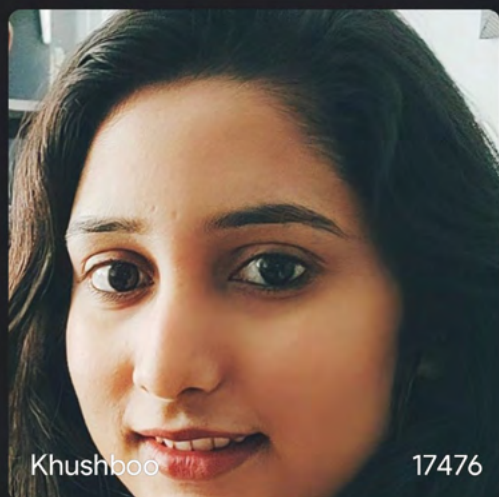
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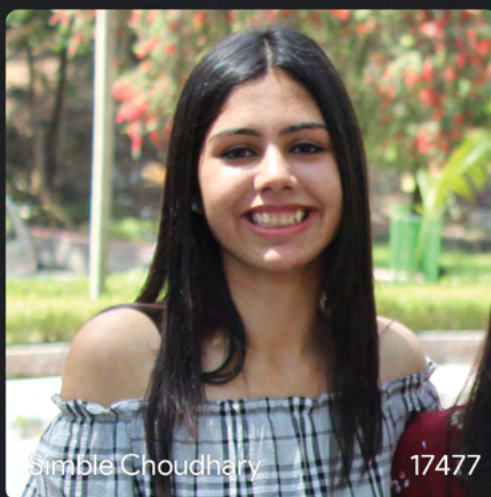
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Khushboo 17476



Simble Choudhary 17477



Doudikthang 17478



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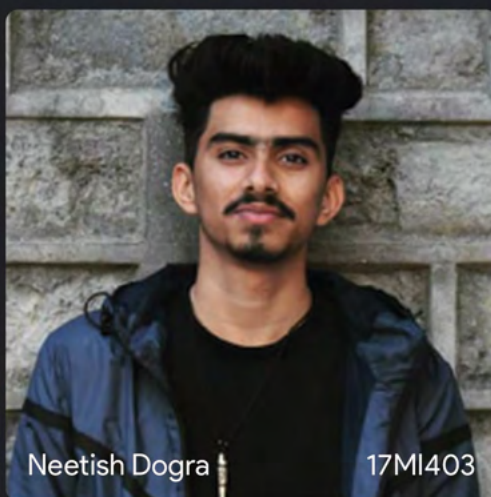
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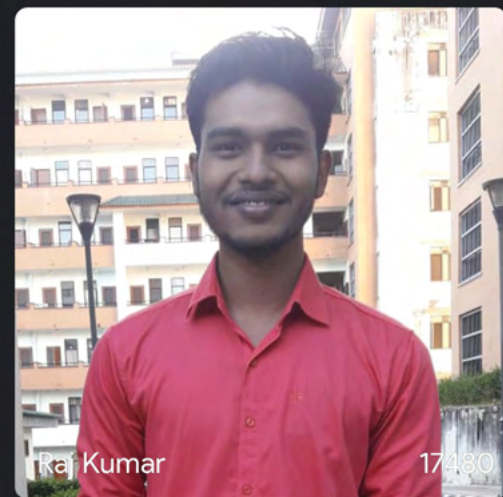
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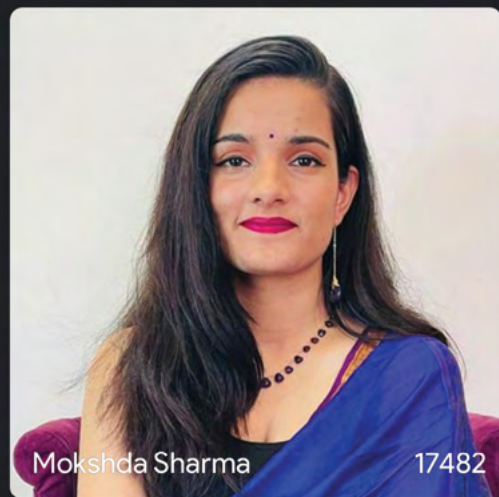
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Raj Kumar 17480



Shubhi Rawat 17481



Mokshda Sharma 17482



Akshat Gupta 17489



Adarsh Jhariya 17490



Hritik Bansal 17491



Manikya Verma 17MI408



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Diksha

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Deep Ranjan

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Jaismin Thakur



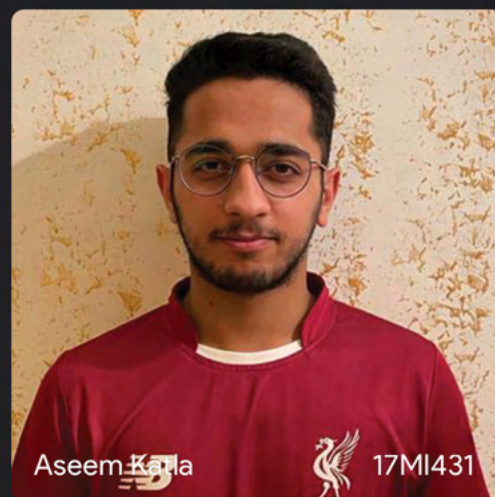
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Aseem Kalia



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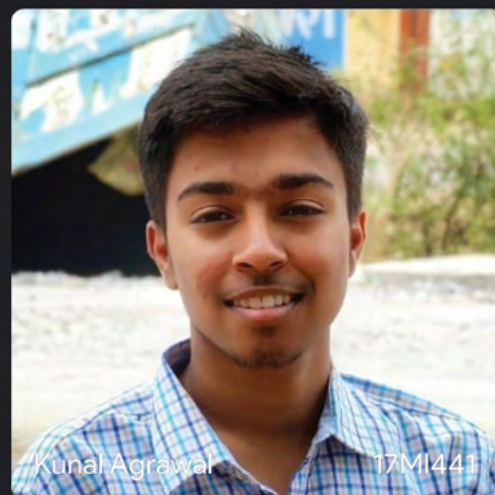
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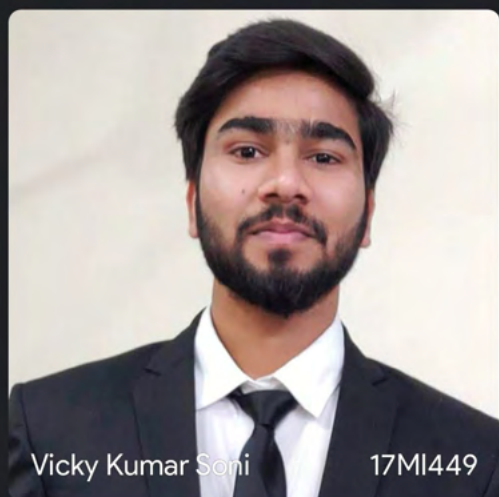
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Kunal Agrawal

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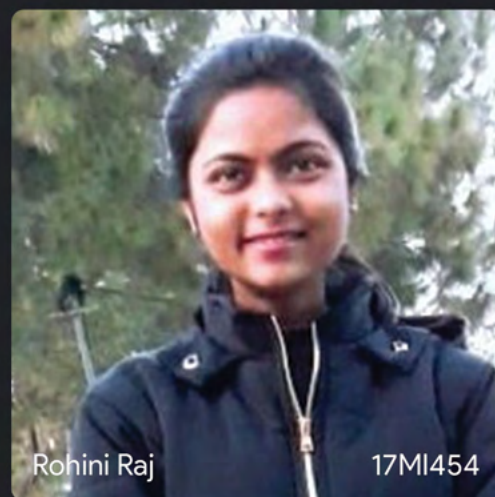
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Aditya Kumar

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Rohini Raj

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Harit Yadav

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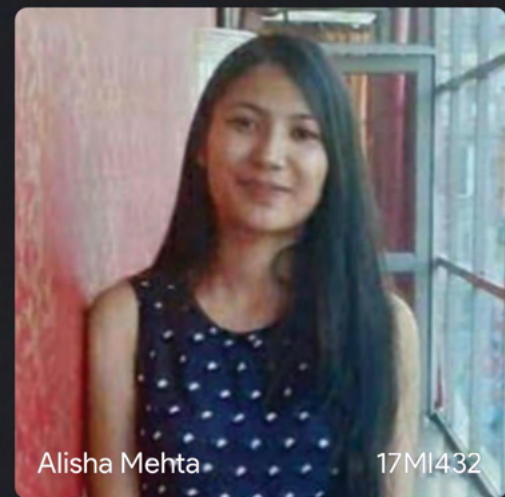
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Sonia

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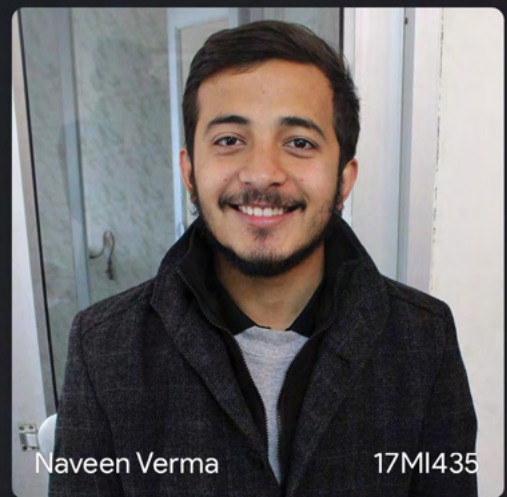
Alisha Mehta

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Taarush Vashisht

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Naveen Verma

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Praveen Agrawal

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Vaibhav Kumar Singh

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Harshita Singh

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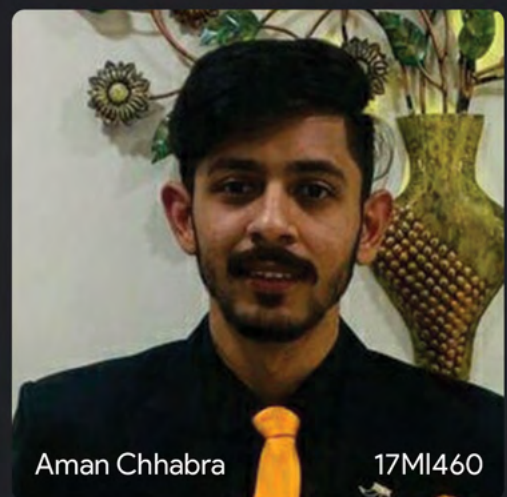
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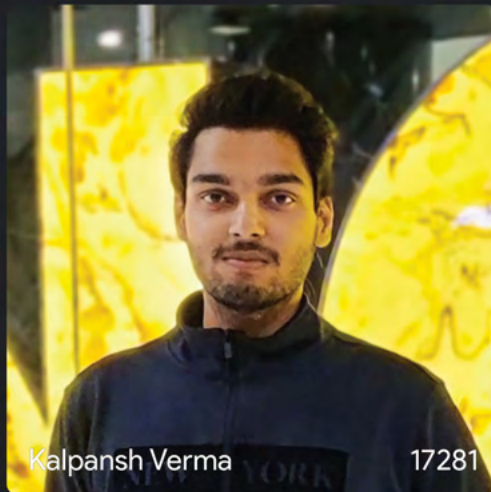
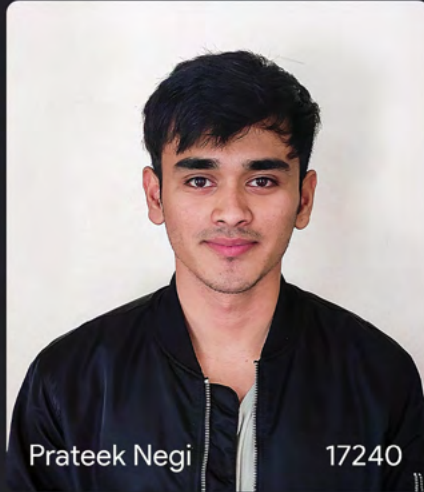
Ankur

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Aman Chhabra

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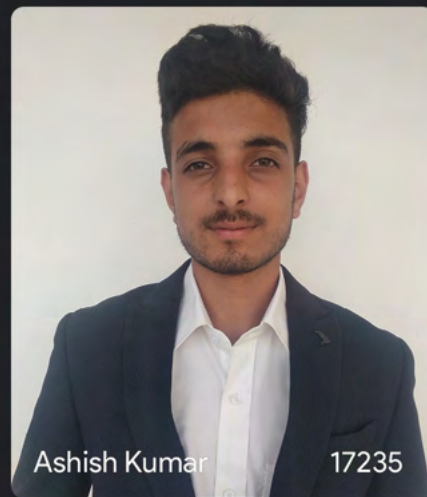
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Anubhav Singh

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Ashish Kumar

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Paras Arora

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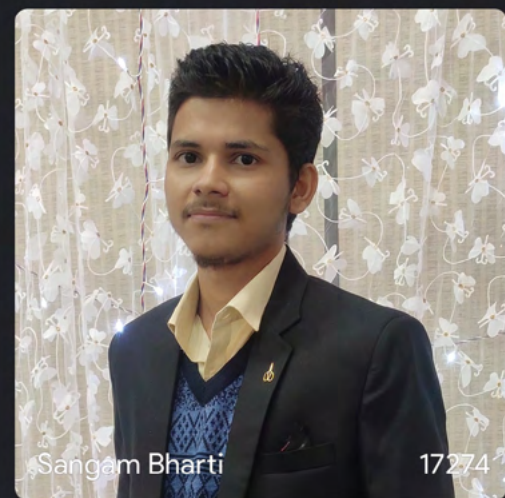
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Adhisht Bansal

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Sangam Bharti

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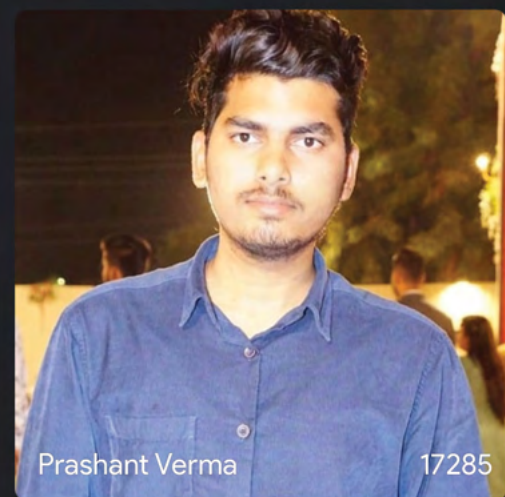
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Shubham Gupta

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Prashant Verma

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Vinayak Saran

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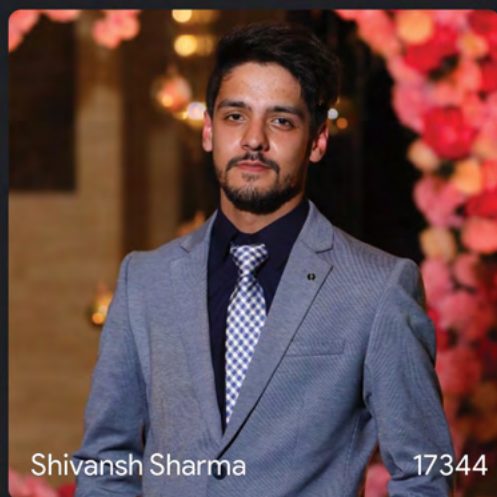
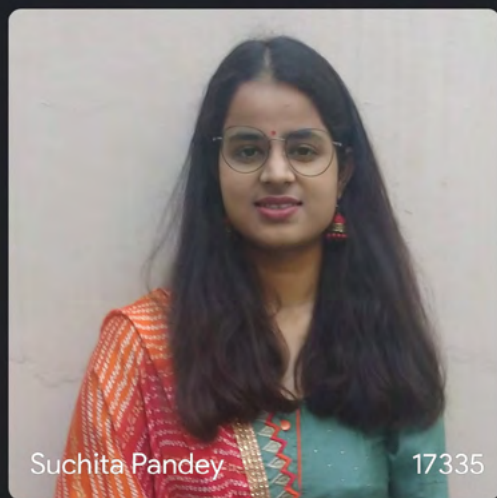


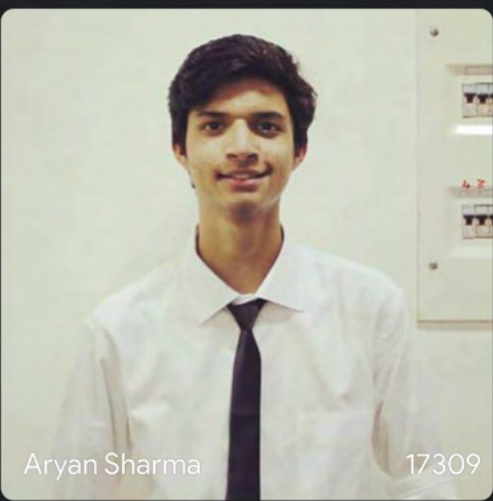
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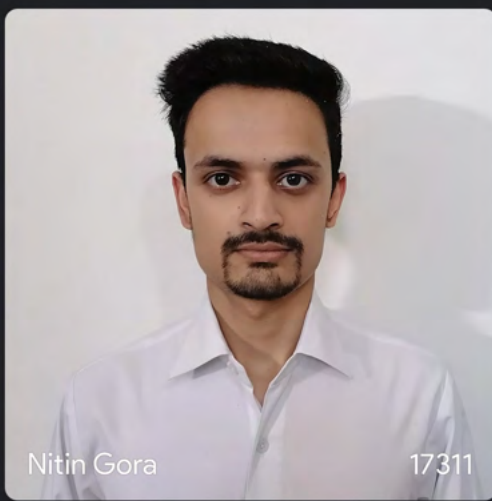
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Karun Prateek Singh

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Nitin Gora

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Harsh Sharma

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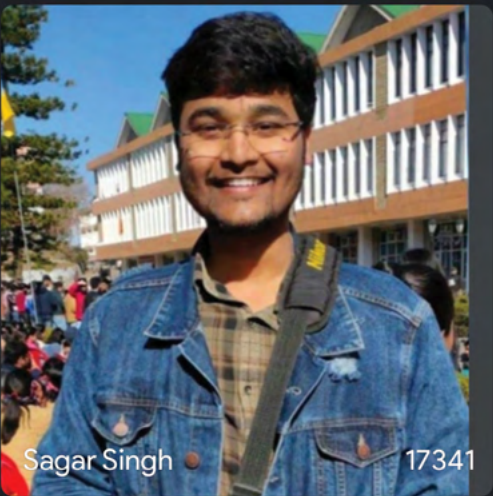
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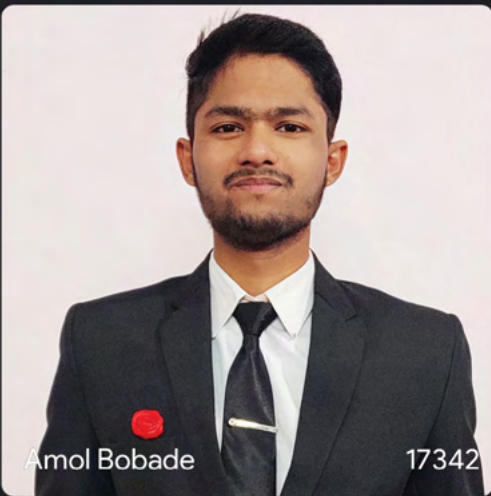
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Sagar Singh

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Amol Bobade

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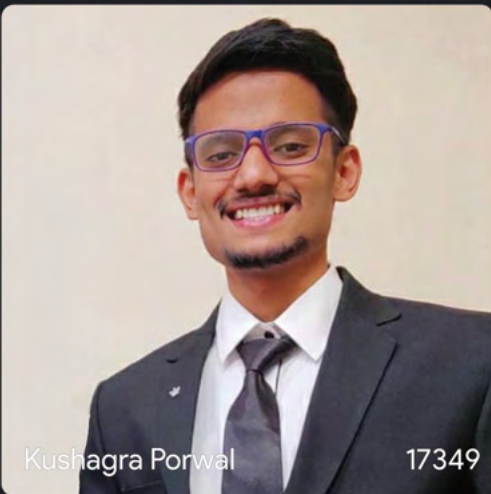
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Bhavya Uniyal

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Kushagra Porwal

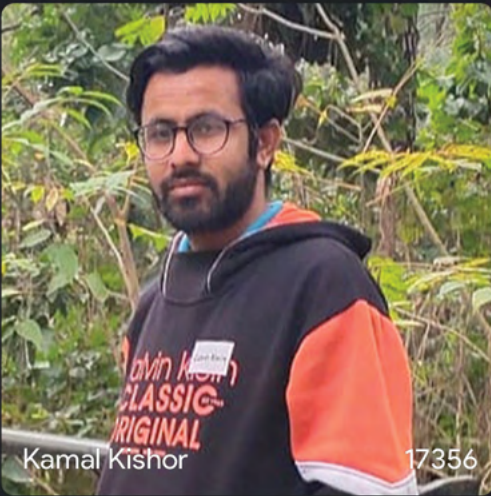
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Chinmay Mathur

17350





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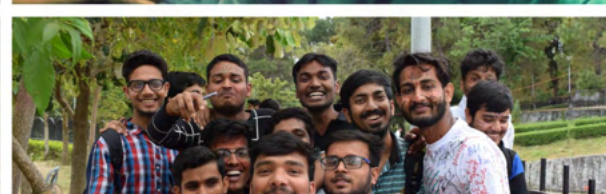
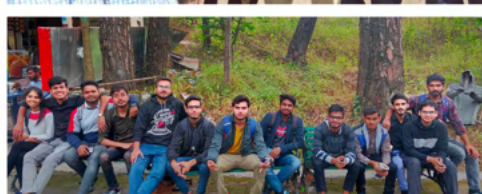
Your meeting is safe

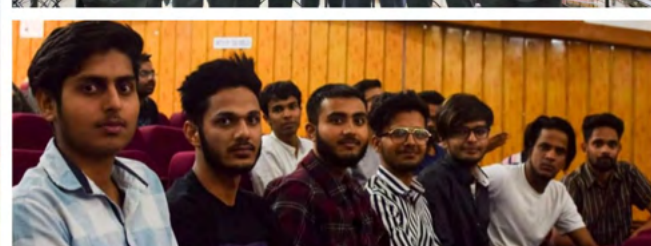
No one can join a meeting unless
invited or admitted by the professor

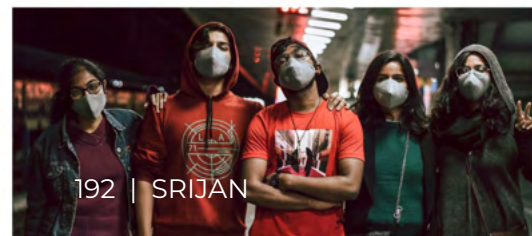
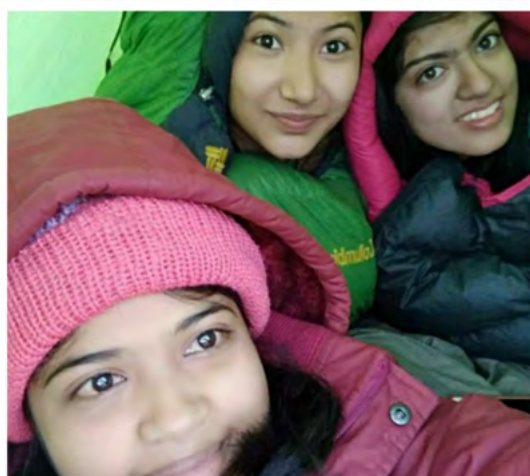
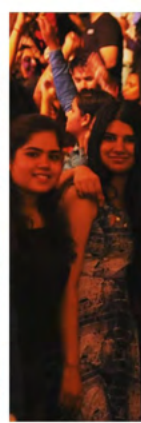
[Sob in silence](#)

Memories

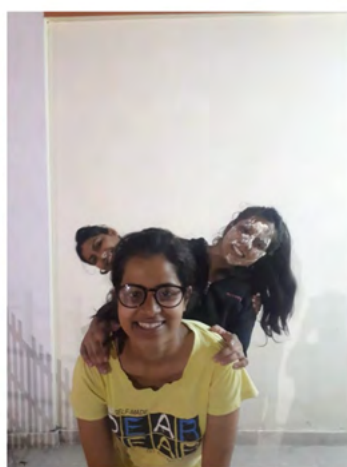




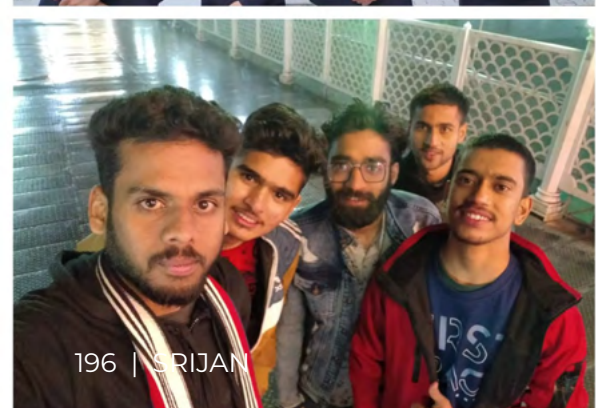
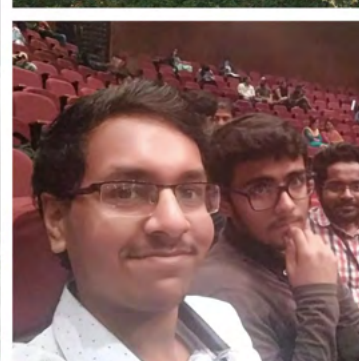
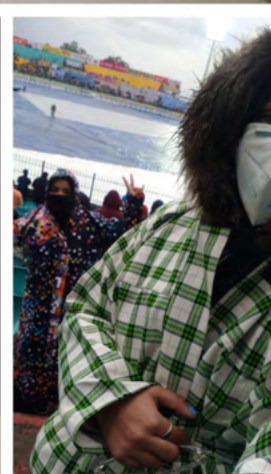
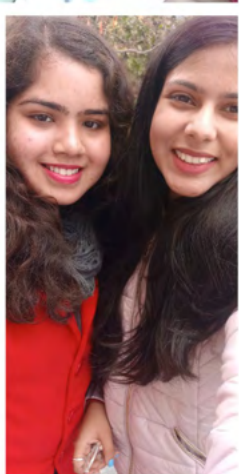
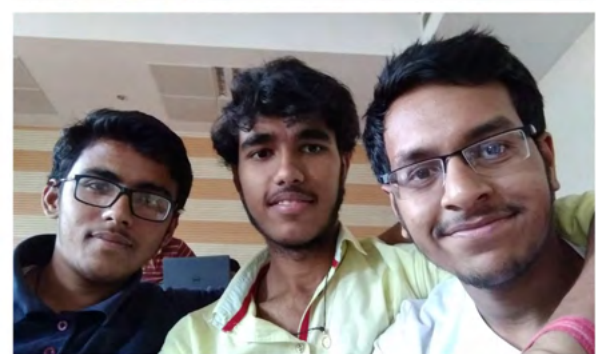
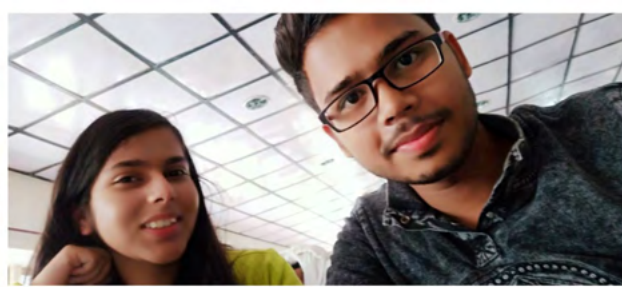


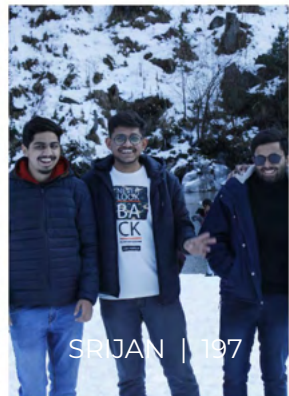


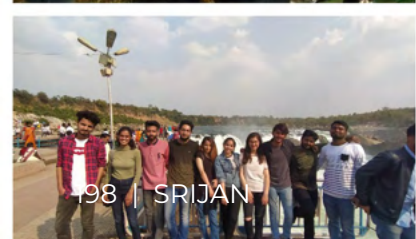




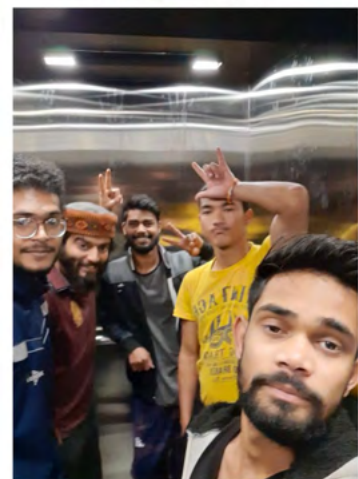
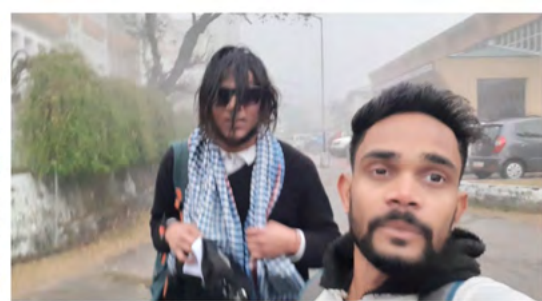


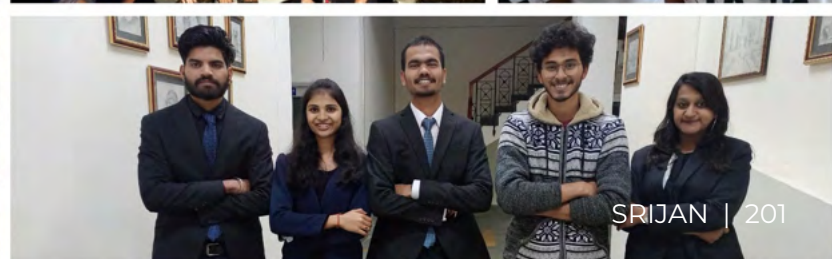
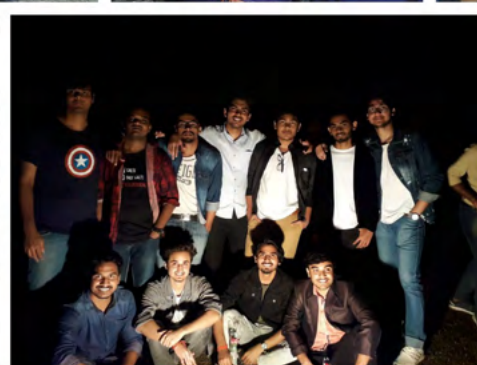
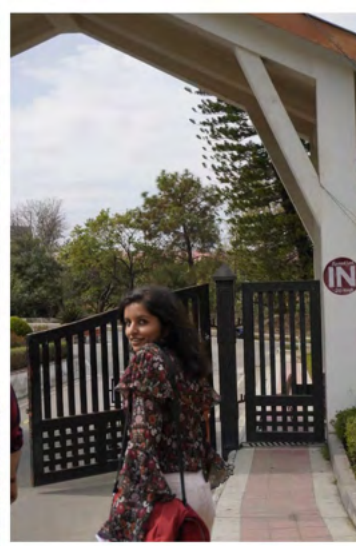












COVER STORY

I hope you can see now, what's really wrong with me, and that I must write to you for you to save me... to fill your share of 'romanticizing your life'. I hope that one day you'll know that the cosmos was never as far as it seems, the stars never as unattainable as they are, and happiness never as destructive as it is. And now, you know, that's how you'll heal the sun.

And then, I'll be okay.

The sun doesn't care if the Earth stops spinning. You do.

Make it all right for me, will you?

With love ablaze,
The sun.



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“Yes, I’m changing, yes, I’m gone. Yes, I’m older, yes, I’m moving on
And if you don’t think it’s a crime, you can come along with me”

– **TameImpala**