

ASTITVA

Whats inside?

Campus News /p4

Taxes on Hygiene:
GST Debate /p28

Technology in
Education /p33

Fiction: Doctor~my
doctor p/23

Love for the language
has morphed into a
whole different
section! Head over to
All things Hindi
/ p15



Here comes another sequel of
#ASTTTVA

A compilation of the best
literary minds in campus and
their efforts have been
brought to you in this edition.
May the ink never fade !

Cheers !

What's Inside:

The cover

Meet the team /p3

Lectures & Talks /p4

Fests on campus /p9

Sports section /p11

The Banyan Tree /p14

The Good Days /p19

The Doctor /p23

GST On Sanitary /p28

The Dreamland /p29

A Change Of Perception /p31

Half My Dreams Coming True /P32

Technology Trends /p33

Wanderer /p35

Do Baatein /p43

Salame Waqt /p44

Un Yaado Mein /P45

Aurat /p46

Bantwara /p47

Social Activities Performed By
Students /p49

Thank You /p50



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NEWS
EVENTS
SEMINARS
LECTURES
&
SPORTS

“QUALITY IS NEVER AN ACCIDENT. IT IS ALWAYS THE RESULT OF INTELLIGENT EFFORTS.”

Living by this saying, Central University of Rajasthan organized a number of distinguished lecture series and interaction sessions. Through such session, university desires to bring public speakers of the highest caliber in different sectors of society to share their thoughts and ideas. The purpose of distinguished lecture series is to inspire young minds for discussions and debates and open the horizon of knowledge

“Talk by Wordsmith- Sharan Kumar Limbale”: The Department of English organized a talk by Professor Sharan Kumar Limbale on "Poetics of Resistance" which was followed by an interactive question and answer session.



“Talks on Nobel Laurets”

The Innovation Cell of CURAJ organised the series of talks on the Nobel Laureates of 2017. The purpose of the seminar was to deliver motivational talks about the Nobel Laureates in a simple lay-man's language, so that everyone may understand and be inspired.



The world is but a kaleidoscope of adventures, experiences, sciences, arts, sports, and much more. Here are the notable events that have been fruitfully organized by our university.

"Celebration of National Science day":

Central University of Rajasthan celebrated "*National Science Day-2018*" on 28th February 2018. The theme for the same was "*Science for Sustainable Development of the Society*". Some of the salient features of this program included Poster and scientific model exhibition by the students and a Science Quiz



Matribhasha Diwas: The University is celebrated the "Matribhasha Diwas" to promote awareness of linguistic and cultural diversity and multilingualism. The event included the following activities:

- o Singing Competition in Regional Languages
- o Open Performances representing the regional culture of India (It covered Dance, SKIT, Extempore, Poetry Recitation, Mimicry etc.)

Symposium: The Department of English organized a symposium on "**Digital Humanities**". It included lectures by following speakers:



Dr. William Spates. Georgia Military College, USA: His talk explored how technology and Posthumanist education have conspired to create a new means of representing and interpreting texts.

Dr. Sonali Dutta Roy, IP College, Delhi University: Her talk raised questions and concerns to seek how the prospects of newer modes of knowledge production that claim to make knowledge and its access more democratic, become enabling, and whom does these modes enable and empower.

Mr. Sumit Dey, IGNSA, Ministry of Culture, New Delhi: His talk highlighted the role cultural informatics play in the production, preservation, promotion, and dissemination of cultural heritage.

10th Foundation Day:

University this year marked it's 10th Foundation Day which was celebrated with great enthusiasm and zeal. Shri Prasad C Pawar (Photographer, Artist, Restorer and Activist) was the chief guest for the celebration.



69th Republic Day: To celebrate the day when the Constitution of India came into force, The University organised a grand event with various activities such as flag hosting, parade, dance. All the students and teaching and non-teaching staff of the University and Kendriya Vidyalaya actively participated in the celebration.

National Voter's Day: 25th January 2018 was observed as National voter's day at CURAJ. To Celebrate it, NSS CURAJ organised the activity of Elocution Competition for all students in both Hindi and English language.

"Talk and Interactive Session"
This session was taken by Dr. Manas K Patra from University of New South Wales, Sydney Australia on the topic Entanglment, information and computation.

"An Evening with Faiz": The Department of English organised a delightful presentation on Faiz Ahmad Faiz, famous poet and author and the most celebrated writer of the urdu language. The students of the English Department, with their literary and creative talent, brought him alive in an aesthetic way.





Kavi Sammelan:
University organised Hindi Kavi Sammelan in which renowned Poets Dr. Ramesh Upadhyay Bansuri (Alwar), Dr. Brijesh Singh (Bilaspur), Shri Shrivandan 'Shunya' and Mrs. Veena Sharma 'Sagar' (Beawar) were invited for presenting the same.



SPIC MACAY Programme: The university in collaboration with SPIC MACAY presented a Bharatnatyam Dance by Ms. Meenakshi Shrinivasan and a programme of Sitar Recital by Ms. Sahana Banerjee.



4th International Yoga Day: 4th International Day of Yoga was being organized on 21st June, 2018 in the University by the Department of Yoga in Collaboration with Kendriya Vidyalaya CURAJ. The event had different activities related to Yoga along with various competitions such as:

- o Essay Writing Competition
- o Speech Competition
- o Asana Demonstration Competition



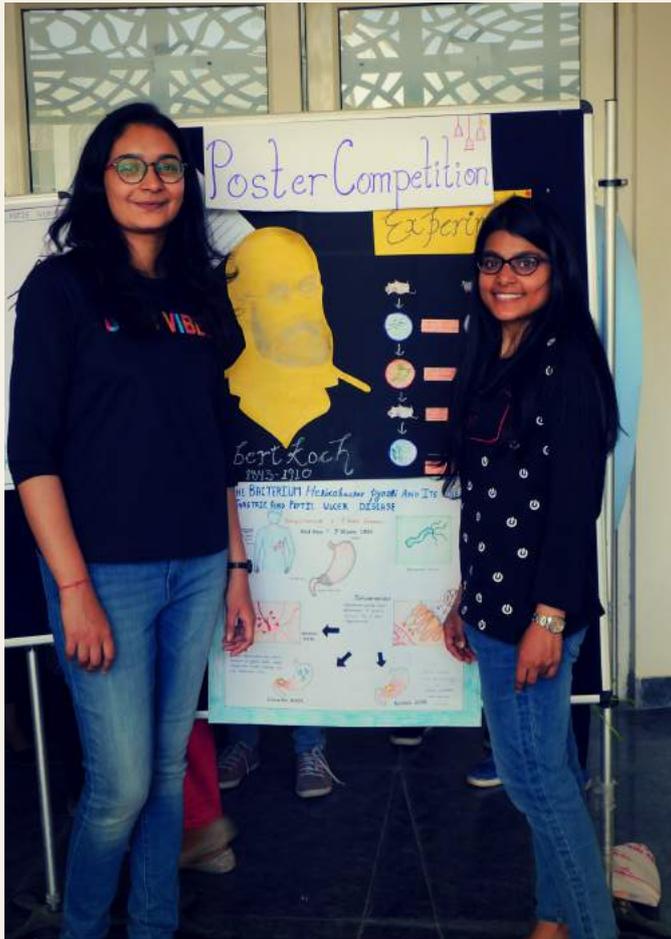
With the increasing pool of talent, the horizon of possibilities has expanded into various areas. In light of which the different departments of the university tried to organize the confusing kaleidoscope, that the world is, through various activities sewn together in the forms of Departmental Fests.



• **Math-Earth 2018:** The Mathematics Department organised its Annual Fest "Math-Earth 2018".

The fest witnessed the following events:

- o Back Benchers
- o The Flip Side
- o Brain Storming
- o Problem of the Day
- o Debate
- o Essay
- o Poster Making
- o Mini Marathon
- o Treasure Hunt
- o Cricket
- o Movie screening
- o Cultural Events etc.



"Escheria2k18": The Department of Microbiology organized it's Annual Fest "Escheria2k18". This 3-day long fest included the following activities"

- Quiz
- Madvertisers
- Junk to Funk
- Art Attack
- Lifography
- X factor
- Science fair etc.



Intra - University Sports Meet



Intra – University sports meet 2017-2018 was organized on dates 6th April to 9th April 2018. The meet included ten sports and saw huge participation from students of all schools. The schools were divided into four groups and trials were conducted for each sport and then there was the final championship. The following sports were played:

- Athletics • Basketball • Badminton • Chess • Cricket • Football • Handball • kabaddi
- Table Tennis • Volleyball

The Prize distribution of Intra-sports meet was organized on 19th April 2018. It was a proud moment for the students and The University to witness such great talents at one stage.

The moments like this build confidence among students and boost their morale.

Sports and games are physical exercises include in aptitude advancement of focused nature. For the most part, at least two gatherings go up against each other for the diversion or win the prize.

Sports exercises for both, types of people are should have been advanced as it upgrades the physical, mental, money related soundness of the individual. It assumes different awesome parts in fortifying the country by building the character and strength of its nationals. Sports convey speed and liveliness to human's method of acting. The Central University of Rajasthan also has a great focus on students fitness and interest and keeps organizing sports events which not only for students but also for its teaching and non-teaching staffs.



Annual Volleyball Festival 2k18

The Volleyball Club CURaj organized the 3rd Annual CURaj Volleyball Festival-2018 from 19th to 23rd April, 2018. There was a huge enthusiasm among the students and the event was followed by a closing ceremony and a farewell match for the volleyball players who had last year in the University at the volleyball ground. That was a very nostalgic moment for all.





**LITERARY
SECTION**

THE BANYAN TREE

-Ishan Sinha

Hamid wished he had been there.

He had never been the most compliant of children. His nature didn't allow him to be. He found it tiring to dwell around in the house for hours on end, when there was an entire world to be explored outside. The trees seemed to be calling out to him, the leaves spoke a language he wished to decipher, and the birds sang notes that no human could. He knew, and his family knew, that it would be futile to ask him to stay in the house, for he could not.

So he didn't listen to his father on that day either, when he specifically asked him not to venture out for any reason whatsoever. He was a seven year old, and he did not understand the concept of civil war. To him, war only meant fisticuffs with his friend Azhar from across the street. He did not know that he would be getting a crash course on the realities of war very soon.

Al-Haffah in Syria is located at the foothills of coastal mountains in Latakia. Hamid had explored the city for three or four hours every day since he turned six, and yet there were always new places for him to visit. But his favourite place was the big banyan tree a few hundred metres from his house.

He loved climbing to the very top and gaze at the beauty that was Nature. His house was perfectly visible from there, and he had seen his beloved Amma going about her daily chores from the top of the tree many times.

The date was 5th June, 2012.

Hamid's father had bolted the door and all the windows, probably because he did not want his son to venture out. That was what Hamid decided anyway. But that did not stop him. He managed to unbolt the door when his father wasn't looking, and then ran away before he could be caught. He fled to his favourite tree, and was soon nestled amongst the branches in no time.

Perched upon the highest branch, Hamid gazed out at his town. He had spent five years there, when they had relocated from Damascus. He had been but a toddler then. He remembered holding onto his mother's finger as he had moved into their new house; he remembered bawling his lungs out when he came to know that he would no longer be able to play with his friend Jamal, and he remembered being angry at his parents for taking him away from his house in Damascus. But he soon fell in love with this beautiful and peaceful town.

It was no longer as peaceful as before though. Certain people with big guns had started to visit their town often. Hamid hated them, for when they came, he was always locked in his room, so he could not wander out of the house.

He gazed at his house and could make out the small figure of his Amma washing clothes at the well behind their house. Poor Amma. She had spent her life listening to the sound of splashing water; she would never know the beauty of the songbirds on the banyan tree.

It was then that he realized it.

In all the time he had spent climbing the tree, he had never felt it being that silent. There were no birds chirping, not a single leaf was rustling, and he could not see any songbird in their usual nests. The tree was utterly silent, like someone looking at his favourite place for the very last time.



Hamid was about to give in to his misgivings and run back home when it began.

A deafening noise shook the tree to its core, and then an explosion nearly threw Hamid off his branch. As he looked out at the town again, he saw a house at the end of the road had disappeared. Before he could gather his wits, another explosion followed, and within a few minutes the beautiful town that he had known had disappeared into a pile of rubble. The trees he had picked fruits from, the shops he used to buy his books from, his school where he had been regularly punished for always being late- all had been wiped off the face of the earth. But Hamid did not care. He had stopped feeling anything after he had seen his house explode.

His little heart refused to believe that anything had happened to his Amma. She was fine, she was probably hiding somewhere. After all, she always won at hide-and-seek. He decided to wait till the explosions stopped. His mother would find him then. She knew where he would be.

Another explosion rocked his house. Amma would be fine. Hamid wished he had been there.

Abdullah wished he hadn't been there.

He had enrolled in the army last year in March, when it had been apparent that his country was on the brink of civil war. He knew that the best possible way to protect himself and his family from being massacred by the government was to enlist as an enforcer of law and order. He soon regretted the decision. When he had enlisted as a soldier, he had not known he would be ordered to take up arms against his fellow countrymen. Every time someone fell at his hand, it felt like he had just killed a member of his own family. He always silenced his screaming conscience by telling himself that his family was safe back at home. But the thing he hated the most was the very thing he had been ordered to do this time- look for any survivors amidst the ruins of Al-Haffah.

He would have done that, happily, if he hadn't been commanded to shoot any survivor who would be found. His commander was a ruthless person who did not want any survivor joining the rebels.



Thankfully, the chances of him committing this sin were quite slim. How many could survive eight days of continuous bombing?

The date was 13th June, 2012.

He had been searching for three hours straight, and like his other compatriots, he had found no breathing soul. Corpses were all that had turned up so far.

This was until he found a well near a big banyan tree.

As he neared the well, he heard the unmistakable sound of someone sobbing. The first thoughts that crossed his mind were those of surprise. How could anyone survive eight days of shelling? Abdullah cursed his luck. Whoever had survived was about to die at his hand. He had hoped to avoid this eventuality, but it seemed his God had other plans.

He grew alert, knowing that the chances of the rebels being around were quite high. He did not wish to die anytime soon.

But the scene that greeted him as he approached the well reminded him of why he abhorred the brutalities of war.

A child, no more than six or seven years of age, was hunched over the ruins of a house. Judging by the desperation with which he was searching, Abdullah knew his family was buried there somewhere. He also knew that anyone being alive there was highly improbable. He had to step in before the child came to the same conclusion.

Abdullah had expected to be greeted by a weeping child who would be begging for help. Instead he was met with stones. The child was throwing stones at him and screaming, 'Stay away, you demon!'

Demon? Was that what he had become?

"I'm here to help you!" screamed Abdullah as another stone hit him hard. The torrent of stones stopped immediately. The child had paused, wondering what help he could possibly get from this man in uniform with a machine gun in his hand. Abdullah approached the child gently.

"Were you hiding for the last few days?"

The child nodded. His eyes were still glistening with tears.

"Where were you hiding?"

The child pointed in the direction of the banyan tree. Abdullah gasped.



The child had stayed up there for eight days straight! How was he not dehydrated? How had he managed to get food up there?

This was nothing short of a miracle. But this miracle was about to reach its conclusion. He simply had to follow orders.

“Do you like it there?”

The child nodded. Abdullah sighed. If it had to be done, why not do it somewhere the child loved?

“Can you take me there?”

The child looked at his ruined house.

“They aren’t here. They all went somewhere safe.”

The child looked at him. Hope rekindled in his eyes.

Abdullah hated himself for doing that. Before guilt swamped him, he took the child’s hand and asked him to lead the way.

They were at the banyan tree within minutes. Abdullah steadied his hand. The moment was fast approaching.

“Can you show me how you climbed the tree, child? If you do that, I can take you to your family.”

Hamid smiled. He could do that with his eyes closed.

The gunshot rang out as soon as he had taken a few steps towards the tree. Abdullah didn’t wait to look upon the child. He turned around and fled the spot, lest his conscience screamed again. But this time, the echoes of the shot reverberated in his soul, and the dam that had been holding back his tears broke, as he realized that he had just ended the life of a child.

Abdullah wished he hadn’t been there.

The banyan tree still stood and gazed upon the town, the town it had known for so many years, like a guardian watching over his city. It wept to see what new levels Man had stooped to.

When would Man weep?





THE
GOOD
DAYS



It wasn't the first time I was beaten up and thrown to the curb. It had become a part of my daily routine. My ears still remember my school teacher optimistically saying that college would be the best time of my life... somehow bad luck has always found its way back to me. At the time of counseling, I felt like I'd earned an admission to heaven even before I flew up! Why do most beautiful things have a rotten core? Why is it that some actress who winks with her multi-masked face gets a million likes and then her actual face appears online and it terrifies the crap out of us?? God makeup has progressed over the years!

I started finding monkeys all over my campus right from my second day, and contrary to popular belief, monkeys come in all shapes, sizes and colors! In my room, some entered through the balconies while some barged in through the front door. Some stole food from me while others force-fed me unpalatable food. Some went on with their chores while I strolled by with my girlfriend, while most others decided the names of our tenth child behind our backs! But most interestingly, some were driven away by everyone while some drove the rest of the college!



I still love my college: 'The Government Institute of Uganda', mostly for all of its efficient 'corporate slave' making techniques. Oh, I'm sorry, job placement opportunities. Once when I was eating some piping hot 'pakodas' in the canteen, some guy was blabbering on about the state of unemployment in the country, I felt the pride to say that our college was really making a difference.

" You got back from Entebbe at 3:45, now it's 3:55, didn't you feel it was necessary to let me know that you've reached??!" IT said. I was exhausted from the off-road bus driving skills of the driver or was it the roads. Who knows nowadays. I planted my carcass onto my clean, hygienic, fragrant and brand new college provided mattress and rested my eyes for roughly ten minutes when "IT" called me to demolish a new part of my then insanity struck mind. "Love is in the air" said all when I fell for her in my first semester, little did I know I was meddling with forces that I under-estimated, to say the least.

For the next 5 months, I was in a phase that most men go through at least once in their lifetimes... 'The Boyfriend'. It can also be treated as a ghost that every girl carries around in her clutch at all times and commands to possess any guy whom she feels fit at the time.



As the guy starts to show signs of exorcism, she pulls back the ghost and finds another weak, poor guy to carry her bags.

Our hostels were on another level altogether. If I had a shilling for every piece of paper, food and animal feces I found all over the floors, I'd have been rich by now. I used to walk past the college assigned cleaning staff every day sitting in the parking lot engrossed in cleaning and clearing every level in mini-militia, here their determination and no quit attitude was quite admirable, to say the least.

Needless to say, my teacher was right all along. These days, I'm having the best time of my life! Just can't believe they'll come to an end so soon. It's heartbreaking. But I think another good friend of mine had also foreseen the future. He used to go around the country, spending thousands of shillings and promising everyone "good days are coming!" repeatedly. I really don't know where he is right now, but I'd like to thank him for everything. Everything he did, has only proved how much more of a beacon he is to the nation.

-By Someone You Know

THE DOCTOR

-Sudipta Dash

“Have you ever felt absolute loss?” he asked with his eyes still glued to the carpet.

The doctor looked through his thick glasses at the person sitting on the couch in front of him. He had a different answer in his mind but decided to go with, “It is too tough to find someone who has not felt loss, pain or grief and I am no exception.”

“Not just pain doctor. It is something else when all the hope in your soul is dried out and all the molecules in your body screams loudly and you are just a soul-less skeleton waiting for the nightmare to end with some miracle that would restore your broken world.”

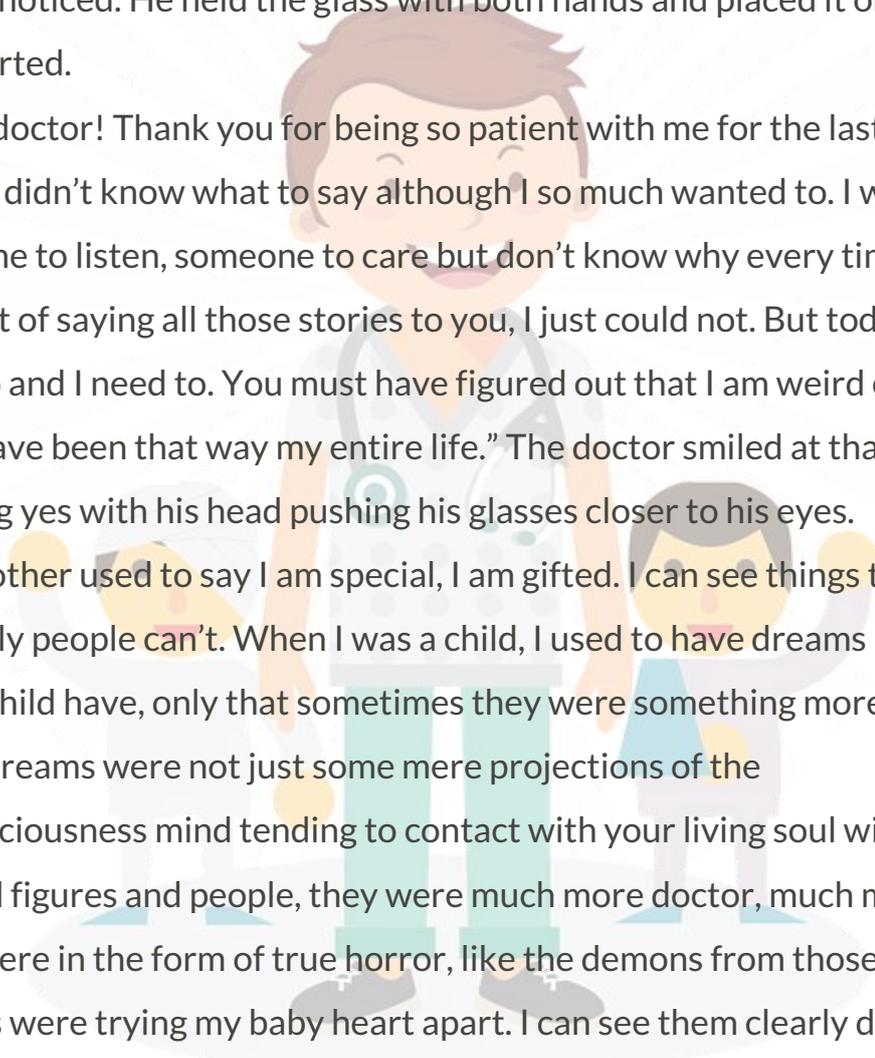
His voice was breaking and his eyes were numb and his heart was cold. For the last six years he had visited the doctor every month once but this is the first time that he had spoken a word to him. He used to come to his office every month and sit there like a stone for one hour and then without speaking a word would leave. Every time the doctor would try to break the silence but all was in vain except for that day. Maybe that was the day when the sun has come up at the right way it was supposed to so to break the spell. A good conversation starter as a hello could have been a good ice-breaker but the doctor was too happy with absolutely any syllable from his long time patient. Except from the credit card he used to pay fees with, nothing did the doctor know about him. But instead asking for a name he decided to go with the flow. Being a psychiatrist makes you very good with conversations but this was a special case. So after taking some time the doctor responded, “Hmmm.”

doctor ~ my doctor

And it worked. He was not expecting this reply from his psychiatrist at least. He looked up to the doctor with a surprised look. May be thinking is this the guy who I pay every month to come up with such a brilliant reply! The doctor smiled and in no time he understood why. He sat up straight on the extra comfortable as if he had decided that today was the day when he would open his heart. He looked at the doctor's eyes through his thick glasses. May be it was first time in six years that he was actually looking at his doctor. He picked up the glass of water and took a sip. His grip was strong and his eyes were not so dead like always, the doctor noticed. He held the glass with both hands and placed it on his lap and started.

"Hello doctor! Thank you for being so patient with me for the last six years. I didn't know what to say although I so much wanted to. I wanted someone to listen, someone to care but don't know why every time I thought of saying all those stories to you, I just could not. But today I have to and I need to. You must have figured out that I am weird enough and I have been that way my entire life." The doctor smiled at that with nodding yes with his head pushing his glasses closer to his eyes.

"My mother used to say I am special, I am gifted. I can see things that normally people can't. When I was a child, I used to have dreams like every child have, only that sometimes they were something more. And those dreams were not just some mere projections of the unconsciousness mind tending to contact with your living soul with twisted figures and people, they were much more doctor, much more. They were in the form of true horror, like the demons from those dreams were trying my baby heart apart. I can see them clearly doctor, those fierce, burning red eyes trying to drag me to the hell, probably where I came from. I was a child doctor!



doctor ~ my doctor

Just a little kid trying to understand the world. And when the worst of your nightmares, the demons of your dreams starts to feel like real, you scream your heart out doctor! You cry, you scream, you scratch and everything to make them go away, don't you?" His eyes were looking for a pair who could understand that horror, that pain he once went through. The doctor was so invested in his story that he didn't realise that he was expected to answer. After a moment of silence and with uneasy voice answered, "I would, I would for sure."

Unresponsive to the answer he continued, "But they thought I was cursed. I was possessed by the devils. A lot of demons lived in that woods where we lived. Humans, animals, and those creatures all lived in that village and in the nearby woods. All the trees in that forest has a story to tell and not all of them were good ones. They used to tell me those secrets they has been carrying for years. They said they had seen them roaming in the dark hunting for human souls and bodies to pry on. Not always the monsters, sometimes humans too, they all hunted behind the darkness of the woods." He paused, looked deep into the eyes of the doctor as if he was trying to reach his soul and asked, "Do you believe in monsters and demons doctor? Does your science let you believe in those creatures? Does our faith let you look away from them?" The doctor was not ready for this. He took off his glasses and put it on the table next to him. He was trying to find some proper explanations to back up his answer. Finally he answered, "Yes I do my friend, I really do. May be not like those described in the ancient mythologies or in bizarre science fiction novels, but I do believe that demons exist among us, wearing the mask of civilized man. They have no human empathy, no value for the human emotions, human lives. They pry on our fears, on our pains and on our bodies. My faith on angels have never been so strong but I do believe that monsters exist."

doctor ~ my doctor

This was probably the first time when the doctor was speaking his mind. His face was red as if he was fuming with rage. It took him a while to calm smile. There was a weird sense of happiness on his face as if for the first time he had found someone who can understand him on a humane level.

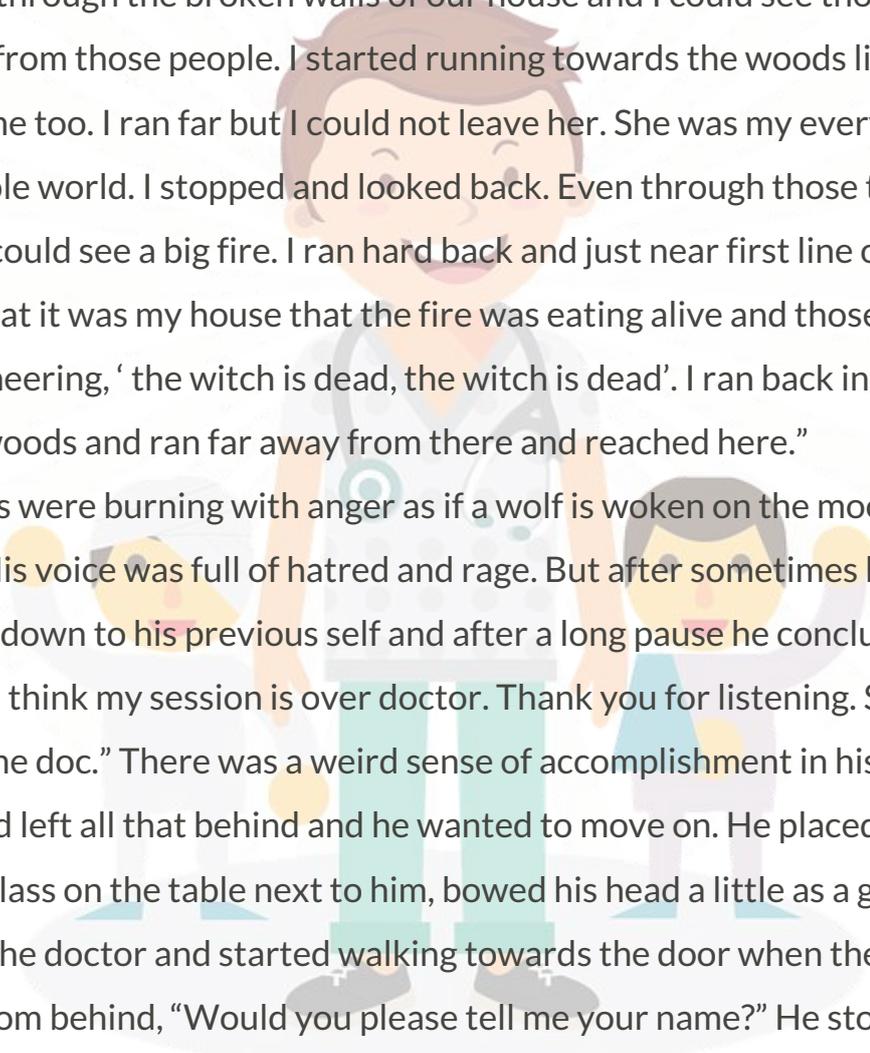
“They used to come to our house every other morning my scared voice would tear the silence of night. Initially they only came with their loud voices and foul words for my mother which I could not understand at that tender age but later on I did. Her only fault was that she gave birth to me. She was raising a fatherless kid all by herself and they thought she was the one who brought bad luck to that village. Later on they started to come with their long sticks and threatened to burn the house down and throw us out of the village if we don't make it stop. I never understood what were they afraid of? What could a small five years kid could do? May be because I knew a lot of secrets that they were trying to bury. Even today I could hear clearly that bald village head screaming at my mother that I was embodying the devil and they have to get rid of me to cure the disease prevailing in the village. Every time they came my mother used to his me in that broken closed we had and ask me stay perfectly still, not to make a single sound doesn't matter what I hear. She stood in front of those nasty people all alone fighting for her son. She was the wall who saved me from those pricks.”

“One day I screamed loudly enough to wake up probably every soul of that small village. My mother was also terrified, not by the scream but by the possible outcome of that scream. She wrapped me in her arm and tried so hard to calm me down. I was shivering with fear and my heart was pounding trying break out of the rib-cage. We both were crying, both for different reasons. And suddenly we heard loud roars in front of our house. They were shouting on top of their voices but I could not hear anything, but probably my mother did.

doctor ~ my doctor

Her ever beautiful and brave face turned pale and cold with fear. She pulled me up and looked at my eyes. She looked me from my head to toe as if she was trying to capture me for the last time. Then she told me to run and never look back no matter what happens, no matter what I see, what I hear, she asked me to run away into the woods and far into a new world. He kissed my whole face, embraced me closest to her heart. Then she took me through the back door and asked me to run and never look back. I went through that door and looked at her. For the first time she was crying in front of me. She was the angel and now she is broken. I looked through the broken walls of our house and I could see those fire raising from those people. I started running towards the woods like she asked me too. I ran far but I could not leave her. She was my everything, my whole world. I stopped and looked back. Even through those tall trees I could see a big fire. I ran hard back and just near first line of trees I saw that it was my house that the fire was eating alive and those people were cheering, ' the witch is dead, the witch is dead'. I ran back into those woods and ran far away from there and reached here.”

His eyes were burning with anger as if a wolf is woken on the moon-less night. His voice was full of hatred and rage. But after sometimes he calmed down to his previous self and after a long pause he concluded his story, “I think my session is over doctor. Thank you for listening. See you next time doc.” There was a weird sense of accomplishment in his face as if he had left all that behind and he wanted to move on. He placed the water glass on the table next to him, bowed his head a little as a good-bye to the doctor and started walking towards the door when the doctor cried from behind, “Would you please tell me your name?” He stopped and turned his head and answered with a wide smile of achievement on his face, “Read in the paper tomorrow, doc.” And left.

A cartoon illustration of a male doctor with brown hair, wearing a white lab coat and a stethoscope, standing behind a white table. On the table are a yellow water glass and a white bowl. To the left of the doctor is a young girl with blonde hair, wearing a white lab coat and a stethoscope, holding a yellow water glass. To the right of the doctor is a young boy with brown hair, wearing a blue shirt and purple pants, holding a yellow water glass. The background is a light blue wall with a white door.

12% GST ON SANI

-Raheem Khan

12% GST on Sanitary Napkin Hurts Women's Health



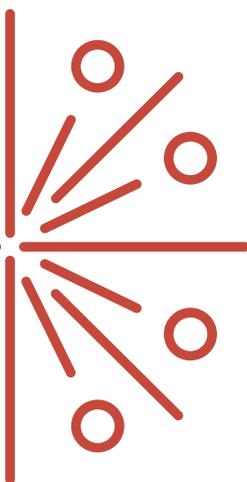
In India Goods and Services Tax (GST), a new tax scheme was started from July 1, 2017. With the implementation of GST a slogan was given "one nation, one tax, one market", its impact on various industries. When the GST was welcomed by many, on the same time some women activists have brought concerns over the issues of sanitary napkins. A sanitary napkin must be considered as a fundamental right of every woman, as it is a necessity of every woman, every month. Instead of making sanitary napkins tax-free, Govt. imposed 12% GST on this. This decision is deemed strange as some products like sindoor and bindis are tax free. Sanitary napkins are an essential need for all adult women, and it is in a non-essential tax bracket, it shows the ignorance of women's health issues by the government. Menstruation is a natural and unavoidable biological process for women.

According to a survey (2010 Nielsen study) only 12% of India's 355 million menstruating women use sanitary napkins and the remaining 88% of women resort to shocking alternatives like unsanitized cloth, ash and husk sand. Around 70% of women say their family cannot afford to buy sanitary napkins. Girls miss five days of school in a month during menstruation, which makes it 50 days a year. Around 23% of these girls drop out of school after they start menstruating. Incidents of Reproductive Tract Infection (RTI) are 70% more common among women who do not use sanitary napkins. Use of sanitary napkins also reduce the risk of cervical cancer. Every woman in the country should be able to access and afford sanitary napkins. Awareness is another big evil in the way. We have to spread awareness in our society for use of sanitary napkins. Indian women desperately need affordable menstrual solutions, but many don't even know they need it. 12% GST that makes sanitary napkins more inaccessible is a step in the wrong direction.





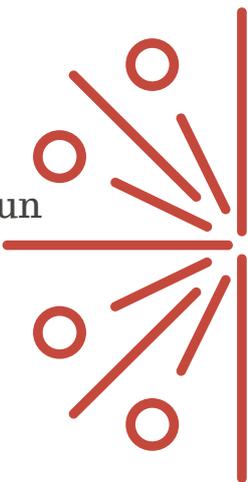
THE DREAMLAND

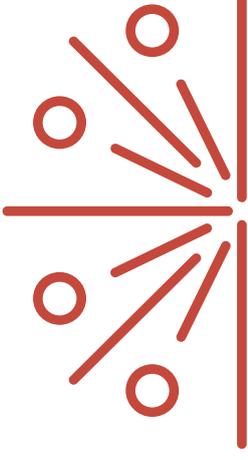
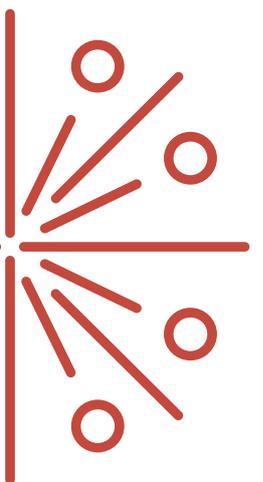
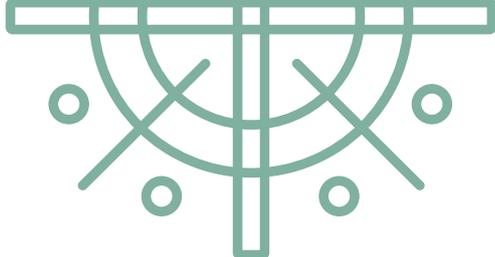


What is this place! He exclaimed looking around him. It was the most beautiful place he had ever seen. Big trees and small grasses all around. Birds singing in the most beautiful symphony he had ever heard. It was bright, colourful and so mesmerizing. He could see only a little as his view was hindered by the big trees and his mind so occupied by the sudden change of reality into such beautiful surrounding that he was not ready for. A great gift even sometimes seems so weird when you are not expecting it, that is why many people don't like surprise parties the day before the birth day. But seeing this mesmerising things, he decided not to worry the reason for this change rather enjoy while it lasts. So he decided to explore the wonderland. He started running all around but he was still far away from over-running the countless trees surrounding all over. It felt like it was just a big farm of giant trees all over. His joy was slowly turning into little beads of sweats when he suddenly saw something beyond the tree line. He ran hard towards it. Loss of breath couldn't stop him from making the longest sprint of his non-existent athletic career and he finally reached the end of those trees. But there was nothing beyond actually, just the sun setting on the horizon that brought a sense of different piece of natural setting beyond.

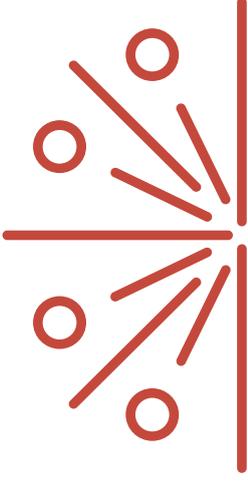
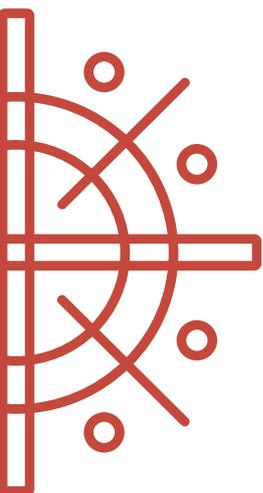


What place is this! All those feelings started coming rushing back. He became scared because the sun was setting on the horizon with its reddish light scattering over but it was too bright to be dusk.





There was still light as if there was another sun up in the sky and there was actually another one of the light source in the sky. Up above the sky so high, like a big light bulb it seemed at that point. A place with two suns! A place full of big trees and nothing beyond! What the hell place was this really! He collapsed on the grass bed as his legs gave up. His heart was pounding hard to supply enough blood supply after the sprinting and his mind flooding with questions and fear. He looked around as far as he could to locate anyone present in that land, even a small creature could be so helpful, even Robinson Crusoe did get some company in the end. All the wild survival stories and televisions never come in handy when you are actually in one. He sat there for quite sometimes when he realised that the sun in the horizon is not moving at all and neither is the one in the sky. He was tired and decided to take a nap on the bed of soft grass.



He opened up his eyes and saw the man standing right in front of his eyes with a gentle smile on his face. He took off the cap fitted with numerous wires connected to it and harshly placed it on the table next to the bed on which he was lying. He got off the bed and handed over a thousand bucks with the most unpleasant face he could make. This was not the service he had anticipated for sure. He thumped out of the room and yelling, "You suck, man!" The man smiled and whispered back, "Not every alternate reality you wish would be good, even If it might just be a portrait of your own unconscious imagination. And that is life, dude."

A change of perception.



*All the voices chattering on,
Silent I sat, observing.
The jealous eyes, the envious looks,
Fake smiles and words flattering,
All masked by angelic faces.*

*Lonely, my thoughts went back,
The shady tree, the tasty fruits,
But the vines held me there,
The lotus eater I had become.*

*Determined not to go back,
Determined to move on,
To embrace the nomad,
An unsocial being maybe.*

*Fear of disappointment, faith misplaced,
Fear of heartbreak, expectations of love.
Fear of attachment, losing loved ones,
Fear of fear, the abysmal pit.*

*Problems unique to me, I thought,
Deceived once again, silent I sat.
Fathoming the fathoms I had fallen,
Braced myself for the climb ahead.*



HALF MY DREAMS COMING TRUE

-Saumya S.K.

I dug my past
 Skeletons and skeletons of lost
 opportunities fled .
 My fastened cupboard
 And danced in front of me
 With dirty and distorted faces.
 It was a nightmare
 With a perched tongue
 A panting breadth and uplifted narrow
 hairs all over the body.
 Shame and confusion coved my
 countenance
 Bewildered, I soon buried it
 Back into its unfathomed recess of my sub
 conscious mind
 Never to be dug or remembered again
 I dreamed of my future
 Beaded bubbles winkled at my eyes
 And mirrored a bright and prosperous life
 Wings grew to my wishes
 And took me to yonder and alien lands
 Soon heated up my pride to flames of fire
 And my viewless wings withered away
 Bringing me back to my consciousness only
 to see
 The beaded bubbles hurting into
 nothingness
 Never to see them again
 I think of my PRESENT
 Fever and fret of the future
 I step over the past

Lean on the present
 And try to glance at future
 The present
 Pricks my my back
 I learned in and tricks me
 Thorns and thistles seem to carpet my
 feet
 Why run away like a coward?
 I thought
 Why not be like Napoleon at strife
 Or Columbus in the perilous sea
 Or Robinson Cruse in the treasure
 island?
 Give a try and get fired
 Then never try and even then regret
 Faith in luck and fortune
 Ran behind and left me
 To face life in its real apparel
 I pursued the present opportunities with
 indomitable courage and will
 Then I discovered the Napoleon in me
 Created by Columbus and Cruse
 Then the present smiled beautiful
 And supprises of success
 Saluted me
 The scars of sustained struggle shone like
 stars
 There I saw countless gifts crowning me
 And HALF MY DREAMS COMING
 TRUE...

Technology Trends

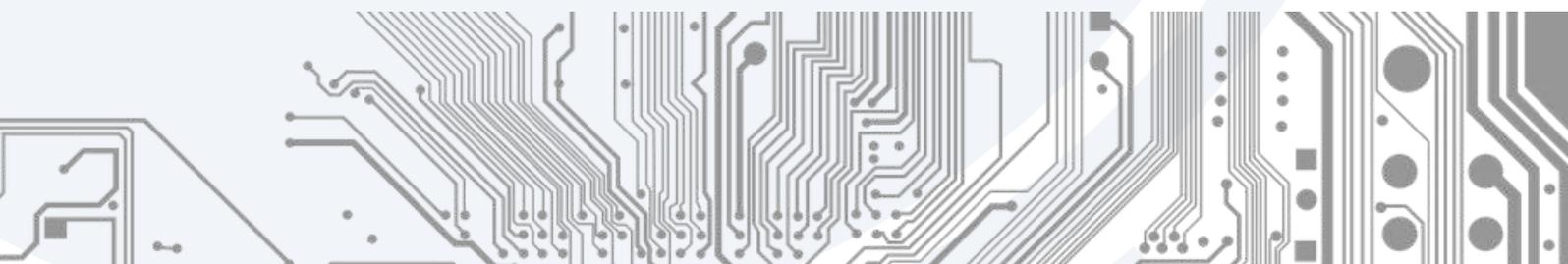
-Shubham (Tech. Mathematics)

TECHNOLOGY AND E-LEARNING TO BE KEY GROWTH DRIVER FOR EDUCATION IN THE FUTURE

Technology has emerged as the biggest theme to have immensely impacted the education sector in the recent years. The advent of digitally aided classrooms, web-based learning programs and the consumption of content in a digitised format has brought about a paradigm shift on the teaching-learning process. Technology has made education to alter from a 'knowledge transfer model' to a more 'collaborative and engaging experience' for the 21st century learner. Learners has also been quick to adopt technology -being visually savvy ' a flat screen and a handheld mechanism is their new ally in the learning process. Below are some Education technology trends that have the potential to upturn the Education landscape forever.

Adaptive Learning through Artificial Intelligence(AI)

Adaptive learning has all that is required to solve crucial challenges of classroom learning such as how to engage learners of different abilities in the same classroom. Adaptive learning use machine learning and help to personalize the presentation of learning material based on individual,s. AI in the hands of a teacher can be an important tool to ensure more uniform and precise learning. The application of artificial intelligence in education sector is just a space to watch in the coming future.



Virtual and Augmented Reality(VR and AR)

This has probably been the most talked about the recent trend. Virtual reality immerses the user in a virtual or imaginary environment. Immersive educational environments are already being able to provide learners with a life-like experience in subjects with much diversification as history or chemistry. Augmented Reality, on the other hand, is a technology used to present an enhanced version of reality where elements of the physical real-world environment are augmented with the digital learning experience. Educators who earlier had a print or digital images /animations for teaching support can now leverage these high-fidelity educational experiences to better learning outcomes.

Online Assessments

New forms of technology-mediated assessments have enabled a big shift from fixed-in-point summative assessments to more continuous and adaptive formative assessments. Online assessments solutions are clearly more customizable, interactive, secure and quick to deliver. They work across multiple platforms(including mobiles) and offer detailed interactive dashboards to analyze performance from various aspects. The ability to store historical assessment data and compare progress over time can be used to establish a trend and also draw inferences on the learner's progress. Online testing also brings in the benefits of any time testing and remote access, real-time audio-video integration and also more personalized testing.

It is not surprising to see widespread adoption of technology in learning techniques in schools across the country. The next few years promise to be interesting in the context of education. Technology will certainly challenge and disrupt traditional methods, pedagogies, and mindsets.

The solution probably lies in its adoption by the educator and its seamless integration with print and the present day classroom.



WANDERER

-Sudipta Dash

For Júlia, it all started with a pocket watch.

For Júlia, it all ended with a pocket watch.

And she actually remembered that, letting her happier memories run through her mind as she took precise steps in her early reality; New Sao Paolo.

People appeared to be in a rush as they passed through her, heading to their daily business, moving in and out of buildings that in less than fifty years would be put down with bombs and fire.

But of course, they didn't know that.

Cars passed over her head and drivers swore, too stressed and with the desire to get to their destination. As if the world depended on that...

Well, in that exact moment, the world relies on a person. And, as strange as it may seem, this person wasn't in a hurry.

In fact, she looked at every corner happy to see it all intact, unlike the destruction that her eyes have seen. Oh, those eyes. The two spheres that, even looking so young, have already witnessed so much suffering. The eyes that have seen kings being born and empires falling.

The eyes that saw the flames consuming the whole planet.

And all those things would happen in less than fifty years.

And it was her fault.

Suddenly, the tears began to stream down her face and the woman stopped in the middle of the sidewalk. Received some unsatisfied looks from the passersby, but didn't care.

She wanted to feel the sun on her dark skin.

She wanted to feel the sun on her dark skin for the last time.

WANDERER

The locals of Nova São Paulo who passed by crazy to get on with their lives would never have imagined that the girl standing in the middle of the street was heading to a fate worse than death at that moment. But I suppose we never really know what others are going through, and we don't even care. Júlia used to be like that until she was chosen to represent her country in the Secret Program of Time Agents.

She was really young, really shouldn't get a mission before a lot of training.

But then her predecessor died in World War II, leaving only the clock now lying between Júlia's fingers.

It was never her ambition to draw attention among the new colleagues. Never intended to be a key part of the team, but things sometimes happen without us having planned.

Time Agents had the mission of identifying the threats and eliminating them before they spread, to keep the world in order. And they did it, for a long time. They acted very well in the Cold War, prevented a nuclear conflict and saw the Earth become as strong as ever.

And Júlia was part of this for a year, always known by the one who follow the demands of the base without ever questioning. Yes, those hands had already flowed blood from others, but always for the good cause.

Always to prevent catastrophes.

But it was when the Brazilian became leader of the Time Agents, a Wanderer, that everything started to go wrong.

It was when she met Aiden Smith, the English agent, that everything started to go wrong.

WANDERER

And, don't get her wrong, she tried not to fall in love with him, but she couldn't fit herself any longer. Each minute together, the two of them knew each other a little bit more, until they were as one. Julia didn't even need to talk about her plan, and Aiden already knew.

And, together, they rewrote the history and avoided the inevitable. Such power corrupted the little girl. She was no longer just a Wanderer, she was an entity. One entity that could control the lives of all those who she wanted to just because of a pocket watch that was way more than just that.

However, things changed from one moment to another. She was never flew that high, and the fall was painful.

She opened her eyes and thought to her mother, bearing her name and beginning.

She opened her eyes and mentalised her mother, the icon of the old woman appeared before her eyes and the agend pressed it, making the call start.

And for a few seconds, as Júlia entered a deserted street, she could see her mum hologram staring at her with worrying in her eyes.

"Júlia? Darling, are you okay? My God, where have you been?"

"Mother..." was something that managed to tear her throat out as tears intensified.

"Where are you?! Are you in New Sao Paolo? Oh God, I'm for you right now!"

"No, don't!" she said quickly. Some people passed by and stood up like eyebrows. Of course, mental projections were not a turn-of-the-century technology. "I'm in the past, you can't find me."

"Why are you crying?! Come here, please, I won't..."

WANDERER

"Mum, I need you to pay attention now!" Júlia cut her off while taking a deep breath. "I love you."

"I love you too, but..."

"Mum, please!" she sighed. "I love you, but I'm saying goodbye now. Forever."

She can remember how she started to fall.

Aiden had gone on a mission while another had been passed on to her. A very important mission, a mission that doesn't accept a mistake. The worst kind of it; one that would involve murder. Júlia didn't like to kill anyone, even those who were guilty. She always saw words as the best way. However, she was the Wanderer, she had to go as planned.

That was the night that US President Richard Hartnell would be murdered if the Time Agency didn't stop it. And she knew she couldn't go wrong. If she failed, the successor would take over.

And he was Jason Stormhold, who wanted the war, who would blame the Chinese.

That would do anything to destroy your rival country. Júlia didn't have a photo, she had only a not-so-well-done picture of a hooded man. Two Time Agents at your side would help her with whatever it takes.

They easily infiltrated the party in celebration of peace, but not so easily found the suspect. In fact, the Canadian agent, William, had disappeared, leaving only the Colombian agent, Flor, and Julia. And they both knew what William's disappearance meant; the suspect knew about the presence of the Time Agents, and he had murdered the agent.

In the middle of the crowd, when the president was speaking, Julia could see the hooded element drawing a silent pistol. She quickly drew her gun and squeezed the trigger as she aimed at the target.

Was surprised, however, when the firing didn't occur from her gun.

WANDERER

But it did from his.

And the president was dead while the hooded man teleported.

Júlia ran desperately to the place where he was with a certain difficulty because of the from the crowd who was there. Heard the cry from Flor who tried to accompany, but was left behind. The Colombian then pulled out her own pocket watch and clicked on one of the buttons, causing time to freeze around them. Everyone stood in despair, the president bleeding on the floor of the stage.

"Júlia, what the hell are you doing?! Why didn't you shoot?!"

"He used some disarming device, a type of shield." Flor held her.

"No more, it's over. We lost." the woman denied.

"I can follow his trail, I can go back in time and kill him before he comes here."

"Are you crazy?!" She took hold of her shoulder. "You wouldn't know where to go if that hadn't happened, it will create a paradox!"

"It's a risk I'll have to take." she pulled out her own pocket watch and opened it, adjusting the display.

"I'll go with you..."

"No, you won't" she turned to her irritably. "It's too dangerous, the agency doesn't have to lose the three of us."

"But... You're going to get stuck, and alone."

"It's going to save everyone, it's all that matters."

when the settings were ready, Julia turned to the old friend one last time. "It was a pleasure to serve with you."

And then she pressed the button that led her to a house she already knew well.

"Forever?! What are you saying, Julia?! Come home now!"

WANDERER

"No, Mother, you don't understand... I have to do this." Then she pulled out his pocket watch and looked through its glass. The date and location already recorded, all exactly as planned.

"Júlia!"

When the brunette arrived at the place where the killer used to live, her heart stopped for a few beats and she refused to believe what her eyes saw. She opened the door and swore she might faint when saw an older version of the Aiden she knew, the hood pulled down around his neck.

"A-Aiden..." he didn't seem surprised by her presence. "I can explain." it was the only thing he said it before being cut off.

"No, do not explain anything! Change it, it will happen in a few hours, we don't have much time... Change! Whatever the reason, don't!"

"You're not going to shoot me." He said convulsively, seeing the trembling weapon in the hand of the woman he once swore to love. "I know you won't."

"Aiden, millions of lives depend on you not pulling the trigger. Please, for me..."

"I'm so sorry." it was the last thing he said before pushing the button on his own pocket watch.

Then the woman took hers and advanced three years into the future. Hoping to see that he had changed the timeline, expecting the best of her Aiden, even if he'd shown her that he wouldn't. What she saw, however, was the worst of the possible scenarios; her Aiden had lied through all that time, he murdered the president of the United States, and the world dissolved at war on account of that.

Because of Júlia, who couldn't shoot the man she loved.

WANDERER

"I made a mistake that cost millions of lives." she whispered, squeezing her pocket watch even more tightly around her sore hands. Then she pressed the upper button, already feeling her body tremble. "It won't happen again."

The call ended as Júlia felt herself being pulled into a different time. A sunny weather in an interior of Britain where a blue-eyed little boy ran to hide from his friends, making sure he would win that game. Júlia's heart was in her throat and her knees were trembling, felt like she would fall with every step toward the little one who tried to hold back the laughter behind a parked car.

"A-Aiden...?" she called out, he turned as if he'd been startled.

"I-It's me... Who are you?" his innocent eyes stared at her curiously, without a trace of fear. Without even imagining her pretensions.

"I'm a friend to your future-self." she said, kneeling down in front of him. "And I want you to be very brave now..."

"Why?"

"Because I'm about to tell you a secret that will change your life forever..." the little boy frowned but nodded, as if telling her to speak at once. "Close your eyes..." and the Brit complied with her as she drew the gun.

Júlia also closed her own while pulling the trigger. Soon after doing so, she felt herself drop free. Suddenly it was as if there was no beginning, middle, or end. There was no more Julia, Aiden, gun, nothing. Only a dark void, and then lighted, and she was not even aware of what was happening.

But what seemed to be an eternity later, the girl opened her eyes and was startled to find that she was in her old room in Nova São Paulo. Still wore the same worn clothes and the same wounds on her hands because of the War.

“Júlia!” heard her mother calling. Stood up and followed the voice.

But the hallway seemed to get bigger, bigger and bigger. The agent looked down at her hands and realised they were gone. A cry escaped her mouth; she was being erased from history. She hadn't escaped the time paradox , and now it's punishing the Wanderer who thought she could control it.

Júlia opened her eyes and saw the little boy dead, his head bleeding. Closed it and saw Aiden older lying in the same way.

Realised that her torment had just begun.

दो बातें

-अक्षय मेहता

जब बेपरवाह हवाएँ भी कही दुबकने लगती है,
जब अपनी परछाई पैरों के पास सिमटने लगती है,
जब पूरा दिन ढलने से पहले ही अँधेरा होने लगता है,
जब भरी जवानी में सिहरन का बसेरा होने लगता है,
जब होंठों की हंसी डर के मारे सिसकने लगती है,
जब खिलखिलाते चेहरों की रंगत बदलने लगती है,
जब सीधे सवाल के उल्टे जवाब मिलने लगते हैं,
जब बेवक़्त ही आंसू दर्द के संग घुलने लगते हैं,
जब समंदर को निचोड़ लेने की कोशिश की जाती है,
जब आज़ादी को तोहफे में बेड़ियां दे दी जाती है,
जब शाम से सुबह तक का सफर लम्बा होने लगता है,
बाहर आँखे बांटने वाला घर में अँधा होने लगता है,
जब क़ैद पड़ी कुछ उलझने भी मनचली होने लगती है,
जब स्याह शख्सियतें झूठी रोशनी में उजली होने लगती है,
जब बुलंदी की सीढ़ियां भी छत से दूर होने लगती है,
जब ऊर्ची उड़ानें गीले पंखों से मजबूर होने लगती है,
जब वे हमदर्दी के शब्दों को एहसान बताने लगते हैं,
मेरी सुबह के अँधेरे को मेरी शाम बताने लगते हैं,
जब पलकों के रोएं आँखों में शहतीर होने लगते हैं,
जब रुदन हँसता है और चुटकुले रोने लगते हैं,
अक्सर भूख नहीं लगना जब आदत होने लगता है,
नया दिन नया सवेरा जब नई आफत होने लगता है,
जब मजबूरी के मर्ज़ से शरारते दम तोड़ने लगती हैं,
जब घर चलाने वाली ताक़तें घर छोड़ने लगती हैं,
तब जिन्दा होने और जीने के बीच फ़र्क़ समझ आने लगता है।
पैदा होने और मरने के बीच का दर्द समझ आने लगता है।।



सलामे वक्त

- मुकेश खारवाल

एक प्रेमिका ने अपने प्रेमी से कहा, तुम मुझे क्या नहीं दे सकते ? तो प्रेमी ने मुस्कुरा कर कहा, मैं तुम्हें सब कुछ दे सकता हूँ, फिलहाल अपना वक्त नहीं, जो वक्त दू। क्योंकि वक्त चला गया तो मैं भी चला जाऊंगा वक्त के साथ तुम्हारी चौखट से, इसीलिए वक्त के होते हुए, वक्त की कदर करने दे। वो एक वक्त भी आएगा तुझे वक्त देने का। बस! इंतजार करना, पलके बिछा के विश्वास के साथ मोहब्बत का। अपना वक्त भी आएगा और तेरी चौखट से सलाम भी, शहनाई भी बजेगी और डोली भी उठेगी। बस वक्त के होते हुए, मुझे वक्त की कदर करने दें। जिंदा हूँ, जीत लूंगा तुझे। बस! खुद से लड़ने दे बिखरा हूँ, वक्त के साथ संवरने दें।

उन यादों में

- संगीता चौधरी

उन चेहरों का दीदार करे जमाना हो गया
लो चलो कि फिर से किसी ठण्डी शाम में महफिल लगाई जाए,
वो खट्टी मीठी नॉकझोंक और एक-दूसरे की टांग खिंचाई
तो मिलो की बीते खुशनुमा पलों की यादें फिर ताजा की जाए,
लड़ने-झगड़ने का वो किस्सा पुराना हो गया
लो चलो किस्सों में छुपे प्यार की अलख जगाई जाए,
वो बेफिक्र और बेबाक अन्दाज से लड़कपन की मस्ती
तो मिलो कि पल भर ही सही वो हसीन जिन्दगी फिर से जी जाए,
मौका मिला है फिर से जीने का
तो चले आओ कि चेहरा इन आंखों में पुराना हो गया
बहोत किया सुनना-सुनाना और रूठना-मनाना
किसने सोचा था ताउम्र मिलने को तरसेंगे
तो मिलो की उम्रभर की याद लिए फिर एक हसीं शाम सजाई जाए

औरत

- हंसराज आर्या

किसी कंटीली बाड़ में
 किसी घूँघट की आड़ में
 किसी कचरे के ढेर में
 किसी ससुराल के बेर में
 मैं क्यो हूँ, रोती
 काश इस संसार मे मैं ना पैदा होती

अपनी नन्द के तानो को
 घर लाए अशलील मेहमानो को
 पती के गंदे इरादो को
 संसार की रूढी मर्यादा को
 मैं क्यो हूँ, चुपचाप सहती
 काश इस संसार मे मैं ना पैदा होती

क्यो पापा का प्यार
 क्यो विशवासी यार
 क्यो पती का सभ्य घर-बार
 क्यो माँ की प्यारी मार
 मुझे नसीब न होती
 काश इस संसार मे मैं ना पैदा होती

क्यो किसी मोल में
 क्यो सिनेमा होल में
 क्यो अपनी स्कूल में
 क्यो अपनी कौलेज में
 मैं अकेले न भेजी जाती
 काश इस संसार मे मैं ना पैदा होती

अपने ही परीवार ने
 किसी काले काँच की कार से
 इस निर्भेद संसार से
 अपने प्रेमी के प्यार से
 क्यो इस कदर मैं हू खो जाती
 काश इस संसार मे मैं ना पैदा होती

अगर इस संसार मे मैं ना पैदा होती
 किसके होते पुत्र किसके नंदे होती
 मुझको तो संसार में पैदा होने न देते हो
 फिर क्यो इस सतिरत्व वाली धरती माँ पर रहते
 जो

बँटवारा

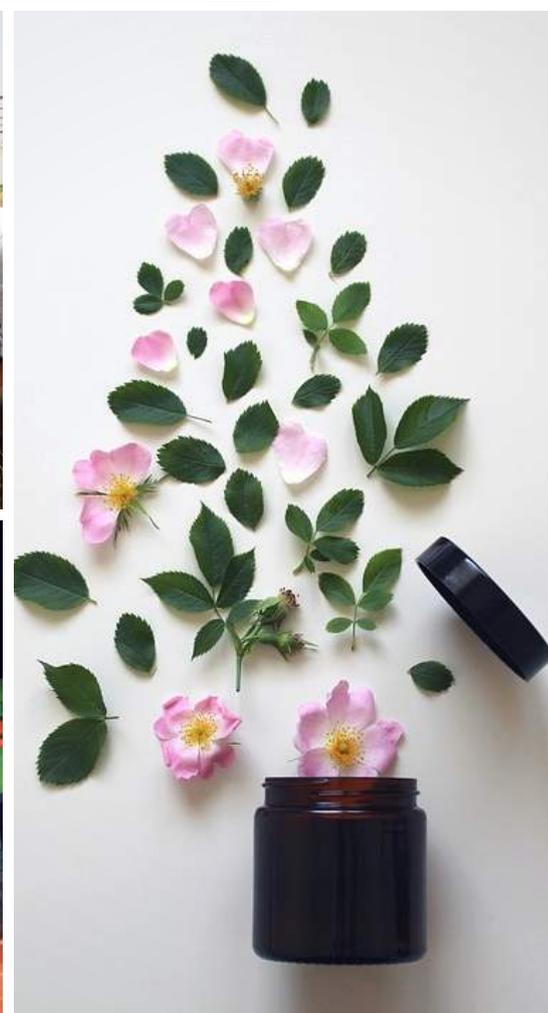
-अक्षय मेहता

आज का दिन हर दिन जैसा नहीं था। पूरे घर में शोर मचा हुआ था, अंदर से चीज़ें बाहर लाई जा रही थी और उनका आँगन में ढेर किया जा रहा था। आज दोनों भाइयों में बँटवारा होने वाला था। बच्चों का उत्साह देखते बनता था। जो होने जा रहा था, वो उनकी समझ से तो बाहर था लेकिन उनको चीज़ों का ढेर करने में बड़ा मज़ा आ रहा था। होड़ लगी हुई थी कि सबसे पहले कौन आँगन में पहुँचता है? देवरानी और जेठानी मन की खुशी बाहर नहीं आने दे रही थी। छोटी बहू सोच कर खुश थी कि अब उसे जेठानी के और ताने नहीं सहने पड़ेंगे। अब वो अपने घर की मालकिन खुद होगी, सारा पैसा उसके हाथ में दिया जायेगा और हर चीज़ का सही हिसाब रखा जाएगा। वो सोच कर खुश थी कि अब उसके ओढ़ने-खाने के दिन आयेंगे। अब उसके दूध के भगोने के पास जेठानी नहीं बैठी होगी और वो खुद उबले दूध से गाढ़ी मलाई उतार के अपनी थाली में डालेगी। दूसरी ओर जेठानी की भी कम योजनाएं नहीं थी। सिनेमा जाने की उसकी बरसों पुरानी इच्छा अब पूरी होगी। इस इच्छा के आड़े पहले उसके खुद के माँ बाप आये, शादी के बाद सास और उसके बाद बड़ी बहू की जिम्मेदारियाँ। लेकिन अब ऐसा नहीं होगा, अब वह जो चाहेगी, करेगी। अब वह हर तीसरे महीने पीहर जायेगी और अपनी माँ को उसकी पसंदीदा गोटे वाली साड़ी लेकर देगी।

बंटवारे में किसी के हिस्से में कम या ज्यादा ना आये इसका ध्यान रखने के जीजाजी को बुलाया गया था । आंगन में जीजाजी दोनों हाथ बांधकर खड़े थे और एक-एक चीज़ का बंटवारा इस तरह कर रहे थे जैसे कि वह सोने की हो, आखिर जिम्मेदार आदमी जो ठहरे । इस समय जीजाजी का महत्त्व मोहिनी से कम नहीं था कि वो जो भी दे , देवताओं और दानवों दोनों को स्वीकार है । लेकिन जीजाजी ने मोहिनी की तरह पक्षपात नहीं किया । अगर एक भी चीज़ किसी की हिस्से में ज्यादा चली गयी तो उनकी इज्जत में दाग लग जायेगा । आखिर ईश्वर से भी ज्यादा भरोसा है उन पर, दोनों भाइयो को । छोटे भाई के हिस्से में दूसरा मकान आया था, जो कस्बे के आखिरी छोर पर था । ये मकान उन्होंने करीब दो साल पहले खरीदा था और तभी से छोटे भाई ने तय कर लिया था कि बँटवारा होने के बाद वह यहीं आकर रहेगा, क्योंकि यहाँ वैवाहिक जीवन का सुख संभव है जिससे वह अब तक लगभग वंचित ही रहा था ।

लगभग सभी चीजों का सफलतापूर्वक बंटवारा हो गया था । दोनों भाइयों ने दो-दो बार मुआयना करके सुनिश्चित किया कि सब चीज़े बँट गयी है और बराबर बँटी है । छोटे भाई ने अपना सामान एक गाड़ी में लाद लिया था और जाने को तैयार था, इतने में ही बाहर के नीची छत वाले पुराने कमरे का टूटा-सा दरवाजा खोलकर हाथ में पोटली लिए लाठी टेकती बूढ़ी माँ बाहर आई और बोली- बेटा, मेरा 'बँटवारा' हो गया? मैं किसके हिस्से में हूँ?

Social Activities Performed By Students



THANK YOU

WE HOPE YOU ENJOYED THIS ISSUE.

Please give your valuable feedback and suggest us the changes you wish to see in the upcoming issue.

We are looking for more members for our team especially the writers and reporters.

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