नहां उरंगा । जवाँ तहंग
VoLUME-V ISSUE-V 2017-18


DEPARTMENT OF YOUTH WELFARE PANJAB UNIVERSITY CHANDIGARH

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Panjab University Vice Chancellor Dr (Prof) Arun Kumar Grover releasing the 4th edition of annual magazine 'Jawan Tarang'

## PANJAB UNIVERSITY ANTHEM

तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय:
तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय:
तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय:
तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय:
पंजाब विश्वविद्यालय
तेरी शान-ओ-शौकत सदा रहे
मन में तेरा आदर मान
और मोहब्बत सदा रहे
पंजाब विश्वविद्यालय
तेरी शान-ओ-शौकत सदा रहे
तू है अपना भविष्य विधाता
पंख बिना परवाज़ सिखाता
जीवन पुस्तक रोज़ पढ़ा कर
सही ग़लत की समझ बढ़ाता
जीवन पुस्तक रोज़ पढ़ा कर
सही ग़लत की समझ बढ़ाता
तेरी जय का शंख बजायें
रौशन तारे बन जायें
वखरी तेरी शोहरत
तेरी शोहरत सदा सदा रहे
पंजाब विश्वविद्यालय
तेरी शान-ओ-शौकत सदा रहे
पंजाब विश्वविद्यालय
तेरी शान-ओ-शौकत सदा रहे
तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय:
तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय:

## Irshad Kamil

Lyricist, Composer of Panjab University Anthem

Take up one idea. Take that one idea your life, think of it, dream of it, live on that idea. Let the brain, muscles, nerves cbery part of your body, be full of that idea, and just leave every other idea alone. This is the uay to success.
-Suami bivekananda

## Zanjab Thniwersity

Chandigary


Since times immemorial, human beings have been striving to surmount the darkness, as reflected in our prayers "Tamso Ma Jyotiragamaya" (from Brahadaranyaka Upanishad) that means "Take me from Darkness into Light." The University is enlightening the young minds to optimize their true essence. One must remember that the light of knowledge and wisdom cannot be gained by accident, but by dint of hard work, right type of mentorship and training. Education enables people to think constructively, to explore the mysteries of the universe and to innovate for the betterment not only of human society, but also of life existing in any form on this planet. The goal of Panjab University is the holistic development of its students so they can take the nation on the path of development. The university always tries to stimulate the intellect and innate talent of its students by involving them in various co-curricular activities.

The Youth Welfare Department is working proactively to hone the creative, literary, social, emotional and culturally rich aspects of the students' personality while remaining close to their heritage. The events like 'Youth Leadership Camps and Youth Festivals' etc are a part of the University Calendar to keep their spirits high while enabling them to recognize the force they embody in themselves.
'Jawan Tarang', the annual magazine of the Youth Welfare Department, is a part of the attempt to develop the creative skills of the students. It works as a unique platform for new young writers where they can express their thoughts and share their experiences in society. I am hopeful that the thoughts expressed by the budding writers will lead the nation into a world of peace, prosperity, knowledge and development. I congratulate these young minds with the power of the pen and wish grand success to the Youth Welfare Department for their future creative activities.


Zanyab dininersity Chandigary


I am delighted to learn that Department of Youth Welfare, Panjab University Chandigarh is publishing its annual magazine Jawan Tarang for the session 2017-18. Departmental magazine gives an opportunity to the students to express their thoughts and aspirations. India is at the cusp of change and the youth of this country is to lead this transition. The youth must be sensitized to the changing expectations of society in the fast changing globalized environment. Further, the contribution of great social reformers and patriots like Swami Vivekananda, Mahatma Gandhi, Subhash Chander Bose and Bhagat Singh, who became impactmaking agents of transformation, should be the benchmark for the young minds to successfully lead the changes. I send my best wishes to the director, editors, authors and all the students for their collective efforts to publishJawan Tarang.

(Prof. Shankarji Jha) Dean of University Instruction

I am delighted to note that the Department of Youth Welfare, Panjab University, Chandigarh is publishing its Annual Magazine Jawan Tarang for the session 2017-2018.

It is indeed very satisfying to observe that literary contributions of students from affiliated colleges, constituent colleges and departments of the University will be published in this magazine. I am of the firm opinion that the students' community should get adequate opportunity to showcase their talent in creative writing. Such platforms facilitate in developing their overall personality.

I am sanguine that this magazine would provide an opportunity to the students to express their imagination, views and future aspirations.

I send my best wishes to the Department of Youth Welfare, editorial board and all the students


Col. G.S. Chadha (Retd.)

抣anjab $\mathfrak{A m i n e r s i t y}$
Chandigary


I express my heartiest good wishes to the Department of Youth Welfare, Panjab University, Chandigarh for publishing the new issue of its annual magazine 'Jawan Tarang' for the session 2017-18. The platform is given to the youth in the form of this magazine to express their emotions, feelings, thoughts and ideas. I am sure this will help in achieving the target of churning out the latent writing talent of the students which bears immense potentiality of sharpening their communication skill as a part of their over all personality development. This endeavour of the Department of Youth Welfare will go a long way in awakening the society.

I further congratulate the Director, faculty and students for bringing out such a resourceful magazine Jawan Tarang


## 妇anjab $\mathfrak{H z i n e r s i t y}$

Chandigary


I appreciate the pivotal role of Director Youth Welfare for the publication of Jawan Tarang. This endeavour of his will not only help in strengthening the identity of students but will also provide unseen opportunities to their fellow students to express views close to their hearts in the form of writings. This wonderful and encouraging endeavour must by nurtured and grown in full bloom to serve as flag bearer for the future generations.

I wish the annual magazine Jawan Tarang an immense success.

Emanual Nahar

## Association of Indian $\mathfrak{G n i w e r s i t i e s ~}$



I congratulate the Department of Youth Welfare, Panjab University Chandigarh for the publication of its own annual magazine ' Jawan Tarang ' successfully for the last five years and it is indeed to great pleasure that the Fifth edition of this magazine is going to be published during this session. This magazine is the best platform for the young students to express their ideas, emotions, thoughts, and feelings. This gesture will not only help to strengthen the identity of the students but willalso churn out their talent.

The creative writings of the students exhibit that our youth is fully aware of human values and their duties. I wish the publication of Jawan Tarang a great success.


Sampson David

验anjab Tiniwersity Cyandigary









 टे मबट।


 टे राल राल्ल छिठता टे स्थरिभां टी यूठठी लटी हुभा वठरे गं।



## $\mathfrak{y f}$ rom the $\mathfrak{C}$ bitor

The opulence of the achiened, The regality of the dexterous, Zhes in the eves that dream of it, And the thoughts that contemplate it.


We are really proud and exuberant to acclaim that we are ready with all new hopes and hues to bring out Jawan Tarang 2017-18, based on the theme 'My Nation-My Responsibility'. The theme was an endeavor to juxtapose the rural and the urban, ethnic and the modern to keep the cultural legacy intact. It had always been Punjab and Punjabi to bear the ravages of time and wrath of the invaders. Such tumultuous experiences make Punjabi culture by nature sturdy and solid, colorful and rhythmic. Such variegated culture helps the students affixed to the roots but spreading wings in the far off sky. The focus on all the events of youth festival is to make the young minds laced with immense talent to be self-reliant and the better human being, fully sensitive to the needs of the nation.
Youth is the power of a nation and the charge to channelize their energies and thoughts on a constructive road is our collective responsibility and this role is played flawlessly by the Panjab University and its Youth Welfare Department. The articles included in Jawan Tarang have come from the rigours of the Youth Festival competitions at the zonal and inter zonal levels, which is sufficient testimony of the best of youth's mind is reflected in this magazine.
Finally, I place on record my sincere thanks to the Honorary Vice Chancellor for entrusting me with the responsibility of being part of the Editorial Board. I'm equally indebted to the Director Youth Welfare and editors for constant support and to all dignitaries who send their messages.
Bon Browsing....


## उउवग

थंत्ती डी उा

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## ठदें मुथतमघी मभग्त टी मिगनतरा


























भाभीत!
उा. मिभठत्नीड वृंठ घगग्ड मُथम्टव (ध์क्षग्वी)
समभेम्न गठलक्त वएलत्त भा्ठ भेक्रवेमत, पा्टल

## थैञ्ञं

घलतीउ वंग















 विग मी।यठ ग्टट उां




 ठा लटे।










## 









 Јँ ही विमए

 ठा वठ में गठ वमिमून वठंगा, ज़्ड ढिवठ ठा वठ।




















## यठ

मुर्थठिभां से मेग्ट uर 'च घेठी मी सिव पूँछडी

छేठ-टॅठ घट
सिदें पग्ला भाठ विभा गेदे
Вिग्टे तर्सठे Јॅठां గ్ర हैटे ठीठ टीभां यठल-यठळ टేगिसीभां ं ठटीभां
पिभा'ठ वठ वगीभां मठ हैमटी उतग्पी उठी सामउां निमर्ठं टघम्टी घैठी मी मार्मिट छिं भापटे टिल भீटत
 ऊँच भर्गप्टिए टरिम्लीक्त भें छैम वॅषे uठ टी
चैंबडी भाग परि विभा में छैम भग्टी टे बल


डे विम लप्टी भॅघठ पष्टी वेठें
मुट भाग्टात्ऱ भेठी
छिव मगित्ने निते दूली गं भं-घघली थैत्वाप्वी भें

सं विभा नी भगिभग्ठ घट वसे

डे म्राप्टि ठीँभ च विभा


## ठाठभीउ मिय

इी. पे. ही. वएलस भान भिक्षवेम्नठ, भघंगठ
में..... डे मेठ लाल
घंडां य'्ِिंटे मांश टीभां
ढल़से टिए से मा.ढभां గ్రं
 चठ गाने वठते

भैयठ Өिठ उां
भर्म्टिभा गी ठा पठउ वसे डीवटी किॅटी से ひैचिभां टी भागव डे मेंे घेवठग्ठ टिल टी मरिवसी माठ लैट वरे........

पिर क्ञाधा निग उछिंबर ले हैम मेద్ㅣ विग दे वावा
 विमे घे.ठाग्री रणिष्लीक्त 'उे उटर्डा

उां है भाग्टीं भिठे बष

घम टिच उभंठт नै मेठे टिल भீटठ
टीद्या हैटां ता घु साट्ट ऊं रागिएां
मभः रेदां हिम घेमभ₹ 이
वि मांड खण भाथटे त्र
fिंतठ विमभउ सा लॉठा ताट्ट उं रागलां
fिमoर्र घटटाप्टिभा जै में
दिवम्मउ से पर्गटभां ऊं
‘ठग्रव'.... डे छिमटे ठेल्भां उं


टिटॅरिभा .... महर्गवभा नै
टिड मुर्थतिभां द्राला थठ
में भाजटे ฟॅउ लप्टी निसे घैठ

## गलूप्মக हार्गभिठ

गर्广स्ति टर fिय मवरग्गी वाल्त, च्रमिभाग्थुठ




$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { पाিलग्गी बसर्वउ पमिभा }
\end{aligned}
$$

















 यूठग्ट गठ।


 साट्टेगा।

 गी ठगीं घणटा मी।
 घिभग्वीभां टे ट्ये वग्र fिंडा पूठटटा्पी ठापी नै।






 Вिउॅॅडी గ्रे चनिभा सां टॉय उं दॅय यटर्गिभा का मरे।






 テै।


 मभग्या्र वठठ टी लँइ साथटी नै।
 चेटेगा।








#  

भहतँड वृठ
इी पे ही वएलक्ष भाढ भैक्षवेम्नठ भघंगठ
























 लिभा।










 तिथाठ हॉल सा विग मी।








 हिठुं बृॅ₹ गालड वीउा। ป్రाए्仑िंटा।






 छ्वॅटी fिल क्षांटी मी।













## すِّध भडे वृष

उद्टीय वँंठ
टैगोठ वालत भान भैज्ञवेग्नर, ढउिडगाइ

















 प्रिठाठ पष्टीभां वलीभां सर, गॉलां दूॅछ भरिलां टे Јैप्टीभां।
 घग्ठ सीभां भॅषां भॅघठ भाप्टे, मर्गतमान सट यउ₹न्ड के रीठी।












 वठ भिगठ पिगठ्ठ भरळ पै सग्हे, ग्रीवउ ऊं पिठ हारवढ च ताग्टे।।

## मढ़ॅधी विम्नडे

## उसగपींड वैंठ

भाडा ठीठा धाल्लमा वיलक, वटां, हुयिभा्टा
 विमे से सिल्ल 'च विमे कप्टी ठा मउिराठ नै।

विर्मउउभां टी मी वटठ यठिमां, लूरी सात उॅव मी टा्ठ सिंटे,

टॅठे ₹ं हँटे उॅव मड గْ














पितमाठीभउ सा मी विम्नउा षग्म, उठ पूॅव लप्टी गभटवटी मी,












## भगीप्टे क्षां लड़ीपे

भभठसीय वृठ
मवबग्ठी वालक्ल, मू भूवउमठ मर्गठष

उ़्ढा्ठां टा वी भे
पिठ गठ चक्ष़ मिक्षिल से ठंगी
甘इँ घट्टे ठे। टॉम उळां

पा्टी से Щ్उठं रे
सिछिट्ट हॉइ सिॅा।
fिंसे!
यகाँथ उठठ ऊं पठिमां गी
मुर्थतिभां सा वठवे वउल डे



डेठी भां टे छिठां घलां గ్

उे
मठ से गविभां ग्ठ।
के उुठिभा टें उां ग्ट
टान-ट्ग वठटा्टे
ठा मु
वि यिॅ्बे वी उठि विभा
 हिठ सेष!


मॅपठं గ्= मठसळां से याठ उां गट से।
ढॉलां रे सिह्नठां भा्यटी ढूडे
केंवमा से मिमग्ठ भंसठ

छिठ पिठ उां ऊठी मेचसे।

## Ө゙ठ

ड़्ड घॅव ग्ठ तठीं मवसा मव्पी टी विगठ घट योइां గ్
 मंथ्यम्र वठिभां गी उां

मिक्षिएां से मीठे चठ घट्वे
छिउठती दे।
ने ड़्र छिटा đण ही निभा
उेठ मघठ टॅधठी उइय घट्वे
पिगर्मिभां टी कॅॅड घंभु हागी

क्षॅपे ड़्र ङंयिभा मैं।
वंट ररंगिटा पे भृरॅटठ

 ऊॅधटा ही उां गग्रां गी मिधण्खिंटीभां।
भচ்ं!

विमभउां గ్ గ्राउ से वे
भापटे सषभां टी भगग्र
 fिठ लइ वे उे भठ उे ने भिलटा टे छिठ उां
वप्टी पिभाठ ठगों वठ मरटा।

## भाउभरॅउৈभा: मॅनिभा चै, Јॅल ठगीं






















 ठगींमैचटे।










 ही Јॅल यर्गप्टा का मवसा नै।








 निछिटा छग्गोटा नै।






घ्रठे हिठां ऊं इठी ठा ‘याउठ’,


ठक्षत '甘 मुयरे ग्मीठ ठॅषीं।
ने भाप्टी पउशइ उां ढेठ री भै,






## भसने मभें fिॅ甘 छेठ मॅडिभान्त






















 घर्गषभां टी मवीवर गद्दम గ్ర पिॅक्षउ वउवे छुभी मग्यटी थैंसी नै।

 भाजटा वप्षत्ञा वठ हैंटे उठ।



मउ लप्टी सिन भावगम्नट घट्टे गठ।







बप्टी भिठो पुउ पे, वप्टी भिठो संठा पटिद्धा पे ।

## पिम वउवे च ठगी पे, छे विभां टी उठभग्व हे ।

पिम वउवे च ठगी टे, छे विभां टी उठभग्ठ पे ।







 लप्टी बंगा वठर लप्टी पूर्ठर टेटी छा्गीटी नै।










## अनुक्रमणिका <br> हिन्दी अनुभाग

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## मेरा राष्ट्र - मेरी ज़िम्मेदारी

युवावस्था जीवन की सबसे महत्वपूर्ण अवस्था है। यह न सिर्फ़ मनुष्य के व्यक्तिगत जीवन का आधार है बल्कि सामाजिक व्यवस्था के रूप को निर्धारित करने में भी मूलभूत भूमिका निभाती है। इस लिए युवाओं के कंधों पर स्वयं एवं समाज दोनों को सजाने - सँवारने की जिम्मेदारी सब से ज़्यादा है।

उचित एवं सही दिशा की ओर अग्रसर व्यवस्थित युवावस्था जहाँ एक ओर श्रेष्ठ एवं आदर्श नागरिकों का सृजन करती है वहीं दूसरी ओर सुंदर, समृद्ध एवं अनुशासित समाज की रचना भी करती है।

श्रेष्ठ एवं आदर्श समाज की रचना के लिए कोई आकाश-पाताल एक करने की ज़रूरत नहीं पड़ती। यह काम बेहद आसान है। अगर प्रत्येक नागरिक यह प्रण कर ले कि उसे श्रेष्ठ एवं आदर्श बनना है तो समाज स्वयमेव श्रेष्ठ एवं आदर्श बन जायेगा। इस कार्य को युवा बड़ी सहजता से निष्पदित कर सकते हैं। प्रत्येक युवा यदि मात्र स्वयं को ही परिवर्तित कर ले तो सामाजिक परिवर्तन अपने-आप ही हो जायेगा।

अपनी ज़िम्मेदारी हमें खुद ही उठानी है। यही इस वर्ष का उद्घोष-वाक्य भी है- 'मेरा राष्ट्र - मेरी ज़िम्मेदारी'।

आइये! इस परिवर्तन के कारक एवं वाहक दोनों बनें।
-डॉ. राजेंद्र सिंह साहिल
सम्पादक हिन्दी
गुरु हरिगोबिंद खालसा कॉलेज गुरुसर सधार (लुधियाना)

## आइए! सपने साकार करें

भावना कुमारी
पीजी गवर्नमेंट कॉलेज सेक्टर-46, चंडीगढ़
"देखो वह सपनों का सूरज उगने लगा है, झरना आशाओं का बहने लगा है,
चारों ओर दुनिया मेरी अपनी होने लगी है, होने लगे हैं सपने साकार, धरती और नयी लगने लगी है' '।।
सपने, वह कल्पना...... जिनकी है तलाश...... अपने जीवन में, वह कल्पना जिसे हर मनूष्य पूर्ण करना चाहता है, वह कल्पना जहाँ सोच को भी नई साँसे मिलती हैं। हर मनुष्य सपने देरवता है, कल्पना की एक दुनिया बनाता है और उसे वास्तविक जीवन में सच करने के लिए परिश्रम करता है, मेहनत करता है। ये अलग-अलग सपने ही तो हैं जो मनुष्य को जीवन में आगे बढ़ने में मदद करते हैं। ये सपने न हो तो मनुष्य परिश्रम ही क्यों करें, क्यों व्यर्थ में संघर्ष करे? उत्तर केवल एक ही है कि अपने सपनों को पंरव लगा कर हमें भी उन संग उड़ जाना है, एक नयी ही दुनिया की ओर जाना है जहाँ केवल वे कल्पनाएँ हों, जो आज सच हो गई हैं।

एक विद्यार्थी कठिन परिश्रम करता है, किताबों को अपना आधार समझता है, लक्ष्य अव्वल आने का रखता है, ऊँचाइयों को छूने के सपने देखता है, अपनी ही दुनिया की कल्पना करता है, क्यों? तो उत्तर है कि उसे अपने सपने को साकार करना है, इसी कारण वह परिश्रम कर रहा है ताकि अव्वल आ सके, अपनी कल्पना को सच कर सके।
"परिश्रम ही रास्ता है, मेहनत ही विकल्प है, सोच सबसे अलग है, तभी तो सपनों का द्वार रवुल सकता है"
आज का युग विकास के मार्ग पर तेजी से चल रहा है, उन्नति की लहर है सबके जीवन में, सभी अपने छोटे - बड़े सपनों को साकार करना चाहते हैं लेकिन कहते हैं कि जिस तरह हर सिक्के के दो पहलू होते हैं उसी तरह समाज में उभरते - गिरते विषयों के दो पहलू होते हैं एक अच्छा तो दूसरा बुरा। सपनों के बादल हर घर पर बरसते हैं पर साकार वही कर पाते हैं जिनके हौंसलो में उड़ान होती है, लेकिन यह कथन आज के समय में एक बिडंबना बन कर रह गया है, लोग अपने सपनों को साकार करने के लिए छल का प्रयोग कर रहे हैं, परिश्रम न कर के धोखे से, भ्रम से..... सपनों को हासिल कर रहे हैं। कोई चोरी करके पैसे कमा रहा है, कोई भ्रष्ट होकर, कोई अपनी जन्म भूमि को नुकसान पहुँचा कर अपने सपनों को पंख लगा रहा है। पर यह ग़लत है, हम एक समाज में रहते हैं जहाँ जीवन व्यतीत करने के लिए एक संस्कृति का हिस्सा होना आवश्यक है, एक नियम में बंधना आवश्यक है क्योंकि एक व्यक्ति के सपनों का बोझ हम दूसरे व्यक्ति पर नहीं लाद सकते, सभी को अपने-अपने ढंग से जीवन जीने का हक है। जो लोग बईमानी करते है, जो लोग छल करते हैं.... वे सब ग़लत हैं।

लोग अपने सपनों को साकार करने के लिए अत्याचारी बन रहे हैं, भ्रष्टाचार फैला रहे हैं, महिलाओं का शोषण कर रहे हैं, भ्रूण हत्या कर रहे हैं, समाज में हिंसा फैला रहे है, पृथ्वी, पर्यावरण को नुकसान पहुँचा रहे है, केवल अपने ग़लत सपनों के लिए। जिन सपनों से, कल्पनाओं से, जिन कामों से समाज को नुकसान पहुँचता है, वे सपने नहीं अपितु हिंसक कार्य बन जाते हैं क्योंकि उनसे मानवता को नुकसान हो रहा है और जो लोग इन ग़लत सपनों को साकार कर भी लेते हैं वे लोग दंड के पात्र हैं। मानव धर्म सबसे बड़ा है, यह कथन हम बचपन से सुनते आ रहे हैं, मानव ही मानव के संकट में काम आता है परन्तु जो लोग मानवता के सपनों को नुकसान पहुँचाएं, वे सही नहीं । आज की युवा पीढ़ी हर क्षेत्र में आगे है.. रेेल, ज्ञान, विज्ञान, राजतंत्र, उद्योग, वाणिज्य आदि और साथ ही साथ नशे, धूम्रपान, आंतकवाद, शोषण, चोरी, भ्रष्टाचार आदि में भी आगे है लेकिन यह कैसी व्यवस्था है जहाँ हमारी आज की युवा पीढ़ी के सपने आकाश न छूने के बजाए हथियार पकड़ने के हैं, स्वयं के स्वास्थ्य को खराब करने के हैं, मानवता को बरबाद करने के हैं, क्यों इनके सपने अपने देश को ऊँचाई तक पहुँचने के नहीं है, क्यों ये अपना मूल्यवान जीवन व्यर्थ गंवाना चाहते हैं। विश्व भर में अलग पहचान बनाने का सपना अपनी संस्कृति का मृदंग पूरे विश्व में गूँजे, हमारी सभ्यता का गुणगान समस्त देशों में हो, ऐसे सपने होने चाहिए जो मानवता को ऊँचा कर सकें न कि हिंसक हो कर मानवता पर शर्मिदा हो सकें। यह काम केवल और केवल युवा पीढ़ी कर सकती है, केवल रक्त में सपनों का बहाव होना चाहिए, मस्तिष्क में लक्ष्य साफ होना चाहिए।
'ंचलना अब मुझे उस राह पर है, जहाँ सपनों का आह्वान हो रहा है,
बुलंद करना है स्वयं को इतना है कि प्रेरणा समाज में केवल अच्छाई की ही हो'
बात करें अगर अपने देश ‘भारत’ की तो प्राचीन काल से ही हमारा देश और यहाँ के निवासियों ने कई चुनौतियों का डट कर सामना किया है। एक सपना देखा था पूरे राष्ट्र ने मिलकर आज़ादी का, जिसे साकार किया है। हमने मिलकर वह सपना जो केवल

एक कल्पना थी। बस कोशिश और मेहनत ने झण्डा ऊँचा उठाया है। सपनों में हौंसलो की उड़ान होनी चाहिए और व्यक्ति के पास मेहनत का घोड़ा होना चाहिए। ये दोनों चीजें ही सपनों को साकार करती हैं और सकारात्मक ऊर्जा प्रदान करती हैं। लेकिन सपनों का हर पड़ाव सच्चा और मानव कल्याण से जुड़ा होना चाहिए। सपना था राष्ट्रपिता महात्मा गांधी का भारत को स्वंतत्र बनाने का, अंग्रेजो से मुक्त बनाने का और आज वह साकार हुआ। वे कहते थे 'मैं एक ऐसे देश की कल्पना करता हूँ जो शिक्षित हो, स्वतंत्र हो, और स्वच्छ हो' आज उनका यह सपना सच हुआ है। समाज के उभरते - गिरते कई पहलू हैं, पर वही समाज आगे बढ़ पाता है जो कुशल होता है अपने देशवासियों के सपनों को पूरा करने में। कल्पना का बीज जहाँ बोया जाता है वहाँ आशाओं का फल उगता है, और यह फल बहुत मीठा होता है।

आज युवा पीढ़ी के भी कई सपने हैं, कई आशाएँ हैं, कई विचार हैं, परन्तु यह तभी पूरे हो सकते हैं जब पूर्ण समाज मिलकर मदद करे और उनका हौंसला बढ़ाए, उन्हें सकारात्मक दृष्टिकोण से देखे। जहाँ समाज भेद-भाव, अंधविश्वास, असत्यता नकारात्मकता को ले आता है वहाँ पर प्रगति रुक जाती है, वहाँ पर समाज और राष्ट्र दोनों का विकास रुक जाता है, वहाँ पर आकर प्रगति की घड़ी रुक जाती है। एक समाज, एक विकास और सपने साकार। बात अपने देश और विश्व के और देशों की करें तो हमारा देश कई अन्य देशों से पीछे है, परन्तु कई गौरव - गाथाएं हैं। हमारे देश में बस हमारे प्रयत्नों में कुछ कमी रह जाती है जो हम बाकी देशों का मुकाबला नहीं कर पाते हैं। परन्तु हम कमजोर नहीं हैं, हमारे सपनों का आकाश भी बहुत ऊँचा है, एक लहर है हम सब भारतीयों में अपने सपनों को साकार करने की उन्हे सच बनाने की। हमारा देश और हम भारतीय हमेशा से ही अपने सपनों को साकार करते आए हैं और भविष्य में भी अपने सपनों को साकार करते रहेंगे।
"'कर्म तेरा वही है,
तू बस चलता जा मानव,
पहचान तेरी नयी है,
तू बस चलता जा मानव, तू बस चलता जा’’
अगर हमारे सपनों में उड़ान है, नवीनता है तो हम विश्व को भी जीत सकते हैं। एक ऐसे राष्ट्र, एक ऐसे विश्व को बना सकते हैं जो निष्पक्ष हो, परन्तु केवल एक ही शर्त पर... जो सपना हमनें देखा है वह कोशिश का सेवक हो, छल का नहीं। " आओ मिलकर अपने सपने साकार करें।’
" शंरव बज रहा विकास का, गांधी के सपनों का, हो रहा मेरा, आपका, हम सबका देश, बस मिलकर इसे उठाना है, सभी सपनों को सच करना है, मेरा, आपका, समस्त भारतीयों का, सपना साकार करना है '

से भा्टी यउशइ उां ढेठ री भै, ड़ं भवाली ढॅउ डे जरीत चॅधीं...,


# युवाओं का 'स्वच्छ भारत अभियान' में योगदान 

प्रियंका कम्बो
डी.ए.वी. कालेज ऑफ एजुकेशन, अबोहर
'स्वच्छ भारत अभियान' 2 अक्टूबर 2014 को शुरू किया गया। इस अभियान का आरम्भ हमारे पूजनीय राष्ट्र पिता महात्मा गांधी की वर्षगांठ पर किया गया। इस अभियान के लिए यह दिन इस लिए विशेष रूप से चुना गया क्योंकि महात्मा गांधी का एक सपना था भारत को स्वच्छ देखवने को। उन्होंने अपने समय में इस सपने को साकार करने के लिए अनेक प्रयास किए थे। सरकार ने उनके इस सपने को पूरा करने के लिए विशेष रूप से यह अभियान शुरू किया।

## गांधी जी का सपना था स्वच्छ भारत का, करना है साकार हमें इस सपने को

हमारे पूर्व प्रधानमंत्री मनमोहन सिंह जी ने स्वच्छता अभियान चलाया था, जिसे ‘निर्मल भारत अभियान' का नाम दिया गया था। वर्तमान प्रधानमंत्री नरेन्द्र जी मोदी ने इसी 'निर्मल भारत अभियान' को 2 अक्टूबर 2014 को पुन: स्थापित किया। इस अभियान का मुख्य उद्देश्य भारत को पूर्ण रूप से स्वच्छ बनाना है और 2019 तक अपने इस उद्देश्य को पूरा करना है। 2.94 करोड़ की धनराशि से 1.96 करोड़ शौचालयों का निर्माण करना है। प्रत्येक घर में शौचालय का होना अनिवार्य है ताकि किसी को भी घर के बाहर खुले में शौच के लिए न जाना पड़े। इस प्रकार गंदगी को कम किया जा सकता है।

इस अभियान के लिए प्रधानमंत्री जी ने ऐसे प्रसिद्ध लोगों को चुना जो इस अभियान को पूर्ण रूप से सफल बनाने के लिए समाज को प्रेरित कर सकते हैं। जिनमें थे सचिन तेंदुलकर, प्रियंका चोपड़ा, अनिल अंबानी, तारक मेहता का उल्टा चश्मा के सदस्य, नीता अंबानी, सौरव गांगुली, आमिर रान आदि। इस अभियान के लिए अनेक समितियां भी बनाई गई जैसे 'भारत कल्याण समिति', 'सफाई सेवा समिति' आदि। इन सबके योगदान से स्वच्छ भारत अभियान जारी है।

युवा वर्ग ही हमारे देश का भविष्य है। राष्ट्र निर्माण में देश के युवा वर्ग की विशेष भूमिका होती है। जैसे देश का युवा वर्ग होगा, वैसा ही समाज बनेगा, वैसा ही राष्ट्र निर्माण होगा और वैसा ही देश का भविष्य होगा। युवा हमारे देश, समाज की नींव हैं। स्वच्छ भारत अभियान में हमारे देश के युवाओं का योगदान है और इससे भी अधिक हो सकता है। युवा वर्ग समाज के लिए पथ प्रदर्शक के रूप में कार्य करता है। वह अपनी आने वाली पीढ़ी और अपनी अगली पीढ़ी को देश निर्माण के सभी कार्यो में अपना उचित सहयोग देने के लिए प्रेरित कर सकते हैं। किसी भी कार्य में अगर युवा वर्ग अपना सहयोग दे, तो वह अवश्य सफल होता है।

स्वच्छता है देश के भविष्य का ऐलान, युवा करेंगे देश - राष्ट्र का निर्माण
लोगों को जागृत करने में युवा वर्ग अपनी विशेष भूमिका अदा कर सकता है। हमारे देश में गंदगी का सबसे बड़ा कारण लोगों में जागृति का न होना है। लोग अशिक्षित हैं। लोगों को जागृत करने मे लिए युवा वर्ग रैलियों, भाषणों द्वारा लोगों को उत्साहित करके, घर-घर जाकर उन्हे समझा कर कि स्वच्छता हमारे लिए क्यों जरूरी है, से लोगों को जागृत कर लोगों को इस काम में अग्रसर कर सकते हैं। युवा वर्ग को यह कार्य सबसे पहले अपने घर से शुरू करना चाहिए। पहले वह स्वयं स्वच्छता बनाए रखने के नियमों को अपनाए और फिर अपने परिवार के सदस्यों को उन नियामों को अपनाने के लिए प्रेरित करे। अगर प्रत्येक घर में ऐसा होने लग जाए तो हमारा देश पूर्ण रूप से स्वच्छ हो जाएगा।

युवा वर्ग को चाहिए कि गाँव, शहर के सभी युवा मिलकर एक संगठन कायम करें। सप्ताह में एक बार ऐसा रखा जाए, जिस दिन उनकी मीटिंग हो और संगठन के प्रत्येक सदस्य को अलग-अलग जिम्मेदारी दी जाए। उस संगठन द्वारा ऐसे प्रोग्रामों का आयोजन किया जाए जिससे जनता को प्रेरित किया जा सके। उनके द्वारा गाँव की पंचायत से तालमेल करके गाँव को स्वच्छ बनाने के लिए विशेष रूप से कुछ ऐसे कदम बढाए जाएं, जिसमें जनता भी सहयोग दे।

## घर से ही शुरू कर स्वच्छता का कदम, पूरे देश में ही फैल जाएगा एक संगठन

सरकार द्वारा ऐसे कार्यो के लिए अनुदान राशि भी दी जाती है, जो पूर्ण रूप से अपने सही स्थान पर नही पहुँच पाती। युवा वर्ग को चाहिए कि वह इसके प्रति भी सचेत रहे। सारे गाँव के कचरे के लिए एक खाली जगह निर्धारित की जानी चाहिए। पूरा गाँव वह कचरा वहाँ पर फेंके और थोडे समय बाद वह कचरा सही स्थान पर भेज दिया जाए, जहाँ उस कचरे से काम आने वाली वस्तुओं से पुन: निर्माण कर लिया जाए। कचरा किसी ऐसी जगह पर फेंका जाए जहाँ वह किसी दुर्घटना का कारण न बने। दिल्ली एक ऐसा शहर है जहाँ कचरे के पहाड़ बने पड़े हैं और कई बार वे दुर्घटना का कारण भी बने हैं। ऐसा रहा तो एक दिन दिल्ली अपनी ही गंदगी के नीचे दब जाएगी।

युवा वर्ग को चाहिए कि वह विनम्रता पूर्वक इस अभियान को फैलाने की कोशिश करे। अगर कोई भी व्यक्ति उन्हें गंदगी फैलाता दिखाई देता है तो पहले उसे समझाए और फिर खुुद उस गंदगी को साफ कर दें। जब वह आप को ऐसा करते देखेगा तब उसे खुद को शर्म महसूस होगी और वह दोबारा ऐसा नही करेगा। अगर आपको कहीं भी कचरा पड़ा मिले तो उसे उठा लें। क्योंकि मनुष्य देखकर ही सीखता है। युवा वर्ग को यह प्रयत्न करना चाहिए कि वह बुरे काम छोड़कर लोगों को अच्छे कार्य करने में संलग्न करे। विनम्रता से किसी मनुष्य का पूर्ण रूप से सहयोग हासिल किया जा सकता है।

सहयोग से किसी भी कार्य को पूर्ण रूप से सफल बनाया जा सकता है। अकेला चना भाड़ नही फोड़ सकता। युवा वर्ग की यह कोशिश होनी चाहिए कि वह सभी का सबसे पहले सहयोग हासिल करे। सहयोग से बड़ी से बड़ी मुश्किल का सामना किया जा सकता है। सभी युवाओं को मिल कर इस स्वच्छ अभियान में अपना सहयोग देकर दूसरे लोगों को भी इससे जोड़ना चाहिए।

## स्वच्छ होंगे हम, स्वच्छ होगा समाज, देश

आओ मिलकर सभी बढाएं एक कदम
जिससे स्वच्छ हो हमारा राष्ट्र विशेष
प्रधानमंत्री मोदी जी ने कश्मीर में एक सम्मेलन में कहा था कि अनेक लड़कियाँ ऐसी हैं, जिन्हें स्कूल में शौचालय न होने के कारण अपनी शिक्षा को बीच में ही छोड़ना पड़ा। यह कितनी शर्म की बात है। अनेक गाँव ऐसे हैं जिनमें एक भी शौचालय नहीं है। मोदी जी ने एक सम्मेलन में यह भी कहा था कि:-
"औरत दिन ढलने का इंतजार करती है कि कब दिन ढले और वह बाहर रवुले में शौच के लिए जाए। आप यह बात आसानी से समझ सकते हैं कि उन्हें कितनी शारीरिक यातना सहन करनी पड़ती होगी।

युवा वर्ग को चाहिए कि अगर किसी गाँव में शौचालय नही है तो वह किसी तरीके से यह बात सरकार तक पहुँचा सके और सरकार से सहायता पाने के लिए पूर्ण रूप से प्रयास करे। वह लोगों को समझाएँ कि खुले में शौच करने से कितनी बीमारियाँ फैलती हैं। पढी - लिरवी युवा पीढ़ी को चाहिए कि जाकर लोगों को समझाएँ। प्रत्येक व्यक्ति की समाज में विशेष भूमिका होती है। व्यक्तियों के संगठन से ही समाज बनता है। युवा वर्ग को चाहिए कि वह प्रत्येक व्यक्ति को उसकी अपनी देश, समाज प्रति ज़िम्मेदारी के प्रति सचेत करने की कोशिश करे।

मनुष्य एक संवेदनशील प्राणी है। मनुष्य को भी चाहिए कि वह ऐसे कार्य न करे जिससे राष्ट्र निर्माण में विघ्न पड़ता है। युवा वर्ग स्वच्छता को पूर्ण रूप से फैलाने की कोशिश करे। जैसा वह करेगा, आने वाली पीढ़ी भी उसे देख कर वैसा ही करने की कोशिश करेगी। कुछ लोग गंदगी कम करने की जगह गंदगी फैलाने का कार्य करते हैं। उसी तरह ऐसे लोगों के प्रति भी कुछ कदम उठाने चाहिए। युवा वर्ग को चाहिए कि वे ऐसे लोगों को समझाएँ कि जिस वस्तु का पुन: प्रयोग किया जा सकता है, उसे प्रयोग में लाए, कचरे में न फेंके। ताकि गंदगी को कम किया जा सके।

2 अक्टूबर 2017 को इस अभियान को शुरू हुए तीन साल हो गए हैं। इस अभियान के सकारात्मक प्रभाव भी देखवने को मिल रहे हैं। इस दिन एक सम्मेलन में प्रधानमंत्री जी ने कहा: -
'कितने राष्टपति, प्रधानमंत्री आएँ - जाएँ, लेकिन भारत को स्वच्छ बनाने का सपना तभी पूरा हो
सकता है, जब देश का प्रत्येक नागरिक भारत को स्वच्छ बनाने में अपनी भूमिका अदा करेगा"
स्वच्छ भारत अभियान तभी सफल होगा जब प्रत्येक मनुष्य इस अभियान को सफल बनाने की कोशिश करेगा। युवा हमारे समाज की नींव हैं। वे चाहें तो कुछ भी कर सकते हैं। सरकार ने भी ऐसे लोगों को इस काम के लिए चुना जिसे सभी लोग जानते हैं। अगर वे ऐसा करते हैं तो लोग भी ऐसा करना पसंद करेंगे रास कर युवा वर्ग। इससे इस अभियान को सफल बनाने में काफ़ी मदद मिली। कोई भी कार्य अधूरा नही रहता जिसमें युवा वर्ग शामिल हो जाए।

अंत में मैं यही कहना चाहूँगी कि हमें सभी को मिलकर इस स्वच्छ भारत अभियान को सफल बनाना चाहिए और गाँधी जी के सपने को पूरा करना चाहिए। पता चला है कि कचरे को पुन: प्रयोग में लाने योग्य वस्तुएँ बनाने से सरकार को तीन करोड़ का लाभ हुआ है। इस लिए हमारी यही कोशिश होनी चाहिए कि हम रवुद भी स्वच्छ रहें और दूसरों को स्वच्छ रहने के लिए भी कहें। स्वच्छता ही जीवन है। स्वस्थ समाज तभी बनाया जा सकता है जब वातावरण स्वच्छ हो।

स्वच्छता ही जीवन है, स्वच्छ बने व्यक्ति, देश-समाज, स्वच्छ भारत अभियान को सफल बनाने में
आओ मिलकर करें प्रयास जिससे पूरी हो गाँधी जी की आस।

## बलिहारी कुदरत वसिआ

अर्पणा चौधरी
एसपीएन कॉलेज, मुकेरियां
खुशनसीब हैं वे लोग जो कुदरत के नज़ारो से घिरे रहते हैं। सही मायनों में यह कुदरत अद्भुत है। सिर्फ अद्भुत ही नहीं बल्कि यह कुदरत ही है जो हमें आत्मिक शान्ति देती है और वो भी उस समय जब हमें आत्मिक शान्ति की सबसे ज्यादा जरूरत होती है।

जब - जब हम कुदरत के बीच होते हैं, हमें अद्वितीय आनन्द की प्राप्ति होती है। ऐसा महसूस होता है कि प्रभु हमारे आसपास है। असल मायनों में तो कुदरत ही खुदा है, कुदरत ही रहनुमा है और कुदरत ही जीवन है। अंग्रेजी के महान कवि वर्ड्सवर्थ ने कहा था कि मुझे pagan कहा जाए, पर सवाल यह है कि pagan का मतलब क्या है, pagan वो इन्सान होता है जो कुदरत द्वारा बनाई कायनात को ही खुदा माने और उससे प्यार करे। पर आज अफसोस इस बात का है कि इन्सान कुदरत से दूर जाता जा रहा है।

असल में जितना इन्सान कुदरत से दूरियाँ बढ़ाएगा, उतना अपने आप से दूर होता जाएगा क्योंकि प्रकृति से ही इन्सान है। जब भी इस बारे में सोचती हूँ तो मानसिक पीड़ा से गुज़रती हूँ कि हम क्या से क्या बन गए हैं। याद है मुझ़े भारत में आई 2004 की वो सुनामी का मंजर, भुला नहीं पाए हैं हम 2011 में आई सुनामी को जिसने अनगिनत जापानी लोगों को अपने आगोश में ले लिया था। कुदरत का कहर ऐसा बरपा था कि मुल्क ने आर्थिक तबाही का मंजर देखा। घरों के घर उजड़ते देखे, त्राहि- त्राहि करते लोग देखे। लेकिन यकीन मानिए इस सब का ज़िम्मेदार पता है कौन है? आप, मैं और हम सब।

कुदरत ने हमें आयुर्वेद के रूप में जिन्दगी दी है, हमें खाने के लिए अनाज दिया, पीने के लिए पानी दिया, तन ढंकने के लिए कपड़ा दिया और हमने कुदरत को क्या दिया? सोच कर देखिए! भारत की राजधानी दिल्ली में मेडीकल इमरजेंसी घोषित हो जाती है। पूरी दिल्ली स्मॉग की चपेट में आ जाती है। यह एक चेतावनी है कुदरत की, अगर इन्सान कुदरत से खेलेगा तो कुदरत के कहर से बचना नामुमकिन है।

आज इन्सान राष्ट्रवादी होने के नारे लगा रहा है, नई खोजें कर रहा है, खुशी जाहिर करने के लिए पटाखों का इस्तेमाल करता है, केमीकल बना कर उस बचे हुए अनुपयोगी जानलेवा पदार्थों को पानी में फेंक रहा है, हर चीज़ बना रहा है, लेकिन कुदरत को दाँव पर लगाकर, कुदरत को नुकसान पहुँचा कर उसे छलनी - छलनी कर के उसे तबाह करके। जिसका नतीजा कितना भयानक हो सकता है, यह आप भारत में आई उत्तराखणण्ड की त्रासदी से जान सकते हैं।

हम इन्सान अपनी जिन्दगी में सबसे महत्वपूर्ण स्थान देते हैं धर्म को। एक बात जान लीजिए कोई भी धार्मिक ग्रन्थ शुरू भी कुदरत से होता है और खत्म भी कुदरत पर होता है।

सिद्धार्थ-गौतम बुद्ध बनें, कहाँ बैठकर, कुदरत की गोद में बैठकर। महावीर भगवान महावीर बने, कन्फ्यूशियस, महान फिलॉसफर बने तो कुदरत की गोद में बैठकर। गुरू नानक देव जी ने अपनी शिक्षाएं दी तो कुदरत की गोद में बैठकर। मैं बस यही कहना चाहती हूँ इन्सान अपने नियम तोड़ देता है, लेकिन प्रकृति अपने नियम कभी नहीं तोड़ती।

# जल ही जीवन है 

सिमरजीत कौर
एस.डी कॉलेज फॉर वीमैन, मोगा
"जल है तो कल है, जल के बिना न जिन्दगी का कोई पल है।"
जल मनुष्य जीवन का आधार है, जल के अभाव में मनुष्य जीवन, जन्तु पौधे अपनी जिन्दगी को प्राण प्रदान नहीं कर सकते हैं। जीव-जन्तुओं के लिए जिस भांति श्वास अत्यधिक आवश्यक है। उसी प्रकार जल भी अत्यधिक आवश्यक है। मनुष्य के शरीर में 70 प्रतिशत मात्रा पानी की है। उसे प्रतिदिन अपनी जीवन क्रीडा पूर्ण सशक्त रूप से चलाने के लिए जल का अत्यधिक मात्रा में उपयोग करना पड़ता है। उसी भांति वनस्पति समूह को अगर प्रतिदिन जल का आह्वान न करवाया जाए,तो वो मुरझा कर बिखर जाएंगे जिससे उनकी श्वास क्रिया पूर्ण रूप से कार्य न कर पाएगी। पेड़-पौधे अगर जल न मिलने से नष्ट हो जाते हैं तो इसका दुष्प्रभाव भी मानव जगत पर पड़ेगा। क्योंकि मनुष्य ऑक्सीजन ग्रहण कर कार्बनडाई आक्साइड गैस को छोड़ता है। पेड़ - पौधे ही इस गैस को ग्रहण करने के पश्चात् आक्सीजन छोड़न में सहायक होते हैं। अगर पेड़ - पौधे अन्य वनस्पति समूह के अंश हमारे इर्द-गिर्द न होंगे तो एक मनुष्य को सांस लेने में अत्यधिक कठिनाई होगी, जो कि उसके जीवन को समाप्ति की ओर ले चलेगी। जल ही सम्पूर्ण ज़िन्दगी, जगत का महत्वपूर्ण अंग है। पृथ्वी में पांच तत्व ऐसे मौजूद हैं, जिनके अभाव में साधारण व्यक्ति अपनी ज़िन्दगी की कल्पना भी नहीं कर सकता। जल, वायु अग्नि, तीन प्रमुरव तत्व है जिनमें जल अत्यधिक आवश्यक है।
"झरनों - झीलों में, एक लहर दिरवाई पड़ती थी, इन लहरों में जल की बूंद, हर अंश सुहाना करती थी।" आरम्भिक काल में जल अत्यधिक मात्रा में उपस्थित था। पर वर्तमान समय में ये जल अपने स्तर से नीचे गिर गया है।
वर्तमान युग वैज्ञानिक युग है। आज मशीनों के माध्यम से मनुष्य जीवन का हर कार्य संभव है। पर इन औद्योगिक कार्यो से जल अत्यधिक मात्रा में दूषित हो रहा है। इस दूषित जल का सेवन हर परिवार कर रहा है। जिस कारण अनेक प्रकार की बीमारियाँ उनके शरीर को जकड़े हुए हैं। उच्च वर्ग इसे छोटी सी बात कहकर टाल देता है, उनके पास जल की स्वच्छ करने के हज़ारों उपाय हैं। पर निम्नवर्गीय श्रेणी के पास दूषित जल का सेवन करने के अतिरिक्त कोई भी उपाय नहीं है। आज का मानव जल का असीमित उपयोग कर रहा है, जिसके जल का स्तर नीचे गिर गया है।

## "आने वाले कल में ठहराव दिरवाई पड़ रहा, मनुष्य के जीवन का नाश दिरवाई पड़ रहा ।"

गंगा नदी भारत की सबसे पवित्र नदी मानी जाती है । यहां के जल से लोग शुद्धीकरण करके अपने जीवन को एक पवित्र स्तर प्रदान करते हैं। पर मनुष्य की लापरवाही ने इस पवित्र नदी को भी नहीं छोडा। हज़ारों की संख्या में हमें इस पवित्र नदी में गंदे वस्त्र, पूजा - सामग्री तैरती हुई मिलती है। जिससे इस जल में कई प्रकार के हानिकारक विषैले पदार्थ उत्पन्न हो गये हैं। यही विषैले पदार्थ इंसान के शरीर में जल के माध्यम से प्रविष्ट होकर उसे किसी बड़े रोग से ग्रस्त करवा देते हैं।

मनुष्य जल के साथ अनेक प्रकार की लापरवाहियाँ कर रहा है। उसकी यह लापरवाही उसके जीवन को नष्ट कर सकती हैं भविष्य में मानव समाज को शायद इस जल का चेहरा दिखाई ही न पड़े।

प्रदूषण बढ़ रहा है। देश को औद्योगिक क्षेत्र में बदला जा रहा है, इन सबके परिणाम स्वरूप वृक्षों, पौधों का कटाव किया जा रहा है। इनके कटाव से 'जल चक्र में बाधा उपस्थित हो रही है। जल चक्र एक ऐसा चक्र है, जिसके माध्यम पृथ्वी का जल वृक्षों के माध्यम सींचा जाता था। यही जल उसके पश्चात् वाष्प बनकर बादलों का रूप धारण कर लेता था। जब बादल पूर्ण रूप से वर्षा के लिए तत्पर हो जाते, तो वर्षा का चक्र चल जाता था। इसी प्रकार से यह जल वृक्षों के द्वारा सींच कर पृथ्वी की जड़ों तक पहुंच कर, नींव की मजबूत बनाता था। पर आज वृक्षों का कटाव होने के कारण वर्षा की मात्रा में कमी हो रही है। वर्षा न होने से जल का स्तर हर दिन के नीचे गिर रहा है।
"ज़िन्दगी को अगर जीना है, तो जल के महत्व की समझो, वर्ना आने वाले दौर में, ये लुप्त हो जाएगा।" आज भारत डिज़िटल इण्डिया बनने के प्रयत्न में है। आज युग बदल रहा है। पर न जाने क्यों $\ldots$. . जल का महत्तव कम होता है दिखाई पड़ रहा है। मनुष्य के मन में यह विचार उत्पन्न होना चाहिए कि बदलाव का देखवने के लिए हमें अपनी सोच को बदलना होगा। जल को प्रदूषित करके भले ही हम नए कल का निर्माण कर लें, पर प्रदूषित जल का प्रयोग करने से हमारे जीवन का कारवाँ ज्यादा दूर तक नहीं जा पायेगा। "जल ही जीवन है, इसे कभी व्यर्थ न गवाएं।

## बाज़ार संस्कृति में पिसता किसान

नेहा जसवाल
देव समाज कालेज ऑफ ऐजुकेशन चण्डीगढ़
कुछ भी मनुष्य के हित में रहा न इस संसार में। हर व्यक्ति आज के युग में स्वयं को समाज के इस बाज़ार में पूर्ण रूप से प्रतिष्ठित कर, अपना एक रूतबा बनाना चाहता है। वह इस बाजार में रुतबा हासिल करने के लिए सभ्य मार्ग को छोड़ असभ्य मार्ग को अपनाने से भी पीछे नहीं हटता। धन कमाने की लालसा उसमें इतनी तीव्र हो जाती है कि वह लोभ के जाल में फंसता चला जाता है। वह खुद की तिजोरी गरीबों के खून-पसीने से सींची हुई फसलों से भरता है।

हमारे देश में गरीबी इतनी ज़्यादा बढ़ गई है कि मंहगाई के इस दौर में गरीब अपना पेट काटकर और अपनी भूर को नज़र अंदाज़ करने के बाद भी अपने बच्चों को दो वक्त का खाना देने में असमर्थ हो गया है।

## " गरीब बिक रहा सरेआम बाज़ार में गरीबी की रेखा बढ़ रही संसार में"

अब गरीब किसान अपनी गरीबी के दुख के कारण मन कचोटता हुआ नज़र आता है
अब प्रश्न यह उठता है कि बाजार में गरीब किसान अथवा आम इंसान इतनी गरीबी की मार क्यों झेल रहा है? ऐसी कौन सी विषम परिस्थितियाँ उसके समक्ष आ जाती हैं कि उसकी आर्थिक स्थिति में सुधार नहीं हो पाता?

जब किसान अनाज की पैदावार कर उसे काटता है तो वह उसे एक चौथाई दाम में सौदागर को बेच देता है और वह सौदागर उस अनाज को दो गुणा दाम में मण्डी में लाकर ग्राहकों में बेचता है जिसके कारण बाज़ार की निर्ममता से किसान दबकर मर जाता है और उसकी आर्थिक स्थिति में कोई सुधार नहीं हो पाता। बाज़ारों के सौदागरों की भूरव गरीब के जीने की इच्छाशक्ति एवं उनकी आर्थिक स्थिति को छिन्न-भिन्न करती हुई उनके मनोबल को चकनाचूर कर देती है और किसान आत्महत्या करने को मजबूर हो जाता है।

दूसरी ओर सरकार के द्वारा लागू नीतियों के कारण भी गरीब किसान एवं मध्य वर्ग के लोगों को मंहगाई का सामना करना पड़ रहा है।
"हर व्यक्ति के मुँह पर है अब ताला..........................................हंहगाई का है बोल बाला "
भरे बाज़ार में न जाने गरीबों एवं किसानों को कितनी कठिनाइयों का सामना करना पड़ता है। हर विषम परिस्थिति को गरीब किसान सहता रहता है। इतनी महंगाई में गरीब किसान क्या खाएगा और किस प्रकार वह अपनी आर्थिक स्थिति को सुधारने में सक्षम हो पाएगा।

सरकार को भी इस बारे में सोचना चाहिए क्योंकि अगर हमारे देश में अन्नदाता अर्थात् किसान ही नहीं रहेगा तो हम कहां से अन्न लाएंगे। वह किसान ही है जो कड़ी धूप में, बरसात में या रात की कड़कती ठंड में ठिठुर कर अन्न को उगाता है और काटकर मण्डी तक पहुँचाता है अगर किसान न हो तो देश किस प्रकार प्रगति की ओर बढ़ेगा। इसलिए यह अन्यंत आवश्यक है कि सरकार किसानों की आर्थिक स्थिति में सुधार करने का प्रयास करे एवं उनकी माँगों को भी पूर्ण रूप से माने।
"धन लालसा लोभ को मिटाना है हमें देश को प्रगति की ओर ले जाना है"

## डेरा संस्कृति

## रालसा कालेज फॉर वीमैन, लुधियाना

वर्तमान समय है आया, लोगों में एक खुमार है छाया ज्ञान पाने की होड़ में, डेरा सभ्याचार प्रचलन में आया जगह जगह आज दुनिया में डेरों की भरमार है मेरा यही सवाल है लोगों से - जीवन की समस्याओं का क्या डेरा ही उपचार है ? ? ? ?

जी हां! मैं भी आज इसी प्रश्न में जूड्र रही हूँ कि ऐसा क्या है इन डेरों में, जो लाखोों - करोड़ो की तादाद में लोग वहां जा रहे हैं और वहां वहां जाकर भारी भरकम दान-दक्षिणा अर्पण कर रहे हैं। आज विश्व भर में लगभग हजारों की तादाद में डेरे मौजूद हैं, इनके संस्थापक कौन से भगवान हैं जो लोगो को अपनी ओर आकर्षित कर रहे हैं।

तो अब इस बात का खुलासा हुआ है कि इन डेरों के संस्थापक कोई भगवान था दैवीय आत्मा नहीं बल्कि ऐसे ढोंगी व्यक्ति हैं जो लोगों को गुमराह कर के अपने भक्त बना लेते हैं और चढावे के पैसों से धीरे - धीरे एक विशाल डेरा स्थापित कर लेते हैं, और तो और एक अलग ही दुनिया स्थापित कर लेते हैं जहां उस बाबा के नाम पर ही भोग लगाया जाता है, चढ़ावा चढ़ाया जाता है उनके अपने "बैंड' " तक स्थापित हो जाते हैं। धीरे - धीरे इनके डेरे पूरे देश में और फिर पूरे विश्व में फैल जाते हैं।

डेरों के अंदर बड़ी-बड़ी इमारतें होती हैं और पूरी सुख-सुविधाएं होती हैं। जहां बाबा अंदर ही अंदर लोगों के निपटारे करते - करते दुष्कर्मो पर उतर आता है।
जी हां। यही है इन डेरों की असलियत आज तक जितने भी बड़े - बड़े डेरे निकले हैं सबका यही हाल है। जैसे और जिनका नाम अभी नहीं आया है वे भी शक के घेरे में हैं।

यह सुनकर ही दिल दहल जाता है कि बाबाओं ने ढोंग कर - कर के पूरे विश्व में अपने डेरे बना लिए। इसके साथ-साथ और भी बहुत सारे बाबा इस सूची में हैं। जिन्होंने भक्ति के नाम पर खूब रासलीला भी रचाई।
'"देखो आज का समाज, देखो बाबाओं का ढोंग, भक्तों को कष्ट होता है तो यह बोलते हैं
बच्चा ! तेरी ‘किरपा’ रुकी हुई है -
तभी तो इनके डेरों में लाखों - करोड़ो का चढ़ावा और सोना तक बरामद हुआ है। इसके अलावा मेरा तो यही मानना है " जहां कभी गुरू नानक हुए

हुए संत कबीर हैं, हुए बड़े - बड़े पंडित सुजान
देखा आज कलयुग-ए भक्तो, ज्ञान पढ़ाने हमको आए-
बलात्कारी बाबा।
वर्तमान समय है आया, डेरा प्रथा का खुमार है छाया
इन्ही डेरों की आड़ में, ढोंगियों ने रची-अपनी एक अलग माया देखो कैसी हवा चली, सारी दुनिया अंधी हुई धर्म का सच्चा मार्ग ढूँढने अंधी दुनिया डोरों में गई आज सच का खुलासा हुआ तो पता चली इन डेरों की काया अपनी चमत्कारी दुनिया दिखाने का इन्होंने डेरा बनाया आधार आज विश्व में खूब प्रचलित है ‘डेरा सभ्याचार' खाने को रोटी नहीं लेकिन चढ़ाने को चढ़ावा है। भक्तों की यह आस्था देखकर, इनको मिला बढ़ावा है
धन कमाकर डेरा बनाना, काम बड़ा ही सस्ता है
बाकी सब तो ठीक है बस लुटती जा रही आस्था है, बस लुटती जा रही आस्था है।'
यदि हम युवा हैं तो हमारा सबसे पहला कर्तव्य है लोगों को सच्चाई का ज्ञान करवाना कि कहों लोग अपनी आंखों पर पट्टी तो नहीं बांधकर चल रहे। भेड़चाल में चलकर कहीं हम किसी अनहोनी को पनपने का अवसर तो नहीं दे रहे।
विश्वास के सहारे तो दुनिया टिकी हुई है परन्तु हमें भी आंख बंद कर नहीं कुछ भी स्वीकारना चाहिए। आज हम लोगों के कारण ही इतने डेरे स्थापित हुए हैं और दुष्कर्मो को बढावा मिला है। हम ही लोग है जो लाखों करोड़ों रुपया चढ़ाकर इन डेरों को बढा रहे हैं और अपनी भक्ति अपनी आस्था को सरेआम लुटवा रहे हैं।

यदि हम धार्मिक हैं तो सर्वप्रथम हमें अपने धर्म का पालन करना चाहिए और यदि ज्ञान प्राप्त करना चाहते हैं तो हमें अपने धार्मिक ग्रंथ जैसे गीता, पुराण, वेद, गुरू ग्रंथ साहिब, बाइबल इत्यादि से जितना ज्ञान प्राप्त होगा वह कोई भी डेरा या कोई बाबा नहीं दे सकता । अंत में यह कहना चाहूंगी $\qquad$ अंध-विश्वास और डेरा सभ्याचार छोड़कर अपने आप पर भरोसा करना चाहिए और अपने धर्म, संस्कृति, नैतिकता पर भरोसा करना चाहिए और चढ़ावे के स्थान पर गरीबों का पेट भर देना चाहिए। ऐसा करके ही हम अपने देश को तरक्की की राह पर लेकर जा पांएगे
जय हिंद !!!!
जय भारत !!!

गुरु नानक खालसा कॉलेज, लुधियाना
रंगीन-सी इस दुनिया में - - सब रंग भर रहे हैं- - हर रंग का सच जान- - जो चलते रहते हैं - - उन्हें रिश्ते कहते हैं---।

मंजिल पाने की होड़ में -- - लगी है ये दुनिया- -जिनकी हर मंजिल में - - - उनके अपने रहते हैं - - उन्हें रिश्ते कहते हैं - --।

भिन्न है यह दुनिया -- - भिन्न इसके लोग हैं - - इस भिन्नता में भी - - जो मिल कर रहते हैं - - उन्हें रिश्ते कहते हैं---।

अहम् की इस दुनिया में --- सभी को अपनी ही पड़ी है-जो अपनों के लिए - - कभी - कभी ग़म भी सहते हैं -- उन्हें रिश्ते कहते हैं---।

धूल भरी इस दुनिया में --
धुँधला पड़ा हर मोड़ है - -
इस धूल में भी जो -- खुदा के रहते हैं - - -
उन्हें रिश्ते कहते हैं ---।

हार - जीत के इस खेल में -- सभी जीतना चाहते हैं - - इस हार - जीत में होकर भी - - जो अपनों में रहते हैं - - उन्हें रिश्ते कहते हैं - - -।

परिभाषा नहीं है-- ये तो केवल अलफाज़ हैं अलग हार-जीत में होकर भी -जो हमेशा दिल में रहते हैं-उन्हें रिश्ते कहते हैं---।

## मातृ भूमि

मैं भारत देश की भूमि हूँ मैंने धैर्य धरना सीखा है
मैंने तब भी सब कुछ झेला था, प्रतीक्षा मेरी रंग लाई थी। वर्षों तक बंधक बनकर में अत्याचारों से जूझी थी, मुग़लों - अंग्रेजों की चोटें मैंने ही खुद पर खाई थीं। हुए वीर मुझसे कई पैदा स्वतंग्रता जिनकी प्रेमिका थी प्राण लुटाकर जब वे खेले तब , मैंने आजादी पाई थी। तिरंगा चोला पहना मुझको नये संविधान से सजाया था
'सोने की चिड़िया' की परिभाषा मुझे फिर स्मरण हो आई थी। कुछ दिन ही जिये उल्लास के कुछ मौसम ही हँसी थी मैं अब अपनों के हाथों बँधने की दुर्भाग्यपूर्ण घड़ी आई थी। आतंकवाद ने नोचा मुझको मैं भ्रष्ट दीमक से खोखली हुई लाखों ‘निर्भया’ देख देश में मुझे खुद पर लल्जा आई थी। मुझे हरे - केसरी से रंगो मत मुझ़को मज़हब का नाम न दो मत भूलो वो समय भी था जब ये अनेकता मेरी इकाई थी।

गज़ाला रवान
देव समाज कॉलेज ऑफ एजुकेशन, चंडीगढ़
जागो, कि मैं विचलित होती हूँ उठो, रच दो इतिहास एक और ताकि मैं फिर गाऊँ एक गाथा स्वयं की स्वयं से लड़ाई की । मैं प्रतीक्षा अब भी करती हूँ उम्मीदें मेरी तुम भारतीयों से हैं गाँधी, भगत सिंह से भी मैंने
ऐसे ही आस लगाई थी।
मैं भारत देश की भूमि हूँ
मैं धैर्य अब भी धरती हूँ
मैं फिर आज़ाद कहलाऊँगी क्योंकि मैंने तब भी स्वतंत्रता पाई थी।

## साँसों में रवुश्बू भरें

हो हताश जीवन से रहें क्यों हम मरे - मरे रोज़ की आदतों से कुछ परे चलो कुछ हम भी नया करें आज क्यों न अपनी, साँसों में खुशबू भरें?

पहली किरण सुबह की
जब महकाएगी हमारे आँगन को
चुन सुनहरा हर एक कण उसका
आज क्यों न अपनी साँसों में खुशबू भरें?
फिर जब भगवान के आगे
शीश हमारा श्रद्धा से द्युके
समेट खुद में महक उस कमरे की आज क्यों न अपनी साँसों में खुशबू भरें?

पुराना सिलसिला काम पर जाने का होता है?
घर से निकलते ही मगर
मिलती है जो चमेली की खिलती कली संग ले उसे, आज क्यों न

अपनी साँसों में खुशबू भरें? वक्त के थोड़ा और गुज़रने पर रात बिन चाँद के भी अगर आएगी साथ मधुर सपनों को तो लाएगी ही तराश उन्हीं सपनों को आज क्यों न अपनी, साँसों में खुशबू भरें?
यूँ आज़माते - आज़माते इन खुशबुओं को
कौन जाने हम ढूंढ़ निकालें
अपनी खुद की महक को
और बन जाएं वो जो जीने की है एक आस इसलिए हो हताश जीवन से रहें क्यों हम मरे - मरे रोज़ की आदतों से कुछ परे चलो कुछ हम भी नया करें

आज क्यों न अपनी, साँसों में खुशबू भरें?
आज क्यों न अपनी साँसों में खुशबू भरें?

## प्रतीक्षा

यूँ राहों में क्यों उदास बैठे हो तुम्हें किसकी प्रतीक्षा है? ढूँढ़ो अपने नये रास्तों को, क्यों ऐसे निराश बैठे हो। अंधेरा भी ढूँढ़ लेता है रास्ता फिर तुम क्यों खामोश हो?
ज़रा आगे बढ़ कर तो देखो, अधेरों में ही छिपा है तुम्हारा रास्ता? ढूंढ़ने से बहुत कुछ मिल जाता है मिली हुई चीज़ खो भी जाती है, खोई चीज़ के लिये इतना न सोचो, समुन्दर की गहराई में बहुत कुछ मिलता है।

आने वाला कल कीमती पल है वह हमारी प्रतीक्षा कर रहा है क्यों न उस पल का ऐसा अभिवादन करे कि वही प्रतीक्षा करना भूल जाये। काँटे तो बहुत हैं उलझनें भी हैं, उलझनों को पार कर के तो देखो,

फिर यह उलझनें भी कहेंगी, यहाँ काँटे तो हैं सफ़लता की तस्वीरें भी हैं। प्रतीक्षा हमें जिन्दगी भी देती है
प्रतीक्षा हमें मौत भी देती है,
इसलिये प्रतीक्षा को कमी मत खोना, यह कुछ नया करने का मौका भी देती है। प्रतीक्षा में सब्र का फल छिपा है जिसमें रसीली मिठास छिपी है ज़रा सब्र का फल चख़ के तो देखो, इसी में तुम्हारी सफलता छिपी है। ग़लत रास्ते बहुत कुछ कराते हैं यह हमें धोरवा भी देते हैं
कभी एक-एक रास्ता नाप के देखा है वही हमें सही रास्ता दिखाते है

अलतमा यास्मीन
डीडी जैन कॉलेज ऑफ एजूकेशन, लुधियाना
इन्हीं रास्तों में तुम्हारा भविष्य है
जो स्वयं तुम्हारी प्रतीक्षा कर रहा है, इतना गर्व न करो तुम खुद पर, भविष्य तुमको चुनौती देने की प्रतीक्षा कर रहा है।

नाकाम हो गये तो कभी रूठना मत,
चुनौतियों को पार करते जाना, प्रतीक्षा नये दिन की झलक है, इसे ऐसे ना गँवाओ, यदि इस पल की खो दिया तो यहाँ तुम्हारा कल असफल है। प्रतीक्षा को कभी बोझ न समझो, यह कुछ करने का अवसर देती है, इसे कभी धूल का गुबार मत समझो, यह कुछ करने की चुनौती देती है। हमें कामयाबी भी हासिल होती है, हमें नाकामयाबी भी हासिल होती है, अगर कामयाबी को दोबारा पाना है तो सफलता की प्रतीक्षा कर के देखो।
जिन्दगी में कभी बुरे काम मत करो, यह तुम्हारा अधर्म है स्वर्ग को भी तुम्हारी प्रतीक्षा है नेक कर्म करना तुम्हारा धर्म है। समय तुम्हारे साथ भी है समय तुम्हारा भविष्य भी है समय भी तभी उज्ज्वल होगा, जब प्रतिक्षा भी समय के साथ हो। ये दो पहलू कभी अलग नही थे, ये दो पहलू अलग हो नहीं सकते समय के साथ चलो तुम कभी यह धोखा़ा नही देगा , प्रतीक्षा करना तुम्हारा फ़र्ज है, फिर कभी यह बाधा नहीं बनेगा

## मिट्टी, माँ और रवुश्बू

आशुतोष मिश्रा
डीएवी कॉलेज, सैक्टर-10, चंडीगढ़

यह गली है वीरान सी जहाँ घर है मेरा और एक जलता-बुझता लैम्प पोस्ट है और एक भी पेड़ नहीं है, बस मेरा घर और सौ घर अब इंसानों के जंगल में रहता हूँ-ममें मुर्गे से जल्दी उठकर उसी दिशा में भागना जिधर लाखों और रोज़ जाते हैं मर मर कर रोज़ लौटता हूँ पर भूलता नहीं की कल भी जाना है उसी जगह सलाम ठोकने और ठोकरे खाने को

तैयार भी होता हूँ सदा
और इत्र डाले गुलामी को निकलता हूँ मैं।
कुछ अर्सा बीत गया है
ज़िन्दगियाँ कई बदल चुके हैं पर
वक्त वहीं खडड़ा तकता है, हाँ उसी जगह पर
जहाँ से मैं आगे निकल गया
पर सच कहता हूँ, वह जगह नही निकली मुझसे और आज भी शनिवार को कुछ आँसू बहाकर अन्दर ही अन्दर रोता हूँ मैं। वह जगह, वह ज़मी जहाँ पहली दफा रोया था, हँसा था और जहाँ प्यार का मोल पता चलता था वह जगह रोज़ रात आती है
पलकों को खटखटाकर सपने सुन्दर दिखाती है एक सौंधी खुश्बू साथ अपने ले आती है

और शायद नींद में ही सही, अपने सारे ग़मों को भूल जाता हूँ मैं। कोसों दूर उस जगह को पुकारते
किस नाम से अब पता नहींपर यह खबर है की फुलकारी जैसा आसमान

कोयल के सुरीले गीत और
ट्रैक्टर की आवाज़ से तेज़ चिल्लाना और रोज़ रात को माँ के हाथ का खाना रोटियों का हिसाब ज़रूर भुला देती थी, पर यह सारी बातें सन्दूक में बन्द रखता हूँ मैं।
और जब भी याद आती उस रोशनदान की जिसके नीचे बैठ पढ़ता था, या वो नदी किनारे बैठकर पत्थर उछालना, तो धीरे से निकाल लेता हूँ वही सन्दूक और एक नर्म सा आँसू महसूस होता है
जिसमें मेरी माँ की चूड़ियों की आवाज है, मेरे बाप की फटकार और मेरी हीर के हाथों के हलवे का स्वाद है इन सबको आँखो के सामने देख रो पड़ता हूँ मैं।
एक दिन आएगा जब भाग जाऊँ यहाँ से और फिर माँ की गोद में रवकर सिर सो जाऊँ और उस ज़मी को चूमूँ जिसकी साँसों में एक खुश्बू है

वो खुश्बू उठा लाऊंगा इस बार और
संदूक भर पूरी मैं
वह खुशू अपनी मिटटी की जो थक गई है
राह तकते तकते मेरी
'ए मिट्टी मेरी साँसों में खुश्वू भर, संदूक लेकर आता हूँ मैं।'

## यदि मैं अध्यापक होता

शेरी शर्मा
डीएवी कॉलेज ऑफ एजूकेशन, अबोहर

मैं उस देश का वासी हूँ, जो गुरु जग में कहलाए। चाणक्य, एस राधाकृष्णन की पावन धरा यह, शिक्षा का मान बढ़ाए।

युग बीते, युगांतर बीते, समय नित प्रतिदिन बदलता जाए।
जिस गुण से पाई थी पहचान, विशाल जगत में, उसकी नब्ज़ क्यों रुकती जाए?
शिक्षा का स्तर घटता देखव,
एक ख्याल मस्तिष्क में आता,
यदि मैं अध्यापक (शिक्षक) होता,
तो अवश्य इस दीपक की बाती बन जाता।
जलता- तपता, तपता- जलता,
भले ही राख मेरी बन जाए।
परन्तु दृढ़ मन से लिया प्रण मेरा,
उस बुझी रारव से चिंगारी उठाए।
भूले - भटके बालकों को,
उन्नति का पथ दिखलाऊँ।
लरजे कदम उनके, यदि इस पथ पर, तो मैं साथी बन जाऊँ।

इतना अवश्य मैं ध्यान रखूँगा,
कभी भेदभाव, पद-लोलुपता हृदय में न आए।
चाहवान न रहे शिक्षा से वंचित,

निर्धनता, उसके आड़े न आए।
शिक्षा पर सबका पूर्ण अधिकार है,
द्वार विद्यालय के कभी बंद नहीं हुआ करते।
समानता सब में, यह प्रथम गुरु धर्म है, गुरु पक्ष-विपक्ष नहीं हुआ करते।

बदलते परिवेश में भ्रष्टाचार देखवकर,
मन संताप - सागर में उमड़ गया।
कई गुमनाम लोभी बेच रहे शिक्षा को,
यह क्या जुल्म गुरु-धरा पर हुआ।
सुन लो, रुदगर्ज शिक्षा के ठेकेदारो,
कागज-पत्र भले ही, बिका करते।
सफलता होती केवल उनके नसीब में
जो संघर्ष कर ज्ञान की राहों पर चला करते।
शिक्षक उस सूर्योदय की भांति,
जिसकी अरुणिमा घोर तम को भ्रमित कर दे।
भय लगे अज्ञानी तम को, वह प्रकाश आया,
लो प्रकाश आया
भ्रम में स्वयं को धवस्त कर दे।
शिक्षा का जन-जन में प्रसार,
जिसमें अग्रसर रहूँ सदा।
कलंक न लगने पाए, धवल कागज़ पर,
ऐसा कर्म मैं करूँ सदा।

## अनमोल वचन

अज्ञान के समान दूसरा कोई शत्रु नही है
जीत की इच्छा जीतने की पहली शर्त है
यदि पुस्तकों को महत्व देंगे तो पुस्तकें आपका महत्व बढ़ायेंगी
(2) सेवा उपासना की सबसे सार्थक पद्धति है

परिश्रिम वह तकनीक है जिससे असंभव संभव हो जाता है

- प्रेम प्राणी को पवित्र बना देता है।

व व्यवहार ही चरित्र का प्रतिबिंब होता है
जो परिवर्तन से सामंजस्य नहीं बिठा पाते वे पिछड़ जाते हैं
कर्म के दर्पण में व्यक्तित्व का प्रतिबिंब झलकता है

कर्तव्य से विमुख होना चरित्र के पतन का आरंभ है
गनन ही मन का सर्व श्रेष्ठ व्यायाम है
जब तक जीवन है, तब तक चुनौतियाँ हैं
चुनौतियों में अवसर भी विद्यमान होता है

- विचार कर्म का बीज है
- अनुशासन सफलता का प्रमुख उपकरण है

ग गंभीर परिस्थिति में ही बुद्धिमत्ता का मंत्र निहित है
संयम इंसान का बेहतरीन गुण है

- ग़लतफहमी रखना ग़लती करने से ज़्यादा ख़तरनाक है


## हल नहीं है आत्महत्या

साक्षी
मालवा सेंट्रल कॉलेज आफ एजूकेशन, लुधियाना
रात के करीब ग्यारह बजे थे। धीमी गति से हवा चल रही थी। मौसम सुहावना था। परन्तु इस सुहावने मौसम में भी निशा सोच में डूबी बैठी थी। रो - रो कर उसकी आँखेें लाल थीं। उसने नज़रें कमरे की तरफ घुमाई। कमरे में बिल्कुल सन्नाटा था। खिड़की से थोड़ी रोशनी कमरे में पड़ रही थी। दो दिनों से वो इसी कमरे में बैठी थी। अन्न का एक दाना भी उसके गले में नही गया था। नजरें बार - बार कमरे में लगी उसकी शादी की फोटो पर चली जाती थी। कितनी खुश थी वो उस फोटो में। लेकिन अब मानों उसके सारे सपने ही टूट गए हों। उस तस्वीर की तरफ देखती और फिर बस रो जाती थी।
" मैं शादी नहीं करूँगी।"'जब भी निशा से शादी के बारे में पहछा जाता तो फटाक से वह यह कहा करती थी। फिर आगे बोलती, '‘मुझे अभी कुछ बनना है, कुछ कर के दिखाना है।' अपने शब्दों की पक्की निशा ने एम.ए. की और फिर उसे कॉलेज में लैक्चरार की आफर हुई। निशा ने खुशी से हाँ कह दी और फिर जब उसकी तनख्वाह पच्चीस हजा़र हुई तो उसके लिए लड़के देखवने शुरू किए गए। उसकी पसंद से उसके लिए रवि को चुना गया जो कि जाना- माना वकील था। शादी बहुत धूम-धाम से हुई। शादी के कुछ समय के पश्चात् उसे अपने ससुराल वालों का रवैया कुछ अटपटा लगने लग गया । उसकी सास उससे सीधे मुँह बात ना करती । निशा घर का सारा काम करके कॉलेज जाती और फिर वापिस आ कर भी सारा काम किया करती, परन्तु उसकी सास के व्यवहार में कुछ बदलाव ना था। एक दिन उसने हिम्मत करके पूछ ही लिया, '‘माँजी, मुझ से क्या कोई गलती हो गई है? जो आप मुझ से नाराज़ रहती हैं।' निशा की सास ने चिल्लाते हुए कहा " तेरे जैसी बहू के कारण ही तो मैं नाराज़ हूँ। अरे, मेरे बेटे के लिए बड़े - बड़े घर से रिश्ते आ रहे थे परन्तु फिर भी क्या दिमाग घूमा उसका कि उसने तुमे पसंद कर लिया। तेरे लिए उसने पन्द्रह - पन्द्रह लाखव नकदी को भी ठुकरा दिया। ' यह सुनकर तो मानो निशा के पाँव के नीचे से जमीन ही खिसक गई। हकलाते हुए बोली, 'आप कहना क्या चाहती है माँ जी ?'' निशा की सास बोली, " देख बहू मेरे बेटे ने तेरे लिए पन्द्रह-पन्द्रह लाखव ठुकरा दिए। इतना नुकसान हुआ। तेरे घर वाले कम से कम सात लाख तो दे दी सकते हैं न?', निशा को मानों जैसे अपनी कानों पर विश्वास ही ना हुआ। अकस्मात ही बोल उठी, 'क्या सच में आज कल के जमाने में भी यह सब होता। वो भी पढ़े लिखे परिवारो में। माँ जी अगर आपको दहेज ही चाहिए था तो पहले क्यों नहीं माँगा। माँ जी ने कहा, यह दहेज नहीं है, ये तुम्हारे और रवि के काम आएंगे।' ' इससे पहले वह कुछ और बोलती निशा वहां से गुस्से में चली गई। सीधा रवि के आफिस गई और उसे सारी बात बताई परन्तु रवि के विचार और इस रूप से वह वाकिफ ना थी। रवि ने उसे अपनी माँ की मानने के लिए कहा कि जैसा वह कहती है वैसा ही करो। वो आगे बोला। 'निशा, मैं तुमसे बहुत प्यार करता हूँ लेकिन मैं अपने माँ - बाप से भी बहुत प्यार करता हूँ। जैसे वह कहते हैं, वैसा ही होगा' ' निशा ने जब कहा कि पच्चीस हजार रुपए महीना कमाती है, क्या ये कम नहीं और ये भी कि पैसे इतना जरूरी नहीं तो रवि ने उसे कहा कि वो सात लारव रूपय एक बार मँगवा लेगी तो सब कुछ ठीक हो जाएगा। बहुत झगड़े हुए यहाँ तक कि निशा ने पुलिस की धमकी भी दी परन्तु किसी ने उसकी बात नहीं सुनी और अन्त निशा को कमरे में बंद कर दिया गया। और अब दो दिनों से वह इसी कमरे में बंद थी।

कमरे का दरवाजा खुला और रवि अंदर आया। निशा ने घड़ी की तरफ नजर घुमाई तो सात बज चुके थे। रवि वकील की पोशाक में था। कमरे में आया, निशा की तरफ देखा और आगे बढ़ा, फिर पलंग पर आकर बैठ गया। निशा ने उसकी तरफ देखा और मन ही मन सोचने लगी कि जब शायद रवि उसे मनाएगा और माफी माँगेगा। वह आशा भरी निगाहों से उसकी तरफ देख रही थी। रवि ने अपना गला साफ किया और बोला, " कैसी हो निशा?' ' निशा हल्का सा मुस्कुराई और सिर हिला दिया। रवि बोला, " तो फिर क्या सोचा तुमने? क्या घर वालों से बात करोगी?' ' निशा उसकी तरफ आँखे बड़ी - बड़ी कर के देख ही रही थी कि रवि ने निशा का फोन अपनी कोट की जेब से निकाला और उसकी तरफ बढ़ाते हुए कहा, " ये लो अपनी माँ से बात करो। निशा ने आँखों में आए आसुओं को साफ किया और फोन लेकर माँ से बात की परन्तु सात लाखव की बात नहीं की । और फोन बंद करके रवि को लौटा दिया। दोनों में बहस हुई और अन्त रवि ने निशा को घर से निकल जाने को कहा। निशा ने उसे कहा कि वह नहीं जाएगी। परन्तु उसे घर से बाहर लाकर खड़ा कर दिया गया।

रोते - रोते निशा अपनी माँ के घर पहुँची और सारी बात माँ की बता दी । सारी बातें सुनकर माँ की आँखों में भी आँसू आ गये। निशा की जिन्दगी मानों बेजार हो गई थी। रवि को बहुत फोन मिलाए परन्तु उस ने कोई भी फोन ना उठाया। आस-पड़ोस के लोग दो महीने की शादी में ही घर पे आने का कारण पछछने लगे। वे तरफ-तरफ की बातें करने लगे। एक दिन जब निशा कॉलेज से घर आ रही थी तो मुहल्ले की कुछ औरतें घर के बाहर बैठी थीं। "अरे, ये तो निशा है ना शर्मा जी की बेटी"' आवाज़ आई। "अरे हाँ, सुना है दो हफ्ते से माइके में ही है" एक और आवाज़ आई। कोई बोला '"सुना है इसके पति ने घर से बाहर निकाल दिया।' और किसी ने कहा, ' हाँ, ये पढ़ी-लिखी लड़कियां अपनी जुबान पर लगाम लगाना तो जानती नहीं तो ऐसा ही होगा।' ऐसी बातें निशा के शरीर में काँटे जैसे चुभती थीं। उसने घर से बाहर निकलना बंद कर दिया और कॉलेज जाना भी बंद कर दिया। सारा दिन एक जगह पर बैठी वह घंटों तक सोचती रहती थी। माँ को इस बात की बड़ी चिन्ता थी। डॉक्टर ने बताया कि निशा डिप्रैशन का शिकार हो गई है । हँसती - खेलती, व चुलबुली सी

निशा कहीं खो गई थी। और ये, ये तो कोई और ही निशा थी। जो ना हँसती थी ना बोलती थी। निशा की कॉलेज की नौकरी भी चली गई। अब वो पूरी तरह से अपने घर वालों पर निर्भर हो गई थी। निशा का घर पर रहना उसकी भाभी की मंजर नहीं था। वह उसे ताने मारती रहती थी जो निशा के सीने में सुई की तरह चुभते थे। कभी बैठे - बैठे हँस पड़ती और कभी रोने लग जाती थी। रिश्तों पर बहुत विश्वास था निशा को। रिश्तों का टूटना शायद वो बर्दाश्त नहीं कर पा रही थी। सारा दिन उसके कानों में उसकी सास की बातें घमने लग जातीं । बार - बार रह- रह कर रवि का चेहरा उसकी आँखोों के सामने आता था। निशा उम्मीद लगा कर बैठी थी कि रवि उसे लेने आएगा। परन्तु वह नही आया। दो महीने इन्तजार में ही बीत गए।
एक दिन घर में माँ और निशा अकेले थे। तभी दरवाजे पर रवट-रवट हुई। सोच में डूबी निशा की तरफ देख कर माँ ने उदासी भरी आह ली और उठ कर दरवाजा खोला। डाकिया डाक लेकर आया था। पता चला कि डाक रवि ने निशा के लिए भेजी है। जब माँ ने रवि का नाम पड़ा तो खुशी से झूम उठी, बोली, '‘माँ रवि ने जरूर लिखा होगा निशा वापिस आ जाओ।' ' माँ उसकी तरफ देखकर बहुत खुश हुई और अंदर आ कर बोली, '‘उसे खोलो तो सही।' ' निशा ने एक ही झटके में उसे खोल दिया और पढ़ने लगी। ाँ ने उससे पत्र छीना तो पता चला कि वो तलाक के कागज थे। आँसू भरी आँखों से निशा की तरफ देखा तो वो जमीन पर बैठ चुकी थी। और रो रही थी। निशा की माँ उसे चुप करवा रही थी तभी निशा एक दम से उठी और कमरे का दरवाजा बंद कर लिया। माँ ने कमरे का दरवाज़ा रवटखटाया। परन्तु आवाज न आने पर जब ाँ ने खिड़की में से झाँका तो देखा कि निशा पंरे से दुपट्टे को बाँध रही थी। ये देखकर माँ की आँखों के आगे अंधेरा छा गया अपनी बेटी को हारकर मौत को गले लगाते हुए देखवकर मानों माँ का दिल ही टूट गया। हल्की आवाज में बोली " ये तुम क्या कर रही हो,' ' निशा रोते हुए माँ की तरफ और बोली, ' माँ मै जीना नही चाहती । मैंने सब कुछ खो दिया। अब जीने के लिए कुछ नहीं बचा। तुमने ही कहा था ना कि मुझे मेरे ससुराल वालों की सब बातें माननी हैं, मैने सब कुछ किया माँ, परन्तु अपने घर-परिवार को नही बचा पाई मैं अब जीना नहीं चाहती। लोग कहते है कि कमी सिर्फ मुझमें है। मैं ही अपने परिवार वालों को रुुश नहीं रख पाई । मैं जा रही हूँ..... माँ मैं जा रही हूँ। ' ' ये सुनकर माँ ने जोर से अपने दोनों हाथों से ताली बजाई और बोली, " वाह बेटा वाह! क्या बहाना बनाया है तुमने मुश्किलों से भागने का, मुझे नही पता था कि मेरी बेटी इतनी डरपोक है। आज पहली बार निशा पहली बार तुमने मेरा और अपने पिता जी का सिर शर्म से झुकाया है। मैं नहीं जानती थी कि तुम इतनी कमजोर हो सकती हो। आज मुझे लग रहा है कि जितना पैसा भी हमने तुम्हारी पढ़ाई - लिखाई में लगाया, वो सब बरबाद हो गया। अरे, तुम तो पढ़ी - लिखी बेवकूफ निकली । जब तुम पांचवी कक्षा में थी ना तब तुमने भाषण प्रतियोगिता में पहला पुरस्कार प्राप्त किया था जिसमें तुमने औरत को सबला कहा था पर आज वो पुरस्कार, वो भी शायद गलत हाथों में है। आज तुम इस बात को साबित कर रही हो कि औरत अबला ही है। वो जितना मर्जी पढ-लिख ले पर वो रहेगी आदमी के पैर की जूती है। बिल्कुल सही कर रही हो तुम। लोग तुम्हें दोषी ठहरा रहे हैं लोग तो बोलेंगे ही लेकिन क्या मैंने या तुम्हारे पिता ने तुमसे कुछ कहा-नहीं। जानती हो बेटा जब तुम मेरे पेट में थी, तो तुम्हारी दादी को पता लग गया था कि तुम एक लड़की हो, तब उन्होंने मुझे साफ-साफ कह दिया था कि तुम इस दुनिया में नहीं आओगी। यहाँ तक की तुम्हारे पिता भी कुछ ना कर पा रहे थे। लेकिन मैने कसम राई थी कि तुम्हें इस दुनिया में लेकर आऊँगी। चाहे उसके लिए मुझे तुम्हारे पिता से क्यों ना लड़ना पड़े? समझाने पर तुम्हारे पिता समझ गए और फिर सबके विरोध के बावजूद भी तुम इस दुनिया में आई। मुझे लगा था कि तुम दुनिया के लिए एक मिसाल बनोगी। जब तुम रवि का घर छोड़कर आई थी तब मुझे तुम पर बहुत गर्व हुआ था लेकिन आज, मुझे लग रहा है कि काश तुम पैदा ही नहीं होती। आज मुझे खुद पर इतनी शर्म ना आती। मरना चाहती हो मर जाओ तुम्हें देखकर कल दस और निशा यह करेंगी । यह सुनकर निशा ज़ोर ज़ोर से रोने लगी और बोली, '‘मुझे माफ कर दो माँ।"' निशा की माँ बोली "बेटा कदम - कदम पर तुम्हें मुश्किलें मिलेंगी। पर इसका मतलब यह तो नहीं कि हम हार मान लें, तुम पढ़ी - लिखी हो, उठो आगे बढ़ो और दुनिया को दिखा दो तुम क्या कर सकती हो' ' निशा ने दरवाजा खोला और बाहर आई और माँ के गले से लिपट कर बोली , ' 'माँ मुझे माफ कर दो, ये जिंदगी मुझे तुमने और भगवान् ने दी है मुझे कोई हक नहीं इसे छीनने का । पता नहीं मुझे क्या हो गया था। मैं यह क्या करने जा रही थी। मैं कमजोर नहीं जो मुँह छिपाकर आत्महत्या कर लूँ। माँ बोली 'बेटटी वो तुम्हें तलाक देना चाहता है ना तो, जाओ दे दो उसे तलाक और दिखा दो उसे कि उसकी लाख कोशिशों के बाद भी तुम नही टूटी। उन तमाम औरतों के लिए एक मिसाल बनो जो आत्महत्या करने पर मजबूर हो जाती हैं। समझाओ उन्हें कि आत्महत्या किसी बात का हल नहीं। समाज की बुराइयां इतनी हैं कि कदम - कदम पर मुश्किलें भी आएंगी। वजह चाहे जो भी हो आत्महत्या किसी बात का हल नहीं।' निशा बोली, '‘ाँ मेरी कोई गलती नही।' ' कह कर निशा ने आँसू साफ किए और बोली ' 'मैं अभी आई।' कमरे के अन्दर गई और कपड़े बदल कर बाहर आई और फिर माँ को लेकर वकील के पास गई। उसने अपने पति पर और उसके परिवार पर मुकदमा किया और अपने ऊपर लगे दोषों को गलत साबित किया।
कुछ समय पश्चात् निशा बिल्कुल ठीक हो गई। उसने कॉलेज में फिर से अपनी जॉब ले ली। और अपने दम पर जीना शुरू किया। कॉलेज में अंग्रेजी पढ़ाने के साथ-साथ निशा आज एक काऊंसलर भी है जो स्टूडैंट्स की काऊंसलिंग करती है और उन्हें समझाती है कि '"मुश्किलें जो भी आएं आत्महत्या उसका हल नहीं। यह जिंदगी ईश्वर और माँ - बाप की देन है और इसे खत्म करने का हमें कोई हक नहीं।'

देवलोक का वातावरण बहुत ही सुनहरा था। भगवान बहुत समय से अपने कक्ष में बैठे कुछ लिख रहे थे। उनका मन बहुत ही प्रसन्न था। यह प्रसन्नता उनके मुख पर साफ झ्ञल रही थी। देवदूत से रहा नहीं गया।
'भगवान, आप बहुत प्रसन्न लग रहे हैं,' देवदूत ने भगवान से पूछा।
'हाँ बात ही कुछ ऐसी है,' भगवान ने कहा।
'बात क्या है? आप इतने समय से क्या लिख रहे हैं ', देवदूत ने पूछा।
मैं एक बहुत ही महत्वपूर्ण कार्य कर रहा हूँ। मैं एक कन्या का भाग्य लिख रहा हूँ' भगवान ने कहा।
देवदूत यह सुनकर बहुत ही हैरान हुआ।
'इसमें क्या बड़ी बात है।आप तो हर रोज़ कितने ही लोगों का भाग्य लिखते है' देवदूत ने कहा।
'यह कोई आम कन्या नहीं है। यह एक छोटे से गाँव की कन्या है, जो कुछ ही महीनों में पृथ्वी पर जन्म लेगी', भगवान ने कहा।
'इस कन्या का भाग्य बहुत ही अच्छा होगा। यह बहुत ही पढ़ेगी एवं अपने माता-पिता का नाम रोशन करेगी। इसके भाई माता-पिता को बुढ़ापे में बेसहारा छोड़ देंगे। केवल यह कन्या ही उनके बुढ़ापे का सहारा बनेगी', भगवान ने कहा। भगवान यह सब देवदूत को बताकर, फिर से भाग्य लिखने के कार्य में लग गए।

देवदूत के मन में फिर से एक बात आई।
'भगवान यह कन्या ससुराल जा कर अपने माता-पिता की सेवा कैसे करेगी' , देवदूत ने पूछा। भगवान हँसने लगे।
‘यही तो खास है इस कन्या में । यह एक बहुत ही समझ़दार कन्या है । यह अपनी इसी समझ़दारी से सभी का मन जीत लेगी और अपनी हर बात भी मनवा लेगी, भगवान ने कहा।

अब देवदूत को यह समझ़ आ गया था, कि इस कन्या का भाग्य बहुत ही अच्छा है। यह अपने माता - पिता का नाम रोशन करेगी एवं उनके बुढ़ापे का एकमात्र सहारा बनेगी। देवदूत के जाने का समय आया। उसने भगवान को प्रणाम किया। देवदूत वहाँ से जाने ही वाला था, कि देखा, भगवान उदास हो गए थे।
क्या हुआ भगवान। आपके चेहरे पर उदासी कैसी' देवदूत ने पूछा।
मैंने जो भी तुमसे कहा, वह अब सच नहीं हो सकता,' भगवान ने कहा।
'क्या! आप ऐसा क्यों कह रहे हैं, 'देवदूत ने पूछा। क्योंकि उसके माता-पिता ने उस कन्या के जन्म से पहले ही उसकी उसकी हत्या कर दी है ?' भगवान ने कहा।
'ओह! इतनी कठोरता,अपनी ही कोख में पल रही बच्ची के लिए,' देवदूत ने कहा।
'मूर्व हैं यह पृथ्वी वासी जो अपने अच्छे भाग्य को खुद की लालसा के लिए लात मार देते हैं। इन सामाजिक प्राणियों को केवल बेटों से मतलब है, चाहे वह समाज को नरक ही क्यों न बना दें, 'भगवान यह कहकर अपने कक्ष से बाहर चले गए।

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## Write and Share

Limitations live only in our minds. But if we use our imaginations, our possibilities become limitless.
-Jamie Paolinetti
In the process of creating the current issue of Jawaan Tarang 2018, as I was proofreading and editing the various articles written by the prize-winning contestants, a very crucial and important thought crossed my mind - how many of the featured student-writers would get an opportunity to keep on writing and sharing their ideas either as a profession or as a hobby in the times to come? I am presuming that these student-writers are fond of writing and therefore, they have put in effort to reach a mark of distinction amidst tough competition at the Youth Fest and bagged prizes beating numerous fellow competitors.
As competition gets tough, finding willing publishers becomes difficult. Some writers fulfil the market demands and some get lucky. Hence, contrary to the ideal democratic condition, many valid and novel voices do not get the break required to reach out to the public. Well, fret not! The current times are exciting and experimental - there is a new and nonviolent revolution taking place in the world. Like the English Renaissance of the sixteenth century saw a proliferation of texts and writers which was facilitated by the invention of the Gutenberg Press, many centuries later, a more massive and intensive communication technology happening at the digital world is making loads of matter, material and information available at the world wide web platform. It is also provides limitless opportunities to those who are looking to create and share their content with the world on the internet.
These two inventions, although brought about in completely different time periods, have had huge impacts on the world in the areas of education, history, communication and many others. While the printing press began the revolution of the written word, the Digital New Media came about and transformed the means of communication entirely. Both of these inventions have been world changing and evolutionary.
In Renaissance Europe, the introduction of the above mentioned printing press can be considered as the first instrument of change. It initiated the world to a practice called mass communication which permanently impacted and altered the structure of society making it democratic and pluralistic. Digital New Media available on the internet is now replacing Mass Media and a lot of effort and time is utilised in developing it.
It is this on-line prospect that I would like to encourage our student-writers to explore and grab the chance to write and share. Reach out to the world and make an everlasting impact with the power of thinking and writing

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## Joint Families form Basis of an Ethical Society

## Sheenam Dhingra

RSD College, Ferozepur City, Punjab
In the opinion of the House, joint families form the basis of an ethical society (speaking for the motion) -

I'm really impressed by the sound rationale and practicality of the argument put forward by my worthy and learned opponents.
Of course! -Why live in a joint family?
Come on! - "We are all modern individuals, changing with the changing realities of the world", as my opponents said.
They very first opponent even said, "Ethics are mere morals, let's objectify them!"
Objectifying morals!?-Perfect!
One of them even said, "Joint families are ugly battle fields, with an old mother-in-law poking her ugly nose in our extremely personal affairs" - Spot on!
After all, what remains in the concept and practice of ethics and morals? These are mere folklores and ancient stories from the time of Baba Aadam.

Granted!- This is the era of absolute, individual, personal and private self, free from bondages and servitude.

Agreed! - Living in harmony and togetherness is outdated, archaic and obviously not cool enough. But wait, before we jump into a conclusion and hand over the trophy to the other side, I have a basic but indispensable question - Haven't we lost ourselves in the jungle of personal pronouns I, me, myself, leaving behind the all-important ethics and ethical society?

According to a famous philosopher Slavoj Zizek, ethics are not some transcendental values driving their force from some metaphysical entity. Like you, me and us - they too are profane, earthly and mundane. Ethics constitute commitment! - a commitment for the otherness of other, a commitment against self.
Zizek rightly explains the commitment and approach to ethics when he says,

- I know I cannot go on, but I will definitely go on
- I know I cannot share my personal space happily but I'm ready to do it for my commitment
- I know my Self which is not willing to adjust with the other, but I will never allow my Self to encroach the other.

My friends are making huge proclamations about joint families hindering personal growth - that
personal growth, for which only sky is the limit. And what kind of an ethical society does it result in? A peek into a modern family reveals the following stark reality, old, fragile parents, sitting far away, one suffering with diabetes and other, a patient of asthma, waiting to be one with death

- husband and wife, living under one roof like paying guests, like those unstable atoms banging against the walls in search of stability
- let's also examine the little ones, who are more comfortable with their toys, gadgets and nannies.
With such an environment for the future generations, are we going to build an ethical or even a stable society for tomorrow?
Let's come out of the fool's paradise and see the reality - we are heading into a world of sociopaths!
The famous sociologist Green defines social interactions as mutual influences that groups and individuals have on one another while they attempt to solve problems and strive for a common goal. In that spirit, aren't joint families the microcosm of society?
Isn't it a beautiful sight to see seven people living together! Not curbing each other's freedom, as some of you think, but supporting and caring for each other.
They are like the different colours of the rainbow, different in content, yet complementing each other to form a beautiful structure. A space where three generations - kal, aaj aur kal - interact with each other, accepting the otherness of other, respecting the otherness of other.

Isn't it a perfect example of verity illuminating itself every other thing?
This is what an ethical society means!
This is how society has always worked!
And this, my friends, is what a joint family truly symbolises!

# How Blissful is the Nature 

Japleen Kaur
GGDSD College Chandigarh
Sail pathar meh jant upaa-ay taa kaa rijak aagai kar Dhari-aa

- From rocks and stones He created living beings; He places their nourishment before them.

I looked up the dictionary and the very definition that instantly popped up stated, "Nature is the material world surrounding the humankind and existing independently of human activities." Well, I disagree. I believe that nature is the entire prodigious universe with all its magical phenomenon. It is the beautiful bounty bestowed upon us by the Creator Himself; the very bounty that has taken care of each one of us. Pause for a moment. Just imagine your lives without fruit, food and water. I bet that you'd soon realise that there won't be one.
We hear the word 'Nature' and immediately stuff our brains with mountains, trees, chirping birds and what not. It has become such a cliche to talk about it, with little realisation of its pristine essence. Right from the air we are breathing to the tiny invisible bacteria present on this mic; to the clothes you're wearing to the dust that is present on this dais; everything is a part of nature which has become an indispensable tool of our lives. We often forget to look beyond our formulated horizons and absorb the unsung lessons that nature has to offer. Look around you, how the pouring rain filters the atmosphere of all the dirt and advocates the cleansing of all negativities from your lives, once in a while. How the ocean encourages us to never give up by refusing to stop kissing the shoreline no matter how many times it is sent away. How spotting the twinkling stars in utter darkness teaches us to seek hope and light in a sky full of darkness and despair. How the snake sheds away its skin and tells you to make way for growth and a better version of yourself. And finally, how the earth seems so calm, so still, yet supports an entire ecosystem.
Talking about nature, it become almost inevitable to mention about the link between nature and poetry. Poets like Robert Frost, William Wordsworth, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, John Keats were all poets inspired by nature.Who doesn'tremember Wordsworth's 'Daffodils' where he ponders -
I wander lonely as cloud that floats high over vales and hills, When all at once I saw a crowd, a host of Golden Daffodils. He imparts that how in a world full of so much toxicity, so much negativity; as simple an element of nature as daffodil can bring you the solicited calm and peace.
The beauty possessed by nature indeed can't be deciphered by any set of words put together. Have you ever looked at a tree in a bright moonlit night? Or maybe the changing hues of the leaves just like this season? The view is striking. Not because of how it appears but by the calmness it possesses. The leaves, the trees, the clouds, the stars- the whole nature leaves you speechless. I feel like communicating this to nature, "You are immensely beautiful, but as I earlier said, it's so difficult to bring my love into words for you."
I recently witnessed a video of the renowned author Kris Carr speaking at a conference in New York City. One thing that stood out in particular was Kris' suggestion, "If you ever struggle with mastering patience, acceptance or any lesson, look up to the nature as your teacher. Ask how the stars do it? How does the ocean do it? How do the birds do it? And you will find an illustration of how you should do it." That indeed strikes a strong chord in one's heart, because you finally get to look up to something to seek answers you have been desperately searching for.
I might conclude my views here but the earth won't ever conclude its beautiful ongoing phenomenon and making way for you to grow and glow.
The earth has beauty to offer for those who choose to see.
The earth has music to compose for those who choose to listen.
The earth had plethora of love to give for those who choose to receive.
Balihaari kudrat vaseya, tere ant na jaye lakheya.

## Intolerance

## Sherril Arora

Heavens wailed! Ominous light in the sky
"It's a girl, the child", clouds then pour and cry.
Mother unlike rest did not astir, why?
Craddled religiously her crimson child with a sweet, soft lullalby.

Tattered months of a messy fest, She grew like a doll, beautiful breast which heaved like a vision of woeful lapwig's crest.
All hail, all fine
She was a girl, umpteen dreams in line.
Umpteen mountains to par and umpteen stars to resign
All hail, all fine, as big as heaven's size
his kisses, his arms, oh! his sugar brown eyes -
fell in love with an angel! my dear fearflies!
(wicked breeze)
She wanted every night, the moment to freeze (wicked crease)
the bed of linen, their heart, a locked sieze.
He is delusional! I scream, I sigh!
Impatient I, I would chisel him, Goodbye!
Oh sweet, you ain't no mistake; we all come here, we try.
One day, under a thunderous purple moonlight
'sold' her hands to streets of evil, malice, very tight.
It is a labyrinth, my dear
Fight, every night! Fight, every night!
And thus, she drowned into a filthy well
Land of monsters, loud of Lucius, oh well!
Hues of disaster, we cannot hear, she cannot tell.
No skin, no bones, a living corpse was she
Like the paints, she was scraped, no plea.
Was kicked hard and often. Did he triumph, 'HE'?
No splendour of the night
Oh tender of the night
"Can't be an ebony bride", they bite
I am relentless, as the roar of might
I am relentless as the ocean, I write! I write!
She too had a life, "many promises to keep".
And now "miles to go before she sleeps"
And "miles to saw before she sleeps".
Light the cigar and smoke the skies
Even if the world ends, either in "fire or ice"
A predicament, a plight, I cannot suffice
Even this musket paper, oh dear, how can suffice?
Trafficking

## Human Relations

We are engulfed by near dear ones
But the love is lost in mother and sons
There's a fake smile on face
Even the most dearest ignores in many ways
Gone are the day of care
Now everyone hesitates to share
The blood relations are ready to desert
Eyes are misty, it really hurts
Relations became colourless, I wonder who's the painter
Like the pale yellow grass, love becomes fainter
We have mortgaged our conscience to money
The sour relations were once like honey
Come let's again engage in mischief
And steal others' hearts like a thief
We need to revive in relations the past glory
And write again a marvellous story.


##  <br> -महाभी टिद्रार्तंस

## Let us Breathe Fragrance

Let us breathe fragrance, Not of the flowers, Or of the grass after rain,

But of the blood that flows in vain.
Armies of the walking dead,
Metal on their bodies and in their hands,
Wreaking havoc as they march ahead.
Blood on their hands,
And no guilt on their minds,
Corrupted souls and corrupted conscience,
Moving hollow shells of men....

Bloodshed, wailing, mourning,
As far as the eyes could see.
Masses gathered on fallowland,
At each other's throats,
Carriers of death and doom.

Mothers crying and mourning,
Over the bodies of their sons.
Blind, deaf and oblivious,
Men march ahead,
Destroying families and homes.
Amidst all the chaos,
Let us breathe in the vanity of humankind.

Killing in the name of God,
In the name of religion,
Tearing lives apart,
With metal crept in their hearts.
How far bygone are men?
Brother killing brother,
Lovers torn apart,
And lands turned red,
Drowning in the lust for power,
Humanity fades away.
Amidstall the hatred,
When did peace ever have a chance?

How many more?
How many more lives,
For people to realize,
The value of human life, The value of a mother's tears,

The consequences of thoughtless actions,
The need for compassion,
To turn things around.

Let us breathe in the beauty of nature,
Let us breathe in the love and peace,
To move out of the darkness,
And into the morning light.

## If I Were a Teacher

Khalsa College of Education Muktsar
Sometimes, when I think of education system, My conscious begins to groan.
Oh! what a type of education system is it?
Where student scream and teachers moan.
Education ought to provide us with the wisdom wings,
To soar high, keeping the world at wingtip.
But what if education become a business?
Some suspiciously submerging students' ship.
Then I start fantasising a world,
Where education is a service but not trade.
And what if I myself were a teacher?
How would I help? -it is "CLEARLY VAGUE"-
I would do this, I would do that, I dream of making reforms in teaching profession.

A teacher's job is as noble as heaven.
I know it requires immense patience and dedication.
Firstly, I would try to be a student's friend and guide,
So that they might pour their hearts out.
And I would try to stuff them with courtesy,
So that "they could be calm and their talents shout".
Millions of thoughts, cross my mind, I barely can explain.
In short, I'll burn as a candle to enlighten student's path, So the "nation builders" can opt God's desired lane.
"Altruism" is a key quality, a teacher should inculcate, To teach student the same.
Also, talking of "ANGEL" and doing of "DEVIL", I consider as "firmly lame".

Then I stop fantasising as it hardly helps, To carve the world as desired.
So get up and start sculpting your "Eutopia"
Let every "CLAY" (student) and it's "SHAPER" (Teacher) be "inspired".

## Home

Vidisha Kaushik
MCM DAV College Sector 36, Chandigarh
A soil that smells like an old memory
Landscapes designed to evaporate every kind of worry.
Droplets that descend from the heavens and the eyes These sunrays are perfumed with unforgettable ancient ties.

Symphonies from wooden boxes and grandma's pickled jars The jasmine jungle juxtaposed against a world without cars.

Smiles shared to create a time forever frozen still Wisps of wild grass left in the air behind that violet hill.

Thousands of thoughts travel back to the same old place through countless alleys and labyrinths, just to find solace. The pavement has our footprints eternally carved on its soil to embrace our tired souls and protect them from the toil.

Cries of chaos forgotten, such is this little dreamland like a drowning old man getting a helping hand.
A place that radiates light and hides the shadow like a mother's feelings of warmth that will ever glow.

The music of the dragonflies that fly in the farms The feeling of coming back and falling in someone's arms.

The sweetness of food redolent with clarified butter The overdue apology to the parents that make us stutter.

Sights and sounds that touch us to our very bone A nostalgic reunion of all the thoughts and memories known.

Countless tears shed and laughter reverberated it's a visit to our crafted stories that were always fated.

Every place breathed in, every stranger we've ever met our beings are made up of all that we give and all that we get a place to sing mankind's eternal song
Home is where we will always belong.

## Abode

PG Government College for Girls Sector 11, Chandigarh

From my real home,
The high heavens above,
A fairy, an elf, a gnome,
Hurtled me down like a dove.
Pink-bodied and mute,
I lay in a hospital crib,
Oblivious to the fawnings of those

- who found me cute.

A croon, a nudge, a fib, were bestowed upon my doze.

My Supreme Godfather,
Had sent me to a mortal mother,
Whose arms became my solace,
As I slowly came out of the daze.
Mother's weepy eyes,
Father's content sighs,
Welcomed me in their home,
Their familial dome.
What entails a home?
My simple childlike mind, Questions my mom.
I curiously whined,
She laughed and patronised,
Said "home" is something precious and prized.

And because she brought me here,
In this strange place, oh so queer,

Only her words, I believe. upon her principles, I live.

Years and decades, go by in a flash.
Tears and facades,
Bruise and leaves a gash.
The world, I come to realize, Is a mean, unfair place.
A ruthless battle in order to rise, And hit the apex from the base.

A cold, callous world,
Where scores of mysteries are slowly unfurled.

But the home is safe.
Here its warm,
Even to the cold bones of a waif.
Here you find a cure, a balm.
Mother had deemed it precious,
A safety-net against all things vicious.
Mother had declared it prized,
A safe-harbour away from monsters disguised.
A place to lay down our heads,
A place our stomachs are fed.
Our humble abode,
To pray to the Great Lord.
It is our light at the end of the tunnel,
It is the meadow where our wings unfurl.
Home restores our strength,

When we exit the sorrowful labyrinth.
Home rejuvenates our soul,
After our heart is blackened by the dozen falls.
And now, when I look back,
And see the path I have travelled.
The failings and things Ilack,
I call out to my mother, so beloved.
My home wasn't four walls,
It was a person who is now lost.
The person who soothed my falls,
The person who comforted against the ghost.
My home was my mother.
The Supreme Godfather's Angel, my mother.
Now I see, Now Iknow,
And, in sheer reverence, Ibow.
Bent in half, I stand,
Facing a white rock, holding a hand.
My mother lies at peace,
In the depth of that grave.
I yearn for her hugs, her kiss,
Her words that make me brave.
My home is uprooted,
Snatched unaware from my arms.
Then the hand pulled and scooted,
Led me to a new home, away from harms.
It is time to unravel new life,

Holding the hand of my wife.
I'm sure my mother smiles,
From the high heavens where she now lives.
A torch, she ignites, to highlight the miles, I'm yet to explore and later reminisce.

The high heavens are now,
Her home and was once mine too.
It will someday again be mine too,
That Iknow.
Homes are changing,
Homes are fleeting.
But they are always a solace, A precious and prized place.
Not made of concrete or rocks or peeling paint, They comprise an unblemished love, never to taint.

Once my home was heavenly white,
Then it became motherly golden light.
Now, it will be my choice,
In which Home I choose to rejoice.
It will now be a home of my making,
Full of efforts painstaking,
It will be a home of my making!

## Nationalism

Vindhya Sood
Sri Aurobindo College Ludhiana

> "Two persons mercilessly beaten for not standing up during the National Anthem played in the movie theatre"

The news headline stunned the nation. It stared a debate among two segments of the country. One segment approved of the step taken by the outraged public while the other segment which disapproved the action criticized the animal like behaviour of public and sympathised with the two victims of growing jingoism. It is not very difficult to decide as to which view was right and which was wrong. "A group of individuals does not form a country, rather the feeling of oneness among them does"
Everyone loves one's country for it is the entity that provides them with freedom to live, work, earn and lead a peaceful and secure life. Borders of any country vows to protect its inhabitants.
India, an exemplar country for unity in diversity, the largest democracy in the world takes pride in its rich heritage, diverse culture and brave and ethical citizens. It proved its valour, unity and oneness during the freedom struggle of the nation which lasted for about 100 years beginning from the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857 to the final victory in 1947.

> "Indian Independence is not a gift from its colonial masters
> rather it smells of sweet and dearly loved blood, sweat, brotherhood and valour"

Today too, during a cricket match the whole nation cheers up the Indian team despite of everyone's difficult and busy schedule. Every citizen takes pride in gold, silver and bronze medals bagged by Indian athletes in Olympics and Paralympics. This is evident not only in the case of congratulatory and honourable moments but also on occasions where the situation is not so good:
"Nation marches up to get culprits of
Nirbhaya case their due share of penalty"
Nirbhaya was never considered as an individual entity separate from other individuals rather she was treated as the daughter of the whole nation. Nation moved to make sure justice is served.
"India won't give up her stand on Dokhlam issue"
The most recent incidence when China tried to cross the border and invade a part of Indian territory, valour of India and love for the country was evident at the borders.
A more enduring (physically as well as mentally) example, where the hardships of the common man of our country was witnessed, is that of demonetisation. Respected Prime Minister Mr Narendra Damodardas Modi promised Indians that such a step would make the country black-money free. And that was when the whole Nation, not for their individual gains but for the country's welfare, stood up together for hours and days in long serpentine queues.
"Demonetisation has never been implemented as peacefully as in India when compared to other nations"
It is no hidden fact that we all love our country. The problem arises only when there is an exaggerated display of nationalism. As it is seen in the case when freedom of speech is not conferred as a right when someone wants to express a negative opinion for government policies.
"Gau rakshaks beat up a Muslim on mere suspicion of cow slaughter".
Cow vigilantes become self-styled 'Hindutva protectors' and commit injustice and violence. One cannot
impose a majority religion on minority. India is a secular country which gives everyone the freedom to practice one's own religion without hurting the religious sentiments of others. This kind of jingoism in not ethical.
"Religion practitioners burn up the State, following death sentence verdict given to 'Guru'" Instances like these harm public property and goes against the very institution of nationalism.
Another aspect to be highlighted is terrorism and ensuing violence which pose a danger to the country's peace, prosperity and oneness.
"A new state called Telangana is formed, following the bifurcation of Andhra Pradesh".
Increasing Maoist and Naxalist activities in states like the Seven Sisters of North-East India, deters progress of nation. Divided states breed enmity between inhabitants and poisons relationships.
"Two students arrested on charges of sedition".
Sedition means to incite violence and to attempt to uproot the existing government and administrative system. Laws relating to it, have been misused to curtail freedom of speech. This should not happen as instead of protecting the nation's peace, it disrupts it.
In another scenario, we see -
"Water, water everywhere not a drop to drink".
Water is presumed to be the most plausible reason for the impending Third World War:
"Honorable Supreme Court strikes down, Punjab Termination of Agreement Act (PTAA). Orders to build SYL canal"
Indian states are fighting amongst themselves on issues like water. This is bound to create a divide in the nation and scar the national unity. Not only Punjab and Haryana but also states like Gujrat and Maharashtra are fighting on the issue of sharing of water (Sardar Sarover Singh Dam).
"Rohingaya Refugees a security threat to Nation"
It is for the sake of Nationalism, our love for our freedom and peace, that India is not giving shelter to the homeless Rohingaya's.
India has always been a country devoted to human cause as can be proved form the fact it has previously given shelter to refugees of Tibet, Sri Lankan Tamils (1980s), Hajongs and Chakma. But it has at the same time regretted as these refugees joined ISIS and LTTE (terrorist groups), harming India's peace and safety. It is due to this jeopardising danger that India is not welcoming refugees in spite of United Nation's (UN) constant criticism. India had paid a hefty price at the time of independence. It was divided into East Pakistan and West Pakistan, making pieces of the united country. Thereafter too, wars of 1962, 1999, riots of 1984,1992 and 2002 left India bleeding. The scars of divisions and riots have still not healed and they may remain forever. So it is our prime responsibility as citizens of India to protect it from further scars. The issues which are a threat to nationalism like terrorism, interstate disputes, excessive jingoism, and religious disputes need to be settled peacefully and in co-ordination. For it is us, who will have to bear the brunt of the consequences in the long run. So let us take a pledge not to take law in our own hands, perform our fundamental duties before demanding fundamental rights attached to it.
Any inimical force should find us ever ready to fight it. At last, one proudly sings:
"Saare jahan se achcha Hindustan humara,Hum bulbule hain iske ye gulsitan humara..."

# My Social Responsibility 

Navpreet Kaur
Guru Nanak College for Girls Sri Muktsar Sahib
Man is a social being. As members of this society everyone has their own personal responsibility. Responsibility is a major part of our lives. The responsibility in society is divided amongst people - teachers, doctors, politicians, players, workers, employees, students, youth, etc. - everyone has their own responsibility. I, being the member of our family, I too have different responsibilities. It is very well said by a famous sociologist that, "Society is a web of social relationships and responsibilities". So, being a member of this society and family, I too have my responsibilities towards my nation, society, family and the world. It is rightly said that the youth is the future of the country. Being a youth of this country, I have my duties towards my nation.

Today's youth is the future of tomorrow, if they are responsible today, then they will have a profitable tomorrow. As the member of this society, my duty includes helping the poor. I always give some of my pocket money to charity. It really aches me when I see the children working, when it's their time to gain education. I donate to charity organisations so that the poor people can get some help. On the other hand. I ignore the road side beggars, I think that they must not be given any money. They, being healthy and good, make various excuses to not work. They are thriving and flourishing because some of us indulge in them. If we do not pity them, it will become their necessity to work to survive. Oftentimes, I have also advised them to work instead of sitting and counting the days of their life. I feel that it is my social responsibility to help and guide the poor, and to not give money to beggars instead, to create awareness about that. I aspire to play a major role in the nation building process. I consider it my duty to perform for the welfare of the society.
Secondly, it's my responsibility to create awareness among the illiterate people about the rights and schemes offered by the government, especially for the poor - to inform them about bank accounts and adhaar cards. I also feel the need to plead to the uneducated parents to send their children to school and explain the benefits and wide reach of being educated. I always give my old books to the needy free of cost.
Thirdly, my responsibility includes being a college student, to study well, to score good marks. To take part in various co-curricular activities and to advance the name of my college and city. Not only to score good marks but to also gain knowledge; to help my classmates in their problems; to be punctual and disciplined, are the major responsibilities and duties bestowed upon me. My parents, teachers and classmates have many expectations from me and it is responsibility to fulfil them. To obey the elders, teachers, parents and to may pay them respect is a part of my responsibility. To perform all my duties well and to complete my work timely, is a part of my
responsibility towards the society.
Fourthly I have a great responsibility towards my country. To complete my education and became a worker of this country. I think it is my duty to love and respect my native land. I want to be a responsible citizen and serve my country from every aspect. It is my responsibility to follow the rules and regulations of the country and obey its law. I want to be a small helping hand in the development of this country.
Fifthly, many social evils prevail in our society - female foeticide, dowry system, corruption, eve teasing, drug addiction, sexual harassment, etc. It is my responsibility to create awareness against these evils. The world is wide and the social problems are immense. I cannot eradicate them totally but can play a small role in decreasing it. I think that it is my responsibility to act against these evils if they prevail in my presence. Being a girl, its my responsibility to encourage other girls and to be fearless and to fight against these evils with confidence.
We must take quick measures to eradicate these evils, lest we have a hopeless society.
At last, we all dream of a developed country. Our dreams will be fulfilled, only if we understand our personal responsibility towards our country. If we all become responsible, I think the day is not far when India will be free of all evils and emerge a developed nation. If we work hard today only then will we attain a bright future. Therefore, I want to be a responsible citizen and serve my country in every aspect. I also aspire to show my responsibilities towards my family and relatives. Within my human limitations, I desire to be a small helping hand for the country. I know that I lack in many things but I promise to try my best to excel in every field and to perform my responsibilities well. I think that I will be a successful person, if I perform all my duties well. I may lack in many fields but I pray to God to give me strength so that I am able to perform all my duties towards my society and to help me to be a responsible social being.



## Water - The Elixir Of Life

Gunjan Nagpal
Dev Samaj College for Women Ferozepur City

## When the last fish in the pond is dead! <br> When the last drop of ocean is poisoned! <br> Only then you'll realise <br> that you cannot eat money!!

Dear future generation, I am SORRY! I am sorry that you have to survive on earth now. I am sorry that you couldn't witness the world that was once beautiful and serene. I am sorry that all you get to see today is massive destruction. You have visited the Amazon desert. Right? Well, that was once the Amazon Rainforest, a home to gigantic mountains and the prettiest trees. Oh, Trees!? You don't know about them?! Buthow can you? You don't see them now.
No! This is not a story. Neither is it a nightmare. It is nothing but a true picture of what our world would be in the following few decades. One can clearly picturise the coming years and the impending doom that awaits us.
Myriads of people dying everyday; nations fighting over every ounce of water; a drop of water being more 'golden' than our precious 'gold'; glaciers and swimming pools, a mere fantasy; fish, a privileged food; and families surviving for days without the life-saving water. Who would want to live in such a world? No one. Water, one of the 'Panch Tatva', the five elements that completes our existence and the most important of all, is in the state of demise. The age old conception of "jal hi jiwan hai" has turned its tables and the 'life saver', 'dogooder' water has turned into 'Shiva', the destroyer .
But who is to blame? - Us. No one but us! The people of the society and the so called "modern lifestyle" are the only culprits to be blamed for this havoc. Our 'ostentatious' living and careless using of this precious 'elixir' has caused the water level on earth to go down by a considerable amount, increased the poisonous content in the oceans and almost destroyed the submarine life.
Undoubtedly, there has been much hype created in last few years about the importance and need of conserving water but unfortunately, it has remained more of a hype. The situation of our globe hasn't turned any better, if not worse. Yes, there are rules formed to save the last ounce of what we have; yes, there are societies and organisations to better the worsened conditions; but all these efforts have yielded no fruits.

And it is high time now. Let's look at this scenario - all our struggles to fight Racism, anti-Feminism, Inequality will turn out to be fruitless once we lose this battle and rather than being "equal", we'll all be "equally extinct". Water is the only elixir available to us for free and we don't need to find an alchemist or own the "sorcerer's stone" to get it. The only price we need to pay is to ensure its safety. And for something as precious as water this price is Surely negligible. Hence, I urge all to do something for their own wellbeing and also to leave a better place for the coming generation. They would be thankful to us! -
"Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die"

## Dera Culture in Present Times

## Gurdeep Kaur

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India is a diverse country constituting more than a hundred and thirty crore citizens. The people of India follow different religions such as Hinduism, Sikhism, Christianity, Jainism, Buddhism and Islamism. In the present scenario, despite these religions, the infamous dera culture has also come into existence. Now, a few questions arise in our mind - What is a dera? What is the dera culture? How does it function? Is it similar or different from the existing practices? How do such deras function? - Let us have a look at the answers to such questions.

What is this Dera Culture actually? - Dera basically means a place where the dera's head, who could also be its owner, resides along with his followers who may live inside the dera or at their respective residences. The activities, tasks, events and seminars relating to the functioning of the dera are also conducted there. The dera culture is completely different from all other religions. They have their own guru ie, a supreme power, they recite their own hymns and follow their own moral code of conduct.

A rapid increase in the followers of such culture - Of late, a rapid increase has been witnessed in the followers of dera culture. The reason why such a culture came into existence was the inequality and discrimination faced by the people of lower caste. If we see, people belonging the lower caste form a major portion of the followers of dera culture where the Dera head promises to give equal rights and privileges to all. Though the law also provides for equal rights to all citizens but in reality, inequality is witnessed almost everywhere even now. Hence, it is we, the common people practising indiscreet behaviour, who are responsible for making a space for the dera culture to come into existence.

Reasons behind publicity of this type of culture - The dera's committee, constituting of the head and its managing team collect donations from their rich followers in the name of God. With the help of that money they build free hospitals, colleges, schools, houses and workshops for the poor where they can find jobs and can earn a livelihood for themselves.

A vote bank for political parties - The followers of the dera are forced to give votes to those political parties who support the dera head. This further creates a problem for the whole economy because it hinders the basic right of the humans ie, the right to choose: following someone blindly is the same as following a blind.

Main motive of the Dera culture - The main motive of the dera culture is to increase its following even at the cost of playing with the sensitive feelings of the people. The dera followers are pressurised to donate huge sums in the name of God or else they are fooled to believe that they would they get cursed by the Lord.

Taking undue advantage of the conditions of poor people - The dera committee usually forces the poor people to work for free for the dera in order to get blessings from the dera's guru. They take undue advantage of the conditions of the poor and do not pay them anything.

Blind trust of people in the supreme powers of the head - The dera head tells his followers not to follow any religion and forces them to believe in his/ her supremacy with the power to do everything for them. The people are brainwashed into leaving their respective religions and to start worshiping him/ her. The people trust him blindly and are ready to worship him with all their consent due to emotional pressure on them.

Some other activities performed - The dera performs many regular activities along with religious and cultural practices. These may involve free schooling, providing clothes, medical facilities, manufacturing products in the factories set up by the dera, etc. All such activities are funded by the donations collected by the dera followers.

Running a business in the name of culture - The dera organisations have started to run many business enterprises exploiting the sentiments of the believers. They have begun to run companies and selling its shares while earning profits out of them. Of late, the deras have been involved in a lot of controversies in the past and are struggling with many in the present, as well.

Great controversies of the deras in the present times - The most disastrous and shocking controversies consisted of rape charges against a dera Head which was proved later on and he was convicted of the same. This controversy reveals how the dera's leaders play with the feelings of their followers. With uncountable followers, following his preachings blindly, who would know that he would be a corrupt criminal having raped girls!

In another similar case, when the dera chief's crime was also proved with the help of evidence and was sentenced to Jail for twenty years, his followers went violent on hearing the verdict. This only shows how badly his followers were gripped by their blind trust in him.

Such controversies reveal the negativity and evil practices existing in the deras.
Improvements needed in the society - All the people of the society should improve or change their attitudes and approach to casteism and discrimination against the underprivileged and be fair to them. If equality is practised in society, no one will follow any guru or dera in order to get equality.

People should understand that no person is above God and should not trust anyone blindly. They should not perform any illegal activities under pressure from somebody and should be aware of fake supreme people or gurus.

## Mall Culture

With a changing scenario in the Indian economy, there has been observed a rapid growth of mall culture. The malls were earlier seen in the metropolitan cities only, but now one can find malls even in the smaller cities and towns. The reason is the new trend amongst people who prefer going to malls for shopping rather than local markets.

Malls are constructed in a large area so as to provide goods and services to a large number of customers under one roof. A person can find anything - be it clothes, footwear, electronics, home decor items, vegetables, etc. thus, serving a large group of people comprising of different age groups, sex and religion withoutany discrimination.

Earlier people used to go to markets located at different places hunting for things they needed. With the advent of the mall culture, people are much at ease: only one visit to the mall can help the buyers to purchase the various things as it saves their travelling time to varied places.

On the other hand, regular markets were more popular with the previous generations. The current changes can be seen due to great developments in the trend which started with the 1991 reforms of liberalisation, privatisation and globalisation. These reforms helped in the growth of economy by letting us trade with different countries. This helped different brands and companies to set-up their branches in other countries. Gradually, malls were constructed, taking ideas from other developed countries, so as to provide best services to customers - this is how mall culture started and kept growing. It is rightly said that "Rome wasn't built in one day". Similarly, this culture of people going to malls started slowly but now the trend is increasing with leaps and bounds.

Malls are constructed where different brands are allowed to setup their showrooms on monthly rent or given on lease. The mall owners enter into a number of profitable deals with different brands be it clothing, footwear, food joints, cafes, salons etc. A major component of malls is cinema halls so that it becomes easy for people to watch movies and the other important component is stores selling fresh vegetables, fruits and grocery items. Consequently, when a person finds valuable things, which are integral to his routine and life, then it becomes obvious for people to get tempted and drawn to the mall culture.

Now-a-days, the marketing strategy adopted by the sellers are customer centric. They make it a point to satisfy customers; hence, keeping this in mind, many good brands try to locate or steup their showrooms in malls so that it is easily accessible to a lot of people.

The new generation is growing up in this mall culture where everything is available to them in a more systematic and convenient manner. They are technology savvy and prefer things to be arranged in a better manner. They are now habitual of this new trend of shopping in malls and prefer to go to malls instead of local markets.

There is no doubt that mall culture is very popular these day and has many positive points like, it provides various goods and services under one roof, it saves people from commuting to different places for shopping, it provides a safer environment for younger children and girls as it is under CCTV surveillance, helps in the upliftment of business connections with different brands, provides varied brands serving
different income groups so that any person enjoy can the shopping experience - an ideal scenario which one can find after a single visit to a mall.

As we say, there is nothing in this world which is absolutely perfect. We must realise the losses that come with the benefits - Mall Culture has adversely affected the local markets. The local markets do not get such great response from the customers as it used to get in earlier times. With the advent of Mall Culture people prefer foreign or reputed brands only and local sellers and products are not preferred.

There are still some people who do not prefer going to malls but they follow the trend due to peer pressure or because of new trends in society. They find it cumbersome to roam around various floors in the mall in order to buy one thing and they feel that they spend a lot more on a visit to the mall, much beyond their assigned budgets. So difference in opinion is widely seen amongst people regarding the trends of Mall Culture prevalent in today's time.

Despite its pros and cons, one can see that Mall Culture is the latest trend. And it is the rule of the society to 'go with the flow' so as to create a positive atmosphere. This culture has both positive and negative effects, it depends entirely on an individual how he takes it and strikes a balance so that his visit to the mall is always a delightful experience with family, relatives, friends or colleagues.

There are many malls all over the world and our country is also following this system as a step to develop and grow and be at equal footing with other developed countries. There are great malls by various brands DLF, Carnival, L\&T Group and India's largest mall, "Mall of India" situated in Delhi, doing great business. In conclusion, this culture is working because people appreciate the fact that malls are made for the purpose of their convenience and enjoyment.

मैं ठग्गं डे तीीं ड़ठरा, मैं ड्वता गं उां ठण घट्टे। ज़ॅवां 亏ं वग्ठले भrछिंटे, टिम मॅठ टे ठाहग्ठ घह्टे।



-म्ठतीउ याउठ

## Let Us Realise Our Dreams

## Rashmeet Banga

Panjab University Chandigarh
Two seeds lie side by side in the fertile green soil. One seed wants to grow, it dreams of spreading its branches and of bearing beautiful spring flowers. It is determined to push its way through the ground and sprout its leaves. While the second seed is afraid of the dark. It is scared of the harsh sun and grazing animals. So, the second seed quits. A barn hen, searching for food while scratching the ground, finds the seed and promptly eats it. Whereas, the first seed grows up to become a huge strong tree. The world belongs to the 'doers' and not mere 'dreamers'.
Today's youth wants to ride high on the wane of aspiration. They want it all - physical health, intellectual well-being and monetary success. But are we equipped to do so? In this era of ever expanding technology and global citizenship every person has a goal, a dream and a plan of action. Everyone wishes to reach the moon and to buy a red Ferrari. But going by Dr Abdul Kalam's words, "A dream is not what you see while sleeping but it is something which does not let you sleep". We realise that having a goal is worthless if you don'thustle hard enough to achieve it.
If we look at the cause of all lamentable failures that occur in men's undertaking we come face to face with the fact that there is no scarcity of talent or potential in this world - the reason why we have only one Michael Phelps, one Sachin Tendulkar, one Sunita Williams and one Nelson Mandela is the utter lack of motivation and zeal in people to take the hard path and walk towards their goals. Most of us get disheartened by small hurdles and give up in despair. Before inventing the light bulb, Thomas Edison had made more than a thousand failed inventions. If he had given up hope he would not have been remembered as 'the man who lit up the world' by generations to come.
History is full of examples with men and women who showed exemplary courage and wit to make their dreams come true. The fact that today black people enjoy equal rights in the United States owes its credit to Martin Luther King Jr. He had a 'dream' and he left no stone unturned to realise it. On the midnight of $14^{\text {th }} 15^{\text {th }}$ August 1947 when the world slept, India woke up from its deep slumber of 200 years. That day millions of dreams came true only because of the relentless efforts of our freedom fighters and heroes. In the cricket semi- final match of the World Cup, when the Indian batting order was tumbling down against Zimbabwe, Kapil Dev came to the crease and led India to victory by scoring '175 not out' runs. It was because of his will and efforts that Indian team was able to lift the coveted World Cup Trophy that year in 1983.

They say that "success is only $1 \%$ inspiration and $99 \%$ perspiration". It is very important to have dreams and goals whether it is to score the highest marks or to become a tattoo artist. But it is equally important to pull up your socks and make sincere efforts to achieve your goals. It is only in tele-commercials where using a fairness cream opens up doors to success. The real world is not a bed of roses, the winds will always flow against you and the water will always hit your face. It is only through determined and constant trials that one can climb up the ladder of success. There will be hurdles - big and small - but if one has the will to fight back, half of the job is done. Even if life knocks you down seven times, stand up the eighth time. Paths to success are always scary and bushy but not impossible to tread. If you are lucky enough to have a dream, don't let it die a death of neglect. Wake up and start your journey towards your goal.
Remember, "A journey of thousand miles begins with a single step". Be a believer and keep doing your bit, one day the rivers will flow!

Robert Frost's words summarise this piece quite aptly "The woods are lovely dark and deep, But I have promises to keep, And miles to go before I sleep, And miles to go before I sleep".

## Women Empowerment - How?

Shivalika Pandey PU SSGRC Hoshiarpur
"Be the change you wish to see!" - A woman is the only soul who has the power to carry another soul within her.

What does Women Empowerment mean? Women Empowerment literally means empowering women in every field, be it in the field of Science, Drama, Music, Dance, Army, Sports and even at home. Giving that freedom and space to women everywhere around at par with men to perform and showcase their inner strength and capabilities is what we mean by Women Empowerment. But, how is this going to come to the fore? Good citizens add to the strength of the nation. During the early Vedic Period, people used to worship women. Every woman was treated like a Goddess. She was respected by all and led a dignified life. But later this was not the case as during the later Vedic Period, the whole scenario changed and it changed completely.
India, being one of the developing countries of the world still has a long way to go in many aspects and fields. Many women across the world and in India also have proved themselves many-a-times by reaching the pinnacle of success in different areas of work and talent. Why go around and see other countries and their scale of success?! India itself has produced innumerable talented women personalities in the field of sports, education, astrology, drama etc. Kalpana Chawla! the first Indian woman to go into space; Kiran Bedi, the first Indian woman IPS officer who has always brought her best to the forefront; Sania Mirza, Saina Nehwal, PV Sindhu and many other women sports players have always made India proud of their performances.
Janet Yellen, Chairperson of the Federal Reserve Bank, USA is an inspiration to all. Sushma Swaraj, the External Affairs Minister of India is an exemplary woman. Indira Gandhi, the first woman Prime Minister of India was a lady of strong power and will. Smt Pratibha Rao Patil, the first woman President showcased her authority to all.
It is the need of the hour to stand and demand equality for all. Article 14 of the Indian constitution stands for equality for all. Unfortunately, those equal opportunities to all do not prevail in our male dominated society. Women are still at the back seat and do not get the footage to be seen and have growth as men. It is time to step up against all odds and grab all the opportunities to let others know what women are there for in the world.

It is rightly said, "what a man can do, a woman can do better!" There is nothing in this world that a woman cannot do or achieve. It should always be remembered and appreciated that this world exists only because woman exist.

Women who are 'homemakers' perform the toughest duty of all. They are neither paid, nor are they appreciated for their work and yet, they do not complain. They work for their family out of love and compassion and not out of any greed or special motive. And it is a bet that no man in the whole world can perform the duty of a homemaker better than a woman ever.

When a woman vows to achieve something. then no force can pull her back. Do not let a woman down ever in life because if she takes the fierce 'Kali Avtar', no one would be able to appease her. Once women decide to stand up for themselves then, they do not need anyone to support and stand by them.

Crimes against women are on a rise every day. The social evils like rape, dowry death, female foeticide and murder of women - are practised with a mission to pull down a woman's spirit. She is treated as a burden to the society. Actually, none of these atrocities deter a woman. Social evils against women do not weaken her. They make the woman even stronger and more determined to rise and shine.

In India we have the National Commission for women to help and support women across the country. NCW is an organisation of the women, for the women and by the women of India. It addresses all women's grievances and tries to resolve them. It is high time that women realise their worth and show what they are living for.

It should always be remembered - it is easy to earn attention but, it takes a long time to earn respect. Whenever a woman has shown her power she has always earned respect and attention, both. A stone is never left unturned by a woman who is diligent and conscientious towards her goal in life. The day isn't far when a "Woman" will rule the world and create a better world for all.

It is time for women to solemnly pledge to remove negativities from their lives and seize all their rights and privileges which they have always been deprived of. The will power of a woman can never be deterred. One can't fathom the determination of a woman with a brave heart who can accomplish any job by hook or by crook, once she sets her heart on it. A woman is a complete being by herself and can change the whole world with her diligence and arduous work which no man can ever match.

## Women Empowerment basic rule - Stop the atrocities against women and stand face-to-face to let yourself know where you stand:

W Who<br>0 Owns<br>M Mankind<br>A And<br>N Out strikes all negatives

# Suicide is A Problem, Not a Solution 

Manu Gupta
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"I Quit". Just two short words - but more than a worthy explanation of why a long life is suddenly cut short and why a life is no longer considered worth living anymore.
The act of bringing the ever moving vehicle of life to a screeching halt by its own driver is more commonly known as "suicide". This act of taking one's own life anytime, any anywhere and for any reason (or maybe no reason at all) has become such a common practice today that even the newspapers have started merging two to three different incidents of suicides into one column with just one headline-
"14 year old boy and 34 year old woman end life in Mohali and Sector 15 respectively"
How many times have we seen similar headlines doing the rounds in various newspapers and news channels, that too, on a daily basis? Every time we pick up a newspaper, we come across at least one such incident where a precious life has been put to on unexpected end. The frequency of such acts or attempts is alarming and is sure to force one into thinking whether this is an appropriate end for such a beautiful gift bestowed on an individual by his or her parents.
It is aptly said that 'If God shuts one door, he opens many others in return'. Then why can't a person find that one right door which can take him to his zenith of success, through which he can fulfil his dreams and aspirations, out of those innumerable other doors available to him. Why does he think that the only option available to him is to take a $U$ turn and head back home to find respite via the deep and dark gorge of suicide?
Man, as his nature has been, is never satisfied and content. He keeps on yearning for bigger and better things in life but when he is unable to get hold of them, he thinks his life is not heading anywhere, he has nothing more to do, no more desires, no more aspirations, perfect darkness all around, no ray of hope, no silver lining in the dark cloud, no knight in shining armour to rescue him and therefore, he considers his life to be useless and presumes it right time to put a 'full stop' to it. The sentence which could have been made worth a read with just a 'comma' is brought to an 'abrupt end' and is left meaningless and incomplete.
As per the National Survey, each passing minute, someone somewhere puts an end to his life. That 'someone' could be anyone ranging foam a 9 year old girl to a 78 year old man. The reasons why more and more people are resorting to such cowardice are shocking and shameful at the same time - a teenaged boy may end his life just because he couldn't get into the coveted IIT or AIIMS institution as per his parents' wish with the following lines-
"Sorry, Mom and Dad for letting your down. I could not make it as per your desire. Sorry!"
He fails to understand that more than a degree from IIT or AIIMS it is their children's well-being that the parents worry about. But sometimes even the parents fail to make their children understand their inherent value by pressurising them for unrealistic excellence in academics to such an extent that when the children fail to deliver and their entire world comes crashing down. They feel that they have brought a
bad name to their family and so they don't deserve all the amenities and comforts being provided to them. With such a mind-set, the best they can think for themselves is to hang from the ceiling or drown their guilt into poison.
'Kota' or the 'Suicide Capital of the Country' as it is most commonly known, accounts for one of the highest teenage suicide cases in the country as it is an intense coaching hub for IITs and medical entrances where many are able to fulfil their dreams whereas, most others are not. Further, it is not just studies, but teenagers or young adults have a lot of other reasons for resorting to this criminal activity - failure in relationships, failure to achieve success early, failures in business ventures, unemployment and poverty are some of the reasons which act as a catalyst in fuelling them with suicidal tendencies. For them, the fear of failure and not failure instead, is the biggest worry. They fail to understand that even if they fail, they will at least have discovered "a thousand ways of how not to invent a lightbulb".
But not every time it is the individual who is to be blamed for committing suicide. Abetment of suicide is also very common today and that too for things such as dowry, divorce or birth of a girl child. For a few materialistic people, a list of few costly gifts from their daughter-in-law's parents house hold more value than her life, finally forcing their daughters-in-law to finally admit to her parents-
"Dad, I adjusted but the furniture didn't. They are greedy wolves with an uncontended attitude. Sorry! But I can't take it anymore."
It is high time, the government and various other organisations take stock of the situation. It's time we create awareness among people that suicide isn't a solution for any problem. There are a number of other ways to treat problems and we just need to find the right one. Talking and sharing problems with near and dear ones can prove to be very helpful; professional help from counsellors or psychologists must be taken in case of serious issues like depression or low self-esteem; timely intervention by parents or teachers is necessary to bring back the lost interest in life; finally, proper counselling and problem solving attempts must be made in order to reensure an individual's trust and faith in life and relationships. We must all be careful about our near and dear ones. Any change in attitude, behaviour, sleep pattern or social life must never be ignored. Every problematic issue must be discussed with an open mind and a useful and practical solution must be sought for even the youngest member of the family. It is high time that each one of us understand that

# - For every problem, there exist many solutions but surely suicide isn't one of them! <br> And also <br> - Quitters are never winners and winners never quit! 

## Unemployment

## Anshu Sood <br> PU SSGRC Hoshiarpur

India is one of the fastest growing economies of the world. She is trying hard to place herself among the developed nations of the world. But she still has a long way to go to earn the coveted title of a developed country. No doubt India has proved her mettle in various spheres be it education, science, healthcare, arts, economy, defence etc. but at the same time she is plagued with many issues which are hampering her growth. These issues need to be solved at the earliest so that the citizens of India achieve prosperity and development. One such road block is unemployment. Unemployment is defined as a state when a youth who has completed a skill based education to a required level is not working in a job that pays him remuneration in return for the job done. Unemployment is a serious issue which demands our immediate attention as it leads to the wastage of the huge potential of the youth.

There are various causes for the rapid rise of unemployment in India. The foremost is the swiftly rising population of India. India is the second most populous country in the world. It is only behind China and is set to overtake China by 2030. This growing population is a huge burden on the limited resources of the country. There are limited job opportunities and a large number of people vying for these jobs. We often hear instances of people with Phd degrees applying for menial government jobs like that of a sweeper, peon etc. This shows us the pitiable condition of job in our country. Every year large number of graduates enter the market looking for a suitable job but many of them fail to get one or are employed in a job which don't justify their skill level with far less wages than they deserve. Thus, this rapidly growing population has led to a huge crises in the employment scenario of the country.

The second reason for unemployment is the lack of quality education. Education system of India has become obsolete and rotten. There is no emphasis on skill building and making youth job ready. Focus is on rote-learning and mugging just to pass exams and acquire a degree. There is no practical exposure to the industry and students, in spite of their degrees, are not suited to the demands of industry. Indian education system has failed to keep in tune with the new and rapidly changing trends of the industry. Our educational institutions are far behind world class institutes like Harvard, Oxford, MIT, etc. Other than the IITs, the number of institutes which can boast of a good quality of education can be counted on one's fingers. The biggest example of lack of quality education can be seen in the state of engineering institutes in our country. They take exorbitant fees form the students with a promise of a sound technical education put instead only churn out students lacking knowledge and skills required for their field. There are more than 3,500 engineering colleges in India but majority of then are only following the rat race and don't focus on improving their infrastructure, syllabi and resources. This has led to a situation that even if job opportunities are created, there are not enough talented people who have the skills for a particular job. Consequently, there exists a huge man force without skill leading to a wastage of physical and intellectual resources which could otherwise make a huge impact in nation-building.

In India a child is not encouraged to question and think rationally. He is taught to follow others and develops a herd mentality. He is not allowed to think out of the box. He grows up with a limited mindset and only focuses on doing well in exams. The entrepreneur skills are not developed resulting in diminished capability of creating jobs. There are very for who are able to start companies that provide jobs for others.

Another reason for unemployment in India is red tapism for industries. Multinational businesses are discouraged by the less investment friendly environment in our country. In order for a proposal to be passed, it has to go through many authorities. This leads to a wastage of time and money leading to the loss in enthusiasm of these companies in setting up businesses in India. This process also involves a lot of lobbying and bribing the politicians and officials in order to set up a business. Thus, the inflow of investments is very less leading to loss of job opportunities for thousands of youngsters.

Unemployment leads to many harmful consequences which prove hazardous for an unemployed person, in particular and society, as a whole. The youngsters who fail to secure a job look for alternative illegal methods to earn money. They engage in spurious activities like drugs, terrorism, robbery, gambling etc. Unemployment is also the cause of suicides amongst youth as they can't find any way out of their hopeless situation.

There are many ways in which we can alleviate unemployment. Foremost, measures should be taken to control population explosion by generating awareness, educating about birth control measures, preventing child marriages, encouraging couples to have not more than two children despite their gender, proper spacing between children, etc. Secondly, the youth should be made job-ready. Enterprises like "Make in India", "Skill India", etc. are good schemes in the right direction. Thirdly, the process of outsourcing in which an Indian Youth could be sent to a foreign country for training can be looked into. Government should step-up the quality of educational institutes, make India more investment friendly, encourage young entrepreneurs and boost our cottage industry with easy loans and right funding.

In conclusion, I would like to quote APJ Abdul Kalam, who said that human mind has all the potential to achieve success, if this evil of unemployment can be eliminated, only then can India achieve glory as a nation.

## My Little Girl

A paper bird flying in the air landed on my head as I walked down the path. As I was anxiously investigating my new friend, I paused to see a site of about fifty such birds lying over the ground. My eyes moved all around the campus in sheer curiosity to look for the creator of the birds.

Only then I caught a pair of enormous and timid but beautiful eyes staring at the bird in my hands. Her blue alluring eyes; golden coloured hair; natural pink cheeks-she was a work of art; from which I could not get my eyes off.
A minute later the bell rang and students from the subsequent humanity class started moving towards the campus grounds. My angelic beauty crossed me at one feet distance and I stood bewildered, unable to initiate a conversation.
"Hey! Pretty lady, mind zipping up your duffle?", I called out and took gigantic steps to reach her. She quickly fastened the zip.
'Hye! I am Payal. Thank you..."
"I am Rahul. You seem to be from the freshmen year"
Our puppy love blossomed throughout the coming seasons of affections.
"Bhaiya! How are you feeling now?", my younger sister Koyal examined. I flickered my eyes and for moments all I could see was darkness, and for the first time ever, darkness seemed to be friendly. It took me two days to convince everyone that I did not try to commit suicide.
"How can I prove myself Koyal? I consumed the cleaning liquid only because I could not differentiate between it and the beer bottle in a drunk state.

Koyal, who was adjusting my drip yelled, "Do not try to fool me bhaiyya. This all because of that ugly girl who just loved being a love rat"
"Will you shutup Koyal? Her name is Payal and I love her."
"Whatever! Pack your bags bhaiyya, we are going home to Dad."
As we headed towards the flat from the hospital; the birds were chirping and the wind was dry after a heavy monsoon night in Mumbai. I closed my eyes to take a quick nap and wandered down the memory lane.
"Why are you finding reasons to fight Payal? What have I done now?"
"You don't love me anymore Rahul. Five years back I shifted from Delhi to Mumbai just for you and you have made our life BEAUTIFULLY PAINFUL."

As Payal left with all her belongings - she dolefully disremembered to take her dearest possession along she left me behind.

I stood there under the DARK LIGHT of DEAFENING SILENCE.
"Bhaiyya! please make it quick, I don't want us to miss the flight", Koyal called out as the cab driver pulled over in front of my building. As I flocked together my necessary stuff, I got my hands on vintage piece of paper. I shivered as I fidgeted to perceive it. It was a literary poem Payal had written for me in the last summer. With weak and watery eyes, I babbled -
"If you are the ocean
I will be the shore
If you are the clouds
I will be the sky
If you are the tree
I will be the wind
Whatever you are
'You and I'
will always collide"
After a two minute long honk, I returned to the cab as we headed towards the airport. I was determined to find Payal even after the futile efforts. Fifteen days had passed by since Payal was lost from my life. I had been calling on her number since the day she left but all I could hear was the engaged tone.
Those days of my life were gloomy with a routine of probing and penetrating into all our mutual contacts. I left no stone unturned to find my little doll. I kept rushing from her parents' home to her friends' home but always had to return empty handed.

After the infinite delusive drives, the sun of the following month showered it's golden glitter on me.
With impulsive and rapid voices around me, I walked swiftly towards the Block-A of the Mumbai Satyog Hospital. Payal and I shared a monthly ritual of donating blood. I look little steps as the place reminded me of her. Suddenly, I could hear a nurse shouting, "Doctor! Doctor! We are losing her. The pulse is dropping. Please come immediately, we have a crisis of 0 in the blood bank." Though I was much distant from the particular ward, I walked hastily towards it.
"Do your require 0 blood? I had anyway come here for the purpose of donating blood," I enquired from the nurses.

I was immediately shifted to a ward. After all the formalities, an hour had passed when I come out to leave, I could not stop myself from peeping inside the girl's room.

I saw a VERY FAMILIAR, YET THE MOST UNFAMILIAR face. My life was stormed within a faction of a second. YES! she was my little girl, my Payal wrapped around in a dozen bandages with tubes cutting thought her throat and nose.
As I pushed open the door to hurry inside, I was blocked by the nurse on duty. "She is my wife!", I yelled pointing towards Payal as tears dropped down my face. "Sorry sir, please reach to the Dean downstairs".

As I rushed to meet the man, my whole life depended on listening to what had happened -
"We searched for all her relatives; yet she never spoke about one. The police found her near the Satyog Circle in a car which had collided with a tree. The driver died on spot and she was recovered from the back car panel tied to ropes. On examination, it was acknowledged that she was raped and had multiple injuries and bleeding due to harsh violence. The case is now under Women Council Cell and if I tell you honestly, she has just a dozen of days left to live."
As I headed towards Payal's ward my whole world started falling apart. My soul shivered. I held her feet and cried, "Why did you do this Payal? Why did you not tell me?"
"When I told you the ending of the story, why did you cry? Just because the consequences were harder, you lost faith in me? Our forever is never. I know I am not going to live; my culprit got his punishment; and I did not want you to suffer after me' Payal mumbled.
"How could you device all of this on your own? All your time is mine now."
The subsequent days were challenging as Payal required continuous aid. She almost lost her golden hair, yet she was the most beautiful woman of my life. We had hospital night parties, soup dinners and chemist dates. I filmed us together and captured us all day long. Her organs were succumbing to the injuries and I knew the day was coming near.

Her last day was as normal as any other day, but there was a sadness in the weather. We had an inkling that something was amiss. "Can you sing me a poem?", she babbled. With my choked throat, I murmured -
"You are the one who celebrated me
You are the one who liberated me
You are the one who soothed my nerves
You are the one who made my smile free of curves
You took my hand and showed me the way
When I was blinded with my unfortunate fate
You took my hand and prayed with me
While my troubles quickly faded away."
As the cold wind passed by my little girl slept peacefully in my arms. Forbidden to forget, terrified to remember, it was a hard line to walk. Our forever lasted 15 days, 8 hours, 5 minutes and 2 seconds. A million thoughts, a thousand feelings, a hundred memories and one person-
"May be one day we will find a place where you and I can be together, where we will catch our dreams in the waves of change, so smile for me one last time and believe that we will meet again until then I will be missingyou"
In the memory of my beloved wife.

# Suicide: Money Can't Buy Happiness 

## Gurminder Kaur

## DAV College of Education Hoshiarpur

Ravi, Geeta and Guddi were playing Snakes-and-Ladder in their house. Ravi, the older one, was six years old, Geeta, five and Guddi, three years old. They were wearing old but clean clothes. They were laughing and playing.
"I won", said Guddi with a victorious smile on her face. "You always win", said Ravi with a half-smile on his face. "When will father return?," asked Geeta looking at the closed door. Ravi answered, "He will come soon, don't worry", while staring at the closed door. The three children then sat silently. There was pin drop silence as their house was located at the outskirts of the city. "I am hungry", said Guddi. Ravi assured her, "Don't worry. Father will come soon and cook food". Ravi and Geeta were also hungry. They had not eaten anything since morning. Poor Ravi stood up from the bed and tried to peep out of the window to look at the road at the opposite side of the wall, hoping to see their father return home; but Ravi was small in height, and even after he stretched to stand on his toes, his hands could not reach the window on the wall. So he gave up and sat on the bed again.
After some time, the door opened and their father Ajay came in. Ajay's cloths were dirty, his face was full of wrinkles and he looked really tired. A bright smile appeared on the children's face on seeing Ajay.
"Father has come, father has come," said the three children and ran to hug him. Ajay too smiled looking at them and gave them a tight hug. Ajay was a single parent. His wife had died while giving birth to Guddi. He had raised Ravi, Geeta and Guddi single-handedly.
"I am very hungry father," said Guddi. Ajay replied, "I will quickly cook something for you", and dashed to the kitchen hurriedly. He hastened to open the jars of rice and pulses only to find them all empty. Finally, he found one raw egg and he boiled it hastily. He came out of the kitchen holding the plate of boiled egg and said, "Eat this children, I have already had my dinner out", and left. Ravi, Guddi and Geeta looked at the meagre amount of food. Ravi said "I am not hungry, you both eat it", but the girls too refused to eat the food and went inside the room to Ajay and hugged him.
Ajay was crying and feeling torturously helpless. He cursed himself for not being able to provide for his children. He was not educated as he was orphaned at a very young age. He was a labourer. That day, he had tried hard to get a job but all his efforts went futile. He even begged for job at the barber's shop but was kicked out of the shop. Moreover, it was a gloomy day for him as his friend Anil had committed suicide along with his entire family due to extreme poverty. Conversely, Ajay had no such intentions. He was not a coward and didn't want to kill himself or his children. He wanted his children to get educated and be successful in life.
Next day, while leaving for work, Ajay said, "Ravi, take care of your sisters, I shall return soon," and locked the house. Ajay went to the hospital and decided to sell his kidney. He was offered a good amount of money in exchange for his kidney. After undergoing a successful operation, while receiving the money, Ajay was excited to think about the good future which he would now be able to provide to his children. The thought of his children's happiness surpassed his aches and pain.

Ajay went to the grocery shop. He bought chips for Guddi as Guddi loved to eat chips but he was never, till now, able to fulfil her demands. He bought car, dolls, cloths and many other items for his children. He was excited and eager to go home just to see the happiness on his children's face when he would gift the above mentioned items to his children. Just as he was about to pay the bill, he happened to see the date, 10th December, mentioned on the slip. With a confused look he asked the shopkeeper, "Why have you written 10th December on the bill, today is 6th December, isn't it?" The shopkeeper laughed at him and said, "In which world are you living? Today is 10th December. Are you out of your mind?"
"There is something grossly wrong", thought Ajay. He couldn't believe what he had heard. He randomly asked the people on the street, "What is the date today?" and everyone replied, "10th December". Ajay dropped all the gifts on the floor and started running towards his home. Ajay had locked the door from outside for the safety of his children.
Before he reached his house, unaware of what had transpired during his operation, a flashback of the events revealed the following agonising episode - Ajay was lying unconscious for four days in the hospital due to some complications during his surgery. Realising the time-lapse, Ajay ran swiftly praying for the well being of his children. He ran as fast as he could. He was crying and worrying for his children as there was no other house situated near his house. Ajay was praying, "God, please save my children, please God, please!"
He reached his house and saw it locked from the outside. He opened the door and was immediately hit by the terrifying scene of his children lying lifeless on the bed. Apparently unaffected, he walked towards them, touching their cold bodies he said, while tears streamed down his cheeks, "Wake up! Look, father has come. Wake up! Wake up.....", but the still children refused to respond. In a fit of splurging emotions, he started to shower endless kisses on them, hugged them while his tears wet their cold faces. Ajay was crying uncontrollably now. He folded his hands and begged, "God, please spare the life of my children. God...!", but his children did not move.
In another flash back it was revealed that on the first day when Ajay did not return home, the children were worried for him. Guddi asked Ravi, "When will father return?" As usual Ravi assured her, "Father will come soon". They slept hungry that day. Next day too Ajay did not return, the children, worried, scared and hungry, tried to open the door but to no avail. There was nothing in the kitchen to eat. Geeta said sobbing, "I am hungry brother, very hungry, give me something to eat". Ravi too was crying with hunger but was helpless. On the fourth day, they felt very weak, darkness began appearing in front of their eyes. They died.
Ajay's pocket was full of money. Now he could buy everything for his children, could fulfil their dreams but now his children were no more. Ajay took out the bundle of notes from his pocket and threw them angrily on the floor. He cried endlessly for hours holding his children's lifeless bodies.
Ajay was now left alone in this world. His money was of no use. He was a broken man. He stood up and went to the terrace. He closed his eyes, remembered the smiling faces of his children and threw himself from the terrace committing suicide. Fate had played a very cruel game with him. Ajay's body was lying in the pool of blood with money surrounded all around him.

## Images Faded Away

## Poireinganba Ningombam

 PG Government College Sector 11, Chandigarh"Beta, do you believe that once an organism exists and then after some centuries they fade away, get extinct?", my poor grandmother coughed a couple of times as she uttered the sentence. I picked up the water jar and poured some water into the little cup on the table beside her dying bed.
"Maa, here, take this and rest", I tried to give her the medicines, but she refused as usual. She preferred me calling her "Maa" though she was my grandmother.
"Nobody knows that I'm here, right?", she continued with much difficulty. After about fifteen minutes, she went to sleep. I took out my old diary and searched for the contact number of my family members. After all those twelve years, the diary had worn out too. We had been hiding ourselves for from the city for all these years, giving away no traces of our existence. But, I don't know why I decided to ring them up. Literally speaking, we, my grandmother and I, were like savages living there, cut off from the world's happenings. But as long as the happiness of my 'grandmother' was concerned nothing else did matter, the only true and rare image left for me!

Once upon a time in India, there was an issue of much concern that bearing a female infant was considered to be a bad omen. There were cases of female infanticides whereas, grand festivals consisting of feasts and all merry makings of at least two days had to be organized for each and every male infant born to the families dwelling in the locality. It had become a tradition.

After two cases of merciless abortions earlier, this time, Sarabjeet was blessed with a son. And, as was customary, a grand festival of three days was organized. Sarabjeet was a really tough man, someone with pride above his intelligence and stupid commitments above his consciousness. His wife, Savitri was from a peasant family, lacking basic education and hence always suppressed.
"One day, I will make my son a great doctor and he will eradicate each and every female on this planet", he spoke, his voice already shattering to mumbles due to the excessive amount of drinks he had taken. Savitri merely smiled and remained silent at his idiotic oath.

Gradually, time changed her smiles to fears. Her son, Devdutta, became more like his father or perhaps even more. "Maa, I hate it when I see girls. I hate this useless creation. If only I could make them vanish!" And so time went on and as desired, he become a medical student and took keen interest in genetics and similar stuff.
"Dev, your father wants to talk to you," Savitri said as she prepared the breakfast.
"Maa, I am late for my thesis," Devdutta screamed. He had developed his hatred for women so much that he started disregarding her too.
"Dev, my son, uncle Paru came yesterday to discuss about your engagement", Sarabjeet came out of the
living room to interfere.
"Baa, I won't marry and that's final," Devdutta closed the door furiously as he left.
After several days and several negotiations, emotional blackmail and all crazy things, Devdutta finally gave in to the marriage which had actually resulted from his father's drunken oath with his friend. The marriage ceremony was carried out successfully but the marriage itself was not successful.

Devdutta was a tougher man than his father. He worked days and nights in his lab on his strange quest. Meanwhile, his wife Anuksa, all deprived love and care of a husband, was reaching her predetermined hour of delivery. All those ten months, she just had her mother-in-law's love and care, none else. But luckily, she didn't share her fate. Her first child was a boy, thus she was lucky not to experience the mental pain of aborting her first child.
(Let me make this clear to you, this first child is the first person speaking in the beginning of the story, his grandmother is Savitri and hence Devdutta, being his father, Sarabjeet, his grandfather and Anuksa his mother.)

It was on 18th of September 2031, that the great and drastic change took place. Devdutta stood on the platform. There was a file in his hand and a mike before him. The audience was calm as the placid sea. "Good folks, this ought to be the greatest revolution mankind has ever seen. My team and I have

Successfully completed our research of transforming a female to a male from the genetic level itself. Eradication of this weaker group of our society is not going to be that tough actually. Yes! How are we going to continue our race then? You must be curious. We have worked upon it and the results have turned out successful too. With the genetic alteration, the once females which would be males by then shall carry a reproductive genetic capacity which means they would be able to bear children. Not to worry about the male borns too. All one would need is a simple course of medication. I believe this discovery or invention would really wipe away questions of inequalities between sexes. To be precise, there will only be the superior sex - man, and I believe, I assure, life won't be stumbling anymore once the weaker section or weak point of mankind is removed!"

There was a thunderous applause. Wait, who says 'Woman is weak'? Never mind, it is not mine to interfere. I'm just here to narrate the story and incidents that lead to the speaker's emotional attachment with his grandmother.

The mind-set of the people living in India at that time was wild and they believed Devdutta was right and that he was their ultimate leader. The speech impacted the minds of thousands of men. Some women eagerly gave in, some fought against it, but ultimate destiny was to give in to the great discovery and the newly invented medication.

Meanwhile, Devdutta was furiusly forcing his wife to give in but she refused. Sarabjeet was too old to
interfere. Savitri was on her trip to Andaman Island with her grandson, the speaker. While the whole nation was almost populated by males, the wife of the main protagonist remained. That was odd. So, as she did not give in to all his attempts, Devdutta decide to take herlife instead.

2nd February, 2032. Months passed and almost all the living souls were male by them, but he knew he had his mother and his wife. That was the day, the grandson and the grandmother returned from their happy trip. They too knew what was going on in India but they didn't believe things would turn that bad in the family.
"Next time, I'm going to take you too," Savitri, a great mother-in-law told Anuksa that morning after returning from Andamans. Devdutta was not at home. His Son reiterated, "Maa, you would love the island. We shall go next year too. We will go together with grandmaa."

The morning was fine. The night was rough. Devdutta was drunk. The rain was heavy. Winds blew as if they would uproot every tree. Devdutta had decided to kill his wife long before but could not. But, on that particular day, maybe he was too drunk or too upset, he walked in with a knife in his hand. As the son, his mother and his wife were busy watching a movie, he mercilessly stabbed from behind. What could have been the reaction of his son and Savitri? Devdutta was still furious. The speaker and his grandmother fought with the furious beast. Sarabjeet was helpless too. There was scuffle, chaos, screams and yes, murder. The speaker and the grandmother made a quick escape. Ever since then, they had been away and they didn't know what happened after that. Maybe his father realized his mistakes or was still a beast but one thing was sure:

The image of eternal beauty, the calm and magestic form of female, the creation of love, care, peace and silent lucidity - the creator's greatest creation - woman was no more in greater India, except for his grandmother.
(Cough! cough!)
"Maa.....," I ran to my grandmother she struggled and finally she gave up.
"Beta..... I love you". These were her last words. I didn't cry or weep. I remained still. I took out the contact number of my father and dialed it. Luckily, he hadn't changed it.
"Hello! Who's this?" a weak voice spoke.
"Baa.... the images have faded away completely. The images faded..."
"Hello! Rahul.... Hello," his voice became excited.
My tears come pouring like the monsoon rain as I hung up.

## Colours of Life

## Anupreet Kaur Sobti

 Government Home Science College, Sector 10 ChandigarhThe bright yellow sun rose up high in pride. The clear sky spread a beautiful smile to its people on Earth. The trees sigh with every blow of wind. The blossoming flowers dancing confidently on the street side. The transparent pearl droplets of rain tipping down slowly drop-wise-drop from the roof-ends calling outloud about the story of a girl, a little young girl of twenty.

The girl with black-brown eyes, with a shine in her eyes ref lecting the ray of hope she always held deep inside her heart.
'Mom! Mom, where are you? I'm starving,' Maahi called out aloud, looking for her mother.
'Just coming dear', mom replied. Maahi stood near the sofa dressed in smart black pants and a white short top. She searched for something with her squirrel like eyes: maybe, her stunning Mom who had always been her role model. Her mom was a single parent as her (mom's) husband had died in a car accident when Maahi had just seen three springs of herlife.
'What will you prefer to eat? An omelette with bread or shall I make you a sandwich? How about stuffed paranthas with extra butter as you always like.'
'Just your blessings, mom.' She replied with a huge hug from behind. Mom turned around with a baf fled look. 'Mom, I had my breakfast and yours is kept in the refrigerator. Don't forget to have it. I'll check when I return and I have a very important meeting with a client, so I'm leaving. Have a good day. Bye.'

She picked up her bag full of unnecessary stuff overflowing through it. And a few files, of course.
'All the very best dear,' Mom smiled with a huge grin on her face.
Maahi left grabbing the car keys. She stepped out and a huge blow of wind scattered her hair away. She closed her eyes for a millisecond and resumed to move out. She opened the gate and a creaking sound bothered her reminding her to oil it as soon as possible.

She unlocked the car and sat inside and took a deep breath and just then few tear drops reached the corner of her eyes. She blinked her eyes as fast as she could to stop the tiny droplets from flowing out.

She started the engine and just drove her car as fast as she could, trying not to remember what had happened last evening.

She reached and stood outside her office but did not have enough courage to come out of the car and enter the place where she would have to meet the man again. But she had to - anyway, anyhow.

She took hard steps towards the main door of the office. The electronic door opened itself. She remained still and frozen, but did not move a step. The door closed and reopened but this time she entered through the door walking slowly as if her legs had been bound with chains that force her every moment to resist going inside. She had to reach her cabin by crossing through the cabin of the man she never wanted to see again. As she walked, her mind kept thinking of escaping and her heart beat louder and louder with her
chest heaving, probably out of fear or guilt. Or may be a mixed blend of nervousness, fear and guilt. This unmatched blend caused her to sweat heavily.
'Maahi!' A voice called out. It seemed to be a known voice and for sure it was that man's voice whom she tried to resist hard but then again she had come face-to-face with him. That man was a tall and handsome gentleman with curly hair that was always unkempt, a face supporting his stylish spectacles and a grinning face as always. But this time, he had certainly lost that cute smile he always held. He was called JD by his friends, shortened to sound cool. He was Jayesh Diwaker, a dear and best friend of Maahi for the longest time.

But what had occurred to uproot this very old relationship?
'Maahi, please talk to me.'
Maahi stood there frozen for a second but did not turn around to see him. Then, she walked away as if she did not hear what JD said.
'Maahi, please yaar. Don't walk away. We need to talk and you know this.' Jd kept begging but Maahi tended to ignore all his words.

Thankfully she reached the door of her cabin and she entered it hurriedly and banged the door on his face.
JD looked disappointed but did not lose hope. He entered her cabin without her permission and asked her to talk to him because they really needed to. She kept quiet for a moment and turned around to see him. As she saw him and his saddened, disappointed face she calmed herself and asked him to sit. They now stood face-to-face but none of them spoke a single word.

But this time Maahi took the initiative.
"Now what? What else do you want? We were happy being friends. Why did you ruin everything?" She held tears in her eyes but tried not to allow them to flow and show herself as a weak entity. 'I just said that.... I mean... I said what I felt for you. I'm so, so sorry. I should have not have done this. May be, I was being selfish. But you need to realize that 'Love' is not something to dump. I know your never even liked the word 'Love' even when you heard someone say it. But then you need to accept it, someday, sometime. If not me, then someone else. I know your dad betrayed your mo....."

She did not let him complete his words and jumped into the conversation angrily. "This is none of your business. You need not worry about all this. He died in an accident." "This is what your mom tells you. But deep in your heart, you know this. You know everything but still refuse to accept the truth. How long are you going to wait for your mom to tell you this?"
"Throughout my life..!Whenever she wishes to ...! You better stay out of this." She burst out in anger. As one corner of her heart spoke aloud, another part wanted to get up and hug him tight because he was the one who knew everything but besides this, never let her feel alone. She knew her dad had betrayed her mom
and they had been divorced. JD stood up with a jerk and continued, "Listen Maahi, and this time you really need to listen - not with your ears open but with your brain and heart equally open. This is life. Our life shows varied colours. Some may be dark and some may be bright. They are present throughout our lives. It is just that they cannot be showcased at the same time. When you are happy, you thank God, but what about the other side of the coin? You just can't afford to ignore it. There are bad times as well. They teach you a new lesson. But this does not mean that you escape each time you come in contact with the same thing. Everything may not be same as they look. You know that your dad betrayed your mom. Is that enough for you to conclude that love is always that bad?"
"But......", Maahi tried to interrupt but actually had no words to say as she patiently grabbed each word he said inspecting whether he said all this to support his love or to support her. But no matter what, it was all linked to Maahi. His 'Love' for Maahi was not merely words, it was something beyond that. Much against her so called foolish philosophy of 'Love.'
"Maahi, wake up. Love is not what you think. It is what a mother thinks for her daughter; a husband for his wife; a brother for his sister; and many such relationships. I never tried to correct you since years. But how long are you going to do this? Maahi, I'm sorry if I've hurt your feelings once again but truth had to be revealed one day. May be this was it. If you don't love me, that's alright. I won't force you into this. But please keep it alive for someone else.

Realise the colours of life. They come and go. Have different shades and have much more to say than what we can really or virtually see."

He ended with a deep breath and was about to exit the room of her office and maybe her life too. But then she immediately called out,

## "Won't you wait for me?"

"Do you want me to?",JD asked not turning towards her.
"Please..." she stood up and hugged him from behind tears flowing continuously from her eyes. They smiled at each other once again and hugged hard never to let each other go how so ever dark the colours of their life be.

JD dropped her back home.
She smiled at him before she left clearly indicating the satisfaction in her heart.
She opened the gate but this time the creaking sound did not bother her as it did in the morning.

# Footprints "The Real Hero" 

## Shaina Verma

## BCM College of Education Ludhiana

"Let's run away and get married", said Joy, the love of my life when we were out to spend quality time with each other, away from our families and rest of the world. "No, I can never elope in such a way", I asserted, "You have to take permission from my family to marry me. Anyway, we are teenagers and this is not even our age to get married!", I exclaimed.
"Ok! Let's go back home and I will talk to your parents about our relationship. I shall request them to permit us to get married after I get a job and start earning", Joy responded. I felt as if I was on the seventh heaven that day.

Both of us were walking through the fields to our respective homes. Joy was holding my hand and we were planning about our future, our wedding and our children too. Suddenly I heard a queer sound. I asked Joy to check if someone was there, but he was apathetic to my concern and said, "You think a lot, there is nobody around".

Suddenly I saw a group of people coming towards us. I sensed trouble and repeated to Joy that something was definitely wrong. Once again, he dismissed my claim saying, "You are a coward. They are human beings only and not animals who would gnaw us. We are in the fields and not a jungle; human beings will not eat us up". As we kept on moving, one of those men asked us, "Which is the way to the local market?" As Joy was about to reply, another man from the group promptly hit Joy forcefully on his head with a rod. We were in an imbroglio, I realized, but Joy was not able to do anything. He was helpless, he could not even stand up, it was impossible for him to fight these people.
I hid myself behind the bushes and saw the men beating Joy brutally. All of a sudden I saw another man, who was not earlier a part of that group, darting towards me like a hound. I was so scared, I was trembling with fear. "What will he do to me?", I thought to myself. In a jiffy, he injected some drug into my arm after which I became unconscious.
"Then what happened Mamma? How did dad come in your life? Was it dad who injected that drug in your body?", asked my 14-year old daughter, Khushi. I was so lost in telling my daughter about my past that I forgot about the dish washing. "I shall tell you the remaining story some other day, my child, I have a lot of work to do today," I refrained. "No Mamma, tell me what happened after that", Khushi insisted.
When I was unconscious, I don't know what those people did with Joy. But when I did regain my consciousness, I realised that those people were even more dangerous than animals - I had been gang raped! Those people had raped me brutally. I had no clothes left on my body. I felt like I had lost my respect and my dignity that day; nothing was left in the world for me then. Somehow I managed to reach home. On reaching, I saw Joy, my parents and his parents - all present there. They knew all that had happened. But.....

## "But what, Mumma?", asked Khushi.

.... but they refused to accept me. "You are no more my daughter", asserted my father and I saw tears rolling down my mother's eyes. She was helpless.
"Joy! You know, I am an immaculate soul. You please understand me, at least" I pleaded. "You don't deserve me now. I can't live with such a girl", he firmly retorted. His words shattered me at the sound of "...such a
girl". I was struck by silence and started moving, to where, I myself didn't know. I realised nothing was left in the world for me and I would have to live all alone.

I was helpless! I don't know what came to my mind that I went to the old well near the Hanuman Temple where I was about to jump into to end my life, when suddenly, a man stopped me, "What are you doing? I know there might be some problem but death or suicide is not the solution. We can talk over it, I guess".
He took me to the temple and asked me, "What is wrong with you? What in the world brought you here to commit suicide?" I narrated my entire story and elucidated what had happened with me and how my family refused to accept me.
"Was that dad?", asked my daughter with curiosity and excitement. "Yes, he was your father, the only person who gave me a chance to speak, the only person who gave me his shoulder to cry on. He took me to his place and I stayed there as a guest for a month, but a bombshell was still awaiting me."
I came to know that I was pregnant. A gross reality dawned on me that I was pregnant as a result of gang rape! I was totally unaware of the biological father of my child, and that, according to me, was the most shameful thing for a woman.
"This is a gift from God, this is someone for whom you can live, no matter who the father is, but you are the mother." Amit knew my past and now he also got to know of my current condition which was a result of that stark reality. I was unexpectedly taken aback with utter surprise when he proposed marriage to me under such conditions. I wasn't expecting any good news to come to my life.
"Then what was your answer?", asked Khushi expectantly. "Of course, it was a - yes". He was the only man to hold my hand along with my baby. Both of us got married. Days went by so smoothly; and then a baby girl took birth. Gradually, Amit asked me to join his business and I worked hard to reach the place where I am now.
"Dad was so good", said my daughter with a big smile and tears rolled down her eyes. "Yes, he was the best man in the world, he did all that no one could think of doing." He saved my life, he gave me hope to live, he gave shelter and safety to me and my daughter, he gave me respect and he made me stand on my own feet. But I was destined to live without a soul mate. After two years of our marriage, Amit died in a car accident.

I still remember the night of Karva Chauth when I was waiting for Amit as well as the moon. But Amit never came back; only a phone call informing about the accident. "I went to the hospital hurriedly but it was too late, Amit was no more, he had gone to some other world leaving behind footprints on my soul that can never be erased. He gave me everything he could and above all, he accepted you as his daughter. He changed my life, he gave us his name but, unfortunately, he left us and went to some other world leaving behind his footprints on our soul."
I noticed Khushi had stopped responding by the time I was telling her about her father's greatness. She fell asleep and I went to the kitchen for dishwashing. After few seconds, Khushi was muttering in her sleep, "Daddy, please come back". I felt confused and wondered if it was right on my part to share such a painful story with a girl who was barely fourteen years old? But I was determined that Khushi should know that her father was a real hero, so that she could respect him and try to become a good human being just like Amit, like her father.

Annual Function of the Department of Youth Welfare


Vice Chancellor Prof Arun K Grover is being welcomed by the Students
A Glimpse of the Function


Recipients of Panjab University Roll of Honor-2017-18


Recipients of Panjab University Roll of Honor-2017-18


Ms. Divya


Ms. Prabhjot Kaur


Mr. Bhupinder Singh



Ms. Priyanka Rautela


Ms. Mahima Sauhta


Mr. Nameirakpam Rishikanta Singh


Ms. Simrandeep Kaur

Recipients of Panjab University Colour - 2017-18


Felicitations during the Annual Function



## 59 ${ }^{\text {th }}$ Panjab University Inter Zonal Youth \& Heritage Festival

Venue<br>: D A V College Hoshiarpur

Dates $\quad: \mathbf{2 8}^{\text {th }}-\mathbf{3 1}^{\text {st }}$ Oct, 2017
Convener : Dr Neerja Dhingra
Panjab University Vice Chancellor's Trophy 2017-18
Won by Guru Nanak National College, Doraha

## Runners up

Govt. College Hoshiarpur and Dasmesh Girls College, Badal

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PANJAB UNIVERSITY ZONAL

## YOUTH \& HERITAGE FESTIVAL

Ludhiana- Zone A
$24^{\text {th }}$ TO $27^{\text {th }}$ SEP. 2017
CDRU NAMAY YATIONAL COLLECE, DORAMA


Zone A

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## Zone

Venue
Dates

## Convener

Winner of the Zonal Trophy
: Ludhiana-B
: A.S. College for Women, Khanna
: 26th -29th Sept, 2017
: Dr. Meenu Sharma
: Govt College for Girls, Ludhiana



|  | Zone | : Moga Ferozepur -B |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | Venue | : Khalsa College for Women Sidhwan Khurd, Ludhiana |
|  | Dates | : 22nd -25th Oct, 2017 |
|  | Convener | : Dr. Paramjit Kaur |
|  | Winner of the Zonal Trophy | : Dev Samaj College for Women, Ferozepur City |


( 87 )


## COIIEME, HOSHIAI

NR



## Zone : Hoshiarpur- B

Dates : 23rd-26th Sept, 2017
Convener : Dr. Paramjit Singh
Winner of the
Zonal Trophy

Venue : Govt. College, Hoshiarpur
: Govt College Hoshiarpur

( 89 )



Zone

Dates : 15th- 17th Oct, 2017
Convener : Dr. Monika Verma Zonal Trophy

Venue : Sukhdeva Krishna College of Education, Moga

Winner of the : G. H. G. Khalsa College of Education
: Education-B Gurusar Sadhar




Zone
Venue
Dates
Convener : Dr. S. S. Sangha
Winner of the Zonal Trophy
: Muktsar Sahib)
: 11th- 14th Oct, 2017 Tibba, Abohar
: Dasmesh Girls College Badal (Sri Muktsar
: Bhag Singh Khalsa College for Women, Kala



Vice Chancellor Prof. Arun K Grover honouring Principal Dr. Mukti Gill convener of the PU Hand Writing Competition and Prof. Kulwant Rana organizing secretary of $59^{\text {th }}$ PU Inter Zonal Youth \& Heritage Festival


Panjab University Team (BAM Khalsa College Garhshankar) receiving Heritage Quiz Trophy From Padam Shri Dr. Surjit Patar during the Punjab State Inter University Heritage Quiz organized by Punjab Arts Council


Dr Parmjit Singh and Dr Surinder Pal receiving Panjab University Vice Chancellor's Runners Up Trophy 2017-18 secured by Govt College Hoshiarpur, from Panjab University Vice Chancellor Dr Arun K Grover


Panjab University students during the All India National Inter University Youth Festival at Ranchi University Ranchi

( 95 )

## "Sankalp Se Siddhi"



On the Direction of HRD Ministry, Govt. of India a Program ‘Sankalp Se Siddhi-Yeh India Ka Time Hai’ to celebrate 70 years of Independence and $75^{\text {th }}$ Year of Quit India Movement, was organized in the University Auditorium on Sept 20, 2017. In the brain-storming session Dr Arun K Grover, Gen K J Singh, Dr Bhupinder Brar and Dr Harish Kumar discussed about New India 2022. University Officers, Faculty and students were also participated. Patriotic Rock Concert performed by Swastik Band. Dr Nirmal Jaura was the Nodal Officer of the program.


Dr Rajinder Pal Kaur, Editor Jawan Tarang -2016-17 and staff editors Dr Harpal Singh Bhatti, Prof Sushma Miglani and Prof Prabhleen Toor are being honored by Vice Chancellor Dr Arun K Grover

Hand Writing Competition-First in Punjabi












 किख्धि ीिये।



सटे द्टिभाव, सटे 亏ँग
ता वर्सा, ता मिए पो
( 97 )

Hand Writing Competition-First in Hindi

Name...Teema................................. Serial No. 1.13
College Name.... Dasmiesh Girls.... Selleqen,..Badal Medium. HindLe:

जन्म, विवाह और मौत मानवीय जीवन की महत्वपूर्ण घटनाएँ हैं, जिन के आधार पर समाज चलता है। प्रत्येक संस्कृति का मानवीय भाईचारा इन को अपने-अपने ढंग से निर्मित करता है। जिस के फलस्वरूप इन से सम्बंधित अनेक रीति-रिवाज बनते हैं। पंजाबी संस्कृति में ये रीति-रिवाज मनुष्य के जन्म से पहले आरंभ हो जाते हैं और मरने के पश्चात् भी निभाये जाते हैं लेकिन मुकाबले के आज के युग ने इन साधारण रीति-रिवाजों को फ़ैशन, दौड़ और शक्ति-प्रदर्शन में बदल दिया है। आज विवाहों में विशेष स्थान और विशेष थीम आयोजित किये जाते हैं। इस रूचि के फलस्वरूप होटल, पैलेस और महलों का कारोबार लगातार बढ़ रहा है। मीडिया, टी वी शो, सीरियल सभी इस आग को और हवा दे रहे हैं और प्रत्येक साधारण-असाधारण युवक के मन में इन शाही रीति-रिवाजों का मोह-मॉडल भरा जा रहा है।यह जन्म, विवाह और मौत पर ख़र्च किया जा रहा धन कहाँ सार्थक सिद्ध हो रहा है ?

Hand Writing Competition - First in English
Name. Vanshika Pasrisha. Serial No... E2. 4 .... College Name... D.A.V., College Malout...................................nglish
Today, Punjab is in the grip of depression and siucide. In the pursuit of happiness, we are treading the wrong path of pomposity. The youth is getting attracted to the show-off of swanky cars and lavish weddings. To add fuel to the fire, the present music videos and songs patronise this attitude. Shakespeare once said "Music is the food for the soul.' If the genre of music is explored in the right manner, we can create a Punjab that stands united for its fight against depression. Songs of brotherhood and unity will only be able to bring back the past glory of Punjab. If the youth are guided towards soulful music, they would start focussing on the deeper truths of life, thereby, turning them away from the culture of money and flamboyance. It is the time that the singers of Punjab rise to their responsibility and start penning songs that help punjab come out of its bout of depression.

## Result of $59^{\text {th }}$ Panjab University Inter-Zonal Youth and Heritage Festival D. A. V. College, Hoshiarpur

| 28th OCTOBER, 2017 |  |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| CATEGORY | POSITION | COLLEGE NAME | PARTICIPANT NAME |
| Classical Dance | 1st | Ramgarhia Girls College, Ludhiana | Tanishq Kaur Anand |
|  | 2nd | P. G. Govt. College for Girls, Sec. 42, Chandigarh | Soumya |
|  | 3rd | G. G. D. S. D.,Sec. 32, Chandigarh | Riya |
|  | 3rd | G. H. G. Institute of Law, Sidhwan Khurd | Arushi Setia |
| Group Dance (General) | Team |  |  |
|  | 1st | Khalsa College for Women, Civil Lines, Ldh. |  |
|  | 2nd | Dev Samaj College for Women, Ferozepur City |  |
|  | 2nd | Dasmesh Girls College, Badal |  |
|  | 3rd | D. M. College, Moga |  |
|  | 3rd | S. D. College, Hoshiarpur |  |
|  | Individual |  |  |
|  | 1st | Khalsa College for Women, Civil Lines, Ludhiana | Priyanka Rautela |
|  | 2nd | P. G. Govt. College for Girls, Sec. 11, Chandigarh | Renu Walia |
|  | 3rd | S. D. College, Hoshiarpur | Harman Rajwanshi \& Naveen |
| Shabad/Bhajan | Team |  |  |
|  | 1st | Govt. College, Hoshiarpur |  |
|  | 2nd | Guru Nanak National College, Doraha |  |
|  | 3rd | Khalsa College for Women, Civil Lines, Ludhiana |  |
|  | 3rd | P. G. Govt. College for Girls, Sec. 11, Chandigarh |  |
|  | Individual |  |  |
|  | 1st | Khalsa College for Women, Civil Lines, Ludhiana | Kami |
|  | 2nd | Govt. College, Hoshiarpur | Paramjot Singh |
|  | 3rd | Guru Nanak National College, Doraha | Ganga Singh |
| Folk Song | 1st | Partap College of Education, Ludhiana | Jasmeen Akhtar |
|  | 2nd | Panjab University Campus, Chandigarh | Randeep Kaur |
|  | 2nd | Arya College, Ludhiana | Harmandeep Singh |
|  | 3 rd | Bhag Singh Khalsa College for Girls, Kalla Tibba | Ranbeer Kaur |
|  | 3rd | P. G. Govt. College for Girls, Sec. 11, Chandigarh | Himanshi Tanwar |
| Group Singing | Team |  |  |
|  | 1st | G. H. G. Khalsa College, Sudhar |  |
|  | 2nd | P. G. Govt. College for Girls, Sec. 11, Chandigarh |  |
|  | 2nd | Guru Nanak National College, Doraha |  |
|  | 3rd | S. G. G. S. Khalsa College, Mahilpur |  |
|  | 3 rd | Guru Nanak Khalsa College, Model Town, Ldh. |  |
|  | Individual |  |  |
|  | 1st | Guru Nanak Khalsa College, Model Town, Ldh | Simran Haryani |
|  | 2nd | Guru Nanak National College, Doraha | Fariad Ali |
|  | 3rd | S. G. G. S. Khalsa College, Mahilpur | Ramandeep Singh |
| Classical Vocal | 1st | Malwa College, Bondli, Samrala | Aasa Singh |
|  | 2nd | Govt. College for Girls, Ludhiana | Jasmine Kaur Dhiman |
|  | 2nd | M. C. M. D. A. V. College for Women, Sec. 36, Chd. | Divya Bhatt |
|  | 3rd | Nankana Sahib College of Education, Gangurai | Asa Singh |
| Geet | 1st | M. C. M. D. A. V. College for Women, Sec. 36, Chd. | Divya Bhatt |
|  | 2nd | Dasmesh Girls College, Badal | Sarvprya |
|  | 3rd | Partap College of Education, Ludhiana | Gagandeep Kaur |


| Gazal | 1st | Guru Nanak National College, Doraha | Gurkirat Kaur |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | 2nd | Govt. College for Girls, Ludhiana | Jasmine Kaur Dhiman |
|  | 3rd | Govt. College, Hoshiarpur | Paramjot Singh |
| Creative Writing | (Poem) |  |  |
|  | 1st | M. C. M. D. A. V. College for Women, Sec. 36, Chd. | Vidisha Kaushik |
|  | 2nd | D. A. V. College, Abohar | Kanwal Kumar |
|  | 3rd | P. G. Govt. College for Girls, Sec. 11, Chandigarh | Anushka |
|  | 3rd | D. A. V. College of Education, Abohar | Gurmeet Singh |
| Creative Writing | (Essay) |  |  |
|  | 1st | P. U. S. S. G. R. C. , Hoshiarpur | Anshu Sood |
|  | 2nd | Dasmesh Girls College, Badal | Meenu |
|  | 3rd | G. G. D. S. D. College, Hariana | Yaspreet Kaur |
| Creative Writing | (Story) |  |  |
|  | 1st | Dev Samaj College for Women, Ferozepur city | Baljeet Kaur |
|  | 2nd | B. K. S. College, Muhar | Veerpal Kaur |
|  | 3rd | B. C. M. College of Education, Ludhiana | Shaina Verma |
| Heritage Quiz | 1st | B. A. M. Khalsa College, Garhshankar |  |
|  | 2nd | Govt. College, Hoshiarpur |  |
|  | 3rd | S. C. D. Govt. College, Ludhiana |  |


| 29th OCTOBRR, 2017 |  |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| CATEGORY | POSITION | COLLEGE NAME | PARTICIPANT NAME |
| Bhangra | Team |  |  |
|  | 1st | S. C. D. Govt. College, Ludhiana |  |
|  | 2nd | Govt. College, Hoshiarpur |  |
|  | 3rd | J. C. D. A. V. College, Dasuya |  |
|  | 3rd <br> Individual | D. A. V. College, Sec. 10, Chandigarh |  |
|  | 1st | S. C. D. Govt. College, Ludhiana | Simarjit Singh |
|  | 2nd | S. C. D. Govt. College, Ludhiana | Karamvir Singh |
|  | 3 rd | Govt. College, Hoshiarpur | Harkirat Singh |
| Giddha | Team |  |  |
|  | 1st | Dev Samaj College for Women, Ferozepur city |  |
|  | 2nd | Bhag Singh Khalsa College for Girls, Kalla Tibba |  |
|  | 3rd | M. C. M. D. A. V. College for Women, Sec. 36, Chd. |  |
|  | 3rd | Panjab University Campus, Chandigarh |  |
|  | Individual |  |  |
|  | 1st | Bhag Singh Khalsa College for Girls, Kalla Tibba | Sukhpreet Kaur |
|  | 2nd | Guru Nanak National College, Doraha | Ruksana |
|  | 3rd | R. S. D. College, Ferozepur city | Virpal Kaur |
|  | 3rd | Govt. College for Girls, Ludhiana | Tamanpreet Kaur |
| Percussion | 1st | P. G. G. C, Sec. 11, Chandigarh | Gagandeep Singh |
|  | 2nd | G. K. S. M. Govt. College, Tanda Urmur | Manpreet Singh |
|  | 2nd | Malwa College, Bondli | Rattan Singh |
|  | 3 rd | Govt. College for Girls, Ludhiana | Damanpreet |
|  | 3rd | M. C. M. D. A. V. College for Women, Sec. 36, Chd. | Ivneet Kaur |


| Indian Orchestra | Team |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | 1st | P. G. Govt. College for Girls, Sec. 11, Chandigarh |  |
|  | 2nd | Guru Nanak National College, Doraha |  |
|  | 2nd | Dev Samaj College for Women, Ferozepur city |  |
|  | 3rd | Ramgarhia Girls College, Ludhiana |  |
|  | 3rd | P. G. G. C, Sec. 46, Chandigarh |  |
|  | Individual |  |  |
|  | 1st | P. G. G. C, Sec. 46, Chandigarh | Suraj |
|  | 2nd | B. K. S. College, Muhar | Gurpreet Singh |
|  | 2nd | Dev Samaj College for Women, Ferozepur city | Sakshi Goyal |
|  | 3rd | Ramgarhia Girls College, Ludhiana | Neha Bharti |
|  | 3rd | Gopi Chand Arya Mahila College, Abohar | Riya Kalra |
| Non-Percussion | 1st | Guru Nanak Khalsa College for Women, Ldh. | Prabhjot Kaur |
|  | 2nd | Panjab University Campus, Chandigarh | Umesh Kumar |
|  | 2nd | Khalsa College, Garhdiwala | Jaspreet Singh |
|  | 3rd | Dev Samaj College for Women, Ferozepur city | Khushi |
|  | 3rd | Guru Nanak National College, Doraha | Ganga Singh |
| Debate | 1st | R. S. D. College, Ferozepur city | Sheenam Dhingra |
|  | 2nd | Panjab University Campus, Chandigarh | Ankita Valecha |
|  | 3rd | A. S. College for Women, Khanna | Ritika Sharma |
| Elocution | 1st | S. P. N. College, Mukerian | Arpana Chaudhary |
|  | 2nd | G. G. D. S. D., Sec. 32, Chandigarh | Japleen Kaur |
|  | 3 rd | Dasmesh Girls College, Badal | Rajveer Kaur |
| Poem Recitation | 1st | Panjab University Campus, Chandigarh | Soumya Joshi |
|  | 2nd | P. G. Govt. College for Girls, Sec. 11, Chandigarh | Kalyani Tehri |
|  | 3rd | Dasmesh Girls College, Badal | Jaspreet Kaur |
| Muhavaredaar Vaartalap | Team |  |  |
|  | 1st | Dasmesh Girls College, Badal |  |
|  | 2nd | Guru Nanak Govt. College, G. T. B. Garh, Moga |  |
|  | 3rd | P. G. Govt. College for Girls, Sec. 42, Chandigarh |  |
|  | Individual |  |  |
|  | 1st | P. G. Govt. College for Girls, Sec. 42, Chandigarh | Harleen Kaur Seth |
|  | 2nd | Guru Nanak Govt. College, G. T. B. Garh, Moga | Iqbal Singh |
|  | 3rd | Dasmesh Girls College, Badal | Jaspreet Kaur |
| On the Spot <br> Painting |  |  |  |
|  | 1st | Govt. College of Arts, Sec. 10, Chandigarh | Simrandeep Kaur |
|  | 2nd | Baba Kundan Singh College Muhar | Jagdeep Singh |
|  | 3 rd | Govt. College of Arts, Sec. 10, Chandigarh | Siddhant Dhawan |
|  | 3rd | Guru Nanak Khalsa College, Model Town, Ldh. | Neeraj Sharma |
| Photography | 1st | Govt. College of Arts, Sec. 10, Chandigarh | Bhupinder Singh |
|  | 2nd | S. B.B.S. Memorial Girls College, Sukhanand | Navdeep Kaur |
|  | 2nd | S. D. College, Hoshiarpur | Pawan Kumar |
|  | 3rd | S.D.S. College of Education for (W), Lopon, Moga | Kamaljit Kaur |
|  | 3rd | G. G. S. C. W., Sec. 26, Chandigarh | Pratibha Sharma |


| Collage Making | 1st | Govt. College, Hoshiarpur | Sumit |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | 2nd | G. G. S. C. W., Sec. 26, Chandigarh | Tseriang Youdol |
|  | 3 rd | G. G. D. S. D., Sec. 32, Chandigarh | Hemlata Sharma |
|  | 3rd | Bhutta College of Education, Bhutta, Ludhiana | Shabhnam Bhatti |
| Clay Modelling | 1st | Govt. College, Hoshiarpur | Richa Pandey |
|  | 2nd | Govt. College of Arts, Sec. 10, Chandigarh | Gurpreet Singh |
|  | 3rd | Bhag Singh Khalsa College for Girls, Kala Tibba | Nitu Rani |
|  | 3rd | Guru Nanak Girls College, Ludhiana | Sanjay Devi |
| Poster Making | 1st | M. C. M. D. A. V. College for Women, Sec. 36, Chd. | Mahima Vinod Sauhta |
|  | 2nd | Govt. College for Girls, Ludhiana | Jaspreet Kaur |
|  | 2nd | Govt. College, Hoshiarpur | Deeksha |
|  | 3rd | Govt. College of Arts, Sec. 10, Chandigarh | Paramveer Singh |
| Cartooning | 1st | Govt. College of Arts, Sec. 10, Chandigarh | Nameirakpam Rishikanta Singh |
|  | 2nd | M. C. M. D. A. V. College for Women, Sec. 36, Chd. | Deepika Gautam |
|  | 3rd | Govt. College of Arts, Sec. 10, Chandigarh | Avichal Singh |
|  | 3rd | Govt. College, Tanda | Hema |
| Still Life Drawing | 1st | Govt. College of Arts, Sec. 10, Chandigarh | Sanya Bhutani |
|  | 2nd | Dashmesh Girls College, Chak Alla Baksh, Mukerian | Priya Devi |
|  | 2nd | Govt. College of Arts, Sec. 10, Chandigarh | Norbu Wangyal |
|  | 3rd | D. A. V. College, Hoshiarpur | Barbie Malik |
| Installation | 1st | Govt. College, Hoshiarpur |  |
|  | 2nd | S.D.S. College of Education for (W), Lopon, Moga |  |
|  | 3rd | Ramgarhia Girls College, Ludhiana |  |

30th OCTOBER, 2017

| CATEGORY | POSITION | COLLEGE NAME | PARTICIPANT NAME |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| Folk Orchestra | Team |  |  |
|  | 1st | B. K. S. College, Muhar, |  |
|  | 2nd | Guru Nanak National College, Doraha |  |
|  | 3rd | A. S. College for Women, Khanna |  |
|  | Individual |  |  |
|  | 1st | G. G. D. S. D., Sec. 32, Chandigarh | Harman Preet Singh |
|  | 2nd | A. S. College for Women, Khanna | Neeru Fer |
|  | 3rd | Khalsa College, Garhdiwala | Lovedeep Singh |
| Folk Instrument | Individual |  |  |
|  | 1st | Guru Nanak National College, Doraha | Salim Khan |
|  | 2nd | B. K. S. College, Muhar | Gurpreet Singh |
|  | 3rd | D. D. Jain College of Education, Ludhiana | Priyanka Grover |
| Mime | Team |  |  |
|  | 1st | Kamla Lohtia S. D. College, Ludhiana |  |
|  | 2nd | Govt. College of Commerce and Business Administration, Sec. 50, Chandigarh |  |


|  | 3rd | Khalsa College for Women, Ludhiana |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | Individual |  |  |
|  | 1st | Khalsa College for Women, Ludhiana | Kajal Kainth |
|  | 2nd | Kamla Lohtia S. D. College, Ludhiana | Tarush |
|  | 3rd | Dev Samaj College of Education, Chandigarh | Ada Dutta |
| One Act Play | Team |  |  |
|  | 1st | D. A. V. College, Sec. 10, Chandigarh |  |
|  | 2nd | Khalsa College for Women, Ludhiana |  |
|  | 3rd | Dev Samaj College for Women, Ferozepur city |  |
|  | 3rd | P. G. Govt College for Girls,Sec. 11, Chandigarh |  |
|  | Individual |  |  |
|  | 1st | Dev Samaj College for Women, Ferozepur city | Arundhati |
|  | 2nd | Khalsa College for Women, Ludhiana | Swati Negi |
|  | 3rd | D. A. V. College, Abohar | Sagar Kathuria |
|  | 3rd | D. A. V. College, Sec. 10, Chandigarh | Nitin Guleria |
| Histronics | 1st | S. D. P. College for Women, Ludhiana | Charu Tiwari |
|  | 2nd | G. G. S. Khalsa College for Women, Jhar Sahib | Manpreet Kaur |
|  | 3rd | Dev Samaj College for Women, Ferozepur city | Sukhdeep Kaur |
| Guddian Patole | 1st | D. A. V. College, Sec. 10, Chandigarh | Siratjot |
|  | 2nd | Baba Balraj P. U. Constituent College, Balachaur | Harwinder Kaur |
|  | 3rd | M. T. S. Memorial College for Women, Ludhiana | Poonam Rani |
| Chikku Making | 1st | S. D. College, Hoshiarpur | Aroma Rani |
|  | 2nd | Maharaja Ranjit Singh College, Malout | Gurpreet Kaur |
|  | 3rd | S. K. College of Education, Ghall Kalan, Moga | Ramandeep Kaur |
|  | 3rd | G. G. D. S. D. College, Sec. 32, Chandigarh | Amanpreet Singh |
| Paranda Making | 1st | Khalsa College for Women, Ludhiana | Ekjot Kaur |
|  | 2nd | S. P. N. College, Mukerian | Sheetal Kaur Saini |
|  | 3rd | S.D.S. College of Education for (W), Lopon, Moga | Sukhminder Kaur |
|  | 3rd | B. C. M. College for Education, Ludhiana | Tanu Sharma |
| Naala Making | 1st | Jagat Sewak College for Women, Mehna | Navpreet Kaur |
|  | 2nd | G. H. G. Harprakash College of Education for Women, Sidhwan Khurd, Ludhiana | Kiranjit Kaur |
|  | 3rd | S. P. N. College, Mukerian | Punita Kumari |
|  | 3rd | Guru Nanak College, Moga | Navkiran Kaur |
| Tokri Making | 1st | S. C. D. Govt. College, Ludhiana | Harpreet Singh |
|  | 2nd | G. G. S. College of Education, Giddarbaha | Sharanjit Kaur |
|  | 3rd | S. D. College, Hoshiarpur | Tinku Sharma |
|  | 3rd | Govt. College, Hoshiarpur | Gurnam Singh |
| Mitti De khidaune | 1st | Bhag Singh Khalsa College for Girls, Kala Tibba | Nitu Rani |
|  | 2nd | D. A. V. College of Education, Hoshiarpur | Nisha Rani |
|  | 3rd | P. G. Govt. College, Sec. 11, Chandigarh | Babandeep Kaur |
|  | 3rd | A. S. College for Women, Khanna | Satwinder Kaur |
| Khiddo Making | 1st | Govt. College for Girls, Ludhiana | Angrej Kaur |
|  | 2nd | Arya College, Ludhiana | Jasbir Kaur |
|  | 3rd | G. G. D. S. D. sec. 32, Chandigarh | Nancie |
|  | 3rd | D. A. V. College of Education, Hoshiarpur | Kanchan Devi |


| Peerhi Making | 1st | M. T. S. Memorial College for Women, Ludhiana | Inderjeet Kaur |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | 2nd | Guru Nanak College, Moga | Manpreet Kaur |
|  | 3rd | Guru Nanak National College, Doraha | Sukhdeep Kaur |
|  | 3rd | L. L. R. M. College of Educationj, Dhudike, Moga | Swaranjeet Kaur |
| Rassa Vatna | 1st | Govt. College, Tanda | Paramdeep Singh |
|  | 2nd | Guru Nanak National College, Doraha | Gurmeet Singh |
|  | 3rd | Guru Nanak College, Moga | Karamveer Singh |
|  | 3rd | D. M. College of Education, Moga | Harmanpreet Kaur |
| Ennu Making | 1st | Mata Sahib Kaur Girls College, Talwandi Bhai | Mandeep Kaur |
|  | 2nd | Gopi Chand Arya Mahila College, Abohar | Rajani |
|  | 3rd | Shri Atam Vallabh Jain College, Ludhiana | Archana |
|  | 3rd | Dasmesh Girls College of Education, Badal | Priya Rani |
| Kavishri | Team |  |  |
|  | 1st | A. S. College, Khanna |  |
|  | 2nd | G. G. S. Khalsa College for Women, Jhar Sahib |  |
|  | 3rd | Partap College of Education, Ludhiana |  |
|  | Individual |  |  |
|  | 1st | Partap College of Education, Ludhiana | Jasmeen Akhtar |
|  | 2nd | A. S. College, Khanna | Jaspal Das |
|  | 3rd | Guru Nanak College for Girls, Muktsar | Navneet Kaur |
| Vaar Singing | Team |  |  |
|  | 1st | Arya College, Ludhiana |  |
|  | 2nd | B. A. M. Khalsa College, Garhshankar |  |
|  | 3rd | B. K. S. College, Muhar |  |
|  | Individual |  |  |
|  | 1st | Partap College of Education, Ludhiana | Jasmeen Akhtar |
|  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { 2nd } \\ & \text { 3rd } \end{aligned}$ | Arya College, Ludhiana Govt. College, Hoshiarpur | Harmandeep Singh Sandhu Amritjot Kaur |
| Kali Singing | Team |  |  |
|  | 1st | Guru Nanak National College, Doraha |  |
|  | 2nd | A. S. College for Women, Khanna |  |
|  | 3rd | Dev Samaj College for Women, Ferozepur city |  |
|  | 3rd | R. S. D. College, Ferozepur City |  |
|  | Individual |  |  |
|  | 1st | A. S. College for Women, Khanna | Gayatri |
|  | 2nd | N. S. College of Education, Kot Gangu Rai | Asa Singh |
|  | 3rd | Guru Nanak National College, Doraha | Gurkirat Kaur |
| Quiz | 1st | S. C. D. Govt. College, Ludhiana |  |
|  | 2nd | Khalsa College for Women, Civil Lines, Ludhiana |  |
|  | 3rd | Govt. College, Hoshiarpur |  |


| 31th OCTOBER, 2017 |  |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| CATEGORY | POSITION | COLLEGE NAME | PARTICIPANT NAME |
| Ladies Traditional \& Ritualistic Song of Punjab | Team |  |  |
|  | 1st | Khalsa College for Women, Sidhwan Khurd |  |
|  | 2nd | Khalsa College of Education, Muktsar |  |
|  | 3rd | S. M. S. Karamjot College for Women, Miani |  |
|  | Individual |  |  |
|  | 1st | Khalsa College of Education, Muktsar | Rajni Bala |
|  | 2nd | Khalsa College for Women, Sidhwan Khurd | Sukhvir Kaur |
|  | 3rd | D. A. V. College of Education, Hoshiarpur | Kiranjot Kaur |
| Folk Dance (Boys) | Team |  |  |
|  | 1st | S. C. D. Govt. College, Ludhiana |  |
|  | 2nd | D. A. V. College, Abohar |  |
|  | 3rd | Babe Ke College of Education, Daudhar, Moga |  |
|  | 3rd | Govind National College, Narangwal, Ludhiana |  |
|  | Individual |  |  |
|  | 1st | D. A. V. College, Abohar | Sukhveer Singh |
|  | 2nd | S. C. D. Govt. College, Ludhiana | Simarjit Singh |
|  | 3rd | G. K. S. M. Govt. College, Tanda Urmar | Rajinder Kumar |
| Folk Dance (Girls) | Team |  |  |
|  | 1st | Dasmesh Girls College, Badal |  |
|  | 2nd | Khalsa College for Women, Ludhiana |  |
|  | 2nd | Khalsa College for Women, Sidhwan Khurd |  |
|  | 3rd | S. D. College, Hoshiarpur |  |
|  | 3rd | Dasmesh Girls College, Chak Alla Baksh, Mukerian |  |
|  | Individual |  |  |
|  | 1st | Khalsa College for Women, Ludhiana | Priyanka Routela |
|  | 2nd | Khalsa College for Women, Sidhwan Khurd | Jaspreet Kaur |
|  | 2 nd | B. K. S. College, Muhar | Virpal Kaur |
|  | 3rd | D. A. V. College of Education, Abohar | Anmol Preet Kaur |
|  | 3 rd | G. G. D. S. D. Sector- 32, Chandigarh | Sparsh Dhar |
| Mimicry | 1st | Arya College, Ludhiana | Balram |
|  | 2nd | Dev Samaj College for Women, Ferozepur city | Sukhdeep Kaur |
|  | 3 rd | Khalsa College for Women, Civil Lines, Ludhiana | Praizy Kundal |
|  | 3 rd | D. A. V. College, Abohar | Neha Shri |
| Skit | Team |  |  |
|  | 1st | Dasmesh Girls College, Badal |  |
|  | 2nd | G. H. G. Khalsa College, Sadhar |  |
|  | 3rd |  |  |
|  | 3rd | M. C. M. D. A. V. College for Women, Sec. 36, Chd. |  |
|  | Individual |  |  |
|  | 1st | Dasmesh Girls College, Badal | Rajveer Kaur |
|  | 2nd | M. C. M. D. A. V. College for Women, Sec. 36, Chd. | Rabia Preet Gill |
|  | 3rd | S. P. N. College, Mukerian | Neeru |
|  | 3rd | D. A. V. College, Hoshiarpur | Jaspal Singh |


| Bhand | Team |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | 1st | B. K. S. College, Muhar |  |
|  | 2nd | B. A. M. Khalsa College, Garhshankar |  |
|  | 3rd | Sri Atam Vallabh Jain College, Ludhiana |  |
|  | 3rd | Dasmesh Girls College, Badal |  |
|  | Individual |  |  |
|  | 1st | B. K. S. College, Muhar, Moga | Jagraj Singh |
|  | 2nd | B. A. M. Khalsa College, Garhshankar | Ritu Raj Sharma |
|  | 3rd | Dasmesh Girls College, Badal | Rajveer Kaur |
|  | 3rd | D. M. College of Education, Moga | Harmandeep Singh |
| Rangoli | 1st | Guru Nanak Khalsa College for Women, Ldh. | Amritpal Kaur |
|  | 2nd | Arya College, Ludhiana | Sushila Kumari |
|  | 3rd | D. A. V. College of Education, Hoshiarpur | Hardeep Kaur |
|  | 3rd | S. D. College, Hoshiarpur | Mridula |
| Bagh | 1st | M. T. S. Memorial College for Women, Ludhiana | Ranjeet Kaur |
|  | 2nd | S. D. College, Hoshiarpur | Ramandeep Kaur |
|  | 3rd | S. D. College for Women, Moga | Anmolpreet Kaur |
|  | 3rd | G. G. D. S. D. Sector- 32, Chandigarh | Ramandeep Kaur Aulakh |
| Phulkari | 1st | Guru Nanak Khalsa College for Women, Ldh. | Nisha Singla |
|  | 2nd | D. A. V. College, Hoshiarpur | Priya Rani |
|  | 3rd | Dev Samaj College for Women, Ferozepur city | Rajwinder Kaur |
| Knitting | 1st | Bhag Singh Khalsa College, Kala Tibba | Mandeep Kaur |
|  | 2nd | S. G. G. S. College for Education, Beghpur, | KamloohItika Sharma |
|  | 3rd | Malwa Central College of Education. Ludhiana | Mansimran Kaur |
| Crochet Work | 1st | Govt. College for Girls, Ludhiana | Taro Kaur |
|  | 2nd | B. C. M. College of Education, Ludhiana | Harpreet Kaur |
|  | 3rd | Dev Samaj College for Women, Ferozepur city | Amandeep Kaur |
| Pakhi Making | 1st | Guru Nanak Khalsa College, Model Town, Ldh. | Mandeep Kaur |
|  | 2nd | S. G. G. S. College for Education, Beghpur, | KamloohJasvir Kaur |
|  | 3rd | Govt. College, Hoshiarpur | Harpreet Kaur |
| Mehandi | 1st | Dasmesh Girls College, Badal | Teena |
| Designing | 2nd | Guru Nanak Girls College, Ludhiana | Gurpreet Kaur |
|  | 3rd | J. C. D. A. V. College, Dasuya | Sunanda Sharma |
|  | 3rd | Dev Samaj College for Women, Ferozepur city | Manpreet Kaur |
| Dasuti / | 1st | Guru Nanak Girls College, Ludhiana | Veerpal Kaur |
| Cross Stitch | 2nd | Govt. Home Science College, Sec. 10, Chandigarh | Nisha |
|  | 2nd | Khalsa College for Women, Sidhwan Khurd | Gurleen Kaur |
|  | 3rd | D. A. V. College of Education, Hoshiarpur | Gurwinder |

## Panjab University Vice Chancellor's Trophy 2017-18

Won by Guru Nanak National College, Doraha

## Runners up Govt. College Hoshiarpur and Dasmesh Girls College, Badal

## Annual Report 2017-18

The Department of Youth Welfare, being an important part of the University, working for the overall development of the students, was set up in 1958 under the Directorship of Dr. K. C. Anand as Founder Director and at present Dr. Nirmal Jaura is heading the department. With an objective of nurturing the young minds and for their balanced growth and development, the department organizes a number of activities every year. As the department encourages the young students to come forward and prove themselves by participating in various creative activities in the same way the active participation of the students in these activities encourage the department to provide them more and more opportunities for their overall development. During the session 2017-18 the Department has organized one inter zonal and 12 zonal youth and heritage festivals and three youth training camps. The major achievements of the Department are as follows :

## All India Inter- University National Youth Festival

The University contingent participated in All India Inter-University National Youth Festival at Ranchi University, Ranchi (Jharkhand) from February 16th to 20th, 2018. About 62 universities from all over India participated in this Festival which was organized by the Association of Indian Universities, New Delhi. Panjab University achieved 5 first prizes, 1 second prizes and 1 fourth prize out of total 8 events of this festival, as given below:

## FirstPositions

Folk/Tribal Dance: Khalsa College for Women, Civil Lines, Ludhiana
Non-Percussion: Prabhjot Kaur, Guru Nanak Khalsa College for Women, Ludhiana
Poster Making: Mahima Sauhta,M. C. M. DAV. College for Women, Sec.-36,Chd
Cartooning: Nameirakpam Rishikanta Singh, Govt. College of Art, Sec-10, Chd
Photography: Bhupinder Singh, Govt. College of Art, Sec-10, Chandigarh
Second Position
Clay Modelling: Richa Pandey, Govt College, Hoshiarpur
Fourth Position
On the Spot Painting: Simrandeep Kaur, Govt. College of Art, Sec-10, Chandigarh
3rd Governors Annual Inter University (North Zone) Declamation Contest
Panjab University Debate team (Ms. Sheenam Dhingra, R.S.D. College, Ferozepur and Ms. Aparna Chaudhary, S.P.N College Mukerian) Secured the Second position during the 3rd Governors Annual Inter University (North Zone) Declamation Contest organized by University of Jammu, Jammu on Jan. 18, 2018. Great Britain Debate- 2017-18

Panjab University Debate team (Ms. Ankita Valecha, Panjab University Chandigarh and Mr. Khushdev Arora, Panjab University Chandigarh) secured the first position during the Great Britain Debate organized by British Deputy High Commissioner at Chitkara University on Jan. 24, 2018.
Inter State University Folk Song Competition "LOKRANG"
During the Inter State University Folk Song Competition "Lokrang" organized by Mata Sundri College for Women, University of Delhi, Delhi on Feb 7, 2018, Panjab University student Randeep Kaur secured
the first position (Mata Sundri Trophy) along with cash prize of Rs.17000/-.

## North Zone Inter University Youth Festival

During the 33rd North Zone Inter University Youth Festival organized by Association of Indian Universities New Delhi at Maharishi Markandeswar University, Mullana, Amabala, Haryana from Jan. 12 to 16,2018 . Panjab University achieved 4 first prizes, 2 second prize, and 2 Third prize out of total 13 events of this festival, as given below:

## First Positions

Non-Percussion: Prabhjot Kaur, Guru Nanak Khalsa College for Women, Ludhiana
Poster Making: Mahima Sauhta, M. C. M. D. A. V. College for Women, Sector-36,Chd
Collage Making: Sumit, Govt College, Hoshiarpur
Cartooning: Nameirakpam Rishikanta Singh, Govt. College of Art, Sec-10, Chandigarh
Second Position
Folk/Tribal Dance: Khalsa College for Women, Civil Lines, Ludhiana
On the Spot Painting: Simrandeep Kaur, Govt. College of Art, Sec-10, Chandigarh
Third Position
Photography: Bhupinder Singh, Govt. College of Art, Sec-10, Chandigarh
Clay Modeling : Richa Pandey, Govt College, Hoshiarpur

## Handwriting Competition

In the era of automation youth is losing interest in writing. To inculcate the habit of writing, Inter College Handwriting Competition in Punjabi, Hindi and English was organised by the Department. In the first phase of this competition 500 entries from various colleges were received and 105 entries for final competition were selected. The final competition was conducted at Khalsa College for Women, Civil Lines Ludhiana.

## Punjab State Inter University Heritage Quiz

Panjab University Team ( B A M Khalsa College Garhshankar ) won the First Position during the Panjab State Inter University Heritage Quiz organised by Punjab Arts Council on the eve of International Mother Language Day-2018

## Drug Awareness Campaign

As a part of drug awareness campaign a Declamation Contest was organised on 20.03.2018 at Khalsa College for Women, civil lines, Ludhiana in which the students from more than 28 colleges participated. Youth Training Camp

111 students (boys and Girls) participated in the Youth Training Camp ( Leadership Training, Hiking Trekking and Rock climbing ) organized by Department of Youth Welfare at Dr. Y. S. Parmar University of Horticulture \& Forestry, Nauni, Solan (HP) from June 30 to July 8, 2017 . Mr Bharat Bhushan from Gobindgarh Public College Alour and Ms Baljinder Kaur from DAV College Malout declared Best Camper Boy and Best Camper Girl, respectively.

# Statement about ownership and other particulars about " Jawan Tarang " 

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I, Director Youth Welfare, Panjab University, Chandigarh hereby declare that particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Signature of the Publisher

[^1]

Panjab University Team receiving the Fine Arts Trophy during the North Zone Inter University Youth Festival organised by Association of Indian Universities at Maharishi Markendheshwer University, Mullana (Haryana)


Panjab University Students (Ms Ankita Valecha and Mr Khushdev Arora) receiving the First Prize of Great Britain Debate from Worthy Andrew Ayre, British Deputy High Commissioner at Chandigarh.


Panjab University Vice Chancellor Dr (Prof) Arun K Grover, presenting the Vice Chancellor's Trophy for the session 2017-18 to Dr Narinder Singh Sidhu, Principal, Guru Nanak National College Doraha. Dr Nirmal Jaura, Director Youth Welfare and DrParminder Singh, Director Sports are also seen in the picture.


Panjab University Folk \& Tribal Dance Team (Khalsa College for Women, Civil Lines Ludhiana) won First Position in All India National Inter University Youth Festival held at Ranchi University, Ranchi and in the North Zone Inter University Youth Festival held at Maharishi Markendheshwer University, Mullana (Haryana), organised by Association of Indian Universities, New Delhi.


[^0]:    - All the best!

[^1]:    Printed and published by Director Youth Welfare on behalf of Department of Youth Welfare, Panjab University, Chandigarh and printed at Amit Arts, 36 MW, Industrial Area Phase- 1, Chandigarh and published at Chandigarh. Editor- Nirmal Jaura
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