Qalam
कलम

Qalam

(2019-2020)

E Magazine, Lakshmibai College,

University of Delhi

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Teacher Editors' Note

"If we are all going to be destroyed by an atomic bomb, let that bomb when it comes find us doing sensible and human things-praying, teaching, reading, listening to music, bathing the children...not huddled together like frightened sheep and thinking about bombs. They may break our bodies (a microbe can do that) but they need not dominate our minds."

C.S. Lewis, "On Living in an Atomic Age" (1948)

In such a time as this, when the boundaries of the normative life are teased, tested and redefined, the act of creating, writing, sharing and reading has become so much more significant.

We appreciate all those who have contributed to this year's issue of *Qalam*. Every contribution, be it a poem, a short story or a feature article, showcases the transformative power of the mind and the heart to create beauty out of the most mundane or the most horrifying aspects of our life.

In this edition of *Qalam* we have many engaging write ups on various issues including mental health, wellbeing, gender, faith, endurance. The works that have been contributed carry a common message of hope and resilience. The students through these remarkable literary creations give a poetic articulation to various matters in this uncertain time of a pandemic that has disrupted our world.

We are really excited as we present 2019-2020 issue of *Qalam*, and we hope that it will engage the mind, warm the heart and feed the soul of our readers.

Dr. Sucheta Chaturvedi

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Index

Serial Number	*Sections*	*Page*
1.	English Section	1 - 18
2	Hindi Section	19 - 38
3.	Sanskrit Section	39 - 47

English Section

Teacher Editors

Dr. Sucheta Chaturvedi

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Be your own Sunshine

When days get hard, challenges harder,
Situations worsen and loved ones part.

When no one trusts, when hope turns to dust,
When rooms go dim and knob turns and lock.
When nights get cold, every obstacle holds,
When days get cloudy and eyes all dry.

When fright comes as a sign, when it shivers down the spine,
When simple things confuse and are stuck in one's mind.
Be your own sunshine!
Sunshine,
To rise above the blanket of dark and sorrow and show the world its glow and be a bizarre!
Courage! Kindness! Ah what a blissful tale...
It is where Cinderella walks down the aisle.
This is where,
Confidence smiles,
Pride giggles,
And hard work speaks!

Where you believe in you once again and comes out be an amazing phase of the game.
When you realize the value of every person in your life, no matter who is gone or stay by your side.
When you discover yourself, when you know your real power, then my dear,
You're not every kind of same.
Well maybe then,
You will be your own sunshine!

Mehak Jain
Roll No. - 410
B.Com (H), 6th Semester

Just Because

Just because you're heart-sick,
Doesn't mean the days are dull.
Just because pals feel something,
Doesn't mean you're moody or rude.
Just because there are many fingers pointing at you,
Doesn't mean you're pointless.
Just because time is difficult to endure,
Doesn't mean you're lacking.
Just because 'they' don't care,
Doesn't mean you're insensitive.
Just because life is this way,
Doesn't mean you've to be desolated.
Just because you're alone,
Doesn't mean you're lonely.
Just get up my boy, and look at yourself.
Just cherish your emotions, be yourself.
Just this way you'll live to your fullest,
And be the reason for a million's pride.

Srija Soni
Roll Number- 280
B. A. (P.), 1st Semester

The Lonely Road

I walked alone,
On a lonely road.
With tears in my eyes,
And no one to escort.
I dreaded every step,

In the stillness of night.
My own shadow stood by me.
To drive away my fright.
The trees were dull.
The light was dim.
In the pale moon light,
Chances to find,
The way was slim.
Yet I moved on with a hope.
As darkness turned to light,
The cheerful songs of birds,
Made me joyous and bright.
My journey is still on,
With a cheerful note.
Now I am no longer lonely,
With so many to escort.

Aanchal Thakre
Roll No. - 1493
B.Com (H), 4th Semester

Behold an Old Woman

Behold an old woman
Or a young woman old?
Holding the pieces to portray
A portrait of a lost body.
Gift it to the soil,
That's what she knows.
Though, her body is a bizarre,
Book of unfinished drama,
And when her grey corpse will collapse,

The ashes will reflect every part,

In the air, and shall blow for evermore,

Parting from her dears.

Where to begin?

The walls are deaf and numb.

She says nothing.

Images cracking inside the mind,

Stretch towards the moonlit midnight,

And time that is intolerant,

Inflamed with peace and war,

But the way her silhouette dances at night,

With a magnanimity of light.

It always stings my eyes.

Komal Raturi

Roll No.- 214

B.A. (H) Philosophy, 6th Semester

Believe in yourself

We all have dreams,

But only some of us pursue.

I wonder what's the secret

That only some of us know.

One may say 'You can't do this'

Another may say 'It's all a risk.'

But the question is how we'll know,

If we won't try.

They will try to get in your way,

Will try hard to make you sway.

But don't forget there's always a night before day.

You will be broken,

Not once not thrice, with no end in sight.

But did I ever say

That it'll be easy to ascend?

Oh no!

Oh no dear!!

It never was, it never will be.

You have to bear the lack of air

If you want to reach the top of hill.

But no matter what,

You have to keep going.

Believe in yourself

You know what you are doing

I have tried it for myself...

Now it's your turn

Go for it and show them

The new 'You who returns!!

Rishita Gupta

Roll No. - 1296
B.A (H) English, 4th Semester

To The Fools

To the fools,

To the fools who never had it easy,

To the fools who were always mocked,

To the fools who never gave up,

To the fools who perished while trying,

To the fools who have changed the course of History,

For better or worse,

I salute you.

To the fools who never winked even when blood dripped through your eyes,

I salute you.

To the fools who perspired while persevering and never stopped to quench your thirst,

I salute you.

To the fools who had to climb the mountains of hatred and mockery,

I salute you.

To the fools who had no shoulder to cry on, who never had someone to share a meal with,

I salute you.

To the fools who had comfortable choices and yet chose the road less traveled,

I salute you.

To the fools who stood their ground while others moved on,

I salute you.

O hear me my fool, for no sane person has changed the world and no sane person has ever understood the vision of the man whom he had called a fool.

To every such person called a fool by this imbecile world,

I salute you.

Prachi Satija
Roll No. - 585
B.Com. (P), 6th Semester

Ni hâo! My Name is CORONA,

Ni hâo! My name is CORONA,

Corona virus,

a herald of Osiris.

You must be conversant of my elder sibling Ebola,

Beware! Elder is he, but I am his Highness.

Don't overlook my crown,

Here is the sovereign of the pathogen kingdom.
Aww foe! My name is more than just a noun,
My symptoms would corrupt your system.
Slaying with cough, fever & respiratory breakdown,
It's pandemic how would you camouflage your town?

My loyal personnel are earthly germophiles,
Serve me with uncouth sneezes, and aid my expand.
An affable smile on the face of guile is enough to defile,
My agents instigate their hand as an accord to an auxiliary land.
Alcoholic sanitizers are weakness of my profile,
Those wearing masks are also hostile.

Finally someone came to mentor us with cleanliness and hygiene,
Its name is COVID 19.

Manika Gupta
Roll No. - 1130
B.A (H) English, 4th Semester

Many a Times

Many a times color seems hazy,
and grey exuberant.
Many a times closeness seems bothering,
and distance strengthening.
Many a times noise seems peaceful,
and silence disturbing.
Many a times opulence seems annoying.

and small things serene.

Many a times we don't need many people but just one person to hold the hands and lead the way.

Srija Soni
Roll No. - 280
B. A. (P), 1st Semester

Conundrum of Being a Girl

Ever since a girl is born,
Why she is always told the attitude to be worn?
A high pitch for the relative is negated,
And a low pitch for the stranger is interrogated.
Embracing the beauty, is what she enjoys,
But always restricted by friends and foes,
She can't express her love, her joy, and even her frown,
What they expect is only the men wearing the crown.
Prolonged eye contact is seen as a sign of despise,
And seldom eye contact is seen as her dignity's demise.
Still they think is under confidence and angst,
But who'll tell them it's the society who sancts.
Hues and cries are heard of fake feminism.
Deep within they also know it's the spewing chauvinism.
When dusk is set as deadline,
How can you expect her dawn to be fine?
Grade eight is epitome to play with boys,
After that, they are expected to stay at home and prefer toys.
With such a limited choice
Can you expect your girl to really show her prowess?

Yashika Malik
Roll No. – 31
B.A. (P.), 4th Semester

Gad to Glad

General Anxiety Disorder or GAD is a common mental illness which is no less than a stigma in our country. So, are you secretly suffering, too?

Unlike shadows, GAD might follow you even in the dark however; one can always buy a torch. According to a survey done by World Health Organisation (WHO) in 2018, 10 million people suffer from severe anxiety i.e., every fifth person. Mental health overall has always been a taboo and now it is the time to talk about it.
Let's take a hypothetical situation where you try to convince your traditional Indian parents that you're not feeling alright lately and thus considering "therapy". Now, don't we all know the expected response? You can already foresee the laughter and the avoidance of eye contact before they actually say something.

"Therapy? What are you, crazy? Just focus on your studies, wake up on time and eat home cooked food. This therapy - sherapy are just ways to gain money, nothing else."

Sigh! It is evident that people are ignorant towards the issue. I remember being thirteen years old and wailing on my sister's wedding. Now it's okay to cry for your sister leaving but it is definitely not okay if the reason is anxiety; feeling so nervous among hundreds of unknown people that your brain commands your body to leave right then but you can't. Anxiety is a tussle between the brain and the body.

Life is a long journey and there always comes a point when anybody can break down completely, we just need to understand that it is okay to ask for external help and if required, medication. Several start-up organisations like 'Invisible illness' are helping people come out with their mental illnesses and even providing them with required therapy sessions by professionals and medication at much lower cost. The organisation is based in Mumbai, India. Even psychotherapists and psychiatrists are coming forward to help individuals who are facing difficulty on the financial front by taking some major tests totally free of cost. Many clinics have been set up in Delhi itself regarding the same.

All of this has been my personal experience and trust me you, no matter how bad it is you can fight it. It is high time to make the clarion call, -

"I AM STRONGER THAN MY ANXIETY AND I'M NOT WORTHLESS",

And to tell people they are not alone.

Talk about what bothers you and it might give courage to others too.

Buy the torch or be one, maybe?

Dhwani Jain
Roll No. - 0970
B.A. (P), 4th Semester

Women Writers Ruling the Decade.

"Reading is that fruitful miracle of a communication in the midst of solitude."

-Marcel Proust

Books are like your dreams you hold in your hands. The art of visualising these dreams and living them to the utmost is truly phenomenal. A great decade has just rolled down leaving behind the most notable novels. The emergence of young female authors not just paved their way towards a successful path but also received love and acceptance of the readers worldwide. The idea of uplifting the genre of Domestic fiction has been very much evident throughout. Some women writers have been extremely revolutionary in their personalized writing styles that it would be remiss not to mention them.

"Heroes are people who have been broken by the world they live in and then rescued, mended by love and hope."

Arundhati Roy, one of the most acclaimed fiction writers and winner of the Man Booker prize, has inserted dimensions of political, psychological and personal well-being in her novels. The

rich imagery and colourful allusions leaves the readers with a sense of belonging, a belonging to the time and place of the story.

Poetry is an art of uniting pleasure with truth. The expression of poetry begins with a note of one particular emotion and yet ends on some other. Rupi Kaur is the confessional voice of the youth. The Instagram poet queen sketches as well as pen down the masked sentiments in simplistic verses which do not exceed more than a few lines.

Celeste Ng is an American writer who works on building a completely different approach to look at life by highlighting that bitter rivalries have a hidden beautiful meaning to life. The racial discrimination, class injustices and the idea of manifesting privileges to oppressed class are found deeply rooted in her novels. The writing style does not focus on creating an imaginative happy ending. Rather, it explains how everything is not supposed to have perfect answers and life has to be accepted in the manner of how it serves you.

The decade immensely focused on elevating Domestic Fiction and putting light on the empowerment of personal sentiments as well as the idea of the real self.

Ruhani Sethi
Roll No. - 1227
B.A(H) English, 4th Semester
Words Unlimited

Faith

Faith in God implies, trusting his plans. His Plans are greatest of all. There are uncountable miracles in our lives, and we just don't realise it. We consider these as "Coincidence", which is not so but the Master's doing in our best interest. I asked God to heal my mother from an illness which consisted of long episodes of medications in the hospital. I prayed and literally cried to The King of Kings to restore my mother which could have taken her life. He attended to my

Prayers and never let my trust fall. Slowly and gradually she stood up from the illness which was no less than a miracle. I knew it was "Him."

Faith is not Knowing That God can; It's Knowing that God will.

There are many people dying every day but we are protected during our travel, in our homes and offices. My credence is heightening day by day since I started trusting the deity. Nothing is impossible for the Creator. His love towards his worshippers is an endless blessings. Thank god every day and then every day you will see miracles. Seek god, have faith and know him!

Pallavi Bhola
Roll No. - 1410
B.A. (H) English, 4th Semester

Inevitable

Inevitable

I was standing at the bridge with closed eyes...feeling the cool breeze as it touched my face…calming me. I opened my eyes and saw the sun, which seemed as it was drowning in the water leaving behind an orange -red colour as darkness took over.

I looked at my watch...

7:30

It was time...

Time…for my death…

It is strange how one can so enthusiastically wait for their ultimate fear…or their ultimate end, one that human feared, hated more and cursed the most.

But it wasn't strange for me though, me who has seen death so closely all my life.

I don't know what one would call it - magic, power, superpower, scientific flaw...I don't know…and the truth is I never even cared to name it.

But it was there…from my 18th birthday I started seeing them...at first I denied them but when they were no more deniable…I believed, believed…That...That green colour numbers, on everyone's head I saw....were actually there and not just my illusion. And they were not just some ordinary numbers but their death dates and time.

In the beginning I freaked out (well anyone would have been)…but the most interesting part was on realising its importance, I started fighting it (well I thought I can fight) and failed miserably (as expected).

What I was thinking anyway- "that I know the death time of that woman who is crossing the road …she has less than five minutes left…so I can just simply run to her take her away from the road (protecting her from the supposed accident)...and yeah done, easy-peasy right!!"
Now I think back...that thought seem so funny and immature.

I still remember how pale my body was and how blank my mind was…when the next moment I pulled that woman away, she still collapsed on the road…dead.
I was so shocked that I didn't even pay attention to the mob around who thought I was her murderer! The only thing I remember was how police handled the situation as doctors announced that she had cardiac arrest.
I was speechless. That wasn't the first time and it wasn't last either. There were many other instances when I tried so hard to save the victim...sometimes that victim was so close to my heart, that when I failed I almost lost all control of my sanity. But it taught me...after suffering so much I finally realised that I can't stop it...so why not improve it.

It was much more better and satisfactory...I still remember that faint smile on my grandmother's face as she took her last breath...with which I was always distinct....but when I realised that her time was close...I started changing...and so did she.

It was a good feeling...

At last I was taking this nightmare of mine as a boon. Through which I was not able to change others life...but at least I was capable of giving them a happy end. For strangers, at first it was hard to believe me, but when they saw the sincerity in my eyes, they agreed to my suggestion of giving lots of love to their partners, siblings, parents, grandparents or any other acquaintance.

This so called power of mine gave one time to prepare oneself to let them go and the latter to get ready to cut the ties from this world. And today was my time to cut this final tie too has come .I realised it the moment I saw those digits floating above my head, which had never appeared before(How ironic I was able to see everyone's end time...but not mine).

So here I was at the bridge that always helped me stabilise my emotions...after seeing my parents, texting my cousins and calling my friends for the last time.
So yeah---- you can say I was prepared.
I looked at my watch again.....it was
7:32...

Strange...I was supposed to die at 7:30 but it is already past the time.
It was weird, because I was expecting to fall off the bridge or have a heart attack or something. but here I was breathing. And unknowing the thought brought a smile to my face.
that maybe ---maybe I can li.....

My phone ring brought me back from my thoughts. I took it out of my pocket and pressed the button…home screen and time....with an unknown number buzzing on my phone flashed.

7:29
Wait...
7:29!!!!

I look at my watch again 7:33 as howling sound filled my ears.....

Damn it!!!

Not fair, I wasn't ready!!!!!

I looked again at my phone which was ringing no more…as I felt my body hit the metal.

7:30

No one can win from you…right!!!...

It was my last thought as darkness took over my senses

NEVER!!!

Was the only word ringing in my head.

As everything come to an end .

A peaceful end .

Rishita Gupta
Roll No. - 1296
B.A (H) English, 4th Semester

Is Feminism still about Equality?

The word Feminism is derived from the French word "FEMINISME" in nineteenth century. Feminism means a range of social, political movements and ideologies that aims to define and achieve the political economic and social equality of all sexes. The history of feminism is not well defined but the feminist movement is usually broken up into three "waves." The first wave in the late 19th and early 20th centuries pushed for political equality for all. The second wave, in the 1960s and 70s, pushed for legal and professional equality for all and the third wave, pushed for social equality for all.

Today people seem to redefine feminism according to their whims and choices. Feminism seems to have taken a turn from talking about equality to women superiority. Women talked about having the same rights as men but none of them took the same responsibilities and duties as men.

The cases where men are abused are not less than women but they aren't often reported. Movements like "ME TOO" are great initiative for women to raise their voice against sexual abuse but many women used it to make false accusations on men and hamper their image.

I guess it's high time that we should abolish gender biases. I believe we need a new ideology to take the form of fourth wave of feminism, led by youth who are the assets of the a country, where feminism no longer just refers to the struggles of women but a clarion call for gender equity. We need a wave where people speak in terms of facts and logics. Part of the fourth wave of feminism movement should be to inform people that feminism doesn't mean to steal a male's opportunity but to create their own opportunity and coexist by respecting other gender. The beauty of the fourth wave should be that there is a place in it for all –together.

Prachi Satija
Roll No. - 585
B.Com. (P), 6th Semester

Beauty as a Curse?

Beauty can only be categorized as an aesthetic concept that has a variety of different meanings. The way one perceives it is totally dependent on their senses. According to John Keats, 'Beauty is a joy forever'. But, as it turns out, beauty can be a cause of suffering for the women who have been cursed with what can only be deemed as a destructive beauty. The epitomes of beauty had to suffer and prove their chastity.

Sita, a faithful wife was asked to prove her purity and walk in flames for her beauty was enchanting enough to get her abducted. Draupadi was commodified and put at stake for a game of dice between brothers. She was dragged mercilessly and was stripped of her clothes and dignity in front of hundreds. Padmavati had to commit Jauhar to protect her integrity. It was Allaudin Khilji's lust that waged war against her husband, Rawal Ratan Singh. All this , because the tales of her mesmerizing beauty had reached far and wide. Padmavat Raso is a saga symbolic

of the patriarchy where men, in order to fulfill their lusty desires, try to conquer women's bodies without consent.

Even after years, things haven't changed too much. Laxmi Agarwal had acid thrown at her face because she too had been cursed with captivating beauty. For not giving in to a thirty-two year old man's marriage proposal, a fifteen year old girl had to pay the price of her beauty with seven surgeries and a lifetime of trauma.

People do not appreciate beauty in its true essence. They want to contaminate the very nature of it, they want to possess it. Just like a beautiful rose in the garden is never embraced but plucked and then thrown away.

Beauty is not something to possess, but something to celebrate in its own freedom.

Nikita
Roll No. - 1165
B.A. (P) English, 4th Semester
Words Unlimited

हिन्दी विभाग

संपादक – डॉ. रश्मि गुप्ता

सहायक मंडल – डॉ. अनु शर्मा

डॉ. अमिता

डॉ. अरुण कुमार

कविता

आखिर कब तक ?

दोबारा भारतीय समाज ने मिलकर यह ऐलान किया,
एक बार फिर हैवानियत ने इंसानियत को शर्मसार किया।
बताओ क्या कसूर था, उनका जिनका यह हाल किया हैवानों ने,
जी भर कर इज्जत लूटी, फिर मार दिया इंसानों ने।
यह भी तो किसी की बहन–बेटी थी, इस बात को मान लो,
लड़कियाँ अब ये नहीं सहेंगी तुम यह अच्छे से जान लो।
लड़कियों को हम सिखलाते हैं, बेटा तुम घर पर रहना,
लड़कियों की तुम इज्जत करना, भूल गए लड़को से कहना।
खुद की बहन को कोई देखे तो गुस्सा आ जाता है
और दूसरों की बहन को देखकर शैतान जाग जाता है,
भारत की बेटियों के साथ की गई, हदे पार हैं,
और तब भी देखों कैसे चुप बैठा यह संसार है।
पापा की उन परियों का शैतानों ने किया बहुत अपमान है,
अरे हमसे इतनी नफरत क्यों, आखिर हम भी तो इंसान है।।

– रूबिया नूर
रोल नं. 281
(राजनीति विशेष, प्रथम वर्ष)

धर्म सिखाता

धर्म सिखाता कभी न लड़ना,
इन छोटी–छोटी बातों पर
समय व्यर्थ कभी न करना,
अन्याय का विरोध है करना,

अगर किसी एक धर्म पर
उँगली उठाई जाए तो...
साथ मिलकर इसका विरोध करना,
हो तुम भी सब इसी मिट्टी के सुपुत्र
तो क्यों धर्म जाति के नाम पर भेदभाव करना,
धर्म सिखाता भाईचारे के साथ
मिलजुल कर है रहना,
छोटे–छोटे दुखी जनों को
हमें साथ लेकर है चलना,
धर्म सिखाता कभी न लड़ना,

अपना हो या पराया
सबको खुशी है बाँटनी
पुरानी पीढ़ी हो या नई
सब साथ कदम बढ़ाकर चलना,
धर्म सिखाता कभी न लड़ना,

सत्य–अहिंसा के सुपंथ, पर चलना,
रोशनी होगी, चिरागों को जलाए रखना,
और ऐसे ही दिलों में तिरंगा लहराए रखना
बस यही बात सबको बताए रखना,
धर्म सिखाता कभी न लड़ना।

– नैन्सी
रोल नं. 1377
(बी.कॉम, प्रथम वर्ष)

कर भला तो हो भला

एक लड़का जिसका नाम अतुल था वह सड़कों पर पैन बेचने का काम करता था। उसके माता–पिता की सड़क हादसे में मृत्यु हो चुकी थी। पैन बेचना ही उसकी जीविका का एकमात्र सहारा था। एक बार अतुल सुबह–सुबह सड़कों पर पैन बेचने निकलता है दोपहर होते–होते वह पूरी तरह थक जाता है व पसीनों में नहा जाता है। उस दिन गर्मी भी बहुत हो रही थी। बेचारा अतुल जिसने सुबह से कुछ न तो खाया था न ही पिया था, उसे अब बहुत प्यास लगने लगती है। वह घूमता–घूमता एक मोहल्ले में पहुँचता है। सोचना है कि बस कहीं से दो घूँट पानी मिल जाए। बहुत से घरों का दरवाज़ा खटखटाता है पर या तो कोई उसे डाँट देता है या मुँह पर ही दरवाज़ा बंद कर देता है। पानी की प्यास अब इतनी बढ़ जाती है कि उससे बर्दाश्त नहीं होती। अंत में एक दरवाज़े को खटखटाने पर एक 15 वर्षीय लड़की अपनी मुस्कान लिए हुए दरवाज़ा खोलती है व अतुल की स्थिति देखकर समझ जाती है कि यह भूखा भी है व प्यास भी। वह उसके लिए एक गिलास पानी की जगह एक गिलास दूध लेकर आती है व दूध पीकर अतुल को जो संतुष्टि मिलती है। उसकी सारी थकान पल भर में मिट जाती है। बहुत वर्ष बीत जाते हैं तब यही पंद्रह वर्षीय बालिका का विवाह हो जाता है परंतु उसका स्वास्थय अब खराब रहने लगता है। अस्पतालों में जाँच के बाद पता चलता है कि उसके दिल में कुछ खराबी है व उसे शल्य–चिकित्सा की अत्यंत आवश्यकता है। उसकी शल्य–चिकित्सा के लिए एक प्रसिद्ध डॉक्टर को बुलाया जाता है जो काफी मेहनत से उसकी शल्य चिकित्सा करता है व वह सफल रहती है परंतु बेचारी उस लड़की को तो कोई और ही चिंता सताए जा रही थी। उसे चिंता थी कि पता नहीं डॉक्टरों ने शल्य चिकित्सा का कितना लंबा बिल बना दिया होगा व जब नर्स बिल लेकर आती है तो उसे पढ़कर वह आश्चर्यचकित रह जाती है उसमें लिखा था कि आपका सारा बिल पहले ही दिया जा चुका है। बहुत पता करने पर उसे पता चलता है कि उसकी शल्य चिकित्सा करने वाले डॉक्टर ने ही उसका पूरा बिल चुकाया है व वह डॉक्टर कोई ओर नहीं अपितु पैन बेचने वाला अतुल ही था जिसे उसने एक गिलास दूध पिलाथा व जो अब लोकप्रिय डॉक्टर के पद पर कार्यरत था।

इस कहानी से यह शिक्षा मिलती है कि जब हम किसी के साथ अच्छा करते है तो हमारे साथ भी अच्छा होता है व दूसरों के साथ बुरा करने पर हमें भी उसका फल बुरा ही मिलता है। अतः

"जो बोओगे, वह काटोगे
अगर भला करोगे तो भला पाओगे
बुरा करोगे तो बुरा पाओगे।"

— रूबिया नूर
रोल नं. 281
(राजनीति विशेष, प्रथम वर्ष)

बेटी–एक बूंद अमृत की

एक बात माँ ने मुझको, अपनी कोख में समझायी,
जन्मू मैं बनके लड़का, जिससे बज सके शहनाई,
मासूम थी मैं, गुमसुम थी मैं, थी अनजान ज़माने से
पूछी एक बात माँ से मैंने क्या होगा मेरे आने से
अश्कों को छुपाकर माँ फिर धीमें से मुस्कराई
एक बात माँ ने मुझको अपनी कोख में समझायी

बोली माँ इस दुनिया में लड़का ही सबकी चाहत है
लेकिन मेरे लिए जरूरी, बस तेरे कदमों की आहट है
तू जन्मी तो, घरवालों की खुशियाँ कुछ कम होंगी
लड़का हो चाहत है जिनकी, आँखें उनकी नम होंगी
छुपकर सबसे माँ ने मुझको कहानी ये बतलाई
एक बात माँ ने मुझको अपनी कोख में समझायी

स्थिर हो गयी थी मैं, अड़चन थी मेरे आने से
सोच रही थी ईश्वर ने, गलती की मुझे बनाने में
ईश्वर ने कहा फिर मुझसे, इस दशा को बदलू मैं,
बनके बिटिया इस जहाँ में, कोख से बाहर निकलू मैं
इस उपवन में खिली कली, जो पहले थी मुरझाई
एक बात माँ ने मुझको अपनी कोख में समझायी

भूल गए सब कुछ, जब इस जहाँ में आई मैं
मुस्कुराकर प्यारी नज़रों में, बहुत से सपने लाई मैं
कुछ समय बदला तो माँ, सूरत को मेरी छुपाने लगी
सहमी थी वो न जाने क्यों, यह बात समझ अब आने लगी
यूं ही माँ ने अपने नज़रों से दुनिया दिखलाई
एक बात माँ ने मुझको अपनी कोख में समझायी

कोमल थे पंख मेरे, उड़ने की चाहत भारी थी
मिला न साथ सभी का मुझे, फिर भी न हिम्मत हारी थी
साकार हुए जब सपने मेरे, उनकी ज़रों में भी नूर दिखने लगे
चाहते थे, जो लड़का जन्मू मैं, वे लड़की को भी अमृत लिखने लगे
ईश्वर की चाइत इस बगिया में हरियाली बन लहराई
एक बात माँ ने मुझको अपनी कोख में समझायी

— सुबिया नूर
रोल नं. 432
(राजनीति विज्ञान विशेष, प्रथम वर्ष)

मातृभूमि

जिन राहों पर वीर बढ़े अनेक
उन राहो को मैं अपनाती हूँ
जिन गीतों में गुणगान हो वीरों का,
उन गीतों को मैं गाती हूँ
देश के खातिर मर मिटना सो,
हर गौरव से ऊँचा है,

"जिन्होंने किये मातृभूमि पर प्राण न्यौछावर
उन शहीदों को, मैं शीश नवाती हूँ"

निजता की भावना छोड़ पीछे
देश के खातिर बलिदान दिया
अपने शीश कटाकर भी जिन्होंने
देश का न झुकने मान दिया
ऐसे वीरों की गाथा मैं
सबको स्वयं सुनाती हूँ

"जिन्होंने किये मातृभूमि पर प्राण न्यौछावर
उन शहीदों को मैं शीश नवाती हूँ"

शहीदों की शहादत से ही तो
हम सब यहाँ सुरक्षित हैं
शहीदो के खातिर ही स्वतंत्र हुए
और स्वतंत्रता में ही तो रक्षित है,
जहाँ गिरा है लहू शहीदों का
उस स्थान को मैं पावन मानती हूँ

"जिन्होंने किये मातृभूमि पर प्राण न्यौछावर
उन शहीदों को मैं शीश नवाती हूँ"

शहीदों की समाधि को भी अब, पूजा
घर बनाना है
शहीदों के सम्मान के खातिर
हम सबको शीश झुकाना है
शीश झुकता है जो देश के आगे
उस शीश को मैं शीश नवाती हूँ

"जिन्होंने किये मातृभूमि पर प्राण न्यौछावर
उन शहीदों को मैं शीश नवाती हूँ"

दुर्गमता की ऊँचाई पर जो
असंभव को भी संभव बना देते
अपने देश की रक्षा के लिए
जो अपने परिवारों को भुला देते
ऐसे वीर सपूतों की गाथा,
मैं सबको स्वयं सुनाती हूँ

"जिन्होंने किये मातृभूमि पर प्राण न्यौछावर
उन शहीदो को मैं शीश नवाती हूँ"

सुबिया नूर
रोल नं. 432
राजनीति विज्ञान विशेष
(प्रथम वर्ष)

कोशिशों का सफ़र

कल मुद्दतों के बाद कोशिशों के पाँव
हिम्मतें लेकर मंजिल से मिलने चले.....
मुश्किलों ने रोक के, परेशानियों से मिलवाया
और हिम्मतें कुछ पस्त होने लगी.....
और मोड़ पर रुकावटों भरी थकान ने
पकड़ के बिठा दिया.....
हौसले की हवा ने कोशिशों को सहारा
दिया और चल पड़ी वो भी इस सफ़र में ....

धीरे–धीरे तेज़ होती थापों की ताल सुनके
फिर जोश भी साथ हो लिया.....
कदम अब दौड़ रहे थे और मंजिल करीब लग रही थी.....

शाम ने आराम के लिए उकसाया और
पेड़ों की घनी छाँव से मिलवाया.....
दर्द जाग गया और उठने से मना करके
सोने की गुजारिश करने लगा.....
अँधेरे के डरावने काले बादलों ने भी
पलट जाने का हुकुम दिया....
सब्र की चांदनी ने बेताब चाहतों को भरोसा
दिया और उम्मीदों का वादा किया...
रौशनी की किरणों ने सोयी कोशिशों

को झिंझोड़ा..., उठो मंजिल करीब है
अब कदम, फिर हिम्मतों, जोश और
हौंसले के साथ, मंजिल की
ओर बढ़ रहे हैं।

– प्राची भंडारी
(बी.ए. प्रोग्राम, तृतीय वर्ष)
रोल नं. 1502

जिंदगी

जिन्दगी एक आस है,
नई रोशनी
कुछ पल जो खास है,
कुछ यादें जिन्हें संजोया है,
कुछ रिश्ते जिन्हें पिरोया है।
बचपन है,
मासूमियत है,
वो खिलखिलाहट,
और आँखों से झलकती शराफत है।
राज है,
जवानी है,
पैसों की होड़ है,
जिन्दगी जो चलानी है।
बेवजह मुस्कुराते चेहरे है,
राज़ छुपे जिनमें गहरे है।
अब कोई साथ है,
हाथों में हाथ है,
मेरी नहीं तुम्हारी नहीं
जिन्दगी अब हमारी है।
बुढ़ापा है,
बिमारी है,
किसी का साथ छूटा,
तो कोई दूर का साथी है।
अब इंतजार है उसका,
क्योंकि बारी हमारी है।

बुढ़ापा है,
बिमारी है,
किसी का साथ छूटा,
तो कोई दूर का साथी है।
अब इंतजार है उसका,
क्योंकि बारी हमारी है।
कभी खुशियों तो कभी गम
बस यही जिन्दगी की कहानी है

–भव्या जोशी
रोल नं.
हिन्दी विशेष (तृतीय वर्ष)

सरहदों से गुजारिश

उनको तो कभी समझा ही न पाए,
लाख कोशिशें की हैं।
ऐ मेरे देश की सरहदों
ये गुज़ारिश मेरी तुम से है।
कि जो आए तुम्हारी रक्षा में,
रक्षा तुम भी उनकी करना।
ये तो दीवाने हैं इस मिट्टी के,
मरने में उन्हें कोई हर्ज नहीं।
पर वो सैकड़ों कलेजे रो उठते हैं,
जिनके कलेजे के टुकड़े रोज़ सरहदों से,
तिरंगे में लिपटकर आते हैं।

— नव्या
रोल नं. 135
बी.ए. (ऑनर्स) हिन्दी तृतीय वर्ष

कर्त्तव्य विमुख डॉक्टर

उन दिनों कि बात है, जबएक पल को लगा कि जिन्दगी में काला अंधेरा छा गया है। मेरे पापाजी दो–तीन दिन से बुखार से पीड़ित थे। ब्लेंड टेस्ट के बाद पता चला कि उन्हें डेंगू है। फिर क्या था, वही परम्परागत नुस्खे, लोग तरह–तरह के उपाय बताने लगे कभी नारियल का पानी, कभी कीवी फल। हालाँकि यह बीमार अब खौफ नहीं रही, क्योंकि इसका इलाज मिल चुका है। कुछ परहेज और दवा के बाद उनकी हालत में थोड़ा सुधार तो हुआ। अगले दिन उनका ब्लड टेस्ट करवाना था, यह देखने के लिए कि अब यह नॉर्मल है। दो ग्लूकोज चढ़ाने के कुछ देर बाद उनका शरीर स्थिर हो गया और अचानक से पूरा शरीर काँपने लगा। ऐसा देखकर सब घबरा गए। माँ ने तो होश ही खो दिया था डॉ. से बस एक ही सवाल किए जा रही थी, हुआ क्या है? क्या किया है अभी आपने।

डॉ० के यह सान्तावा देने पर, कि वह ठीक हो जाएंगे बस कुछ दिन ग्लेकोज चढ़ाया जाएगा। लगभग दस दिन तक ग्लूकोज चढ़ाया गया, लेकिन स्थिति में कोई सुधार नहीं था।

एक दिन पापा जी मुझे अपने पास बुलाया और कहा– बेटा मुझे चॉकलेट खाने का मन है। उस समय मेरी आँखों में आँसू आ गए। क्योंकि यही थे जिनकी एक आवाज से पूरे घर में सन्नाटा छा जाता था। उस समय मैंने उनको रोता देखा। तब मेरी हिम्मत भी टूट रही थी।

अब तक चार ब्लेंड टेस्ट, 2 एक्सरे, दो अल्ट्रासाउण्ड और ग्लूकोज कि 36 बोतल चढ़ायी जा चुकी थी, लेकिन स्थिति में 1% का भी सुधार नहीं था। फिर लोगों कि सलाह शुरु हो गई यह हॉस्टिपल सबसे अच्छा, वो हॉस्पिटल सबसे अच्छा है। लोगों कि सलाह के बाद मम्मा उन्हें प्राइवेट हॉस्पिटल में ले गई, यह सोचकर कि यहाँ जरुर ठीक हो जाएंगे।

डॉ० ने ढ़ेर सारी जाँच करवाई। यहाँ का प्रतिदिन का खर्च 25000 था, लेकिन किसी ने अपने कदम पीछे नहीं किए क्योंकि सबको उम्मीद थी यह ठीक हो जाएंगे।

लगभग सात दिन हॉस्पिटल में भर्ती रहने के लिए एक दिन डॉ० ने माँ को बुलाया और दुबारा से टेस्ट की बात की। रिपोर्ट शाम को आनी थी, सबको यही लग रहा था, अब रिपोर्ट सामान्य आएगी। लेकिन ऐसा हुआ नहीं रात 7 बजे रिपोर्ट आनी थी, डॉक्टर ने रात 10 बजे रिपोर्ट दिया। और कहा– इनकी लीवर और किडनी खराब हो चुकी है, इनको I.C.U. में रखना पड़ेगा। उस समय तो मानो पाँव जमीन ही सिखक गई है। उस दिन सही मायने में एक पिता कि अहमियत का पता चला। भगवान के अलावा कोई सहारा नहीं दिख रहा था। बस यही दुआ कर रही थी, भगवान मेरे पापा को ठीक कर दो, अब उनकी सारी बात मानूँगी, कभी उन्हें परेशान नहीं करूँगी। यह एक काली रात थी मेरे परिवार के लिए उब उसे और बताने की मुझे हिम्मत नहीं।

मम्मी तो अपना होश ही खो बैठी थी। हर जगह अंधेरा ही अंधेरा दिख रहा था। लेकिन एक उम्मीद अब भी थी। वो कहते हैं न हर अंधेरे का सवेरा जरूर होता है। माँ कि हिम्मत तो टूट चुकी थी, लेकिन हार मान लेने के बजाय उन्होंने उन्हें उस हॉस्पिटल से निकलाने कि ठान ली। 1 बजे उसी रात को एम्बुलेंस से उन्हें एम्स ले गई।

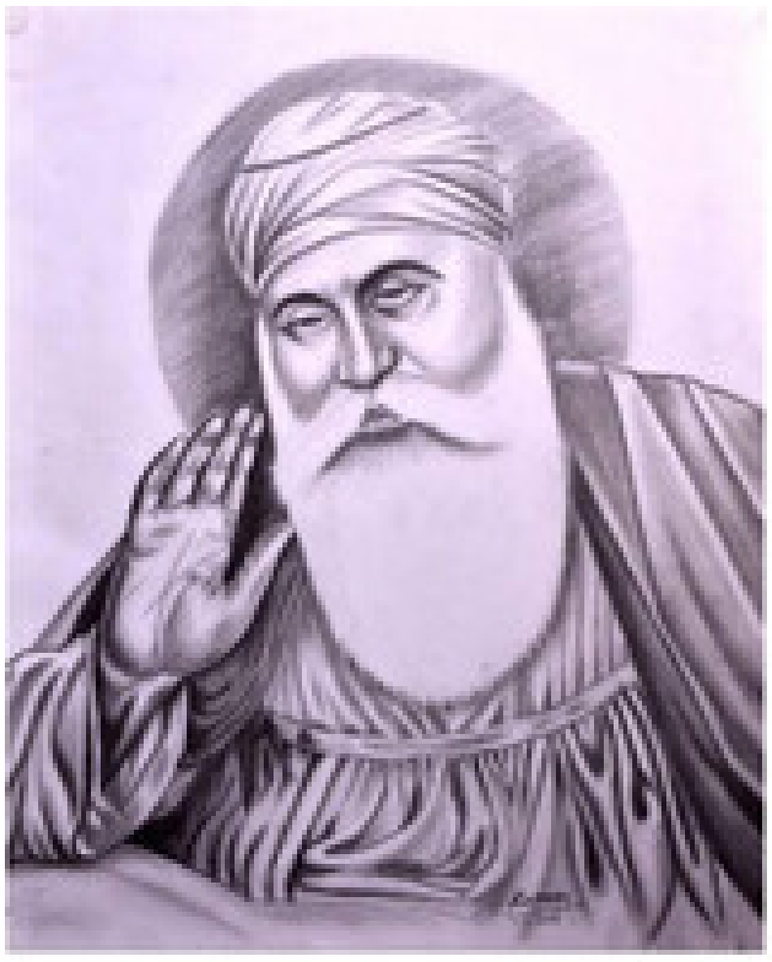
एमरजेंसी वार्ड में एडमिट किया गया। दुबारा से पूरे शरीर का टेस्ट हुआ, रिपोर्ट सुबह आनी थी, घबराहट इतनी थी कि किसी का एक मिनट भी पलक नहीं झपकी।

सुबह रिपोर्ट आती है, और उसे देखने के बाद सब आश्चर्यचकित थे, डॉ. कह रही थी। क्योंकि उन्हें कुछ हुआ ही नहीं था। वह स्वस्थ थे। शाम को ही वह घर वापस आ गए।

अब मन में कई सवाल थे, जिसका जवाब आप समझ गए होंगे। मनुष्य इतना लालची हो गया है कि पैसे के लिए वह किसी भी हद को पारकर सकता है। डॉ० को लोग धरती पर भगवान मानते हैं लेकिन कई कर्त्तव्य विमुख डॉक्टर चंद पैसों के लालच के वशीभूत होकर अपना कर्त्तव्य भूल जाते है। पापा को स्वस्थ देखकर मैं बहुत खुश थी।

– श्वेता यादव
रोल नं. 1148

गुरु क्या है?



बादल ने कहा, गुरु एक ऐसा इन्द्रधनुष है जिसमें
जीवन का हर रंग समान है।
माली ने कहा, गुरु एक गुलशन का हसीन फूल है।
जिसकी महक से सारा जहाँ महक उठता है।
खुदा ने कहा गुरु मेरी तरफ से बंदो को दिया गया
तोहफा है जिसकी ऊँगली पकड़ तुम पूरे जहान में घूम सकते हो।
एक शिष्य ने कहा, गुरु सिर्फ गुरु है जिसकी तुलना में न कोई था न कोई है, न ही कोई होगा।

— ज्योति कुमारी
बी.ए. (ऑनर्स) हिन्दी
द्वितीय वर्ष

आरजू बेटी की

आरजू है आपसे एक बार ज़मीन पर आने तो दो पापा,
नाम रोशन कर सर ऊंचा कर जाउंगी पापा।
भले बाँध देगा ये समाज बेड़ियों में मुझे,
मगर उड़ कर आपको दिखाऊँगी मैं पापा।
बोझ न बनूँगी आप पर कभी मैं,
हाथ थाम कर आपका चलूंगी मैं पापा।
रूखी– सूखी खाकर संग आपके ही रह जाउंगी मैं,
बेटी होने का फ़र्ज मगर गर्व से निभाउंगी मैं पापा
कभी कल्पना, कभी लता, कभी लक्ष्मीबाई भी मैं बन जाउंगी,
मगर बेटे की कमी कभी महसूस न होने दूँगी पापा
होने ना दूँगी अफ़सोस अपनी पैदाइश पर आपको कभी मैं,
एक बार अपने पास बुलाकर देखो तो पापा।
एक बार ज़मीन पर आने तो दो ना पापा।

— सृजा सोनी
रोल नं. 280
बी.ए.(प्रोग्राम)

ओ मेरी मातृभाषा

ओ मेरी मातृभाषा तू मेरे ज्ञान की जननी है,
देवनागरी लिपि है तेरी, ब्रज की तू बोली है।

शान तेरी चंद्रबिंदी है, भाषा तू हिन्दी है।
राष्ट्र भाषा से तेरा कद बढ़ जाता है,
अंतर्राष्ट्रीय जगत में गुणगान गाया जाता है।।

तू भाषाओं में मुझे सबसे प्यारी,
तेरी वर्णमाला सबसे न्यारी।।
तू है मेरी प्यारी हिन्दी।।

उमा यादव
रोल नं. 857
बी.ए.(प्रोग्राम)

संस्कृत विभागः

पत्रिका

संपादिका—डॉ० मीरा शर्मा

अनुक्रमणिका

1.संस्कृत-अध्यापने–विश्लेषणात्मकप्रविधीनां–सन्निवेशः—ऋचा–झा,स्नातकोत्तरः–द्वितीयवर्षः
(संस्कृतविषयः)

2. काव्यपरिचय——स्नेहलता, द्वितीयवर्षः (संस्कृतविशेषः)

3. उद्योगः—— रिया गुप्ता, तृतीयवर्षः (संस्कृतविशेषः)

4. नारी–सशक्तिकरणः—— पूजा मिश्रा, द्वितीयवर्षः (संस्कृतविशेषः)

5. पर्यावरण–संरक्षणम्—— सोनिया, द्वितीयवर्षः (संस्कृतविशेषः)

6. जीवनम् किमस्ति?——मेहकशी प्रवीन, द्वितीयवर्षः (संस्कृतविशेषः)

संस्कृत-अध्यापने विश्लेषणात्मक-प्रविधीनां सन्निवेशः

'विधिः' इति शब्दस्य आशयो वर्तते कस्यापि व्यवस्थायाः प्रकारः उत प्रणाली वा। किन्तु अवधेयम्, प्रविधि इत्यनेन अभिप्रायो भवति किमपि कार्यविशेषं सम्पादयितुं विशिष्टा प्रक्रिया अथवा अनुभवद्वारा प्रयोगाधारेण च समर्जिता कौशलपूर्ण–प्रवीणता दक्षता वा।

विश्लेषणात्मक प्रविधिषु कमपि जटिलां समस्यां समाधातुं समस्यायाः भागः क्रियते, अनन्तरं प्रति पक्षं स्वीकृत्य सूक्ष्मतया विश्लेष्यते सम्पाद्यते च। एकत्रित-वस्तूनां भिन्न–भिन्न रूपेण समालोचनं वर्तते विश्लेषणात्मक प्रविधिः।

संस्कृताध्यापनस्य परम्परा अतीव प्राचीनतमा वर्तते। यथा–"ब्रह्मा इन्द्राय दिव्यवर्षसहस्रं व्याकरणं प्रोवाच" प्रसङ्गोऽयं सर्वविदितमेव। एवमेव बहवः प्रसङ्गाः सन्ति। इत्थं संस्कृताध्यापनस्य विधिः अन्येषां नूतनानां प्रविधीनां अपेक्षा पूर्वमेव अस्माभिः अवलोक्यते। यथा– भारतीय-परम्परायां अध्ययन-अध्यापन-पररम्परा वैदिकवाङ्मयादारभ्यते। अपौरुषेय वेदः अस्माकं ऋषि-महर्षिभिः स्वीयतपोयोगेव अभिज्ञातः किन्तु कालान्तरे मानवीया बुद्धि-बलञ्च अल्पमभूत्। अतः महर्षिणा वेदव्यासेन वैदिकसंहितां विश्लेषणपद्धत्या चतुर्षु संहितासु विभज्य स्तुतिपराः मन्त्राः ऋग्वेदत्वेन, यज्ञपरकमन्त्राः यजुर्वेदेन, गानस्तुतिपराः सामवेदेन, भैषज्यादिपराः अर्थववेदरूपेण प्राकाश्यमानीताः। अवधेयम् अत्र, इमे सर्वेऽपि विषयाः सह सम्बद्धाः आसन्, किन्तु सरलीकरणाय, जटिलता-अपाकरणाय च अत्रापि इषत् सूक्ष्मेक्षिकया महर्षि वेदव्यासेन विश्लेषणात्मकः प्रविधिः स्वीकृतः।

कालान्तरे पुनः वेदाध्ययने काठिन्यमनुभूतम्। तदा संहितायाः आरभ्य उपनिषदं यावत् ग्रन्थाः विकसिताः, तस्मिन् ताः एव ऋचः विश्लेषिताः, अयमेव विश्लेषणात्मकः प्रविधिः। वैदिकऋचां पदपाठः, जटापाठः, घनपाठः इत्यादिभिः एकस्यां एव ऋचः पुनः पुनः उच्चारणं विश्लेषणात्मकप्रविधेः यत्मुत्कृष्टं सर्वोत्कृष्टं च उदाहरणं वर्तते।

भारतीय-दर्शनेषु षडास्तिकं दर्शनानि त्रीणि नास्तिकदर्शनानि वर्तन्ते। किन्तु स्वमतं प्रमाणयितुं एतानि दर्शनानि वैदिकऋचः एव आधारवाक्यरूपेण स्वीकुर्वन्ति। न्यायदर्शनं भवतु या योगदर्शनं सर्वत्र एतेषां विश्लेषणात्मकप्रविधीनां सन्निवेशो दृग्गोचरीं भवति। यथा महर्षि गौतमः न्यायसूत्रं, महर्षिपतञ्जलि योगसूत्रं च विरचयामासतुः। अवधेयम् यत् सूत्रेषु सूक्ष्मतया गूढतया ज्ञानं भवति, कर्तुः क्रियायाश्च प्रायः सर्वत्र अभावो वर्तते किन्तु गौतमसूत्राणि ततः तात्पर्यपरिशुद्धि ततः तत्त्वचिन्तामणि पुनः योगसूत्रं व्यासभाष्यं, तत्त्ववैशारदी इत्यादिपरम्पराक्रमे या खण्डन-मण्डन पद्धतिः स्वीकृता तत्र सर्वत्र विश्लेषणात्मक-प्रविधीनां सन्निवेशः सुस्पष्टमेव अस्ति। साहित्यशास्त्रे षड्सम्प्रदायाः वर्तन्ते। तत्र रस-ध्वनि-अलंकारेषु टीका प्रटीकानां या सुदीर्घा

परम्परा दृश्यते तत्र विश्लेषणात्मिका प्रविधिरेव अनुष्ठितः। भरतमुनिः रससूत्रं चकार किन्तु अद्यापि तत्सूत्रं विश्लेषितुं ये प्रयासाः विधीयन्ते ते सर्वे विश्लेषणात्मकप्रविधिषु एव अन्तर्भवन्ति। रक्षार्थं वेदानां अध्येयम् व्याकरणम् इति महाभाष्यकारेणोक्तम्। किमर्थमिति जिज्ञासायां व्याकरणं प्रकृतिप्रत्ययद्वारा शब्दान् विश्लेष्य जटिलतां अपाकरोति। अतः अस्माभिः व्याकरणपरम्परायामपि विश्लेषणात्मक-प्रविधीनां सन्निवेशः पदे-पदे अनुभूयते। यथोक्तं–

पदच्छेदः पदार्थोक्तिर्विग्रहो वाक्ययोजना।
आक्षेपोऽथ समाधानं व्याख्यानं षड्विधं मतम्॥

भगवता पाणिनिना तात्कालिक सामाजिक परिस्थित्यणुगुणं सूत्राणि विरचितानि किन्तु द्विशतं वर्षानन्तरं महर्षिणा कात्यानेन तात्कालिक भाषां अवलोक्य जटिलता-अपाकरणाय वार्तिकानि विरचितानि। एतत्सर्वं विश्लेषणात्मक-प्रविधिरेव। वर्तमानकाले संस्कृतसम्भाषणक्रमे कुत्रचित् प्रारम्भिक-सम्भाषणे द्विवचनं मध्यमपुरुषः नैव उपयुज्यते। अपि च त्वम् इति स्थाने भवान्, लङ्लकारार्थं स्म प्रयुज्यते, एतत्सर्वं विश्लेषणात्मक-प्रविधीनां सरलीकृतम्। वस्तुतः विश्लेषणात्मक-प्रविधिः नाम सरलीकरणम्।

आधुनिक परिप्रेक्ष्ये विश्लेषणात्मक प्रविधिः वैज्ञानिकाधारिता स्वीक्रियते, अतः छात्राः अत्र अधिकाः रुचिं प्रदर्शयन्ति। अस्य विधेः प्रयोगेन छात्राः भृशं सौकर्यं अनुभवन्ति, तेषां रुचिः इतोऽपि जागरितो भवति, अनेन रटन्तपरम्परा दूरीभवति। नूतनान्वेषणे तेषां जिज्ञासा वर्धयति। आत्मविश्वासं चिन्तनस्तरं च विवर्धयति।

उपर्युक्त-सारगर्भित तथ्यैः स्पष्टं भवति यत् विश्लेषणात्मक-प्रविधेः प्रयोगः संस्कृतसाहित्ये न केवलं अद्य दृश्यते अपितु तस्य प्रयोगः प्राचीनकाले अपि आसीत्। पाश्चात्यैः ते एव विधयः इषद्परिवर्त्य नूतनं चिन्तनं दत्तम् अतएव एतेषामपि प्रयोगः संस्कृतशिक्षणे भवेत् येन संस्कृतशिक्षणे इतोऽपि प्रभावोत्पादकं भवेत्।

ऋचा झा

स्नातोत्तरः द्वितीयवर्षः (संस्कृतविषयः)

काव्यपरिचयः

लोकोत्तरानन्ददाता प्रबन्धः काव्यनामभाक्।

दृश्यं श्रव्यमिति द्वेधा तत्काव्यं परिकीर्तितम्॥ १

काव्यस्य प्रकाराः आकारभेदेन च।

गद्यं पद्यं तथा गद्यपद्यश्रव्यमिति त्रिधा॥ २

सन्दर्भग्रन्थभेदेन प्रत्येकं तद् द्विधा भवेत्।

अल्पः सन्दर्भ इत्युक्तः पत्रं वाऽपिस्तवो यथा॥

ग्रन्थस्तु बृहदाकारो लोके पुस्तकनामभाक्॥ ३

गद्यैविद्योतितं यत् स्याद् गद्यकाव्यं तदीरितम्।

ग्रन्थरूपं तदेवाऽग्रश्रव्यं किंचिन्निरुप्यते॥ ४

उपन्यासपदेनाऽपि तदेव परिकथ्यते।

यथा कादम्बरी यद्वा शिवराजविजयो मम॥ ५

स्नेहलता

द्वितीयवर्षः (संस्कृतविशेषः)

उद्योगः

संसारे सर्वे जनाः सुखं इच्छन्ति। न कोऽपि जनः दुःखम् इच्छति। सुखं पुरुषार्थेन विना न सिध्यति। उद्योगेन एव मनुष्यः धनं लभते, विद्यां लभते, संसारे गौरवं प्राप्नोति, कलासु कुशलतां प्राप्नोति जगति कीर्तिं च लभते। ये जनाः पुरुषार्थं न कुर्वन्ति, ते न सुखं लभन्ते, न शान्तिं प्राप्नुवन्ति, न विद्यां लभन्ते, न कलासु कुशलतां प्राप्नुवन्ति न च जगति कीर्तिं लभन्ते। उद्योगः एव जीवनस्य आधारशिला अस्ति। उद्योगेन एव सर्वाणि कार्याणि सिध्यन्ति, न तु मनोरथमात्रेण। अतएवोक्तम्–उद्यमेन हि सिध्यन्ति कार्याणि न मनोरथैः। उद्यमेन एव निर्धनाः धनिनः भवन्ति, विद्याहीनाः विद्यासु निपुणाः भवन्ति, निर्बलाः सबलाः भवन्ति, दुःखिनः च सुखिनः भवन्ति। संसारे यावन्तः अपि महापुरुषाः अभवन्, ते सर्वे अपि उद्योगम् एव अकुर्वन्। यः कश्चित् जनः सफलताम् इच्छति स उद्योगम् एव आश्रयेत्।

रिया गुप्ता

तृतीयवर्षः (संस्कृतविशेषः)

नारी–सशक्तिकरणः

बालिका अहं बालिका नवयुग जनिता अहं बालिका।

नाहमबला दुर्बला आदिशक्ति अहमम्बिका॥

अस्माकं समाजे न केवलं पुरुषाणां, अपितु नारीणामपि महत्त्वम् अस्ति। स्त्रीणां समाजे स्थानं समानरूपेणास्ति। उभयोः अपि समानं महत्त्वम्। समाज-रथस्य द्वे चक्रे स्तः। यथा एकेन चक्रेण रथस्य गतिः असंभवा, तथा समाजस्य गतिः नारी विना अपूर्णा। अतः नरं विना नारी अपूर्णा नारीं च विना नरोऽपि अपूर्णः।

प्राचीनकाले स्त्रीणां महत्त्वम् अधिकम् आसीत्। वैदिककाले तासाम् स्थानं गौरवपूर्णम् आसीत्। नारी देवीरूपेण सर्वैः मानिता। न केवलं प्राचीनकाले अपितु आधुनिक काले अपि नारीणां सम्मानं सर्वैः कर्त्तव्यम्। यस्मिन् देशे नारीणां सम्मानं भवति, सः देशः उन्नतिं प्राप्नोति। यत्र तासाम् आदरः क्रियते तत्र सुखं शान्तिश्च। अतः शास्त्रेषु

अपि उक्तम्–"यत्र नार्यस्तु पूज्यन्ते रमन्ते तत्र देवताः। यत्रैतास्तु न पूज्यन्ते सर्वास्तत्राफलाः क्रियाः॥"

वैदिककाले नार्यः अधिकशिक्षिताः आसन्। गार्गी मैत्रेयी आद्याः विदुष्यः वेदशास्त्रार्थनिपुणाः आसन्। यदि माता सुशिक्षिता भवेत् तर्हि सा स्वपुत्राणां पालनं शिक्षणं च सुचारुरूपेण कर्तुं शक्नोति। यदि सा अशिक्षिता, तर्हि तस्याः सन्तानमपि विद्याहीनाः संस्कारहीनाः च भविष्यन्ति। शिक्षिता नारी गृहकार्यसंचालने समर्था भवति।

परिवारे गृहिण्याः स्थानं सर्वोच्चमस्ति। सा अर्थार्जनं करोति, गृहकार्यमपि करोति। नारी पत्नीरूपेण,मातृरूपेण, भगिनिरूपेण सर्वेभ्यः प्रति स्वकर्त्तव्यानां पालनं करोति। यस्मिन् गृहे नारी न भवति तदा गृहं गृहं न भासते। यथोक्तम्–राष्ट्रस्य श्वः नारी अस्ति, नारी राष्ट्रस्य शक्ति अस्ति। नारी माता अस्ति नारी कन्या अस्ति नारी भगिनी अस्ति॥

यथा नारी स्वपरिवारस्य हितं वाच्छति तथा समाजस्य अपि विकासं कल्याणं च इच्छति। अतः समाजस्य उन्नत्यर्थं स्त्रीशिक्षा अनिवार्या खलु। यतः शिक्षिता नारी न केवलं स्वजीवनं सफलीकरोति, अपितु सा परिवारस्य राष्ट्रस्यापि च अभ्युदयं करोति।

पूजा मिश्रा

द्वितीयवर्षः (संस्कृतविशेषः)

पर्यावरण संरक्षणम्

शाश्वतम्, प्रकृति-मानवसङ्गतम्, सङ्गतं खलु शाश्वतम्। तत्वसर्वधारकं सत्व-पालनकारकं वारि-वायु-व्योम-वह्निज्यागतम् शाश्वतम्, प्रकृति-मानवसङ्गतम्॥

निरन्तरं वर्धमानं प्रदूषणं सर्वेषां चिन्तायाः विषयः जातः। यतः प्रदूषणेन अधिकाः मनुष्याः रुग्णाः भवन्ति। अनेन प्रकृत्याः जीवनस्य च हानिः भवति। अतः प्रदूषणसमस्यायाः समाधाने वैज्ञानिकाः प्रयतन्ते किन्तु पर्यावरणरस्य रक्षा अस्माभिः सर्वैः करणीया। यावत् देशस्य नागरिकः पर्यावरणस्य रक्षणे दृढनिश्चयी न भवति,

तावत् अस्याः समस्यायाः समाधानं न भवति।। स्थाने-स्थाने विविधाः वृक्षाः रोपणीयाः तेषां च संवर्धनमपि अवश्यं कर्त्तव्यम्। विद्यालयेषु 'वृक्षारोपण-दिवसस्य' आयोजनं भवेत्। वृक्षारोपणं सर्वेषां नैतिकं कर्त्तव्यमस्ति। जलप्रदूषणनिवरणार्थं जलशुद्धिः करणीया। सर्वत्र पर्यावरणविषये गोष्ठीनाम् आयोजनं भवितव्यम्। ध्वनिप्रदूषणं अपि निवारणीयम्। ध्वनिप्रदूषणं निवारयितुं ध्वनिप्रसारण–यन्त्राणां प्रयोगः न्यूनतमः करणीयः। यदि सर्वे नागरिकाः पर्यावरणविषये कृतसंकल्पाः भविष्यन्ति, तर्हि किमपि दुष्करं नास्ति।

सोनिया

द्वितीयवर्षः (संस्कृतविशेषः)

जीवनम् किमस्ति?

जीवनम् एकं खेलनम् अस्ति–खेलतु।

जीवनम् एका समस्या अस्ति–समादधातु।

जीवनम् एकः संघर्षः अस्ति–सम्मुखं करोतु।

जीवनम् एकं लक्ष्यम् अस्ति–प्राप्नोतु।

जीवनम् एकम् आनन्दवनम् अस्ति–अनुभवतु।

जीवनम् एका यात्रा अस्ति–पूरयतु।

जीवनम् एकं दुःखम् अस्ति–सहताम्।

जीवनम् एका साधना अस्ति–साहायतु।

जीवनम् एकम् आह्वानम् अस्ति–स्वीकरोतु।

जीवनम् एकः सङ्ग्रामः अस्ति–युद्धं करोतु।

जीवनम् एकं कर्त्तव्यम् अस्ति–पालयतु।

जीवनम् एकः भारः अस्ति–वहतु।

जीवनम् एका दुर्घटना अस्ति–वहतु।

जीवनम् एकं गीतम् अस्ति–गायतु।

जीवनम् एकः आशीर्वादः अस्ति–स्वीकरोतु।

जीवनम् एकः स्वप्नः अस्ति–मग्नो भवतु।

जीवनम् एकः प्रेमसागरः अस्ति–मग्नो भवतु।

जीवनम् एकः वचनम् अपि अस्ति–पालयतु।

जीवनम् रोमाञ्चपूर्णम् अस्ति–अनुभवतु।

जीवनम् एकः अवसरः अस्ति–स्वीकरोतु।

मेहकशी प्रवीन

द्वितीयवर्षः (संस्कृतविशेषः)