



SANCHAYAN

FAROZAN

Aspiring Beam Of Light



From Left to Right: Sheetal Rajput (President), Shubhi Sharma (Novelty Convenor), Samriddhi Srivastava (General Secretary), Sonal (Dreamchord Conevnor), Shruti Tomar (Cultural Secretary), Rashmi Joshi (Zeal Convenor), Shivakshi Sharma (Advisor), Akansha Yadav (Vice President), Rishika Rathi (Natkhath Convenor), Sanchi Aggarwal (Treasurer), Vanshika Dhoundiyal (Art Wave Convenor), Sakshi Yadav (Treasurer).

Sanchayan is the association magazine of Bachelors of Elementary Education Department. It began as merely a newsletter and has since evolved into a fledging magazine. It is the result of a collective effort of ASMI (Department Association), Team Novelty (Writing and Orating Society), and students of our department under constant guidance from Dr. Suman Lata and Dr. Jyoti Raina.

Sanchayan is a canvas for students to project their thoughts, artistic impressions, learnings and experiences on. It celebrates the experiences that life cultivates around us through this course and also outside of it. Sanchayan also provides with details regarding the functioning and management of our department.

This year we introduced a theme so that we could better incorporate the voices of our department's members and tune them into a melody. The theme is **Farozan: An Aspiring Beam of Light**. Farozan stands for Luminosity in Urdu.

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MEET THE TEACHERS



Dr. Prachi Kalra

Maybe we all need to write the story of our lives. We need to write to understand ourselves and understand each other. Perhaps, we are intolerant because we don't realise that others have a story to tell too. Maybe our lives realities need to be written down for an empathetic understanding of each other. The power of writing, especially of narrative writing, is hugely underrated.

Subject(s): Language Across Curriculum, Material Development, Evaluation Colloquia, Language Pedagogy and Story Telling Practicum

Dr. Chhaya Sawhney

Subject(s): Nature of Language, Language Acquisition and Story Telling Practicum

Dr. Jyoti Raina

Subject(s): Basic Concept in Education and Curriculum Studies Classroom Management



Dr. Sunanda Saini

You are the reason we are here. This is all for you and if it doesn't feel like it, let's talk about it.

Subject(s): Logico Mathematics Education, Mathematics Pedagogy and Material Development.

Dr. Monica Gupta

Subject(s): Cognition and Learning, Human Relations and Communication and Self Development workshops



Dr. Suman Lata

I congratulate the magazine team and all the contributors for their efforts in producing 2020 edition of Sanchayan. These are highly challenging times- locally as well as globally. We all need to learn to deal with these and future challenges with courage and wisdom; holding on to human values of compassion, empathy and love.

Subject(s): School Planning-Management, Curriculum Studies and Classroom Management



Ms. Aparna Joshi

Read more, speak more, write more, don't forget to listen more and learn from others too. Most importantly love yourself and keep yourself healthy.

To the outgoing batch and every student, I interacted, I learnt a lot from you, keep interacting and spreading this good learning infection! Love.

Subject(s): Core Natural Science, Natural Science Pedagogy and Observing Children Practicum



Ms. Sailaja Modem

We are not here to save the world only to belong to it more fully.

Subject(s): Core Social Sciences, Social Science Pedagogy and Observing Children Practicum

Ms. Shailly Barodia

Subject(s): Contemporary India, Gender and Schooling

Ms. Anuradha Wadera Kumar

Defining myself as a person rather than as a woman is more empowering. Both are labels. However, being a woman-whether in conformity or in rebellion, still puts me within the confines of the social construct of 'womanhood'. Simply being a person is more freeing.

Subject(s): Child Development and Observing Children Practicum

Ms. Edna

Subject(s): Core Natural Science, Environmental Studies Pedagogy and Material Development



Ms. Chandra Tiwari

Always remember you are your only competition.

Subject(s): Core Mathematics, Logico Mathematics Education and Material Development

Ms. Preeti

Resource Room In-charge



From Left to Right: Sakshi Yadav (Treasurer), Sanchi Aggarwal (Treasurer), Sheetal Rajput (President), Shivakshi Sharma (Advisor), Samridhi Srivastava (General Secretary), Shruti Tomar (Cultural Secretary), Akansha Yadav (Vice President).



From Left to Right: Sonal (Dreamchord Convenor), Rashmi Joshi (Zeal Convenor), Rishika Rathi (Natkhat Convenor), Shubhi Sharma (Novelty Convenor), Vanshika Dhoundiyal (Art Wave Convenor).

ASMI INTRODUCTION

ASMI is the association of Bachelors of Elementary Education Department of Gargi College. 'ASMI' represents the idea of SELF. It stands for pride and self-respect.

ASMI consists of a student body which, under constant guidance of teachers, organises various events. The events include, Fresher's Orientation, Heritage Walks, EduFest (Annual Departmental Fest), Farewell and workshops. These provide every member of the department with opportunities to hone their skills and present their skills.

The union also constitutes of five societies; Art Wave, Dream Chord, Natkhat, Novelty and Zeal.

Union Members (2019-20)

President

Vice President

Advisor

Cultural Secretary

General Secretary

Treasurer

Sheetal Rajput

Akansha Yadav

Shivakshi Sharma

Shruti Tomar

Samriddhi Srivastava

Sanchi Aggarwal

Sakshi Yadav



SOCIETY INTRODUCTION

Art Wave: The Art and Craft Society

Convenor (2019-20) - Vanshika Dhoundiyal

Art wave is a prominent society of our department. These young Picassos work behind the scenes to make sure the aesthetics are on point and the theme of the event is portrayed well. The department's events help the students to improve their imagination and creativity and to develop their leadership abilities. All the decorations of the annual 'EduFest', Farewell and Orientation of the department is done by Art Wave.

The society provides an opportunity to redefine and reshape the concepts and experiences into some or other form of art. The art wave family welcomes everyone who has the dedication to learn and work.

Dream Chord: The music society

Convenor (2019-20) - Sonal

The nightingales of our department indeed have a special space in our hearts. Their melodious voices make the mood just right. Dream chord makes sure that the lyrics and the music portrays the theme chosen for events well.

The society focuses on inclusion of more students who do not compete but are enthusiastic to learn and perform. It thrives by placing interest over ability and boosting confidence by mixing fun with music. From choosing the right melodies to writing lyrics which portray the theme accurately, Dream Chord does not fail to impress us!

Natkhat: The Dramatics Society

Convenor (2019-20) - Rishika Rathi

Natkhat, the dramatic society of the department is exactly what you'd expect from the name- fun and energetic. The team helps the freshers connect and get attracted to the theatrical world on the Orientation and soon takes them on a ride. The team performs in Orientation, EduFest, and Farewell and does the best to showcase the theme in their play. While keeping in mind the fun aspect and pitching in punchlines.



Those, who love to write stories, jokes and poems are welcomed in the society. Your just-a-story could be the next script!

Natkhat, not just acts, but also dances, writes, sings, and enjoys all together.

Novelty: The Writing and Orating Society

Convenor (2019-20) - Shubhi Sharma

Novelty is a society which works with a lot of management from the backstage. It works towards editing, compiling, organising the department magazine "Sanchayan" as well as promoting and synchronising the annual Departmental fest, 'EduFest', Farewell and Orientation.

One of the main tasks of the society is to handle all the technical and back-end work of the 'EduFest' which includes promotion, organizing activities, pre-jitters, etc.

The team makes sure that each page of the magazine is reflective of the collective vision of the department and the theme decided is portrayed well.

Novelty Family endeavours to provide a platform to students who want to hone their writing and editorial skills and most importantly, to express their aspirations and dreams and the challenges that they encounter in their lives.

Zeal: The Dance Society

Convenor (2019-20): Rashmi Joshi

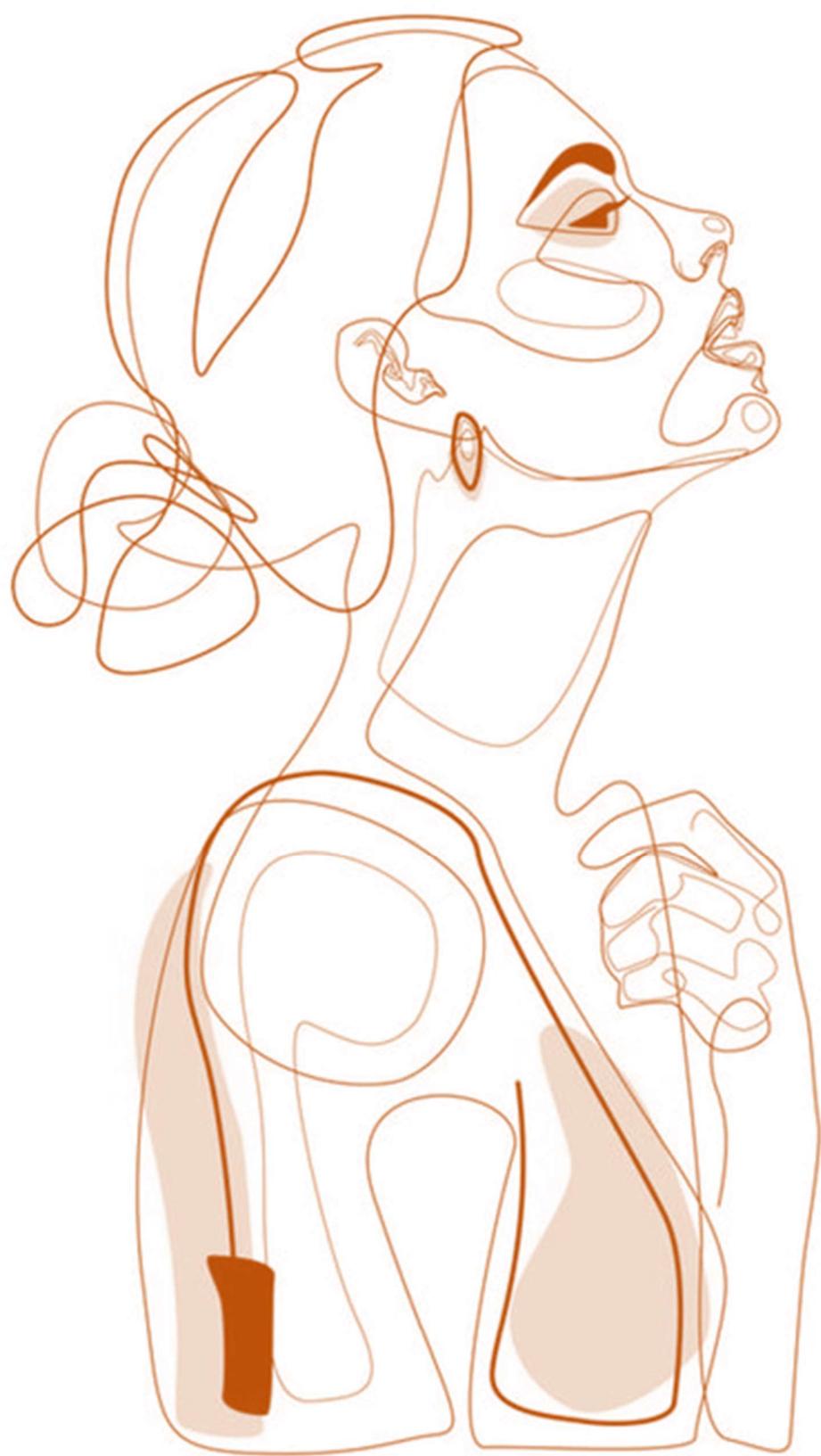
Zeal, the dance society of the department, is full of students who love dance more than anything.

The yearly journey of zeal, begins with performing at fresher's Orientation to give them a hint of the society. And to put a little tinge in their heart, for dance. The society performs in departmental affairs, which are fresher's Orientation, EduFest- the annual departmental fest - and Farewell.

But apart from these the team have even taken parts in competitions in other colleges whenever given the chance.

The reason for the dance society to exist is for the students, for them to showcase their talent, to learn, to dance off their stress and to feel themselves.

If you love dancing, then this society is for you. It doesn't matter that you know how to dance professionally or not. The society have its arms and heart open for all! The team which practice together, dance together!



Annual Report 2019-2020

❖ *Department Of B.EL.ED.*

Bachelor's in elementary education is a four-year integrated professional degree programme for training teachers at the elementary school level. The course grants exposure to students to enhance their skills and broaden their horizons. A number of events took place this year as well within the department. There was orientation, Edufest (annual departmental fest), and a lecture.

❖ *Orientation*

Orientation is the first official annual event that takes place in the department. Here we welcome the newcomers and take the opportunity to introduce the teachers, student's union, and societies.

❖ *EDUFEST: 'Being A Teacher: To Know And Be'*

The Department of Elementary Education, Gargi college

organized its annual department fest- Edufest on 26th September 2019. The theme for the day was 'Being a teacher: To know and be' and to speak on the topic was the guest, Prof. Namita Ranganathan, the Dean and Head of the Department of Education, CIE, DU.

She talked about Prof. Uma Chakravarti, Prof. Romila Thapar and Prof. Rooprekha Verma. She talked about her experience in Bharatpur where she went to see how education happens

in a madarsa, experience with a very senior teacher from Kutchh, Gujarat. She also talked about Balika Vidyalayas in tropical forest reserves of Mayurbhanj district in Orissa.

She suggested that to be a teacher, who knows and is, we need to have an expansive role profile and redefine our sense of identity- which means we allow our professional identity to also realize our social responsibility and know our answers to 'Who am I?' would lead to being a happy and romantic teacher.

The Institutions who attended the lecture:

- Jesus and Mary college, Chanakyapuri
- Institute of Home Economics, Hauz khas
- Mata Sundri College for Women, New Delhi
- Aditi Mahavidyalaya, Bawana
- Miranda House, New Delhi
- Shayama Prasad Mukherji College, Panjabi Bagh
- Lady Shriram College, Lajpat Nagar



❖ *Lecture: Privatization, Market And Right To Education*

The Department of Elementary Education, Gargi college organized a lecture on the topic 'Privatization, Markets and Right to Education' on '11th November 2019' by Prof. Geetha Nambissan (Zakir Hussain Centre, JNU).

- Sakshi Yadav, 2nd Year



Career Prospects After B.El.Ed.

Job Prospects- Provided examples are the most sought after options, but you may find many other prospect on further research.

Pursue M.A. in the fields of Sociology, Social Work, Linguistics and Masters in your subjects from Liberal Options which belong to the field of Arts.

Pursue M.A. in Psychology, Child Development Curriculum Developers.

Pursue M.El.ED , M.Ed Special Education.

Higher Education Prospects - Basically you can apply for any Post- graduate and research studies in education and related disciplines. Here are some examples for the same.

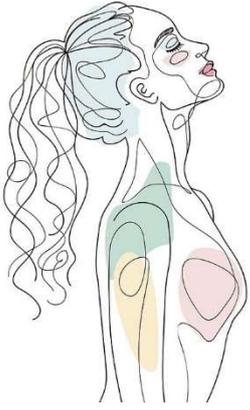
You are also become eligible for State and Central Teacher Eligibility Test i.e. STET and CTET respectively in both the papers (PAPER I and II) Government job examinations such as SSC, Bank P.O. and many more.

Note: It is up to you to choose the path which suits you best. So, take your own sweet time to reflect on your life to decide what's best for you.

- Rhythm, 3rd Year

Time For Change

A typical conventional classroom can be characterized by students sitting through hour long teacher lectures which can sometimes be proved boring to the students. But now, things are changing. Classrooms are adopting technology by having computers, smart boards, projectors etc. Use of graphics can very easily help in difficult subjects like math, physics and biology. The digital experience makes the learning even more enhanced and



increases students' engagement with a particular subject. These visual aids also help in developing a better understanding of the topic. Increasing the use of technology in classrooms can also be proved as an amazing investment in rural areas which will in turn decrease the dropout rate in villages.

Earlier importance was given to students who scored higher marks. Due to these students started cramming answers without understanding the concept behind things. But now, in modern teaching, students are encouraged to understand the concept.

Gone are the days when students only opted for a traditional career in engineering or medical courses. Today, students look for satisfaction in the jobs they do and thus prefer to pursue a career of their interest. This development took place due to increased modern methods of teaching and better awareness among students.

These days, the importance given to sports is increasing which is a good sign. Emphasis is being laid in making students all-rounder instead of just sitting and studying. The phrase "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is gaining its due significance.

Last but not the least, the sex education given in schools is increasing. They are not just dumping facts on children. They are hiring special counsellors, who deal with the topic more effectively and efficiently than the regular teachers. They can talk about the topic without even blinking an eyelid, this helping the students to become more comfortable and confident.

These are just a few examples of the developments that have taken place in teaching methods. There are many more. Also, we aren't even halfway through. There is a long way to go!

- Priyal Grover, 1st Year

Approaches To Fill The Void Between Education System And Good Education

Education system has been a topic for debate in our country for too long, and lack of proper education has been blamed on all sorts of reasons for hundreds of years. Even Rabindranath Tagore wrote wordy articles about how Indian education system needs to be changed. We've established IIT's, IIM's and other institution of excellence, many students now routinely score splendid marks but still, some of them find it difficult to get into the colleges of their choice.

Because some same old stuff still prevails.

Rote memorization still plagues our system, students study only to score marks in exams or to clear exams like CAT, CLAT, JEE, NEET etc.



We live in a country where people see education as a means to climb the social and economic ladder. In our country, millions of students are victims of an unrealistic and pointless rat race.

People need to understand that education means inculcating moral values, positive thinking, attitude of helping and giving to society and ethical values.

And amidst all this rote learning, B.El.Ed. course gives an extensive chance to students to learn, and grow and to express themselves. Where while learning to teach, we ourselves learn some very important lessons of life.

Also, we learn, to make education not just learning from books, teachers should implement some principles in a classroom such as

- ❖ Encourage Contact Between Students and Faculty
- ❖ Develop Reciprocity and Cooperation Among Students
- ❖ Encourage Active Learning
- ❖ Give Prompt Feedback
- ❖ Emphasize Time On Task
- ❖ Communicate High Expectations
- ❖ Respect Diverse Talents and Ways of Learning

- Ritika Mogha, 1st Year

Where Creativity Ends

Creativity- the use of imagination or original ideas to create something; inventiveness.

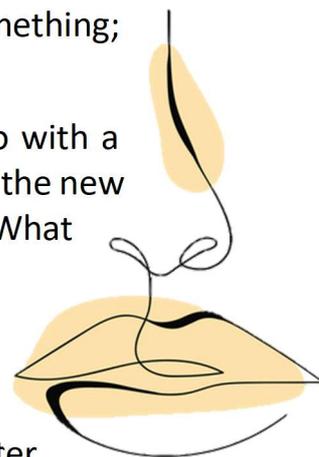
Every child when steps into the classroom for the first time does so with a million questions and a mind hungry to learn. But then as time passes, the new ideas and ever-increasing curiosity deflates and sometimes vanishes away. What happens between these two scenarios that shift the child's total mindset?

The education system and society's paradigm is what happens.

Our education system is similar to a baggy uniform every child has to fit into.

On some, it leaves much space to fill and on others, it is too tight. No matter how uncomfortable it is, you have to make do because no alteration choice is offered. And that baggy uniform is where creativity goes to die.

This system takes cues from the conditioning model- rewarded are those who fall in line quickly, stay quiet, listen and follow all the rules. Those who try to step out of line are reprimanded and deemed "troubled children". From early on, children are conditioned to sit quietly in 'pin drop' silence while the teacher speaks. No talk is allowed even if it's related to the concept being taught. Questions are only encouraged at the right time and only when



they are smart and logical. Speak only when you think you have the right answer because a quiet class is the best class.

I remember my time in class 9th when my friend wanted to ask our physics teacher a question that popped in his mind when she was explaining speed and motion. When he raised his hand to ask that question, our teacher reprimanded him telling him not to interrupt her in between and only ask doubts when she finishes the topic. So evidently, he waited until after class and then when he asked her the question once again, the only answer given to him was "you need to ask logical questions related to what I'm teaching. There is no need to think about something that's not in your syllabus."

Or the time in class 10th, when we had to write a story in our half-yearly exam based on the phrase given to us. I was excited because writing was my forte. So I spun an intriguing story and even narrated it to almost every classmate after the exam. Everyone loved it but when the scores came, I scored less than what I had expected. The next day, our teacher explained that to score good we need to write a positive story preferably with a moral at the end. My story was good but the only problem was that it was about a psychopath and it didn't have a happy ending. Needless to say in my final exam I wrote a boring and positive story and even added a moral in end. But you see, I got 9 out 10 so it worked.

Some may say that this is discipline but I believe that the line between discipline and suppressing imagination needs to be re-evaluated and re-established.

I could never forget the time when for our English Elocution, a Texan teacher came to teach us. She used videos to teach literature, discussed Greek mythology just because one story referred to Athena in a line and encouraged us to write a story on aliens discussed in a podcast conversation. she loved my story so much that she even asked me to write a second part because the first part had a sad ending, she gave me pointers on how to make the story more interesting, how to engage with the readers, even though it wasn't part of our syllabus. That was the best school year.

That's not to say that schools want mindless sheep. Of course, every school wants its students to be innovative and creative. But simultaneously they are expected to follow the rules. But creativity does not flourish inside the box you make, it does not conform to expectations.

Although, the curbing of creativity starts way before school. It's there when children start reading storybooks with broken down sentences and a non-existent story. Because an actual book with an interesting story may be too complicated for the child to understand. Its largely believed that there is only one way to perceive a story and since children don't see it the way adults do, they won't understand, so there's no need to give them those books.

It's there when watching movies children ask questions, about LGBTQ, relationships, divorce, and death but their questions are ignored simply with the statement that when they grow up they will understand.

Contrary to popular belief, children can think for themselves. Even though their understanding is vastly different from us, it does not make it any less important. The concepts we believe that are too 'Adult' for them, need to be discussed and not just be ignored blindly.

If we expect children to have a rich imagination and be innovative then it is imperative to not put them in a strict conventional environment where there is only black and white. They need to be encouraged to explore shades of grey in between too. We limit the child's creativity and imagination by forcing what we think is appropriate for them.

When they get space to stretch their curious minds, individuality will develop. Because in the end "Everybody is a genius. But if you judge a fish by its ability to climb a tree, it will live its whole life believing that it is stupid." ~ Albert Einstein



- Bhavika, 2nd Year

The Romance Of Being A Happy Teacher: To Know And Be!

♣ Edufest'19 At A Glance

Artwork by Srishti Bajaj, 3rd Year

The Department of Elementary Education, Gargi college organized its annual department fest- Edufest on 26th September 2019. The theme for the day was 'Being a teacher: To know and be' and to speak on the topic was the guest, Prof. Namita Ranganathan, the Dean and Head of the Department of Education, CIE, DU.

Prof. Ranganathan shared her own interpretation of the topic as she viewed the topic in the larger spectrum and rephrased it to 'The romance of being a happy teacher: to know and to be'. With her picturesque eloquence, she started by vividly describing her experiences with 3 eminent women, whom she also considers to be her role models.

The first was Prof. Uma Chakravarti, a distinguished historian who went on to making films to maximize her outreach to a diverse audience. Prof. Ranganathan shared how she noticed the same enthusiasm and zest to know and engage with the audience as she had while she was a teacher years ago. She pointed out how Prof Chakravarti still had the essence of being a teacher, which is to sensitize, build awareness and raise issues to reach out to others.

The second personality Prof. Ranganathan mentioned about was Prof. Romila Thapar. She described how she could feel the same charisma in Prof. Thapar's public lecture years later as she felt in her class 45years ago. She noticed the same grace and dignity in her lecture, without any depersonalization and demotivation and wondered how Prof. Thapar did that. She realized that the reason behind this was that Prof. Thapar immensely loved what she did,





which is why she was able to have the same love and romance for her subject and profession after so many years.

The third person Prof. Ranganathan talked about is Prof. Rooprekha Verma who is the former Vice-Chancellor of Lucknow University and an eminent person in the area of Philosophy. She shared how she noticed the same force in Prof. Verma at the age of 91, who continued to speak up against atrocities on Dalit women.

Through these examples, Prof. Ranganathan emphasized how these people, who were once upon teachers continue to be teachers, but may have changed their mode and medium of engagement and expression. She pointed out that what makes a teacher is her commitment to the cause she was born for.

In the second part of her speech, she shared glimpses of her experience of the teaching-learning process in rural India. She shared that these areas have little interference in terms of access to reading resources and compels one to think and redefine the role of a teacher.

The first experience she talked about was her experience in Bharatpur where she went to see how education happens in a madarsa. She came to know that the name of the village was actually 'Chor Gadhi' because the villagers indulged in highway robberies due to the lack of means of earning. It was being done for generations and was seen as a skill, and the villagers were rather proud of the village being called 'Chor Gadhi'. The teacher pointed out that the children who had accepted the context and continuity between their existence and historical background didn't raise any questions, but the ones who saw the discontinuity raised questions on their morality and expressed being ashamed of being called residents of 'Chor Gadhi'. Prof. Ranganathan pointed out this interesting conflict between knowing and being and noticed that the teacher had already addressed the debate between contextual vs. universal education in the district, even without explicitly knowing so. She emphasized that for progress, it is essential to have conflict and dissonance, which will enable us to transact from knowing to being. She encouraged us to see the two entities, of knowing and being, as a continuum with a steady movement from knowing to being and from being to know.

The next experience she shared was with a very senior teacher from Kutchh, Gujarat. The



teacher had made his own analogy for the assessment of his students. He noticed that a cobbler distinguishes between 3 types of leather: the hardest (in which there is no scope for any change), the comparatively softer (which has little scope for a change), and the softest (which can be changed easily). His analogy was that students are of the same 3 kinds, the ones with whom

starting from the fundamentals is necessary, the next ones with whom individual attention is sufficing to help them, and the last ones who do not have any fixed ideas and notions of learning and infusions can be done wherever needed. This was an example of ability grouping that the teacher could do through the analogy. Prof Ranganathan pointed out that this was an illustration of local indigenous knowledge and ideas which can be connected with normative universally approved international standards of assessment.

The third experience she shared was of Udaan school, the local version of Kasturba Gandhi Balika Vidyalayas in tropical forest reserves of Mayurbhanj district in Orissa. She vividly described how the tribes lived a very simple life, some of them even living on treetops and making leaf 'pattals' for a living. The context was multilingual and multi tribal, about the people having terrific survival skills and adaptive intelligence. The teachers had immense challenges and they 'lived the school' all the time which



included teaching the standard language, social skills and how to lead one's own life, from morning till the night. Despite this, she noticed that the teachers were very happy with what they were doing. The fact that they were transforming the lives of the girls made them happy. She shared that she was inspired to expand her profile and empathize with the lives of her students and not just teach formally, but also to create ideas, creativity, and conflict in her students.

She suggested that to be a teacher, who knows and is, we need to have an expansive role profile and redefine our sense of identity- which means we allow our professional identity to move into our personal and social identities. To move beyond the professional identity and to also realize our social responsibility and know our answers to 'Who am I?' would lead to being a happy and romantic teacher.

- Priya Nirmal, Riya Dhameja, and Srishti Bajaj. [3rd Year]

Experiences

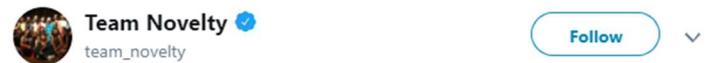
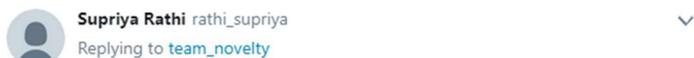
We asked our department members to share their experiences as a part of the B.El.Ed. family and how practical endeavors help them embrace themselves more.



Hey Guys!

We would love to know about your experiences while being a part of this B.EL.ED. journey, that really stood out for you.

Share your takeaways from Self Development Workshop, SCP and Theatre.



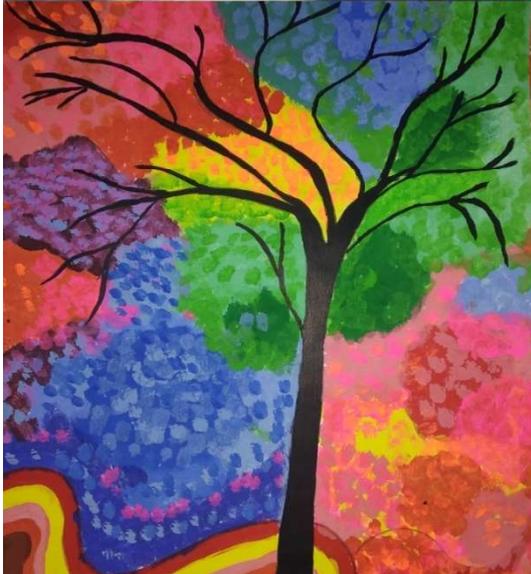
Hey Guys!

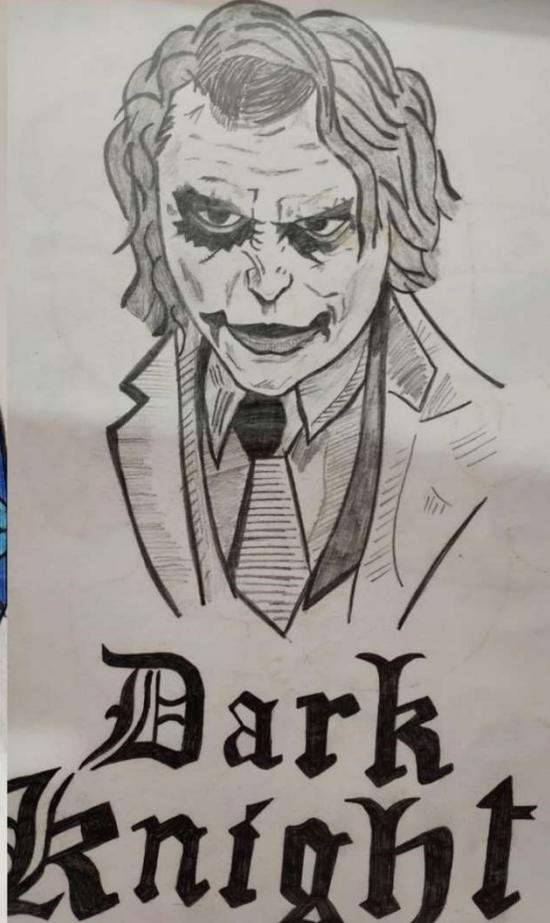
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Share your takeaways from Self Development Workshop, SCP and Theatre.



Art Wall





FARROZAN

**Aspiring
Beam
Of**

Light

"All the News
That's Fit to Print"

The New York Times

Late Edition

VOL. CVIII, No. 54,300

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 2019

\$1.50

THE SUN CAME UP TODAY



Thought Behind 'Farozan'

'Farozan' is an Urdu word which means 'Luminosity' and after all, we all are made of glimmering pieces of stardust.

This theme focusses on our experiences and emotions that helped us to attain enlightenment and illumination as an individual and as part of this family.

After carefully thinking about the theme that we want to focus upon, we came across the idea of individualism, self-sustainability and the path towards illuminance. How it traces a being like ourselves? How does it help us embrace ourselves? Through this theme, we want to bring forth a collection of experiences that showcase how we all are growing and glowing while reaching out to our inner potential.

This paradigm explores much further than B.El.Ed. This course taught us many things and helped us explore parts of ourselves that we didn't know about. All the while, the outside world contributes equally to making an impact on us. So, with knowledge, wisdom, and reflection we start exploring and embracing ourselves. Thus we kept the vision broad.

Throughout the magazine, we have multiple write-ups and artworks which suggest how hope, individualism and experiences act as a medium to the growth of our souls. Whoever reads through these will embrace multiple synonyms of their experiences rhyming through the words of contributors. Thanks to the collective effort, this theme could grow out as an idea and materialize in this magazine.

- Shubhi Sharma (Novelty Convenor)

PS: I Can Be Defeated Too.

Sincerely, the seed of darkness.

ANXIETY, UNEASINESS, AGITATION, just a few of the many names I have.

Not to boast but I am a part of everyone. I reside in you all in one or the other form out of the many I have. Some also say I am a parasite who steals and robs a person emotionally or even physically at times. This is because when I once take root I become a little possessive and want my host to just think about me and stay with me. I don't like it when they make new friends. And that is mainly why people are not a fan of me and try their best to push me out.

Well, the sad truth is even I AM DEFEATABLE, if many have not defeated me they still have now got control over me (a difficult task but not impossible).

Let me tell you a story- there was this girl, I resided in her from a very early age but I was only a dry seed- without water, without sunlight, just lying there. She grew up having colourful thoughts of rainbow, butterfly, car, stars, robots and all the happy boring stuff. Sometimes I would try to send my lovely black clouds to rain but I did not have the strength.

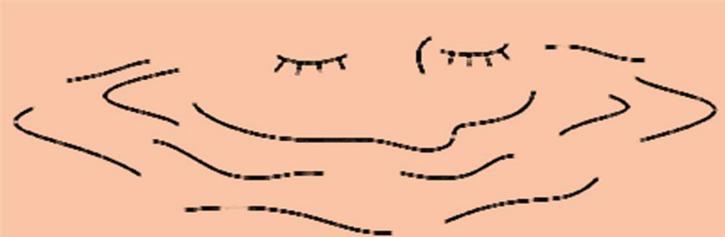
But when she was about 17, she lost someone she loved and that is when her tears watered my barren soil. I took root as she started feeling alone and abandoned. She did have people around her who loved her dearly and supported her but my root which were now getting stronger and my shoot sprouting leaf made it difficult for her to see.

But oh what a beautiful thing I was with my jet black root and my shiny black leaves, as I sprouted more she grew weak, while I was strengthening our bond she kept trying to remove me with her weak efforts of ignorance and distraction.

Soon she entered college, her excitement and joy did shake my roots a little but her fears held me in place. However, I was unable to see my doom awaiting and it started the day she made a friend, that annoying person- all happy, joyful and providing her emotional support). She started trusting him and sharing her thought and trouble with him instead of keeping it within her and sharing them with me.

My bad days had started because I could feel my black shiny leaves now losing its colour and turning green, it was the beginning of my defeat.

She started going out with her new friends forgetting about me, she became more confident leaving her fears aside and stopped whispering her secrets to me, she started talking to people in place of our lonely talk. She had smiles on her face (the genuine kind) rather than the tears.



She had now accepted my existence and started to uproot me. I could no longer penetrate her happy thoughts or make her overthink, I was unable to make her cry or make it difficult for her to breathe.

My leaves had now turned green and my roots were now harbouring happy emotions, it was my end. Once again I was no more than just seed.

But it is also important for her and you all to understand that some part of me will always be there in you to keep you battling against it to become stronger as you fight me. Yet it is also imperative for you to be aware and discern that whenever I take root you need to fight back and taking support from others will only help. So don't be afraid to love and trust the one close to you, and don't think you are alone because your friends and family will always have your back. And even if you are alone and have no one you can always find a new family.

“Sometimes just take a deep breath and rejoice because you survived today.”

- Aakriti, 3rd Year

Voicing self-love

It all started in the year 2017, my sister kept on insisting me to listen to her favourite band. At that time, they were just a bunch of guys who danced and sang in a language I didn't understand and honestly, they meant nothing to me. I took notice of one of the songs she was blasting through the speakers and there was this specific tune that got stuck in my mind, I was oh so desperate to know the name of the song and asking my sister wouldn't seem right since I had bashed her favourites before. I googled it a lot of times and finally found the song and in the process, I found a man so perfect that I knew I had to know more about him. He happened to be the leader of that group. I started researching on him and one video after another, I realized that the other members weren't bad either. I watched almost all of their music videos, interviews, variety shows in a span of 3 days. I'd be lying if I said that I fell in love with not one but seven men at once and now it was too late to turn back! Thanks to their fan interactions it is kind of impossible just to see them as celebrities for me, and this is

kind of, not really a great way to go about things in life but they're almost like a form of escapism for me. Their funny videos, lives, dance performances made me happy and lifted my mood. They were the friends I craved for and wished I had. While I was struggling with all my insecurities, they taught me how to love myself and others. They taught me how to dream. They encouraged me when I felt unworthy.

They make me feel beautiful. It feels like they gave me a piece of my heart back. Now I can proudly say that I have a positive outlook on life. I'm working towards my body, my dreams. Most importantly I have started to love myself and have gained confidence in myself which was once a long lost friend!

I purple you, BTS

- Khushi Arora, 2nd Year



Bringing Our Own Light Into The Darkness

We had high hopes for the annual fest of our college. It is something we await the whole year. Although, this year unbeknownst to us something else was on the cards. To our incredulity, it turned out to be a nightmare. We were shaken, for how could this happen in our safe space.

But then amidst the chaos, I saw the most extraordinary thing happening: a revolution. A revolution, led by all girls. Students from all departments came together and took a stand against the patriarchal mindset that manifested itself in this horrifying incident. The mindset that was the root cause of mental, physical and emotional pain we students faced.

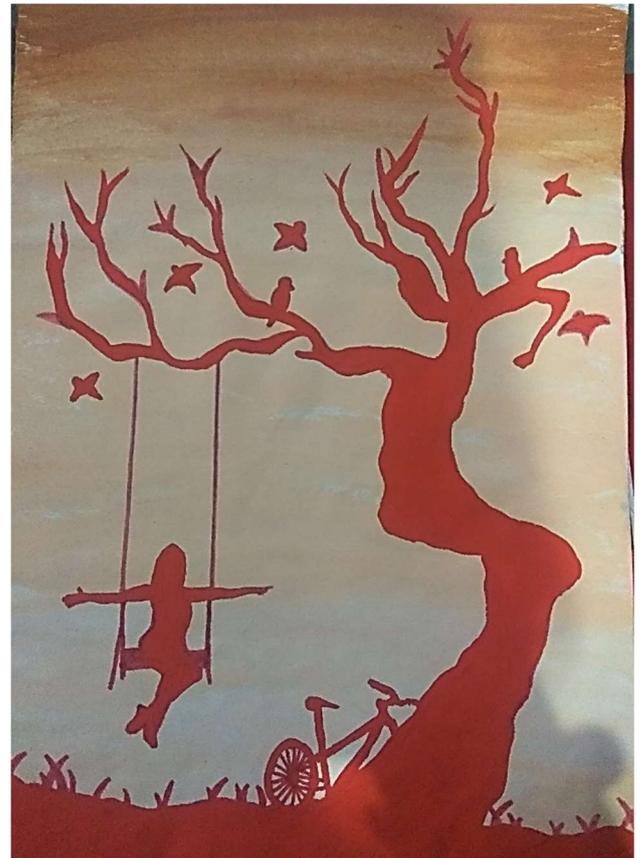
Ernest Hemingway rightfully said, "We all are broken, that's how the light gets in." Because in all those faces in arts quad, I saw a light so bright that paved the way to our hearts. I saw what feminism actually is. I witnessed one girl standing up for another whom she had never met in her life. Yet both understood how it was our duty, not just as girls but as humans also, to stand for each other.

And that's what we the students of Gargi did: we protested for each other, sitting there in the cold, we demanded answers for each other, we tried to help each other and above all we were, we are and we will be there for each other!

More power to all the students, more power to our teachers who supported us in

times of crisis, acting as our backbone and more power to you girls for reclaiming Gargi!

- Srishti Gulati, 2nd Year



Artwork by Aayushu Nandini, 1st Year

Call To Action

Plans! Yes, that's what you need to be successful. Don't just dream big, plan high and start executing stepwise.

And every successful person says wake up early and start your day by making your bed first. I know it's tough to wake up early. I know it's tough. I know you want to sleep more. I know you always skip to the next day with a promise.

But, time won't stop for you.

Wake up because someone else has already started to work on their dreams and if you will not realize it now, then



those people will hire you to accomplish their dreams.

Wake up, because someone else is leading you. They will laugh at you after years.

Wake up because it's not what you had asked for yourself. You are a queen and you deserve to live like that.

You know well, your goals are high. So what are you waiting for? Just kick the things out of your life that have nothing to do with your goals.

Stop blaming yourself for things that go wrong sometimes. Your time is precious. Utilize it. It will not wait for you. Your 'next day' promise will lead you to depression and failures.

I know it's hard. But I also know that you are a lion and you can achieve whatever you want. You just have to start working for it from now. So get up and start it.

- Aayshu Nandini, 1st Year

Discovery Of New Emotions In New City

Hardest part of teenager's life comes when they have to leave their home for studies. I also experienced the same while living, numerous kilometres away from my home town. When I entered this city which is totally different from my sacred state Jammu and Kashmir, that was

the very moment that gave me reality check of our society, culture, different perspectives, different way of living. Such complexities pushed me to explore and control my frustrations and anxieties. Though living in a strange city gives you lot of difficulties but toughest part of living alone is not just managing money and studies but handling your own emotions maturely. Me and my friends faced these kind of anxieties and stress and also showed the symptoms of depression that is feeling sad, stressed most of the day, decrease in appetite and weight loss, insomnia or sleeping often, feeling of worthlessness, inappropriate and excessive guilt, thoughts of death and suicide etc. Many a times I also felt emotionally weak, most of the time I tried to deal with it on my own, but through tough times when my feelings were irresistible, I talked to my department teachers who have been hugely supportive of me throughout, be it emotionally or mentally. The more people surrounding me made me feel that being with me is worthy the more I started spending time with myself. It is very important to be in touch with ourselves which we usually neglect. You should try to enjoy time when you are alone. I try to set my focus on small realistic goals and make them my priority, so every day I am learning something new from experiences and the city still gives me surprises each and every day.

- Ruhani, 3rd Year

I Found Myself

I thought I had no worth
Because things were not my way
Then I found myself
And then happened a miracle, let's say

I was alone,
I needed love.
Oh, but why from others?
So I put myself all of above.

I was quiet,
Never said a word.
Why so? I asked myself,
And now I talk absurd.

I was struggling
Wanted to be else
But who? So I looked up in mirror
And made me into myself.
- Rashmi Joshi, 2nd Year

संकल्प

कुछ करने की इच्छा , हमारी व्याकुलता
बन जाती है,

जब बढ़ने की कोशिश करते हैं, तो
कठिनाइयों की पगडंडियों में उलझ जाते हैं,
ये पथ कुछ ऐसा है , जिसमें विराम लगाना भी
सही नहीं है,

बिना सोचे निष्पूरता से लगे रहना है ।
हम कभी कभी उलझते ही जाते है
पर फिर पेड़ की डालियों की तरह सुलझना
पड़ता है।

हम एक ऐसे पथिक होते हैं ,
जिसे मंजिल तो पता है पर रास्ते में भटक जाते
है ॥

चलो इस सवेरे से वायदा करते हैं ,
और सूरज की किरणों कि तरह खुद को
निखारने की कोशिश करते हैं॥

- प्रिया निर्मल, 3rd Year

Solivagant

She has the spark in her veins,
To accentuate her presence
She has the fire gleaming inside
her,
To make everyone envy her
The beam of light shines within her
When she walks through the dark forest
Scattering traces of illumination so bright
Even the roots she had left behind cries
out for her.

When she was young
The shafted light of her dreams
Shone on her uplifted face
As she prayed...

•
Now she has grown up
Her wings ready to take a flight
To take her away from this labyrinth of life
To make her decision right...
- Ritika Mogha, 1st Year



The Blurred Line

“How are you still so much in shape? Even after the holidays! God! I wish I could have your level of self-control.”

“I know right! Can't believe I gained weight! And you lost a Kg! How do you even do it?” my friends asked me the day after summer vacations ended.

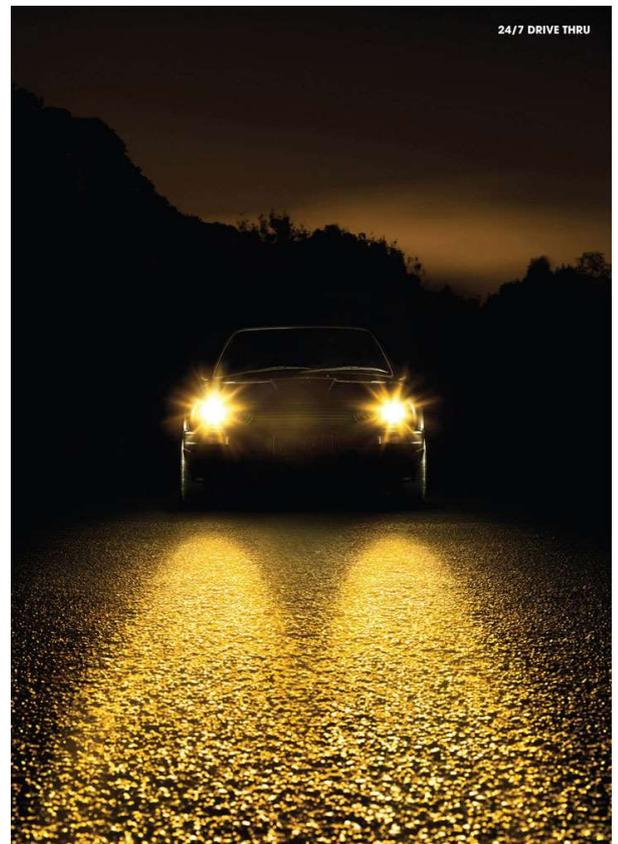
I smiled “Just eat healthy. It's not that hard.”

This was the appropriate answer. What people wanted to hear. They expect you to gush about how you endlessly spend your vacations pushing yourself to exercise, eat healthily, restrict cheat days and voila! You stay fit. Because that is how you lose weight.

They don't want to know how vacations are harder because you have time on your hands and food on your mind. They don't want to hear how the plans you had about waking up early and exercising were ruined because it's just impossible to push your body. They have no interest in listening to you rant about how you tried and tried not to indulge but gave in every time. It's meaningless to speak about the morning in the shower when you noticed the bloated belly. And after, when trying on a new top in the shop, it fit just a little tighter. When you noticed the arms a tad bit thicker and how your summer signature cropped top revealed a no longer flat stomach.

Nobody wants to know about the time when you went home and asked mom to give you one less Roti because since you're home these days and don't have to burn much energy you are not really hungry. Or the days that followed when everyone had pizza and you faked stomach ache. The days when it got hard and you gave in, ‘Just this time. I'm going to exercise the morning after’, and the guilt that followed you the whole day for those 3 slices of pizza. The times when the guilt turned in to this sinking feeling in the pit of your stomach, it grew and spread. Till the next time you saw a pizza you wanted to puke with just a look. The self-conditioning that shackled you, encompassing all that were ‘bad foods’, associating them with nausea and guilt. That even when you wanted to have just a bite of that hot Samosa to make up for a rainy day craving, the smell alone turned you away.

The time when for your cousin's wedding you had to lose weight no matter what, to have that celebrity flat stomach for once. How it didn't matter when every relative said it's already flat and refused to let you diet. The ways you had to lie and trick mom, steadily decreasing food intake. Evenings were the hardest, craving for snacks the strongest. How each evening you went to the kitchen, looked around at all the cookies, Maggi, chips, so much food in the fridge. But



Advertisement by McD

you just looked around, drank water till the stomach was full, hunger appeased and returned to your room.

The ecstasy when you stood on the scale and you were 47kg. Even though your face didn't look so shiny anymore, the skin a little bit duller. But you said, that is what makeup is for. The disappointment when you tried on the lehenga and the stomach still wasn't as flat and tight as you wanted but you had to make do.

They don't really care enough to know how you struggled and fought to drop the habit of starving yourself. How the weakness that you thought was just normal was there because you lost weight drastically and still continued with the 'healthy' habits. The constant tiredness and increased head rush. The day when mom talked to your cousin sister who is a doctor about your dizzy spells and she made you stop drinking the honey lemon water in the morning because it wasn't good anymore. How she asked you to have more sugar because you were having bouts of low blood pressure, how hard it was to oblige when sugar was the 'bad food'.

Who cares that it has been years and you now know what is actually healthy but still there are days when you eat the apple and pretend it's as tasty as the noodles your friends are having. You dropped the self-destructive habits but there are days when the self-conditioning kicks in, nausea and guilt follow. The time when you downloaded the 'Healthify Me' app, counting calories after each meal and you had to uninstall it because the anxiousness was coming back. The days when you fall back on old habits and it is so much easier to starve rather than exercise. There are days when you wish you could see yourself how other people saw you. Because you are not fat, you are not skinny or anorexic so what issues could you probably have?

But it is not the appropriate answer because people don't want to hear about your journey, they want to see the results.

And so I say *"Just eat healthy. It's not that hard."*

- Bhavika, 2nd Year



Bickering Light

Though we fight a lot
Still we love each other
We might scratch each other's
faces
As siblings
That's what we are supposed to do.
The mugs we used to fight for
Might have broken
But the arguments,
They still do happen.

You broke my pen,
You stole my pencil
These phrases are always constant.
But you are my main that's known
It's just too long to write I dunno how to
sum this up there's still a lot to write
You were good in maths
Not me, right?
But you also know you
Are the white bright light of my life
I know our bond will remain the same,
Beyond the end of time.

- Vaishali, 1st Year

My Scent

I am a student of B. El. Ed, I always thought it is something far from my passion for me to be in this profession as it doesn't have a corporate culture but lately I came to realize that the word teaching and learning in itself is an amalgamation of strong communication, optimism, belongingness, an always vitalizing environment letting students to strive ahead watching out small caterpillar coming out their cocoons is the most blissful feeling I can have and scaffolding them. Initially I used to think B. El. Ed is on the ramp from last 25 years but I couldn't see any change in schools in the wake of visiting schools but every single time I found it to be a traditional passive setup and unsatisfactory. Though, lately as a part of third year curriculum I was supposed to visit an innovative school and that visit I would say proved to be an upheaval as it stroked thousands of thoughts in me ranging from diversity or class, cognitive levels, curious nature, striving forward even after so much of diversity. At the end, all of the children deserve education. So, why only a student coming from a wealthy background should have such education? The experience didn't let me sleep I got down with fever seeing so much of difference between children of that school and children of govt.

or regular public schools. I went nuts and bonkers to analyse and to settle with my thoughts as it was continuously hitting me hard to strive to take actions and since this article is under the umbrella of theme Farozan, meaning



inner light so this experience brought the luminosity out of me that is why I have penned down my thought in coherence with Farozan, after going through many experiences of schools reading different scholars today I got the purpose of my life and could know I wasn't happy and satisfied before with teacher preparation. Nevertheless, now, I have the purpose of eradicating this difference in the society and once the chief of IMF illuminated me with the words of wisdom by saying that "inequality is the factor that shoves her to work, otherwise life would have no purpose", I couldn't agree more to it.

- Vani Rastogi, 3rd Year

Homeward's Song

There were times when I thought, more and more often, that I should go back. Back inside where my life was safe and content, at least that's what I was told. Anyhow, I stood there, out in the cold all by myself. It wasn't a lonely cold. Since childhood, I've always believed that as long as there are sunsets, moonlight, and snow, everything will eventually be okay and things will fall into place themselves. Nature has its own way and we have to trust in it. For now, it's not about any of those things galvanizing in your head.

'Hey, what are you doing here all by yourself?', I heard the footsteps approaching me softly from behind.

'Fresh air'

'I'm sorry about it. I want to-'

'Just don't. I'll be fine'

We both went silent and He stood there with me. Silence. Silence. And some more silence, till any of us say something. An hour passed away. He looked at me with those eyes. As if, He'd look on and on when everyone else would have stopped, making you feel minuscule and so important at the same time.

'Look I know Gramps and you were very close, don't you think you should say goodbye to him at his terminal stage'

I sighed. Of course, only my brother would come outside with me to console and be done with it under the same breath. I guess he always somehow made it better like that. To have someone who's more pragmatic with his words and notion. Like an end of the tunnel with its blinding light, it might be a little harsh on you at first but yet you keep walking towards it because you know it can never mean any harm to you. Perhaps in one way or another he is my light of that end and somewhere we both know it.

'Let's go. I'm ready', I said.

'You're okay?'

I nodded.

'I'll bring you some coffee let's get inside'

- Shreya Gupta, 1st Year

मैं
वो एक दिन,
वो एक दिन जब तुम मेरे करीब
आयी थी,
खुद को खुद के करीब लाई थी,
मेरी हंसी को, मेरी खुशी से

रूबरू करने लाई थी,
मेरे सुख का सार ढूँढ पाई थी,
वो तुम जब थोड़ा और करीब आयी थी,
मेरी ज़िन्दगी को ओस की बूंद
बना पाई थी,
वो तुम जब थोड़ा और करीब आयी थी,
खुद को खुद के करीब लाई थी,
मुझे तोडकर, मुझे समेटकर,
मुझे मुझ से मिलने आई थी,
खुशनसीब हूं में तुम्हे पाकर,
क्यूंकि तुम कोई और नहीं,
तुम मेरी अपनी रूह हो,
मेरी अपनी ज़िन्दगी हो,
तुम मैं हो!!

- साक्षी यादव, 2nd Year



Artwork by Bharti, 1st Year

Learning To Set Boundaries

In this long run of life, we meet new people and build attachment with them while we lose the same with some of those who we knew since long. We don't get the option to choose our family, but the decision of making friends is completely ours. They come in life with our permission only, those mad, cheerful, crazy folks who add different flavours to our life and make it really happening!

In this journey, I too found one for me, My Best Friend, in school. We were the famous two who were always found together. Those endless gossips, lively classes and the constitution of our friendship which we both made, everything felt so good and right together.

But some things don't continue for lifetime and so was our friendship.

There were things she didn't listen to and some that I didn't understand and after trying for long to make it work same as before, both of us realized it's better to move on.

Friendship is something which sets you free from all the restrictions, judgments and everything. And if it starts becoming a burden for you and you are not comfortable or happy you can say NO.

Sometimes it's okay to say NO.

The most important thing is to do what makes you happy, and that is how you can make others happy. It is not important that everything remains same, some things seems to be more pleasant and comforting in memories only. Self-love is most important and it's okay to say No for something which at certain point feels like burden.

- Anonymous



Journey To Embrace

I was from a girl's school and my school life was really traumatizing. Looking at other students used to really demotivate me. When I joined this college, I was really thinking to just mind my own business and tried to not connect with anyone. But after a few weeks, all things got so good. I really started enjoying the company of others. I really started loving all the members of my department. It's such a positive environment overall. We encourage and motivate each other all the time. B.El.Ed. is not only a course which deals with how to be a great teacher but it also teaches us about different life aspects. Our department has helped me a lot in knowing and loving myself more. I have started raising my voice without any fear, I have started expressing my views without the fear of being judged. I have started focusing more on enjoying every phase of my life. I just love seeing the strong women in my department. They all are my inspiration. I hope B.El.Ed. thrives to become a safe and loving space for everyone just like me.

- Harshita Bhardwaj, 2nd Year

To Me

We have all had our moments of darkness. The phase of life that we all want to omit or go back to.

“Take it easy, it’s all going to be alright.”

But if life was that easy; no one would get hurt. No one would feel pain.

We always try to forget that particular moment in life that could have changed everything. We escape, we run.

But what if we’re wrong? What if what we are trying so hard to escape needs to be confronted? Mustn’t we crave for that one opportunity where we want to go back and change everything?

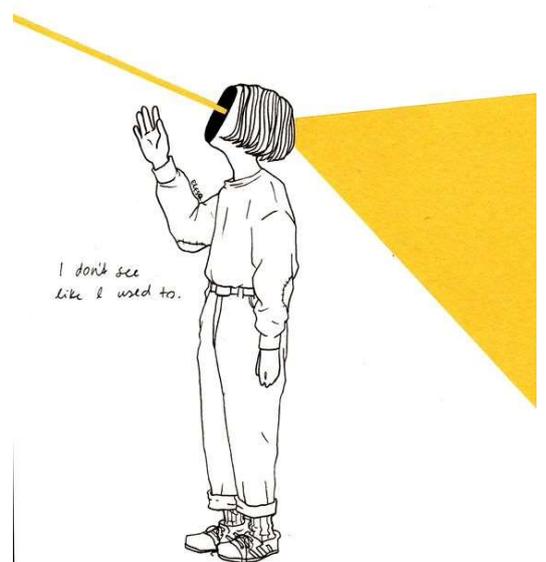
Wanting to go back to the 16-year-old me and supposedly what was the worst phase of my life, then. Wanting to explain that what might be a grave issue for you, is nothing as compared to what you’re going to be. Wanting to urge myself that there are better ways to deal with this. Don’t stop talking, don’t take those pills. Talk to someone, they will understand. Not everyone is bad after all, right? Wanting all that might never be possible but I play it in my mind at least once a day.

Who knew the way I was coping with everything would change me completely? Make me lose, resent myself. Leave scars so permanent that would make me question myself. Make me like one of those blank pages in a bestseller.

The ‘myself’ right now is foreign to all this. She doesn’t know pain. Neither does she care that much. To the current me, you are doing great. Never lose faith, no matter what. There are souls out there who actually care. Sometimes the ones you never knew. Other times those you’d never want to know. Just one hand to pull us back up or a little smile that would make a forget all. Time heals everything? Maybe. What if time flies but I keep breaking its wings? What if I don’t want to resent my 16-year-old self; hug her tight, hold her hand and walk with her through the rest of my life? There are a lot of questions that come to my mind. A lot of things I ask myself and a lot of questions I’m unsure if I really need answers to.

So here I am, still an open verse in this sea of poetry. A semicolon in a sonnet of misery. A dark night sky finding that source of moonlight that shines. Even though the moon is alone.

- Anonymous



Holding Onto The Entirety Of Tales And 'Ands'

This is a flashy day, with sun shining far too bright and I crave the sensation of rays hitting me in the eyes and blinding me for a little while. When you are standing behind the tinted shades unable to feel the heat you might realize the same eagerness and desperation. A little blindness helps you get through a little more without wavering. After all, it's the sun, the symbol of hope. I have witnessed things that might seem far too twisted and I am somewhere happy to have them printed on my psyche.

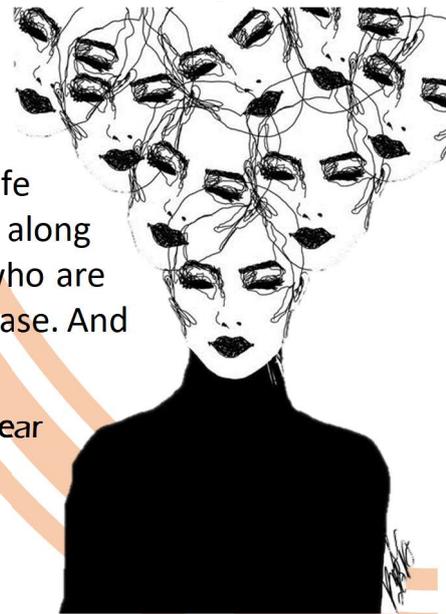
I have witnessed birds chew away fellow birds. And, people putting a timeline on their calendars for the days and dates they'll throw signals at the world to save them. But I have also witnessed the lovers being ignorant at their best. I have witnessed the dirt struck lives of those toys that young adults throw away while thinking about an adult life which is both, mundane and aimless. And, people believing that letting happiness go, letting innocence go will make them mature. Whilst I chuckle at the irony of that one old man living his best life while talking about the ways he loves his wife and the innocence dribble onto me through his eyes and those sweet sugary words. And I tell you that was the only time romanticism didn't feel fake while I am still reading real life. Thus, I never let go of it. Never let go of innocence.

I have witnessed people throwing looks at the side walkers while the latter talk over the phone about how their day went. I stand there waiting for maybe a twist to happen in my own life and then I realize, there it is. The person letting go and the person holding on. Both in the same space, rolling in similar clothes with the same hairstyles and I chuckle at the irony.

But then I look at the sky and all the birds that fly and the people sitting on the roadside still with a sweet smile. Oh, and the lady who sells toys smiling in disbelief as the same toy turns and trips. And though I hate winters when the cold air slip through my fingers as if it was always meant to do so, it feels as if a long lost euphoria strikes me. The smiles amidst the countless fake ones, that shines like it's going to be all fine and I believe in humanity. Yes, still. When the 'and(s)' end, I think it will be enough proof of the hope but they don't end. They never do. They never leave me be. So, how can I let go of them? How can I let go of the hope of having another 'and' in my collection of miracles?

And, ya another one, when the windowpane is covered in a little dirt, it doesn't evidently feel sad. It looks like the vintage screen and the things make a little more sense, just a little more. Whilst I smile at life because throw jokes at me all you want. I am going to laugh at them along with people who might have the same faith that I have and those who are willing to listen when I tell them stories a bit too fairy but way too at ease. And alas, I have witnessed myself saying and believing that 'I can't let go.'

- Shubhi Sharma, 2nd Year



Voice of Soul

What needs to come to you
Will come to you.

The fates decide
What you will be on,
But what matters is what you believe...

A rockabilly version
Of yourself is awaiting
The awakening of your soul.
Be extravagant in whatever you do.
Power of your soul
Will light your path
Journey ahead is pure love...

Love around us needs to
Awaken, felt and redistributed,
Love for each one and each type.
You will get what you desire.
Let yourself drown in the pure sea
Of compassion and desire.
Feel the passion, the need, the desire...
Take a plunge into it.

Your brains racked with emotions.
Deep down you know what you are...
Just once let yourself feel
The beauty and purity.
What you feel will someday be aroused.
Immerse yourself in

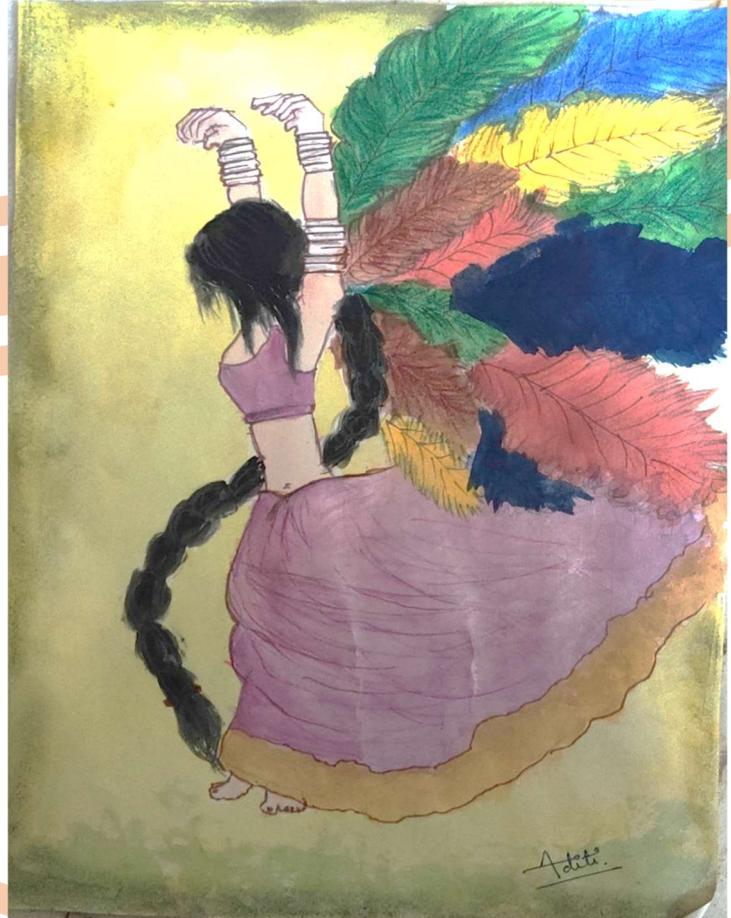
Deep sea of emotions.

Touch the emotion you need to
apprehend.

Lose yourself in the light of your
innocence.

Keep that little child in you alive
Carefree, Delirious and Exuberant.

- Rushali, 2nd Year



Artwork by Aditi Sharma, 2nd Year

About Failing

Failure- I think we face failure in our life one or more times, but we have been taught by the society that if you ever fail, you will not be able to achieve anything in life. We are always taught in life to never fail because if you fail you will never get a good university or get a good job. We have always been told by society

how to avoid failure, it has been embedded in our mind. Instead of considering failure as a natural part of life, we see it as very negative.

Nowhere is it written that we cannot fail. We do not fail unless we tell ourselves that we have failed. Failure is to be appreciated as the teacher it is. It shows us all the ways not to do certain things. As soon as we find ourselves unwilling to risk failure we stop learning. We all heard the expression that "it is not only from our successes that we learn, but also from our failures". This is as true as a hot stove plate burning your fingers.

I know that sadness is also a natural thing, But let me tell you one thing don't sit in the corner and think how many failures I have seen, do not think that the whole world is over now. Get up! Look at what you have done and try another approach. Failure teaches us to innovate.

Do not ever call yourself a failure. You'll program yourself and act accordingly. Always keep in mind that great successes were built on failure, frustration, and catastrophe. We have to stop thinking of failure as being something unacceptable and acknowledge it as being something vital for progress. We have to again live and do as if we can't fail.

Remember: You can't risk not trying just because you fear to fail.

- Mansi Prasad, 2nd Year

चाँदनी!

कुछ राज़ है इस चाँदनी में,
कुछ ख़ास है इस चाँदनी में,

यादों के ताले की गुम
चाबी भी,
है इस चाँदनी में

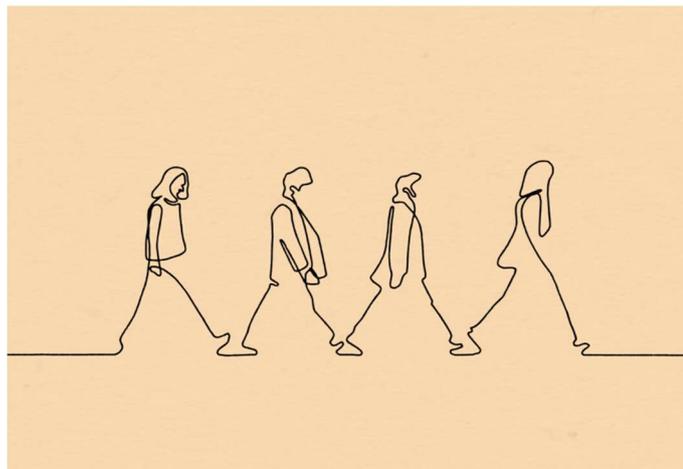
कुछ है खुशी भी
कुछ है गम, इस चाँदनी में,

नाउम्मीदगी के उम्मीद में
बदलने की वज़ह ,
भी है इस चाँदनी में

वक़्त के भी, वक़्त के
कुछ राज़
है महफूज़ इस चाँदनी में,

कुछ राज़ है इस चाँदनी में,
कुछ ख़ास है इस चाँदनी में

- सेह, 2nd Year





Grow And Glow From Within

This year was full of learning new things and growing more. Every time I hear someone saying "I wish I could be a part of B.El.Ed." is now one of the proudest moments for me and it makes me realize how awesome it is that I chose this wonderful ladder to climb my mountain of dreams. This year's self-development workshops were the most productive period when I started exploring myself, finding new ways and many solutions to all my different problems. Looking at everything, every aspect of life more positively and patiently. In these workshops, I not only explored myself but also I got to know a lot about my friends and classmates how they are, how they see things, how much problems they face, things they like or dislike, and how they are a lot different from what I thought they were. Talking about self-development workshops and not mentioning the place where we went will not be fair. So we went

to THE GNOSTIC CENTRE, PALAM FARMS, which was my happy place then. The environment there was so peaceful and positive that the moment I enter, all my worries and tensions were left behind. The period I spent there was the happiest and relaxing. Many things which we were just studying for two years I saw there practically. I always thought how these things could be applied in reality because they seem so difficult but when we visited the school L'avenir, I could actually observe how things should be done, how beautiful it is to study in that environment. Not only study but to fathom how teaching there would feel like.

- Aditi Sharma, 2nd Year

Journey To Introspection

Aristotle said "Knowing yourself is the beginning of all wisdom". This means that you need to know who you are then everything is open to you. People are struggling to find their true identity because of this spontaneous world in which we live.

I am a person who enjoys singing and it cheers me up every time I feel low. Time changed me a lot. I have grown into a new person, strong and confident. There was a time when I used to get nervous whenever I was to travel alone. It used to be a big task for me to travel all alone but now, I am confident and calm. Maybe my environment started whirling a wind of self-awareness in me. With time I have also started loving myself which in my opinion everyone should do.

In the future, I will be a teacher and tell my students to accept who you are because motivation is the best gift you can give to your soul and mind every day. There was a time when I was really affected of what others would think about me but since I discovered myself, I feel proud of myself and I don't think about these things anymore!

Just aim to achieve your goals and keep on moving in your life!!

- Sneha, 1st Year

Too Young

Even or maybe it was Twelve
You said you never wanted me
For the very first time
That the fault was all mine

And shrivelled with your words
I slowly started plucking off the petals I
adored,
that you didn't like
Naively hoping someday, may be some
day I'd be good enough to please your
eyes.

Thirteen or maybe it was Fourteen
I used to look at others
Seeking answers to questions
I didn't want to ask
So to avoided the truth, I lied to myself
That that's how it is with everyone.

I was wrong.
So wrong.

Fifteen or maybe Sixteen
I didn't know what to say
I didn't know what to feel
But kept holding on to us just to feel like,
I had something

Even though that something was the very
nothing that made me feel so empty.
So shallow.

Seventeen or maybe it was Eighteen
My wounds still hurt when you scratch
them occasionally
I know the healing will come slowly,
But definitely.
But I hate myself for still bleeding,
for still feeling the pain.

Poured all the love I had
To plant some love in your heart.
But blinded by the stupid need to be
validated by you
I refused to realise you were a rock,
all along.

Nineteen or maybe it was Twenty
The need to please you has dried up
I no longer want myself to change
No longer believe in your false claims

So I cut off the strings of my heart
That led to you
And finally I've learned to let go.
I became my own saviour because I
realised it's futile to wait for my rescue by
the very hands that destroyed me.

I wonder sometimes
Did somebody hurt you too
Why didn't you save yourself?
- Sonali Rawat, 2nd Year



My Way to Illumination

Farozan or luminance means things that lead you to enlightenment. Everyone has their way from darkness to light.

"Look at how a single candle can both defy and define the darkness" - Anne Frank

For me, the 'candle' is my books. They are the most important things to me. People who know me, know about my love for books. For those, who don't, why not know me via the importance books have in my life?

Books not only took me towards enlightenment, they led me to discover myself. Be it the different kinds of fictional worlds like the world of Oz, Hogwarts, Ketterdam, Narnia or be it non-fictional books starting from autobiographies to memoirs. Fiction takes you to places whereas nonfiction tells you more about YOUR place or more like tells you more about reality. Fiction introduces you to different characters, boosts your level of imagination and nonfiction introduces you to great people and their great ideologies. It helps you live your life better.



My habit of reading started because of my mom in fourth standard. She insisted me to join a book club in my school in which I was not at all interested initially. But eventually, I got the hang of it and I started reading occasionally.

I discovered that reading actually is my passion in eleventh standard and I truly discovered myself. Before, I read comics, short stories or some classics for my English classes. Slowly, they became a crucial part of my life and then I couldn't resist my urge to read more and more. Reading books became a part of me. True, there were times when I didn't feel like reading but at the end of the day, what set my mind right was a good book and a cup of coffee.

I realized all this mainly when huge winds of anxiety started hitting me frequently. I needed something that would distract me and well look, books to the rescue!

"Books are lighthouses erected in the great sea of time." - E. P. Whipple

- Priyal Grover, 1st Year

Regaining Control

Success and failure are two sides of a coin that go side by side; one is incomplete without the other. It is like, as if these two, very important aspects of our lives, are tied in a matrimony. Yes, failure is as important as success. It is on us whether we take that failure as a source of motivation to do better or as a source of confrontation.

*Yes, failure echoes in my ears.
The essence of losing everything and
Sometimes, everyone.
It occurs to me sometimes that
I cannot do it.
But through the other times, I
know I am really good at being
Myself,
And that is where I regain control.
--Mukhpreet Khurana*

Indeed, failure is not easy to handle. The constant guilt of what we could have done, or what if we did it in some other way, or why we did that thing, or perhaps, we didn't give our one hundred percent, is very consuming. The constant fear of what people would say or think and them leaving us for someone with success, eats up our peace. Imagine a shore which never got devoid of the presence of the water and suddenly had to endure drought; got the feeling? That is exactly how people leaving you for someone better feels like. We know what exactly is happening but cannot do anything because ultimately, the choice is theirs. People leaving

you at the time when you need them the most does not show that you are weak. It just proves that nothing is constant in life except 'me'. Sun is alone too still, it shines. You just need to believe in yourself.

The rays of the sun are never the same over the course of a day's time. Sometimes, it is as bright as fire and, sometimes, as dim as a fusing bulb. Yet, the sun never gives up because it believes and knows what capabilities it has. Trusting our own capabilities is the key. It does not matter what others think or say or do, what matters the most is what we think, say and do. Once we stop expecting things from others and start fulfilling our own expectations, many of our problems will be solved that moment itself. We must control the wheel of our life's car and that control should not be disturbed due to the interference by others. That's how and that's when we will regain control; control on our actions, control on our thoughts, control on our own expectations and control on our own lives. Once you have the control, everything will fall into its place automatically, be it people or destiny.

- Cheshta Abrol, 1st Year

The spectacle

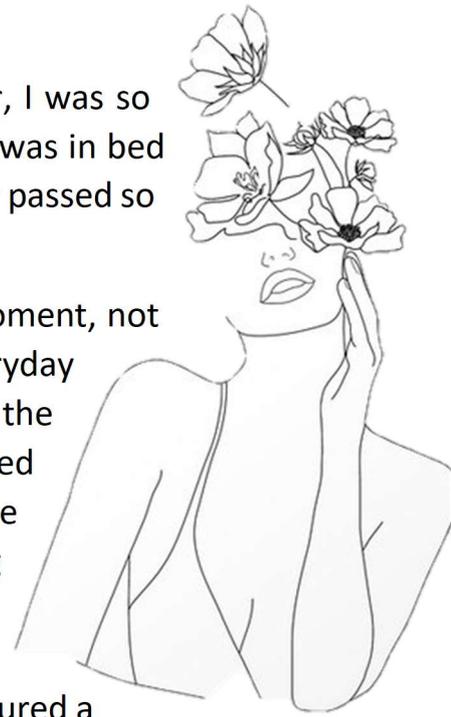
"One incident can change your life."

I always heard this but couldn't understand it properly. How can just a single small incident change anyone? This happened to me in the month of July 2019. I was overweight by 4 kilograms. So I decided to join a gym nearby in January 2019, I lost 3 kilograms in 2 months and I was more than excited. I was already dreaming of a figure that I had wanted to achieve and now it was coming true. Months passed and I started to have pain running from my waist to legs. I could hardly stand for more than half an hour. This never happened, this was during my 2nd-year exams. So I ignored it. After my exams, I started to feel that pain had worsened. Now my back was hurting whenever I stand for a couple of minutes. First I thought it might be because of the gym, the sweet pain we feel after exercise. For a break, I went to my relatives in Himachal. As days passed, the pain was worsening.

I was back home, went to a doctor and had an MRI scan. The doctor showed the results and explained that I had ruptured my two discs (herniated docs), L4 and L5 so bad that I could

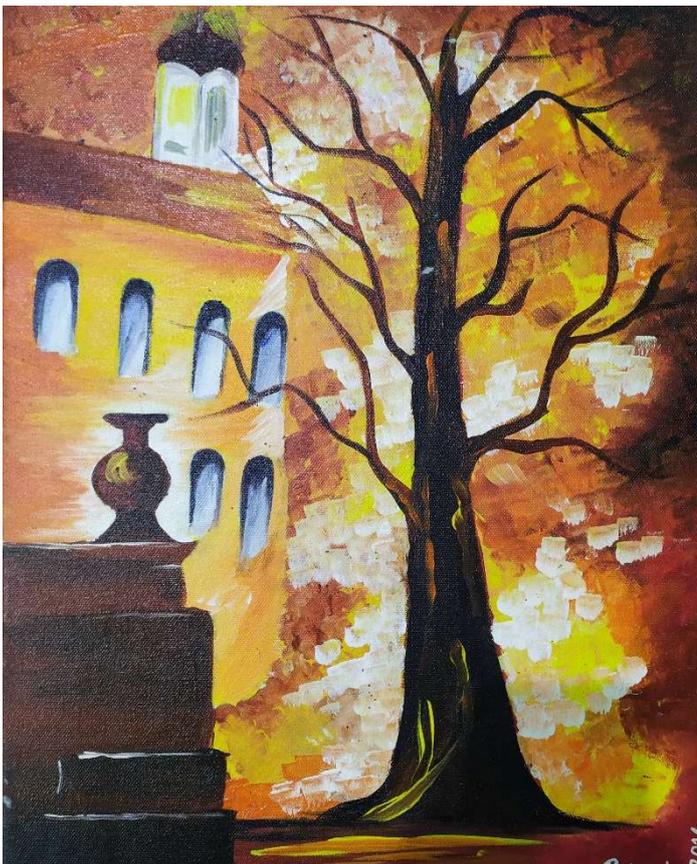
have paralyzed my legs. I couldn't hear anything else he told later, I was so shocked. I went home cried hard, my parents were in shock too. I was in bed for a complete year. Experienced a lot of ups and downs, time never passed so slowly, I cried a lot, I learned a lot (about life).

For the past 20 years, I was doing everything without living the moment, not cherishing people and things I have got without any struggle. Everyday life seemed so boring and that year I wished so hard to go back to the BORING life. Walking, standing, sitting that I took for granted seemed such a blessing. Meeting my friends, teachers and standing in the crowded metro in between random people. Somehow I was missing those random strangers, I never thought I am able to do that. I never failed any exam but I couldn't write my finals last year. It was hard to accept. But I handled it better than I imagined. Maybe I matured a bit this year. Lying on the bed, thinking of my past, I realized a lot. And this MISSING year of my life is not so missing after all. I think I needed this pause in my life although the pain came free.



Every day of our lives that we spend without living it, not realizing how blessed we are to be able to be in that normal life. I survived that year to come out as a stronger and more positive person. I'm more thankful for every little moment in life. It's like I started a new life. It's not pain-free or free of sadness but I found my spectacles from which I can see things with a new point of view. Being positive and happy in whatever situation I'm in. Everyone finds the spectacle of life, earlier the better. I read this quote somewhere and now I lived it. "Hard times don't create heroes. It is during the hard times when the 'hero' within us is revealed."

- Vaishali, 3rd Year



Artwork by Priyal Grover, 1st Year

ट्रैफिक सिग्नल

मोनिका की कार जैसे ही चौराहे पर पहुंची ट्रैफिक सिग्नल रेड हो गया। और वो हमेशा की तरह जल्दी में थी। उसने गुस्से में हाथ स्टेरिंग पर मार दिया। मगर इससे लाइट को हरा होना तो नहीं था ना। वो तो पूरे ३० सेकंड के लिए लाल हुई थी, उल्टा उसके हाथ की दो चार चूड़ियाँ टूटकर चुभ गयी कलाईयों पर, ज़रा सा खून भी निकल गया।

"उफ़! आज का दिन ही ख़राब है।"

सुबह दूध फट गया तो ब्लैक टी से काम चलाना पड़ा, जबकि उसको खूब गाढ़े दूध की चाय पसंद है, वो भी मलाई मार के। अब तक आलस आ रहा था और उसका मूड भी ख़राब था। ऊपर से लाल सिग्नल। झल्ला गयी मोनिका। तभी कार के कांच पर एक छोटे से लड़के ने अपनी उँगलियाँ धर दी। जैसे ही मोनिका की नज़र उसपर पड़ी, वो

मुस्कुरा दिया और सुबह का ताज़ा अखबार खिड़की से चिपका दिया। मोनिका ने गुस्से से उसको देखा और हाथ से भाग जाने का इशारा किया। वो नाक सिकोड़कर चिरोरी करने लगा। मोनिका को और गुस्सा आ गया। तबतक सिग्नल हरा हो गया और मोनिका ने ज़ोर से हॉर्न मारा। लड़का डरके पीछे हो गया, उसने गाड़ी बढ़ा दी। उसे आज भी स्कूल के लिए देर हो गयी थी। जैसे ही आज कल के लोगों की दिनचर्या थी वैसे ही उसकी भी। रात भर कंप्यूटर पर बैठना और जाने क्या क्या करना, फिर आता नींद का नंबर। सुबह वक़्त से आँख तो खुलने से रही। खैर उसके बावाजूद भी अपनी नयी नयी अध्यापिका की नौकरी में खुश थी मोनिका। बच्चों के बीच बच्चे बने रहने का भरपूर मौका जो मिल रहा था। टैफिक लाइट पर मिला वो लड़का मोनिका अगले दिन भी दिखा, और फिर उसके अगले दिन भी। वही साँवले चेहरे पर चमचमाती बत्तीसी, टुकुर टुकुर ताकती आंखें, और वही नाक सिकोड़के चिरोरी। मोनिका को एक दिन गुस्सा आ गया।

“नहीं लेना पेपर, रोज़ मुफ्त में मिल जाता है स्कूल में।”
तभी उसने फिर शीशा खटखटाया। मोनिका ने कांच नीचे किया, गुस्से में पूछा।

“पेपर लेलो दीदी। दुनिया की सारी खबरें हैं इसमें, आपको भी पता होना चाहिए ना।”

“अच्छा, मुझे ज्ञान दे रहा है? चल भाग।”

मोनिका ने कांच ऊपर करते हुए कहा। सिग्नल ग्रीन हो गया था। स्कूल में जाते ही मेज़ पर पड़े अखबारों के ढेर पर नज़र गयी। मोनिका ठिठकी।

“वाकई मुझे नहीं पता क्या हो रहा है दुनिया में।”

उस बच्चे की मुस्कराहट मोनिका के होठों पे भी खिल गयी। कोई ॥॥ साल का रहा होगा वो बच्चा। मगर उम्र से कितना समझदार लगता था। ऐसे कितने लोग टैफिक सिग्नल पर मिलते हैं मगर कहाँ याद रह पाते हैं। गोद में छोटे छोटे बच्चे लिए औरतें, गर्मियों में कार के शीशे पर काली पन्नी लगाने वाली औरतें, गुब्बारे वाले, तिरंगा बेचने वाले, ऐसे ही जाने कितने ही लोग एक आध मिनट के लिए रुकने वाली गाड़ियों के आस पास मंडराते हैं। वाकई टैफिक सिग्नल की भी एक छोटी दी दुनिया होती है।

उस रोज़ मोनिका की नींद जल्दी खुल गयी। फटाफट तैयार होकर वो निकलने लगी तो देखा अभी ५॥ मिनट बाकी हैं। सो वो बरामदे में बैठकर अखबार पढ़ने लगी। गुलज़ार साहब को दादासाहब फाल्के पुरस्कार मिला था। सुर्खियों पर वो सरसरी नज़र डालकर वो निकल पड़ी। उस दिन फिर चौराहे के सिग्नल पर कार रुकी और वो लड़का शीशे पर उंगलियां टीकाकार खड़ा हो गया। मोनिका ने शीशा नीचे किया, उसकी आंखें चमक उठी। वो पेपर आगे बढ़ता इससे पहले मोनिका ने कहा।

“गुलज़ार को दादासाहब फाल्के पुरस्कार। यही है न पेपर में? मुझे भी पता है क्या हो रहा है दुनिया में।”

“अच्छा! आईपीएल के कल के मैच में कौन जीता?”

लड़के ने सवाल दगा, तभी सिग्नल हरा हुआ और उसने फुर्ती से कार दौड़ाई।

“बाबा रे! कितना चालाक लड़का है। अपना अखबार बेचने के लिए मेरा ६६ टेस्ट लेने पे तुला हुआ है।”

स्कूल पहुँचते ही मोनिका ने खेल की दुनिया पर नज़र डाली। अगली सुबह तैयार होते हुए उस लड़के का ख्याल मोनिका के मन में आया। सिग्नल पर पहुँचते ही उसने नज़र इधर उधर दौड़ाई, तभी लड़का आकर खड़ा हो गया। मोनिका ने पर्स खोलकर पैसे निकले और उससे अखबार ले लिया। लड़के की बाछें खिल गयी। इतना खुश कोई एक अखबार बेचके हो सकता है? यह उसने नहीं सोचा था कभी।

“थैंक यू दीदी” वो चहका।

मोनिका मुस्कुरा दी। आज उसको एक अजीब सा सुकून मिला था। इसी तरह वो लड़का रोज़ मिलता था, बिना नागा किये। वो रोज़ उससे अखबार खरीदती, बिना नागा किये। और अगर कभी सिग्नल हरा मिलता तो मोनिका गाड़ी धीमी कर लेती और चौराहे तक पहुँचते पहुँचते सिग्नल फिर लाल हो जाता और दोनों की छोटी सी मुलाकात मुक्कबाल हो जाती। शुरू में वो हर रोज़ उससे एक सवाल पूछती और वो जवाब देता। इससे ज़्यादा वक़्त मिलता भी कहाँ था उनको।

“क्यों रे, क्या नाम है तेरा?”

“आकाश” उसने बड़े गर्व से कहा।

“अरे वह! यह तोह मेरा पसंदीदा नाम है।” अगले रोज़ मोनिका के बोलने से पहले ही आकाश बोलै बैठा।

“आपका नाम क्या है दीदी?”

वो मुस्कुराई, “मोनिका”

“ओह! मगर यह मेरा पसंदीदा नाम नहीं है।”

“अच्छा, तोह तुम कहो तो नाम बदल लून।” मोनिका ने उसको छेड़ा।

झंपता हुआ भाग गया आकाश। मोनिका सोचने लगी, यूँ रह चलते कभी मैंने पहली बार अपने जीवन में पहली बार किसी को अपना नाम बताया होगा। वार्ना किसी बस या ट्रेन में कहाँ किसी से बात करने की कभी कोशिश की। न किसी से नाम पता पूछा, ना खुद बताया। मगर ना जाने क्यों यह नन्ह सा लड़का बड़ा अपना सा लगता है। बेहद आत्मविश्वासी और ईमानदार भी। मोनिका बड़ी प्रभावित थी उससे। तभी घंटी बज गयी और मोनिका क्लास की ओर चल दी।

अगले दिन मोनिका का सवाल था।

“आकाश, तू पढ़ता लिखता भी है या यहीं सड़कों पर अखबार बेचते फिरता है?” उसके लहज़े में आकाश के लिए फिक्र थी।

“हाँ पढ़ता हूँ न दीदी। पापा की तन्खा से काम नहीं चलता इसीलिए सुबह सुबह यह काम करता हूँ, फिर बस्ती के स्कूल जाता हूँ, फिर घर आके पढ़ता भी हूँ, अखबार भी पढ़ता हूँ। अपनी कक्षा में प्रथम आता हूँ हमेशा।” उसने शान से गर्दन ऊँची करके कहा।

“शाबाश” मोनिका मुस्कुरा दी।

अगले दिन सुबह तैयार होते समय मोनिका की नज़र बुकशेल्फ पे पड़ी। उसने एक शब्दकोष, एक इनसाइक्लोपीडिया और कुछ कहानी की किताबें अपने थैले में ठूस ली आकाश के लिए। किताबें देखकर बच्चा खुशी से उछाल पड़ा। उसकी आँखों में पढ़ने की खूब इच्छा दिखाई देती थी।

“थैंक यू दीदी” वो चिल्लाता हुआ भाग गया।

आज वो पेपर देना ही भूल गया था। बच्चे आखिर बच्चे ही होते हैं। मोनिका ने एक्सेलरेटर पे पैर दबा दिया। हर दिन घर से निकलते समय मोनिका एक आध सवाल सोच लेती जो वो आकाश से पूछना चाहती थी। जिससे वो उस एक मिनट के सीमित समय में वो उसके बारे में ज़्यादा से ज़्यादा जान पाए आकाश के बारे में।

“क्यों आकाश, तू क्या यहीं आस पास रहता है? इतनी सुबह आ जाता है हर रोज़।”

“हाँ दीदी मैं यही ब्रिज के नीची वाली बस्ती में रहता हूँ। आप कौनसे स्कूल में पढ़ाती हैं?” शायद वो भी घर से सवाल तैयार करके आता था। मोनिका मुस्कुराई।

“मॉडल स्कूल”

सिग्नल ग्रीन हुआ। मोनिका को ऐसा लगा जैसे कैदियों को मिलने का वक़्त तै रहता है ना वैसे ही आकाश की उससे मिलने की समय सीमा भी तै थी...॥॥ सेकंड।

घर से मोनिका का स्कूल तकरीबन ॥किमि था। और यह सिग्नल घर से १/किमी पर था, यही घर से आधा रास्ता वो आकाश से मिलने की उम्मीद लिए काटटी और बाक़ी का आधा, उससे हुए संवाद के बारे में सोचते हुए। उसे ध्यान आया की जिस बस्ती के बारे में आकाश बात कर रहा है वो पुल के नीचे बसी है। वहाँ एक और फ्लाईओवर बनना प्रस्तावित है इसीलिए वो बस्ती कभी भी हटाई जा सकती है। मोनिका ने मन ही मन दुआ की के आकाश का घर हमेशा सलामत रहे। अनजाने ही उस लड़के की कितनी फिक्र होने लगी थी मोनिका को। वह खुद हैरान थी आकाश के प्रति अपने इस झुकाव पर।

अगले रोज़ कार रुकते ही मोनिका ने पूछा।

“अच्छा यह बता तूने कैसे जाना के मैं स्कूल में पढ़ाती हूँ? मैंने तोह कभी नहीं बताया तुझे।”

“अरे इतनी सुबह क्या कोई ऑफिस लगता है? सारे अच्छे स्कूल सुबह सुबह ही लगते हैं।” वो ज्ञानियों की तरह बोले जा रहा था।

“क्यों तेरा स्कूल अच्छा नहीं है क्या?” मोनिका ने टोका।

“तू तो यहाँ सिग्नल पर भटकता रहता है।

एक पल को बच्चा मायूस हो गया। एक हल्का सा उदास बादल मानो उसके उत्साह पर पानी फेर गया हो। मगर अगले ही पल खिल गया इंद्रधनुष।

“नहीं नहीं बोहोत अच्छा स्कूल है। मैं जो पढ़ता हूँ वहाँ। और प्रथम आता हूँ हमेशा।” दोनों खिलखिलाकर हंसने लगे।

सिग्नल पर आकाश से मिलने मोनिका की आदत बन चुकी थी और आजतक एक भी दिन ऐसा नहीं बीता जब आकाश उससे न मिला हो। मोनिका जब उसको देखती तब उसकी आँखें पढ़ने का प्रयास करती मगर वह कभी उदास नहीं दिखता था। जीवन के प्रति गज़ब का उत्साह था उसका और एक सकारात्मकता भी। कभी कभी एक साधारण सा इंसान भी आपको बड़े बड़े पाठ पढ़ने की क्षमता रखता है और आकाश वैसे ही बच्चा था। अक्सर जब कोई सवाल जवाब नहीं कर रहे होते दोनों तो आकाश कोई गीत गुनगुनाता रहता।

“बड़ा मीठा गाते हो तुम!” मोनिका कहती।

“बस्ती का किशोर कुमार हूँ।” वो गाने को बीच में रोक कर कहता।

“कमाल का लड़का है। अपनी तारीफ खुद भी करने से बाज़ नहीं आता।” उसका खिलाड़पाना भी ऐसा था के बस प्यार आ जाए। उस रोज़ सुबह मोनिका सोकर उठी तो सर दर्द से भन्ना रहा था। माँ चाय देने आयी तो उसको बिस्तर पे पड़ा देखकर हैरान हो गयी। माथे पर हाथ रख कर बोली।

“अरे तुझे तो बुखार है। चेहरा भी कितना उतरा हुआ है।”

“हाँ माँ बिकूल अच्छा नहीं लग रहा है। लगता है आज छुट्टी लेनी पड़ेगी।”

“हाँ तो लेलेना छुट्टी।” माँ ने कहा।

“कौनसे तेरे न जाने से स्कूल में ताले पद जाएंगे”

मोनिका के दिमाग में ट्रैफिक सिग्नल वाला चौराहा घूम गया। आज मुझे न देखके आकाश शायद उदास हो जाये। या क्या पता ध्यान ही ना दे। सोचते सोचते मोनिका उदास हो गयी। दो दिन के बाद मोनिका को सिग्नल पर देखते ही आकाश की बाँछें खिल गयीं।

“आप कहाँ चले गए थे दीदी? दो दिन मुझे ज़रा भी अच्छा नहीं लगा। ना काम करने में मैं लगा ना पढ़ाई में।”

“थोड़ी तबियत खराब थी आकाश। क्या करती मैं?” मोनिका ने प्यार से कहा।

“मुझे लगा ही था के आप बिना कारण छुट्टी नहीं लगे। मैं भी नहीं लेता। 100% हाज़िरी होती हैं मेरी।” वह फिर इतराया।

मोनिका ने हँसते हँसते गाड़ी आगे बढ़ा दी। आकाश की बात से मोनिका का मन भर आया। कितना अनोखा रिश्ता बन गया था दोनों के बीच। एक अदृश्य सी डोर से बंधा स्नेह का रिश्ता। मोनिका अपनी क्लास में पहुंचके, अटेंडेंस रजिस्टर खोल के बच्चों के नाम पुकारने लगी। आज पहली बार उसने ध्यान दिया की उसकी क्लास में आकाश नाम के तीन बच्चे थे और उनसे उसने कभी नहीं कहा था की आकाश उसका पसंदीदा नाम है। रजिस्टर बंद करके मोनिका पढ़ने की तैयारी करने लगी। ॥ बच्चों की क्लास में एक ने भी नहीं पूछा की, 'मैम आप दो दिन क्यों नहीं आये?'

बल्कि उसने दो लड़कों को फुसफुसाते हुए सुना के,

"यार इतनी जल्दी ठीक हो गयीं यह। दो चार दिन और पड़ी रहती तोह क्या चला जाता?"

फिर दोनों अपनी हथेलियों से मुँह दबाकर हसने लगे। अगले दिन घर से निकलने से पहले मोनिका ने फ्रिज से कुछ चॉकलेट्स निकलकर आकाश के लिए रख लीं। उसकी छोटी छोटी हथेलियों पर अखबार के पैसों के साथ उसने चॉकलेट्स भी रख दी। उसका चेहरा खिल गया।

"आज क्या आपका हैप्पी बर्थडे है?" उसने पूछा।

"नहीं आज नहीं। ॥ फरवरी को आता है। तेरा कब आता है?" आकाश हंसने लगा। "आज ही है।"

सिग्नल हरा हो गया। मोनिका उसका चेहरा ताकती रही। पीछे से गाड़ियों की आवाज़ से उसका ध्यान टूटा और उसने गाड़ी आगे बढ़ाई। सारे दिन वह सोचती रही, क्या सचमें आज उसका जन्मदिन था या वो यहीं कह रहा था। अगले दिन उसने गाड़ी रुकते ही सवाल दाग दिया।

"सच बता! क्या कल तेरा वाकई जन्मदिन था? या बुद्धू बना रहा था अपनी दीदी को?"

"मुझे क्या पता दीदी कब है मेरा जन्मदिन। उसी दिन माँ मर गयी थी तो किसी ने तारिख याद ही नहीं रक्खी। दीदी मैं बड़ा होकर डॉक्टर बनूँगा और किसी की माँ को मरने नहीं दूँगा।"

उसकी आवाज़ में उदासी थी मगर अगले ही पल वो फिर हंसने लगा। "इसलिए किसी भी दिन मुझे चॉकलेट या केक मिल जाता है मैं उसी दिन को अपना जन्मदिन समझ लेता हूँ। अच्छा विचार है न दीदी?"

वो पूछ रहा था। मोनिका ने पूछा कुछ नहीं। बस कुछ सोचती हुई चल दी वहां से।

उस दिन सिग्नल पर रुकते ही आकाश के शीशे खटखटाने लगा।

"अरे ठहर ना! क्या कांच तोड़ेगा?"

मोनिका ने शीशे उतारते हुए कहा। आकाश ने मुट्ठी भर चॉकलेट मोनिका के हाथ पर रख दी। उसका चेहरा चमक रहा था।

"अरे आज मेरा जन्मदिन थोड़ी है। क्यों लाया चॉकलेट?"

"दीदी आज मेरी परीक्षा का परिणाम आया है और प्रथम आया हूँ मैं। सभी विषयों में पूरे पूरे नंबर मिले हैं मुझे।"

उसका सीना चौड़ा हुआ जा रहा था। मोनिका भी बहुत गर्व महसूस कर रही थी।

"खूब आगे जाओ। तुम्हारे जीवन में कभी लाल सिग्नल न आये।" मोनिका ने उसको आशीर्वाद दिया।

घर पहुँचते ही मोनिका ने माँ और पापा को उस बच्चे के बारे में विस्तार से बताया। पहले भी वह ज़िक्र कर चुकी थी और तब पापा ने दांत दिया था की,

"ध्यान रखना के कहीं पर्स उठाकर या चेन खींचकर ना चला जाए।"

तो उसके बाद मोनिका ने उसका ज़िक्र घर में करना ही छोड़ दिया था। मोनिका के पिता शहर के नामी बिल्डर थे। पैसे और पहुँच की कोई कमी नहीं थी।

"पापा मैंने आपको वो आकाश के बारे में बताया था ना।"

"कौन आकाश?"

"अरे पापा वो ट्रैफिक सिग्नल वाला बच्चा। और आप कुछ कहें इससे पहले मैं बता दूँ की इन ॥७७ महीनों में मैंने हर दिन उससे बात की है। कभी उसने कोई बदमाशी नहीं की कई। वो बहुत ही प्यारा, होनहार और मेहनती लड़का है पापा।"

"ठीक है तो तुम आखिर चाहती क्या हो?"

"पापा वो झुग्गी बस्ती के स्कूल में पढ़ता है। दिन भर पैसे बेचकर पैसे कमाता है और फिर भी क्लास में प्रथम आता है।"

"अच्छा!" अब उसके पापा ने भी कुछ दिलचस्पी दिखाई।

"तो पापा मैं चाहती हूँ की वो किसी अच्छा स्कूल में पढ़े। बल्कि पापा मैं चाहती हूँ की आकाश मेरे स्कूल में पढ़े।"

"कैसी बातें करती हो मोनिका! ऐसे कितने बच्चे सिग्नल पर घूम रहे हैं। सबका ठेका हम नहीं ले सकते ना बेटा।" पापा भुनभुनाये।

"सबका नहीं पापा, सिर्फ आकाश का।"

मोनिका के पापा ने फिर अखबार में अपना सर घुसा लिया। मोनिका चुप चाप वहां से उठ गयीं। उसका दिमाग सारी रात उधेड़ बुन में लगा रहा की आखिर किस तरह वो आकाश की मदद करे और क्या उसका यह फैसला सही है? क्या आकाश उसकी उम्मीदों पे खरा उतरेगा? इन्हीं ख्यालों में उलझी हुई मोनिका की नींद लग गयीं। सुबह उठने से लेके ट्रैफिक सिग्नल तक वक्त मानो पल में बीत गया। ट्रैफिक सिग्नल पर पहुंची तो आकाश मिला। वैसा ही आत्मविश्वास भरा मुस्कराता चेहरा। आज उसके साथ एक

लड़का और था। आकाश से छोटा मगर सूरत से बड़ा चंचल लग रहा था। आकाश ने कहा,

“यह राजू है दीदी। मेरे पड़ोस में ही रहता है। इसकी भी माँ नहीं है तो पूरे दिन आवारा गर्दी करता फिरता है। आज से मैं इसको अपने साथ रखूँगा। और मेरे अध्यापक ने भी इसको भी स्कूल में दाखिला दे दिया है। मैंने अपनी पुरानी किताबें भी दे दी है इसको।” सिग्नल हरा हो गया। जब यह छोटा सा लड़का अपने स्तर पे इतना आगे सोच सकता है तो क्या मैं आकाश का ज़िंमा खुद नहीं उठा सकती? मोनिका ने मन ही मन पक्का फैसला कर लिया और आकाश का शुक्रिया कर दिया।

मोनिका ने अपने स्कूल में आकाश की दाखिले की बात की और साथ ही कई औपचारिकताएँ भी पूरी कर लीं। अब वो अधीर थी अपनी मंज़िल पाने के लिए। वाकई कितनी खुशी देता है किसी और को खुशी देना। आकाश से मोनिका को बहुत उम्मीदें थी और वो समझती थी की जिन आभावों में वो पल रहा है उनके रहते हुए वो ज़्यादा दूर नहीं चल पाएगा। कब तक अपनी इच्छाएँ मार मार के रह पायेगा वह बच्चा? उसका भोलापन, उसका बचपन, उसकी सकारात्मक सोच, पता नहीं की मोड़ पर खतम हो जाए। यह सब सोचके ही मोनिका ने आकाश की मदद करने की ठान ली थी। फिर उस दुसरे बच्चे के प्रति आकाश का रवैया कितना विकसित था। गर्व से भर उठी थी मोनिका। वो आकाश की मदद करेगी। आकाश राजू की। एक श्रंखला ही तो है जो हमारे समाज को चलती है। जीवन को सार्थक और सुन्दर बनाती है। अगले दिन आकाश मिला तो मोनिका ने उससे कहा कि कल अपनी सारी मार्कशीट लेके आये।

“क्यों दीदी?” उसने भोलेपन से पूछा।

“अरे! मुझे देखना है कि तू प्रथम आता भी है या नहीं।”

“पक्का लाऊंगा दीदी। आप देख लेना मैं कभी झूठ नहीं बोलता।”

अगले दिन वो एक तुड़ी मुड़ी पन्नी में अपनी सारी मार्कशीट मोनिका के हवाले कर गया। घर जाकर उसने देखा कि वाकई पहली कक्षा से लेकर अब तक हर साल उसको तकरीबन 95% से ज़्यादा नंबर मिलें हैं। और साथ ही कुछ निबंध और वाद विवाद प्रतियोगिता के भी प्रमाण पात्र थे।

“गुड। वाकई होनहार है बच्चा। तुम्हारा काम हो जाएगा।” प्रधानचार्य ने मोनिका से वादा किया।

मोनिका बहुत खुश थी। और अब उसको सब्र नहीं हो रहा था के कब आकाश का एडमिशन उसके स्कूल में जाए और वो उसकी क्लास में पढ़े। मोनिका ने आकाश को कुछ बताया नहीं। वो उसको सरप्राइज देना चाहती थी। उसने आकाश के लिए दो जोड़ी यूनिफार्म, स्कूल के जूते मोजे, टाई, बस्ता, यहाँ तक कि पानी कि बोतल और लंचबाक्स भी

खरीद लिया था। उधर उसने अपने स्कूल के टीचर को ज़रिये बनाया और वो बस्ती में आकाश के स्कूल जाकर उसको दिए जाने वाली स्कालरशिप और बड़े स्कूल में एडमिशन कि खुशखबरी दे चुके थे। एक दो दिन में उसकी एडमिशन कि सारी औपचारिकताएँ पूरी हो चुकी थी। मगर हैरानी कि बात थी कि आकाश ने मोनिका से कुछ कहा नहीं। जबकि वो पहले कि तरह रोज़ ट्रैफिक सिग्नल पर मिलते थे। वो पहले कि तरह उसको अखबार बेचते हुए मिलता। एक दो बातें उनके बीच होती और वो चल पड़ती। कभी कभी वो आकाश का चेहरा पढ़ने कि कोशिश करती कि कहीं कोई छुपी हुई खुशी कि झलक मिल जाए...।

मगर वो हमेशा एक दम वैसा ही दिखता था।

नया साल शुरू हो गया था। आज पहला दिन था। ट्रैफिक लाइट पे गाड़ी रोकके मोनिका आकाश का इंतज़ार करती रही। मगर वो नहीं आया। सिग्नल ग्रीन होने पर भी वो वहीं कड़ी रही मगर आकाश कहीं नज़र नहीं आया। अनमनी सी मोनिका क्लास में पहुंची। अटेन्डस लेना शुरू कर दिया।

“आकाश शर्मा”

“प्रेजेंट मैम”

“आकाश नारंग”

“प्रेजेंट मैम”

“आकाश शुक्ला”

“प्रेजेंट मैम”

“आकाश”

और यह चौथा? मोनिका ने चेहरा ऊपर उठाया। दूसरी बेंच पे बालों को टेल लगाके, करीने से चिपके। झकाझक सफ़ेद शर्ट पहने उसका नन्हा दोस्त खड़ा हुआ था।

“प्रेजेंट मैम”

अपनी पूरी बत्तीसी दिखते हुए उसने कहा। मोनिका का चेहरा भी खिल गया। वह खुद कुछ कहती इससे पहले ही वह बोल पड़ा।

“कैसा लगा दीदी सरप्राइज?”

मोनिका कि पलकें भीग गयीं और खुशी छुपाने के लिए उसने वापस अटेन्डस रजिस्टर में अपनी आँखें गढ़ा दीं।

- Prachee Singh, 1st Year

Aspiring Beam Of Light

Our tagline focusses on how we all are beams of light, continuously aspiring, continuously growing and continuously achieving. To celebrate the very light within us and those small steps of achievements that finally build us into our luminous selves, we asked our department members to share their achievements.

Suffice to say we have a collection of fairy lights to brighten up the path past the dark.

I have been working on my fear of commitment and now I can say this proudly that I have achieved some short term goals that I had set for my own self. My loved ones have helped me and given me my space to overcome my fear.

Akanksha Singh, 2nd Year

To create easiness in my tangled relationships by starting healthy conversations.

Tanuja, 2nd Year

I learnt how important it is to listen to what other people have in mind. Rather than arguing we should stop for a moment, try to listen to each other. And this is one goal I tried to achieve. Tried listening, tried to overcome my habit of comparing my hardship with other people. Now I listen them, rather than belittling them with my own self issues. I certainly tried to work on my words too. With this achieved, I thrive to achieve more ahead.

Rushali, 2nd Year

Now, I feel much confident than my previous year in college.

Priya Nirmal, 3rd Year

Being a student of B.EL.ED., I am learning many new things. This course not only teaches me patience but is also expanding and developing my views. With recent interaction with children through a NGO where I teach them, I got to know stories, their daily lives, which sometimes goes unnoticed. I think this is my achievement that now I am able to see the deep reality in society both with the point of view of education and learning. I became much more analytical than before. I felt a positive change in my knowledge and my way of thinking.

Aayshu Nandini, 1st Year

I've been a self-conscious person, since always. But this year, I started working out not only to look good but for a healthy and happy body. This year finally, I've begin accepting and loving my body more. I feel happiest I was ever.

Anonymous, 2nd Year

Prioritising my mental health. Even if it costs me close relationships.

Harshita Bhardwaj, 2nd Year

Learned to accept and embrace my pessimism.

Bhavika, 2nd Year

I always wanted to be confident, but I was self-conscious and had self-doubts. I couldn't answer the questions being asked, in the class, even when I knew the answers. But after the protest in my college due to security ridges in annual fest, I saw the girls asking questions with so much confidence, I realized this was what I always wanted. I joined the protest daily, motivated my classmates and friends for same. And it gave me so much confidence that now I can raise my voice and give opinions, whenever I feel it is needed.

Mansi Sharma, 1st Year

I achieved body positivity, overcame my jealousy, insecurities and a bit of possessiveness and I made myself priority rather than expecting anything from others. Now I am the happiest person, even when I am alone. Also, just want to share that I really adore my girlfriends, they make me feel special and happy, more than anyone. So I would also consider them my achievements.

Garima Joshi, 2nd Year

I am a lazy person who feels sleepy and tired most of the time. I don't know how to manage and utilize my time. My vision for myself was to become hardworking, energetic and active person and to have "time management" in my everyday life. So I have made some short term goals to reach this vision. And some of short term goals I have achieved are: waking up early in the morning with my own alarm. Taking proper 8 hours sleep daily. Limited the use of phone, especially during nights. I go to gym daily without procrastinating. I have made my time tables and I follow it, daily.

Oudsiya Abrar, 2nd Year

I want to become a better version of myself. I want to be happy and contented. Each day passing, helps me to learn many new things and become the person I want to be.

Manupriya, 2nd Year

I stopped arguing.

Kajal Sharma, 1st Year

I have started doing a lots of things after entering into the education course. It includes, joining NGO, making changes in my diet by adding more healthy food, and give less heed about how people look at me. I have started working on my body too, for a healthy lifestyle. I am really happy and proud of myself.

Vaishali Sharma, 1st Year

I couldn't say no, to anyone, however the tiring or exhausting the job used to be. But now I have my priorities set. I still do help people, but not putting my mental peace at stake.

Rashmi Joshi, 2nd Year



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(Source: Pinterest)

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