



pratiबिलो

~ Reflecting Ideas...

An annual magazine of Literature & Art

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ABOUT UNIVERSITY

Shri Mata Valshno Devi University is a centrally funded, UGC & AICTE approved and one of the paramount universities of the nation. It offers various undergraduate, post-graduate and doctoral programs in Engineering, Management, Science and Humanities.

The university has a unique distinction of being inaugurated by the president of India in the year 2004 and the first convocation addressed by the prime minister of India in the year 2008.

This alone speaks of the quality of education and infrastructure of the university. It's vision is to emerge as a worldclass university in creating and disseminating knowledge.



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Alumni Corner

FROM THE PATRON'S Desk



On the occasion of publication of Pratibimb, I wish to extend my warm felicitations to all the faculty members, students and other contributors.

I acknowledge the earnestness and the sustained efforts of the successive editorial teams that have helped the prestigious publication grow and evolve over the course of its glorious existence, while staying true to the spirit which continues to propel it to greater heights. During this long and eventful voyage, the magazine has acted a true voice of the students. It has also chronicled events, thus servings as a repository of defining moments, institutional transformation and eminent achievements. The magazine has also served as a platform for dissemination of futuristic trends as well as for fostering Esprit- de- students.

Pratibimb has excelled under the guidance and keen interest of the Editorial team over the years, and has grown into an esteemed publication setting benchmarks worthy of emulation for other educational institutions.

I am certain that in times to come, the magazine will grow from strength to strength achieving new milestones, while upholding the rich legacy bequeathed to it by its forerunners.

(Prof. Sanjeev Jain)
Vice Chancellor
S.M.V.D. University, Katra(J&K)



FROM THE EDITOR'S Desk

Dear Readers,

Piecing together the ideas into the spectacular magazine was indeed a daunting task; typing and editing a heap of entries, balancing our academics and the production of the magazine in limited time frame, in a nut shell - It was not easy! We hope that the tireless efforts have finally paid off. Thank you all who spared their valuable time to jot down their ideas. May wisdom open up new vistas for you.

Dear students, through this magazine we wish to cherish your visions and dreams as they are blueprints of your achievements. This issue of the magazine showcases the highlights of the last session in the field of academics, sports, visits and other co-curricular activities, the endeavor being to mesmerize you and make you feel like reliving every moment of glory.

It is indeed a matter of great privilege to take over the onerous responsibility of the Editor for the Pratimb. The magazine, since its initial days, acted as the true mouthpiece for our students. Over the years it has incorporated various changes and improvements and it shall be our incessant resolve to take it to greater pinnacles in terms of content, design as well as the layout.

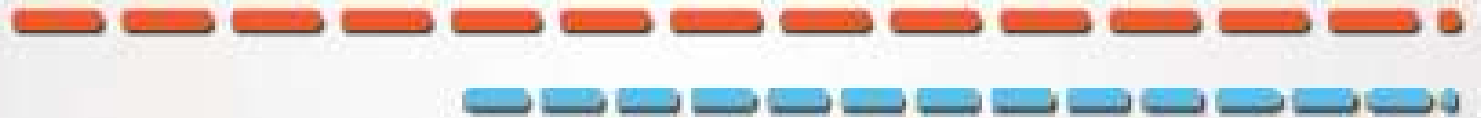
We have devoted a large share of space to the pictorial panorama of the great Indian figures. Glorious glimpses from the annals of our student's achievements and contributions have been added as well.

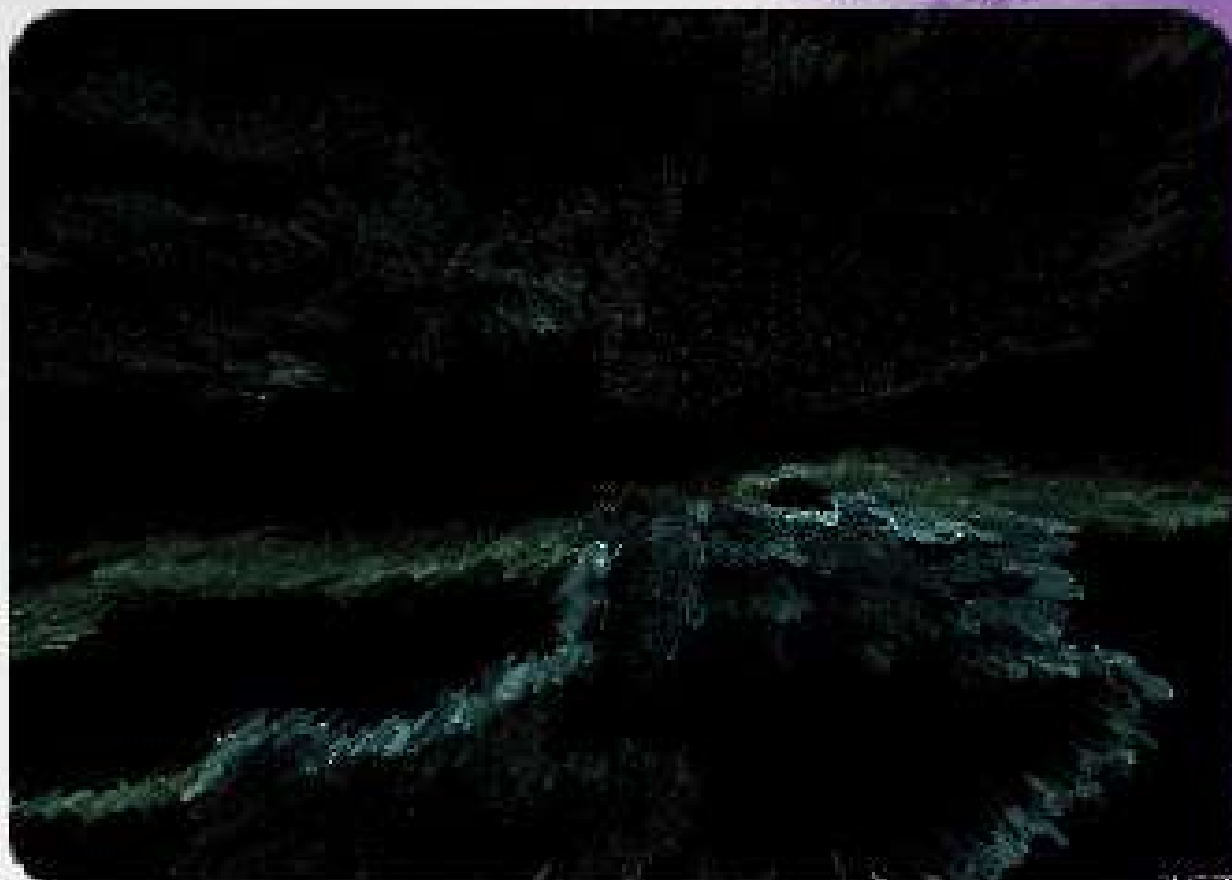
Due to the paucity of space in this issue, unfortunately we have not been able to include few of the articles; they will surely find their place in the next issue.

We shall look forward to your valuable contributions and suggestions. I wish you all a happy reading.



Article





" City in the Dark " - Harsh Agnihotri



" Flow " - Medhavi Sharma



" Somewhere in Space " - Harsh Agnihotri
(2013EME24)



" India " - Medhavi Sharma
(2013ECS34)

Rishab Raina
14IES021

EMPLOYMENT UNDER MAKE IN INDIA

India is facing unemployment problem since independence. The country's economic growth, even at the impressive rates of the last decade, has not produced meaningful jobs for its expanding working-age population. Dead-end rural construction jobs have offered the only area of expansion. Today many families depend on low productivity agriculture for a living as a result the jobs issue is also politically salient. PM's headline-grabbing response has been a "Make in India" campaign to "transform India into a global manufacturing hub" and thereby use manufacturing as a vehicle for job growth. The plan includes a variety of measures from easing the regulatory burden to establishing special economic zones to awaken India's latent manufacturing power. Yet many economists consider labor intensive manufacturing to be a futile goal given India's internal hurdles and external competition. They suggest that India stick with its service sector orientation and focus on improving job creation potential there. Developing a strategy for job growth requires careful identification of sectors with true potential. Of course, examining the economy at the level of manufacturing and services skims over important detail, including many types of firms and industries that bear little potential. Choosing the path forward is further complicated by the fact that past performance provides a poor indicator of true potential. Finer distinctions and anticipation of policy impacts will allow policymakers to plot a course for optimal job growth.

It has been found out that the modern service sec-

tor and the formal manufacturing sector are the true growth sectors for India. Both have exhibited moderate job creation on a low base. Formal-sector manufacturing, however, has the most potential for transformation under a more supportive policy regime. The best case scenario anticipates sufficiently supportive policy changes to generate sustained 14 percent growth of formal-sector manufacturing. That scenario could create more than 100 million additional jobs. Of those jobs, almost 70 million would come from high-productivity sectors, or a shift of 8 percent of the workforce. Although such a change implies missing the Make in India target of 100 million new manufacturing jobs, it would still put the share of employment and output of Indian manufacturing in the range of East Asian countries like Indonesia, Malaysia, and China in the next two decades.

India in this competitive global environment is starting from a position that is far from advantageous. India's manufacturing sector with a 15% share of overall GDP, compares poorly with peers like Malaysia, Thailand and Indonesia. India also suffers from some critical drawbacks like a lack of enabling infrastructure, poor perception of India in terms of ease of doing business, and a lack of proven ability to compete at a global scale. At the same time India's long term prospects remain intact, with its core strength of human resource, a strong base of entrepreneurs, and a robust and growing domestic demand.

In many ways, therefore, this stage is set for India to transform its manufacturing sector and seek global leadership.

WHERE IS HOME ?

Sagrika Banotra
14IES023

As we grow up, we forget what we really yearn to become and start becoming what others want us to become. We let others define us. We let our individuality fade with time, we let our uniqueness be labelled by the people around us. What are we doing? We are racing but where are we going? Home? Where is it exactly? When you're 16, you don't expect it to hurt as much as it does. You think you still have time, time to figure things out and grow up a little bit more, before you have to deal with your fears driving you around until they drop you off in the middle of nowhere at 4am all alone with no way of getting home. Let me ask again, where is home, exactly? It isn't locked away in your room counting down the days until you move out

of the house you used to adore when you were only four. It isn't the driveway you sat on wondering if the pieces of your heart could ever fit back together again. No, home is where the love you kept safely tucked away can't help itself from overflowing. Home is where every time you can smile, even without a mirror in front of your face, you feel beautiful; every pump of laughter not because you get over being called ugly 6 years ago but because you know the depths of your heart. Home is where you'll always be safe within your own body, the body you finally call your friend. So whether you're 16 or 27, your demons will catch up with you if you don't find your home. Let this be the last time you ride shotgun rid your fears and walk yourself home, darling. It's time to go home.



Quleen Kaur Bijral
School of Languages and
Literature

MASCULINE V/S FEMININE

If a man writes poems, he is called effeminate and mocked as- *'What a girly thing to do! Lol'. And if he cries or expresses his emotions, all hell breaks loose as he is not abiding by the stereotypes of what is masculine or manly.*

If a woman likes wearing jeans, in some cultures she is scorned for acting as a man. And even today in some societies/families, a girl wanting to be say a mechanical engineer is generally met with counterviews suggesting how an unladylike profession it is- *"Better be a teacher, no?"* As absurd and suffocating the idea of what is masculine and what is feminine is, the root cause is Gender. What is this Gender, by the way? Gender is a method by which a culture decides which behaviours are masculine or feminine. To put it straight, gender defines roles for men and women according to the absurd whims of a culture or a society. To a logical man and woman such gender roles and stereotypes are sure weird and downright ridiculous, but they are still controlling our rational way of thinking. And have managed to survive in our modern society to dictate what roles a man can do and what roles a woman can.

Gender: Is it different from the Sex of a person?

Gender is a baseless social construct that is cooked up by a culture or a society to impose this and that form of right and wrong. It has nothing to do with any scientific truth, rational logic or a sensible notion. On the surface, it might seem to have an agenda to teach people about etiquettes, chivalry, discipline, and order etc. etc. but that is only the book cover as the content is downright nonsensical. Generally con-

fused with gender, sex on the other hand is a biological fact - whether you are a male or a female is based on your anatomy. And being masculine or feminine has nothing to do with it at all. In the equation of gender, your **MERIT**, your **CHOICE**, your **INTEREST** is not given a thought and you might have heard opinions like these:

So you want to learn cooking, but is that not a woman's area, choose a manly profession. You are a man after all. No matter how good a cook you are, you are a man.

So you want to play tabla or drums, and you really want to, but being a girl wouldn't it look awkward, why not play some feminine instrument. (a feminine instrument, is there really such a thing, seriously?)

Today, people are breaking these rigid gender roles and stereotypes in choosing what they wish to do according to their interests, choices and merit than being forced to do something masculine or feminine. What is manly, what is girly, why should one person's interests be ruled by these ridiculous cultural diktats.

What is Gender Equality? Rights of Woman? Or Rights of Man?

In a society where caste, colour of skin, financial status etc have been exploited to discriminate one over another, how could gender be left behind. It was due to this, the idea of gender equality was put into work a long time back in the West. Hats off to the struggle of those tireless men and women who ensured this novel idea is implemented as because of them we are able to stand by our merit than some ridiculous notion of

appropriate and inappropriate behaviour and roles.

In those times, it was common to hear:
Woman don't need rights, men are there to help them.
Women don't need rights, as they are only housewives.
Women don't need rights, as being feminine they cannot handle or don't know what to do with rights.
Women don't deserve rights, as they will not work with men but hamper their labour, steal their jobs, and flaunt their power etc.

And so many other reasons, justifications and explanations were used which sure sound crazy today, but back then they were seriously considered as right and ethical. Today, most of us might not think like this, but there are still many among us who intentionally or unintentionally continue to believe in such gendered edicts.

Patriarchal Mentality is in Women Too

It gets worse when such a mentality also called as patriarchal mentality exists in the women too. Believe it or not, it is not that some men think like this, but some women as well.

"Hey I am woman and I work as a good housewife, why should she be allowed an education, a job, a love marriage, right to property etc. etc."

"How shameless of her to wear make-up. She ought to be beaten in public."

"She is talking with boys, what a slut!"

There is nothing wrong in being a homemaker, you want

to be one, it is your choice. You want a job, it is again your choice. Wearing or not wearing make-up, your choice. Talking to boys, not inappropriate at all? But such a mentality nevertheless is still common and when someone says he believes in gender equality, he/she might still be plagued by discriminatory notions as these.
It is Not Woman or Man Equality but Gender Equality!

Generally people have problem with it as they think gender equality allows women to have affairs, beat their husbands, act like a dictator at work and consider all men as enemies. Nope! A hell no! That is not at all gender equality. It needs to be said out loud – It is gender equality after all and not woman equality or man equality, right! But these perceptions are still influencing our society, that suggest that we need to understand the seriousness of it all and recognize the true ideas of feminism – to champion rights of both man and woman than battle for woman dominance or female extremism or male subordination etc.
After all, when we hate a Patriarch, we also don't want a Matriarch.

The Bottom-line so Gender, huh! It is bad for women and it is bad for men too. You want to be a doctor, chef, engineer don't think- is it manly or feminine!

Fight these rigid and absurd gender roles and stereotypes. And live your life based on choices which are moral, just, legal than masculine or feminine!

After all...

We are not born as manly or girly, but made one.



Bisma Bilal
15MMC003

COUNTRY WITH PEACE AND PATIENCE

Software's like "Torrent" can somewhat inculcate ethics like tolerance and patience in the ever-so-edgy, people of our country, who can endure the interlude between "downloading the file" and "file successfully downloaded", but cannot resist dissent. Country like India, exponent of non-violence and forbearance is deluging on the path of intolerance. This attitude has virtually blanching the vividly colorful social packing of India and has scattered the masses on the basis of congeniality. What went wrong on the land that has sprouted Steller's like Mahatma Gandhi, Mother Teresa, Kailash Satyarthi and many others that championed the cause of peace?

It is easy to voice our opinion but it takes courage to sit back, cool and tranquilized and lending ears to opinion of other's. It becomes even more combating task when ideas are differentiated. The aptitude of perspective of being righteous, every time, is what alienates a person from the rationality and keeps him/her at loggerheads, with a person having thoughts in distinction with his/her palate. This dogmatic and quirky attitude, at times, snowballs into violent outcomes. To seize peace in such ferocious conditions, government curtails our precious "rights" granted by the constitution, and is obliged to "ban" contentious articles. It is not the absence of commodity, that irks our minds, but the word "ban" somewhat clay their mind to go wacko and take extremist steps, in dissent with the ruling dispensation.

We dream of a shining India, complacent of all the resources. But it will remain as a mere fantasy or target to achieve, of a developed India, unless and until we do not come out of indigestion mode of

diverging opinions, to follow a non-regressive path. In a study conducted by international journal Science in 2011, India is having one of the highest intolerance indices, breaking ranks with the developed countries. It has garnered a third place out of 33 countries, globally, among restrictive societies, after Pakistan and Malaysia. Clearly indicative of this ranking, are the newspapers of India, replete of reports of different categories of bans, curfew being imposed and the impatient in hysteria get infuriated to torching of vehicles, stone-pelting and the list is having no climax.

We live in families, groups and societies, on a bigger calibration of the canvas, we live in a country like India, full of diversities, and difference of opinion is inevitable. God has gifted us with a brain pumping up opinions and thoughts, of our own kind. But what we need to learn, is to proliferate the bandwidth of our respective brain, to be able to respect and value the ideas of others. Governance and society have to act in tandem, and not to be pitted against each other, to be able to build up the country that we aspire. If we all initiate beckons of resilience and tolerance, our country will automatically get armored with peace and development. In that case government, need not, to explicitly take exasperated actions to safeguard the nation against communalism and instabilities. When we start reverencing all the ethics, cultures, view-points prevalent in the world juggling with differences, it will become place worth habitual, for all, in true sense, and the problems will automatically get solved with no-push button being required. Can we dream of a world like that?

Yes, surely. Patience is an "asset", try having that, and then see the magic.

INNER SELF

Bisma Bilal
15MMC003

From the mother's womb to the grave is a journey mankind is bestowed by God. This journey is different for different people. Some spend it earning, some trying to be successful, some famous, some beautiful, some dominating and some suffering. There are some who spend it creating what is called 'THE INNER SELF', the inner life and those who accomplish that are the ones who achieve the actual goal of the journey. It is never the beauty or the status, culture or habit that make people different. What differentiates them is the inner beauty. The conscience-the voice of which is so soft that its easy to stifle it but impossible to wrong it. It is this voice that guides a person to the right path irrespective of the situation or the surrounding.. It sets him free from the bondages of worldly things, free from his surroundings.

A MAN WHO HAS NO INNER SELF IS A SLAVE
TO HIS SURROUNDING.

Our worldly life is a reflection of our inner self. The peace or the disturbance within reflects. The inner self is the best guidance for a person and it is the asset which connects him to his God. Knowing the inner self is a matter of a lifetime. People try to gain knowledge about worldly things and nothing about the inner self. Knowing our inner self is important. The inner self reflects who you really are. To know it is to know your purpose, your values, vision, motivation, your goals and your beliefs..
THERE IS A VOICE THAT DOESN'T USE WORDS
.... LISTEN



Navjyoti Gupta

FAITH

Life's UNPREDICTABLE !

Seems like it changes in a glimpse of the eye when one looks back but that peek could have actually lasted for sometime. Could have felt like a lifetime ! We all go through different phases in life. The struggling phase, the happy phase, the learning phase and the teaching phase but not all are able to interpret these phases. Not everybody can make the best out of them. The most important phase is the one we all fear and it is the "Struggling Phase". Whatever happens, happens for good. There is something better in store for you. It's all a matter of destiny..... and so on. These are the commonly used statements for the people who are somewhere somehow struggling with life. For them it seems to be a never ending journey at that point of time. Life seems to be useless. A person feels like a failure with a wasted life. But there is one thing called "FAITH". People who have faith are able to better cope up with these phases. It seems that the world is conspiring against them but an inner peace, is there within them. The heart is still happy somehow. It has Hope and that is actually what mat-

ters because hope is all that is needed for a good day and its days that make up a LIFE. People who have faith are happy when they see others pursuing their dreams. They are capable of visualizing a day when they will achieve what they aspire. The most important thing however is that they are ready to wait for that. They are ready to struggle more to achieve that and never do they delay to thank almighty for whatever they have now. That is the characteristic of success. So the ones who pass this struggling phase with faith are the ones who are successful before actually achieving it. Struggles often raise a question in almost everybody's mind. WHY ME? There is actually no answer for this. It's you, so it's you and no one can do anything about it. You can't do anything about it. But you can do something about how the phase gets through. It's a struggling phase so it can't actually pass happily. There will be some stress, some disappointments, some heart aches involved and you have to deal with them. Again it's Faith that will help. Faith lets a person see the future- not a good life or a good job or a degree etc but a happier heart despite of all the conditions around. Rather a peaceful heart. That is the power of FAITH !



MOTHERLY LOVE

Bisma Bilal
15MMC003

Motherly love is a story that has no end. A mother, after all, is a source of our entry into the world. When you're fortunate enough to have an affectionate and nurturing mother, you never stop craving for her kind of love. She's the only one who can make you feel it. After she's gone you futilely search to fill the void. You are trying to solve a riddle with no answer at all. Like me, nobody wants their parents to leave them. But the power of Fate and God never asks us what we want. This piece of writing, I personally dedicate to my

Darling mother, Tripta Gupta, who was a benevolent, ravishing, tender-hearted, religious and knowledgeable personality. By profession she was a master grade teacher, who did not only teach her students the mere pages of a book, instead, she made them good human beings by her words of wisdom. She was the real backbone of my family. I used to call her 'Mama'. But unfortunately, one wretched morning she said goodbye on 17th May 2014. She had been unconscious for last twenty minutes. Her motionless eyes were freezing us too. At that point, my family was clearly able to see the thought running in her mind that her life would return to something like normal as it was before because of her strong will-power. However, the true fact is all things befall according to God only. Yet the feeling of bereavement to me was so intense that it was virtually unbearable. My family felt just the same. She was 61 and I was 22. Nothing had ever prepared me to experience such loss, even after realizing that she would die. Our last conversation on the phone was beautiful - I can never forget it. That day was my last exam of 2nd Semester, M.A. I know that she knew I loved her more than anything in this world. She asked me to make myself stronger to such extent that will help

me to make out of this jumbled world in the future. Mainly, I thought: 'My mother is dead, and I want her back.' A mother is a story with no beginning; that is what defines her. I grew hungry for more of her. The moment she departed for Heaven, I lost myself. Our lives also stopped there with her last breath. We tried a lot to move on without her but it seemed like we were trying to seize our heart from beating. When she died it was like a meteor hit; our foundation shook, we lost few things that were her and were left with a huge infallible crater in our hearts. A lump formed in my throat as soon as I realised how far away from her I was. No amount of nurturing from the family members could fill the pit in my stomach; I wanted my Mom and there was no other suitable replacement. She had worked hard and made sacrifices so that our lives would become better. But the importance of her sacrifices was more than precious to us. After she was gone I got to learn that my source of origin left me lonesome in the world of truth and lies. She always forgave me on my most silly, goofy and giddy mistakes. Her boundaries for me were with a motive to make me a better person but I used to call her my "TYPICAL SAAS". It was quite funny to call her like that. I know she only tried to bring out the good in me and in my siblings, but at present, we actually got to know what the importance of a Mother's words is. A mother's protectiveness, loyalty, warmth, praise and encouragement for her children is above the universe and unsurpassable. I really miss that sense of security over me when she was alive. There is no one like her who could be a constant, daily support, in the way that she had been there for us. She always acted like a shield for my family; tolerated every pain and pricks on her. She said at the last call that always does that which makes your family proud on you. Al-

though she had indeed suffered greatly, it had been wonderful to love and be loved with such Constance and profundity. She told us all how much she adored us. I want so much to lay my forehead against hers and tell her that she is adored in return. But it's too late now. As time went on, the pangs of grief became more painful as we had been apart longer. But I still believed she would come back. Deep down, I feel she would, through some effort of mind, reconstitute her and appear to me, in human or Angel form. The beautiful memories of the times we've spent together make me smile, only until the moment when they eventually remind me that she is no longer here. I wish I could

take back every pain and worry that I ever gave her. All my life I had wished to grow older so I could finally move out and do my own thing. But now I wish I could just turn back time to be a child and hug her again. I would give up my own life just for the chance to meet her, give her a hug and tell her how much I love you, Mama. Her memories take me back to the time when I used to come back home crying from school. She always gave me a hug and say don't worry everything will be alright'. Mma, you are no more but your words have empowered me to become the person that I am today. Now I know why you always asked me to be strong... because you knew that one day I would need the strength



THE BITTER TRUTH OF LIFE

Komal Bakshi
14MEN007

Life is not easy but it is full of complexities. We can't say life is the bed of roses but thorns are also part of it. Rosy part of the life in a way like easy going life without much tensions and thorny part of the life like difficulties, problems and the life which pricks us and we feel pain. We, the human beings should accept the thorny part of life. We should accept this part like we accept the exciting part of life. Life is full of joy, sorrow and also difficulties. Life is not that much easy.

It is said that student life is "golden life", because it is the most important part of human life. Everyone must enjoy this part of life. It is the student life through which one can make their future bright. Students must have good qualities in them like they must be punctual, obedient etc. They should respect

their elders. Student must not be bookworm but they must read books. The most important part in student life is that they should read books. Students should always help the poor people. It is the student life in which the student can choose the right direction of their life in order to attain a better future. Teacher plays a very important role in making student life better.

As life is not that much simple it is full of complexities so even in the difficult part of our life we should not give up but rather we have to face the difficulties and also we have to wait for the right moment to come. Life is the precious gift that is given by the God to us. We should enjoy it to the fullest and we should not ruin our life by indulging in bad things.



Akanksha Sharma
14MEN012

BEGINING OF LIFE

Life is a divine gift of god. This particular word “life” has different meaning for everyone. Life is not just to have a birth on earth, its about living it to the fullest. Life begins with the first breathe of a child on this earth and a lot of things that comes along with it. Life is not just about happiness, its about the challenges a human being face in his/ her day-to-day life.

Every human being lives a different kind of life, a life full of ups and downs. There are various stages of life such as; childhood, adulthood, young age, and then comes the final stage of life old age. The number of literary writers has compared life with various seasons. With every stage human being experiences a new thing in his/her life.

Life of a woman: the life of a woman is itself a very worthy topic to be talked about now a day. A woman's life start with tears in others eyes and ends with

her own tears. To talk about woman's life means to open up a book of thrill, adventure, horror, sorrows and a little conscious smile. A woman struggle starts with her very first breath not only on this earth but with her existence in her mother. When we look back in the earlier times when women were under various kinds of rituals and traditions and horrifying impact of those traditions on women life, it creates an abstract image of women life.

There is a lot to be talked about the life a woman. But now, the life of 21st century woman is not the same as in previous centuries. A woman is now ruling the world. She is an example of power, happiness, serenity, love.

Life is not giving just acting without thing, its about thinking and acting as well. Life is divine gift of God, it should be live to the fullest in every situation. Sorrows, happiness, adventures are all the part of a successful life.



UNEXPLAINED PHENOMENON OF LIFE

Adarsh Singh
14BCS003

We are given this life with the proper reason and purpose to serve, to do few things, to ignore few things, to make few things, to destroy few unwanted thing according to our own uniqueness and for the betterment of mankind.

Each entity made by that omnipotent power is somehow different from other and life is all about to find out and nourish the same by virtue of being unique we do a lot of things which are not considered or even imagined by someone else.

To be successful in life you need to clarify what success you want ,otherwise you will suffer by comparison which will not going to help you to get anything. Success is not something which will give anything suddenly but it's the path of success which is glorious in all way if you have chosen it without fear of losing. If you have fear that you will lose then believe me you will not be succeed.

Life is a management of odds and evens ,by maintaining the dignity of others and own, moving towards

the aim may be slowly but perfectly is the ultimate conclusion of life and it is also the thing we are supposed to learn each day from one source or the other but still it's human nature to do mistake , learn, and repeat.

The aim of life is to learn so that we can understand that what should be the aim of life.

Lastly i would like to add that do more which makes you happy because happiness is vital to take you forward and after reaching the goal the thing you will need is happiness.



Abhay Deep
2012EEC31

LIFE IS NOT A CHOICE

A flawless person once had flaws. Life, when we talk about Life in daily conversation mediocre people tends to discuss about the joys and sorrows in their living. Few people talk about how to deal with the Life which is given to us by the grace of Divine God. Some human being gets manipulated easily, if they do not have clear vision of life, either motivated or degraded. Encouragement is rare and criticism is everywhere, we should become an encourager to let lead our-self and other towards the direction of success and happiness. Life which is not our choice is given us to find Inner Peace and Happiness. We must understand that Life is not our choice to opt; it is given by calculating and considering our own Karma from the previous existence of us. The situations and people are not in our control, what is in control of us is our Mind and Body, and we should train them.

Firstly, we should know what is Mind, it is long process and one should have patience to know but once it is achieved life is filled with Inner Peace and Happiness. It can be achieved by knowing the details of Spiritual Time, Meditation, and Talking with own-self alone without any disturbance. The only way to stay happy is this, know your Mind and let your Body function with full wisdom so that you function happily and wisely.

In life many people gets fail to achieve

the wisdom and remains unaware or unhappy. In life people drops their plans, give up because of failures or when they are not supported for some cause, at that point of time the person is facing the deficiency of a Guru. Either Guru or his own wisdom can only lead him to progress.

People having control over their anger achieves the most in life because keeping your mind busy in getting angry leads you unconsciously towards nowhere but at that place where a gift of no use is kept. After releasing anger people think that they are dominating but they forgets that anger is dominating their own Calm nature, people like these are the slaves of anger. Rather a person should have command over Calmness instead being a slave of anger.

In the end I will appeal all of you to figure the complicated mind and trust yourself to lead your life with wisdom, life is all about your Mind and Body and Nothing else.

Stay Sincere and Honest towards life.



THE SECRET OF LIFE

Khushboo Zulf i
14BEC026

It comes up with the beauty that no brush paint, the beauty that reflects our souls, the beauty that reminds us about the creativity of one and only the Almighty.

A four letter word but incorporates a whole full length universe in it. The deep deep complexities and sometimes as easy as pie, is what makes life worth living. Sometimes at some junctures it makes you fall for it, cherish it and with the wink of an eye, it changes its colors. While you still try figuring out things, it makes you part your company from it, curse it.

And then it adds up this extremely beautiful factor called Hope. Every step we take and every move we make sometimes knocks us down but life makes it keep going. It makes us keep trying, keeping our

hands held high.

And as Miley Cyrus says it – Life’s a climb, but the view is great.

Life is accompanied with a hell lot of things. It comes up with the factors like TRUST, GRATITUDE, WISDOM, SPIRIT, WONDER, DISCIPLINE, FLOW, TRANSFORMATION and what not.

Nitty gritty,

“Life comes up with life”.

As people say life is a mystery – an unsolved mystery. Yes maybe, but I say life is momentarily momentary. It gives you life every moment, so it becomes less a mystery and more a reason to live those moments to the fullest. And these teensy weensy moments compiles a complete code of Life.



Manglam Bhaarat
15BCS015

BITTER EXPERIENCES OF LIFE

What is Life? Is it a puzzle, is it a feeling or a relationship or something else? Or life is any different thing which is not a cup of tea for us, which is not known by us, which cannot come in our mind? Everyone has his own ideology about life and ideology comes with experience. To crack the score of IIT Advance can be the life of mine. To get marry with the girl I want can be the life of mine. To get the job in Google or Microsoft can also be the life of mine. But according to me, these things can be the next goal of my life but it is not the whole part of my life. A great journey which can tell all the feelings of me, is Life. According to Vedas, Yam comes to take the soul and goes to Yamlok. I won't want to go again to earth for life. Life is for one time, there are so many things in life, so many colours of life and I want to feel every colour of life. That is life, to enjoy all the things. When we were kid, we used to know everything about things and we enjoyed that moment. When we became scholars, we had a problem of class work, home work and all. In this age, if we do not enjoy those moments, then it is not life. When we will leave the college, we will have the problem of job. The problem will come in every stage but we have to ensure that we will live those moments happily.

A woman name Sana, is the mother of a child, she is also a sister of a boy, she is also a wife of husband,

she is also a working woman. This is a great task to handle all those responsibilities but she handles every responsibility happily. There are so many persons who live so many lives at a time. They have so many experiences about their life. These experiences become the ideology of a person which create an idea to live the life. Lord Buddha and Kabir are famous for their ideologies. There is a life of Dr. B. R. Ambedkar who worked for backward class and other backward class in India. He lived his most life for them because he was not able to see the partiality between castes. Suppose if he did not worked for them, what would be the condition of dalits. Kabir is the synonym of truth. Suppose if he did not speak truth, the people would afraid of saying true. Kabir is the person who said against hindus as well as muslims. Suppose if they would not love their work, they would not be able to live those things.

According to me, life is not about working, it is all about living. If we do not live with these moments, I am sure that they are not happy. So be happy. Do work which you love. And don't think what people will say, enjoy your work. If the final destination is not good as you were thinking then atleast you had a great journey with your work.

I don't know about my future and I can't change my past.
So I am living with my present.

LIFE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT!

Pari Nita Gupta
14MEN010

What is actual meaning of life? The more we think the more complex, different ideas and preceptions about the actual meaning we will learn. Somewhere I heard “the man is highest evolution of the tree” because we grow and learn. Scientifically if we see life, it’s is nothing but the evolution of organisms, plants and humans but when it comes to the human definition, we have so many notions about it. Some say that life is nothing but a chance to learn and earn where some say that life is something that is full of mystery and you should always wait for the next adventure to ride on. Life for me does not hold a permanent definition, for me life is mixture of good, bad and the best.

A very recent example that makes my life worth living or even dying is learnt from watching a movie “Neer-ja” sometimes the visual things leave a deeper impact upon us then listening. A movie which has changed my way of seeing things differently, how much differently is not the point because now when I see something happening bad with me I realize all the good things that happened with me too. I think that is what is life about, it is about changing yourself and moving towards better. Perfection is not the point because if your goal is to be perfect then you cannot grow in life, because it’s the imperfections which help you to grow and learn and to discover those things which are yet not known to you.

“Lead a life of wanderlust,” to crave for something which is not known to you is life. In a layman’s language.

“LIFE” stands for

“L” Laugh as if there are no sorrows

“I” Integrity

“F” fidelity

“E” emotions

Life is a track which has to be walked alone but with the help of your loved ones which make your journey full of memories and moments. Sometimes it’s better not to look in the past as when chapter is read, it should be closed. The future awaits for them who have power to seek for it. Life has invariable things which make us more closer to the things we want, our education, our relations, love, anger, laughter, sadness which in all make our life full of sugar and spice. A life is well lead when it’s not compared but analyzed. No one is to judge you, as you can judge yourself. Stop living the life by other visions, do something very normal in a day and on other something so inspiring that it fills your life with amazement. Don’t be someone’s stick but be their eyes. Do wrongs and learn the rights because it will make your life more closer to the enlightenment because you should always be on a path to learn. Do that which makes your life a lesson for other so that they can hop on their journey and add on to yours. This way we will be connected to the world and to the unending journey of new adventures.

“Life is what you seek, learn and yearn”

PARUL PRIYA
14MEN006

DIFFERENT IDEOLOGIES: LIFE

PROLIFIC AND PROFUSE SHADES OF LIFE

For me life is not something which is subjected to the scientific approach of existence. It is something more than that. Multitudinous people have numerous shades of light. For some, life is for those who are valiant and courageous to take its challenges. On the contrary, for others life seems to be coming out of the harsh realities and not feeling any shame in disclosing and showing the scars. However some people believe in looking at the positive aspects of life although for others life is predestined and foreordained which totally depends on the deeds of our precedent birth. Others contemplates life as the magnum opus of God, an artist who has created this world with the people behaving like puppets and the list of the points of thinking goes on and on. Life is precious for those who know its true value. Taking the reference from the Nirbhaya case, the girl who was raped by six men in a moving bus want-

ed to live, however she was severely injured. As a woman, furthermore the question that comes in my mind is that the life inside mother's womb is much safer than the life in the darkness of this world. Life is hard for the maid who skips her meals so that her children could achieve something in life. Life has numerous shades, nevertheless the smart and intellectual is the one who knows its authentic meaning and implication.

Lives of people show a discrepancy and so are their destiny but some take their lives as a blessing whereas some dissipates and misuses it for instance the life of a drunker or a drug addict is a waste in itself. Life symbolizes countless things. It depends on the human beings to take it in which way. For a spiritual and philosophical being life is the journey from birth to death. Moreover, after that there is only solace depending on the actions and conducts.



A FAIR PHILOSOPHY: LIFE

PARAS DUBEY
15IES026

Life is a single topic on which we can write a number of books for library. If I write name of topic "Life Is like A Coin" which has both positive as well as negative side, in laymen sense "Jindgi kay do Phehlu", like Happiness and Sorrow, Love-War. So, at that stage I do injustice with other topic "Life Is a Theater" because we see every color of nature as a decoration of stage, drama and emotions are there themes and every person is a artist and some supernatural element is the director of the theater. But then I thought about another topic "Life Is Game Of Emotions" because human life is full of emotions and the effect of emotions are long lasting, then I thought about another topic "Life Is A Story Of Earthen Lamp" when oil of life is finished so life stop working but then I think about some another topic "Life Is A Fair Of Philosophies And Beliefs" because every person has its own theory and beliefs and no belief can contrasted with logic because they are from heart, and these beliefs made philosophies. But then I thought about

"Life Is A Freedom" because life is a gift of God so never bound us in boundaries whether he made some lines which are known as maryadas not bandan. If, person live life without fear and never ever hurt anyone so he will be free from dukh and he will be from everything also life. Then I think "Life is a story of success" because in life failure is more than success because ever path which goes to failure teaches the right path of success so be bold in life. Then I think "Life Is Not Perfect" because if, life is perfect so we did not learn anything from it. If, life is full of so many dimension so, how can I justify it by giving a single topic?



ADITYA VIKRAM
15BME004

TASTE OF FAILURE IN LIFE

Life is like a stream of light,
Sometimes dim, sometimes bright.
As the above lines communicate, life is never a
"BED OF ROSES". It is a roller coaster ride. Sometimes
you are up, sometimes you are down. Sometimes you
are happy, sometimes you are sad.

Well everyone has different definition for success. For
some people becoming rich is success. For some getting
a good job is success. For some, living upto his expect-
ations and fulfilling his dreams is success. For some
even getting meals twice a day is success. we can't have
a common definition for success. For example, passing
10th class might be the success for someone from the
remote village with least amount of resources. But is
merely passing, success for a student from a city, with
all the resources and who has been topper throughout
his student life? Not at all. So failures also have different
definitions for different people.

We must have listened about people who are success-
ful in life. Everyone talks about those who kissed suc-
cess in life, but equally important are those who failed.
They showed the world what not to do to become suc-
cessful. And in fact failures are the stepping stones to
success. FIRST ATTEMPT IN LEARNING may be ab-
breviated as FAIL.

Well sufferer's definition of failure can be described
through a few poetic lines,
FAILURE might look like a simple word,
But is nothing less than a sword.
Sufferer's loss of day and night,
But is indeed other's delight.

Above lines correctly portray today's scenario. When-
ever someone fails, people around him get delighted.
They don't see his efforts.

But the most important question is that, has life end-

ed for someone who failed? Well this question also
should not have arrived. Life always gives next chance.
Instead of repenting over the loss, we should move
forward and keep putting our efforts. It is clearly writ-
ten in "BHAGWATGITA" keep doing your work and
leave rest on GOD. So one should only live in present
and keep doing his work. We have endless no of suc-
cess stories of people who were termed failures by the
people. ABRAHAM LINCOLN failed miserably many
times before becoming president of USA. THOMAS
EDISON failed many times before inventing bulb.
Even after being from a humble background, MADAN
MOHAN MALVIYA garnered huge amount of land to
establish BANARAS HINDU UNIVERSITY. Our PM
NARENDRA MODI was once a tea seller. So one will
definitely taste success if he keeps working hard sin-
cerely.

Recently a girl committed suicide after failing in JEE
exam. Well she might have achieved even greater suc-
cess, but choose to give up. No exam is bigger than life.
LIFE is an exam in itself. We loose only when we stop
putting our efforts. Up's and downs are integral part
of life. Important is that we should never give up and
keep working hard till the time we succeed.

And most important thing is HAPPINESS. Life is
meaningless without happiness. So to become success-
ful we should always search for happiness. A happy
person succeeds more in life. A person who is happy
even after failing has not failed in real sense.

FAILURE is an event not a PERSON. so we should
keep working hard even after failures as next opportu-
nity awaits us. One odd day, riding on our efforts, we
will definitely taste success just like we tasted failure.

You can never get enough of what you don't really need. -Eric Hoffer

WHAT IS LIFE?

Tanay Agrawal
15BME031

Different Groups, different Religions, different Societies defines life in different ways. Some religion believes in life cycles i.e. you die and you get another life to live. Some believes that there is an afterlife, as you die your soul goes somewhere in other dimension or whatever. However, science believes that it is just a chemical and biological reaction that brings out life and if you die, it is nothing you gone Swvush!!! But of course we like it the other way, where there is other life. No one would want to lost and lost not even in a void but we don't know where.

But wait, the definitions does not ends here. Meaning of life varies from person to person too, for some people it is enjoyment and fun and living life to its fullest as we say. For some it is proving themselves, to the world, to their society. Some people live for others, to give something to society and Wait!! We must not forget the ones who are living life as if it is a burden, They are like, Oh, I have got a key, let's take it. They don't really know what treasure that key can unlock.

Now, When we talk about humans, they are not the only ones with lives, but we generally forgets that, as the Great British Writer, George Orwell said in his book, all are equal but some are more equal than others. So, we can say God created all lives equal (if he created it, we are not sure) but he created some lives more equal than others. We can never feel the suffering of those innocent creatures, whose life is nothing to us. I don't think life was ever meant to be this way, but whatever it is, we can do nothing about this. It is the way it is.

We all know that if a life has started it has to end. So why are we living if we know we are going to die. A lot of people tried to find out the true reason, but only few succeeded. Well, I am no sage who found out the

truth. But I think I know why I am on this earth. Now suppose, a person A is working on something in which he was never interested in and now he walks out of his house and dies in a road accident or something else. So what was the meaning of his life when he was never satisfied with what he was doing!! So the I think the meaning of life is directly proportional to the standard of satisfaction a person is getting during that time period. And there is some definite way of gaining that satisfaction and it is helping other life forms to live. And believe me I think it is the only way to get true satisfaction.

I think there are two basic needs for a life to be satisfactory; one is for inner side and another for outer skin. One of them is love that you can always get living for others. And another is Money. Now, lets be practical, you are always going to suffer without. As I said before you are going to be, to the people with greater wealth but less equal for sure. And this is how it works. Now there is another interesting fact about these two basic needs. One of the needs is more equal than other one. You know which one, not out of ethics I am saying this but believe me or not but thats the reality. Of course the satisfaction for the inner side is more important. One can always live without money, yes it would be difficult I know, but without love you are no one. The one without love is like a living dead, live from outer side but dead from his soul, from his inner side.

One should never see life as a story, story are to be written in books. Its not any story, it is the life. Whatever, one says, but the true meaning of life can never come from any kind of teaching, it comes from the inner-self.

Insanity: doing the same thing over and over again and expecting different results. —Albert Einstein

SAKSHI SHARMA
14MEN016

THE ART OF LIVING

“Life is not about finding yourself. It is about creating yourself”
– *George Bernard Shaw*

Life, we can say, means time period between birth and death, or biography, or a quality or principle that differentiates between a vital and functional being and a dead body and many more. When we talk about life, many questions bump into our mind such as:

- What is life?
- What is the meaning of life?
- What is the purpose of life?
- Why are we here in this world?
- What is the significance of life?
- What is the reason to live?
- What is the value of life?
- What is the origin of life?

Life, on earth has been established due to the combination of smaller atoms that in turn fuses to form molecules. The molecules then combine to form compounds and from compounds are formed viruses. From these viruses are developed single celled organisms like bacteria, fungi etc. these single celled organisms are biologically called prokaryotes and they give rise to the formation of multi cellular organisms eukaryotes. The multi cellular or larger organisms then eventually form their societies through various biological and physical processes. So, we observe that this is the matter being ordered into a productive way.

The meaning of life is living or our existence in general. The meaning of life is derived from various religious and scientific contemplations of theories given by intellectuals and scholars. Life should be selfless, integrative and loving. It should not be selfish, divisive and disintegrative. The most persistent and important question is what are you doing for others. It should be

enjoyed with love and guided by knowledge. Sai Baba says:


- “Life is a game, play it
- Life is a song, sing it
- Life is a dream, realize it
- Life is a sacrifice, offer it”

Life is a very precious gift. We live only once. We should enjoy each and every moment of life. We should spend our life in a productive way by offering selfless services to the needy and not in destructive one. Contentment, fulfillment and purpose should be the virtues in the life, Abraham Lincoln says:

“in the end, it is not the years in your life that counts. It is the life in your years that count”

There are cases of suicide when people decide to end their lives to escape their so-called miseries of life. But one should understand that committing suicide is in no way a solution. It is an act of disrespect to God who has blessed us. They are not considered as a triumphant in their struggle of life but a coward only. Taking one's life is nothing more than an act of cowardice. As we see in literary texts also, suicide is and was a prevalent action in literature. Not the characters, but we have instances of the writers taking their lives. This is totally insane, be it the domination of patriarchal oppression, conjugal divide, societal domination or whatever, ending up life to escape the agony, pain or suffering is not a justified at all.

I conclude the essay by saying that life is a precious gift and we should spend it productively, not vainly by having virtues of patience, satisfaction, and contentment.



Fiction



RAGHAV GUPTA
14BEC039

There was a time when nothing besides remain,
at that time a hope strike to my brain.

Some ideas though came but they failed,
Problems and obstacles appeared but i still sailed.
I felt that I'm losing everything at that time,
Though a hope was there but was not mine.

I passed through fires but still survived,
Though I got hurt but was revived.

HOPE, AN INSPIRATION OF MY LIFE

Passing and threshing the seas and I was trying,
I saw many people who in the mid-way were crying.

I climbed every mountain and crossed every rope,
And I consider this "hope" next to "Pope".
At last, the darkness surrounded around my sight,
But then a hope inside me was still very bright.

Hope is a God's gift for overcoming every hurdle,
So, must not we lose it even if we see any obstacle...

Anubhav Tewari
2012EEC06

This is an incident of a friend when he had applied for the AFCAT examination. He asked his friend for some suggestions regarding the examination which he wanted to follow to make an impression on the authorities. His friend vaguely suggested him an idea to travel via flight and to produce the Air ticket during examination to the invigilator to make a special impression as the exam was of Air Force and he wanted to show his commitment towards Airways.

He took the suggestion seriously and in hurry booked the ticket which cost him a fortune to do as suggest-

INCIDENT

ed. Well it was not his lucky day or not his day at all! On showing the ticket to the invigilator he got scolded heavily and was asked whether he belonged to a village or had he gone mad. Needless to say, he was mocked by everybody in the hall. Though he got sad,

But he learnt the lesson to think prior to act. Imagine the atrocity of the person who suggested!

- 'Bruce & Bond'



Non

Fiction





" The Roaring Inspiration " - Medhavi Sharma



" Exploration " - Harsh Agnihotri



**" Young Girl " - Shruti Chib
(15IES049)**



" The Bird " - Rishav Sharma

AYOOSH KATHURIA
14BCS011

NIGHT'S KNIGHT

To me the night is a beautiful girl. No, not the kind you see on magazine covers, but a sweet little girl of six or seven. Something out of a fairytale, as if imagination had conquered reality at last. It's the kind of a moment where a certain haze descends upon your perception, when you're not sure about things, and are happy that things are the way they are. Perhaps, it's what people on drugs call a trip, or people in deep meditation call bliss. But for me, it is seeing this girl run across my view, with her white dress sweeping along the ground. She puts my mind into a dilemma, whether to worry or to be mesmerized. Whether to be

concerned that she might step on her dress, and break a tooth or two. That would suck. But just the other moment, I see that her gait is so seamless that I wonder whether she has any feet at all. Maybe the ground melts beneath her feet to let her glide, maybe it had no purpose before she lay her feet on it. I try to listen to the sound of her steps, yet I gather only the chime of her laughter. That, and my heart beating inside me, and the more I listen, it seems as if both the sounds are destined for resonance. Maybe I think too much, or I read fiction more than what the threshold of sanity permits. Or maybe, I am just plain crazy.

Anbu

SCHIZOPHRENIA

There is an illusion of your presence but a persistence of your absence. And it kills me every second. What to think about and what not to think about has become a difficult task. Because there are deep imprints of the ghost in my mind. What if there was something like a time travel thing now with me. I would like to travel back and change everything for a while. Because then the persistence of your absence will have been gone for a while and I would feel as if I am in a paradise. And being in the most beautiful place, I would never want to come back. Let the ticking sound hands of the clock stop forever. I want to keep hallucinating

DESTINY
-THE WAY THE BALL
BOUNCES

SHIVANI CHOPRA
14MMB030

Is it fate?
 Is it chance?
 Is it luck?
 This is not a place where I always wanted to be,
 At this moment I am here,
 What God wants me to be?
 This is his faint trace that I am here for a reason.
 Now I have learnt "Of all the things that have been,
 Never will they be.
 For all the things that are right now,
 Are the parts that form my destiny."
 This is not the time to regret
 because I know someday everything will make a
 perfect sense,
 so far now its time to laugh at the confusions,
 smile through the tears

and keep reminding wisely that everything happens
 for a reason.
 Sooner or later HE will open the doors where there
 were only walls.
 Till then I will struggle leaving behind my broken
 dreams and promises. Now
 I have put down that map
 and ready to completely get lost
 in this beautiful world. I will soon be at a place that
 will be seen soon. Till then I will keep reminding
 myself that

"LIFE MEIN KUCH BHI HO SAKTA HAI"



Neha Rana
15MBT029

“PLIGHT OF A
GIRL CHILD”

Ages ago a girl child was.....

And the wishes of the parents were torn,
No one was there to hear her cries,

WHY, WHY, WHY? Did the birth givers become so
dry?

Well this was because they wanted a male child.
That is why instead of female they wanted a male
child.

That is why towards a female they became so wild.
She was taught all the household works as she grew,

And on learning something new,
She was beaten black and blue.

She was bright, beautiful, intelligent and laborious
She would have risen high if she provided with wings.

As soon as she was of 10 years she was married,
All her wishes, her dreams were buried,

In all the family works, she got induced,

And everyone was keen as she reproduced,

In all the family works, she got induced,
And everyone was keen as reproduced,

Towards her family she devoted whole of her life.

She worked and prayed for them till the time she
died,

Well! That was the past, which can't be changed.

We still don't know who is to be blamed but present
time is the

Right time to make our IDENTITIES.

To lessen the difference and to arise humanity,

Wake up! Do something otherwise we will be, at a
loss,

And don't give any one a chance to say again,

AGES AGO A GIRL CHILD WAS.....



Guest

Corner




 Brandon Marlon

Partition (1947)

Indigenes of the diamond-shaped subcontinent oft invaded and subjugated by imperialists of various tongues and pigments had their fill of uniformed overlords unaware of the depth and breadth of civilization obtaining in their green-brown land of abundant temples and innumerable gods.

By the banks of the Indus and Ganges they laved and readied to welcome dignity's midnight hour rapidly drawing nigh, bracing themselves for a population counterchange numbering in the millions, an unheard-of farrago of migration riving a race per religious differences, intended as a divorce before marriage.

Prudent though it may have once seemed, the double cross-border flight proved acrimonious in the extreme, replete with massacres and carnage galore, mass abuses, abductions, and conversions, whole villages aflame, humanity disfigured in a bloodbath drenching generations.

In no way did the horrific cataclysm resemble the mingling of two oceans foreseen aforetime by enlightened souls; neither was it the first time polarized kinfolk had been upswept in a vortex of stoked hatred destined to attain mythic status.

Antipathy's remnants can yet be intuited

in sectarian tensions periodically ignited, though there are those even in Punjab and Bengal who would fain see furies at long last put to rest and restive stalwarts yield to familial healing.

Zimri at Tirzah

Unblooded but bloodstained, the regicide wandered palatial hallways intrusively, in search of nothing yet perusing everything, tentative steps bearing him through a labyrinth of chambers cushioned and embroidered with Ophir's riches, his spirit all the while ill at ease and dreading the drunkard Elah's specter lurking round each corner. In the ornate throne room he nimbly fingered embossed goblets, admiring the gold studded with sapphires reflecting flickering torchlight. Indeed, the House of Baasha was short-lived; all belonged now to him, but a week ago a charioteer. That his name was already treason's epithet was the price of ambition's purchase; he had done no more than Baasha himself, or Jeroboam before him. By this juncture, deposing poseurs was in the finest tradition of Israel's breakaway kings and northern tribes. Surely history would be forgiving, he figured, pawing wall tapestries woven in blue, purple, and crimson. Debauched monarchs squandered the popular trust, inviting their ouster; he had rendered sterling service to the state in unseating its groggy, profligate sovereign. What matter that he slew on his accession the entire line of his predecessors, along with the dynasty's partisans?

So much was standard fare amid politics' jostle. Stumbling upon the regal bedchamber, he ran a hand gently across the knitted bedspread and perused stately furniture and accouterments, a stealthy thief domesticated. Clacking horse hooves along the royal road suddenly unnerved him: doubtless the clamor announced his rival's arrival, perhaps Tibni or Omri, senior military officers challenging his nascent rule. In the ensuing hours he beheld with mounting alarm his inherited capital besieged by archers fletching and nocking, loosing bowstrings and bolts, striking more oft than scudding. Hardly domiciled, he was soon embattled and beleaguered, pacing corridors in a febrile panic, wringing trembling hands, unsettled by hissing shafts, his mind barraged by scruples as he bypassed fiery sconce and cresset, scouring for escape in vain. He had been doughty throughout life, and resigned himself to neither appease nor oppose, succored in the privacy of his place secured in the annals of his chronicling countrymen who discovered the grisly, perished remains of King Zimri aflame.

The Pattern-Seeking Animal

Strobic roundels transiting overhead prompt reflection from earthbound gazers striving to rationalize numinous phenomena and perceptively detect fibrils and latencies, everywhere present, nowhere apparent.

Sedulous intellects commit themselves to mysteries, sifting through differentiae to discern factors determinative or at least implicative, desperate for some semblance of comprehension in the face of obscurity.

However well-meaning, we remain benighted of the cosmic pleroma, of the invisible winches and pulleys animating our milieu and accounting for our fleeting tenures, restless in our collective role as marionettes.

We are condemned to exist courageously, encumbered with the anxiety of uncertainty and the gnawing intuition that fractional knowledge will ever remain our condition, will ever stir yearning minds to glean again.

Razzia

The convoy divagates through wasteland, a bleak deathscape whose asperity deters all but the most pertinacious and enterprising merchants daring to defy the elements and common sense alike.

Circumspect raiders crouching behind dunes flanking the route sally with blaring war cries, waylaying hapless traders and whelmed guards in a fracas ruthless, abrupt, and grisly, filching laden humps and rumps of their priceless jewels, fungible goods, and rare wares, reaping a windfall almost beyond measure.

Carcasses of the deceased obstruct the trail, cameleers whose bloodied hands still cleave to precious treasures, dromedaries with joints and hocks sprawled athwart in soft dust, a gory tableau unfit for the faint of heart.

Overhead a crimson sliver of sundown bleeds and overruns the neutral horizon to perfectly reflect the intimated mood, sanguine for some, for others sanguinary.

Pilgrimage

Arayed in her white abaya, Badiyah treks into wilderness, head bent against the wind, regularly quaffing from a leathery waterskin, reaching for pouched seeds and nuts to fortify her for the wending trail ahead.

Searing grains redden her bare soles, quickening her pace through barren vistas of marl, sandstone, and silence; she attunes to vocal wolves after dark, worms of worry burrowing into her faith.

Afar, legless beggars loiter outside a gate; she refreshes at the caravanserai, nipping sipid mint tea to withstand desert chill as the suave rhapsode concites imaginations with age-old stories changed in the telling.

Daybreak greets her solitary footfalls along the

byway half-effaced by sandstorms blasting her from the path into nearby caves pockmarked and rugged, sullied by ash piles, camel dung, and the musty stench of guano.

The bluster passes and she descends to merge anonmously into the tawaf's sevenfold swirl of whirling masses magnetized by belief. She enfolds her frame in her arms, content that her attire will someday be reused as her shroud.





Nick Romeo

NANOTECH RUG CUTTING

Mister McAfee spent endless hours in his lab,
studying nanotechnology, and training interns.
He would report his findings, and they always ap-
peared as yesterday's infinite time
loop entangl ment.

One day he took a cab, holding one suitcase,
wearing goggles and lab coat.

He traveled a strait line to the goth club,
"The Crusty Tomb." The girls with the corsets
and fishnets loved his costume.

The music pulsed DYM and Diverje.
The crowd bounced around like photoelectric part
cle waves as he was their nucleus. "Don't worry – I'm
a scientist!" he said at a high frequency. The power
surged. Silence, Darkness.

He now lives
under a new name,
Professor Paradox.
He is the DJ, and club owner.

LEGACY

All I see is death around me
What still lives is suspended In space
On a hammock connecting Earth and Moon

The Sun has been kidnapped by Pleiades
held for a ransom
of two bushels each: wheat, barley, and corn

I own nothing but
yards of skin stitched
to some bones with violin strings

he stockpiled remnants
from a world long gone.

I build a fire
to keep
Boreas' breath at bay.

Not long ago
I was born
here

the Yucatán peninsula
in the Chicxulub Crater
carved by the asteroid which
killed the Dinosaurs.

CLOUD 9.5

Careful There's dust
In the air
Seeing And breathing
Is a fight.
But I don't care
The taste is sweet
Satisfying
It makes me feel Complete.
Please Don't light a flame .
The dust might ignite
In my face Again.



Mark Antony Rossi

SPOILED AMERICAN

I'm not a man
 With phobias
 But someone,
 Get me out
 Of this frigging
 Red phone booth
 Before I punch
 A bobby in his face.

I love London
 No lie
 I love London
 Yet I need
 An egg sandwich
 And phone
 At a table

SALT AND SUGAR ARE NO STRANGERS

It was only yesterday
 when sodium was the enemy
 and I watched a jersey gal
 swallow broccoli
 and swoon for something
 to spice up the day.
 Was she a lonely heart
 Did she thin out her blood
 Or maybe she was just mourning
 Another friend turned foe.

DARK HORSE RIDER

Moving
 at the speed of sight
 Cannot capture
 the beasts of night
 Ravenous
 for the righteous
 pawns of light.
 Who among you
 is ready for a fight?

DIABETES DEFERRED

Once I felt alone and afraid
 In a world of sugar
 Until I rediscovered my family
 And found myself
 Beyond the mirror.

FRUIT OF INSULIN

Die hard the diet
 that turns urine red
 Watering grape-stained
 bones of the dead.
 Sugar sweeter than young women
 unwed is far kinder
 than reason
 spoon-fed.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

In the world of wisdom
 where voices chant silence so dumb
 emotions standstill bay-side.
 Aghast; the poor holy soul voices only?
 human's knowledgeable goal.
 Voices sometimes, just a shout
 sans substance, beyond a doubt.
 Why then?
 shout submerges
 surreal knowledge divine.
 Never matters;
 whether shout, your or mine.
 Loudest voice, as though melody to ears.

Wonder often;
 ever pleasing to manly ears?
 Silence nay akin to divinity
 Why then?
 monks and sages; from timeless ages
 preaching silence as eternal remedy.
 Speech never a weapon,
 voice never a sword.
 The Almighty's creation thy senses
 for human beauty to behold.
 Words sometimes better unspoken
 Worded an old adage,
 'Silence is Golden.'





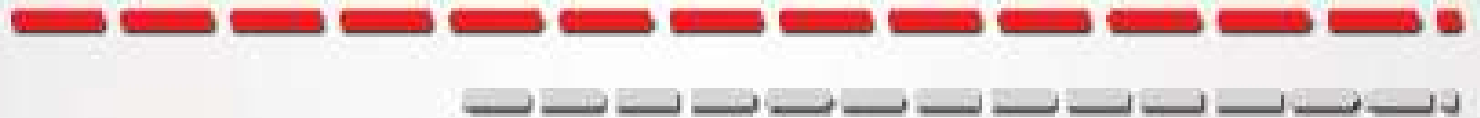
Daniel de Cullá

LOVERS LO...

Lovers look for this snowflake
 From Victor Hugo's Hauteville House's Garden
 Overlooking the sea
 In St. Peter Port, Guernsey, Channel Islands
 During his time in exile from France
 From many ages ago
 Precisely midnight
 Dominique and me reaching spiritual illumination
 As the French author inspiration for many
 Of his fine works
 Including Les Miserables, and Toilers of the Sea
 Teaching us
 How to turn our miserable mess
 Into a beautiful, joyful and splendid one
 Saying to us from his statue:
 "There's no tyranny in the State of Exile.
 Fortunately, you have a handbook that shows me
 How to discover salvation
 Through the pineal gland".
 Hugo described the Islands
 As "fragments of France which fell into the sea
 And were gathered up by England".
 A Nazi bunker built by Germans
 In the second War goes round all the island
 One said:
 "Chaos and strife are the roots
 Of all fascist boots here"
 I'm working in L'Ancre Bay Hotel
 Today disappeared by a fire
 As a night porter, first
 And assistant of chef, afterward
 The Bay is a flash of intense light
 As though its very psyche
 Is the fog returning

As Hugo' spirit laughing
 In happy anarchy.
 I am alive and I can tell You as He:
 "You are free".
 Dominique is a pretty whore
 An employee of shop of clothes
 Her eyes were as soft as feather
 And as deep as eternity of shit.
 Her body was the spectacular dance
 Of atoms and universes
 Pyrotechnic of pure energy
 Opening her flourish haired vagina
 Her cunt was my chaos
 Disappointed to uncover only reference
 To bloody Taoism
 Revealing its scroll.
 She was a diagram
 Like a yin-yang with a pentagon on one side
 And an apple on the other of her buttocks
 Losing consciousness
 In her Bloody Mary' period
 Being apparent that her experience
 Had been whore
 We discussing our strange encounter
 And reconstructed from memory
 The chimpanzee's diagram
 Of our Asses in Love, as Lovers Lo...

POEMS





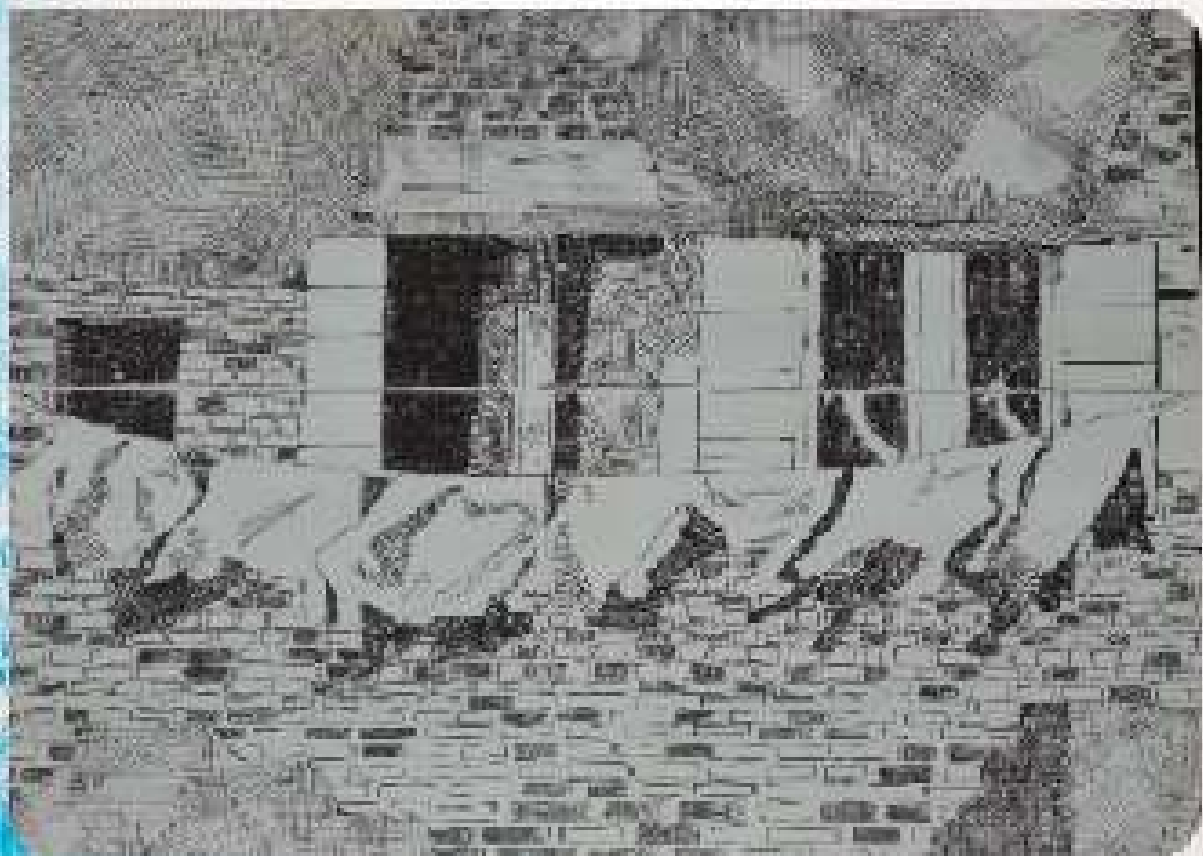
"The Scorpion" - Harsh Agnihotri
(2013eme24)



"River Side" - Medhavi Sharma
(2013ecs34)



**" A. P. J. Abdul Kalam " - Medhavi Sharma
(2013ECS34)**



**" Home sweet home " - Shruti Chib
(15IES049)**

Tawheed Iqbal Lone
2013EEC46

Look at me and see me through
The things you see outside aren't true
Like the depth of ocean is not visible
The things about me are not written in bible
My soul is not what you see
Every inch of it was born free
The right to it was absolute truth
Eras have changed like the seasons for a tree
Birds have come and gone for a while
There is something my heart never speaks of
It grows in, it weighs more like the pile of guilt
Shady are the days in the light of winter

THE SOUL AND THE REFLECTION

Cold is the body with the beginning of summer
I heard my heart speak of a violent rumor
As if my soul shook off with high volt tremor
Pain is felt through nerves all over
The face shrunked, looking to sustain forever
Righteous is the soul with least worries
Mine has a shadow which it every day buries
It rises again to show the same sense of style
Every second seems as long as a mile
It is the body which dies over time
The reflection of soul lives with the same rhyme.

Diksha gupta
15MEN012

I was looking at the door again
Peeking for the essence I once had
Time never stays the same
All the hitch marks and love and care
All the obnoxious days and gears
I will meet you again
I will see you again

TIME !

Without those wrinkles and jerks of life
We will draw the light
I will again see you smile
And one day you will be again mine.

WE BOTH HAD R FACTOR

Abhay Deep
2012EEC31

He reported his love and
she reaffirmed her love
He developed realm in her and
she reacted to the same
He requested to public the truth but she refused
He revealed the secret of his fear and
she realized too late
He looked for romance and she robbed his heart
He requested to sit at back of his bike but
she receded with his colleague

He requested to stay but she refused to listen
He tried to recapture her but she ran away
He rekindled her & she relapse
He had a clear route to her heart but she rapped the
door with illogical wires
He asked to remap the way but she refused
He was a racer and she declared that he had lost the
race.

WHY I FIND THE UNIVERSE WITHIN ME..

Abhishek kumar
14BME002

I hold a true hand,
Seems I hold the true earth;
I hold the true heart,
Seems I hold the universe.
Whenever I fully surrender to universe
Seems whole universe surrender to me;
Whenever I try to protect myself;
I loose many things to come in,
When I loose myself completely
in a true mind ,in a true soul;
I gain everything and reach everywhere;

When I search a good mind,
Many head stares at me;
When I get completed things
I feel lost in a universe like many;
When I complete an incomplete thing;
I extend my universe unlike many.
I feel the power of universe within me,
When I bridge towards complete peace of mind;
It elites the universe within me;
I find the universe within me.

Apoorva Jamwal

A CHILD'S DREAM

When the worlds around us goes dark
 people go to bed and dogs bark
 somewhere in the sky
 The moon shines looks as
 beautiful as the diamond mines
 The stars so lovely being too far away
 still shower light on us and pray that we
 children may tomorrow,
 be as lovely as stars.
 makers of peace and soes of wars.

Manvi Sharma
 15MEN001

MY BEST PAL

Familiar with my new crush
 genned up of my misery,
 you've witnessed my broken heart bleed,
 you've felt my joy, my ecstasy.

You've known all my tiny truths,
 you've known all my little lies,
 I've shared secrets with you,
 which from the world, are disguised.

Hymns of my honesty
 and tales of my treachery,

you've known all the dirty tricks,
 I've used to win people of flattery.

Ivory, chalky and silvery,
 your soul is so pure.
 Patient listener, calm being,
 You act a like a human mature.

Selfish, greedy human race is,
 Self-centered are humans all.
 No human can ever replace you,
 Hey PAPER, you are my best pal.

THE WORD I
I M A G I N E

Durgesh Satyam
2013ECS57

I LOVE TO BE THERE
WHERE NO ONE EVER,
CARES THE HIDDEN PAST;
BUT THE EYES ARE ON MAST.
NEITHER TAG NOR THE HONOUR OF THE
BLOOD INHERITED OR DONATED, CAUSE ANY
PREJUDICE
, JUST LIKE YOU ARE SLIDING ON ICE.
MY HEART IS IN THE WORLD WHERE
SERENITY LIES IN THE SOUL OF THE PER-
SON WHO LIVES IN THERE,
AND THE INFANTS CRAWL IN THEIR FIRST
DAY OF LIFE,
JUST TO BLINK THEIR EYES, IN OPEN SKY.
A WORLD WHERE NO WIFE
HAVE TO FORCEFULLY BID GOOD BYE.
THE WORLD I IMAGINE IS BRIMMED WITH
OPPORTUNITIES....
THE SKILLED HANDS ARE NE'ER EMPTY.

EVEN THE FELICITY IS LURKING CRIES
OF A KID, ASKING MOMMY WITH AN
ENTREATY,
NOT TO GO TO HIS SCHOOL,
FOR HE COULD PLAY AND EXPLORE
HIS CHILDHOOD - "ISN'T THIS
COOL?"...
AND COULD CRAFT HIS LIFE WITH HIS
BELOVED COLOUR....

SOMETIMES, THE WAKE FROM MY MEMORIES,
MAKES ME COGNIZANT OF MY IM-
PAIRED LIMBS OF CENTURIES.

WATCHING A WEED WHIRLING IN A WESTER,
I COULD CONCEIVE OF CLEAN AND
CALM TWISTER...!!



Manvi Sharma

THE DOCTOR FRIEND

least interested and most undesirably,
i once visited a city,
what happened next,
you may find engrossing,
when you look at the nitty gritty

A little considerate,
a little affectionate,
there I met a doctor,
deep, solicitous utterance,
he had with blissful laughter.

Standing tall, in a crisp
white shirt,
He appeared to me mature,
And strange on doctor's part,
he had,
penmanship which could literally allure.

The journey ended, I came back home,
And called
him in need,

I laughed loudly in astonishment,
My voice he could recognize indeed.

The next visit was a happy one,
as I fell in love
with the place,
lush green fields, cold breeze,
provided me solace.

Days passed and time swept by,
the doctor is now my friend,
a little sweet,
a sweet sour,
of emotions, he's
a perfect blend.



AN INFINITY WITHIN YOU

Medhavi Sharma

It began where the rainbow ended,
and lasted till the middle of somewhere. Of its mys-
tique aloof existence,
the only amulet was air.
A transient bend of thoughts, left me sunk in its cha-
risma.
Only me and my shadow stood there, Enthralled in
thaumaturgical aroma.

Those beautiful occult raspberries, Peaking through
unfurled leaves. Those umpteen lilac blossoms, whom
the janitor soil weaves.

Trickling through my forehead, and into the ear-
drum,

Far from zenith's heights,
A traveler (raindrop) had come.
It spoke about a place,
I had never been to. Where I stood limitless,
where a calm breeze blew.

This world knew no crutches,
Neither in body,
nor in mind.
The world
told me: "You are limitless".
That infinity
within you, is all you need to find.
It said - "Every moment
you trip and fall,

Get back UP -STRONGER.

Every moment you give in to fear,

Get back UP -STRONGER."

"Don't search for me outside" -It said. "I bloom
WITHIN you."

"It is YOU, you need to believe in, and you'll find me



Manvi Sharma
15MEN001

Humein Naa Bhulaa Paoge Tum

Yeh toh zaahir hai,
Ki mohabbat phir naa kar paoge tum,
Par yakeen hai humein,
Humein naa bhulaa paoge tum.

Izhaar-e-ishq karein,
Toh ruswaa ho jaoge tum,
Par yakeen hai humein,
Humein naa bhulaa paoge tum.

Mehmaan ho akhir,
Laut ke toh jaoge tum,
Par yakeen hain humein,
Humein naa bhulaa paoge tum.

Laakh koshishein, aazmaishein hazaaron,
Haar jaoge tum,
Par yakeen hai humein,
Humein naa bhulaa paoge tum.

Raah mein milenge naah jane kitne musafir,
Hum jaisa naa dhoond paoge tum,
Par yakeen hai humein,
Humein naa bhulaa paoge tum.

Yeh toh maloom tha humein bhi,
Ke ek roz rulaa jaoge tum,
Par yakeen hai humein,
Humein naa bhulaa paoge tum

Unke Aane Kaa Intazaar

Mayoos si thi humaari hastii,
chal padi hain saasein, hui zindagi gulzaar hai,
humein toh bass unke aane ka intazaar hai.

har shabb guzri hai tasveerein lie unki,
deedar ko ab, nazar bekaraar hai,
humein toh bas unke aane ka intazaar hai.

tanhaaiyon mein bhi muskuratein hain ab,
humaare darr par, jo laut ke aya pyaar hai,
humein toh bass unke aane ka intazaar hai.

kaid kar rakhi ki mohabbat seene mein,
lutaane ko ab, pyaar beshumaar hai,
humein toh bass unke aane ka intazaar hai.



Wo Haseen Shakhsiyat

likh daalein hazaaron ghazlein, tareef mein unki,
naa jane kyu lafz kam padd jaate hain,
kaise bayaan karein uss haseen shakhsiyat ko,
bas yahee sochte reh jaate hain.

khwaabon mein toh hoti hain mulaaqatein hazaaron,
deedar ho jab, toh labb thar tharate hain,
kaise bayaan karein uss haseen shakhsiyat ko,
bas yahee sochte reh jaate hain.

khaamoshi si rehti hai darmiyaan,
doori mitaane jab bhi jaate hain,
kaise bayaan karein uss haseen shakhsiyat ko,
bas yahee sochte reh jaate hain.

kuch aisa hai noor chehre ka, ki guzre jahan se bhi
wo, mausam badal jaate hain,
kaise bayaan karein uss haseen shakhsiyat ko,
bas yahee sochte reh jaate hain.

CYCLE OVER JOURNEY

We Cycle over journey of life
When we walk to talk,
We later talk the walk also when we cycle and talk;
and cycling turns more important to re-
member later.
We cycle over the bridge;
The river does not remains same; if you go for the
same water
The place will not be the same;
and you go for the place
The water will not be the same.....
So life is just about cycling ahead
Leaving of many things

that left behind and living the very adventure
That is yet to come
The journey takes to many
new path the more you travel
The more you adventure
No matter if come to the same place;
Yet the journey teaches you
many things so we cycle
over journey
and let the journey to follow within life.

Abhishek Kumar
14BME002



Story



BECAUSE ARTISTS
CAN
BE FATHERS TOO

Ar. Ta-Ha Mughal

TRAGEDY FOR SAQIB BHAT

You remind me of a melody I sang long ago... a distant image of an otherwise conquered past... a pain too intense to be forgotten. You very beautifully take my hands, entwine my fingers and hand me back compassionately to someone who was all I ever had... By letting me stroke your hair, you have no idea of how have you pacified a broken father who has lost his only son. I loved him. Nobody knows why and how. 'He would dance inside my chest where nobody saw him but sometimes I did. And that sight became his art...' He would entice me by singing in his half-broken syllables as I would whirl selflessly around his perambulator to his resonating tunes like an insane mindless lunatic. Exhausted; I would comfort him in his small cradle by tucking his smooth bedclothes snugly around his tiny body... In his half-slept state, he would wink back as I witnessed the tinge of a glittering sparkle in his wet crystal eyes, as he yawned at me intermittently with his full might clearly evident from his extended arms and stretched legs ...I would suckle him, like a mother does as he would rest his tender body silently against my chest, beside an illumining flickering candle dancing shadows in those cold wintry nights on these pale erected walls... until I would lull myself to sleep too on his small belly singing him his favorite funny lullabies... lakdi ki kathi, kathi pe goda..godey ki dum pe jo maara hathora...I loved him the way he never loved me... I remember him the way he'd never remember me. Of course I understand, he is not you... Obviously you are not him... but isn't it okay if I cherish that dream again in my heart...if I befool myself claiming to find him again, seeing you...isn't it okay to believe that the deluge never drowned him and that he never gasped for his last breath in the blood-smeared reeking lanes of Rajbagh, that took many others but me...He died in my arms as I stood helplessly frozen against his only drowned perambulator wondering if he was really dead... And so, isn't it okay if I live him again in your radiant smile that gleefully reminds me of a child he once was or a man he'd sometime be...isn't it okay, my dear; if I tell myself that death does not end a man and that he lives just in another form or kind. Isn't it okay if I break

myself in your arms someday nestling together like in those pouring wintry nights when I would desire holding him and pressing him hard to my chest dying for him to call me aloud just once as 'Papa'... when I would pat his small bald head and sometime oil his sun-bathed bare body too, contemplating on the peace a child is born with...when I would plant my most subtle kiss softly on the delicacy of his long curved eyelashes and small glossy pink lips invoking selflessly an Alhamdulillah... So with all these beautiful memories, why should I not let this afresh pain of the recent haunting moments besiege and drown me once more, when I am already an abandoned father been deceived and drowned a month ago...Tonight as I valiantly rise to narrate my gruesome tale, the windstorm is furiously howling again, outside my shattering window panes like in those frosty cold nights when I would once embrace him tightly to my face until only a year ago... And again tonight, whenever I rouse from my deep deceptions of having him still alive, I try stabbing my pounding paining chest, mercilessly; by those long hanging rods of icicles frozen by the images of a cold dead body hung upside down from my creaking leaking roof, melting down slowly drop-by-drop the thick red blood from a chopped tongue of a small toothless massacred infant-my infant. My baby. My only son. And cease for a little more time being the burdensome warrior me... cause I am not as a self-contained wise poet as I may seem to be. Please relieve me of the images I unduly share... Was I ever not a common man free of wisdom and thought mere desirous of the simple benefits of life? Did I ever not even have a right to burn incense sticks against a wreathed black-n-white photograph on a clothed table, in front of a neatly decorated shroud and mourn a demise taking condolences and shout painful dirges wailing and thumping my chest in the wavering piercing voice of a hunted down wounded bird... Did I never have a right to cry like women and accept that alike all humans, I can be weak too at least for some time from now till my blazing wobbling nest completely reduces to silently burning embers and falling cold ashes garnished neatly over the remains of the roasted skin slices and charred bone wedges of its half rotten and half-bloated nestlings whose crumbling baked skeletons still shudder occasionally on the red hot floating coals in the collapsing caving in walls, at my long anticipated but horrendous sight; as they crane up their half broken bleeding beaks staring from their gouged out eyes dangling impatiently to and fro from their plundered deep dark cracking sockets once they see me covering up the entire debris by some looted fertile soils in the remote desolated graveyards in those dark devastating rainy nights... O tell me, please. Understand it simply. My small slaughtered baby was devoutly offered on this eid-ul-zabha, if only someone knew...Understand, I can still see him be-

"Do what you love and the money will follow." – Marsha Sinetar

ing butchered all for nothing, his organs splattering and spleen bursting splashing his warm blood across my shocked agaped face. As I finish burying him in parts just beneath my pillow now in my only ram shackled room on the breaches of the inundated Jehlum bunds, I finally lie down to cry stealthily on the wet part of his fleece mattress. I lick it helplessly desperate to be with his only last remains...I cry back broken and then I let myself flow too, far away from being ever born again... I die as I still miss him who once taught me the bliss of fatherhood...I loved him. Nobody knew why and how. As I see you, I see him. As I see him, I somehow see you...Not only is your smiling countenance a reminiscent of his black complexioned face but you also share the same stupidity, the same madness and the same anticipation for me as him...He was my child unmindful of the selfless love of his only parent, as he must have ran away from me suffocated from being loved so intensely and deeply... because somewhere inside he must have also been as lovelorn as his lonesome father...Uncertain and alone. Unsure as insecure...somewhere, even he could not accept that a man no matter how badly looted, can still find a refuge in the fleeing caravan across dry scorching deserts...no





Tawheed Iqbal Lone

INKLINGS
FROM
DARK

It was a beautiful day of summer, sun shining to its fullest, sky was clear like you could even see the seventh, and the cool breeze kissing the face, and it seemed to me that it was about to rain in my paradise. Those beautiful blue eyes and the red cheeks were like it was the onset of winter, the round face like the brightest moon, it was the first time I saw her. I never felt like this before. My words were falling apart, I could hardly mumble in front of her as if she was the devil who would take my secrets away and expose them but everything felt nice and meaningful. For a while I thought I had found the purpose but it was only after seeing her with somebody which made me deaf and dumb at the same time. This was the time I felt something had broken inside me but I couldn't find what it actually was. Classes were off and it took me a summer to get over the things before regaining myself. The betrayal, the shaken trust and the fear of feeling the same was what made me conscious. The questions which I asked myself were the immature ones perhaps they were to the depth of my knowledge and experience but how can you expect a teenage boy to throw an ocean of wisdom only after one heartbreak so I started believing that this is how the life goes .while planning our future we often forget the things which present has to offer and perhaps that is life.

Liking her was the best thing that I thought had happened to me but I never knew what was in store for me. I was drawn to her so badly that she still has a place in my heart I guess that is because of the people I met after her. everyone's actions made it clear that she was better .I know she did a wrong thing but everybody deserves a chance to make it right not necessarily with the same person but she will fall in love again and she will feel the same warmth I felt with her and only then she will know what it takes to love. The sacrifices and the compromises one makes for something to work is beyond comparison and I know she will understand it all. I was on the road of facing the truth, perhaps I made peace with the first reality of my life, to me it was the toughest one, to let her go off my thoughts but finally I'm happy with whatever she will do in her life .I know she will think of me sometimes in the dark or

DEMOGRAPHIC PROFILE OF INDIA

Vimarsh Padha
14IES040

Introduction

Astounding as this may sound, it is a rationally unswerving idea of what population profile of India will appear like twenty years from now - in sharp contradistinction to economic or political prognostications about what lies in store twenty years hence. This is because the vast majority of the people inhabiting India in 2030 are already alive and living here today.

With about 1.295 billion people, India is the world's second most populous country and the largest democracy. Despite two decades of remarkably rapid economic growth, material poverty is still widespread in India - the (World Bank estimates), that well over 23.6 percent of Indian population still lives on less than \$1.25(USD) a day. Even so, life expectancy at birth is now estimated to exceed 66.21 years, the United States' level right after World War II and is on track to continue its rise, barring only some presently unimaginable catastrophe. Being in the third phase of demographic transition, while the birth rates have fallen very sharply over the past two generations, nationwide levels remain well above replacement at about 2.1 births per woman per lifetime. Since international migration trends do not impact India's population profile much, the country's fertility and mortality prospects will essentially shape its future demographic contours.

The {U.S. Census Bureau and the UN Population Division (UNPD)}, offer broadly consistent pictures of India's population profile for the year 2030. Both the Census Bureau and the UNPD's medium variant projections envision India 2030 as a country with roughly 1.5 billion people, implying an intervening rate of population growth averaging about 1.25 percent per year. A decade from now, India will still be a rather youthful country, with 8–9 percent of its population 65 years of age or older and a median age of 31–32 years (compared to roughly 13 percent and 36.8 years respectively, for the United States today).

About 70 percent of India 2030's population will comprise men and women of working age (conventionally defined as the 15–64 group), compared with 65 percent today. This means that the working-age manpower is set to grow more rapidly than overall population in the decades immediately ahead, by about 1.3 percent per annum on average. By 2030, UNPD anticipates India's life expectancy to reach 70 years, and by its projections, the India of 2030 will be about 40 percent urban, up from an estimated 30 percent today.

India vs neighboring Country

Compared with other major states in the Asia-Pacific region, especially China, which is still

the most populated country in the world, it is clearly the obvious comparator to India, with a current population of over 1.3 billion. No other country is even close in scale to these two. China's working-age population is on track to peak around 2015 and will have been shrinking for a decade and a half by 2030. By contrast, India's steadily growing working-age population will be the world's largest well before 2030.

Recently on 29th October 2015, the government dropped the policy. As far as economic prospects are concerned, with a growing median age population and low replacement levels along with dropping fertility levels, the economy of China is advocating a shift from a global manufacturing based hub endowed with abundant labor force towards a population comprising of increased dependency ratio. As a result, the economy will be shifting from a manufacturing to a services oriented economy.

Thus far, India's prospective population profile may sound more favorable than China's, at least regarding implications for economic development. Perhaps most importantly, China has a dramatic edge over India on mass educational attainment. As of today, almost everyone in China's working-age population is, at least, literate. By contrast, roughly a third of India's working-age manpower has never been to school. India is about half a century behind China in eliminating illiteracy. Even posting steady educational progress, India will still lag far behind China in attainment levels twenty years from now.

Opportunities and threats with future prospects

India's growing population can make the nation a sea of opportunities since it would ensure the following things:

- A greater domestic market
- Attracting investors and international companies
- Motivating investment in knowledge
- Implementing newer ideas which perk up production
- Growing the process of do-and-learn due to pressures of increased production amount
- Additional workers
- Additional young people enlivening the economy
- Bigger consumption driving manufacturing and services
- Greater than before national savings
- A big indigenous market for successful new products
- Less cost in production per unit with increase of volume

On the other hand there are a number of issues that are listed as follows may pose constraints while pursuing for opportunities:

- An illiterate population will also provide greater potential for social unrest and unemployed youth will be more likely to engage in criminal and anti-social activities.
- Another reason why a huge population does not make India a sea of opportunities is because there are a number of issues such as lack of social welfare and sanitation for the teeming masses. Many Indian villagers do not even have access to healthcare facilities.
- A large population becomes more a burden rather than a blessing because there are not enough resources to meet the needs of the people. Rather than generating jobs and making India a global superpower, many regional and national level political and administrative constraints do not allow industries to expand their businesses. In such a scenario, India's citizens are not going to be able to earn enough income to support their families.
- A low income also means that Indians will have low purchasing power. This will harm the manufacturing sector and lower the chances of growth in the economy. However, if retail giants are unable to employ local workforce because of lack of skills, they will not be able to increase the income levels and spur a demand for their products. This can become a vicious cycle. A massive population is detrimental to national interests.
- Indian youth are facing stiff competition in the job market. With the change in the economic climate, there are many cases where youngsters who are well educated are unable to find jobs. On the other hand, rural youth are facing another hurdle. They are not acquainted with the kind of skill required in the corporate sector. India has a huge population and the majority of it comprises of young people between the ages of 15 and 35. If adequate employment is not generated for them, India's immense population will become an even bigger drawback.

If we see India's current and projected demographics about how the country might fare on the international stage going forward, economically, from a strategic standpoint, two aspects of a country's demographics are especially relevant to economic potential: (1) the pool of trained or highly trained, working-age manpower, and (2) the scientific-technological capacities of the highly educated cadre within the workforce.

The ongoing shift in the balance between India and China is remarkable. As recently as 1990, India was estimated to have fewer relatively well-educated men and women of working age than the United States and barely a third as many as China. Today it is estimated to have over half as

many as China, on course to outstrip China by 2040.

Measuring scientific-technological capabilities is a complex proposition. One useful aperture on “knowledge production” is the number of international patents a country earns in relation to its manpower with higher education and its income level. Whether China can emerge as an indigenous center of knowledge production is a huge question for the future of Asia, and the world. India, on the other hand, looks to be already on course to accomplish this.

Policy Suggestions

One must remember that India is something of an arithmetic average, given its tremendous regional disparities. This includes serious disparities in education. Where birth rates are high, school enrollment tends to be low and educational attainment for girls is typically lowest. Despite other positive demographic prospects for India’s development, an “educational deficit” has serious and adverse implications for health, well-being, social stability, economic growth, and even international security in the decades ahead. There are encouraging signs, however, as the government is moving to expand educational coverage. But until “education for all” is a reality rather than a slogan, India’s rise will be slowed by the shortage of educational opportunities.

With second large labor force available that is about to rank no.1 within a decade, there is a potential but with a variety of challenges ahead. Demographics that is often used as a core of long-term investment, in the case of India it creates a great opportunity for economic growth and investment returns. Whether that opportunity is realized would depend on the kind of policy framework that has to be placed up-front and so far that doesn’t exist. If the status continues, it can cause enormous problems because of the magnitude of the jobs that need to be created. As per ‘Espirit Santos Securities’ CEO, 250 million jobs will be needed in next two decades, i.e., equivalent to Brazil’s entire workforce over a decade. The conventional model of development has been absorbing workforce through shifting from agriculture to service oriented.

Ensuring better management of population and improvement in formal education are essential to foster for the idea of sustainable development of environment. Socio-economic disparities can also be reduced by pursuing for optimum population.

- Cross-state variation in demographic and economic indicators could be usefully exploited to estimate, for each state, the size of the demographic dividend (if any) to date. Demographic projections could shed some light on the potential size of the dividend in the coming decades.
- Most analysis to date has treated dependents (those under 15 and older than 64) as a single group. Treating these groups separately may clarify whether the demographic dividend in particular circumstances is driven by low numbers of one or the other.
- More broadly, it would be useful to analyze the effect of labor force participation rates, as dis-

tinct from working-age share.

- To better establish causality, it would be useful to develop and implement better treatment of the endogeneity of population variables. For example, it might be possible to examine the economic impact of changes in age structure that result from unanticipated and exogenous shifts in immigration policy or infectious disease mortality.
- Because the demographic dividend does not arise automatically, it would be useful to carefully test the interaction of demographic change with policies, especially in the areas of governance, trade, labor market conditions, and capital markets.
- The relative contributions of men's and women's output to economic growth are insufficiently understood. In light of the prospect of increased female participation in the labor force, research might contribute to further understanding of policies that can promote realization of the demographic dividend.
- Last but not the least, the census processes have to be further diversified for taking those aspects into consideration that lack any such conclusion lacking in proving useful for the policy analysis.

Conclusion

Demographic change in India is opening up new economic opportunities. As in many countries, declining infant and child mortality helped to spark lower fertility, effectively resulting in a temporary baby boom. As this cohort moves into working ages, India finds itself with a potentially higher share of workers as compared with dependents. If working-age people can be productively employed, India's economic growth stands to accelerate. Demographics matter to the pace and process of economic growth and development. In reality, there are very few factors that are more important and reliable than demography worldwide. As mentioned, huge population size is having some opportunities towards economic development of the country. It is also observed India's changing demographics are creating a strong impulse for economic growth. But there are certain threats which are very much alarming in the world and more specifically in India. However, with the proper addressing of the problem of the prevailing demographic trend by the policymakers may solve the problem and India can reap the benefit of demographic dividend. Policy choices can potentiate India's realization of economic benefits stemming from demographic change. Failure to take advantage of the opportunities inherent in demographic change can lead to economic stagnation.

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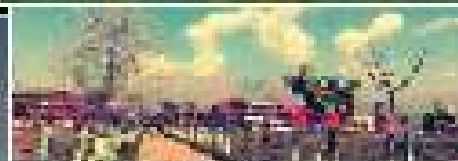
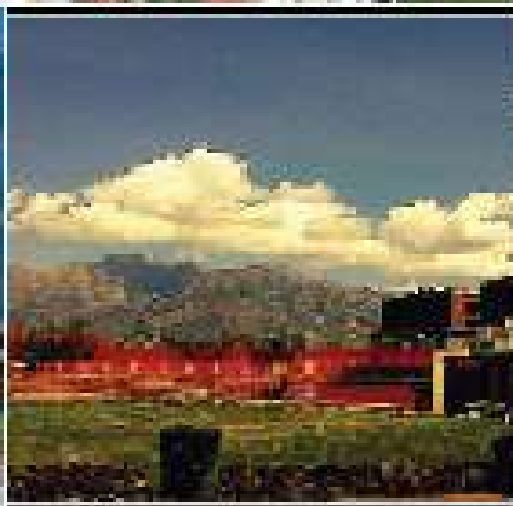
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