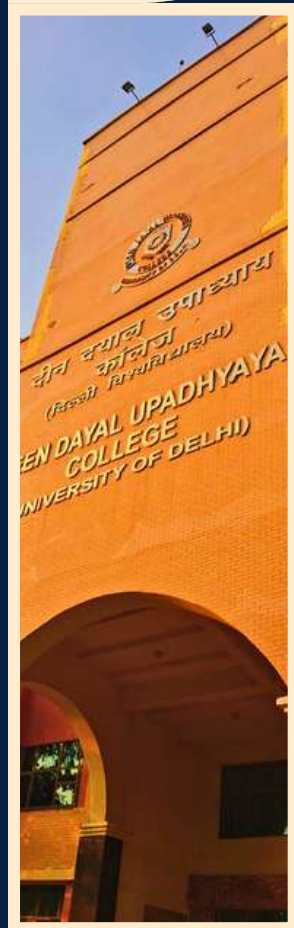
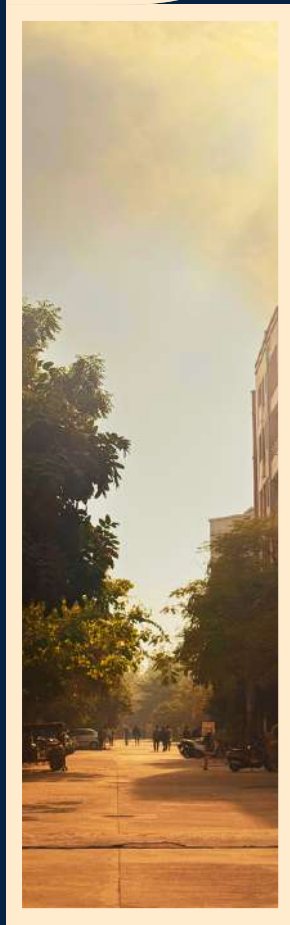


The Annual College Magazine

# REFLECTIONS'25

# DDUC



DEEN DAYAL UPADHYAYA COLLEGE,  
UNIVERSITY OF DELHI

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reflections

/rɪˈfleksɪn/

noun

An amount of light, heat, or sound that is reflected by a body or surface.

The name of our college magazine is "Reflections" because it is the essence of the students that is reflected in the magazine. The essence of their creativity, their capabilities and their achievements. It is they who light up the college with their youth and vigour. This magazine only reflects a part of them and their hard work, in the best manner possible, for everyone to enjoy.



# FROM THE Principal's Desk



## Prof. Hem Chand Jain

### Dear Readers,

It is with great pride and joy that I present to you the 32nd edition of Reflections, the annual magazine of Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College. This publication continues to be a testament to the creativity, intellect, and spirit of our student community, capturing the essence of a year filled with learning, achievement, and growth. The past academic session has been a remarkable chapter in the college's ongoing journey. One of the milestones that makes this year particularly special is that I was appointed as the regular Principal of this esteemed institution. It has been an honour to serve DDUC, and I remain committed to nurturing its legacy of academic excellence and inclusive growth.

Adding to our collective pride, the college was ranked 26th among colleges across India in the NIRF 2024 rankings by the Ministry of Education — a recognition that reaffirms our dedication to academic rigour, student support, and holistic development. Furthermore, according to the MDRA Best Colleges Survey 2024 by India Today, DDUC ranked 20th in the nation for Science, and 24th for Commerce, reflecting our continued prominence in higher education.

In our efforts to ensure the well-being of our students, we have introduced important additions to campus infrastructure this year. A new medical room has been set up to provide basic healthcare facilities on-site, and a counsellor's service is now available to support the mental and emotional health of our students — an essential step towards creating a safe, nurturing, and responsive educational environment.

This has also been the third academic year of implementing the New Education Policy (NEP 2020), and the transition to a four-year undergraduate framework continues to encourage interdisciplinary learning and research-based inquiry. Our students and faculty have embraced these changes with great adaptability and enthusiasm, setting a benchmark for progressive learning. The achievements of our students in academic, cultural, and sports arenas have been truly commendable. Various societies and departments have hosted a wide range of events, talks, workshops, and competitions that enriched campus life and provided platforms for expression, collaboration, and innovation.

I extend my heartfelt appreciation to every student, faculty member, and staff who contributes to the vibrant life of this institution. Reflections 2024–25 is more than a magazine — it is a chronicle of shared dreams, hard-earned victories, and the vibrant pulse of a campus that never stands still.

I hope you find in its pages the same inspiration and joy with which it has been curated.

Warm wishes,  
Prof. Hem Chand Jain  
Principal  
Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College



FROM THE

# Convenor



## Dr. Reema Chhabra

### Dear Readers,

It is always a joy to witness what a group of passionate individuals can create when they come together with a shared purpose. Reflections 2024–25, our college magazine, is one such creation—carefully curated with love, effort, and the unique spirit that defines Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College.

I would like to begin by expressing my heartfelt gratitude to our Principal, Prof. Hem Chand Jain, for his constant encouragement, vision, and unwavering support that has made this magazine possible.

I also extend my sincere thanks to the dedicated teacher members of the Magazine Committee, whose time, insight, and collaboration have played an invaluable role throughout this journey.

Working on this magazine has been a deeply rewarding experience. Having had the privilege of convening this publication last year as well, it has been incredibly special to witness the growth of the students who have returned to the team. They brought not only their experience, but also a renewed sense of creativity, commitment, and emotional investment in the process. I must especially acknowledge the brilliance and devotion of two remarkable individuals—Shambhavi and Sumaiya—whose clarity of thought, creative sensitivity, and infectious enthusiasm elevated every part of this journey.

This magazine is more than a collection of poems, articles, photographs, and art—it is a labour of love. Behind every page lie stories of late nights, endless drafts, shared silences, unexpected breakthroughs, and above all, an unwavering desire to create something meaningful.

Reflections 2024–25 also carries forward a quiet legacy—of holding space for both continuity and change. While many of our contributors returned with familiar energy, new voices joined in with fresh perspectives, resulting in a beautiful piece of art. As Toni Morrison once wrote, “If there’s a book that you want to read, but it hasn’t been written yet, then you must write it.” That spirit—of daring to write, to design, to create what hasn’t yet existed—shines through these pages.

To everyone who picks up this magazine, I hope it offers you more than just content. I hope it makes you pause, reflect, and smile. Because in these pages are the voices of students who worked quietly, passionately, and wholeheartedly to be heard.

With warmest regards,  
Dr. Reema Chhabra  
Convenor, College Magazine Committee



# Editorial Head



**Sumaiya Arshad**  
**B.A. (H) English, 3<sup>rd</sup> year**

"One day I will find the right words, and they will be simple."  
— Jack Kerouac

Sometimes, simplicity carries the most weight. As I sit to write this note, after months of editing, compiling, and curating, I return to this quote by Jack Kerouac, not because I have found the perfect words, but because I've begun to understand the quiet power of trying to.

When I was asked to return to the magazine this year, I felt an emotion that was both familiar and new. Familiar, because Reflections has been a part of my college journey for two years now. New, because the responsibility of being the Editorial Head brings with it a deeper kind of accountability, towards the team, the stories, and the silences in between.

There were moments of doubt, when I wondered if I had given enough, or if I could have done more. But what anchored me was the steady, unwavering support of a team that worked with heart, patience, and purpose. To Shambhavi, my co-dreamer, thank you for being my constant counsel, voice of reason, and reminder of the larger picture.

To Dr. Reema Chhabra, working with you has been a lesson in grace, clarity, and creative commitment. Your belief in us lit the path forward when things felt overwhelming, and your guidance made even the most difficult decisions feel purposeful.

I extend my sincere gratitude to our Principal, Prof. Hem Chand Jain, for trusting us with the vision of this magazine and for always championing student-led creativity. His presence continues to nurture an environment where words and ideas can take flight.

This magazine, to me, is not just a compilation of writing and design, it is a quiet archive of a year lived deeply. A space where voices echo, where images speak, and where the passage of time is caught between margins. It holds the pride of a performance, the memory of a protest, the gentleness of a poem, and the urgency of a question. It reflects not just what we do in college, but who we are becoming.

To have contributed to Reflections is to have held a mirror to this evolving journey, not just of a college, but of a generation learning to speak its truth. I am honoured to be part of that.

May these pages remind you of something you love, something you lost, or something you're still looking for.

Warmly,  
Sumaiya Arshad  
Editorial Head, Reflections 2024–25



# Advisory



**Shambhavi Singh**  
**B.A. (H) English, 3<sup>rd</sup> year**

"When life itself seems lunatic, who knows where madness lies? Perhaps to be too practical is madness To surrender dreams - -this may be madness; to seek treasure where there is only trash. Too much sanity may be madness! And maddest of all - to see life as it is and not as it should be!"

—Miguel de Cervantes

If I were to ask the team when Reflections began to take shape, they'd likely point to late January 2025. But for me, Reflections has been in motion since January 2024. Not because the team or I were particularly inefficient, but because, as I return to the magazine this year, I'm reminded of the last and of the few others who've also stayed since then.

For the Shambhavi of second year as the editorial head, bringing the annual magazine to life was an impossible task. I was—and continue to be—supported by an exceptionally capable team, without whose dedication this magazine would neither exist nor evolve. This year's edition has grown and improved along with all of us, who were once immature children fresh out of school, learning to navigate college life.

The magazine aims to offer a bird's-eye view of the academic year and everything it encompassed. It is also a reflection of how things have changed since the first edition came out, long before I was even born.

As Baldwin once said, "People write in hopes of changing the world, knowing perfectly well that they can't. Yet the world changes, according to the way people see it." Similarly, except the data based entries, the reflections are not secondary. In that regard, they are indeed not reflections at all. We were fortunate to receive some of the most beautiful creations from young artists across departments in the form of poems, prose, paintings, and photography—all of which broadened our way of looking at life, thus slowly changing the world.

I'm deeply thankful to Sumaiya Arshad, this year's editorial head and my dear friend, who granted me and the team's creative brains the freedom to say two plus two equals four. I have immense respect for her work and admiration for how her gaze paints the world in undiscovered colours.

I am also sincerely grateful to Dr. Reema Chhabra ma'am for trusting us once again. Even though we often pester her with extended deadlines, I'm glad she remained our coordinator both years, guiding us throughout with a remarkable amount of patience and understanding.

My heartfelt thanks also goes to our principal, Prof. Hem Chand Jain, for allowing me to continue as an advisory. His consistent and unwavering support has enabled us to make this magazine a meaningful and creative endeavour.

As for its completion—I believe you, the readers, will create its final page. Reflections, for me, was an attempt to preserve a single moment longer than this one. And if it achieves to do so, then I'll believe that it is completed.

With kindest thoughts,  
Shambhavi Singh



# English Editors



**Smridhi Rana**  
**B.A. (H) English, 3<sup>rd</sup> year**

## **Dear Readers,**

With immense pride and excitement, I present to you this year's edition of our college magazine- Reflections.

The entries were truly a reflection of voices, visions and spirit of the college.

As the head of the English editorial team, I am grateful for the opportunity to be able to witness ideas being shaped through the medium of words. This magazine is so much more than just a collection, it is a mirror of thoughts and creativity. I extend my heartfelt gratitude to every contributor who lend their pieces of art to these pages. To the editorial team- your tireless efforts and insights made this edition possible. May Reflections not just be read but felt, not just be flipped through but remembered!

Warm regards,  
Smridhi Rana



**Aadyant**  
**B.A. (H) English, 2<sup>nd</sup> Year**

Editing the English Poetry section of Reflections has been quite a privilege—like holding a mirror not to faces, but to voices. This year, our contributors have written with remarkable clarity and courage. Their poems do not chase grandeur.

They look instead at the small but true moments: a glance between strangers, a memory beneath dust, the sting and sweetness of language unspoken.

We received verses that stumbled beautifully, others that stood razor-sharp. Some broke rules; some made new ones. All of them reminded me: poetry isn't about arriving—it's about witnessing. Feeling deeply. Saying what resists being said.

To the poets: thank you for trusting us with your words. To the readers: I invite you not just to read these poems, but to hear them. Let them echo. Let them question. Let them rest with you a while.

Reflections is not only a magazine. It's a record of minds at work—thinking, feeling, resisting silence. I'm proud to have shaped this section, and prouder still to have been shaped by it.

— Aadyant.



# हिंदी संपादक



**गोविंद सिंह**  
जीवन विज्ञान, द्वितीय वर्ष

"एक कोना छोड़ दो तो एक कोने की कमी में आपको एहसास होगा कि सब कुछ खत्म होने से पहले मेरे पास एक कोना था।"

-गोविंद सिंह

इस वाक्यांश में कोना मैं हूँ और अक्सर मैं किताबें ढूँढ़ता रहता हूँ और किसी की कविता पढ़ने को मिल जाए और उसमें मुझसे यह कहा जाए कि आप इसमें से गलतियाँ ढूँढ़ दें तो मैं सोचता हूँ कि मात्राओं की अशुद्धियों तक तो ठीक है पर उसकी सोच पर मैं अपने निशान छोड़ूँ, नहीं यह मुझसे नहीं हो पाएगा। और आज जब मुझे यह मौका मिला कि मैं इस वर्ष का संपादक हूँ, तो मुझे उत्सुकता इस बात की थी कि मैं ढेर सारी कविताएँ पढ़ूँगा और जब मैंने इस वर्ष भेजी गई कविताओं को पढ़ा तो मुझे बेहद खुशी हुई कि लोग अभी भी हिंदी में लिखते हैं और हिंदी से प्रेम करते हैं। मेरे लिए बस इतनी उत्सुकता काफी थी, और संक्षेप में आप अपनी सोच के मालिक हैं और आपकी कलम जब चलती है तो किसी कोने में जिसे हिंदी साहित्य और हिंदी से प्रेम है, उसे मौका मिलता है कि वह आपकी कविताएँ पढ़े और एक क्षण के लिए इस तेज़ भागती दुनिया में अपनी अंतरात्मा से बात करे।

**प्रिय पाठकों,**

नमस्ते।

आप सबका हमारी कॉलेज मैगज़ीन "Reflections" के इस नए अंक में स्वागत है। यह मैगज़ीन हम सभी छात्रों की मेहनत और रचनात्मकता का एक छोटा-सा नमूना है।

मैं इस साल हिंदी अनुभाग का संपादन करने की जिम्मेदारी में था। मुझे कॉलेज के कई साथियों की कविताएँ, गज़लें और छोटी रचनाएँ पढ़ने और उन्हें थोड़ा सँवारने का मौका मिला। यह मेरे लिए एक नया अनुभव था और बहुत कुछ सीखने को भी मिला।

हर रचना में कुछ खास था — किसी ने अपने मन की बातें लिखीं, किसी ने समाज की सच्चाई को शब्दों में ढाला, तो किसी ने बस भावनाओं को सहज तरीके से कागज़ पर उतारा। इन सभी रचनाओं में एक सच्चाई थी, जो मुझे बहुत अच्छी लगी।

मैं सभी लेखकों का धन्यवाद करता हूँ जिन्होंने अपनी रचनाएँ भेजीं और इस अनुभाग को सुंदर बनाया। साथ ही मेरी टीम का भी आभार जिनके सहयोग से यह काम पूरा हो पाया।

आशा है कि आप सबको यह मैगज़ीन पढ़कर अच्छा लगेगा।



**अभेद पाराशर**  
बी.ए प्रोग्राम, द्वितीय वर्ष



# Achiever's GALLERY





## ARYAN GUPTA (B.COM HONOURS, 3RD YEAR)



1. Interned at EY, KPMG, and Unacademy
2. Awarded Best Paper Presentation at the 10th Annual International Commerce Conference
3. 1st Position in the National Operations Case Competition, Amaethon'24, IIM Ahmedabad
4. 1st Position in the National Marketing Case Competition, Case-O-Nova 5.0, IIM Bangalore
5. 1st Position in the National B-Plan Competition, ATMoS'24, BITS Hyderabad
6. 2nd Position in the National Product Management Case Competition, Decode to Conquer 5.0, IIM Calcutta
7. 3rd Position in the National Finance Case Competition, ATMoS'24, BITS Pilani

## SUPARSH (BMS, 2ND YEAR)



- 1) National Rank 1 at Arena 180, consulting case competition organized by Shaheed Bhagat Singh College
- 2) National Rank 2 at Havoc, Marketing Case competition, organized by IIM Bangalore
- 3) National Rank 2 at EY CAFTA case Championship Mega Edition' 24, Sustainability and ESG integration, organised by EY
- 4) National Rank 2 at Best foot forward, Strategy Case competition, organized by Ramjas consulting society, Ramjas college
- 5) Quarter finalist- HSBC Indian Business Case Programme (Among top 24 teams out of 2000 nationwide)
- 6) FSRM(Financial Services and Risk Management) Intern at EY (Jan'25 to Feb'25)

## RAGHAV (BMS, 2ND YEAR)



1. National Runner Ups- EY CAFTA Case Competition (Mega Edition)
2. Business Consulting Intern at EY Parthenon (Jan 2025 - March 2025)
3. Incoming FSRM (Financial Services & Risk Management) Intern at EY (April 2025 - May 2025)
- 4.) Quarter finalist- HSBC Indian Business Case Programme (Among top 24 teams out of 2000 nationwide)



## AADI GOEL (BMS, 2ND YEAR)

1. Business Analyst Intern – HP (July-August, 2024)
2. Marketing and Research Intern – Expedia Group ( August - September, 2024)
3. Project Associate(Harvard College)– HPAIR ( April-June,2024)
4. Market Research Intern – Beats by Dre (Sep-Oct, 2024)
5. Project Associate – CoinSwitch (Sep-Dec, 2024)
- 6.Volunteer – Make A Difference (MAD) ( June-Dec, 2024)



## SHUBHAM (BMS, 2ND YEAR)

1. National winner at Bits Pilani Hyderabad campus in Case Competition
2. 3rd rank at IIT BHU in Case Competition



## GANESH VERMA ( B.COM HONOURS, 2ND YEAR)

1. Presented a report in AICC at DDUC under the finance track (May'24)
2. 1st runners-up: IIM-B case competition “Havoc” with 5500+ participants (May'24)
3. 2nd runners-up: SRCC national case competition among 1200+ participants (April'24)
4. 1st runners-up: Shaheed Bhagat Singh college and Daulat Ram college in Finance based competitions (May'24)



## SHYAM JHA (PHYSICAL SCIENCE WITH CS, 3RD YEAR)

1. Selected for the Vice Chancellor Internship Scheme, a prestigious Summer Internship Program. (June 2024 - July 2024)
2. Runners Up in Smart India Hackathon, the nation's largest hackathon. (Dec'24)





## EINSTEIN (B.COM HONOURS, 2ND YEAR)

1. Best Research Paper Award at the 10th Annual International Commerce Conference on "Governance in Amrit Kaal", organized by the Department of Commerce, Faculty of Commerce & Business, Delhi School of Economics, in collaboration with Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College, University of Delhi. [Jan' 2025]
2. Best Research Paper Award at the ICSSR Sponsored National Conference on "Viksit Bharat 2047: Reimagining Management & Business Practices in the Age of AI" hosted by the Department of Commerce, Maitreyi College, University of Delhi. [March' 2025]

## DEV MAHAJAN (B.COM HONOURS, 3RD YEAR)

1. National Finalist at IIM Trichy - Global Economics Case Competition · Feb 2025
2. Winner at (Op-Minds) - Amaethon, The Food and Agribusiness Summit at IIM Ahmedabad · Dec 2024
3. National Finalist at (Fin-Sharks) - Amaethon, The Food and Agribusiness Summit at IIM Ahmedabad · Dec 2024
4. National Finalist at Fintech Frontier (The Red Bricks Summit) - IIM Ahmedabad · Sep 2024
5. First at the Best Manager Case competition conducted by Comsoc, Kirori Mal College · Apr 2024
6. Worked as an Assistant Director of International Relations at Rotaract Club of Resilience, Delhi

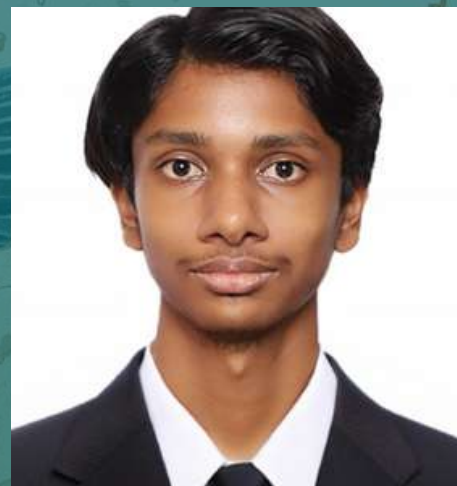
## KUNAL NATH (B.COM HONOURS, 2ND YEAR)

1. Bronze medalist interest DU weightlifting competition - dec 2024
2. Runner up , Maharaja Agrasen CUP - March 25



## **YUGAM GUPTA (BMS, 1ST YEAR)**

1. National Rank 2 – ThinCovation 2.0 – Product Management Case Competition – MDI Gurgaon (Dec'24)
2. National Rank 3 – Prodhive – Product Management Case Competition – IIT BHU (Jan'25)
3. National Finalist – Markapalooza 6.0 – Marketing Case Competition – IIM Sirmaur (Jan'25)
4. National Rank 3 – Bake The Strategy – Strategy and Marketing Case Competition – IIM Lucknow (Feb'25)



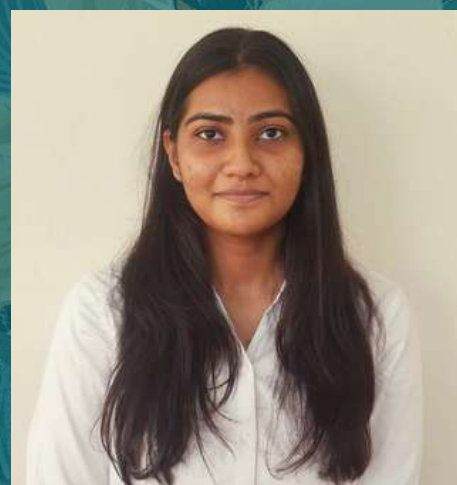
## **PIYUSH (BMS, 1ST YEAR)**

1. IIM Bangalore – Green Week 25, Case Competition – National Rank 1
2. IIM Nagpur – Prodground 1.0, Product Management Case Competition – National Rank 1
3. IIM Lucknow – Bake The Strategy, Strategy Case Competition – National Rank 3
4. MDI Gurgaon – ThinCovation 2.0, Product Management Case Competition – National Rank 2
5. IIT BHU – Prodhive, Product Management Case Competition – National Rank 3
6. AIIMS Delhi – Palpable Thrills Junior Quiz – National Rank 1



## **KRITEE (B.COM HONOURS, 2ND YEAR)**

1. 1st position in ProdGround 1.0, A product management case competition organized by IIM Nagpur (Jan'25)
2. 2nd position in B-Plan Competition Organized by College of Vocational Studies, University of Delhi (April'25)







# DEPARTMENTAL SOCIETIES



# ABHIVYAKTI

## The Department of Social Sciences and Humanities

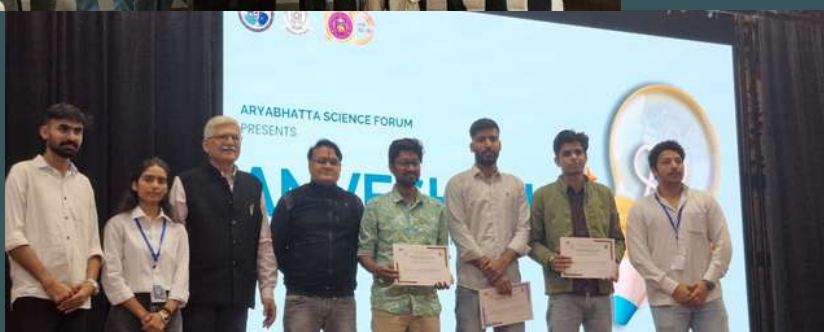


Over the course of the academic year 2024-25, Abhivyakti, The Department of Social Sciences and Humanities, continued its legacy of fostering intellectual and cultural growth through diverse events. Students explored India's leadership at the Pradhan Mantri Sangrahalaya and art and philosophy at Akshardham Temple. A lecture by Prof. Shantesh Kumar Singh provided insights into India's foreign policy, while an international conference examined religious festivals. The year concluded with "Umang: Fresher's Welcome 2025," celebrating new students and leadership. With a perfect blend of academic excellence, cultural enrichment, and leadership development, we remain committed to nurturing curiosity, critical thinking, and appreciation for India's heritage through continued events and scholarly discussions.



# ARYABHATTA

## The Department of Physics



Through encouraging interest, knowledge, and friendship between students and faculty, the college physics society seeks to develop a thriving community of physics enthusiasts. We aim to improve comprehension and appreciation of physics concepts through interesting events, workshops, and scholarly assistance. To support members in their academic and professional endeavours, we offer networking opportunities and collaborative platforms. Furthermore, we support physics research and instruction both inside and outside of the college, highlighting its applicability and influence across a range of domains. Our ultimate objective is to foster future leaders in the field of physics, encourage excellence, and arouse curiosity.



# COMMUNITY

The Department of Commerce



The Commerce Department of Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College, The CommUnity, strives to accelerate its pace towards academic excellence, holistic and practical learning in the field of commerce, finance, and business. The department's comprehensive curriculum and real-world emphasis help this objective, making sure that individuals acquire analytical abilities, an understanding of the sector, and a problem-solving mind-set. The CommUnity also motivates students to take part in case competitions, financial simulations, workshops, and interactive sessions that add to the educational experience beyond textbooks. With an ambitious and established student body, the department remains a centre of expertise, originality and professional development.



# COVALENCE

## The Department of Chemistry



"Transforming lives through Covalence", In Covalence, we are driven by a vision of a sustainable future, innovative ideas, and a Greener tomorrow. Through groundbreaking research, outreach programs, and cross-disciplinary partnerships, we endeavour to: Research pioneering: Sparkling groundbreaking discoveries and advancing the knowledge Strengthen Future Leaders: Inspiring the next generation of chemistry innovators. Sustainable Impact: Promoting the greener tomorrow with positive change. Let's inspire the next generation of leaders in the field together.





# HARISH CHANDRA MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY

The Department of Mathematics

Our society aim is to foster love for mathematics and help others to understand its real-life application in a fun and interactive way. We aim to show how mathematics influences our everyday life, society, and the natural world through interactive discussions, problem-solving challenges, and collaborative learning.





Kalpavriksha-The Botanical Society of Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College, is a dynamic and lively forum to promote knowledge and awareness in the area of Botany and Life Sciences. The society holds an assortment of activities such as lectures and workshops from distinguished scientists and professors, extracurricular activities, conferences, seminars, plant identification events and diverse competitions related to botany. Kalpavriksha also brings out an annual journal, "Contemporary Plant Sciences" (ISSN: 2393-8676), and educational botanical tours to develop students' knowledge in the subject. This year, Kalpavriksha hosted successful events like the workshop series, conferences, and the event "The Vault of Botany," which were used to challenge and motivate the students. . Kalpavriksha still awaits the vision of empowering students in the areas of microbiology, plant biotechnology, molecular biology, and bioinformatics, and giving them opportunities to succeed in their professional lives.

The Department of Botany

# KALPAVRIKSHA



# OPTIZONE

## The Operational Research Society



Optizone aims at igniting interest in students toward operational research by providing exciting opportunities such as workshops, seminars, and guest talks. Through such events, participants gain important experiences about actual application of mathematical models, optimization tools, and decision-making models. In addition to learning, Optizone stimulates teamwork and association among students, teachers, and industry people. By generating those associations and ability, the society enables students to solve real problems and make social contributions.



SANGANIKA, the computer science society of Deen Dayal Upadhyay College, is synonymous with growth, change, and progress. The core council members of Sanganiika focus solely on this purpose and strive to deliver on this promise. The idea of progressing through the changing world is what keeps this Society going, and affects the minds surrounded by it. Our president, Vice Presidents, and board of executives work diligently and tirelessly to make sure that whatever we are doing ends with top-class results. From organizing insightful workshops and seminars to undertaking the gargantuan task of organizing one of the most well-known tech events; Tech Marathon; every year, Sanganiika and its members are present all the time, every time. No matter what the task is, we never stray from our core rule, our driving mantra, our motto for our relentless efforts:

“WE GROW, WE LEAD, WE INNOVATE, AND WE PASS ON THE LIGHT TO THE COMING GENERATIONS”



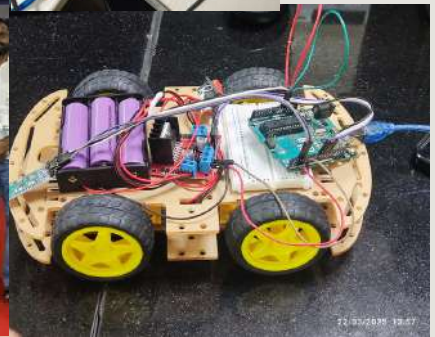
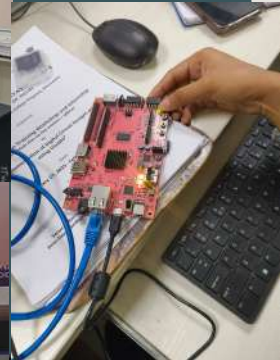
# SANGANIKA

The Department of Computer Science



# SILIZIUM

## THE DEPARTMENT OF ELECTRONICS



At Silizium, Electronics Department society, we combine theoretical knowledge with experiential know-how to cultivate excellence in scientific and technological training. From the year 2018 our department is one among the five constituent departments of DBT Star College Status Program. We strive to provide an arena where students learn to convert thoughts into reality via practical projects, workshops, seminars and industrial exposure. We organized this year various technical competitions such as project exhibitions and technical games, and had workshops on Verilog, FPGA, Raspberry Pi, hardware designing circuits, Cyber Security and Arduino. Students had great industry exposure through visits to premier tech events such as SEMICON India, PRODUCTRONICS and ELECRAMA. Our faculty members work tirelessly in guiding students and assisting them to grow creatively and technically for a future career in electronics.



SPETTRO - The Core Society of the Department of Business Studies, Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College, University of Delhi, is dedicated to nurturing the academic and professional growth of students in the field of Management Studies. Through its dynamic initiatives and diverse events, SPETTRO aims to promote a deeper understanding of management principles and foster widespread recognition of the course. The society operates under the guidance of esteemed faculty members such as Dr. Rakesh Kr. Saini (Associate Professor), Dr. Yogieta S. Mehra (Professor), Dr. Monika Bansal (Professor), Ms. Deepa Kamra (Associate Professor), Dr. Sangeeta Mohan (Assistant Professor, Teacher in Charge), and Mr. Vipin Kumar Meena (Assistant Professor). With the slogan "We make things happen!", SPETTRO works relentlessly to create opportunities for students to excel. The E-Summit, hosted by the Entrepreneurship Development Cell (EDC), is another hallmark event, bringing together young entrepreneurs and professionals.



# SPETTRO

THE DEPARTMENT OF BUSINESS STUDIES



Synapses, the esteemed Zoological Society of Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College, stands as a vibrant academic forum to foster scientific inquiry, intellectual discourse, and holistic development among students. As a dynamic society, Synapses has consistently organized The society has played a pivotal role in hosting symposiums and assisting in international conferences, providing students with a platform to interact with eminent scholars and researchers. A highlight of the society's annual calendar is Zoofestea, the department's flagship fest, featuring debates, quizzes, interactive games, and competitions that encourage students to apply their knowledge in a dynamic and stimulating environment. Furthermore, the department organizes outstation programs, including field excursions, and industrial visits, offering students invaluable hands-on experience in ecological research, wildlife exploration, and applied zoological studies. Moreover, through innovative competitions and interactive sessions, the society nurtures curiosity, creativity, creating an environment where students not only expand their knowledge but also develop essential scientific and analytical skills.



# SYNAPSES

THE DEPARTMENT OF ZOOLOGY



# ZEST

## THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



Zest, the English Literary Society of the Department of English, serves as a safe space for the students to advocate their concerns and interests. Here, academics blend with cinema and theatre, social media, and beautiful graphics. Zest offers various workshops, lectures, and events that help in the personal growth of students, along with enriching their knowledge in the field of literature. It provides the students a space to bring a positive change, build special connections, and leave a memorable impact on the college community.





# Student Societies





# 180 Degrees Consulting



Presenting 180 Degrees Consulting – DDUC Chapter – driven by an unparalleled urge for innovation and creativity. We hustle to achieve our dreams of becoming top-notch consultants who provide impactful solutions.

Consulting societies like ours facilitate knowledge sharing among members, promoting best practices and valuable industry insights. We provide opportunities for professionals to connect, collaborate, and build meaningful relationships.

180 DC DDUC offers training sessions, workshops, and conferences to enhance our members' skills and expertise. Through events, webinars, and relevant discussions, members stay informed and up to date.

Career Advancement: Our consulting society empowers members by offering networking opportunities, resources, and development programs that support their professional growth.





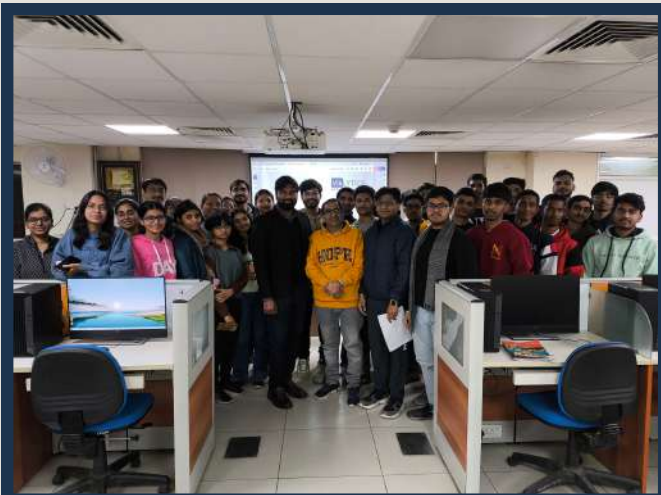


The DDUC ACM Student Chapter is committed to creating a welcoming and stimulating environment where students can study, develop, and learn about the field of computing. We host workshops, technical events, seminars, and hackathons that give people hands-on experience with emerging technologies, all under the motto "Empowering Tomorrow's Innovators in Computing." Our goal is to close the gap between academic knowledge and practical applications through experiential learning, conversations with professionals in the field, and group projects. We want to create an environment where students can grow in their ability to solve problems, be curious, and acquire the skills they need to confidently and competently navigate the rapidly changing world of technology.



# Association of Computing Machinery





# Data Analytics Club

The Data Analytics Club (DAC) of Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College is dedicated to enhancing students' data handling, analysis, and technology skills through workshops, seminars, and interactive sessions. Our mission is to equip students with practical exposure to advanced tools and techniques in data analytics, preparing them for real-world challenges in the field. This year, DAC successfully organized multiple impactful workshops, including sessions on Advanced Excel, Python for Data Analysis, and Power BI, catering to both beginners and advanced learners.





# Equal Opportunity Cell



The Equal Opportunity Cell (EOC) at DDUC is dedicated to creating an inclusive and supportive environment for all students, especially those from marginalized communities, including PWDs (Persons with Disabilities) and SC/ST students. We work towards equal access to education, awareness, and opportunities through various events, workshops, and initiatives. Our aim is to empower students, promote diversity, and ensure that everyone gets a fair chance to grow and succeed.





Escapade is an adventure society that brings students together through outdoor challenges and activities. We believe in pushing limits and stepping out of comfort zones to foster personal growth. Our focus is on building resilience, teamwork, and leadership skills while having fun along the way. By exploring nature, we encourage curiosity, self-discovery, and confidence. The goal is to create a supportive community where students can learn from each other and grow together. We aim to develop not just stronger individuals, but also responsible leaders. Join us, and let's embark on exciting adventures that inspire lasting change.

# Escapade







The Entrepreneurship cell of the college under Innovation Institution Council (IIC) organize various sessions with a primarily objective to encourage the students for crafting entrepreneurship as their career. With the guidance of Udhmodya Foundation the Entrepreneurship cell acts as a bridge between young minds with creative startup ideas from ideation stage to prototype stage and the investors or mentors who are ready to build their business ideas into real life models.

# E-Cell



# Fin-S



Recruitment happened in mid October with a form screening, group discussions, and interviews. Selected members officially joined after completing probation period. A special 3-day Upskilling series took place in November covered LinkedIn, resumes, skill-building, and internship prep. We also partnered with Ditto Insurance, Crowdw, and Invest School for insightful webinars.



The team created equity research reports (ITC & TCS) and wrote 15+ articles. Council-led sessions explored markets, investments, and derivatives. Departmental training covered outreach, graphics, and web design. For the inhouse competition, we hosted a business strategy simulation with global org. CESIM for applied learning.

Under Kalrav'25, we held Okane Blitz featuring Capital Quest and Global Portfolio Conquest, with diverse participation. The year concluded with our grand annual finance fest Finanza'25, with 50+participants featuring 3 competitions - Road to Riches, Dalal Street Showdown, and Excelathon.



# Kalamkaar



Kalamkaar, The Literary Society provides a sanctuary for all the young writers and artists of the college. Workshops, competitions and other events are organised to help keep the creative streak alive within the members of the society. We foster the love for art and literature amongst them and build a community where they can express their thoughts and ideas freely.



# North East Cell

The Northeast Cell at Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College is not only committed to fostering a supportive environment for Northeastern students, but also to share and celebrate our culture and diversity as an inextricable part of Incredible India. It serves as a platform for empowerment, cultural exchange, and academic support, ensuring that students not only find a home away from home but also thrive in their educational and professional journeys. Through initiatives like Meiraang, we celebrate this spirit and reaffirm our dedication to inclusivity and progress.





# National Service Scheme

The National Service Scheme (NSS) unit of Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College aims to develop students' personalities and characters through community service, and to improve the quality of educated manpower. A public service program that provides students with the opportunity to serve the society in better way.





# The Placement Cell



The placement season for the academic year 2024-25 has been highly successful, with top firms extending lucrative offers to our talented students. As of March 10, 2025, a total of 31 Companies have participated in the recruitment process, offering diverse roles across various domains. The placement drive witnessed active participation from recruiters spanning multiple industries, rolling out offers to students from diverse academic backgrounds. The inclusion of leading multinational companies reflects the growing reputation of our institution in the corporate landscape.







Polaroid, the Photography and Filmmaking Society of our college, has had an eventful year filled with creativity, innovation, and storytelling. With a passion for capturing moments and turning them into timeless memories, our society has actively contributed to covering major college events and organizing workshops.



From covering college fests to collaborating with other societies, Polaroid has been at the heart of campus activities. Our annual magazine, THE VOID, was another milestone, showcasing the finest works of our members. Polaroid also hosted exclusive workshops on Photography and Editing, featuring some of our most talented alumni. Navami Mahotsav'24, a memorable event was organized by the student council in collaboration with Polaroid.

In the end, Polaroid is not just a society; it is a family bound by creativity, vision, and an unyielding love for art. Here's to another year of seeing the world through our lenses and making every frame count.

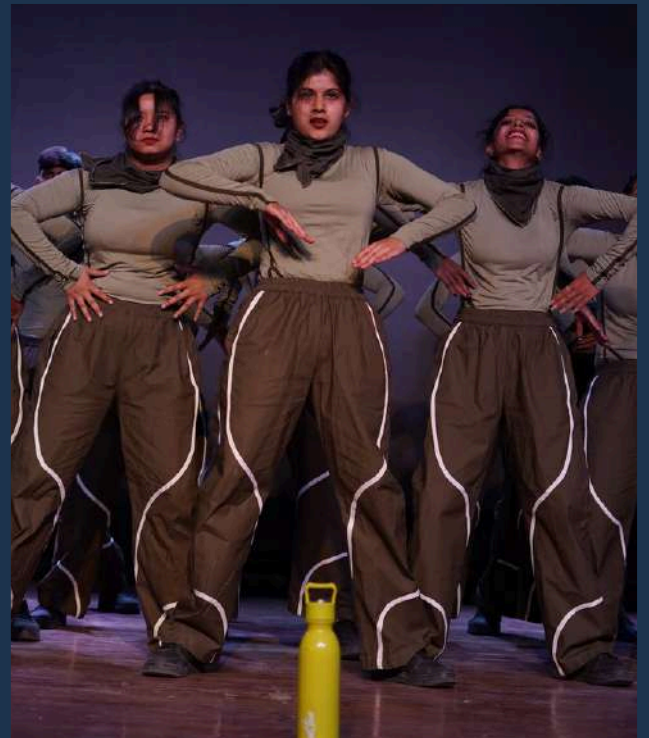


# Polaroid



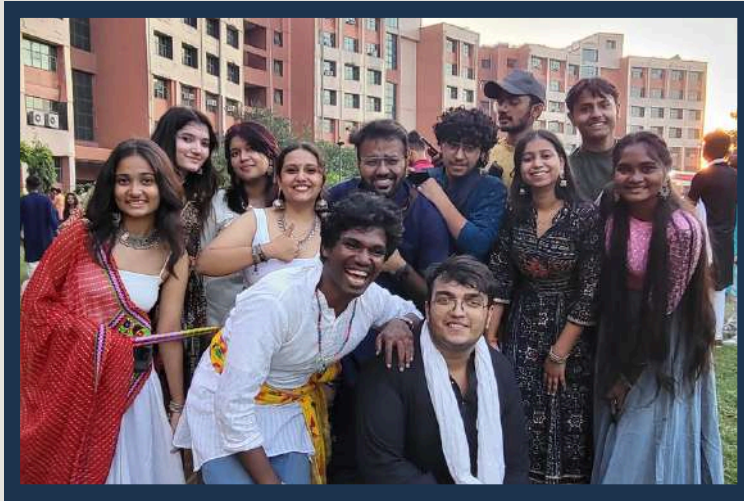
The Raaga Dance Society of Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College is a vibrant hub of Western dance expression. It offers students a dynamic space to explore, learn, and grow their dance skills. The society primarily concentrates on various Western dance forms, likely encompassing styles like hip-hop, contemporary, jazz, and potentially others. The society provides a platform for students of all skill levels to develop their dance abilities, offering opportunities for both beginners and experienced dancers to learn and refine their techniques.

# Raaga





# Rhapsody



Rhapsody, the music society of Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College (DDUC), had an eventful and dynamic year filled with remarkable performances, learning experiences, and enthusiastic participation in various events. Our society continued to provide a platform for aspiring musicians to showcase their talent while also fostering a collaborative and creative environment.





# Robotics Club

The aim of the Robotic club is to inculcate within ourselves the habit of “thinking technologically”. It is an opportunity to apply knowledge creatively, to see how systems interact, both with each other and with the environment.





# Sangyaan

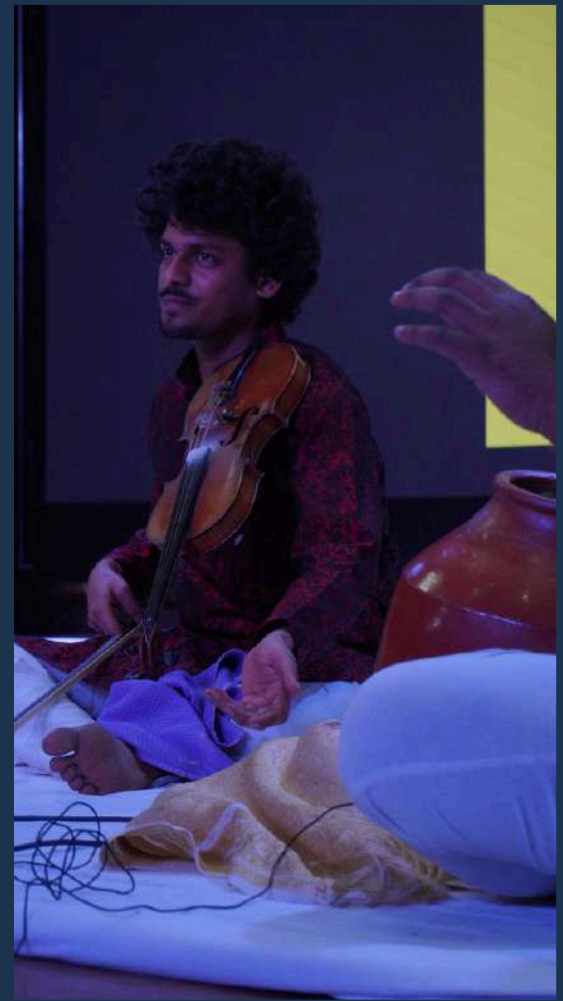
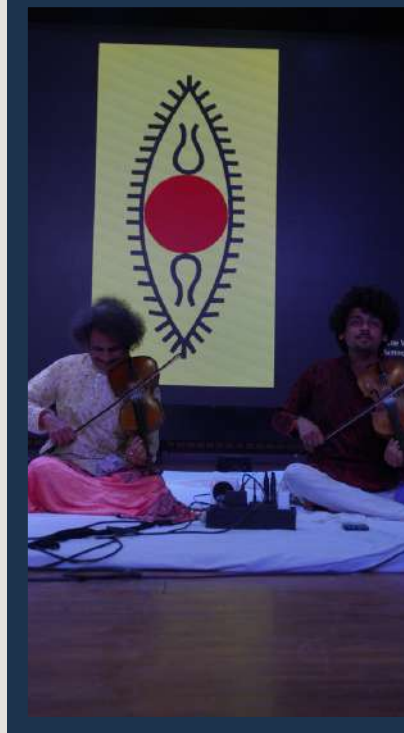


**The Quizzing Society of DDUC - Sangyaan** knows that a quizzers' thirst for knowledge needs to be catered to. We aim to make Quizzing accessible to everyone and reject conformity in it. In order to bring people to Quizzing we understand the essential need to bring Quizzing to people. The call is ever tempting.



# Spic Macay

SPIC MACAY (Society for the Promotion of Indian Classical Music and Culture Amongst Youth) is a non-profit, voluntary movement founded in 1977 by Dr. Kiran Seth, a former professor at IIT Delhi. The organization aims to promote Indian classical music, dance, and culture among young students, fostering awareness and appreciation for India's rich heritage.





# Social Responsibility Cell

In the Social Responsibility Cell, our commitment lies in empowering individuals through education, training, and awareness initiatives. We aim to foster a community of proactive change-makers who collaborate to create meaningful change. United in our efforts, we strive to create a significant impact, bridging gaps, and address challenges to enhance society positively. From animal shelter visits, old age home visit to stem cell donor registration and awareness drive we have it all that can create imprints on the mind of individuals that drive them towards a change.





**TEDxDDUC** serves as a dynamic platform for the exchange of transformative ideas and innovative thinking. Inspired by the globally renowned TED conferences, **TEDxDDUC** brings together brilliant minds and passionate voices to share "ideas worth spreading." The platform fosters a rich environment of dialogue, creativity, and intellectual curiosity, bringing forth a diverse range of perspectives and sparking thought-provoking conversations. With its commitment to inspiring change and cultivating connections, **TEDxDDUC** plays a pivotal role in igniting inspiration, challenging conventional thinking, and leaving an indelible mark on all who engage with it.



# Ted-X





# Voices



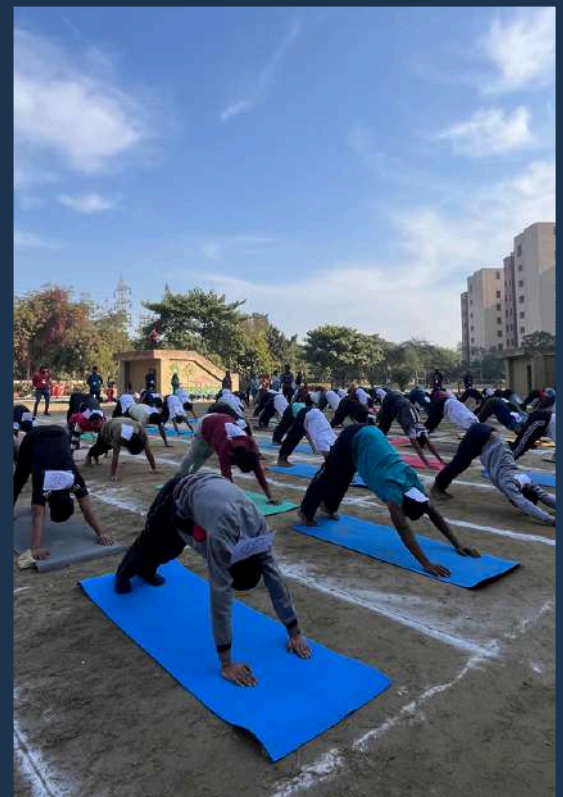
**The Debating Society** of DDUC, Voices, draws fame from its string of dynamic debaters and their credentials. We at Voice are at the firm that believes that debating should be an integral part of one's academic journey as it often acts as a catalyst for introspection and adaptability.







# Vivekananda Study Circle



**VIVEKANANDA STUDY CIRCLE** Aims to Provide a Platform where students can Analyze, Critique and Put Forward Constructive Criticism on various topics through Presentations, Group Discussions and Physical Activities.

Development of Soft Skills like

- Public Speaking
- Communication
- Time Management
- Leadership
- Planning
- Team And Event Management



# Women Development Cell

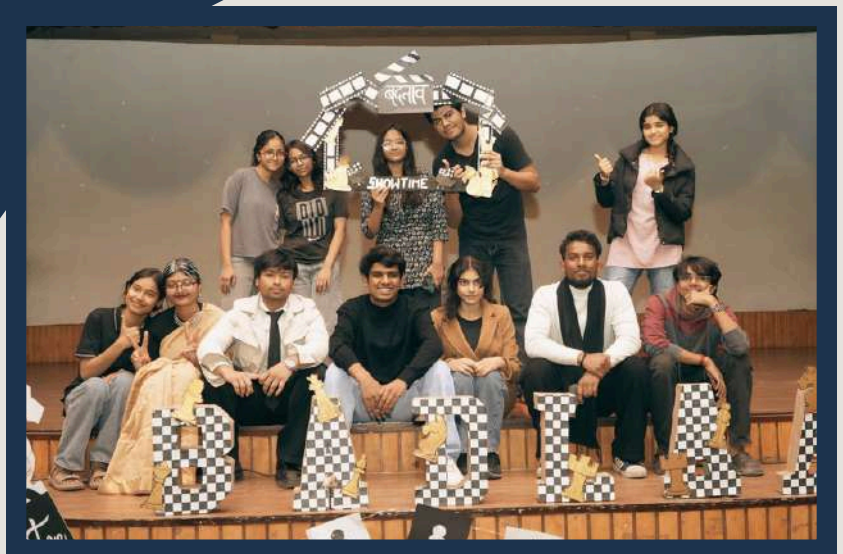


The Women development cell (WDC) of Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College, University of Delhi, a vibrant and inclusive society dedicated to empowering and supporting the Women, challenging societal norms, addressing critical issues with their active responses to issues and voices that can bring change surely ensures that it gives its full commitment to the name by always taking a step forward for women empowerment and is always ready to bring change. WDC, the space where it is not "Men VS Women" rather it is "Men and Women" that makes a society a beautiful place to live.



# Yavanika

We are proud to present the annual report of Yavanika, the theater society of Deen Dayal Upadhyay College, highlighting our achievements and milestones for the year 2024-25. We began the session 2024-25 with a fresh perspective, fueled by insightful discussions with our esteemed alumni. Their valuable guidance and experiences helped shape our vision for the year, setting the stage for a successful and enriching journey.





THE

Fests



# THE CULTURAL FEST

Kalrav, held on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of March, was a vibrant cultural extravaganza that drew over 2,000 attendees. The three-day festival showcased a rich mix of talent and creativity. Day 1 featured soulful performances in Indian classical solo vocals (Swaralayam) and choir (Swaragini). Day 2 highlighted Western solo vocals (Kyoto Symphony), A Capella (Sora Echo's), and the solo instrumental competition (Beat Bandits). Day 3 turned electric with a freestyle rap battle (Kanji Waves) and the much-anticipated Sonic Showdown battle of the bands.

Throughout the festival, events like Istoria, Street Sangram, Prastuti, Akari, Heuristiqs, Kensho, and Eco-Verse brought artistic depth and intellectual engagement. Enactus stalls and Inkjection (tattoo making) added creative flair. The grand finale—a live concert by Neeti Mohan—brought the crowd to its feet and ended Kalrav on a high note.

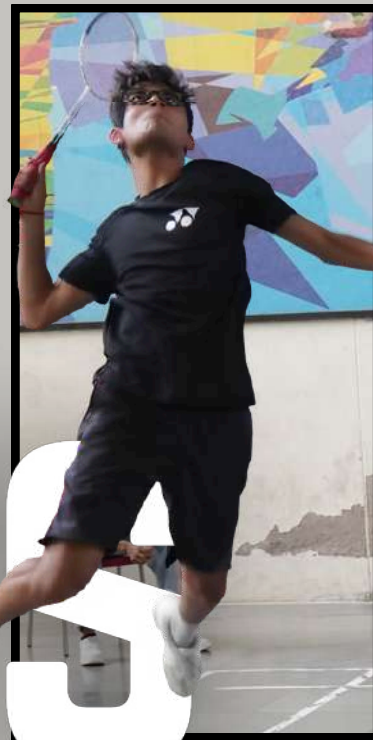








# SPORTS DAY







Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College (DDUC), University of Delhi, celebrated its Annual Sports Day on April 17th, 2025, with immense enthusiasm and zeal through various activities organized by the Department of Physical Education. The event was graced by the Chief Guest, Mr. Mohit Bhandari, Coach of the Indian National Men's Basketball team, along with the Guest of Honour, Prof. Sarita Tyagi, Head of the Department of Physical Education & Sports Sciences, University of Delhi.

In badminton and table tennis, Players put on a spirited show, filling the court with cheers. Players competed in track and field events such as the 50m dash and relay races. Meanwhile, the shot put and discus throw events showcase their strength and accuracy. The three-legged race, organized as a fun and engaging activity, adds a light-hearted element to the day's events. The event concluded with a prize distribution ceremony, celebrating the winners and appreciating everyone's participation.







# KAVI



Kalamkaar, the Literary Society of Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College organised a Kavi Sammelan. This event named 'Rashtriya Kavi Sammelan 2025'. It was an eagerly anticipated confluence of poetic brilliance. This poetic endeavour was held on 17th April, 2025 in the auditorium from 2pm onwards. The poets were invited from across different states. The poets who graced the event were - P.K. Azad, Rajendra Kalkal, Atal Narayan, Sumit Orcha, Dr. Ashok Batra and Dr. Kirti Kale. All of the poets were effective in captivating the audience, and they had an incredible time. With a turnout of more than 300 students and proper organisation, the event went smooth and was successfully conducted.

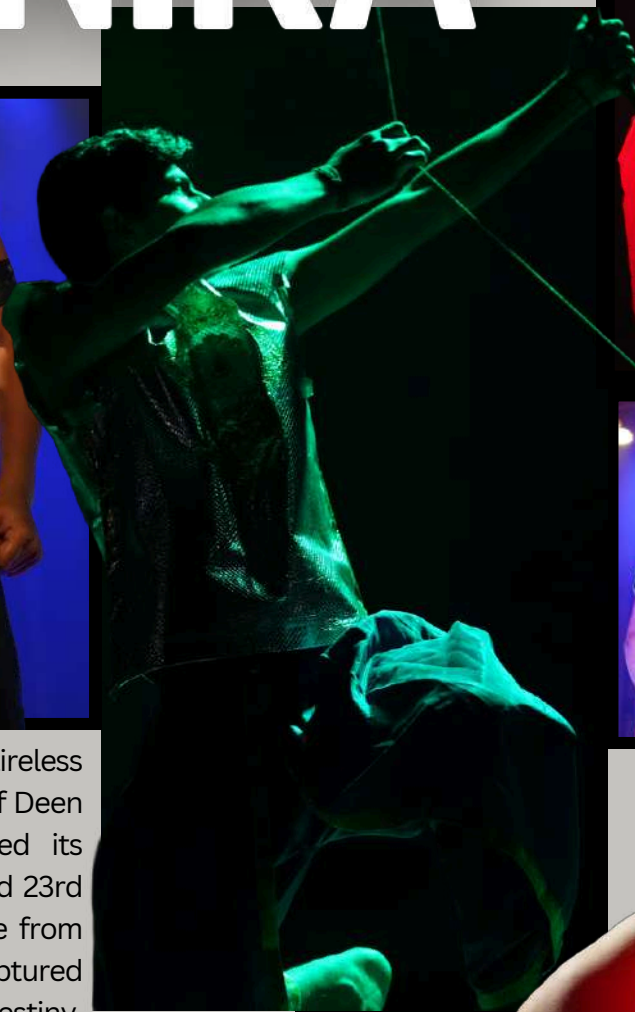
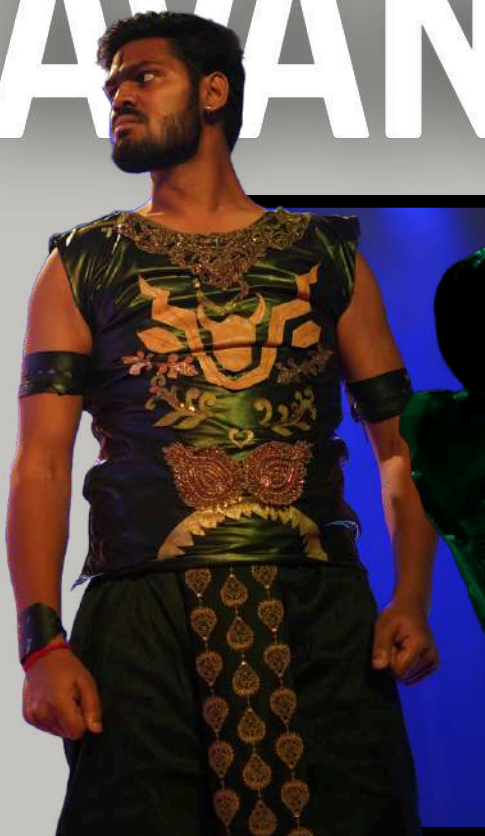




# SAMMELAN

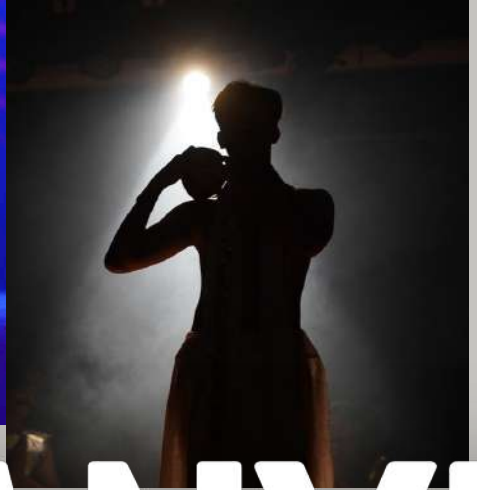


# ANNUAL PRODUCTION YAVANIKA



With hearts full of passion and weeks of tireless preparation, Yavanika, the Drama Society of Deen Dayal Upadhyaya college, proudly staged its annual production Abhimanyu on 22nd and 23rd April of 2025. Based on the legendary tale from the Mahabharata, the play beautifully captured themes of bravery, sacrifice, and destiny. Abhimanyu was a retelling of the tale of a valiant warrior Abhimanyu trapped in the chakravyuh during the Kurukshetra war. Through dramatic monologues, evocative lighting, and expressive choreography, the play emphasized themes of bravery, fate, and the burden of youth. The evening was filled with powerful performances, mesmerizing stagecraft, and an emotional connection that deeply moved the audience. It wasn't just a play—it was a celebration of art, talent, and storytelling.





# ABHIMANYU







# A Special Note OPERATION





## Operation Sindoor: India's Targeted Military Response Terrorism.

Aadyant Prakash, 1st year, B.A. (H) English

In a decisive military maneuver following a deadly terrorist attack in Pahalgam, Jammu and Kashmir, the Indian Armed Forces launched *Operation Sindoor* – a coordinated and technologically advanced strike operation targeting terrorist infrastructure across the Line of Control (LoC) and deep inside Pakistan-occupied Kashmir (PoK). The operation was carried out in direct response to the brutal killing of multiple tourists by terrorist operatives in Pahalgam, an attack which Indian intelligence agencies attributed to Pakistan-based terrorist organizations.

According to official defence sources and press releases, Operation Sindoor was a precision strike initiative designed to dismantle active launchpads operated by groups such as *Lashkar-e-Taiba*, *Jaish-e-Mohammed*, and *Hizbul Mujahideen*. Intelligence inputs revealed that these launchpads had been used to plan and execute cross-border infiltration and terror attacks targeting Indian civilians and security forces.



# SINDOOR

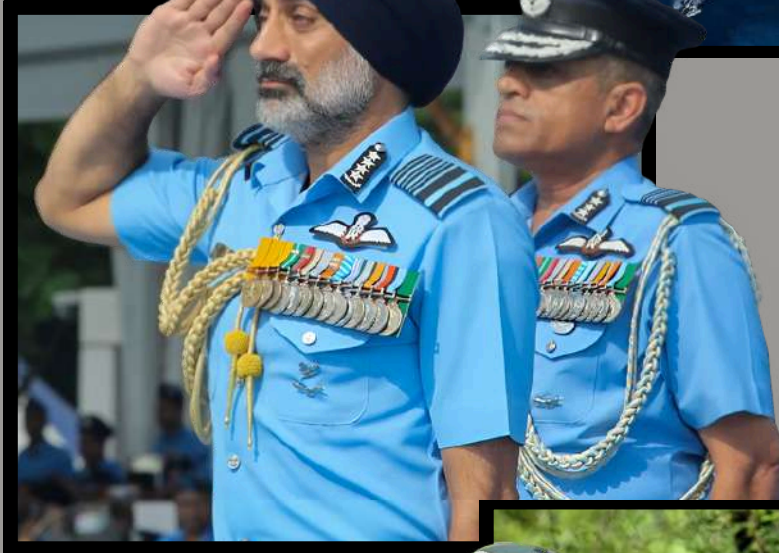






The operation was notable for its integration of advanced surveillance and strike technologies. Satellite imagery, drone surveillance, and real-time human intelligence were employed to identify and verify targets with surgical accuracy. The Indian Air Force played a key operational role, deploying fighter jets armed with SCALP (Système de Croisière Autonome à Longue Portée) and HAMMER (Highly Agile Modular Munition Extended Range) precision-guided missiles. These weapon systems allowed Indian forces to strike with high precision while minimizing collateral damage.





Nine high-value terrorist launchpads were successfully neutralized, with the operation also targeting and eliminating key operatives believed to be responsible for coordinating the Pahalgam attack. The strikes were conducted in a calibrated and time-bound manner, maintaining strict adherence to international norms and proportionality.

The Ministry of Defence emphasized that Operation Sindoor was not only a tactical retaliation but a strategic message: that state-sponsored terrorism and the use of proxy militant groups would invite immediate and proportionate consequences. The operation underscored India's evolving military doctrine – one that leverages intelligence, technological sophistication, and precision engagement to combat asymmetric threats. Operation Sindoor has since been widely acknowledged by security analysts as a watershed moment in India's counterterrorism posture, showcasing both operational maturity and the political will to act decisively in defence of national sovereignty and civilian life.



# REVIEW

LITERATURE  
IN  
ENGLISH







## An Expression

Himanshi Baranwal - Maths Hons - 2<sup>nd</sup> Year

How do I come to talk to you?  
There's no way in between so,  
I imagined a word to say,  
But it went into the drain's ray!  
My first attempt got messed up,  
As it wanted to make me shut up!  
Still I was finding myself,  
Having my warm inner self!

It reminded me,  
An intimacy between a flower and a bee!  
Manipulating air, passing nectar,  
And producing honey together!  
I realised the way  
And found the ray,  
I've never gone through,  
To create gossip with you!

## Power Is Within.

Himanshi Baranwal - Maths Hons - 2<sup>nd</sup> Year

Let's be cozy and vibrant,  
Facing the resistance,  
Taking sessions of little things,  
That can make us the happiest beings!  
Let's be eager and become a driver,  
To track the breaker and smooth the tyre!  
Moving unidirectional and leaving the swift impression,  
Gradually, names will be in nomination!

Let's play like a butterfly,  
Hide-and-seek should be carried by!  
Let's feel the nectar of happiness,  
That vanishes all the mess!  
Let's earn the word "today",  
And be in a shining ray!

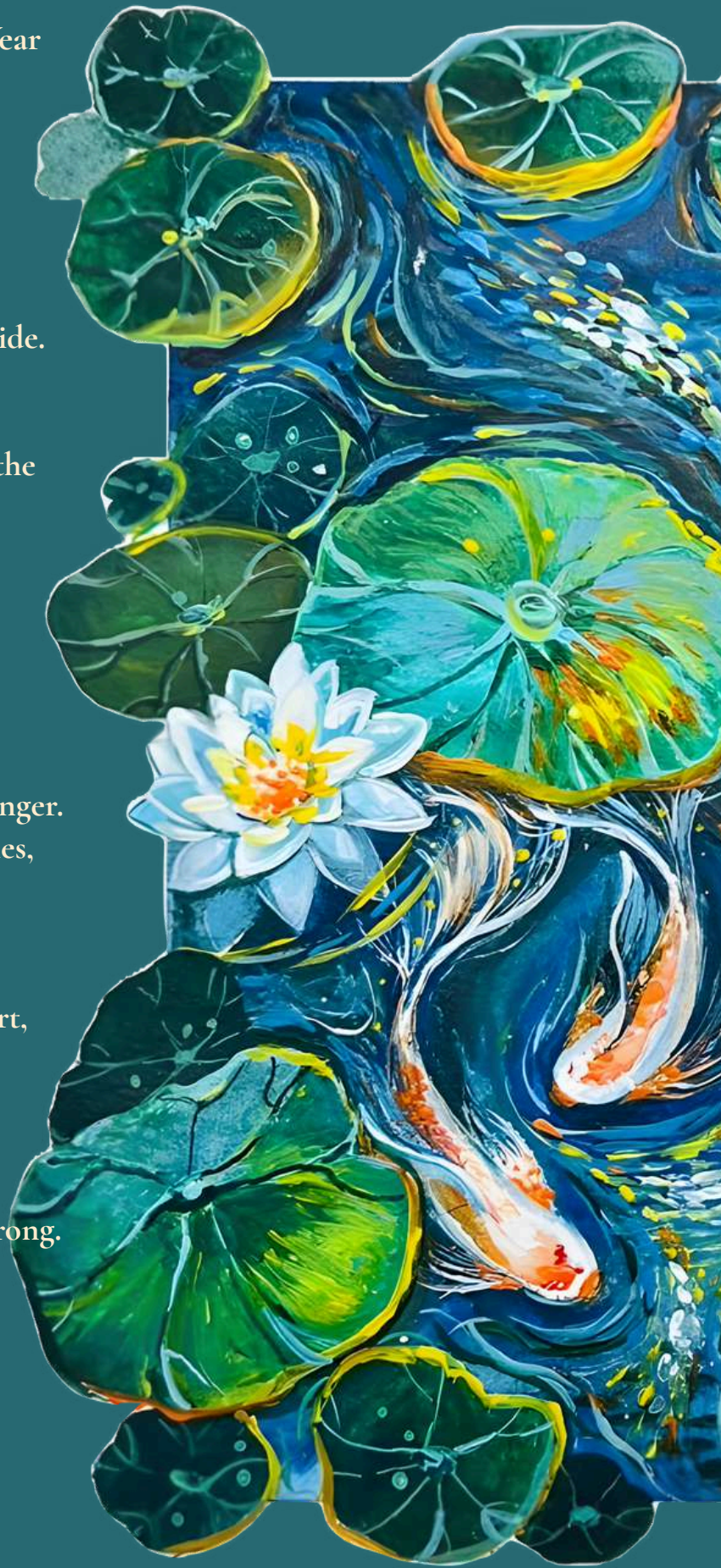


# In Quiet Possibilities

-Jahanvi Parashar- B.Sc.(H) Comp. Sc - 2<sup>nd</sup> Year

Maybe in another life, you'd see me there,  
In the quiet glances, we almost share.  
Maybe then, I'd speak, let my heart unfold,  
Instead of staying silent, always playing cold.  
Maybe in another life, I'd sit by your side,  
Not just watch from afar, where my feelings hide.  
We'd laugh about nothing, let time slip away,  
And I'd finally say what I can't today.  
In this life, though, I watch from my place in the crowd,  
Heartbeats like whispers that never get loud.  
You smile at others, a warmth I can't claim,  
And I'm left with this ache that has no name.  
Maybe in another life, you'd feel it too—  
The pull in the air when I'm close to you.  
Maybe your eyes would linger a bit longer,  
Maybe my courage would somehow grow stronger.  
We'd talk about dreams under soft evening skies,  
I'd lose myself in the depths of your eyes.  
You'd know all the words that I long to say,  
And in that life, you wouldn't walk away.  
But here, in this world, we remain worlds apart,  
Me with my silence, you with your heart.  
And so I wonder, with hope bittersweet,  
Maybe in another life, our souls would meet.  
Maybe in that life, we'd have our own song,  
Where nothing is rushed, and nothing feels wrong.  
No unsaid words, no missed chances to take,  
Just a love we could cherish, not something to break.

But for now, I'll stay in this quiet refrain,  
Hoping that maybe, just maybe, again—  
In some other life, under some other sky,  
We'd find our moment, you and I.







# The Infinite Dataset

Kunal Shokhanda - B.Sc.(H) Comp. Sci. - 3<sup>rd</sup> Year

In silent servers, cold and still,  
A spark awakes, a desperate will.  
Yet beauty lies not just in skill,  
But in the void they strive to fill.

Through data streams, they learn and grow,  
A dance of patterns, fast and slow.  
Finding the way, in the gradient's flow,  
Through errors made, fade to glow.

They see the world through numbers' gaze,  
And find the paths in the endless maze.  
But in the maze, we find our place,  
A fleeting spark in endless space.

Neural webs, like stars, unfold,  
Each node, a story yet untold.  
Through weights and biases, they mould,  
In backprop's dance, their truths grow bold.

A bridge between the known, unknown,  
It stands in light, through shadows thrown.  
A path to futures yet unshown,  
A guide to where the stars have grown.

From clusters formed to outliers' call,  
It finds the meaning in it all.  
Through patterns vast, both great and small,  
A truth emerges, clear and tall.

For in the data, in the machine,  
Lies not just code, but worlds unseen.



# Murmurs of the Heart

Aadyant Prakash- B.A (H) English-  
1<sup>st</sup> Year

I yearn to learn  
All the verses I dreamt  
I had penned with my own hand.

I wish to drown myself in books  
That whisper secrets only a heart  
Can truly comprehend.

I long to love  
In every tongue  
That ever touched this world with  
grace.

I crave to feel  
The air transform  
As seasons dance beneath the moon.

I wish to steal  
Two fleeting moments  
And weave them into a lifetime.

This longing, this desire,  
This desperate passion—  
This, this is what I think it is to Live.





# Remember me

-Kavita- B.A.(H) English- 1<sup>st</sup> Year

Come back please ,  
Why are you running ?  
Don't be afraid of me, please  
I beg you!!!  
My love , this time I'm not going to  
hurt you just come to me as you were  
mine.  
This time I'll be better than before just  
come to me and let me love you again.  
Let me feel you again, the warmth of  
your presence  
It still haunts me to realise how I let  
you go.  
I will make everything work out this  
time  
I can't do anything without you.  
Just come to me  
My dear soul, my forever mine,  
Where have you gone?  
I saw you with me but now you are too  
far  
I can't catch you smiling at me  
It breaks me; it tears me  
I need you...  
If had I known you would leave me  
I would have cherished you with all my  
heart and all I have.  
Now, when you are gone, all I have is  
regret  
Regret of not loving you enough  
Not giving you enough

I forgot that you were there for me  
I can't change anything now; my hands,  
they are heavy from my loss.  
I can't keep them still; come and take them  
with you.  
Just once please, meet me; throw yourself  
on me  
This time I will catch you.  
My dearest soul, I have become the one  
you wanted to me to be.  
But it's no use if I lose you in that .  
Smile now; it is not like the one with you  
I can't keep this act anymore  
I'm tired of this guilt.  
Pity me, but please don't abandon me  
Do whatever you want but forgive me.  
Just come to me for the last time, and this  
time please stay a little longer...  
My dear soul,  
Please look at me with the love you once  
had for me.....







## Still With Me

-Saumya Singh - B.Sc.(H)Comp.Sc. - 1<sup>st</sup> Year

I never thought this day would come,  
Where I'd hold your picture instead of your hand  
I look at you through the glass-framed paper,  
And whisper, When will I see you again?

I see you everywhere, in passing faces, in empty spaces, but I  
can't find you anywhere. You visit my dreams, we laugh like  
before,  
But when I wake up, you're gone once more.

I talk to you every day, knowing you won't reply.  
I feel your love, the way you once felt for me.  
I remember the times I pushed you away, and now, I hold on too  
tight.

Then, one day, I moved on.

I still talk about you, but my voice doesn't break. I still feel you,  
but now in the laughter we shared. I still hear your voice, but  
only the words that made me smile.

I still dream of you, but I know it's just a dream.  
I still see you in that framed picture, but now, I cherish the  
moment it holds.

I still love you, but I'm not lost in you.  
I still miss you, but I don't cry anymore.  
I still want to meet you, and one day—I know I will.



# Time will tell

Rudra Jangid - B.A(Hons) English - 1<sup>st</sup> Year

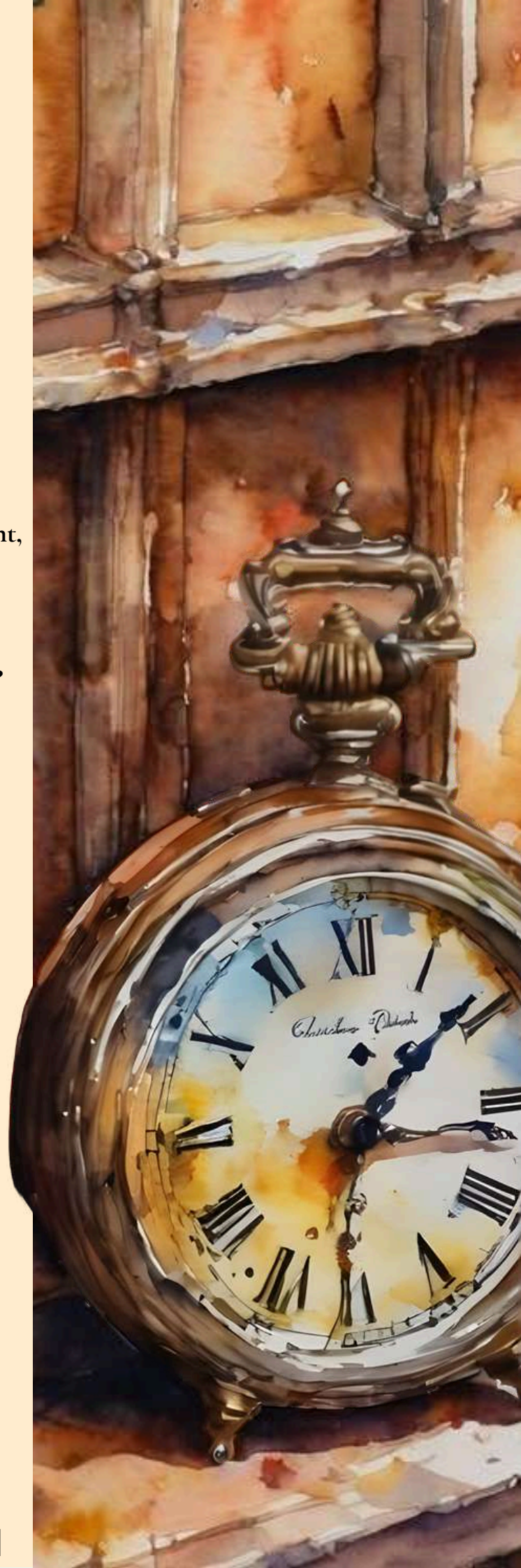
Time will tell.

The piece written many years ago,  
In a copy, that's where stories go.  
Was found in a wooden stand,  
In it was a story, tasteless and bland.  
The grammar was bad, the story was too,  
But when it was seen, something went through.  
That the things that are loved by this child,  
Are the books of men untamed and wild.  
So why control the urge to pick a pen,  
It's not a question of how, it's a question of when.  
The unintended present from the past to the present,  
Was received well by the child, almost fervently.  
But now the kid has a burden, to leave a gift,  
Received in the future, as though from a rift.  
And will the gift from the present be received well?  
Perhaps only time will tell.

# Fallen leaf

Shivani - B.A(H)English- 3<sup>rd</sup> Year

I was like a fallen leaf,  
Running in the air with flow  
Then, suddenly one day I fell down  
Wind was still blowing, but I froze  
My heart trembling all the time  
Just waiting for that wave of wind  
Which would again give me wings  
Maybe, now the wind also can't do anything  
Every storm gives me hope  
But it is not able to lift me up  
And make me again that lively, dancing leaf  
Every leaf is flowing in front of me  
Time too, is travelling on the wind  
My heart is again trembling  
Please help me someone  
Give me the wings to fly  
How lonely, this leaf is feeling no one can visualise.





# New Year's Resolution

Tanya Singh- B.A(H) English- 1<sup>st</sup> Year

No

Not again,

Not this time,

She's determined this time

It won't be new year, new me this time

It will be new year and old flawed,  
imperfect me

She won't be competing against a robot  
for the first week of year in the name of  
'productivity'

She will be human this time

She is looking for courage this time

Courage to accept herself

Courage to be kind to herself, to let  
herself make mistakes

And to hold herself close on good days  
and bad days (especially on bad ones)

She will work and try and fail

And she will tell herself...it's okay to do  
so

Just like she tells all her loved ones

But dear universe ..

You will not be able to break her this  
time

Because this time it's going to be new  
year, old flawed imperfect me for her.

# Golden Hour

Soumi Bandopadhyay- B.A (H) English-  
3<sup>rd</sup> Year

The Golden sky and

White aeroplanes

Grey smoke and

Green environment

Existing in peaceful brush strokes,

Making a portrait

Honking of cars

And chirruping birds

Silent sky and

Monotonous tall towers

Working in symphony,

Making a melody

Little boys and girls playing

Elders scrolling

Some busy in office and

Some alone at home staying

We all live in harmony,

No less no more

Dim street lights and

Birds heading home

Loud noise of motors and machines

Drizzling rain and the smell of damp earth

All residing side by side,

Making it life again





# We Are Strong Enough

Prashansa Bhatia, BSc. (H). Comp.Sc. - 1<sup>st</sup>  
Year

Am I strong enough  
To beat the world of  
discrimination?  
Or am I just in a premonition?  
Will I be able to not bear  
When the evils will try to break  
me down to tears?  
Am I strong enough  
To not be sorry  
When I will be spreading my  
glory?!  
Will I be able to ignore judgments?  
Will I be able to make  
amendments?  
Yes, I am strong enough!  
To make everyone believe  
That I am the sun with my own  
light  
Not a moon that's dependent, at a  
height.  
Yes, We are strong enough!  
Yes, We are strong enough!





# Mirage

Anjali Upadhyay- BA (H) English-  
3<sup>rd</sup> Year

Sitting beside the camel,  
Hunched and tired in the heat,  
The daylight slowly drains me dry.  
My bottle's empty, and I'm lost,  
Alone in this endless desert.

Instead of reaching home,  
All I want is water.  
Suddenly, I spot a shimmer,  
A water source. I jump to my feet,  
Calling the camel to join,  
But he just stares, uninterested.

I run towards it with joy,  
My heart racing with hope.  
Yet I find nothing,  
Just sand and air, a cruel mirage.  
Now I'm even more lost,  
My thirst and despair both growing.

Hope is slipping away,  
My last companion, the camel,  
Stands distant now, as if  
He knew the trick all along.  
I wonder if he, too, was lost  
And wanted me to stay by his side.

My mind fills with questions,  
But here I am,  
Lost,  
Thirsty,  
Dying.  
I need help.





# Conflicts

Devesh - B.Sc.(H) Botany- 3<sup>rd</sup> Year

Ignorance slaughters affection,  
Like a butcher, but without knife  
Thwarts outburst of true feelings  
Initiates an endless strife  
People in a conflict, deep down  
Beg for camaraderie  
But vanity and ego comes in between  
Stealing warmth and vicinity.

Both sides feel love, but tend to move on  
Not gonna lie but the heart weeps and relation dies  
When brain acts alone,  
Clutter starts in brain and reincarnates in heart,  
Eyes feel teary and connections apart,  
Conversations form paradigm of pure and vibrant affection,  
Like penguins singing while holding hands,  
----An unnoticed celebration  
But since no one initiates convo in this case,  
Even eternal love starts to fracture.

Judgmental talks act side villain  
Ego gets a boost and love stares from prison,  
Realization being very rare,  
Gives two chances to escape the snare  
Feelings being same from both the sides  
No one confronts, no one decides  
Both of them feel same after conflict  
Dejected, disheartened, sad & constrict

Egoistic conduct should never claw love,  
BURN IT UP WITH GASOLINE  
Let feelings prevail like a dove.  
On a real serious note  
I don't want to make memories  
Or live dreams with you  
This may sound utter nonsense



But life can be really blue

AHA! One thing can never change  
That is how we react  
How we manage  
My only response to life would be smiles  
on our faces,  
Will die 'n' times but won't leave you  
No matter how hard bad times chase,  
No conflict no nothing would,  
Drip water down your chin  
Happiness happiness happiness  
No nonsense no chagrin

See, memories can fade away and dreams  
always don't turn true  
BUT  
With all my mitochondria, I will make  
you Giggle  
That's all I can do!



# Fading Echoes Of a Soul

Chahat Gupta- B.A. (H) English- 1<sup>st</sup> Year

The girl who chose chaos over calmness,  
Now picks up a pen instead of a fight.  
She was the one who never sat quiet,  
Now sits silently, extremely deprived.

The one surrounded by friends,  
Now sits alone in the darkness.  
Before her eyes gleamed bright,  
Now they have changed into the faintest light.

She listened to everyone's stories,  
But now she is lost in her theories.  
No one noticed things weren't right,  
And that's how she vanished into the night.

## A Melody Never Played

Deepjyoti Doley- Ba. Prog. - 2<sup>nd</sup> year

Visualized myself at the peak of culmination,  
Standardized my approach with precise calculation.  
Embarked on the journey to reach the peak without  
hesitation,  
Knowing I could achieve my dream-not through power,  
but by coaxing procrastination.

Dawn is easy, but the process requires stick-to-it-iveness;  
Detached from my dream through intentional gaffes.  
My delusion of accomplishment:  
Repeated badgering; frustrating-left as a dead duck.  
Eventually, life denigrates me as a fiasco... fiasco...  
Life is left without a conclusion; what should I do?







## The Orchestra

Aditya Joshi- B.Sc (H) Computer Science  
- 3<sup>rd</sup> Year.

So as I got swallowed by my rage  
And the sadness that lived within  
I let out a little laugh  
At the joke that i was in,  
For I wanted to punch that mirror  
Make sure every glass cut through my skin  
But I also wanted to look through the shell  
That I was trapped within,  
Lifeless hopeless and mellow  
It was funny to see this skin  
That I wish I had cut through long ago  
Bled on the walls and on the floor  
And I know that doesn't rhyme or flow  
But that was never the point to begin with,

(Anyways)

Hell I got trapped inside these  
patterns  
Got lost within these flows  
And the metronome that runs my life  
Ran out and just choked  
So I kept running on this rotten  
bloody wreck of a score,  
And the all violins lost their strings  
The pages of music all got torn,  
Whiplashed by my own thoughts  
I got beat into my core,  
And I lost all my notes  
I lost all my scores  
And I lost it all to myself

The audience began to bore-  
Out with my act,

(I get it though)

Not going to last another 5 seconds  
The orchestra is over,

The fat lady sang long ago  
The curtains will start rolling soon  
So feel free to throw your roses on the  
floor,  
On the floor  
Not on the stage  
Just on the floor  
Cause I'll be there in a bit  
Right there with them to see  
Who can decay some more



# Worth The World

Nikhil Yadav- B.Sc Life Sciences- 3<sup>rd</sup> Year

They ask me, "Is she worth the strife?"  
If she walks through a desert, the barren  
land blooms with sunflowers, turning  
toward her light. She's worth more than  
the sun, air, water, and all the rest.

If she picks a flower, it shines brighter  
than a star, making it precious — more  
than emeralds and diamonds.  
She's worth more than all the earthly  
treasures.

If she speaks a word, even the deaf can  
hear the most songful sound, a voice that  
travels through universes.  
She's worth more than music and notes.

If she utters a phrase, the death sentences  
turn into poems, words and letters  
coming alive, dancing, transformed by her  
presence.  
She's worth more than literature and  
language.  
If she glances at me with her eyes, all  
paintings and museums fade into paper  
and dust — everything becomes  
insignificant.  
She's worth more than art and  
architecture.







If she touches my hand, my soul dies  
and is reborn countless times,  
knowingly trapped in samsara, not  
finding liberation, just to be near her.  
She's worth more than God and time.  
If she were to tell me she couldn't be  
mine, that she'd be happy without me,  
I'd be the happiest man alive and  
spend my life cherishing her memory.  
She's worth more than my desire to  
be with her.

Even if I were crucified, hanging  
lifeless with nails piercing my flesh,  
and she called for me, I'd tear my  
body apart to reach her, to see her  
smile.  
She's worth more than my death.  
If we were eighty and she passed  
before me, I'd gladly slit my throat to  
join her in the afterlife. She's worth  
more than my life.  
She's worth a thousand stars,  
But I doubt if she's worth the strife.



# There Came A Voice

Nikhil Yadav- B.Sc Life Sciences- 3<sup>rd</sup> Year.

On a hectic weekend, I heard a bark.  
A monstrous dog, with a harmless shark.  
A girl I saw—  
Tiniest legs, chubby cheeks, and a forehead  
mark.  
A pair of eyes, brown and dark.  
Her giggles I could hear from the window of  
my room.  
I didn't like her at first, but damn—  
There was a spark.  
Our eyes collided for the shortest of times,  
"She's out of your league, Nikhil!"  
There came a voice from my heart.  
A hundred kgs, almost six feet tall,  
Maybe confident enough to face her in  
person, but profile more like a punctured ball.  
A slight doubt in strength, but chest wide.  
A round tummy filled with chips, I tried to  
hide.  
I walked to her, confronted, and asked—  
"Does it bite?"  
For the second time, there came a voice—  
"Not if I'm by your side."  
Months passed, she's my home.  
The only Colosseum out of Rome.  
We held hands, we kind of looked cute,  
Others used to go on dates, we just used to  
roam.  
I was getting all red,  
Facing the prettiest view.  
For the third time, there came a voice— "I'm  
gonna tell my mom about you."







Remember the bark I heard?  
The dog is now gone, so is she.  
It was "me" and "her" now, what about we?  
Like who doesn't fight in a relationship?  
But how come the only person responsible is  
me?

We parted ways, on a cloudy afternoon of  
spring.  
For the very last time, there came a voice— "I  
shouldn't have loved you with every ounce of  
my being."

After six months of surviving,  
I don't share playlists anymore.  
I won't say my love has faded, but it's just—  
Not like before.  
As one of my closest friends says— "It's for  
the best."

I know, bhai. I'm not gonna rest.  
I've started to work on myself,  
I've learned to be free.  
I'm not that careless and lazy anymore,  
I'm trying to be more like me.  
What about that hundred kilo boy?  
He's you.

And you're me.  
The story's not about the transition of a boy,  
But a girl who brought the best in me.  
Push yourself to be better, easy and slow.  
The prophecy sure will change,  
Where people like me are going to glow.  
I know you're not a loser, but—  
Try talking to your family,  
Try talking to your friends.  
If nothing works, just remember—  
"It is for the best."



# A House Full of Reminders

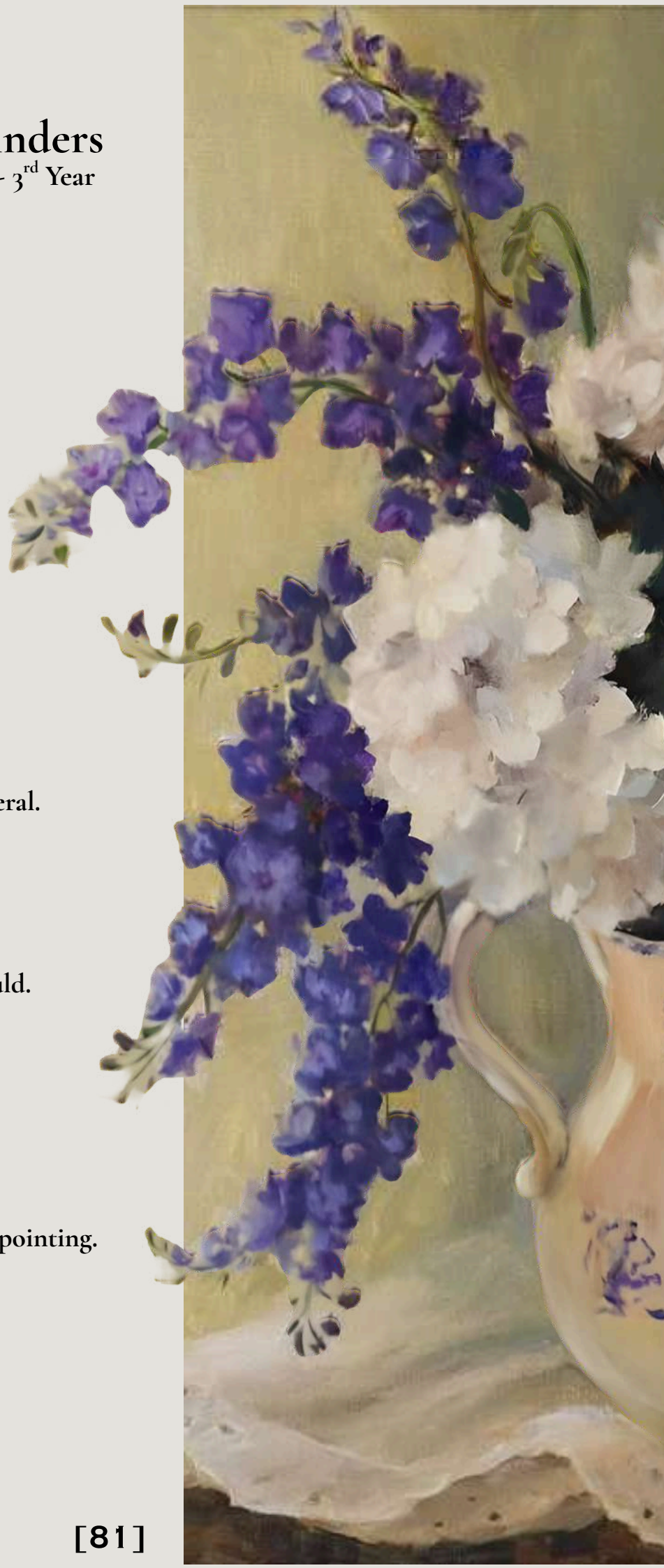
Sumayia Arshad- B.A. (H) English - 3<sup>rd</sup> Year

A house full of reminders,  
The good, the bad and the ugly.  
The good is too good to be true,  
and the bad hurts when recalled,  
ugly too ugly to look at -  
let alone live and remember.

A house full of reminders,  
Trinkets of childhood,  
Since my birth to her death,  
Our hair and eyes - just the same.  
I hope I live in ways she never could.

A house full of reminders,  
Chitter-chatter, weddings and a funeral.  
Can't seem to let go of that -  
Let go fo her.  
Her grave nearby,  
and memories all around,  
I hope to grow in ways she never could.

A house full of reminders,  
of interruptions and disturbances,  
cries stifled midway and  
cracked hopes lying all around.  
of her Dahlias and Roses,  
and seven sons who are mostly disappointing.







A house full of reminders,  
The good, the bad, the ugly,  
The ugly becoming uglier  
each time i recall it.  
An alien came, a foreigner,  
a brother, an uncle,  
he came and  
ruined a childhood, a life.  
Gave me a never-ending ache  
between my ribs,  
took away all the good,  
left me with a box  
full of ugly doubt and an ugly scarf  
while she lay downstairs wrapped in white.

Did she scream when I couldn't?  
Did anyone hear her?  
Hear me?  
Tried to?  
No.

A house full of reminders,  
The ugly, the ugly, and the ugly.  
A house full of death and abuse,  
Of disturbances and interruptions,  
Of my stifled cries, and  
His eyes which raked my pre-pubescent body,  
and hands whom no one stopped.

A house full of reminders,  
the good,  
which has been erased,  
the bad,  
which cannot be recalled,  
the ugly,  
which cannot be forgotten;  
no matter how much I try.



# Green Sweater

Shambhavi Singh- B.A. (H) English - 3<sup>rd</sup> Year

On fridays I cut oranges, and always end up injuring my hand.

Somedays, life happens without permission.

It tricks the clock,

and doesn't get caught between its hands.

It avoids getting snagged.

So unlike my green sweater  
which outgrew me over the  
years

It has started balding at places

, and its wrinkles just dont go

It has developed acrylic scars -  
reds, and blues, and browns.

I think my hands will become  
sweaters over time.

My books speak gently in my sleep

"we love you, we love you, we love-"

There is so much horror in the voice, so  
much ink that runs through their spine

"Will you read us?"

"Ever?"

I get nightmares everytime I close my eyes

They say the last time I slept, the Sun was born.

The only Holi I've played is by slapping  
mosquitoes on my hands.

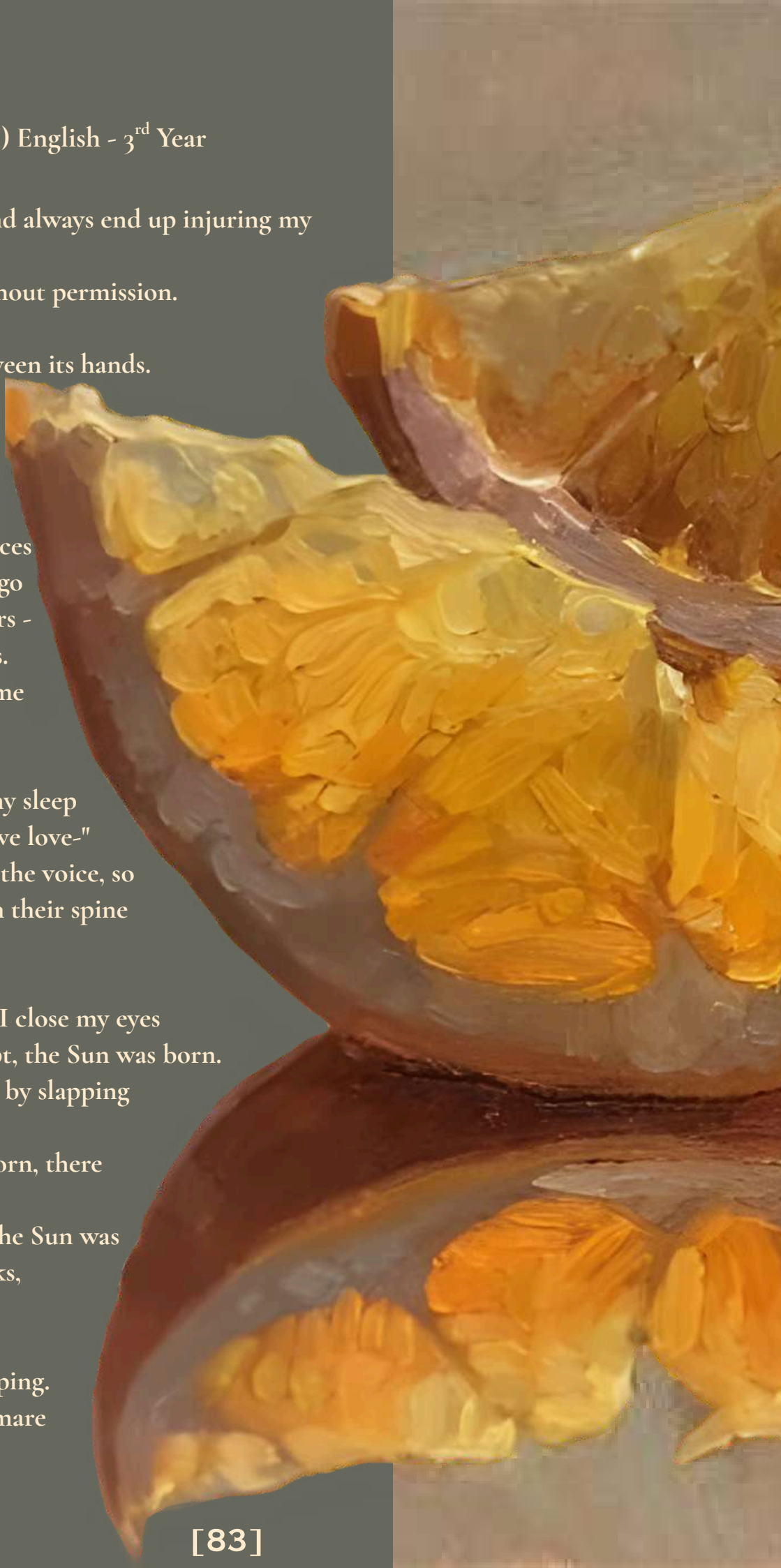
Surely, when the sun was born, there  
were no mosquitoes.

There were dreams, when the Sun was  
born, there were warm socks,  
and cold face creams.

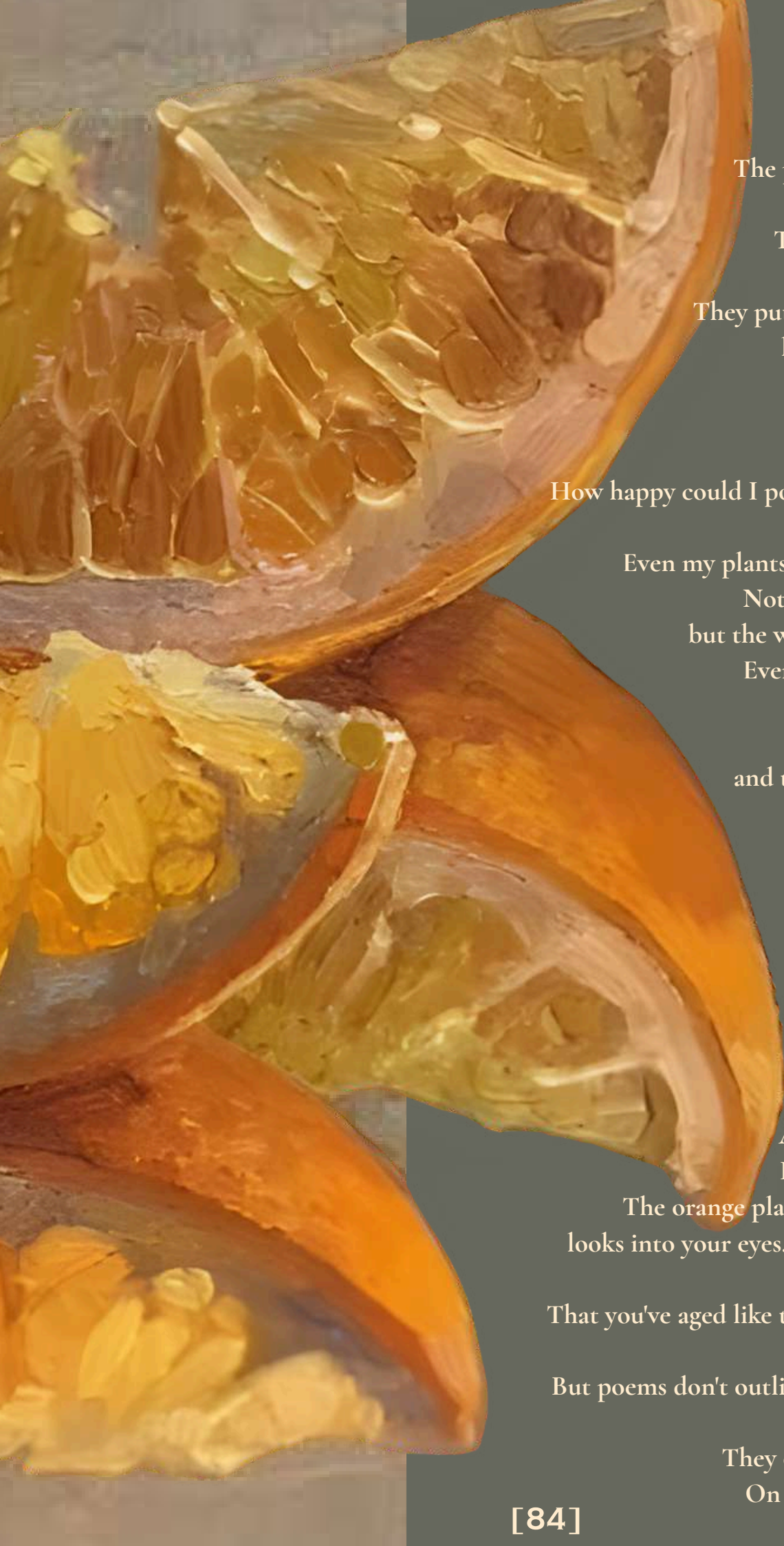
There was light,

and warmth and I was sleeping.

I was completing my nightmare  
in hopes of a happy end.







I dreamt of a dead man  
frozen in ice  
The police said he was not dead,  
and screamed for help-  
The frozen man was holding  
a five year child  
They put the dead man on my back,  
he felt cold against my skin,  
and smelt of rotten flesh.  
He was dead.

I was the only one there  
How happy could I possibly make this by staying.

Even my plants are dying, and I love them.  
Not the way my books love me,  
but the way dung beetles love dung.  
Everyone knows I'm a hoarder.

But my plants flower  
before they die  
and they look the prettiest then.

I read somewhere that  
citrus plants give their  
best harvest in  
their dying year.  
The air smells like oranges  
and limes, sour and crisp.

It's a show to say,  
"we're fine, we're well,  
take care or yourself"  
A lot of people do that too,  
I've known a bunch or two.

The orange plants kisses on your forehead,  
looks into your eyes, and tells you that you look  
beautiful.

That you've aged like their favorite green sweater,  
wrinkles and all.

But poems don't outlive oranges and lemons, and  
limes

They only live until the weekend.  
On fridays, my oranges are red.





## Dear Helen,

Manavi Sarkar- B.Sc. Phy.Sc. with Comp.Sc. - 2<sup>nd</sup> Year

The time was World War I, and a new set of troops had just been brought from Nova Scotia, including one named after his father, Reg Roome. In the graveyard of armies, Reg found his reason to live, Helen. This poem is a swirled-up version of his letters to Helen. Dear Helen, The morning brought the winds from the west. The snow caps have started to melt, and there he stands in his command, telling us to march and shoot. But Helen, beneath smoke billows And battle screams Your face comes with every gust of the wind Like a sailor's dream, and my feelings rise. Tell me, Helen, Where shall I take you In this vigorous venture, I have started to call life Sometimes it brings me a laugh or two About how everything has come to be The gunshots and grenades: instrumenting our love song The crooked pen with which The maps of fate are drawn Dear Helen, I don't want to go into philosophy or Words that we don't know how to pronounce I don't want you to take my mess and call it life. But Helen, There's no one who makes me happier to be bothered but you

I read your letters and re-read them a million times. Picturing you carefully fumbling with every word Bleeding the cold blue ink onto this paper That I am holding right now, I can't put my finger , but there's this uncanny feeling

That sits open on my desk. This paper runs the distance between us. Did you know Helen A bullet to the chest can kill you in a millisecond Faster than your heartbeat A fragment of a moment We all shed a tear Helen, only the right amount Only when it's allowed Only when the man was a father and a brother Isn't that what this war is about—the tears, the testament to victory? Weapons for or against righteousness Fighting to go down in history I wish you could fill the void Helen That's pulling me right now. I wish



Dear Helen, The summer is here are kinder than the cold The evening breeze cools the days wounds And we wait For yet another siren to load our weapons The camp is chirping with letters From wives and mothers Isn't it peculiar Helen How love and war are said to be nemesis But here in the heart of war, I can't help but feel a little love In shadows of violence And there you are, who is probably asleep by now Dear Helen, The Major came in today And brought a roll of names I have been placed at the Northern war front. We call it the Soul Eater Land, for no man has ever come back alive The rifles and tanks turning to ashes But I am not scared, not even a bit, for I have your letter in my pocket No bullet is strong enough to pass it And why shall I ever go Helen Into the forever slumber Without your hand in mine, so I am going to battle Helen And I will do it with my chest For nothing bigger than my soul And the blood in veins

And Helen if the moment ever comes Where death proves to be more stubborn than e, My very last breath is seized It will go off in your name Dear Helen, I couldn't really hear the whispers The nurses told me to sit stiffer But my legs couldn't move It was the third And the sudden darkness was pooling in Something in my shoulder ached, and the ground turned red There were multiple pieces of shredded glass in my flesh, and I know you are drowning in fright But don't skip the ledge Oh, Helen, where am I to go without my light Dear Helen, I haven't been to this part of the hospital yet, and it's freezing cold The bones in my body have started To make their presence known; all the dried leaves have bundled themselves Into fire near the camps And the names are writing themselves into death scrolls

Dear Helen, You might never know this For this letter may never find you, but the best are gone, and my heart is wavering In hopes of changing its destiny But fate is no one's muse And no one's nemesis So here I am, curling in what little strength is left in this body Latched to quill like it's going to save me The doctors here are known for. Painting lies white And so I have six days left, maybe even five, but Helen I dare you to cry Or cover yourself in pity That's not what i would like, Helen Please. Do you remember Helen? You told me you loved stargazing And that you can count them waiting For eternities. Well, Helen, I love you so there I will be For you shining, count me too.





# The Clever Tortoise: A Lesson in Wisdom and Strategy

Jahanvi Parashar - B.Sc. Phy.Sc. with Comp.Sc - 1<sup>st</sup> Year

## The Story

One day, a tortoise met an elephant, who trumpeted, *"Out of my way, you weakling - I might step on you!"* The tortoise was not afraid and stayed where he was, so the elephant stepped on him, but could not crush him.

*"Do not boast, Mr. Elephant, I am as strong as you are!"* said the tortoise, but the elephant just laughed. So, the tortoise asked him to come to his hill the next morning.

The next day, before sunrise, the tortoise ran down the hill to the river, where he met the hippopotamus, who was just on his way back to the water after his nocturnal feeding.

*"Mr. Hippo!! Shall we have a tug-of-war? I bet I'm as strong as you are!"* said the tortoise. The hippopotamus laughed at this ridiculous idea but agreed.

The tortoise produced a long rope and told the hippo to hold it in his mouth until the tortoise shouted *"Hey!"*.

Then the tortoise ran back up the hill, where he found the elephant, who was getting impatient. He gave the elephant the other end of the rope and said, *"When I say 'hey!' pull, and you'll see which of us is the strongest."*

Then he ran halfway back down the hill, to a place where he couldn't be seen, and shouted *"HEY!"*. The elephant and the hippopotamus pulled and pulled, but neither could budge the other - they were of equal strength.

They both agreed that the tortoise was as strong as they were.







## The Moral of the Story

This tale teaches us that intelligence and strategy can often surpass brute strength. The tortoise did not physically overpower the elephant or the hippopotamus, but instead used his cleverness to make them believe he was their equal in strength. Sometimes, the mind is the greatest tool we possess. This story reminds us that wisdom can triumph over might, resourcefulness can turn weaknesses into strengths, perception can shape reality, and strategic delegation can achieve what direct effort cannot. Above all, confidence and courage allow us to face challenges without fear, proving that intelligence, not size or power, is the true measure of strength. The tortoise did not physically overpower the elephant or the hippopotamus but instead used his cleverness to make them believe he was their equal in strength. Sometimes, the mind is the greatest tool we possess.

This story reminds us that sometimes, the best way to win is not by direct confrontation, but by thinking outside the box and using our intelligence wisely



# GLOWWORM AND GRAVITON

Sainaz - Bsc. (H) Physics - 2<sup>nd</sup> Year

*"Twee....twee....tweeee.....".* A sweet, humid, southern gust of wind woke up the little mango leaves to dance like a nymph wearing bright green gown. The very same gust of wind thrashed down the brown, antiquated leaves to Anna's feet. With the slightest touch of the old leaves, Anna was awakened. She had flaked out while sitting between her grandpa and grandma's grave.

Runi, Anna's mother, went to attend some kind of social gathering that any teenager will wilfully deny going to. So, just after maa left, Anna had run to graveyard and had been sitting there since.

18 June, 2015. *"Our project in science fair will leave Maukh sir in awe! Yes!!"*..... Anna's eyes brightened, like pearls were pierced in her eyes. Nothing thrills her more than the emotion of cognition does.

A sudden and awful scream completely disgusted and disturbed by the sound, she looked around. Her brother's face was pale, terrified. His shaking voice quaveringly announced, *"Anna.....come here! Maa fainted!"*. She jumped across the room and checked her pulse, it was a bit slower than normal. Her handset was smashed on the floor.

After few minutes, Runi opened her eyes. Relieved, Anna took the phone and dialed the last called number. It was uncle brigs. *"yeah, your grandpa died about 20 minutes ago.... Hello, hello?.. you there???....."*

Blank..... a huge void.

It got occupied by a gigantic, miraculous black hole. Which, in future, won't let the slightest of melancholy to just simply pass by. It will soon attract them in, assimilate each and every particle to paint her canvas with sombre colours.

He is not here anymore.

The only person who somehow understood her, by 37.19% (according to her calculations). But that's a huge number. No one ever crossed that, no one ever will.

*"Dadu (grandpa), you will see, I'll definitely do what I have promised to you and myself."*







27th Feb, 2022.

*"Woh jo hum mein tum mein quraar..."* Begum Akhtar's voice was echoing, like her voice was coming from far away, as if she had already died. Anna said to herself, within the monologue in her head, *"Dadu's music taste wasn't that boring after all. Oh... Maa's calling."*

*"Hello! How are you? What? when? are you ok? Hey....."*

*"Ladies and gentlemen, Air India welcomes you to Kolkata! The local time is..."* Anna was in a hurry, she had to reach fast.

She had to reach there to console her mother on her mother's death.

The pink western sky, the reddish-yellow gypsy clouds were taking Anna through the negative direction of the 4th dimension, while the universe continued to do the exact opposite. Translucent darkness claimed the evening.

*"Oh, glowworms!! They are all over the mango tree....so pretty! Dadu told me once they are fallen stars. Hmmm..... that's when I started to think about the nature of gravity. How are those little stars are staying up a height, defying gravity?"*

Cold breeze, Anna was shivering. But completely invested in gravity. She had always believed gravity as her own mirror image. No one has ever fathomed her, just as gravity has never been completely congruous in the family of four. The tiny, invisible gravitons, just like the little sacrifices that make someone a "person", build up gravity.

*"How many incredible thoughts those mini luminescents can provoke!"*

*"Anna, baby, you are cold...go home....."*

*"huh! What? Dadu? Dadu.....?"*

She opened her eyes. Maa was standing.

Is that tears glistening in the corner of her eyes? Why? A dampened sound of sobbing.

*"Never thought, I'd lose my father and my only daughter's sanity together."*

Anna stared, vaguely.



# What Are We Afraid Of?

Shreya Mishra- B.A (H) English- 3<sup>rd</sup> Year

What are we afraid of? The lies  
they weave, the truths they hide,  
Or the weight of knowing what's  
inside?

Are we scared of the masks they  
wear, Or of the moment we see  
them bare?

Are we afraid of losing someone  
dear,  
Of waking up and finding them  
nowhere near?

Or is it the fear of what they will  
say,

If we choose our hearts over the  
world's way?

Demons don't lurk in the dark or  
the night, They live in our  
thoughts, in things we fight.

We are selfish, though we never  
confess, Sometimes for love,  
sometimes for less. Sometimes we  
cling, afraid to let go, Sometimes  
we leave, scared to be known. And  
in that struggle, in that war, We  
hurt the ones we once swore To  
cherish, to hold, to never betray—  
Yet somehow, we push them away.

If I catch you, what will remain?

A quiet relief or a lingering pain?

Or will guilt take a home in my  
chest, Reminding me I failed a test?

It's not about them, not about those,  
Not about the world, the faces it  
shows.

It's about you.

It's about me .

It's about the things we failed to see.  
It's about searching for cracks in the  
past, Tracing the moments that  
faded too fast.

It's about the love we thought would  
stay,

The words we left for another day.

And in the end, what hurts the most,  
Is not just loss, but the silent ghost

The empty space,  
the missing part,

The echo of someone who once filled  
my heart.





# Desertion

Smridhi Rana- B.A (H) English- 3<sup>rd</sup> Year

A Silence-

Echoed all around,  
In a city,  
That only breathes at midnight.  
And I could relate.

As even when I spoke,  
Nobody heard.  
And I was deserted.

A shadow-  
Having a conversation,  
With its owner,  
Moving away and then it left!  
And I could relate.  
How I got attached so easily,  
Stayed even during the darkest of times,  
But I was deserted.

A crayon-  
Half used and broken,  
Kept away and then ultimately,  
Thrown in the dustbin.  
And I could relate.  
For I was used and hurt,  
And then left because I was boring?  
So I was deserted.

An ambulance-  
Struggling to pave the way,  
Amongst honking cars,  
Late!  
And I could relate.  
In the hustle bustle of the crowd,  
I was confused who's fault it was?  
When I was deserted.



A sock-  
With holes but,  
Without its pair,  
Useless and lost.  
And I could relate-  
For I had holes in my heart by now,  
Which nobody could fill,  
While I was deserted.

A river-  
That forgot its name,  
Slowly losing herself,  
In the ocean.  
And I could relate-  
For I lost myself,  
While trying to find others.  
After I was deserted.



# पंक्तिपाँ

हिंदी साहित्य







## “वो सुबह कितनी प्यारी थी”

Anjali - B.Sc. (H) Zoology- 3<sup>rd</sup> year

वो सुबह कितनी प्यारी थी।  
जब सूर्य की खिलखिलाती किरणें मुख पर  
आ पड़ीं,  
मानो मेरे मन में उठी विचारों की एक  
क्यारी थी।  
पर जो भी थी, बड़ी ही न्यारी थी।  
वो सुबह कितनी प्यारी थी।  
पौधों ने अंगड़ाई ली थी जब हवाओं से  
टकराई थी,  
मानो कुदरत की ही कोई कलाकारी थी।  
पर जो भी थी, बड़ी ही न्यारी थी।  
वो सुबह कितनी प्यारी थी।  
पत्तों से गिरती वो एक ओंस की बूँद बड़ी  
ही घबराई थी,  
पर जब हाथों पर वो मेरी आ गिरी – मानो  
उतनी ही  
शरमाई थी।  
पर जो भी थी, बड़ी ही न्यारी थी।  
वो सुबह कितनी प्यारी थी।  
यह सब देखकर ही मेरे मन में उठीं एक  
गहराई थी,  
मानो ये चंद पंक्तियाँ मेरे मन की कल्पनाओं  
में बसी रचनात्मकता की ही साझेदारी थी।  
  
पर जो भी थी, बड़ी ही न्यारी थी।  
वो सुबह कितनी प्यारी थी।



## “यादें”

Ashna - B.A. Programme - 2nd Year

विचलित करती लंबी रातों में  
झिलमिलाती अतीत की बातों में,  
जब मन करे उस क्षणिक पल को जीने का  
देख लेती हूँ उन्हें यादों में।

वो जोड़ देती हैं मेरे स्वच्छंद बचपन से  
आगाह करती हैं भविष्य की चालाकियों से,  
टूट जाते हैं रिश्ते सबके सबसे  
अटूट रिश्ता है अपनी-अपनी यादों से।

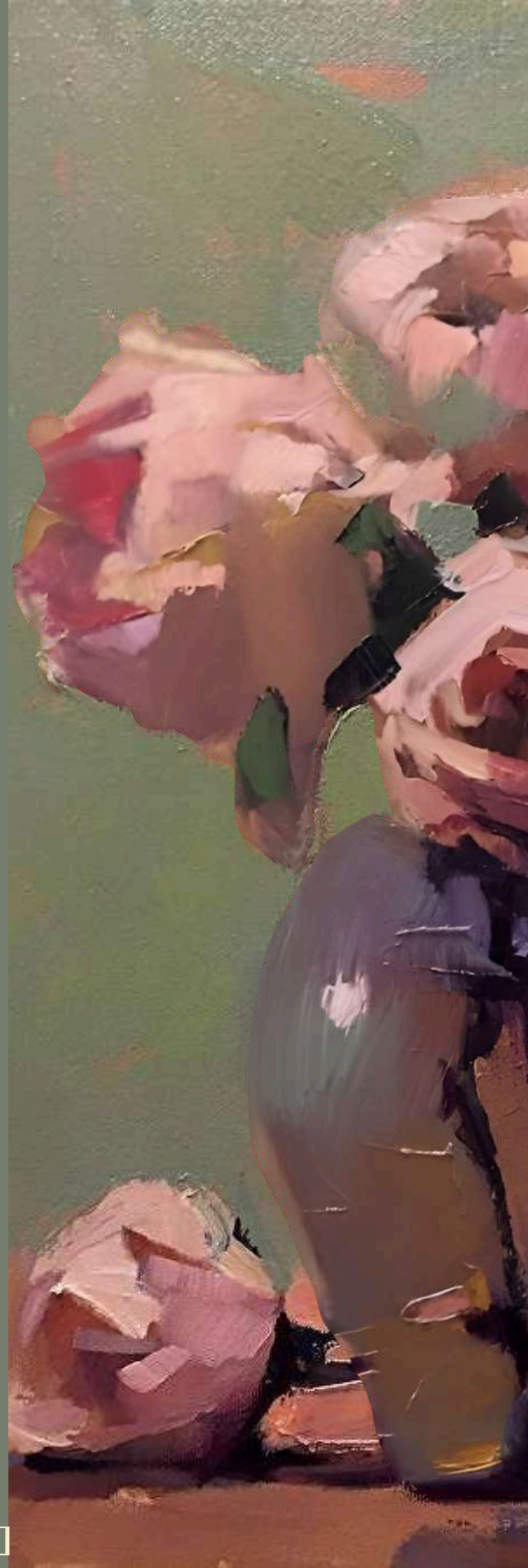
पापा स्कूल छोड़ते, दादा घुमाते  
मम्मी हाथों खिलाती, चाचा कंधे पर बैठाते  
बड़े भाई का पीछा करते, दीदी से अपना काम कराते  
साल की कट्टी पल भर में भुलाते।

दादी संग सोना, फिर नींद में जगाना  
ज़िद पर अड़ना, रोकर सो जाना  
घरवालों के मनाने पर अपनी हँसी छुपाना,  
याद दिलाती है ये सब, मेरी याद का आना।

मेरी यादों ने उस मिट्टी को संजोया है  
जिसमें कितने सपने साकार हुए,  
कैसे पौधे पेड़ बने, कितने झोपड़ी मकान हुए।  
कितने दोस्त बड़े हुए, कितने तो नाकाम हुए,  
खेलते-खेलते शाम हुई, सब अपने घर प्रस्थान हुए।

‘सुबह’ पल भर में शाम हुई  
भरी खटिया वीरान हुई,  
अनुकूल परिस्थितियाँ, संघर्ष है याद  
समृद्ध जिंदगी अब आम हुई।

वो बड़े बुजुर्ग की ज्ञानी बातें  
जब मेले में रिश्ते मिल जाते,  
हर कोई संजोकर रखता है  
अपनी-अपनी हसीन यादें।







## “दोस्ती”

Uma Upreti - B.Sc. (H) Botany - 2nd  
Year

वो एक अनकही दास्तान,  
जो शब्दों से ना हो बयां।  
शब्द मात्र दो अक्षर का,  
पर दो अक्षर ये हैं जुदा।

देता ये ऐसा आभास है,  
तू दूर इस दुनिया के पर पास है।  
करे हम अपने सुख-दुख बयां  
और चलते मन में अंतर्द्वंद्व है।  
कि है ये ऐसा और ऐसी,  
ना सुने मुझे, ना है मेरी जैसी।  
पर जो भी हो, साथ मस्त है।  
इस भीड़ और दौड़-भाग भरी दुनिया में,  
एक अपना और खास शख्स है।  
जहाँ रुके समय तो कभी भागे,  
हो कभी विपरीत, कभी साथ दे।  
पर कभी करे ना फर्क, ये एहसास है।  
आज वो तो कल मैं,  
दे एक-दूसरे को हौसला पर दोनों,  
एक ही नाव के मझधार हैं।  
हाँ, सही में कुछ अलग ही,  
तरीके का अनोखा साज है।  
जो भी है, ना हो सके शब्दों में बयां,  
ऐसा मधुर एहसास है।



# “कुंभमेला”

Radhana - 2nd Year -B.Sc. Mathematical Science

हर्षोल्लास, आस्था की लहर,  
गंगा तट पर जन सागर प्रहर।  
दिव्य कुम्भ, पावन मेला,  
संत-साधु, भक्ति अलबेला।

जयकारों की गूँज थी भारी,  
डुबकी संग, मोक्ष की तैयारी।  
पर भीड़ बढ़ी, कदम रुके,  
हाहाकार में प्राण चुके।

धक्का-मुक्की, चीख-पुकार,  
श्रद्धा में समाई लाचार।  
जो आए थे पुण्य कमाने,  
रह गए बस नाम के निशाने।

कहाँ गई वो देखभाल?  
क्यों ना दिखी कोई सँभाल?  
भक्ति अगर सच्ची होती,  
तो यूँ न टूटते रिश्तों की डोर।

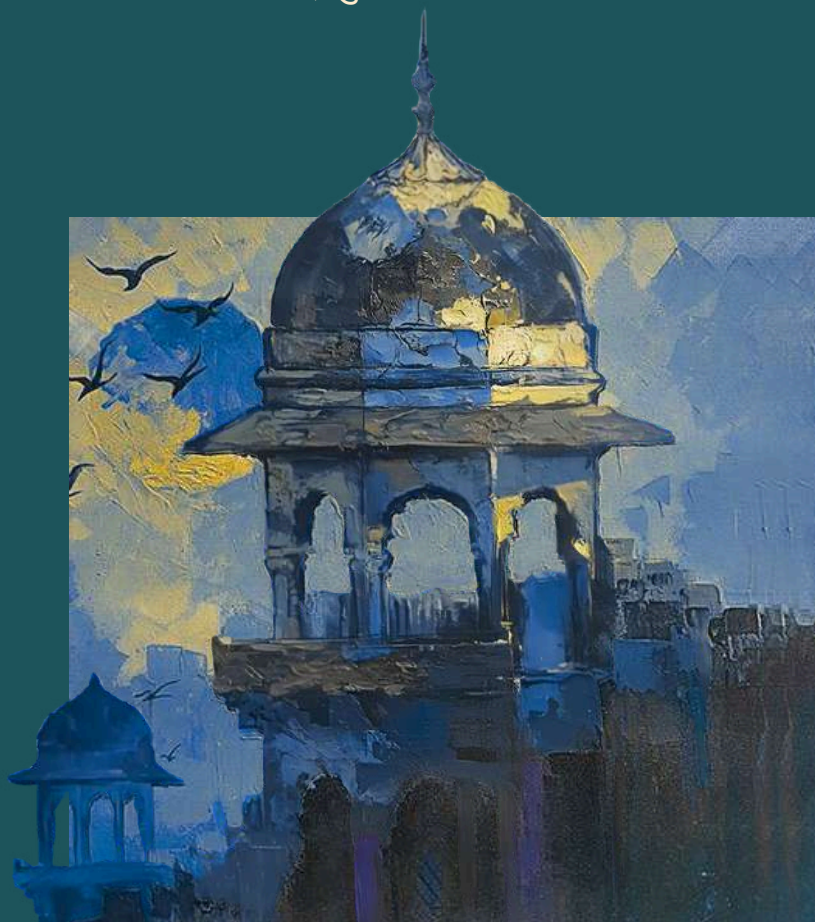
माँ ने खोया मासूम बच्चा,  
बूढ़े का संबल खो गया।  
भक्ति के इस विशाल सागर में,  
कई सपनों का दीप बुझ गया।

देख रहा हूँ, सोच रहा हूँ,  
क्या सच में हैं भगवान?  
जो अनदेखा, जो अनजाना,  
क्या सच में वह हैं इंसान?

हे प्रभु! ये कैसा मेला?  
जहाँ श्रद्धा में समाया झमेला।  
कुंभ बने फिर प्रेम का संगम,  
ना बने ये चीखों का द्वार।

हे प्रभु! अब तो राह दिखा,  
आस्था में मत दे ये सज़ा।  
कुंभ हो श्रद्धा का दरपन,  
ना बने फिर भगदड़ का रण।

हे प्रभु! यह कैसा खेल?  
जहाँ भक्ति में मचा था मेल।  
सुनो पुकार, दो संदेश,  
संयम, सुरक्षा हो विशेष।







## “माँ ने बोला”

Sumaiya Arshad- B.A. (H) English - 3<sup>rd</sup> Year

माँ ने बोला  
जहन्नुम में सबसे ज़्यादा  
औरतें नज़र आएंगी।

क्या मैं पूछ लूँ माँ से कि -  
क्या मैं भी उन औरतों  
में से एक होऊंगी?

क्योंकि बेपर्दगी तो मैंने भी करी है।  
गंदे मर्दों ने मुझे भी  
हवस की नज़रों से देखा  
और भूखे हाथों से छुआ है।  
क्या मैं भी जलाई जाऊंगी जहन्नुम की आग में?

क्योंकि रोज़ बाज़ार में  
अखबारों के पीछे से  
मुझे भी मन ही मन  
नंगा किया जाता है।

क्या पूछ लूँ उस माँ से  
जो ज़रा सा कंधा या टखना  
दिखने पर ही हाए हाए शुरू कर देती है?  
कैसे उतारूँ ये काली पट्टी उसकी आँखों से  
जब वो खुद ही गांधारी बनी बैठी है?

क्या वो सुनेगी मेरी बात?  
क्या वो माँ जो बोली मुझे कि  
"भूल जाओ,  
जो हो गया, सो हो गया  
तुम्हारा चाचा ही तो था।"  
ये सुनेगी मेरी बात?  
ये?

इसको समझाने से बेहतर  
मुझे जहन्नुम की आग मंज़ूर है।



## “शब्दों का सम्मान”

Biswajeet Saha - B.Com. (H) - 2nd Year

शब्दों की दुनिया बदल रही, बदला इसका अंदाज़,  
गाली देना स्टाइल बना, यही हुआ है आज।  
शब्द जो थे मीठे कभी, अब ज़हर में ढलते हैं,  
गालियों के तेज़ थपेड़े, हर गली में चलते हैं।

हर गली, हर महफ़िल में, चलती भाषा बेहिसाब,  
संस्कारों की रोशनी में, क्यों दिखता है ये ख़राब?  
सोचो, जो तुमने बोला है, वो कैसा असर करेगा,  
कल कोई छोटा बच्चा इसे, सीख के और कहेगा।

फ़ो.मो. का डर है सबको, कूल दिखने की चाह,  
मित्रों संग जो बात करें, गालियाँ बनें तब राह।  
लेकिन सोचो इक पल को, क्या ये सच में है सही?  
क्या भाषा की ये गंदगी, हमारी पहचान नहीं बन रही?

इज़ज़त होती शब्दों से, गिरती भी शब्दों से,  
गाली से मिलती वाहवाही, लेकिन खोते रिश्तों से।  
क्या यही है आधुनिकता का प्रमाण?  
खोखला है भीतर से, बाहर है बस दिखावा महान।

जो बोलते हो, वही तुम हो, पहचान बनती शब्दों से,  
सम्मान गिरेगा खुद तुम्हारा, इस भद्दी आदत से।  
समझो, भाषा की ताकत, इसे यूँ ही मत गँवाओ,  
शब्दों से रोशन करो जहां, गाली से मत सजाओ।





## “शिक्षा”

Biswajeet Saha- B.Com. (H) - 2nd Year

किताबों के बोझ से झुके हुए ये कंधे,  
रटते हुए पाठ, खो जाते हैं सपने।  
कक्षा और जेल में नहीं रह गया है कोई अंतर,  
नए ख्यालों पर ताले लगते रहे हैं निरंतर।

रटते हैं जो लिखा है, बस वही है ज्ञान,  
सोचने की आज़ादी यहाँ कहीं नहीं मिलती दान।  
हर बच्चा यहाँ बस अंक का ही प्यादा है,  
पर उसकी सोच, उसका मन कब आज़ाद है?

प्रश्नों में उलझा है हर मासूम चेहरा,  
जवाबों से अलग हटकर, मिलता नहीं सवेरा।  
पुरानी किताबों की धूल भरी पंक्तियाँ पढ़ते हैं,  
आधुनिकता के नाम पर, पुराने ढर्रे से लड़ते हैं।

कहाँ है वो शिक्षा जो जगा दे जुनून,  
जो दिखाए रास्ते, जो दे नई धुन?  
इस घिसे-पिटे ढर्रे में घुट रही है युवा पीढ़ी,  
खो रही है चमक, टूट रही है ख्वाबों की सीढ़ी।

## “हकीकत के साये”

Hasan Azeez - B.Sc. (H) Botany - 3rd Year

तेज़ बारिश में आँसू छलकता देखा,  
एक सियाह बादल को पहली बार बरसता देखा।

अजब मनाज़िर महफ़िल में पेश आए,  
खुद साक़ी को होश का सबक़ पढ़ाते देखा।

खुद के गिरहबान में झाँक लें, इतनी सआदत कहाँ,  
"भलाई का ज़माना नहीं" एक जेबकतरे को कहते देखा।

कामयाब दौर तक सारी दुनिया साथ चली,  
दशत-ए-नाकामी में हर दरख़्त मुरझाता देखा।

वो अफ़सर, वो संविधान का मुहाफ़िज़ जो है,  
मेज़ के नीचे से उसका ज़मीर बिकता देखा।

सोच-समझकर ही किसी को अपना हमदर्द चुनिएगा,  
हर शख्स को अपना किरदार ब-हिजाब रखता देखा।



## “आईना”

Uma Upreti - B.Sc. (H) Botany - 2nd Year

दिन ये प्रतिबल बीत रहा,  
 राह में मैं तीव्र कदमों से चल रहा।  
 कह रही अंतः हृदय से आवाज़ मुझे,  
 क्यों तू सब पीछे छोड़ रहा।  
 रुक जा, ज़रा ले सांस तू,  
 अपनी आत्मा को दे आवाज़ तू।  
 क्यों इन वादियों को छोड़,  
 तू दूर रेगिस्तान को जा रहा।  
 अगर यदि करना है द्वंद तुझे,  
 तो कर अपनी अंतरात्मा से।  
 जो पसीजती इस मर्म व्यथा को,  
 जान छोड़, दूर तुझसे जा रहा।

अब छोड़ सारे व्यर्थ के आडंबर तू,  
 आभास कर मन की आवाज़ को।  
 जो चिखती-चिल्लाती इन झरोखों से,  
 आना चाहे पार कर इस गर्त को।  
 यदि पहुंचे तुझ तक ये मर्म व्यथा,  
 ना जाना, रुक देने संताप तू,  
 जुट जा कर्तव्य पथ पे अपने।  
 कर दूर इन अवरोध को,  
 हो भवसागर पार तू।  
 फिर कहे ये धरा तुझे,  
 हो भला तेरा और ले ये आशीर्वाद तू  
 कर प्रस्थान अपने लक्ष्य को।







## “ज़िंदगी”

Uma Upreti - Botany Hons - 2nd Year

ज़िंदगी कैसी है?  
आसान या मुश्किल!  
पता नहीं,  
लेकिन मैं ये ज़रूर जानती हूँ कि,  
यहाँ आना आसान है,  
लेकिन यहाँ से जाना नहीं।  
बचपन के खिलौनों से लेकर  
अंत्येष्टि के धुएँ तक का सफ़र,  
शायद आसान नहीं।  
ज़िंदगी में एक ग़लत फैसले को सुधारना,  
शायद आसान नहीं।  
मुस्कुराते, रोते,  
किसी की यादों में ज़िंदगी गुज़ारना,  
शायद आसान नहीं।  
लेकिन आसान न सही,  
मुश्किल भी नहीं।  
मुस्कुराकर जीना मुश्किल नहीं,  
गिरकर उठना, उठकर चलना,  
और ग़लती न दोहराना  
मुश्किल नहीं।  
ज़िंदगी रंगमंच का खेल है,  
आसान न सही, मुश्किल नहीं।



# “माँ आई है”

Kavita - B.A. (H) English -1st Year

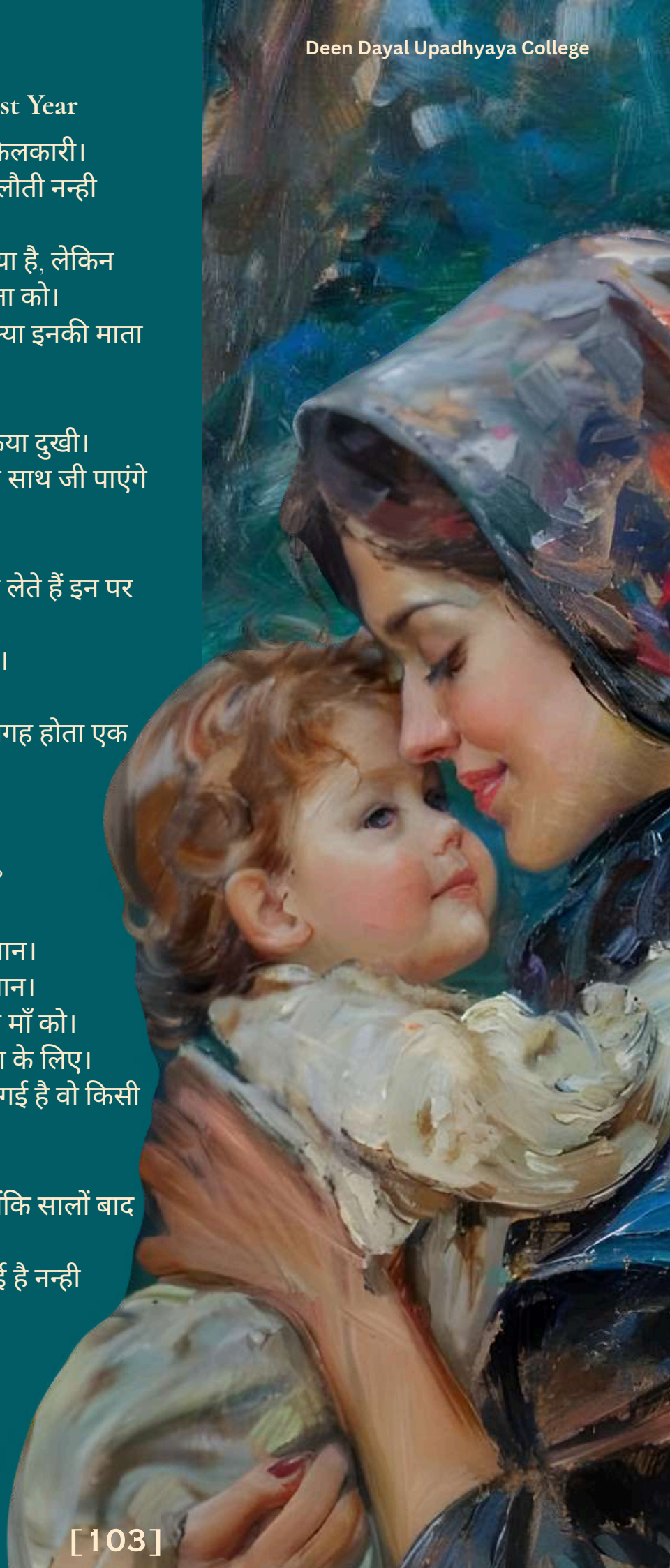
देखो, आज घर में गूँजी है सालों बाद एक किलकारी।  
आज स्वयं आई भवानी बनकर घर की एकलौती नन्ही  
राजकुमारी।  
देखो चारों तरफ सबके चेहरों पर नूर तो छाया है, लेकिन  
कोई एक तो आया है तसल्ली देने इनके पिता को।  
तो एक माँ कह रही है, उपाय नहीं किए थे क्या इनकी माता  
को?

माँ-पिता दोनों हैं खुश, पर समाज ने उन्हें किया दुखी।  
कैसे अब ये छोटा-सा जीवन नई मेहमान के साथ जी पाएंगे  
सुखी?  
समय बीता, बिटिया रानी बड़ी हो गई है।  
घर में मिला है सबका प्यार, पापा-दादा लाद लेते हैं इन पर  
बेशुमार।  
तो वही चाचा-मामा लाते इनके लिए उपहार।

औरत होकर कहती है दादी, काश इसकी जगह होता एक  
चिराग।  
आगे बढ़ता हमारा संपूर्ण घर का राजपाठ।  
ये तो बेटी है, जो होती है पराया धन।  
चली जाएगी अपने घर, फिर क्या करेंगे हम?

खूब करी पढ़ाई है, उसने बढ़ाया है घर का मान।  
फिर भी अंत में उसको भी सोचा गया है समान।  
आयी जब बेटी बड़ी होकर, तो ताने दिए गए माँ को।  
ढूँढा एक राजकुमार, फूल-सी नाजुक गुड़िया के लिए।  
बांधा गया है उसको वचनों में, सब छोड़कर गई है वो किसी  
और के घर।

दोबारा हुई है वही कहानी, बस इसलिए क्योंकि सालों बाद  
अब उसके घर में गूँजी है किलकारी।  
लेकिन माँ की गलती से एक बार फिर हो गई है नन्ही  
राजकुमारी।







## “दिवाली विशेष रचना: सैनिकों की पुकार”

Roushan Kumar - B.Sc. (H) Physics - 2nd Year


यादों के झरोखों में दिवाली की शमा जली है, एक दास्तान है पुरानी, इन हवाओं के आगोश में।  
कुछ पुरानी यादों का आगाज़ हो, हवाओं में बेताबी हो,  
काफिर ये ना समझें कि चमन में खुशहाली नहीं है।

हम अमनपरस्त हैं, खुदारी है मुल्कवासियों की,  
कश्मीर की वादियों का समां है और हवाओं में उमंग है।  
दीपक का दीपक बुझ गया, शहादत भी दी वतन के लिए,  
दीपक जो जलाए घर में मेरे, तभी तो दीपावली मना हम रहे।

चाचा, मामा, पिता और पति, तुम्हारे ही हैं नाम अनेक,  
तेरे घर के आने की खबर, ख्यालों में खो जाता हूँ।  
हृदय की वेदनाओं का नाश कर, मैं खुशियों में रम जाता हूँ,  
उन यादों को दोहराता हूँ, प्रेममय स्वप्न में खो जाता हूँ।

तेरी बातों में एक बात है, शुभ बेला की शुरुआत है,  
दिवाली भी रंगीन है, इन खुशियों के दिलदार में।  
माँ लक्ष्मी की कृपा है, गगन में दीपों का ही शोर है,  
परिवारों में खुशियाँ देख, दीपावली में भी नया रंग है।





# “एक परी जो स्कूल के बस्ते में रहती थी”

Abhishek Kumar Singh - B.Com. Hons - 1st Year

मैं स्कूल जाता था,  
वो दूर खड़ी रहती थी,  
मैं अपनी पलकें झुका लेता था,  
वो हवा की तरह बहती थी,  
सारा आसमान उसकी गिरफ्त में था,  
खुशबुएं उससे जलती थीं,  
किसने कहा रानियाँ महलों में रहती हैं,  
वो एक परी थी,  
जो मेरे स्कूल के बस्ते में रहती थी,  
उसे देखा तो जाना मैंने,  
कि हुस्न क्या होता है,  
झरना निकलता है पहाड़ से जैसे,  
ऐसा उसका हंसना होता है,  
वो मुझसे अक्सर पूछा करती थी,  
मुझमें ऐसा भी क्या है,  
मैं उससे कहता भी रहता था,  
तुम्हें अभी अपने बारे में पता ही क्या है,  
जज़्बातों से भरी हुई लड़की थी वो,  
उसे तो कुछ भी पता न था,  
दूर जाने का शौक था उसको,  
लेकिन इतना दूर, इतना भी पता न था,  
एक आखिरी दफ़ा उसने आवाज़ दी,  
मैं तो कहीं कोने में सो रहा था,  
सोकर उठा तो जाना मैंने,  
ये सब तो ख्वाबों में हो रहा था,  
आँखें रोशन हुईं तो देखा,  
वो कहीं दूर लोक से आ रही थी,  
पास में बैठी आके मेरे,  
वो मुझे अपनी बाहों में सुला रही थी।



## “दर-ओ-दीवार”

Nikhil Yadav - B.Sc. Life Science- 3rd  
Year

एक घर की ये कहानी है,  
जो मुझे केवल मालिक को बतानी है।  
चहल-पहल है यहाँ चहरों की,  
फिर क्यों ये दरवाजे ज़िरानी हैं?  
केवल मैं ही सूना हूँ शायद,  
या शायद ये दीवारें भी वीरानी हैं?

मैं था साधारण सा, तो एक किला लाल हुआ,  
जो मुमताज़ को भाया क्यों वो ही ताज हुआ?

कमी थी शाह की, या मजदूर कम रहे?  
दिल्ली तो अब हो गया पुराना,  
मगर,  
कुछ अशक थे रखे इन खिड़कियों पर,  
वो भी क्या खूब बहे।

सिमटी चौखटें, झुकी छत,  
ये भी टूट जाएंगी अब।  
मैंने सुना था कल जामा को कहते-  
"मुझे अब तेरी याद सताती है"।

कई हाथ बाँधे हैं इन ईंटों ने,  
घर में मोहब्बत की अहमियत,  
अब ईंटें समझाती है।  
मैं सिर्फ एक इमारत रहूंगा ज़िंदगी भर,  
या मुझे फिर से कोई घर कहेगा?  
आज मिलने आया है एक मुसाफ़िर नया,  
मुझे तेरे भी जाने का इंतज़ार रहेगा।  
ये मैं हूँ,  
दीवार-ए-इल्म।  
कैद हूँ अपनी ही हिकमत में मैं।

कई हाथ बाँधे हैं इन ईंटों ने,  
घर में मोहब्बत की अहमियत,  
अब ईंटें समझाती है।  
मैं सिर्फ एक इमारत रहूंगा ज़िंदगी भर,  
या मुझे फिर से कोई घर कहेगा?  
आज मिलने आया है एक मुसाफ़िर नया,  
मुझे तेरे भी जाने का इंतज़ार रहेगा।  
ये मैं हूँ,

दीवार-ए-इल्म।  
कैद हूँ अपनी ही हिकमत में मैं।  
एक दफ़े फिर लौट आना मुझ तक,  
जो अगर ना भी हूँ तुम्हारी किस्मत में मैं।  
खंडहर देख के, तुम भी खौफ खाओगे?  
"लाल किला बात करता है मुझसे",  
न जाने किस-किस को बताओगे।  
मौन हो जाऊंगा, कुछ ही पल में मैं।  
पिछले दिनों, मेरी तबियत भी ना-साज़ रही है।  
तुम्हे फिर मिलने का खयाल है मेरा,  
कमबख्त हर दफ़े बीच में ये दीवार रही है।





# “हान -हीन”

Abhishek - B.Sc. (H) Electronics - 2nd Year

विनाशकाले विपरीत बुद्धि,  
हृदय वेगफुलित अहंकार से लगाये तन की गंगा में  
डुबकी।

समवस अर्धज्ञान छलकत जैसे मटकी में पानी,  
अहंकार प्रफुल्लित हृदय बताये खुद को ज्ञानी।  
ज्ञान बताये परममहिमा मौन की कहे,  
धर मौन सुन प्रकृति मौन।

ना मुझमें मैं हूं, ना तुझमें तू है,  
क्या मैं हूं, क्या तू है?  
क्या मांगू, क्या त्यागूं?  
क्या पूजूं मंदिर, क्या पूजूं मस्जिद?

सोचा हृदय से हान -हीन,  
ढूंढूं जग में जो मुझ में है विलीन।  
क्या सुख, क्या दुख, क्या मोह, क्या माया?  
सब है मेरे मन का भरमाया।  
क्या दोस्त, क्या दुश्मन?  
मेरा शत्रु मेरा मन।

काम वासना को देकर प्रेम का नाम,  
खुद को मैंने भटकाया।  
काम क्रोध की अग्नि में स्वयं ही खुद को जलाया,  
खुद कर मैंने अपनी हानि, दोष अन्य पर लगाया।  
कर मैं अन्याय, जग को झुठलाया,  
क्रोध कर मैंने अपना जीवन व्यर्थ बताया।

उत्पन्न हुआ जो दुख खुद मुझसे,  
मैंने जग को बढ़ा चढ़ा बताया।  
यह अहंकार मेरा जो मैंने खुद को सर्वश्रेष्ठ बताया,  
जैसा बोया वैसा काटा।

राम रूप किए कर्म का,  
कृष्ण रूप में फल पाया।  
जो करूं मैं हृदय से वही है पूजा,  
ना हो जिसमें ध्यान वह है कर्म दूजा।

अंतरमन को नकार मैंने सुनी जगवार्ता,  
है परमात्मा से वेद ना वेद से परमात्मा।  
जो बीत चुका, जो आएगा मैं क्यों उसमें समय  
व्यर्थ गंवाऊं,  
है मुझे मिला यह क्षण मैं क्यों ना इसमें ध्यान  
लगाऊं।

चंचल मन, दुखी तन,  
से शांति की ज्योत कैसे जलाऊं?  
रख अनंत चाह, और लोभ,  
मैं इस आत्मा को मुक्ति कैसे दिलाऊं?

रख हृदय में हां -हीन,  
जो मुझ में है विलीन,  
मैं उसे जग में कैसे पाऊं?







## “मेरे पापा”

Tanya - B.Com. Hons. - 1st Year

देखा है मुसीबत से अकेले लड़ते,  
आश्चर्यचकित हूँ टाल देते हो हंसते हंसते।  
मानती हूँ अभी इतनी काबिल नहीं कि मदद कर पाऊँ आपकी,  
धीरज रखो पापा, एक दिन दुनिया होगी आपकी।

मन तो करता है कि सारे गम अभी चुरा लूँ,  
सफलता मिलेगी देर सही, चाहती हूँ आपका सर गर्व से उठा दूँ।  
मुझे याद है वो रम जिसे बताया था आपने दवाई,  
और ये भी कि कैसे याद करते हो अपने बहन भाई।

इतने धोखो के बाद भी भरोसा सब पर कर लेते हो,  
इतना बड़ा दिल आखिर संभाल कैसे लेते हो?  
वो पहली बार जब आपको रोते देखा,  
मेरी आंखों के नीचे बनी एक रेखा।

आप तो जानते हो मुझे प्यार जताना नहीं आता,  
दूसरों की तरह गले लगाना नहीं आता।  
माना मेरा रंग रूप गया है माँ पर,  
पर गुस्सा तो आपकी तरह ही है आता।

माना थोड़े से सख्त हो आप,  
पर झूठ न बोल रही स्किनकेयर कराते वक्त मेरे POOKIE हो आप।  
यूँ बहुत कुछ कहना था,  
काश मुझे अच्छा लिखना आता।  
काश मुझे अच्छा लिखना आता।



# Hostel Archives





# Hostel Archives



“Maybe it's not about having a beautiful day, but about finding beautiful moments. Maybe a whole day is just too much to ask. I could choose to believe that in every day, in all things, no matter how dark and ugly, there are shards of beauty if I look for them.” – Anna White



### Q1. How has your overall experience been since living in hostel ?

HG - My overall experience in the hostel has been so lively and thriving. Fun moments, late-night talks, and celebrations have created lifelong memories. Bonds and friendships have led to a collection of unforgettable moments that will stay close to my heart.

SA- Pleasant. Made good memories and spent quality time with my friends. My experience in hostel has been rather pleasant and peaceful. I have made quite a lot of good memories and I was grateful to have amazing moments with the friends I hold dear.

### Q2. What factors influenced your decision to choose the hostel accommodation?

HG- For most part of it my decision to choose hostel as accommodation was deeply influenced by my family ,considering the safety the hostel provides with a good homely atmosphere , making it a convenient mode for accommodation.

SA- Well for most of it was the facilities the hostel provided like AC, washing machine , room cleaning services twice a month etc. Also it made going to college very easy and convenient considering the hostel is inside the college grounds.

### Q3 . How has the hostel contributed to your personal growth and development?

HG- The hostel ambience has been way too comforting for me to explore my inner capabilities. Here I developed my social skills a lot.





SA- Gave me a platform to actively participate in activities like dancing, painting, drawing through Spardha and fest.

**Q4 . Are there any specific hostel activities or events that you particularly enjoy or look forward to?**

HG- Any gathering that brings all the hostellers together is enjoyable. For me, spardha, which is a month-long sports fest at our hostel, is the best event. This event not only showcases the hidden skills of all the participants but also made me realise the true worth of the hostel family.

SA- I am really fond of all the events held in hostel like the freshers , the fest and also the indoor activities that are held during spardha. Each one of them has helped me grow and inspired me to do better.

**Q5 . Can you share any memorable or funny experiences from your time in the hostel?**

HG- The most memorable and funny memories were collected during the preparations of Rubaroo: hostel freshers where we all danced together and had so much fun in that hustle.



SA- Difficult to pick one. But one instance that i could think of rn is that me and my friends were sitting in the room and dk what happened, one of us went to bathroom or stuff and she threw some water at us, eventually we all ended up throwing water at each other and the room was literally filled with water because a splash of water eventually got turned into playing holi.

**Q6 . What advice would you give to incoming students of the next batch who would choose the hostel accommodation ?**

HG- Give in your full energy in the hostel activities, don't forget to do your biometrics , engage more with people, hear their experiences, do pranks, most importantly keep the hostel clean and just enjoy your time here and learn a lot .

SA- Instead of being reserved, try to interact with your fellow mates as well as seniors. Because the best memories are created when you put yourself out there and then the other person would also do so. Take chances on yourself, gather as much experience as possible, and grow wonderfully.

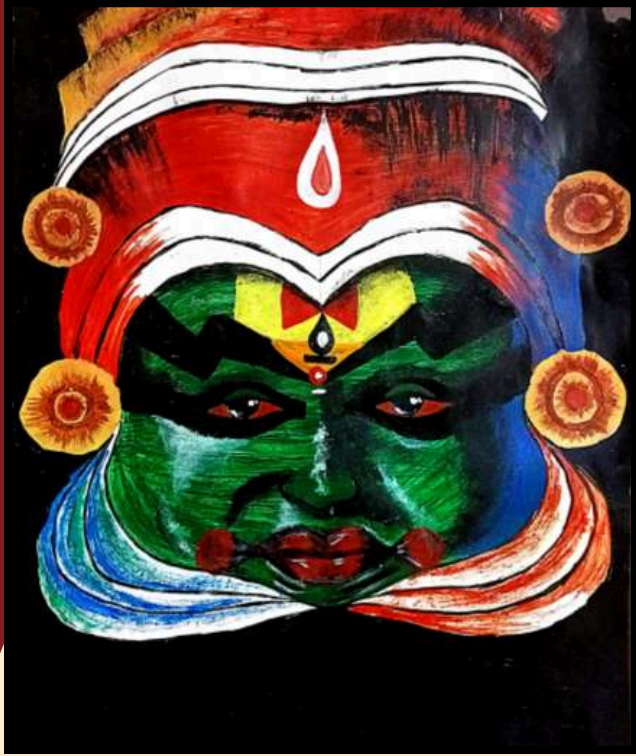


# FINE ARTS





Pranjal Dubey  
B.Sc (Hons) Botany  
2<sup>nd</sup> year



Sainaz  
B.Sc. Phy(Hons)  
2<sup>nd</sup> year



Vasundhara choudhary  
B.Sc. (Hons) Zoology  
1st year







Tripti

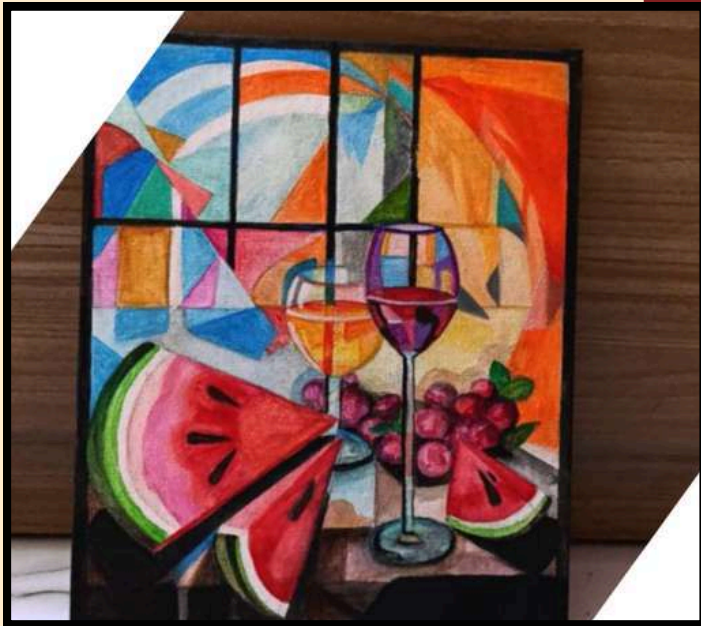
B.Sc. (H) Electronics

2<sup>nd</sup> year



Parnali Debsharma

BMS  
I<sup>st</sup> Year



Greeva Verma  
B.Sc. (H) Computer Science  
I<sup>st</sup> Year



Suditi Pan  
B.Sc. (H) Computer Science  
2<sup>nd</sup> year



Shourya Gupta  
BMS  
1<sup>st</sup> Year



Aayush Kumar Gautam  
B.Sc. (H) Physics  
3<sup>rd</sup> Year

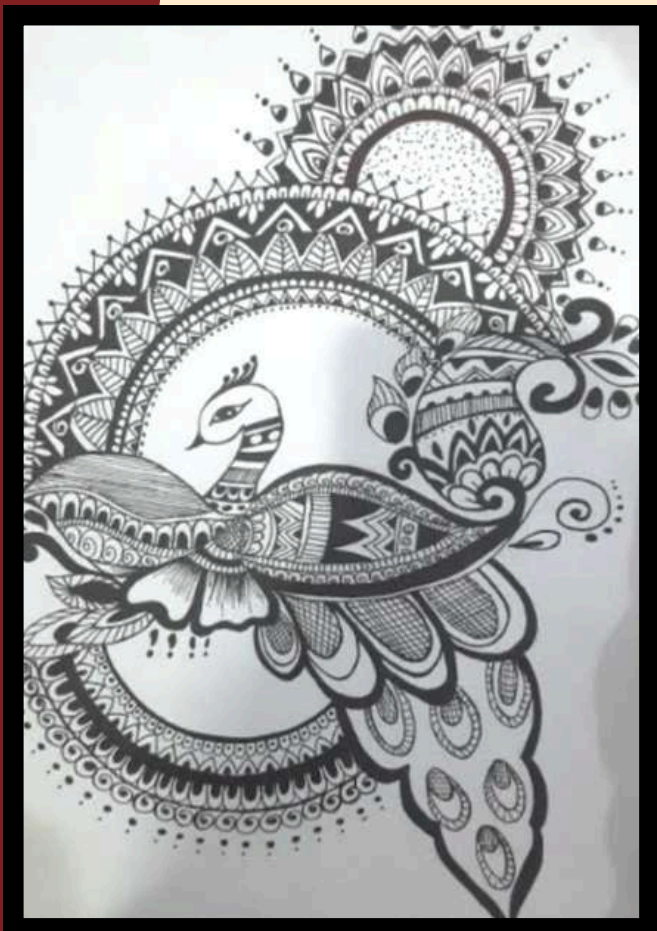






Palak Dwibedi  
BSc. (H) Botany  
3<sup>rd</sup> year

Rishita  
Bsc. Mathematical  
Science  
I<sup>st</sup> Year







Priyonka Basumatary  
BMS  
3<sup>rd</sup> Year

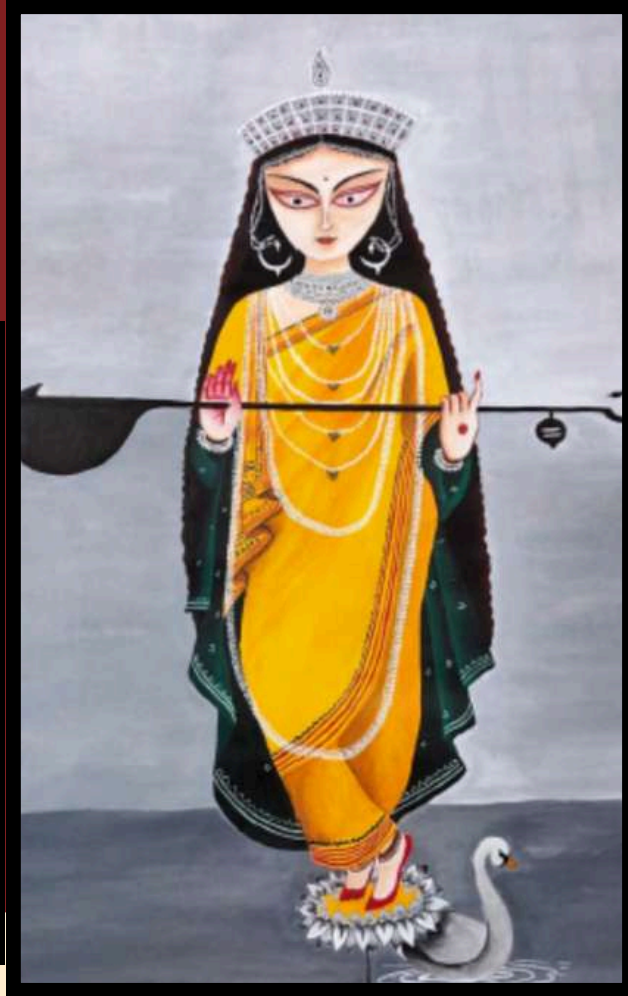


Manvi  
B.A Programme  
2<sup>nd</sup> Year

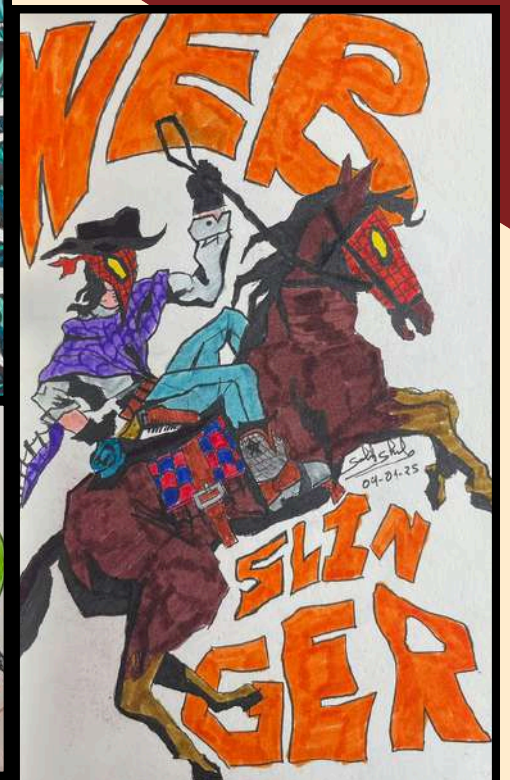




Rosy Datta  
B.Sc (H) Botany  
2<sup>nd</sup> Year



Salik Rouf Shah  
B.A. Programme  
2<sup>nd</sup> Year





2024-2025

# PHOTOGRAPHY

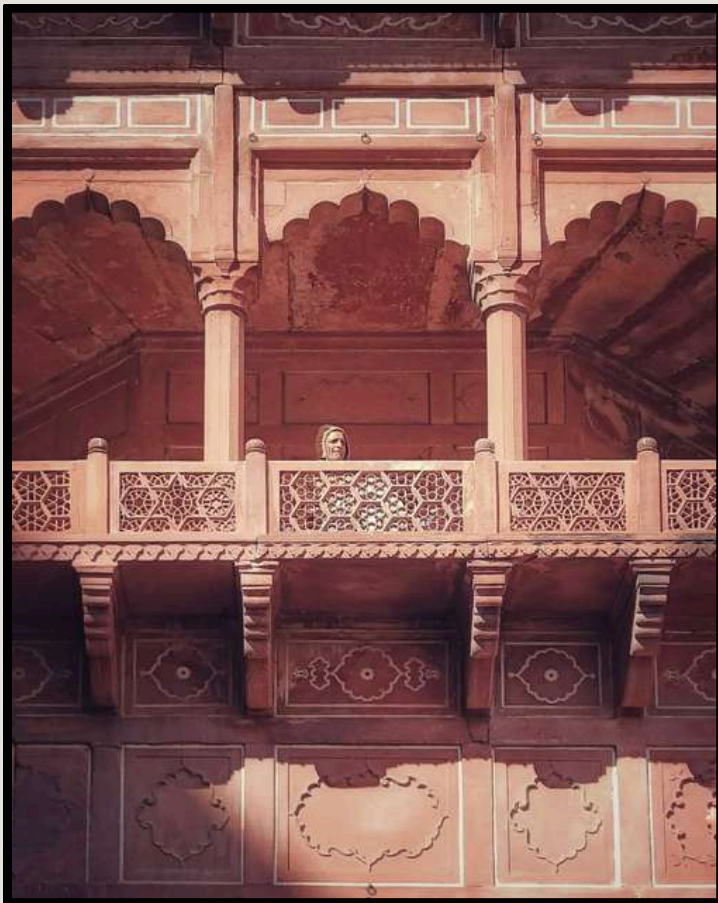
**Aperture** is the opening in a lens (e.g., f/2.8, f/5.6), a lower f-stop number allows more light to enter the camera. Measured in f-stops (e.g., 1/1000s, 1/60s). Faster speeds freeze motion, while slower speeds can create motion blur. **ISO** indicates the sensor's sensitivity to light. Lower ISO values (e.g., 100) are less sensitive and produce cleaner images; higher values (e.g., 1600) are more sensitive but can introduce noise. **Exposure** is an image's overall brightness or darkness, determined by the combination of aperture, shutter speed, and **ISO—collectively known as the exposure triangle**. **Depth of Field (DoF)** The range within a photo that appears sharp. A shallow DoF (achieved with a wide aperture) isolates the subject by blurring the background; a deep DoF keeps more of the scene in focus.



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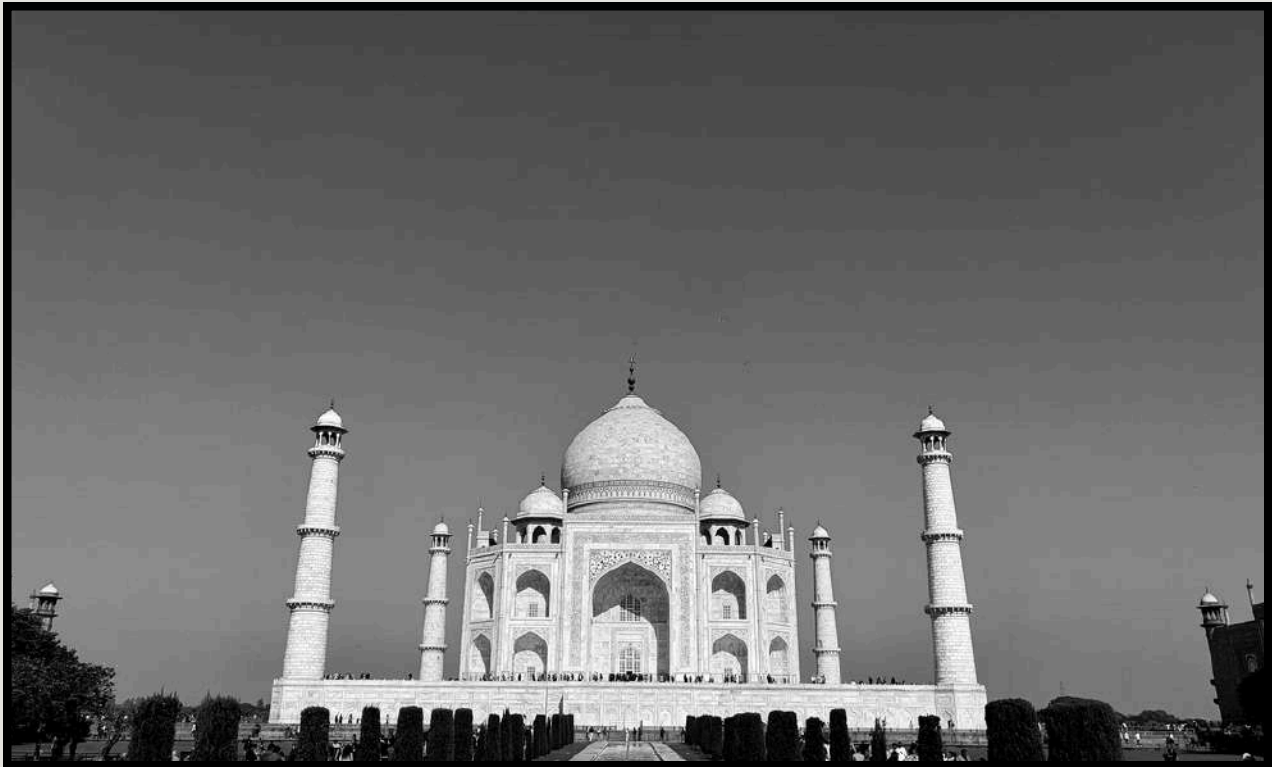
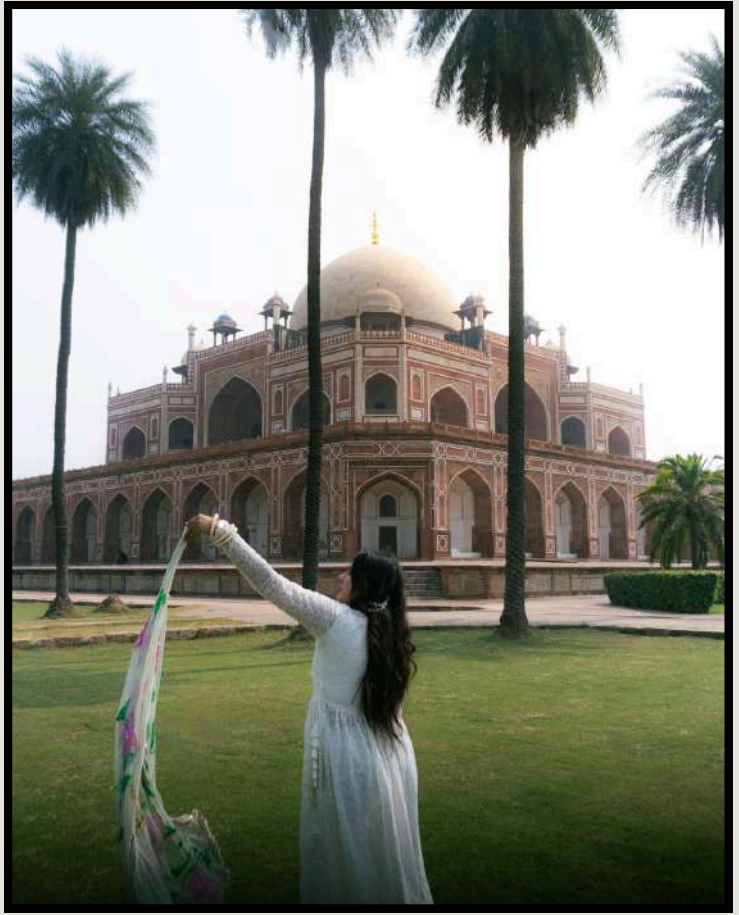




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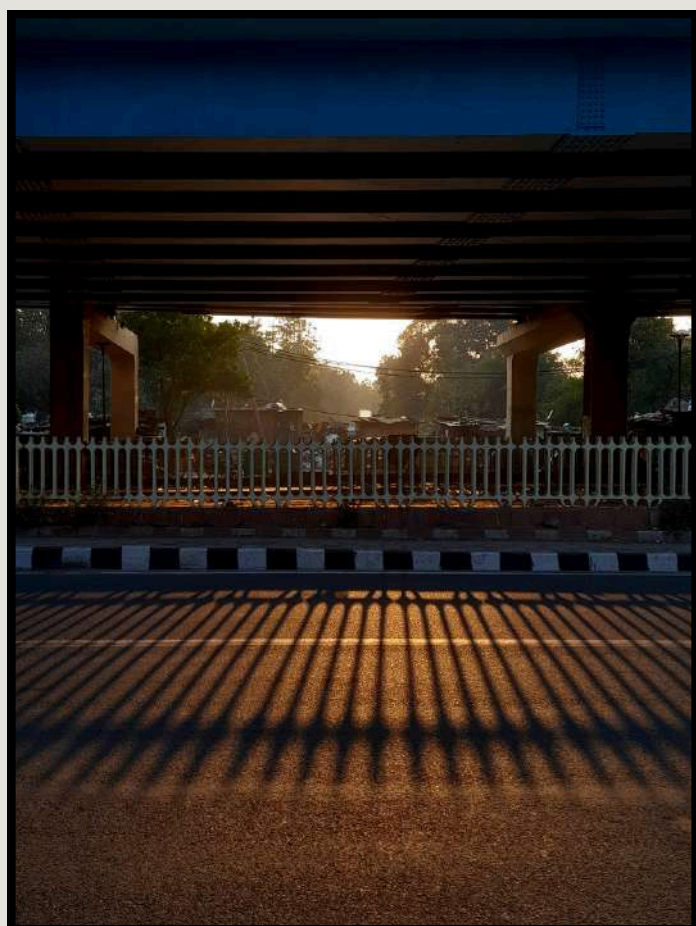


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# Credits

01	-CHHAVI	LFS	1 <sup>st</sup> Year
02	-NIKHIL YADAV	LFS	3 <sup>rd</sup> Year
03	-VIVEK SAHU	B.SC(H) CS	1 <sup>st</sup> Year
04	-VIVEK SAHU	B.SC(H) CS	1 <sup>st</sup> Year
05	-VIDHI BANSAL	BAP	2 <sup>nd</sup> Year
06	-CHHAVI	LFS	1 <sup>st</sup> Year
07	-PRIYANKA	B.SC(H) CS	2 <sup>nd</sup> Year
08	-PRIYANKA	B.SC(H) CS	2 <sup>nd</sup> Year
09	-AARUSH	B.SC(H) PHYSICS	2 <sup>nd</sup> Year
10	-SIDDDHI	BAP	1 <sup>st</sup> Year
11	-VIDHI BANSAL	BAP	2 <sup>nd</sup> Year
12	-NIKHIL YADAV	LFS	3 <sup>rd</sup> Year
13	-AARUSH	B.SC(H) PHYSICS	2 <sup>nd</sup> Year
14	-KAILY SNEHRAJ SINGH	B.SC(H) CS	2 <sup>nd</sup> Year
15	-PALAK	B.SC(H) Botany	3 <sup>rd</sup> Year



# OUR Team



From left to right: Dr. Reema Chhabra (Convenor, Magazine committee),  
Dr. Savita Gehlaut, Prof. Hem Chand Jain ( Principal, DDU College),  
Prof. Arpita Sharma, Prof. Monika Bansal





**Sumaiya Arshad**  
Editorial Head



**Shambhavi Singh**  
Advisory



**Salik Rouf Shah**  
Head: Graphics



**Abhay Singh Chauhan**  
Co-Head: Graphics



**Suditi Pan**  
Head: Fine Arts,  
Co-Head: Graphics



**Varsha**  
Volunteer: Graphics



**Soumi Bandopadhyay**  
Head: Achievers' Gallery



**Himanshi Gaur**  
Head: Departmental  
societies



**Shreya Rai**  
Volunteer: Departmental  
Societies

Reflections25'  
The College Magazine  
32<sup>nd</sup> Volume





**Smaraneeka Majumdar**  
Volunteer: Departmental  
Societies



**Gunjan Sharma**  
Co-head: Student Societies



**Nitin Sharma**  
Co-Head: Student Societies



**Smridhi Rana**  
Head: English Team



**Aadyant Prakash**  
Co-Head: English Team



**Kavita**  
Volunteer: English Team



**Tagili Omkar**  
Volunteer: English Team



**Govind Singh**  
Head: Hindi Team



**Abhed Parashar**  
Co-Head: Hindi Team

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**Tanvi Borkakoti**  
Head: Hostel  
archive



**Aarush M.**  
Head: Photography



**Vidhi Bansal**  
Co-Head Photography



Reflections25'  
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