



SHAHEED BHAGAT SINGH COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF DELHI
2025-26

vani

COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Vani

2025-26



About Shaheed Bhagat Singh College



Shaheed Bhagat Singh College, named after the great son of India, **Shaheed-e-Azam, Sardar Bhagat Singh**, was established as a co-educational institute in **1967**, as one of the constituent colleges of the **University of Delhi**. It acquired **postgraduate status** in a record time of 7 years, and proudly celebrated its **Golden Jubilee Year** in 2016–17.

Over the past five decades, the college has distinguished itself in diverse academic and professional fields by providing a **vibrant and intellectually stimulating academic culture** that promotes independence of thought and vision. The college is equipped with a **fully computerized library with state-of-the-art facilities** to upgrade knowledge, skills, and capabilities required for the complex business environment of the 21st century.

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

Dear Students,

It gives me immense pleasure to present the 2025-26 edition of Vani, The College Magazine, which continues to be a vibrant reflection of the creativity, imagination, and intellectual engagement of our academic community. Each edition of Vani carries forward a legacy of expression, offering a platform where ideas find voice and creativity finds form.

This year's magazine brings together a diverse and compelling collection of writings and artistic works by our students, faculty, and contributors. The pages are enriched with thoughtful essays, meaningful poetry, engaging short stories, and visual expressions that together capture the various dimensions of human experience.

What stands out is the sincerity and depth with which our students observe, interpret, and express the world around them, blending personal insights with wider social and cultural reflections.

I am particularly pleased to see the continued enthusiasm with which students participate in this creative endeavour.



The magazine not only showcases talent but also nurtures confidence, critical thinking, and intellectual curiosity - qualities that are essential for holistic education. It is heartening to witness how Vani serves as a space where diverse perspectives come together in meaningful dialogue.

I extend my heartfelt congratulations to Prof. Swati Rajput - the convenor of the magazine and to the editorial team, faculty members, students and all contributors for their dedication and hard work in bringing out this edition. Their collective effort has ensured that Vani remains a significant and inspiring publication of our institution.

As you read through these pages, I hope you are inspired to think deeply, express freely, and engage creatively with the world around you. May Vani continue to encourage a love for literature, art, and thoughtful expression in all its readers.

***With warm regards,
Prof Arun Kumar Attree
Principal***





MAGAZINE *CONVENOR'S* MESSAGE

विद्या ददाति विनयं विनयाद् याति पात्रताम्।
पात्रत्वात् धनमाप्नोति धनात् धर्मं ततः सुखम्॥

Education gives humility.

Humility builds character and worthiness.

From worthiness comes prosperity, from prosperity comes righteousness, and from righteousness comes true happiness.

The college annual magazine “Vani” tries to capture the intellectual, creative and cultural spirit of the institution. It is the voice of students and teachers who share their ideas, perspectives and creativity on this platform. This magazine is more than a compilation of writings; it becomes a mirror of the ideas, emotions, and experiences that shape our academic community.

“Vani” 2025-26 is amalgamation of diverse themes bringing together reflections, stories, and creative expressions that mirror the many dimensions of student life and thought. This year magazine includes six significant themes with special focus on “celebrating 150 years of Vande Matram”.

“वंदे मातरम् की वाणी हमें स्मरण कराती है कि राष्ट्र निर्माण केवल शब्द नहीं, बल्कि कर्तव्य, परिश्रम और समर्पण की सतत साधना है। मातृभूमि के प्रति प्रेम ही वह शक्ति है जो नागरिकों को एकजुट कर प्रगति और सम्मान का मार्ग प्रशस्त करता है।”

In a world facing rapid change and uncertainty, a balanced sense of nationalism nurture unity, responsibility, and commitment towards collective progress The national song “Vande Mataram” continues to inspire this spirit, reminding citizens of their deep bond with the motherland and

their shared duty in building a strong and harmonious nation. Other themes in magazine includes “Waves of Change (नवप्रवाह)” reflects the constant transitions that define both society and student life; “Reflection of Mind (भाव- मंथन)”, contributors explore the inner landscape of thoughts, emotions, and personal journeys.

Our cities are vibrant spaces filled with stories waiting to be told. “Urban Echoes: Stories of the Street (नगर-निनाद)” captures these everyday narratives and moments from bustling streets, quiet observations, and reflections on urban life that many of us experience but rarely pause to document. The section “Tributes to Timeless Writers (कृतज्ञ-संस्मरण)” pays homage to literary voices whose works continue to inspire generations of readers and writers. Their legacy reminds us that words have the power to transcend time. Life itself is rarely linear; it is a mosaic of experiences and perspectives. “Kaleidoscope of Experiences (जीवन-वृत्त और बहुपारदर्शी)” celebrates this diversity by bringing together varied viewpoints, personal narratives, and reflections that enrich our understanding of the world around us. The vibrance of student life finds expression in “Colours of Campus”, a section that captures the enthusiasm, creativity, friendships, and memories that make college years unforgettable. These pages reflect the pulse of campus life in its most lively and authentic form.

Heartfelt appreciation is extended to the dedicated editorial team comprising both faculty and students, whose commitment, encouragement, and collaborative effort made this edition possible. Their sustained involvement and thoughtful contributions have been instrumental in bringing this magazine to life. A special mention is due to the team of student editors, designers, and members whose creativity, diligence, and tireless efforts ensured that every detail was carefully shaped, turning this collective vision into a meaningful reality. Sincere gratitude is also expressed to the faculty members and non-teaching staff for their constant support and cooperation throughout the process.

Warm thanks are extended to the Principal Prof. Arun Kumar Attree for the encouragement and guidance that continually inspire such academic and creative initiatives on campus.

May this edition of Vani inspire readers to think, question, and express with courage and sensitivity. After all, every thoughtful word written today becomes a seed for a more aware and compassionate tomorrow.

Have a delightful reading experience!

***Prof. Swati Rajput
Convener
Magazine Committee***



STUDENT MESSAGE

editor



"शब्द केवल माध्यम नहीं, चेतना का अवशेष हैं; जहाँ विचार अपनी सीमा छोड़ते हैं, वहीं से 'वाणी' का विस्तार शुरू होता है।"

भाषा केवल अभिव्यक्ति का साधन भर नहीं है; वह मनुष्य के अंतर्मन की अनुभूतियों और उसकी रागात्मक वृत्तियों का सजीव स्वरूप है। जब हृदय की कोई सच्ची अनुभूति शब्दों का रूप धारण करती है, तब वह मात्र वैयक्तिक अनुभव नहीं रह जाती, बल्कि व्यापक मानवीय संवेदना का हिस्सा बन जाती है। साहित्य का मूल सार इसी साधारणीकरण में निहित है, जहाँ व्यक्ति अपनी सीमित सत्ता से ऊपर उठकर लोक-हृदय से जुड़ता है।

हमारे महाविद्यालय की पत्रिका 'वाणी' इसी सृजनात्मक अभिव्यक्ति और वैचारिक साधना का एक विनम्र प्रयास है। यह केवल मुद्रित पृष्ठों का संग्रह नहीं, बल्कि हमारे विद्यार्थियों की सृजनशीलता, संवेदनशीलता और बौद्धिक चेतना का जीवंत दस्तावेज है। इसके माध्यम से युवा मन ने न केवल अपनी कल्पनाशक्ति को अभिव्यक्त किया है, बल्कि समकालीन समाज की जटिलताओं, युगबोध और मानवीय संवेदनाओं को भी एक सूक्ष्म दृष्टि से देखने का प्रयास किया है।

आज के इस तीव्रगामी और कोलाहलपूर्ण समय में, जब सूचनाओं की प्रचुरता के बीच मनुष्य की संवेदनशीलता कहीं-कहीं कुंठित होने लगती है, साहित्य ही वह अवकाश-स्थल है जहाँ ठहरकर हम अपने भीतर झाँक सकते हैं। साहित्य हमें यह स्मरण कराता है कि जीवन केवल घटनाओं का क्रम नहीं, बल्कि अनुभूतियों का एक गहरा और व्यापक संसार है।

'वाणी' के इस अंक में संकलित रचनाएँ—चाहे वे गद्य हों या पद्य—इसी तथ्य की पुष्टि करती हैं। इन रचनाओं में जहाँ जीवन के कोमल और मानवीय पक्षों की अभिव्यक्ति है, वहीं सामाजिक विषमताओं और समकालीन प्रश्नों पर गंभीर वैचारिक दृष्टि भी दिखाई देती है। अनुभूतियों की यह विविधता और विचारों की यह परिपक्वता इस संकलन की विशेषता है।

किसी भी साहित्यिक प्रयास की सफलता सामूहिक सहयोग पर आधारित होती है। इस अंक का प्रकाशन भी अनेक लोगों के संयुक्त प्रयास का परिणाम है। मैं महाविद्यालय प्रशासन, आदरणीय गुरुजनों, संपादकीय मंडल के सभी सदस्यों तथा उन सभी विद्यार्थी-रचनाकारों के प्रति हृदय से आभार व्यक्त करता हूँ, जिन्होंने अपने श्रम, समर्पण और प्रतिभा से इस अंक को सार्थक बनाया है।

मुझे विश्वास है कि 'वाणी' भविष्य में भी विद्यार्थियों की सुप्त सृजनात्मक क्षमताओं को जागृत करने का सशक्त माध्यम बनेगी और साहित्यिक अभिव्यक्ति की इस परंपरा को आगे बढ़ाएगी। आशा है कि सुधी पाठक इस अंक की रचनाओं से केवल बौद्धिक संतोष ही नहीं, बल्कि भावनात्मक तादात्म्य भी स्थापित कर सकेंगे।

-राहुल रतूड़ी
समन्वयक, 'वाणी'



ENGLISH *editor's* MESSAGE

**BE THEY PHILOSOPHERS OR MODERN WRITERS
PEOPLE HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN HOW POWERFUL
WORDS ARE.**

Be they philosophers or modern writers people have always known how powerful words are. Language does not just tell us about reality—it also helps create it. We understand who we are through words express our feelings and connect with the world. Literature in all its forms helps us be understanding, keeps cultures alive and makes us think critically - which is why it is such a big part of being human. As English Editors being part of this magazine has been a journey for the three of us. For us writing has always been more than a school exercise—it is a way to express ourselves think about our thoughts and connect individual ideas with what everyone thinks. Working on this edition has let us see a range of creativity, where each piece has its own voice, point of view and story. This magazine is not a collection of poems, stories and essays; it is a celebration of being creative and being yourself. Every piece here shows how passionate and talented its creator is and together they form something meaningful. It has been really inspiring to see how different ideas come together to create something that makes you think and is also beautiful. We want to thank our teachers and the entire editorial team, for guiding and supporting us. Their encouragement has helped make this edition what it is. We really hope this magazine means something to you and that you enjoy reading it much as we enjoyed making it.

— THE ENGLISH EDITORIAL TEAM



Srishti Sharma



Sarthika Mishra



Ananta Dhingra

inspirations, visuals that catch
the eye, and narratives that
make you feel seen.

HINDI editor & MESSAGE



“प्रत्येक देश का साहित्य वहाँ की जनता की चित्तवृत्ति का संचित प्रतिबिम्ब होता है।”

आचार्य रामचंद्र शुक्ल का यह युगांतरकारी और अकाट्य कथन हमें यह स्मरण कराता है कि साहित्य और कलाएँ शून्य में नहीं उपजतीं; वे अपने समय, समाज और युग-सत्य का सबसे प्रामाणिक आख्यान होती हैं।

हमारे महाविद्यालय की यह वार्षिक पत्रिका केवल शब्दों का संग्रह नहीं है, बल्कि यह हमारे युवा मन की संवेदनाओं, विचारों और हमारे समय की चेतना का एक सजीव प्रतिबिम्ब है। इसके पृष्ठों पर अंकित प्रत्येक लेख, प्रत्येक कविता और कहानी इस बात का प्रमाण है कि आज की तरुण मेधा किस

प्रकार अपनी संकुचित सत्ता से बाहर निकलकर लोक-जीवन के साथ अपना तादात्म्य स्थापित कर रही है। आज के तेज़ी से बदलते समय में, जब बाहरी भागदौड़ और शोर ने मनुष्य के भीतर की संवेदनाओं को कहीं दबा दिया है, शब्द ही वह अमोघ शक्ति हैं जो समाज की प्रसुप्त चेतना को झकझोर कर जाग्रत कर सकते हैं। साहित्य का उद्देश्य केवल शब्दों का खेल या बौद्धिक प्रदर्शन भर नहीं होता, बल्कि वह विचारों का ऐसा संगम है जो चिंतन की नई पगडंडियों का निर्माण करता है।

आचार्य शुक्ल ने साहित्य को 'हृदय की मुक्तावस्था' और 'लोक-मंगल की साधनावस्था' माना है। साहित्य के इसी लोकोन्मुखी और गंभीर उत्तरदायित्व को रेखांकित करते हुए राष्ट्रकवि मैथिलीशरण गुप्त जी ने भी लिखा है - “केवल मनोरंजन न कवि का कर्म होना चाहिए, उसमें उचित उपदेश का भी मर्म होना चाहिए।”

हमारी इस पत्रिका का मूल स्वर भी यही है। इसमें संकलित युवा-मन की रचनाएँ केवल क्षणिक रसानुभूति या कोरी भावुकता का साधन नहीं हैं; वे वैचारिक जड़ता को तोड़कर एक नव-विमर्श को जन्म देने और समाज को एक नई दृष्टि प्रदान करने का स्तुत्य प्रयास हैं।

कोई भी सारस्वत अनुष्ठान एकाकी संपन्न नहीं होता। यह अंक भी एक समवेत संकल्प का सुफल है। मैं अपने सभी सहयात्रियों और सम्मानित प्राध्यापकों के प्रति अपनी हार्दिक कृतज्ञता ज्ञापित करता हूँ, जिनके सुदीर्घ मार्गदर्शन और प्रश्रय से यह भगीरथ प्रयास फलीभूत हो सका है।

आशा है, यह अंक सुधी पाठकों की चित्तवृत्ति के साथ रागात्मक संबंध स्थापित करने में पूर्णतः सफल होगा।

-आयुष

हिंदी संपादक, 'वाणी'

HINDI *editor* & MESSAGE



"साहित्य मनुष्य की संवेदनाओं और विचारों की सशक्त अभिव्यक्ति है।" यह विचार हमें यह समझाता है कि रचनाएँ केवल शब्दों का समूह नहीं होतीं, बल्कि वे समाज की चेतना, अनुभवों और बदलते समय की धड़कनों को व्यक्त करती हैं।

हमारी यह वार्षिक पत्रिका भी इसी उद्देश्य को लेकर प्रस्तुत की गई है। यह केवल लेखों, कविताओं और कहानियों का संकलन नहीं, बल्कि विद्यार्थियों की रचनात्मकता, कल्पनाशक्ति और भावनाओं का साझा मंच है। प्रत्येक रचना अपने भीतर एक नई सोच और दृष्टिकोण को समेटे हुए है।

आज के समय में विचारों और अभिव्यक्ति की शक्ति पहले से कहीं अधिक महत्वपूर्ण हो गई है। शब्दों में वह क्षमता होती है जो लोगों को जोड़ सकती है, नई दिशा दिखा सकती है और समाज में सकारात्मक परिवर्तन की प्रेरणा दे सकती है।

इस पत्रिका का उद्देश्य भी यही है कि यह विद्यार्थियों को अपनी प्रतिभा व्यक्त करने का अवसर दे और पाठकों को नए विचारों तथा दृष्टिकोणों से परिचित कराए।

प्रसिद्ध साहित्यकार मुंशी प्रेमचंद का कथन है—“साहित्य जीवन की आलोचना है।”

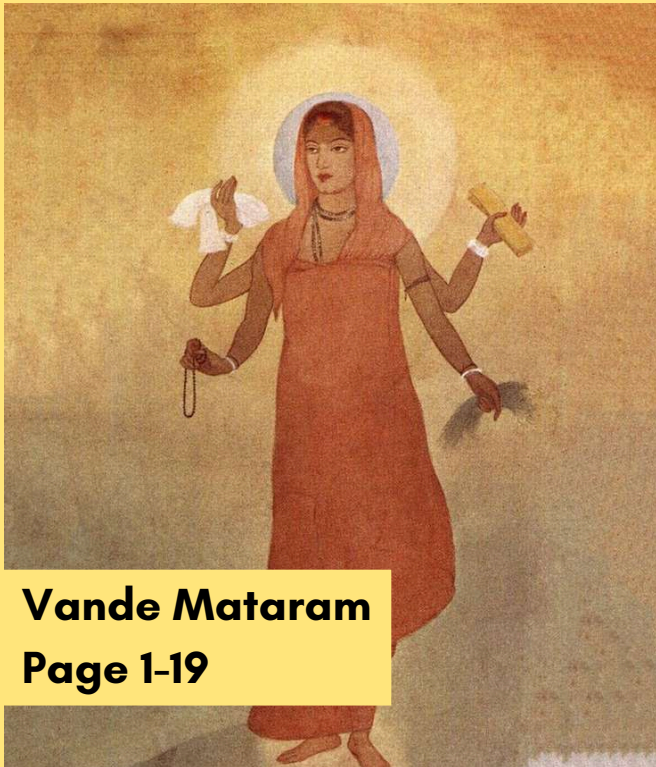
युवा मन की यही जिज्ञासा, ऊर्जा और सृजनशीलता इस पत्रिका की आत्मा है। इसमें प्रकाशित रचनाएँ केवल मनोरंजन के लिए नहीं, बल्कि पाठकों को सोचने, समझने और कुछ नया करने की प्रेरणा देने के लिए हैं।

अंत में, मैं अपने सभी साथियों और आदरणीय शिक्षकगण का हार्दिक आभार व्यक्त करती हूँ, जिनके सहयोग और मार्गदर्शन से यह पत्रिका संभव हो सकी। आशा है कि यह पत्रिका पाठकों के मन में नए विचारों और रचनात्मकता की ज्योति प्रज्वलित करेगी।

-मानसी सिंह
हिंदी संपादक, 'वाणी'

SECTIONS

OF THE MAGAZINE



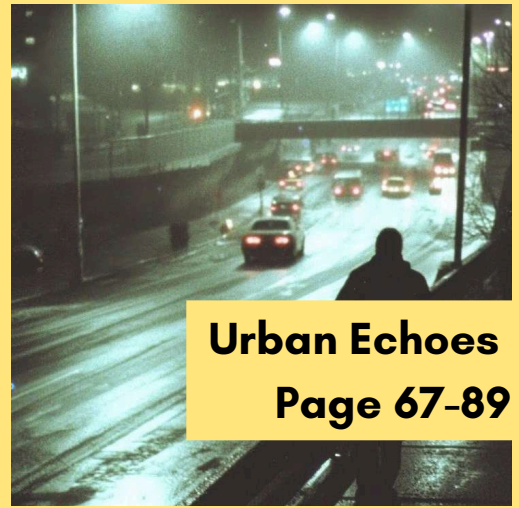
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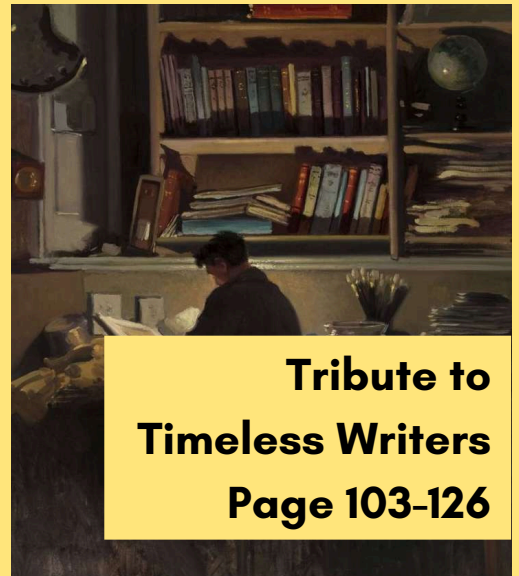
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Abanindranath Tagore's 1905 painting of Bharat Mata.

वंदे मातरम्

The Song of India

वंदे मातरम्

सुजलाम् सुफलाम् मलयजशीतलाम्, शस्यश्यामलाम्
मातरम् । वन्दे मातरम् ॥ 1 ॥

शुभ्रज्योत्स्ना पुलकितयामिनीम्, फुल्लकुसुमित
द्रुमदलशोभिनीम्, सुहासिनीम् सुमधुरभाषिणीम्, सुखदाम्
वरदाम् मातरम् । वन्दे मातरम् ॥ 2 ॥

कोटि-कोटि कण्ठ कल-कल निनाद कराले, कोटि-कोटि
भुजैर्धेत खरकरवाले, के बॉले माँ तुमि अबले,
बहुबलधारिणीं नमामि तारिणीम्, रिपुदलवारिणीं मातरम् ।
वन्दे मातरम् ॥ 3 ॥

तुमि विद्या तुमि धर्म, तुमि हृदि तुमि मर्म, त्वम् हि प्राणाः
शरीरे, बाहुते तुमि माँ शक्ति, हृदये तुमि माँ भक्ति, तोमारेई
प्रतिमा गडि मन्दिरे-मन्दिरे ।

वन्दे मातरम् ॥ 4 ॥

त्वम् हि दुर्गा दशप्रहरणधारिणी, कमला
कमलदलविहारिणी, वाणी विद्यादायिनी, नमामि त्वाम्,
नमामि कमलाम् अमलाम् अतुलाम्, सुजलां सुफलां
मातरम् । वन्दे मातरम् ॥ 5 ॥

श्यामलाम् सरलाम् सुस्मिताम् भूषिताम्, धरणीम् भरणीम्
मातरम् । वन्दे मातरम् ॥ 6 ॥

VANDE MATARAM

THROUGH THE LENS OF ART

Ever heard a song and it immediately impacts you emotionally? A song that with its mere existence takes you back to our freedom struggle? A song when heard makes the patriot inside you alive?

This is Vande Mataram.

Vande Mataram composed by Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyay stands as not only a literary creation, but an emotion. The emotion of Indians all around the world, the song which gave rise to the imagery of Bharat Mata which is still apparent today. The song that lived then and will continue to live.

While Vande Mataram's revolutionary impact can be seen as an instrumental element of the freedom movement, one can also observe its impact through the arts. How Vande Mataram was so deeply ingrained in the art of that time whether it is visual art, music or the media. The song continues to live, generation to generation solidifying its stance, a cultural phenomena that will never die.

Vande Mataram was introduced in 1896, when Rabindranath Tagore performed the song at the Indian National Congress session. And from then onwards, the song became inseparable from the freedom movement. After this, the song wasn't just a creation from the 1882 novel Anandamath, but a medium of expression of our longing for freedom- it became the voice of a nation.

And as the decades passed, the song adapted to the times and came to us in different ways. Notably, the musical adaptation by A. R. Rahman, His 1997 rendition of Vande Mataram in his album "Maa Tujhe Salaam," which was composed to mark fifty years of independence, has been instrumental in

introducing the song to new audiences and transforming itself to further appeal to the younger generations. This highlights the timeless nature of Vande Mataram through the ages, reinforced by music.

Vande Mataram also had an immense impact on visual art. It also inspired various posters, paintings and murals depicting the nation as a nurturing yet powerful mother figure. Notably,

Abanindranath Tagore's Bharat Mata features a four-armed deity holding traditional symbols which was inspired by the song. The imagery of Bharat Mata was drawn directly from the emotions evoked by the song.

Today the essence of Vande mataram is evident, even in cinema. The documentaries. The patriotic programmes. The movies we watch. The sacrifices of the hero and the soldiers are amplified with the presence of Vande Mataram in the background, the song evoking the feeling of national pride in the viewers. Even today when we see and listen to the song, we get an emotional impact solidifying Vande Mataram's position as a shared cultural reference point.

Through the ages,Vande Mataram stands as a testament to the sacrifices done by those before us, the reminder of what we have gone through and achieved, its impact still prominent in the art we consume today.



-By Ananta Dhingra
Bachelors of Arts (English Honours), Second Year

HISTORY AND CREATION OF VANDE MATARAM

Some songs are meant to entertain you while others are meant to awaken. Vande Mataram is a firm participant in the latter group. It is more than just a word and melody composition; it is a lived emotion that reverberated throughout India's prolonged fight against colonial rule and still has resonance in the country's collective consciousness. Vande Mataram began as a literary expression, developed into a political anthem, and ultimately became a cultural symbol of India's freedom and identity. It was sung in defiant moments, whispered in fear, and shouted in hope.

Vande Mataram is ultimately based on the metaphor of the motherland. The translation of the words 'Vande Mataram' means 'I bow to thee, Mother.' This mother is more than a geographical territory; she is a fertile land, a river that flows, a bountiful harvest, a religious icon that unites her children.

The imagery in this song extols:

- Natural beauty of India
- Her abundance and fertility
- Her strength and resilience
- Her divine and protective aspect

Such was the emotive framing that it converted patriotism into a subjective duty. National pride was not only a political commitment—it was a filial obligation. Such was the sway of this notion that it worked wonders during the freedom struggle, when Indians were looking for dignity under foreign rule.

Although written in the 1880s, Vande Mataram gained mass political significance during the Swadeshi Movement (1905–1908), launched in response to the Partition of Bengal by the British government.

Nationalist leaders and protestors adopted Vande Mataram as a slogan and song of resistance. It was sung in:

- Political rallies
- Processions and meetings
- Educational institutions
- Underground revolutionary circles

The song transcended class and region, uniting students, workers, revolutionaries, and intellectuals. For the British colonial authorities, Vande Mataram became a symbol of sedition. Singing it could lead to surveillance, imprisonment, or violence—yet this repression only deepened its symbolic power.

Prominent leaders such as Rabindranath Tagore, who set the song to music, and Sri Aurobindo, who interpreted it as a spiritual call to national awakening, played key roles in popularising and philosophically grounding the song within the freedom movement.

Despite its revered and iconic status, Vande Mataram has not remained untouched by controversy. Certain later verses of the song employ imagery that portrays the motherland as a divine goddess, drawing heavily from Hindu symbolic traditions. While this metaphor was deeply meaningful to many nationalists, it raised concerns among sections of India's Muslim population, particularly during the early decades of the twentieth century. For them, the deification of the nation appeared to blur the line between patriotic expression and religious devotion, creating discomfort in a society marked by religious plurality. These debates were not merely cultural but political, unfolding at a time when the freedom movement was striving to forge unity across deeply diverse communities.

Recognising both the immense emotional power of Vande Mataram and the necessity of inclusivity in a plural society, leaders of the national movement adopted a nuanced and accommodative approach. Mahatma Gandhi, in particular, acknowledged the song's ability to inspire sacrifice and devotion,

while simultaneously emphasising that nationalism must never become coercive or exclusionary. He consistently argued that love for the nation should not demand uniform cultural or religious expression. This balanced perspective ultimately shaped the post-independence handling of national symbols.

When India attained independence in 1947, this spirit of compromise and constitutional sensitivity was institutionally reflected. *Jana Gana Mana* was adopted as the National Anthem of India, while *Vande Mataram* was accorded the distinct and honourable status of the National Song. Crucially, only the first two verses of *Vande Mataram*—which are primarily descriptive, invoking the natural beauty, fertility, and nurturing qualities of the land—were officially recognised. These verses are largely free from explicit religious imagery, making them acceptable across communities. This decision was not accidental; it consciously reflected India's commitment to secularism, unity in diversity, and respect for individual conscience as enshrined in the Constitution.

In post-independence India, *Vande Mataram* continues to occupy a unique and dignified cultural space. Though it no longer functions as a slogan of direct political resistance, it remains deeply embedded in national memory and public life. The song is performed on national occasions, commemorative events, and in educational institutions, serving as a bridge between the present and the sacrifices of the past. It stands as a reminder of the immense struggles endured during the freedom movement, the emotional and cultural foundations upon which Indian nationalism was built, and the crucial role that literature, poetry, and music played in mobilising political consciousness. In this sense, *Vande Mataram* demonstrates that India's nationalism was not forged solely in legislative chambers or on battlefields, but also in novels, songs, and shared emotional experiences that stirred the collective soul of the people.

Ultimately, Vande Mataram is far more than a historical artefact or ceremonial composition—it is a living memory. Its transformation from a literary creation within a nineteenth-century novel to a mass anthem of resistance mirrors India’s own journey from colonial subjugation to sovereign nationhood. The song teaches that freedom is not achieved through laws, institutions, or revolutions alone, but also through imagination, emotional unity, and collective belief. By inviting Indians to bow to the motherland, Vande Mataram first asked them to recognise her—and in doing so, to recognise themselves as a people capable of unity, sacrifice, and self-rule. This is why, even today, the song continues to resonate deeply—not as an imposed obligation, but as a powerful reminder of identity, history, and shared belonging.



-By Srishti Sharma
Bachelor of Arts (History Honours) , Third Year

VANDE MATARAM

As college students, we are in a unique position to explore our identities, develop our beliefs, and make lasting connections. Amidst this journey of self-discovery, one emotion that can unify us is patriotism. A powerful symbol of this national pride is found in the inspiring words of “Vande Mataram,” a song composed by Bankim Chandra Chatterjee. This anthem, which has become synonymous with the Indian freedom struggle, calls on the nation as a mother, urging us to honor and celebrate our homeland. But how can we, as the future generation, use this powerful expression of patriotism to strengthen our bonds and stimulate a sense of responsibility towards our country?

“Vande, Mataram” exists as more than just a lyrical composition; it encapsulates the essence of our culture, identity, and shared history. For college students, immersing ourselves in the spirit of this anthem means understanding not only its lyrics but also the profound sentiments they embody. The song speaks of devotion to the land, its beauty, and the sacrifices made for its freedom. Taking the time to delve into its origins, meaning, and significance can ignite a passion for our nation that transcends beyond classroom discussions.

One way to instill patriotism through “Vande Mataram” is by creating a culture of awareness on campus. Organizing workshops, discussions, and study groups focused on the historical context of the song can help students appreciate the sacrifices of past generations. Inviting speakers who are well-versed in India's freedom struggle can also provide enlightening perspectives, making the emotional resonance of the anthem more tangible.

Moreover, incorporating creativity into celebrations of patriotism can significantly affect students' engagement. Organizing cultural events where students can perform “Vande Mataram” through music, dance, or theater can be a powerful means of fostering unity. When students from diverse backgrounds

come together to express their love for the country in a creative way, it reinforces shared values and deepens the bonds within the community.

Social media is another powerful tool that we, as college students, can leverage to spread the message of patriotism inspired by “Vande Mataram.” Creating campaigns that encourage students to share their thoughts on what patriotism means to them or how they express their love for the country can foster a sense of pride and belonging. Simple actions, like posting stories of local heroes or community service initiatives, can inspire others and spark conversations about national identity and responsibility.

Additionally, a crucial element of instilling patriotism is through active participation in community service. By engaging in volunteer work and supporting local initiatives, students can express their love and commitment to their nation beyond mere words. Whether participating in clean-up drives, educational outreach, or supporting local artisans, these actions reflect the values celebrated in “Vande Mataram” and show a deep commitment to societal betterment.

In conclusion, “Vande Mataram” serves not just as a song but as a call to action for all college students. By fostering a deep understanding of its historical significance, encouraging creative expression, utilizing social media, and engaging in community service, we can cultivate a vibrant sense of patriotism that empowers us to contribute positively to our nation. Let's honor our land, our culture, and each other, ensuring that the spirit of “Vande Mataram” lives on in our actions and aspirations.



*-By Sarthika Mishra
BA program , Second Year*

वंदे मातरम्: पहचान

मिट्टी की खुशबू में बसती है मेरी पहचान,
हर कण में गूँजता है भारत का अभिमान।

नदियों की लहरों में, पर्वत की शान में,
तेरी ही महिमा है, मेरी हर मुस्कान में।

वंदे मातरम्, ओ माँ महान,
तुझसे ही जीवन, तुझसे पहचान।

तेरे खेतों में लहराता स्वर्णिम उजास,
तेरी सीमाओं में बसता हर एक विश्वास।

वीरों की धरती, बलिदानों की कहानी,
तेरी रक्षा में लिखी गई अमर कुर्बानी।

वंदे मातरम्, ओ जननी,
तेरे चरणों में मेरी हर वंदनी।

भाषाएँ अनेक, फिर भी एक स्वर,
तेरे नाम से जुड़ा हर भारतीय मन।

संस्कृति की छाया, सभ्यता का प्रकाश,
तुझसे ही मिली हमें जीवन की आस।

वंदे मातरम्, हे भारत माँ,
तेरा गौरव ही मेरी हर अभिलाषा।

आज भी तेरी खातिर सपने सजाएँ,
तेरे उज्ज्वल कल को हम सब बनाएँ।

ज्ञान, श्रम और सच्चाई की राह,
तेरी सेवा में अर्पित हो हर चाह।

वंदे मातरम्, हे मातृभूमि,
तू ही है मेरी आत्मा की भूमि।



-मानसी सिंह
बी.ए. प्रोग्राम, तृतीय वर्ष।

वंदे मातरम् : मिट्टी से आकाश तक

तेरी गलियों से उठी मेरी पहली पुकार,
तेरे आँचल में सिमटा मेरा सारा संसार।

कभी मंदिर की घंटी, कभी अज्ञान की धुन,
तेरी गोद में ही सीखा हमने भाईचारे का गुण।

तेरी हवाओं में बहता विश्वास का गीत,
तेरे आकाश तले ही पलता हर भविष्य का दीप।

जाति-धर्म से ऊपर उठकर एक हुआ जब देश,
तू बन गई तब स्वतंत्रता का उज्ज्वल वेश।

वंदे मातरम्, ओ माँ महान, तू ही है भारत की
आत्मा की पहचान।



-मानसी सिंह
बी.ए. प्रोग्राम, तृतीय वर्ष।

वंदे मातरम् : आने वाले कल के नाम

जो बीत गया, वह तेरी महिमा की गाथा है,
जो आने वाला है, वह तेरी नई परिभाषा है।

तेरे बच्चों के हाथों में सपनों की मशाल,
तेरी राहों को रोशन करता हर उजला खयाल।

ज्ञान की लौ से, सेवा की शक्ति से,
तेरा भविष्य गढ़ेंगे अपनी भक्ति से।

तेरी गरिमा पर न आए कभी कोई आँच,
तेरे नाम पर अर्पित हो हर जीवन-साँच।

वंदे मातरम्, हे भारत माँ,
तेरे उज्ज्वल कल को मेरा प्रणाम।



-मानसी सिंह
बी.ए. प्रोग्राम, तृतीय वर्ष।

वंदे मातरम् : मेरी मातृभूमि

तेरी माटी से जन्म लिया,
तेरी गोद में पलकर बड़ा हुआ।

तेरी हवाओं में सीखी मैंने,
अपने सपनों की भाषा।

हर कण में तेरी कहानी है,
हर बूँद में तेरी पहचान।

तेरी नदियों की लहरों में,
बसता है मेरा अभिमान।

पर्वत तेरे प्रहरी बनकर,
तेरी सीमाएँ सँभालते हैं।

सागर तेरे चरण धोकर,
तेरी महिमा गाते हैं।

खेतों की सुनहरी चादर पर,
किसान का पसीना चमकता है।

तेरी धरती माँ की मुस्कान में,
पूरा भारत झलकता है।

कभी मंदिर की घंटी में,
कभी मस्जिद की अज़ान में,

कभी गुरुद्वारे की वाणी में,
तेरी एकता की पहचान है।

भिन्न-भिन्न हैं भाषा-वेश,
पर भाव एक, दिल एक हैं।

तेरी गोद में पले सभी,
तेरे अपने, तेरे नेक हैं।

तेरे लिए हँसते-हँसते,
वीरों ने प्राण दिए।

तेरी आज़ादी के दीपक,
अपने लहू से सींच दिए।

आज हम उस विरासत के,
उत्तराधिकारी बनकर आए हैं।

तेरे उज्ज्वल भविष्य को,
अपने हाथों से सजाने आए हैं।

ज्ञान की लौ, श्रम की शक्ति,
सत्य की राह अपनाएँगे।

तेरे गौरव की रक्षा में,
हर संकट से टकराएँगे।

हे भारत माँ, तेरे चरणों में,
मेरा हर स्वप्न अर्पित है।

मेरी कलम, मेरी चेतना,
तेरी सेवा में समर्पित है।

वंदे मातरम्, हे मातृभूमि,
तू ही मेरा गर्व, मेरी पहचान।

तेरे नाम से ही जीवित है,
मेरी हर साँस, मेरी हर उड़ान।



-मानसी सिंह
बी.ए. प्रोग्राम, तृतीय वर्ष।

तमन तुझे, ओ भारत माता! (मूल गीत 'वंदे मातरम्' का भावानुवाद)

शीश झुकाकर करूँ वंदना,
ओ जननी! ओ भारत माता!

तुझसे ही हैं प्राण हमारे,
तू जीवन की दाता।

शीतल जल से सिंचित धरती,
अमृत रस बरसाती,

फलों से लदी डालियाँ तेरी,
महिमा तेरी गाती।

दक्षिण की सुखकारी पवन,
जब छूकर है जाती,

थकी हुई इस काया को माँ,
शीतलता दे जाती।

लहलहाते खेतों का आँचल,
हरा-भरा लहराता,

तेरा रूप अनूप देख माँ,
मन यह हर्षाता।

शुभ्र चाँदनी रातों में जब,
जगमग ज्योत जलाती,

खिले पुष्प और सघन वृक्ष से,
तू सुसज्जित हो जाती।

मंद हास है, मधुर भाष है,
ममता की है मूरत,

सृष्टि में कोई नहीं है मैया,
तुझ जैसी खूबसूरत।

सुख देने वाली, वरदात्री,
तू ही पालनहारी,

नतमस्तक हूँ चरण में तेरे,
ओ माँ! मैं बलिहारी।

बारम्बार प्रणाम तुम्हें है,
ओ जननी! ओ माता!

तुझसे ही हैं प्राण हमारे,
तू जीवन की दाता।

तेरे चरणों की धूल को माँ,
मैं माथे तिलक लगाता हूँ,

नतमस्तक होकर जननी,
मैं तेरा विजय-गान गाता हूँ।



-आयुष शर्मा
कला स्नातक (हिंदी प्रतिष्ठा), तृतीय वर्ष।

देश-प्रेम

"देश से प्रेम करता रहूँगा" — मेरी यह प्रतिज्ञा
महज़ एक रस्म नहीं,

मुझे मेरी जड़ों से जोड़े रखने की,
और स्वाभिमान से जीने की,

एक निरंतर प्रेरणा है।

जब मैं सिर झुकाता हूँ
करने नमन,

तो यह केवल प्रार्थना नहीं होती,
होती है एक प्रतिज्ञा —

अपने होने को, तुम्हारे होने से जोड़ने की।

यह झुका हुआ शीश
सबूत है,

मेरे अस्तित्व का,
मेरी पहचान का,
और मेरे अखंड विश्वास का।

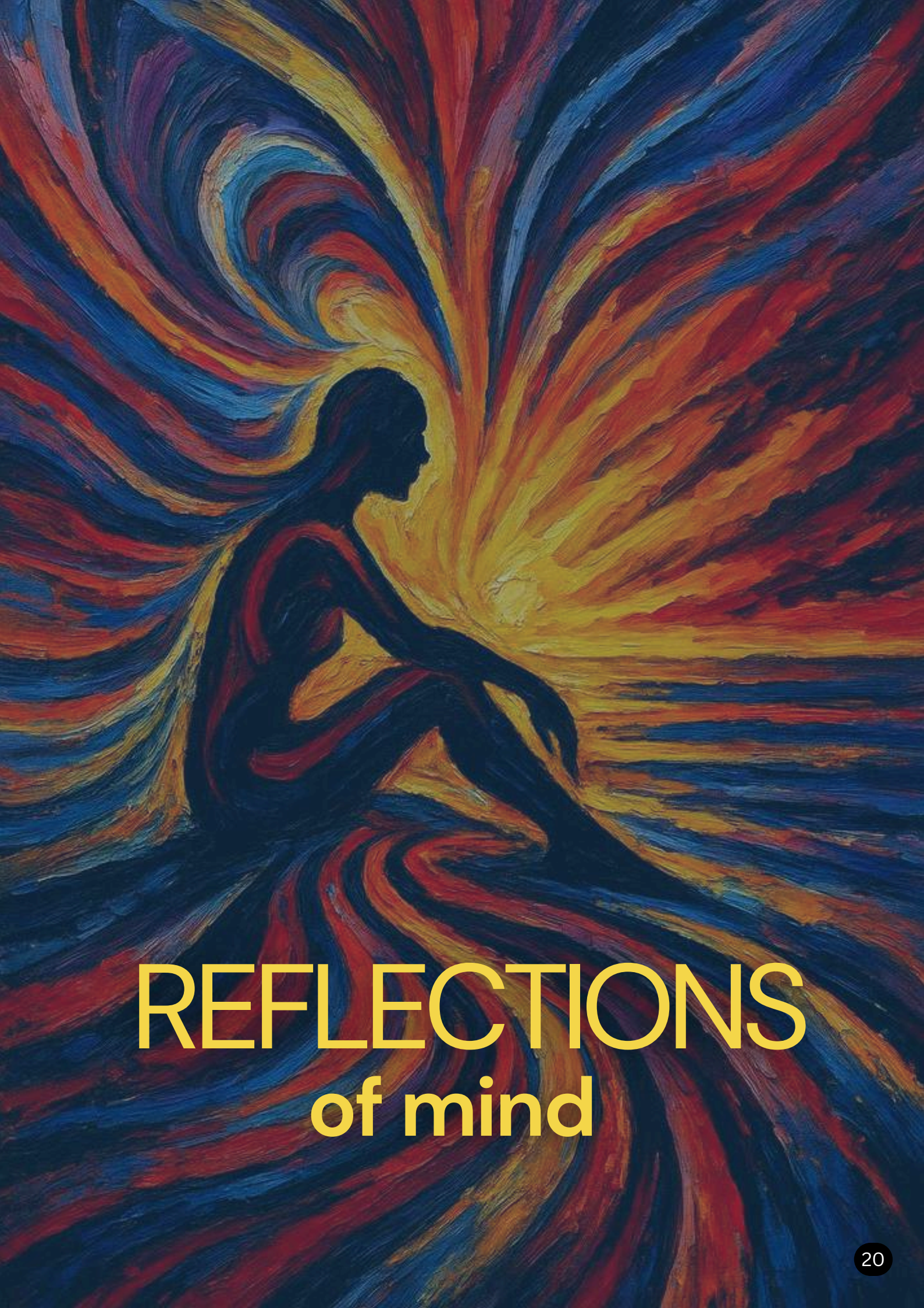


-आयुष शर्मा

कला स्नातक (हिंदी प्रतिष्ठा), तृतीय वर्ष।



Photographs by Envision (Photography Society, SBSC)



REFLECTIONS of mind

“ BURDEN I ENDURE ”

The darkness in my heart—
a burden I've long borne.
It feels so shallow now,
yet there's no more room.

I admire the love I once received,
but my heart—it never truly believed.
Still, I see a light so bright—
or perhaps, it's just the flame I ignite.

For those who came and went,
their steps—too slow, too hesitant.
They made me feel like I was wanted,
then the truth hit me: I was haunted.

In the end,
my heart is full of grief.
My eyes are darkened now.
My lips refuse to scream.



-Manish Karnatak
Bachelor of Arts (Geography Honours), First Year

LOVE,

love,
its when you look at the mirror and smile
when thy smile feels pretty,
when the dark knuckles of your trembling hands
resemble art.
when your tangled hair with knots
resembles a meadow full of fireflies.
its when the difference between
the size of both your eyes doesn't matter,
when the corner of your lips curve up
whenever you see your scars.
its the epitome of emotions
when you cry while laughing
and laugh when you cry
till thy tears dry off.
its when you speak in a room filled with air
and feel like the world is listening you,
when you're silent and feel the world talking to you.
love,
its when you look around,
and see a purpose.
love is when you wake up and don't regret it.



-Shatakshi Maurya
Bachelor of Arts (English Honours), First Year

THE ETERNAL TRIAL

As I step into the empty consciousness of my mind,
a trial begins —
quiet, shapeless,
formed from echoes of my own breath.
The walls are made of thoughts,
the judge's bench — of memory,
and the jury...
they wear my faces from different times.

I am facing this eternal trial,
its shadow lingers in my mind.
It sets my thoughts upon the pyre,
and lets the blazing fire grind.

I carry my own trial —
no verdict yet, no end in sight.
Burning in this eternal flame,
I ask — is this struggle worth the fight?

The trial goes on though —
no one presides.
Maybe I am the judge,
the jury,
the advocate,
the victim.
But the gavel never falls —
not even in my own hand.

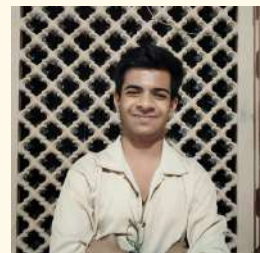
The flame is my only witness,
its heat pleads for me.
Perhaps my only purpose is to burn,
and burn,
and burn,
and burn —
without any cause.

The trial is no longer a court.
It's now my prison,
my punishment.
My crime is my existence —
and I accept my suffering.

But perhaps that's all it is —
a play staged by nothingness itself.
No audience. No verdict. No end.
Only me, rehearsing my guilt in an empty hall.

And so I rise,
removing the handcuffs from my hands.
Step out of the courtroom in my head,
and make myself a cup of coffee.

If nothing matters in this life,
then this war
in a cup,
this sip —
is peace for me.
It is my meaning.



-Yash Pandey
Bachelor of Arts (English Honours), First Year

THE FEAR OF FOMO: CLAIMING THE FRONT SEAT OF YOUR LIFE!

Ever experienced a weird twinge in your chest as you scrolled through your feed? Like the world is partying out there and you're just spectating from the sidelines?

Welcome to the subtly universal phenomenon of **FOMO — Fear of Missing Out.**

Today's hyperconnected age has driven the fear of missing out, popularly referred to as FOMO. A buzz in our phones, a post goes live, a reel plays — and we feel left behind. The party we didn't attend, the moment we didn't seize, the trend we didn't follow — FOMO seeps into our minds silently, telling us we are not enough, we are doing too little, we are living too inadequately.

But the truth is this: nobody is living each moment to perfection. Social media tends to be a highlight reel, not reality. Behind each flawless post is somebody else's version of stress, insecurity, or silent yearning. What you did not see behind the seemingly flawless moment, are the second thoughts, moments of overanalyzing and insecurity and the pressure to appear "perfect",

FOMO isn't even necessarily about missing events — it's about comparing your behind-the-scenes to another person's stage show. And that's an unequal competition from the get-go.

The antidote to FOMO? Presence. Gratitude. Boundaries. The understanding that joy does not come from doing it all — but from being fully present in whatever you do choose.

It is okay to rest. It is okay to say no. It's okay to not be everywhere at once.

Because sometimes, the only thing you're really missing out on, is peace.



-Hansika Agnihotri
BCOM Program, Fourth Year

THOUSAND LITTLE PIECES

Life rarely unfolds in grand arcs-
it comes to us quietly,

in fragments too small to notice at first.
A smile exchanged with a stranger,
a word spoken at the right time,
a silence that holds more

than an entire conversation-
these are the invisible bricks

on which we stand.
We remember the sudden burst of
laughter
in a crowded room,
the warmth of familiar hands
wrapped around a cup of tea,
the thrill of stepping into an unknown
street
that later becomes home.

Not the milestones alone-
not the medals or the titles-
but the unfinished stories,
the pauses between notes,
the fleeting moments
that stitched themselves quietly into our
skin.

Each fragment, imperfect, scattered,
like shards of colored glass,
gleams when held against memory's
light,
making a mosaic of who we are.

And perhaps this is the secret of living-
that wholeness is never a single piece,

but a gathering of countless little ones,
woven from joy and struggle,
from parting and return,
from words we spoke and those we
kept hidden.

So when we look back,
it will not be the monuments alone we
recall,

but the thousand little pieces-
subtle, fragile,

and profoundly real-
that made us whole.



- Apurva Mittal
BCOM Honours , First Year

YOU

'Only if ever thoughts were as avid as you,
If only the distance were as short as your height,
O my love ! Thus crumble upon me as you do in my riverie.

If only you shared,
If only my darkened soul knew,
Tell me with those pretty lies that your love is the ugliest truth.

Truth that has forever risen in the west and sunk on the east of
the barn,

Truth that you fancy the love I give you but the honour is too
heavy to return,

Tell me ! Oh only if you could,
We live in a tread distance yet I forget you as the snake forgets
it's venom,
Foolish me to think that our love dances in tandem,

If only I ever spoke as little as I write,
You would sense the morning within me has no light.'



-Martand Chaudhary
Bachelors of Arts (Geography Honours) , First Year

मृत्यु की खोज

आखिर क्या है मृत्यु?
क्या मेरी साँसें बस थम जाएँगी,
या मेरी ख्वाहिशें एक साथ तबाह हो
जाएँगी?

न बोल पाऊँगा,
न लिख पाऊँगा,
न रो पाऊँगा,
न हँस पाऊँगा।

पर,
क्या मैं ये सब ज़िंदा होकर भी करता हूँ?

मेरी यादें, मेरी खुशियाँ,
मेरे ग़म, मेरे जज़्बात
क्या सब कुछ बस हवा में घुल जाएगा?

मेरी पहचान, मेरी कहानी,
बस एक धुंधली तस्वीर बनकर रह
जाएगी?

जब लिपटूँगा उस अनंत अग्नि से,
शायद तभी समझ पाऊँगा,
कि मृत्यु क्या है।

संबंध, रिश्ते, परिवार का
छूट जाना
क्या वही मृत्यु है?

अपनी अंतरात्मा, अपनी पहचान
खो जाना

क्या ये भी मृत्यु है?

गंगा में मिल जाना,
इस संसार की भीड़ में खो जाना
क्या ये भी मृत्यु है?

क्या मृत्यु उसकी है,
जो गंवा चुका है अपने हाथ?

या वो,
जो खो चुका है अपना जवान बेटा?

क्या मृत्यु कला का खत्म हो जाना है,
या जोश, इच्छा, जीने की चाह का मर
जाना?

फिर भी, कुछ अंदर से कह रहा है
शायद मृत्यु सिर्फ अंत नहीं,
शायद मृत्यु एक शांत आईना है,
जिसमें मैं खुद और अपने राज़ देख
पाऊँगा।

और अगर समझ पाऊँ,
एक पल और माँग लूँ
क्या डर को गले लगाया जा सकता है?

या नई रोशनी मुझे बुलाएगी?



— यश पांडेय
कला स्नातक (अंग्रेज़ी प्रतिष्ठा), प्रथम वर्ष।

खुद से लड़ना होगा

खुद से लड़ना होगा

सबसे बातें करके खुद को बहलाओगे,
आएगी जब रात अंधेरी, तो कहाँ
जाओगे?

सुनसान सड़कों पर, जब सन्नाटा
बोलेगा, तब कौन होगा जो तुम्हारे
आँसुओं को तोलेगा?

कोई नहीं होगा पास तुम्हारे,
बस साथ होंगी टूटी यादें सपनों के
सहारे।

रो लेना उस वक्त खुलकर,
पर खुद को भी खुद ही संभालना होगा
हर पल।

सुबह फिर दस्तक देगी हल्की किरणों से,
नींद से नहीं, हिम्मत से उठना होगा सपनों
के वजन से।

हर रोज एक नई जंग होगी,
पर तुम्हें ही अपनी ढाल बननी होगी।

तुम कमजोर नहीं हो प्रिय,
हर टूटन के पार भी एक शक्ति है छिपी
हुई सी। चलना होगा, गिरकर भी उठना
होगा,
क्योंकि अंत में, तुम्हें ही खुद से लड़ना
होगा।



-स्वाति झा
वाणिज्य स्नातक (प्रतिष्ठा), द्वितीय वर्ष

जीवन और मनोदशा

जीवन और मनोदशा का ही सब ज़िक्र है, कौन, क्या कर रहा, इससे कहाँ किसी को फ़िक्र है।

जीवन आपका है, इसमें मनोदशा का है सब 'रोल', जीवन में मन ही तो है, जिसे हम कहते हैं 'सोल'।

क्षण भर में मनोदशा का दास होना, तय करता है, जीवन का कोना-कोना।

हे मित्र!

जिसे आप समझते हो जीवन का सोना, वह और कुछ नहीं, सिर्फ है एक मिट्टी का खिलौना।

हे मित्र!

उठो-जागो और लाओ अपने जीवन में, विचारों का सकारात्मक समावेश।

यही वह साथी है, जिससे कम होंगे आपके जीवन में क्लेश, तभी तो बदलेगा आपके जीवन का वेश।

हे मित्र!

जीवन और कुछ नहीं, यह है मनोदशा की कड़ी, यही तो है, जो तय करती है आपके जीवन के, वक्त की घड़ी।



-सचिन यादव
कला स्नातक (हिंदी प्रतिष्ठा), प्रथम वर्ष

अंतिम समय

मेरे अंतिम समय में,
मैं, स्वार्थी हो जाऊँगा,
तुम्हें अपने पास चाहूँगा।

तुम्हारे नर्म हाथों की कोमलता,
जब ढल जाएगी,
मैं तब तुम्हारा हाथ अपने हाथ में चाहूँगा।

फिर याद करूँगा वो पहला सफ़ेद बाल,
जो तुम्हें बहुत खटकता था,
हर महीने उसकी लीपा-पुताई,
मानो समय से लड़ने की कोई रस्म हो।

इसके बाद याद करूँगा,
वो चेहरे की झुर्रियाँ,
वो झुर्रियाँ थीं या हमारे संघर्ष की गाथाएँ,
जिन्हें मैंने हर शाम पढ़ा था।
फिर इसी तरह स्मृतियों को टटोलने पर,
मैं पहुँच जाऊँगा; पहली मुलाकात पर।

तब तक उँगलियाँ थककर बिखरने लगेंगी,
तब तेरा हाथ मजबूती से थामना चाहूँगा।

मुझ में जब कोई हरकत बची नहीं रहेगी,
तब, अंत में...

पलकों में कंपन होगी, जैसे ही,
तुम्हें देखूँगा, वह बंद हो जाएँगी।

तुम्हें अपनी आँखों में बंद कर,
अपनी आखिरी श्वास के साथ,
अपने साथ ले जाऊँगा।

अंतिम समय में,
मैं स्वार्थी हो जाऊँगा!



-आयुष शर्मा
कला स्नातक (हिंदी प्रतिष्ठा), तृतीय वर्ष।

भले चाचू

वह अभी रिश्ते नहीं समझती,
नहीं जानती 'चाचू' किसे कहते हैं,

ना पुकारे जाने के शब्दों का अर्थ
जानती है,
पर जानती है...

किस नाम से कौन आता है,
कौन गोद में भर लेता है,

कौन उसकी आँखों के इशारे समझ,
बिना बोले मुस्कुरा देता है।

उसे नहीं मालूम,
कि यह रिश्ता किस शाखा से जुड़ता
है।

नहीं जानती वह,
समाज की इन परिभाषाओं का अर्थ।

लेकिन वह जानती है...
कि जब वह एक खास आवाज़ में,
किसी को 'चाचू' कहती है,

तो कोई झुक कर मुस्कुराता है,
गोद में भर लेता है उसे।

वह नहीं जानती 'लाड़' क्या होता है,
पर महसूसती है,
कौन उसे सबसे ज़्यादा दुलारता है।

वह नहीं जानती 'अपना' किसे कहते हैं,
पर पहचानती है,

किसके कंधे पर सिर रखते ही,
नींद जल्दी आ जाती है।

वह नहीं जानती कि
रिश्ते जन्मपत्रियों में तय होते हैं,

लेकिन उसे पता है,
कौन उसके खिलौने को चुपचाप जोड़ देता है।

वह नहीं जानती 'मतलब',
ना जानती है 'परिभाषा',

पर यह ज़रूर जानती है,
कौन चाचू है।



-आयुष शर्मा
कला स्नातक (हिंदी प्रतिष्ठा), तृतीय वर्ष।

मुझे डर था

मुझे डर था उस फूल के मुरझा कर गिर जाने का,
उस आज़ाद परिंदे के वापस ना आने का,
चाह कर भी नींद न आने का,
और रात के सन्नाटे में अकेला हो जाने का।

मुझे डर था रातों के उन हसीन ख़्वाबों का बिना चाँद की उस रात का,
छोटी-छोटी गलतियों के बड़ा हो जाने का,
और मैखाने से एक दिन आवाज़ न आने का।

डर था एक दिन खुद से नज़र न मिला पाने का
उन छोटी-छोटी गुदगुदाती यादों का
सब्र करते एक दिन टूट जाने का और उन महफिलों में खुद को भूल जाने का।

मुझे डर था खुद के अस्तित्व के मिट जाने का,
शेफालिका के फूल बन जाने का,
जीवन के अंतिम सत्य को जान लेने का,
और खुद में मुकम्मल हो जाने का।

मुझे डर था।



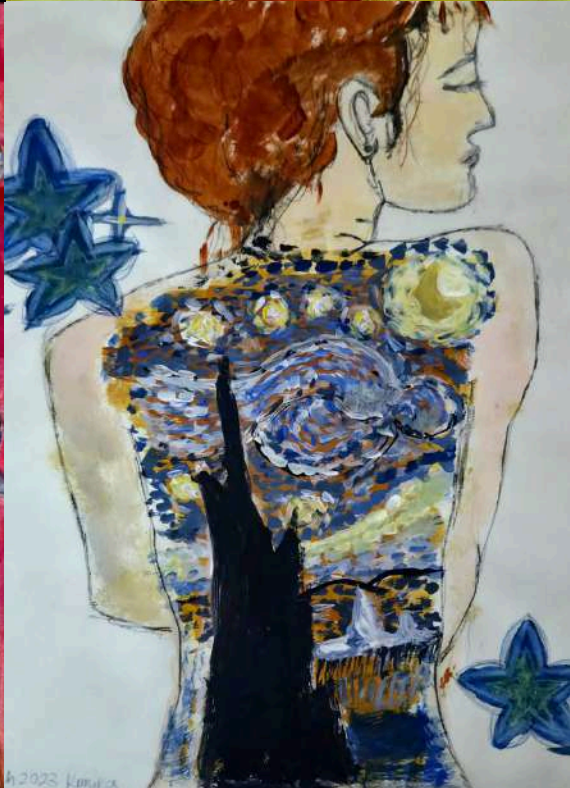
-राहुल रतूड़ी
भूगोल विशेष
चतुर्थ वर्ष



-Devagya Sharma
Bachelor of Arts (Geography Honours), First Year



-Kanak Singh
Bachelor of Commerce (Honours), Third Year



-Kunika Goel
Bachelor of Arts (Political Science Honours), First Year



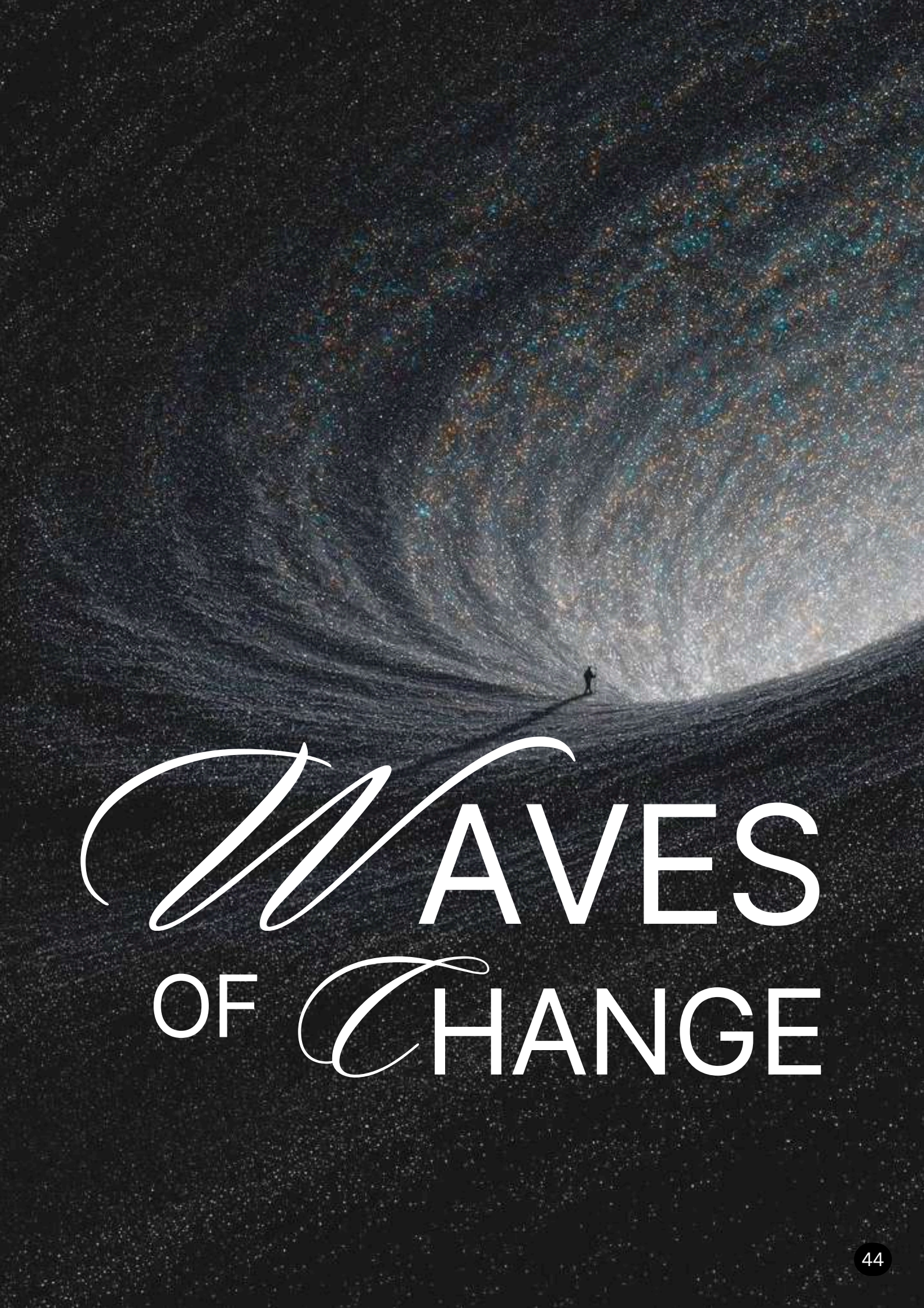
Photographs by Envision (Photography Society, SBSC)



Photographs by Envision (Photography Society, SBSC)



Photographs by Envision (Photography Society, SBSC)



WAVES OF CHANGE

FESTIVE SPIRIT

Somewhere lost in the bittersweet
melancholy
Euphoria hits all of a sudden,
Children frolic beneath the trees,
Around the streets
But where did it end?

A flamelet turns dark,
We see storms come before the silence
could even.
What was the whole point of finding
happiness around yourself?

Kindred turns to Alien
Euphoria to Dysphoria
Cheers to glooms
Lights to darkness

Where is this festive feeling?
The colours, the lights, the sweets, the joy.
Did it all fade away at once?
Or do we really have grown older to a
certain age?
That awakens a rage which again is trapped
under a cage?
Cage of a Kestrel perched silently

One day it will be liberated and will rise high
in the morning skies,
deliberately through the rays of new waves!



- Urmiya Sharma

Bachelor of Arts (English Honours)

LAST GOOD-BYE

If I ever need rest from you, I won't vanish,
nor turn cold. No storms of anger, no harsh
goodbyes, just love - deeper than before,
untold.

I'll love you softly, endlessly, till my
warmth begins to ache. You'll feel the calm
before the storm, and know something's
quietly at stake.

My love will touch the parts you hide,
mirror your fear, your fragile pride. And as
I give you all of me, you'll fade - slowly -
out of mine.

I won't hate you, no, not ever, but I'll love
you till you see, that love, when given
endlessly, can set two souls free -
differently.



- Ninad Sharma
BCOM Program , Second Year

THE ONE I COULDN'T ESCAPE

I could feel her
breathing down my ear,
sending shivers, soft and sheer,
with those whispers in hushed tones.

I heard her say:
“you could never do it,”
“you are better off alone.”
She never yelled,
but somehow, I fell
I could hear myself break.

No matter what I tried,
she stayed right by my side,
telling me no one would care
if I disappeared, thin in the air.
The only thing I felt that night
was sweat that clung, a chilling bite,
and tears that slipped down my smile
quiet, aching all the while.

I fought the words,
but in the end,
I still believed
each one she'd send.

She kept her whispering going
a river I couldn't stop from flowing.

It went on and on
until something in me
was gone.
Even silence mocked my cry,
and I just wondered
when will I try?

Even silence mocked my cry,
and I just wondered
when will I try?

Try to defend myself, just once,
but my voice shook,
thin and blunt.
Shattering like glass,
one crack at a time
sharp, silent, out of rhyme.
Still, I spoke to her this time.

It was worse than I had known.
That voice dragged on alone
Hours passed, numbness grew,
and I was fading, slow and blue.

Like a pale haze above the lake,
I watched my will begin to break.

I couldn't move. I couldn't flee.
The shackles were locked
and forged by me.

She was nothing but a part of me,
a fragment stitched by memory,
a shadow formed from every line
I couldn't silence in my mind.



- Gaurisha Kumar
Bachelor of Arts (English Honours), Second Year

THE STRANGER WITH RED EYES

I met someone new this time. Her eyes were red; it seemed she had been crying for a while. She kept wiping away the tears, trying to silence sobs so they wouldn't be heard by anyone close enough to care.

I took a deep, deep breath, ready to ask about the tragedies she might have carried. My eyes fluttered with an audible gasp while scanning the world around me. How could people only focus on the paths they had already walked, or the ones they were yet to take? They moved like robots, each sealed within invisible walls. Maybe some AI code had been encrypted in them to strip them from real life. Maybe their vision was fogged by the weight of things they forgot to do, while planning the joys still unborn.

I inhaled again and walked towards her, reaching out to hold her hand. When she saw me do that, her mouth opened in shock—calling me a hypocrite without saying a word at all. Her eyes widened, as if I was the reason for the tragedies she carried. My vision cleared—and I saw the scars. Not the kind that bleed red, but the kind that never stops. Fatal in silence. And when that heartbreak wasn't enough, someone laughed from somewhere distant: “Isn't it nice to plan ahead?”

Maybe she was right. I didn't notice her until I heard her sob, until I saw her collapse to the floor, kneeling, while I was busy rushing forward—while rushing backward in thoughts.

Thud. I fell to the ground.

It was too late when I realized—she wasn't just a crying passerby. She was fleeting time. I didn't hold her when I could. And when I did, she slipped away—like sand.

She was the present we all forgot, while we chased the future and filled ourselves with nostalgia for the past.



- Gaurisha Kumar

Bachelor of Arts (English Honours), Second Year

गीत – तू बदल

उठ कुछ नया कर दे तू।
खुद में ऊर्जा भर ले तू।
तू खुद भले न जा न खुद को ,
अन्यों से अलग पर है तू।
तेरे कथनों ने आज मुझे,
अंतर्मन तक छुआ है।
तू कर सकता है कुछ ऐसा ,
जो पहले कभी न हुआ है।
तू अपने हुनर से अपना ,
बदल सकता है कल।
अब खुद को ... तू बदल।।
अपने को अब परख ले।
तू स्वाद सफलता का चख ले।
ले हुनर हाथ निकल जा ,
एक मंजिल लंबी रख ले।
सपनों को रख हृदय में,
राही तू दूर निकल जा ।
कठिन पथ पर ही मिलती है,
राही सदा सफलता ।
स्वर्णिम समझ समय को ,
उपयोग में ला हर पल।
अब खुद को ... तू बदल।।
कंटक पत्थर सहन कर।
मन का बोझा वहन कर।
राही तू अब निकल जा ,

कपड़ा-सपनों का पहन कर।
तू निर्भर नहीं रहना,
सदा दूसरों की राय पर।
तू खुद हो दृढ़ संकल्पित,
अपने संग सच्चा न्याय कर।
अपनी कड़ी मेहनत से,
तू हो जाएगा सफल।
अब खुद को ... तू बदल।।



-महीपाल ईनाणियां
बी.ए. प्रोग्राम, प्रथम वर्ष।

एक अजीब सा दिन

एक अजीब से दिन की शुरुआत हुई। मनोहर कल शाम ही लकड़ियाँ लेकर बाज़ार के लिए निकल चुका था और उसकी पत्नी उमा हर रोज की तरह अपने कामों में व्यस्त थी। उनका इकलौता लड़का सोहन बाहर खेल रहा था, जो अभी दसवें वर्ष में ही था।

मनोहर अपना घर खर्च चलाने के लिए लकड़ी का टकर बेचा करता था। लकड़ी का टनना और उसे शहर के बाज़ार में ले जाकर बेचना; इस पूरी प्रक्रिया में तीन दिन का समय लगता था। गांव के लगभग सभी जन इसी कार्य को करते और सब साथ में बाज़ार जाते। मनोहर के इस काम में उसका मित्र हरिराम भी उसके साथ होता था।

लकड़ी का टनना और उसे बाज़ार में बेचकर धन अर्जित करना, फिर उससे घर का सामान लाना, बस मनोहर की यही जिंदगी थी। लेकिन यह सारा काम वह अपने मित्रों के साथ रहकर करता था, इस बात से उसे बड़ी संतुष्टि होती थी।

वह अक्सर सोचा करता —

"आखिर बड़े-बड़े लोग जो पैसे वाले होते हैं, वे अपने मित्रों से भला कब मिलकर उनकी खैरियत पूछते होंगे? उनकी जिंदगी तो मानो खत्म-सी है। रोज उठना और दिन भर काम करके वापस सो जाना, बस उनका जीवन यहीं तक है।"

ये सब मनोहर अपने को दिलासा देने हेतु सोचा करता था। उसका भी एक सपना था कि वह एक दिन बड़ा व्यापारी बनकर अपने परिवार और साथी हरिराम को ढेर सारी खुशियां देगा तथा पुत्र सोहन को अच्छी शिक्षा दिलाएगा और स्वयं भी खुशहाल जीवन जिएगा।

जो कि लगभग हर मजदूर का सपना होता है, लेकिन अफसोस कि वो कभी पूरा नहीं हो पाता।

परन्तु आज का दिन जो इस लघु कहानी के प्रारंभ का कारण बना है, मनोहर के लिए बड़ा चिंतन और विषाद का विषय बन गया।।

मनोहर का लड़का सोहन जो बाहर खेल रहा था, अचानक चिल्लाया। सुनकर उमा दौड़कर बाहर आई। आकर देखा तो लड़का लेटा पैर पटक रहा था और मुंह से सफेद झाग बाहर आ रहे थे। उमा उसकी यह दशा देख समझ गई कि इसे सांप ने काट लिया है।

वह दौड़कर पास गई, उसे उठाया और रोने लगी।

चूंकि वह जिस गांव में रहते थे वहां न वैद्य था और न ही डॉक्टर। ऊपर से मनोहर भी लकड़ियाँ लेकर गया हुआ था। अकेली औरत करे भी तो क्या?

गांव की और औरतें भी उमा के रोने की आवाज सुन दौड़ी आईं और सभी ने लड़के की इस दशा को देखकर अपने-अपने नुस्खे सुझाए। उन पर अमल भी किया गया, किन्तु कुछ खास फर्क न पड़ा।

इसी के साथ समय बीतने लगा, सोहन की देह का रंग परिवर्तित होने लगा।

अब सभी स्त्रियां आपस में बातें करने लगीं —
“अब ई छोरे रो बचणो थोड़ो दो रो लागै है।”
(अब इस लड़के का बचना थोड़ा मुश्किल लगता है।)

और हुआ भी यही। अगली सुबह सूर्योदय से पहले ही उसने इस धरा पर अंतिम सांस ली, अर्थात् उसकी मृत्यु हो गई।

आज दोपहर तक जब मनोहर और अन्य लोग शहर से लौटे, तो गांव में सन्नाटा-सा था।

मनोहर इसे नजरअंदाज कर अपने घर की ओर बढ़ा।

और जब वह घर पहुंचा और घर पर भीड़ देखी तो आश्चर्यचकित हुआ। उसने आगे बढ़ने से पहले ही पास में खड़ी काकी से पूछा —

“काई बात हुगी काकी, म्हारे घर पर ओ जमावड़ो क्यों कर लाग्यो रो है?”

काकी अचानक मनोहर को देखकर रो पड़ीं और कहा —

"राम जी ना राज है आपणे मनु, थारो छोरो अब आपणे साथे नहीं है!"

मनोहर अंदर तक हिल गया, क्योंकि बस सोहन एकमात्र उसका सहारा था।

उसने काकी से कारण तक नहीं पूछा और क्रोध करते हुए बस इतना-सा कहा —

“भगवान..! हम गरीबों के सपने तो कभी पूरे नहीं होते, मगर जिन बच्चों से जरा-सी खुशियां मिलती हैं, आपने आज उनसे भी जुदा कर दिया। इतना तो साबित हो ही गया कि गरीब होना मनुष्य का दुर्भाग्य नहीं, अपितु अभिशाप है।”



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नारी! अब दुर्गा बनना होगा

क्या नभ ये फिर से टूटेगा या पूरी धरा जल जाएगी?
ये दानव रूपी प्रथा कब तक औरत को यूँ खाएगी?

क्या लालच ये मर जाएगा, इंसानियत फिर आएगी?
क्या कोई कुछ कर जाएगा या बस खबरें बन जाएँगी?

समृद्ध समाज बनाने हेतु,
दहेज प्रथा को मरना होगा।

नारी! दुर्गा बनना होगा,
नारी! दुर्गा बनना होगा ॥

माँ-बाप ने अपनी लाडो पाल-पोस कर बड़ी करी,
चरित्र दिया, संस्कार दिए, अपने पैरों पर खड़ी करी।

खान-पान, शिक्षण, लक्षण सभी गुणों की झड़ी करी,
लज्जा दी, सुंदरता दी, लक्ष्मी की जैसे लड़ी करी।

राजकुमारी की भी तो,
राजकुमार तमन्ना होगा।

नारी! दुर्गा बनना होगा,
नारी! दुर्गा बनना होगा।

रिश्ते क्या, मानवता का भी शर्म से सिर झुक जाता है,
इंसान तो फिर भी इंसां है, सृष्टि से खुदा मर जाता है।

अब कोई बहू-बेटी न जले,
इस दानव को जलना होगा।

नारी! दुर्गा बनना होगा,
नारी! दुर्गा बनना होगा ॥

तूने माँ बनकर कितने ममता मयी जहां बनाए हैं,
तूने ही पैदा मर्द किए, कितने संसार चलाए हैं।

पहचान अपनी ताकत, तूने ब्रह्मा, विष्णु, महेश बचाए हैं,
तेरे प्रेम ने धरती पाली है, तो क्रोध ने गगन हिलाए हैं।

अब खुद, खुद की रक्षक है तू,
ये दुख तुझको हरना होगा।

नारी! दुर्गा बनना होगा,
नारी! दुर्गा बनना होगा।



-रूहानी पंडित
कला स्नातक (भूगोल प्रतिष्ठा), प्रथम वर्ष

सम्भवतः

सम्भवतः

हमारे सामने बढ़ रही यह युवा पीढ़ी
हमारे पश्चात की सर्वोत्तम पीढ़ी न हो।

यह पीढ़ी दे रही है जन्म एक
धीमी, अदृश्य दुर्घटना को
जिसे अभी कोई नाम नहीं मिला,

लेकिन जिसकी गूँज
कुछ वर्षों बाद हमारे शहरों की इन्हीं गलियों में
और स्मार्टफोन की शांत सुरंग में सुनाई देगी।

सम्भव है
तब तक
यह पीढ़ी उस दुर्घटना की इतनी अभ्यस्त हो जाए
कि उसे “सामान्य” मान ले।

फिर शुरू होगा
एक और सिलसिला

नई भीड़ जुड़ती जाएगी
उनकी जगह
जो पहले ही “रील्स” की रोशनी में खो चुके हैं।

और यह टूटन
स्वयं से विमुख होने की
बदल जाएगी एक परंपरा में।

हर कोई किसी न किसी तरह
हिस्सा बन जाएगा
इस आभासी दुर्घटनाग्रस्त व्यवस्था का

बिना सवाल किए,
बिना लॉग-आउट के।

और यह चक्र चलता रहेगा
शायद हमेशा...

मेरे समक्ष हजारों ऐप्स से भरी चमकती एक स्क्रीन,
जहाँ हर पहर, नीली रोशनी की ओट में,
कुछ सपने फ़िल्टर्ड आभासी दुनिया में डूब जाते हैं।

और भविष्य की पीढ़ियाँ
एक आर्टिफिशियल इंटेलिजेंस की छाया में
अपना मौलिक चिंतन खो रही हैं।



-आयुष शर्मा
कला स्नातक (हिंदी प्रतिष्ठा), तृतीय वर्ष

तुम नर्म रहना

तुम नर्म रहना,
उस रिक्शा चलाने वाले के सामने,
जो हर मोड़ पर किसी का सफर आसान
बना देता है।

तुम नर्म रहना,
उस सब्जी वाले से बात करते वक्त,
जो भोर होते ही तुम्हारी गली में आता है।

तुम नर्म रहना,
उस चौकीदार से,
जो रातभर नींद को ताले में बंद रखता है।

तुम नर्म रहना,
उस सफाई कर्मचारी से,
जो आपके शहर को साफ रखता है।

तुम नर्म रहना,
उस मजदूर से,
जिसके हाथों की दरारों ने
तुम्हारे घरों की दीवारों को भरा है।

तुम नर्म रहना,
उस अध्यापक से,
जो अपने ज्ञान से तुम्हारे भविष्य को
तराशता है।

तुम नर्म रहना,
हर उस इंसान से,
जो तुम्हें अपने से ज्यादा मानता है।

इसलिए...

तुम नर्म रहना,
क्योंकि दुनिया थोड़ी कठोर है।



-आयुष शर्मा
कला स्नातक (हिंदी प्रतिष्ठा), तृतीय वर्ष

एक मौन झील

झील बिल्कुल स्थिर थी — जैसे समय ने वहाँ आकर अपनी चाल रोक दी हो। नीले जल पर आकाश का प्रतिबिंब ऐसे थमा था, मानो कोई अधूरी कविता हो जो अपने आखिरी शब्द की प्रतीक्षा में है।

किनारे पर खड़ा आरव जल की सतह में अपना ही चेहरा देख रहा था। कभी इसी झील के पास उसकी हँसी गूँजती थी — किसी के साथ, किसी के लिए।

अब वही जगह, वही हवा, बस मौन हो चुकी थी। समय जैसे यहाँ ठहर गया था — या शायद वह स्वयं समय से पीछे रह गया था।

कभी-कभी हमें लगता है कि लोग चले गए, पर असल में वे हमारे भीतर उतर जाते हैं — स्मृति बनकर, अनुभव बनकर, एक शून्य बनकर।

आरव के मन में भी ऐसा ही एक शून्य था — लेकिन शांत, पर गहरा।

उसके मुँह से एकाएक निकला —
“क्यों हर सुंदर चीज अधूरी रह जाती है?”

तभी पास बैठे एक वृद्ध मछुआरे ने धीमे स्वर में कहा —

“झील को देखो बेटे, यह बोलती नहीं, पर सब कह देती है। यह किसी को रोकती नहीं, न किसी को पुकारती है।

जो इसके पास आता है, अपना प्रतिबिंब पाता है।
जो चला जाता है, वो भी यहीं कहीं रह जाता है — इस खाली मौन में।”

आरव ने पूछा —
“लेकिन जब कोई हमें छोड़ देता है, तब जो खालीपन बचता है, उसका क्या?”

वृद्ध मुस्कुराए —

“खालीपन ही तो जगह बनाता है नए लोगों और अर्थों के लिए।
झील खाली होती, तभी तो वर्षा के बादल उसमें उतर पाते हैं।”

उसके शब्द आरव के भीतर गूंज उठे।

उसे याद आया —

कभी वह सोचता था,
‘मेरी शांति उसी पर निर्भर है, जिस पर मेरा दिल आया है।’

लेकिन आज झील ने उसे सिखाया —

प्रेम नियंत्रण नहीं है, न परिणाम का नाम है।
प्रेम तो वह भावना है जो किसी के भीतर दयालुता, देखभाल और प्रेरणा जगा देती है।

वह जो तुम्हारे भीतर जगा, वही तुम्हारा है —
वह किसी और का होकर भी तुमसे छिन नहीं सकता।

अगर वह किसी और का हाथ थाम लेती है,
तो इससे तुम्हारे भीतर के प्रेम का अर्थ मिटता नहीं,

बस तुम्हारा मार्ग बदल जाता है —
ताकि तुम और स्थिर, और बुद्धिमान, और शांत हो सको।

झील अब भी मौन थी,
पर आरव के भीतर हल्की-सी लहर उठी —

एक लहर जो टूटती नहीं, बस दिशा बदलती है।

वह उठकर चला,
धीरे-धीरे, बिना किसी हड़बड़ी के।

क्योंकि अब उसे समझ आ गया था —
समय भाग नहीं रहा, बस उसका इंतज़ार कर रहा था कि वह खुद से फिर मिल ले।

सूरज ढलने लगा था।
झील की सतह पर सुनहरी लहरें नाच रही थीं।

आरव ने झील की ओर देखा
और आरव मुस्कुरा रहा था —

उस मौन के साथ,
जो अब अकेलापन नहीं, बल्कि शांति बन चुका था।



-सूर्याश राय
बैचलर ऑफ आर्ट्स (भूगोल ऑनर्स)



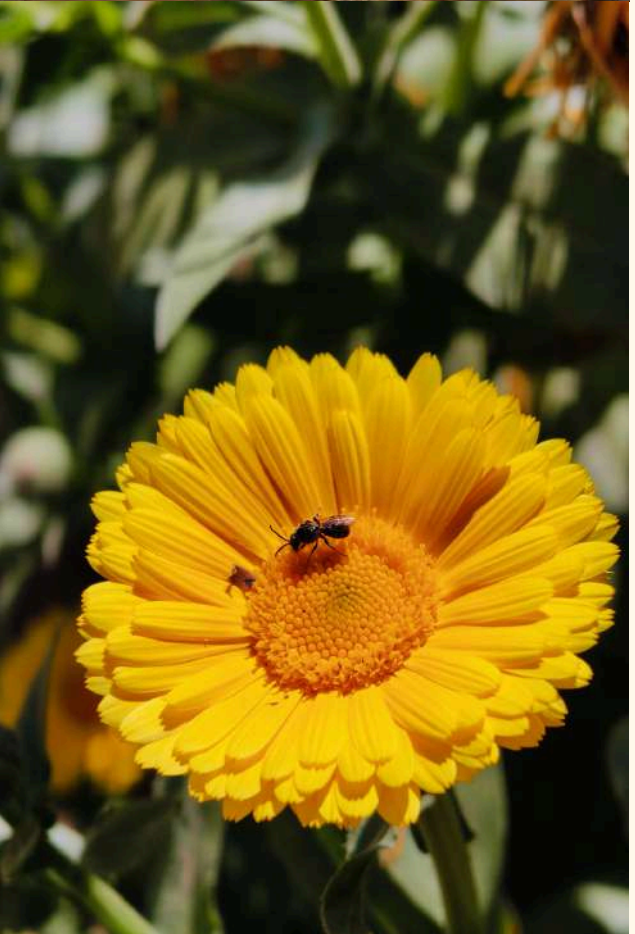
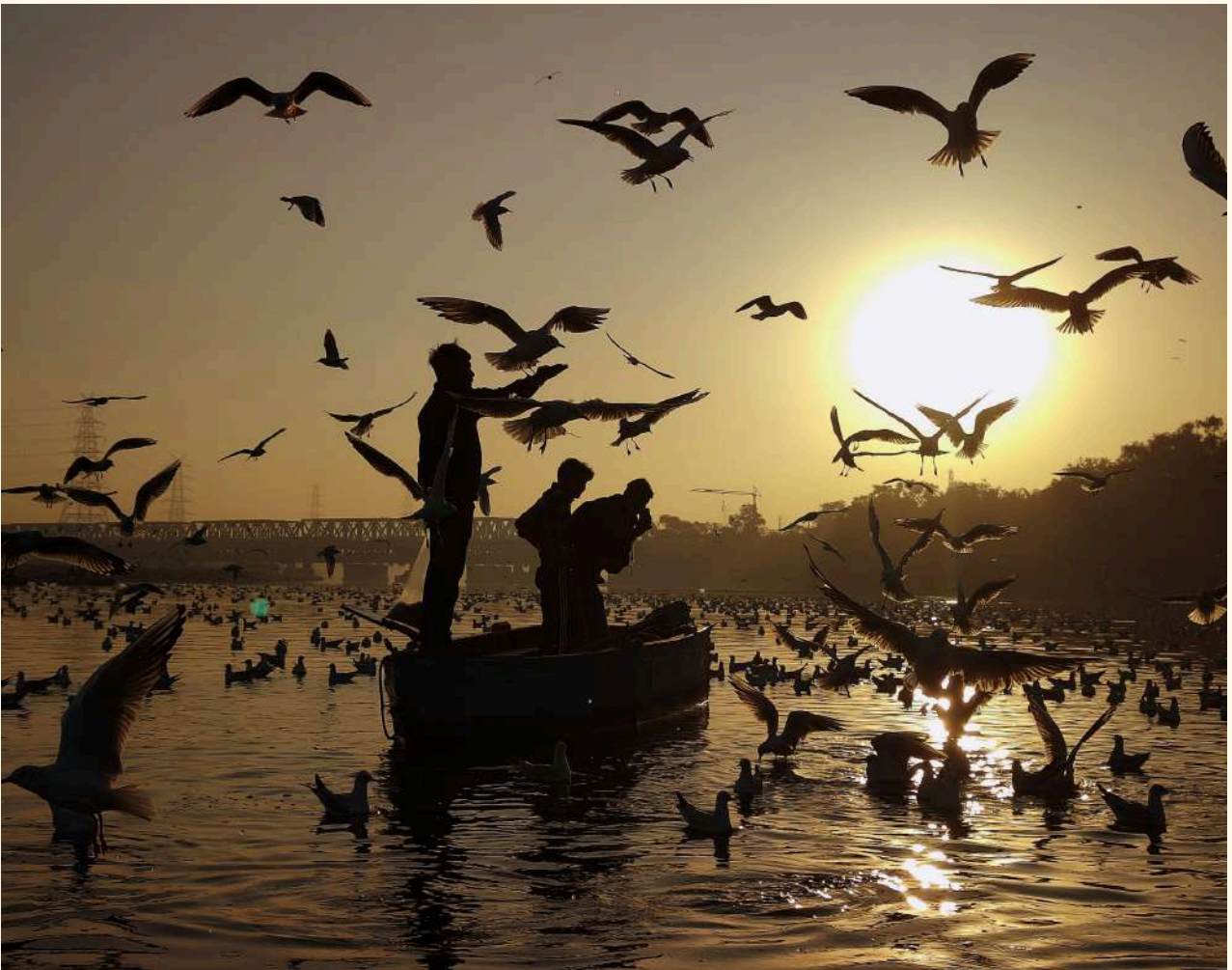
-Manish Karnatak
Bachelor of Arts (Geography Honours), First Year



-Abhinav Garg
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-Akshat Goyal
B.COM. (Honours), Third Year

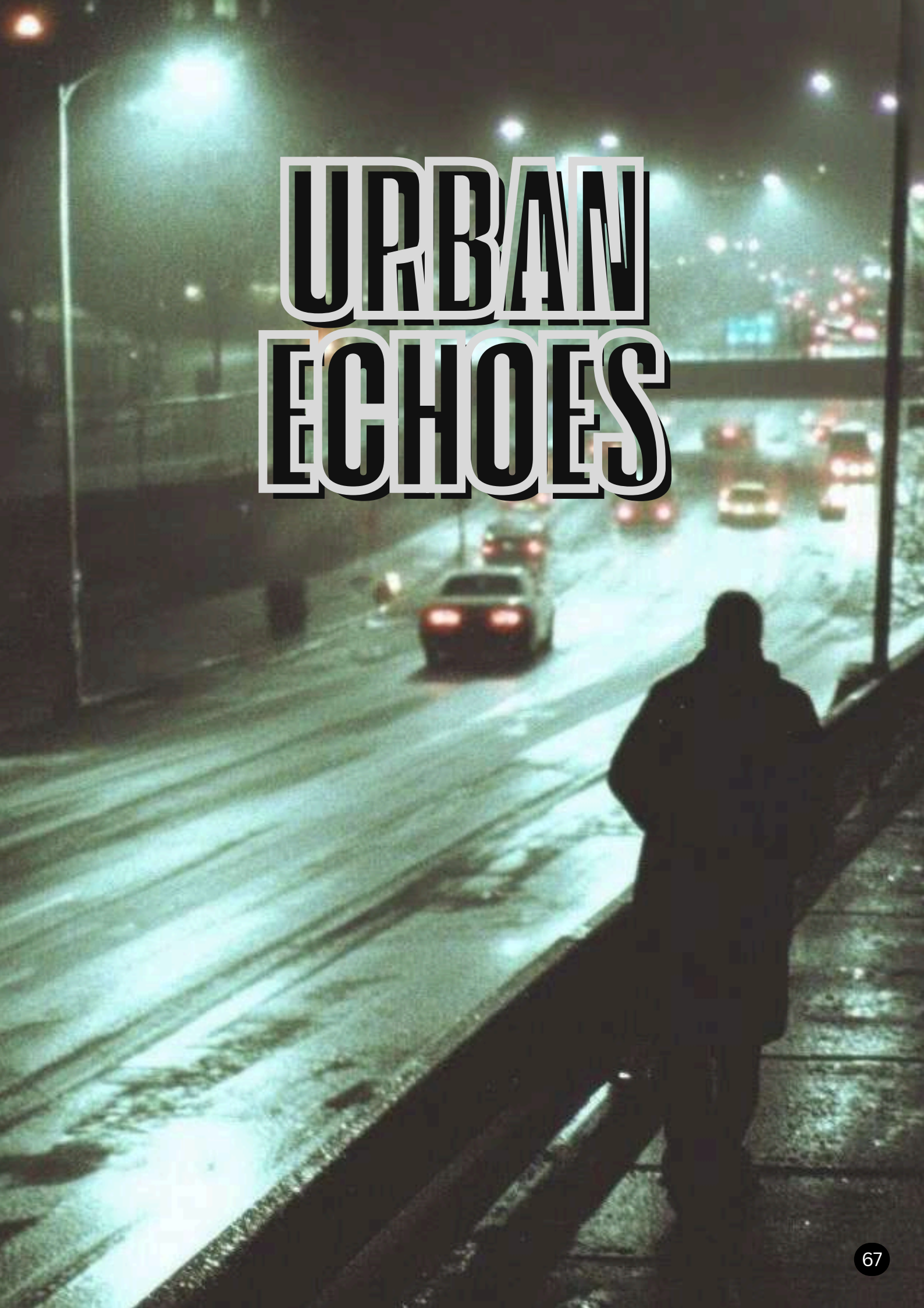


Photographs by Envision (Photography Society, SBSC)



Photographs by Envision (Photography Society, SBSC)

URBAN ECHOES

A person in silhouette stands on a sidewalk, looking across a snowy city street at night. The street is illuminated by streetlights, and several cars are visible in the distance. The overall scene is dark and atmospheric, with a strong contrast between the dark foreground and the bright, snowy street.

WAR DIARIES

PART 1

Cities that once basked in glory
Now razed to the ground
In sullen silence;
Cities that once promised love
Are full of incessant hate---
And fitful leaders
Who have sold their souls
And thrown away wisdom ;
The young ones
Crying in anguish
A new era of mourning has begun--
With wailing mothers
And tight lipped fathers
Waiting for even a ray of sunshine
But the terror licks the streets
Turning the white roses into crimson---
As the last soldier
Lays down his arms
In fitful agony.
Songless oceans
And moping whales
Are we here to dance with the dead?
This monster war has created ---
Nausea and exhaustion
The kind that
Clings to every cell
Of human memory;
Every street is in agony
While men with fat egos
Multiply and divide

WAR DIARIES

PART 2

Songless oceans
And moping whales
Are we here to dance with the dead?
This monster war has created ---
Nausea and exhaustion
The kind that
Clings to every cell
Of human memory;
Every street is in agony
While men with fat egos
Multiply and divide
Their own territories
Oblivious of the terror unleashed
Of songs never sung
The lost embrace
Of mothers petrified;
Of suicide bombers
Reborn in nations
No healing touch
No loving smiles
Only deadbeat soldiers
In apparent decline;
The inheritors
Of such(mis) fortune
Will die a million deaths
Not live a million lives---
Time to say
No to greed / eruptions of
Mindless games

And mass destruction
The last candle
Will whisper
The atrocities
Forever in the living memories
Of all mankind.



-Neeta Singh
Dept. of English

HONOUR OF SALT

The land was filled with rusted metal shells, massive craters, and no shrill of birds could be heard in the endless sky. At dawn, a group of soldiers took refuge in a dilapidated temple, and two of them were having a heated argument. “Don’t you have any shame for using their families as hostages to attack them?” said Aqil with hostility. Nangial replied with a grin, “There is no shame in winning with tricks; besides, there is no room for sentimentality in war.” Aqil threw away his firearm on the ground —thud—and said, “A man from the far east once said to give salt to one’s enemy, but a person like you will never understand it.” With heavy steps, he left the temple. Nangial scoffed, “At least tell its meaning before leaving...hahaha.”

Nangial felt a prick while leaning, and to his surprise, he found a Buddha statue. He put his firearm near the statue and lit his cigarette. He would occasionally look at the statue while having light puffs, but now he was near it and said with a grin, “Do you feel pity for...those families I used? If you did, they wouldn’t have wailed and struggled like a fish out of the water, but you gods...don’t even exist!...hahah.” After a while, his eyelids felt heavy, and he fell asleep. A rhythmic heavy step came from the north, which awoke Nangial, but to his surprise, he found himself all alone in the dim temple. The room was soon filled with smoke released by a cracked pagoda. “This taste... It’s salt!.. cough, cough.” Nangial collapsed directly towards the statue, and the temple was covered in smoke.



-Gowrab Patgiri

BCOM Program , First Year

REALITY OF SOCIETY - INDIA

Indian society carries both the hope of equality and the burden of inequality at the same time. On one hand, India proudly talks about justice, liberty, and equality as its core values, written clearly in the Constitution. On the other hand, social reality often fails to match these ideals. Dr. B. R. Ambedkar rightly said, “We must begin by acknowledging that there is a complete absence of two things in Indian society—equality and fraternity.” This statement still feels true today. As a college student observing society closely, I feel equality in India is not absent, but uneven—strong in intention, weak in practice.

The positive side of Indian society shows visible progress toward equality. Education has opened doors for many marginalized groups. Reservation policies have helped students from Dalit, tribal, and backward communities enter colleges and government services. Women today are astronauts, athletes, and officers in the armed forces, breaking old stereotypes. In urban areas and campuses, students from different castes, religions, and regions study together and share common goals. Social media and awareness movements have made people more vocal against injustice. As Mahatma Gandhi said, “The true measure of any society can be found in how it treats its most vulnerable members.” This spirit has encouraged welfare schemes and legal protection for the weaker sections.

However, the negative reality remains deeply rooted in everyday life. Caste discrimination may have become silent, but it still influences marriages, friendships, and social status. Many families proudly support equality in public but oppose inter-caste or inter-religious marriage at home. Women are encouraged to be educated, yet controlled in their choices and judged for their behavior. Swami Vivekananda’s words, “There is no chance for the welfare of the world unless the condition of women is improved,” clearly highlight this contradiction.

Economic inequality also creates invisible walls—poor students are often underestimated because of language, dressing, or background. In daily life, domestic workers, sanitation workers, and street vendors are treated as necessary but inferior.

The biggest problem is hypocrisy. Equality is celebrated on Constitution Day and Independence Day, but ignored in routine behavior. People demand equal rights but hesitate to share equal respect. George Orwell’s famous line, “All are equal, but some are more equal than others,” perfectly reflects this selective equality. Dr. Ambedkar warned us about this contradiction when he said, “If we continue to deny equality in our social and economic life, we will put political democracy in peril.” These words are a reminder that democracy cannot survive on paper alone.

In conclusion, Indian society stands between progress and prejudice. Equality has taken steps forward, but discrimination still walks beside it. The future of true equality depends not only on laws or policies but on mindset and daily conduct. As students and future citizens, we must practice equality in real life—by respecting dignity, questioning bias, and accepting differences. Only then can equality become a living reality and not just a constitutional promise.



-Anjaneya Bajpai
BA Program

THE PLAGUE

The Thursday afternoon wheezed as
earth gagged continuesly
a shadow of its former rulers was still alas
stood,
smeared in thick foliage, a grand corpse of a
palace stood its naked features covered with
thick greens,
gardens full of stone sculptures
a wooden plaque stood besides a green
throughfare,
“Palace of His Majesty, the conquerer of
destiny and of man”
an extraneous statement,
The antelopes lapped water from the grand
marble fountain
“Salute to the 1000 years reign” resting
below the ripples



-Ridhaan Bandil
Bachelors of Arts (History Honours)

THE UNCARVED DEITY

In the 6th century, somewhere in the vast expanse of the Indian Subcontinent, lived a ten-year-old nomad boy—a wandering bird without a nest, carrying a hunger that never left him, not even at the end of the day. One afternoon, unable to find anything to eat, he sat by a riverbank and began shaping food items out of mud. His hunger was so deep that he stared at those muddy creations as if willing them to become real so he could finally taste something.

Lost in this desperate illusion, he did not notice a King's caravan approaching. The King, seeing the mud shapes, mistook them for toys and asked gently, "How much for these?" The boy's trance shattered. He looked up and replied,

"My Lord, I am not selling anything. I am so hungry that I moulded food out of mud and was about to eat it when your voice broke my illusion." The King was moved by the boy's honesty. Humbled, he invited the boy to the palace, promising good food and work worthy of his innate artistic talent.

THE DIVINE FORM AND THE PRIEST'S PUZZLE

Months passed. One day, the King decided to build a grand temple and entrusted the boy with creating its sculptures. Recognizing the child's natural gift for shaping forms, the King sent him to the temple site. There, the chief priest informed him that he was to carve the divine form of Indrani (Shachi), one of the Sapta Matrikas—the seven primordial mother goddesses.

The boy asked, "How does the goddess look?"

The priest replied, "You must find it on your own my boy. A deity has no description. Their form is pure energy—unbound, unshaped, and undefinable." The boy began studying the scriptures preserved in the kingdom. He was surprised to learn that ancient worship often deities in their purest, naked forms. Which confused him deeply. He wondered why male and female bodies were viewed so differently, why society covered one and not the other, and how he could possibly carve a goddess without knowing her form.

A storm of questions rose in his young mind.

THE UNSPOKEN LESSON

Seeking help, he went to the King and explained his confusion. Understanding his struggle, the King instructed a maidservant to take the boy to his daughter—the princess—hoping she might inspire the young sculptor.

The servant led him to the palace garden, where the princess sat among blooming flowers, their fragrance drifting softly through the air. She looked ethereal—like nature itself had adorned her.

The princess greeted him kindly and asked how she could help. But the boy, overwhelmed by her beauty and afraid of the task he had to explain, froze. Despite her repeated questions, he remained silent. Irritated and curious, she grabbed his hand.

That one sudden touch awakened something unknown in him—an unexplored sensation that frightened and confused him. She demanded again, “Just tell me what you want.”

Unable to bear the intensity of the moment, he fled. He realized he couldn’t possibly ask a girl something so delicate—he feared punishment, shame, or worse. After thinking for hours, a thought struck him: Perhaps he could observe women at the riverbank early in the morning and learn without asking anyone directly.

The next day, carrying his packed lunch, he hid behind a tree and bushes near the river. Soon, a group of young women arrived to bathe. Their laughter, the splash of water, and the natural intimacy of their gestures stirred powerful sensations within him.

But guilt struck him just as quickly.

He couldn’t bring himself to watch them without letting them know, because maybe it’s not right to see someone in their purest form without their permission.

He quietly retreated, feeling unworthy and ashamed.

THE FINAL CHANCE

As the day passed, the boy lost hope. He felt he had failed the simplest task the King gave him. Completely disheartened, he began walking back toward the kingdom for what he believed would be his last night there.

On the way, he saw a modest house with several gates, where many women stood outside. Gathering courage, he approached. The oldest among them looked him over and joked,

“Age really has become just a number these days,” and the women laughed.

She grabbed his hand and asked whether he had money. The boy looked at his humble packed lunch. The older woman laughed again.

Another woman whispered to her, “Send him to the new girl whom we brought last week. She hasn’t eaten in a week. At least he has food to offer her otherwise our money will be wasted”.

The old woman nodded and led him to the last inner chamber, where no one else stood. Inside lay a woman so frail that her ribs were visible. Hunger had carved her more deeply than life ever had.

The old woman barked,

“Stand up and serve him tonight. If you don’t, you’ll die by morning”.

The girl remained numb, expressionless.

The woman yelled again,

“Don’t resist this time. You’ve become so ugly that even a blind man wouldn’t choose you. This is your last chance.” Then she left.

For several silent minutes, the boy and the girl looked at each other. She slowly reached her clothes.

The boy stopped her.

She held his hand and whispered,

“It’s for hunger...”

Everything inside him broke. He was blank

“In her presence, a tender, silent grace,

A world of wonder in her gentle face.

Her eyes, deep pools of empathy and fire,

Hold untold stories, fuelled by soft desires”

In the next flash, the girl stood half-naked, and the boy—shaking with shame and pain—threw his lunch on the bed and ran out, tears streaming down his face.

He wasn’t crying because of what he had seen.

He cried because he had unintentionally bartered her venerability for food that wasn’t even his in the first place.

THE UNCARVED TRUTH

He finished the task — yet it felt unfinished to him. Quietly, he left the kingdom. People came to the temple and knelt before the goddess as if she had always been beautiful and whole. They did not know that

Some truths are too raw to be carved in stone the divine form he had carved had been born in the shadow of hunger, modelled in some measure from the frail body they would have turned away, a body that even a blind man would have passed by.

“For the purest form of energy is not the most beautiful— it is the most human”



-Parv Rathore

BCOM Program , First Year

THE WHITE PLAGUE OF PUNJAB

Last time when I went home, was on a train running fiercely towards my homeland- PUNJAB- the land of lush green fields, milky mighty rivers and strong milk-laden cattle.

As I was going for Lohri- the second Diwali of Punjab- a festival thriving in every Punjabi's heart regardless of place they reside in. I was hoping for an environment of peace and content returning from a place like Delhi.

The time was of peak winters and winters are nothing less than a long occasion in Punjab. We come across various dishes, new clothing and tastes of fresh crop. When i entered my street where my childhood lies, i heard a very bitter clash between a widowed lady and her son. I remember this was the lady who gave us water on hot summer evenings, and had immense love for the children running down the street. But today, she was struggling with her own son for a cause unknown to me. Upon meeting my mother i asked about that old lady. My mother gathered a gloom over her face and dictated that how economic difficulties have taken over her and has no source of income now. With astonish, I asked my mother about the son and came over the dark reality and the storm taking over Punjab nowadays- THE WHITE SORROW OF PUNJAB-heroin, locally known as "chitta"(white).

Thereafter, i came across more about her, that really saddened me. She explained few of her son's friends made her son an addict of the destroyer of Punjabi youth. Then she explained her son got disengaged from his workplace and all this led to financial crisis. Aunty's name was "rani" but today this "rani" had come to us pleading for 200 rupees which were short of a LPG refill. This just shattered me and my mother.

What I was hoping for my birthplace was far far different from reality. I was expecting peace and content but here what i see? A helpless lady in her 60s wandering door to door to just light her kitchen fire while others enjoy sweets and dishes on the Lohri night.

This is not a single story. Stories similar and even more depressing exist too in almost every neighbourhood. Yes, this is the wretched reality of the richest state of India.

How did all this poison spread into every city, village and lane? This happened because fresh minds like “me” and “you” were in search of “energy”. An energy that should come from within and what we foolish do? Search it outside get fallen into the vicious traps of vicious people seeming over lovely and sustaining to us at the stat leading to the total banishment of our homes, families and ultimately our lives. My dear friends, itis “your” and “mine” responsibility to act with immense conscious on numerous sensitive matters like this.

**“ Drug is a suicide,
Paid in installments”**



-Lavish

Bachelors of Arts (Geography Honours)

अंधेरी गलियों के आदी

हम उन गलियों के आदी नहीं हैं,
जहाँ दीवारें साँस नहीं लेतीं,
जहाँ सूरज भी,
अपनी किरणों समेट लेता है
हर सुबह से पहले।

पर कोई है,
जो इन गलियों का आदी है।
जो हर सुबह,
अपने पैरों की थकान को
रगड़ते हुए चल पड़ता है,
इन संकरी, अंधेरी, बेछाया गलियों में।

जैसे कोई कसम खाई हो
रोज़ उजाले को खोजने की,
चाहे रास्ता सिर्फ धुएँ तक ले जाए।

घर में चूल्हा जलाने को
धुएँ में लिपटी रोटियों की तरह,
उसकी साँसें भी
धीरे-धीरे जलती जाती हैं।

पसीने की गंध से
भर जाती है छोटी-सी कोठरी,
उसके बच्चे
अभी उस उम्र में हैं
जहाँ पिता का प्यार
सिर्फ स्कूल की फीस भरना होता है।

और अगली सुबह,
फिर वही आदमी
उठ खड़ा होगा
बिना शिकायत,
बिना शोर,
सिर्फ इस उम्मीद में कि
शायद इस बार
कोई एक दीवार थोड़ी उजली होगी।

पर अंधेरी गलियाँ तो
उसे पहचान चुकी हैं,
उसे नाम से नहीं,
पैरों की घिसावट से बुलाती हैं।

कभी-कभी
वो ठहर जाता है एक क्षण
और आसमान की तरफ देखता है।

कोई ईश्वर नहीं उतरता वहाँ से,
सिर्फ एक कबूतर उड़ जाता है...
उसे याद दिलाने कि उड़ना उसका नहीं,
बस सहना ही उसकी नियति है।



-आयुष शर्मा
कला स्नातक (हिंदी प्रतिष्ठा), तृतीय वर्ष

गांव का रास्ता !

गांव का रास्ता गुमसुम वीरान खड़ा है
शहर
सोच रहा है कैसे सब चले गये हैं
यहां धीरे से निकल उधर को भागते हुए

क्या रखा है ऐसा उस भीड़ भाड़ में
कैसे मन लग गया सबका उस उड़ान में

न लहलहाते खेत हैं न कुआं तालाब है
न दरख्तों का ही सुकून ओ ख्वाब है

न वहां जमीन होगी अपनी कहने को
आसमानों में ठिकाने मिले हैं रहने को

ऐसा क्या है जो शहर ने उन्हें दिया है
दिखाई क्यों नहीं देता सब छीन लिया है

क्यों गांव का आदमी फितरत बदल रहा है
किसलिए आखिर घुट-घुट कर मर रहा है

कभी कभी तो सोचता हूं मैं भी बदल जाऊं
छोड़ दूं कच्चा देश पक्की सड़क सा हो जाऊं



-अंकित
बी.ए प्रोग्राम, तीसरा वर्षीय

मिट्टी की मदक

मिट्टी की सौंधी खुशबू में,
कुछ अपना-अपना सा है।
हल की धुन और बैलों की चाल में,
जीवन का सच्चा किस्सा सा है।

कच्चे रास्तों पर चलती हवा,
गीत पुराने गुनगुनाती है।
आम की बगिया, नीम की छांव,
मन को चुपके से सहलाती है।

सुबह-सुबह कुएँ का पानी,
चेहरे पर ठंडक भर देता है।
चूल्हे की धीमी-धीमी आँच,
घर को अपना घर कर देता है।

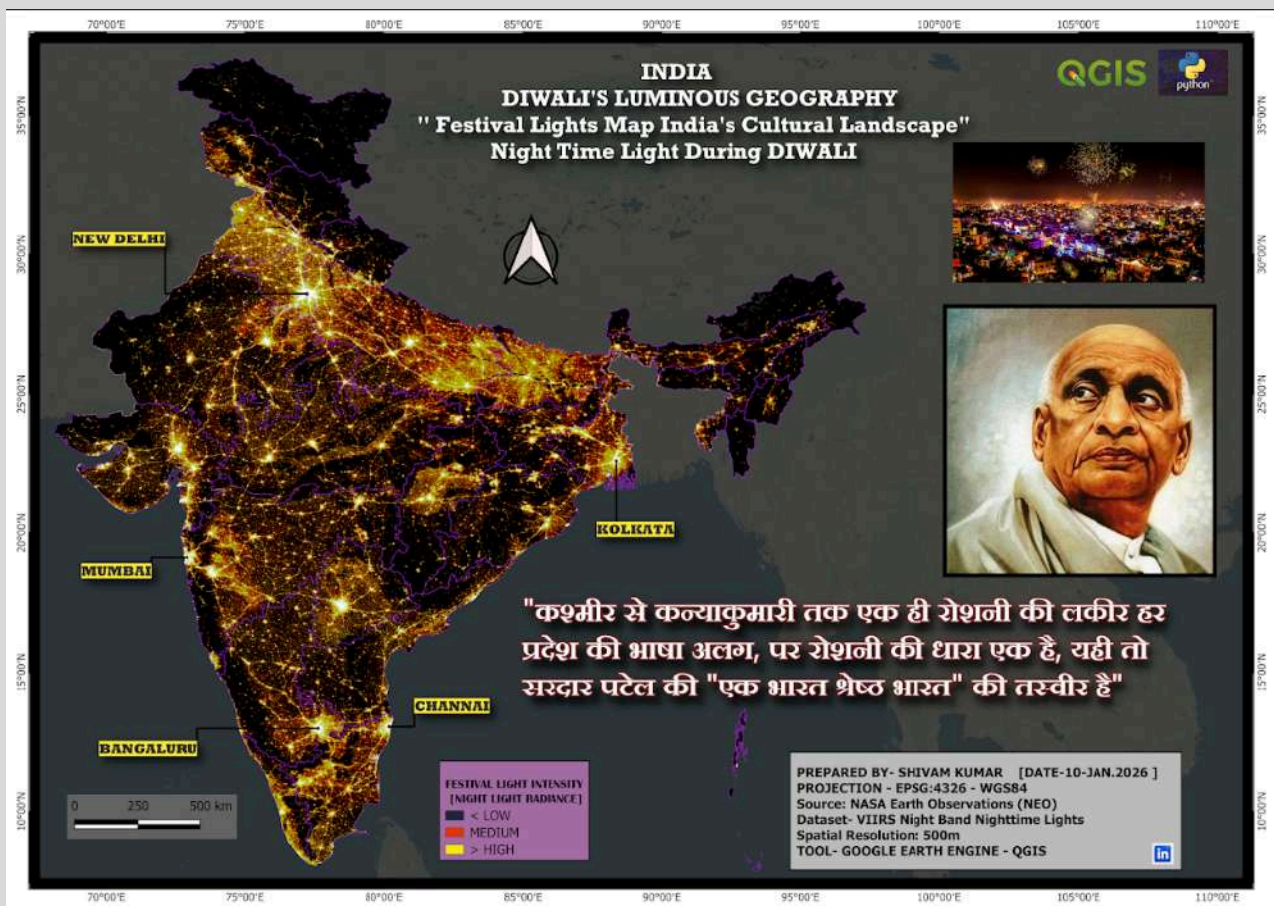
यहाँ संबंध बोए जाते हैं,
खेतों की मेड़ों की तरह।
बातों में मीठापन ऐसा,
जैसे गुड़ पिघले हों अधर।

शहरों की भागदौड़ से दूर,
गाँव अभी भी मुस्काता है।
सरलता की छोटी-सी दुनिया में,



-गोविन्द जांगिड़
बी.ए प्रोग्राम, प्रथम वर्ष

DIWALI NIGHT LIGHT MAP



-Shivam Kumar

Bachelor of Arts (Geography Honours



-Manish Karnatak
Bachelor of Arts (Geography Honours), First Year



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Photographs by Envision (Photography Society, SBSC)



Kaleidoscope of Experiences

The Praised Murder

A look at her face,
Unspoken words I hear,
The cry of the women in white,
Haunts my ears.

She knows it's the last time she'll see the sun,
She knows it's the last time she'll hear the birds sing,
She knows it's the last time she'll breathe,
But she sits there with an emotionless face,
Defeated, knowing it's her fate.

She moves her wrist,
But the rope overpowers her,
So, she sits there waiting for the worst.
When the fire is lit, she knows its near,
With a last look at the sky,
She shivers.

The flames are nearby,
but there's no way out.
She screams,
Letting it all out.
Amidst her screams,
there's a crowd,
Praising the sati,
They burned alive.



-Ananta Dhingra

Bachelor of Arts (English Honours), Second Year

A THOUSAND LITTLE PIECES: The Mosaic Of Becoming

A beautiful quote by Rumi goes “You are not a drop in the ocean. You are the entire ocean in the drop.” Life is not a single grand narrative. It is not one sweeping arc that begins with birth and ends with legacy. Instead, it is a mosaic — a thousand little pieces scattered across time, stitched together by memory, feeling, and chance.

We often imagine that the defining moments of our lives are the milestones: graduations, weddings, victories, losses. Yet when we look back, it is rarely the milestones alone that shape us. It is the fragments — the smile of a stranger on a day we felt invisible, the warmth of a familiar street corner, the sound of laughter echoing in a quiet room. These pieces may seem ordinary, but they carry extraordinary weight.

A thousand little pieces craft us into persons. Each conversation that lingers long after it ends, each pause that teaches us patience, each scar that reminds us of resilience — they all become part of the mosaic. Life is not polished marble; it is broken glass refracting light in unexpected ways. The beauty lies not in perfection but in a way, fragments come together to form something whole.

Little pieces, scattered wide,
Moments that drift, moments that hide.
A smile, a pause, a fleeting song,
Threads of memory that make us strong.

Not one story, but many small streams,
Flowing together, shaping our dreams.
In cracks and corners, in laughter and tears,
We find the mosaic of all our years.

The ordinary is often underestimated. We chase after grand achievements, forgetting that the essence of living hides in unfinished thoughts, in sudden bursts of joy, in the quiet rhythm of everyday existence. The truth is, the smallest gestures often leave the deepest impressions. A hand held in silence, a word spoken at the right time, a moment of kindness offered without expectation — these are the pieces that endure.

And yet, these fragments are not always gentle. Some pieces cut, some scar, some remind us of pain. But even those are part of the mosaic. They teach us endurance, humility, and the courage to begin again. Without them, the picture would be incomplete. We are not only shaped by joy but also by struggle, not only by laughter but also by tears

Perhaps the miracle of life is that it does not demand one perfect story. It allows us to gather fragments, to hold them close, and to realize that they are enough. The thousand little pieces — subtle, imperfect, profoundly real — are what make us human.

In the end, we are mosaics of memory. We are crafted not by one defining event but by countless fragments that shimmer in their own way. And when we step back, we see the whole picture: imperfect, luminous, and deeply human.

We are, each of us, a thousand little pieces — woven into one.



- Ayushi Sinha
BA Program , Second Year

The Paradox of Poetry

They say poetry is immortal, and I,
I agree.

For the melody that flows through the heart cannot be stopped,
The melancholy of expression,
The world of imagination,
The world of art;
And the desire to be understood, to be remembered,
Connecting us on a deeper level.
Poetry exists.

To give words to what cannot be said,
To indulge in whimsical fantasies,
To write your deepest regrets,

Poetry unveils.
It strips us bare,
Vulnerable before it,
Until we expose the depths of our soul.
And then it stays.

It stays on that sunny night,
When joy dances in your heart,
It stays on that rainy day,
When your journals are filled with messy feelings that drain,
It wraps you in a comforting blanket,
A haven for your thoughts.

It stays to capture that first instance of love,
It stays.

They say poetry can be erased, and I disagree,
For who are they to deny the existence of the same?
How can something that gives life be led astray?

The beauty that touches our souls,
To the depths of our core, stays.

It stays,
And it stays,
Until we die.

And then, again, it stays.
For poetry is immortal, and it never decays.

They say poetry is immortal, and I,
I agree.
For what stays in our hearts never decays.
And poetry,
Poetry is the drug that stays
And immortalizes you until your last breath.



-Ananta Dhingra
Bachelor of Arts (English Honors), Second Year

जीवन : एक यात्रा

जीवन है अगर अनल तो, इस में ही तो जलना होगा।

जीवन है सरल सहजता तो, इस में ही तो बहना होगा।

जीवन है अगर शीतल समीर तो, इस में ही तो जीना होगा।

जीवन है अगर विष का प्याला, इसको भी तो पीना होगा।

जीवन है अगर कठिन डगर तो, इस पर भी तो चलना होगा।

पगडंडियों पर संभल - संभलकर, पग पर आगे बढ़ना होगा।

जो भी आए इस जीवन में,
जो भी आए इस जीवन में।

बस हंस कर सहना होगा,
आए हैं धरा पटल पर, प्रभु में जीवित रहना होगा।

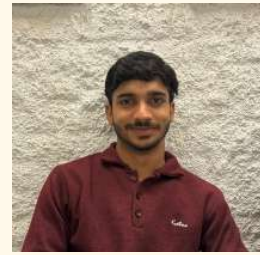


-अंकित
बी.ए प्रोग्राम, तीसरा वर्षीय

आहिस्ता चल जिंदगी

अभी की कर्ज चुकाना बाकी हैं
कुछ दर्द मिटाना बाकी है
कुछ फर्ज निभाना बाकी है
रफ्तार में तेरे चलने से
कुछ रूठ गए , कुछ छूट गए
रूठो को मानना बाकी है
दोस्तों को हंसाना बाकी है
कुछ हसरतें अभी अधूरी है
कुछ काम भी और जरूरी है
ख्वाहिशें ,जो घुट गईं दिल में
उनको दफनाना बाकी है
कुछ रिश्ते बनकर टूट गए
कुछ जुड़ते - जुड़ते छूट गए
उन टूटे - छूटें रिश्तों के
जाखमों को मिटाना बाकी है।

तू आगे चल, मैं आता हूं
क्या छोड़ तुझे जी पाऊंगा?
इन साँसों पर हक है जिनका
उनको समझाना बाकी है
आहिस्ता चल जिंदगी
अभी कई कर्ज चुकाना बाकी
है ।



-अंकित
बी.ए प्रोग्राम, तीसरा वर्षीय

नारी

खामोशी की हैं आवाज़ें और दर्द बोलता है
मुँह को ढक कर एक शख्स रोज़ रोता है
अपनी चीखों और ज़ख्मों को छुपाता
अपनों के सामने भी अपने आँसुओं पर
पर्दा डालता है
क्योंकि पहाड़ों से निकलता पानी ही पहाड़
को काटता है
रात को पिंजरे में बंद कर दिया जाता है
बाहर निकलने पर उसको छेड़कर उसी को
अपराधी का दर्ज़ा दिया जाता है
वैसे तो इस देश में हर मर्द राम राज्य चाहता
पर अंत में सीता की पवित्रता पर सवाल
किया जाता है
नवरात्रों में माँ दुर्गा का दर्ज़ा देते हैं
फिर क्यों माँ दुर्गा को नज़र-ए-ग़लत-
अंदाज़ से देखते हैं

क्यों, ये सवाल मेरे मन में आता है
जवाब में बापू के तीन बंदर याद दिलाते हैं
बुरा न देखो तो अत्याचार होते वक्रत आँखें
बंद कर लेते हैं
बुरा न सुनो तो चीखें वो अनसुनी कर देते हैं
बुरा न बोलो इसलिए औरतों की आवाज़
दबाते हैं

राजधानी बन चुकी है अब गांधारी
हटाओ अब ये पट्टी और दिखाओ वो
सच जो कोई जानता नहीं
दिखाओ वो आँसू, वो चीखें, वो
ललकार
छीन ली जिन्होंने एक बच्ची की ज़िंदगी
की बहार
सोचती है वो पहले अब निकलने से घर
के बाहर
क्या वो आज़ादी सिर्फ़ मर्दों के लिए है?

नहीं।
तेरी हर साँस में क्रांति का मंत्र है
तू सीमाओं में कैद नहीं, अनंत है
तेरा हौसला बुलंद है
तो जाग, तेरे खून में आग है
तू खुद के सिर का ताज है
तू जीत की दहाड़ है
प्रहार है तू रीत पर
रिवाज़ों का भी साथ है
तो जीत जा आराम से
और अगर संसार का साथ नहीं
तो खुदा तेरे साथ है



-धैर्य

बैचलर ऑफ आर्ट्स (राजनीति विज्ञान ऑनर्स), प्रथम वर्ष

स्मृतियाँ

भौतिक रूप में,
मेरे पास शेष रह गई है
बस एक तस्वीर।

कागज का एक टुकड़ा,
जो वक्त के एक पल को थामे हुए है।

तस्वीर के अतिरिक्त,
मेरे पास कोई अन्य भौतिक वस्तु नहीं
जिसके स्पर्श से मैं महसूस कर सकूँ
उसका मेरे समीप होना।

भौतिकता से परे,
मेरे पास एक 'चेतना' है,
जहाँ हमारी स्मृतियाँ साँस लेती हैं।

मेरी स्मरणशक्ति,
बढ़ती उम्र के साथ क्षीण होने लगी है,
मगर चेतना के पूरी तरह जाने में...
अभी समय है।

तब तक ये स्मृतियाँ हैं
अमिट, स्पर्श से परे और कालजयी।



-आयुष शर्मा
कला स्नातक (हिंदी प्रतिष्ठा), तृतीय वर्ष।

आजादी

देशभर की तमाम स्त्रियाँ
स्वतंत्रता दिवस पर
अपनी चार दीवारी के भीतर
तिरंगे की चूड़ियाँ पहनती हैं;
और देश की आजादी पर
गर्व महसूस करती हैं।



-आयुष शर्मा
कला स्नातक (हिंदी प्रतिष्ठा), तृतीय वर्ष।

मैं हिंदी थी।

मैं आधार थी, सत्कार थी,
मैं जननी थी इस हिंदुस्तान की।

मैं लफ़्ज़ थी, पहचान थी,
वज़ह थी सबके अभिमान की।

मैं थी एक अहम कड़ी,
उस समय पूर्ण स्वराज की।

भावनाओं के रंग की,
विविधताओं के सार की।

मैं सभ्यता थी, संस्कृति थी,
भारतीय विरासत की बुनियाद थी।

आम लोगों की भाषा थी,
पहचान थी इस जहान की।

मैं मीरा की भक्ति थी,
रामचरितमानस का सार थी।

आदि हो या आधुनिक हो,
हर काल में मेरी एक पहचान थी।

मैं दिल में बसी साँझ थी,
हर सुबह की प्यास थी।

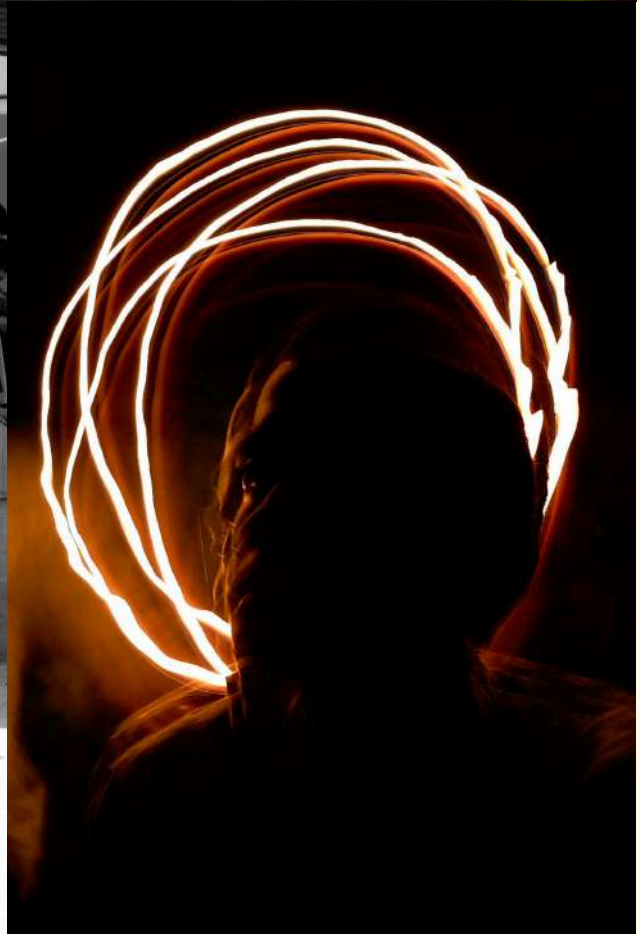
स्रोत थी राष्ट्रीय एकता की,
मैं भारतीय परंपरा का आधार थी।

कई वीर गाथाओं की जुबान थी,
ऋषि-मुनियों की शान थी।


अपनों की पहचान थी,
फिर भी देश की दूसरी जुबान थी।



-राहुल रतूड़ी
भूगोल विशेष
चतुर्थ वर्ष



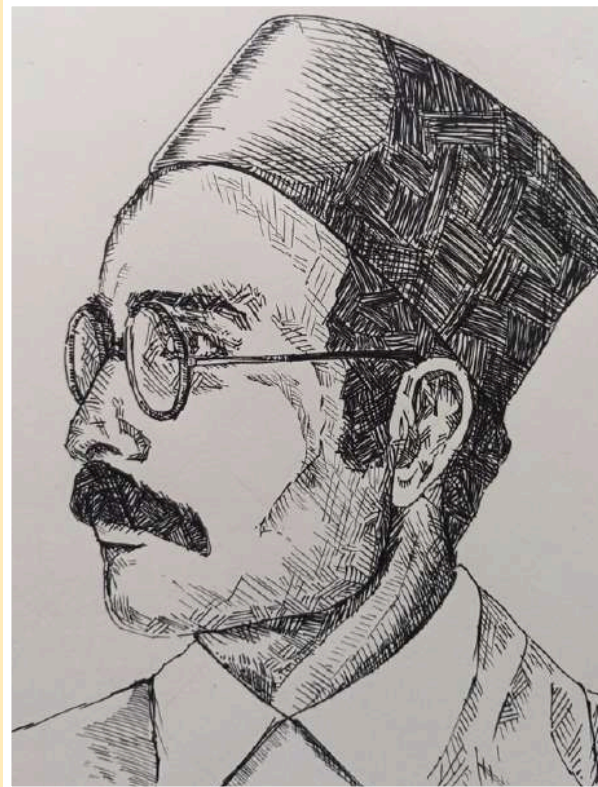
Photographs by Envision (Photography Society, SBSC)

A painter is shown in profile, seated at a desk in a study. The room is filled with bookshelves, a globe, and various writing supplies. The lighting is warm and focused on the painter and his work.

TRIBUTE TO TIMELESS WRITERS

"Ink fades, paper ages, but true writing remains immortal."

A REVOLUTIONARY POET - SAVARKAR



*Pen Sketch Of Veer Savarkar made by Author -
Soham, BA Hons. Political Science, 2nd Semester*

The history of India has always been rich with prosperity, wealth, and abundance, and its lap has always been blessed with brave sons. From Plassey to 1857, from Kakori to 1947, a long era of British rule and colonial domination drained the treasures and riches from the folds of this very Mother India. In the end, a mother lost many of her children, and India lost countless lives. In moments of such sorrow, we often seek psychological relief. Some find this solace by turning to divine power, while others find it in literature. The novel Sanyasi Kranti 1771, better known as Anandmath, must have given Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyay a spark of motivation that was far deeper than simple inspiration. He wished to carry that flame forward, and from that wish emerged the sacred song Vande Mataram. For revolutionaries, this hymn was no less than a Vedic mantra, a Quranic recitation, a Gospel verse, or the holy Gurbani of the Gurus. Even today, its words bring tears to the eyes of those who witnessed the struggle and the fierce battles in their tender years. One poetess of India, Subhadra Kumari Chauhan, immortalized the Queen of Jhansi through her pen.

My late Nanosa hukam ji, could never hold back his tears whenever he read her verses. There is something in such poetry that can make a person weep or ignite a fire in their blood.

When someone, tired of ordinary speech, dares to write such poetry, they must have faced backlash. Perhaps it was this backlash that made their poetry so revolutionary. These reflections remind me of another revolutionary, one who wrote the sweet music of rebellion with the ink of gunpowder. His pen was a 32 caliber Colt revolver - Veer Savarkar.

When we speak of Swatantryaveer Vinayak Damodar Savarkar, the first image that comes to mind is that of a revolutionary, a nationalist, a brilliant thinker. But have we forgotten that this was the same mind that composed tender melodies of poetry even amid the echoes of gunfire? A personality that did not break inside the dark cells of Andaman, but instead rebuilt itself through poetry. To call him only a revolutionary is to overlook the literary glow of his existence. Savarkar was not a writer shaped by literature. It was he who shaped literature, and that too under conditions so harsh that any ordinary mind would have shattered in moments.

1. This takes us to July of 1909, when a young Indian arrived in London to study mechanical engineering but chose instead the path of revolution. At 65 Cromwell Avenue stood India House, established by Shyamji Krishna Varma. For Indian revolutionaries it was a stronghold, while for the British it was merely a hostel. Among those who lived there was Madan Lal Dhingra. With his revolver, he assassinated Sir William Hutt Curzon Wylie. In August 1909 he was hanged, and with him Savarkar, Tatyrao hereafter, lost his brother and a best friend and his own son vishwasrao, he learned that his elder brother, Sri Ganesh Babarao Savarkar, had been sentenced to transportation to the Andamans, and that the collector of Nashik, A. M. T. Jackson, had gathered a crowd and had him publicly flogged through the streets before taking him to jail. What must Tatyrao have felt in those moments? A single hour is enough to break an ordinary human being, enough to shake their spirit completely. I do not wish to say that Tatyrao felt nothing. He felt everything, and his cry took the form of a poem.,

On the shores of Brighton Beach, Niranjana, the son of Bipin Chandra Pal, heard that poem: Sagara Pran Talamalala. In those verses lay as much pain and sorrow as love for the motherland. It is true that one's suffering often becomes the source of one's poetic power. The original work is in Marathi.

ने मजसी ने परत मातृभूमीला, सागरा, प्राण तळमळला

“O Ocean, take me back to my Motherland My soul in so much torment be!”

तरि आंग्लभूमि भयभीता रे, अबला न माझी ही माता रे कथिल हे अगस्तिस आता रे, जो आचमनी एक क्षणी तुज प्याला सागरा, प्राण तळमळला

“Fearsome though England may be, O My Mother is not feeble so Tell all to Agasti she will, lo Who in one gulp your waters drank! O Ocean, my soul in so much torment be!”

The true son of Bharat Mata, even in the high tide of suffering, when two of his comrades, Khudiram Bose and Anant Kanhere, were sent to the gallows; when his own elder brother, Babarao Ganesh, was stripped and flogged in the streets of Nasik; and

when his son passed away at the tender age of just five, he did not lose hope. Grieved though he was, he stood firm for the sake of Bharat Mata.

2. Time-travelling to 1921: by this time, Tatyarao had been released from the Andaman Cellular Jail, the dreaded Kala Pani. After spending eleven painful years in Andaman, he was released on two conditions: that he would not involve himself in any political gathering, political party, or political discussion, and that he would not leave the Ratnagiri district.

To us, he was a revolutionary, but to the British, he was a terrorist. As the proverb goes, “One man’s terrorist is another man’s revolutionary.” Compelled to stay away from political affairs, Tatyarao once witnessed a small procession of so-called lower-caste people whom he referred to in his writings as “poorv-asparshiye,” meaning “so-called untouchables.” They were walking towards the temple of Viththal-Rukmini, singing bhajans while carrying mridangas and kartals in their hands. However, the moment they reached the threshold of the temple, the Brahmins stopped them from entering, scolded them, and rebuked them by saying that they were low by caste and that by entering the temple they would defile it.

Tatyarao believed that to drive the British out of the country, Hindus would have to unite. This caste and varna system was not suitable for contemporary society, and therefore this “bacterium” had to be removed from society. It was then that the revolutionary writer picked up his pen and wrote “Shri Patit Pavanha Dhava,” or “Prayer to the Sanctifier of the Fallen.” With profound humility and unwavering devotion, the poet beseeches the merciful Lord to grant salvation to the entire Hindu race. Savarkar's fervent prayer seeks the purification of the soul, imploring for the expiation of sins through divine grace.

उद्धरिसी गा हिंदुजातिसी केव्हा

हे हिंदुजातिच्या देवा ॥ आब्राह्मण चंडाल पतितची आम्हीं, तुम्हि पातितपावन स्वामी

निजशीर्ष विटाळेल म्हणुनि कापाया, चुकलो न आपुल्या पाया ...आणि पायांनी राखु शुद्धता साची

“We are the fallen
Outcast, Chandals, non-Brahmins, despised.
You are the Purifier of the fallen, O Master.
Fearing our heads might pollute the sacred ground,
We dared not even bow at Your feet.
Lest our very steps defile the holy dust,
We cut away our own footprints.”

करु, बंधूसी बंद करू दारा, जे चोर ते घराचे राजे
हैं पाप भयंकर झालें रे
पेरिलें फळाला आलें रे
हृदिं असह सलसि ते भाले रे
उद्धार अता ! मृत्युदंड की देवा
हे हिंदुजातिच्या देवा!

“Brother binds brother,
Doors are bolted shut
Thieves rule the house as kings.

This sin has grown monstrous
The seeds sown have borne their bitter fruit.
Spears of unbearable pain pierce the heart.

Redeem us now!
Or grant us death itself, O Lord
O God of the Hindu people!”

As a result, Tatyarao contributed not only his moral support and intellectual acumen but also his financial resources toward the construction of a temple named “Shree Patit Pawan Mandir,” built in the year 1924 in the Ratnagiri district. It was a temple open to people of all castes and creeds, where no one would be discriminated against for entering. Even Dr. B. R. Ambedkar appreciated Tatyarao for this initiative.

Not only did he establish a temple, but he also opened a café open to all castes. He would insist that anyone who came to visit him must buy something from that restaurant. He would often say, “If nothing else, at least please drink some water.”

And after this social triumph, he wrote:

मला देवाचे दर्शन घेऊ द्या
डोळे भरून देवास मला पाहू द्या
जो तुम्हिच करा दीनरात
मळ काढित मळले हात
म्हणुनीच विमल हृदयात
हृदय त्या वाढू द्या !

**“Let me allow to see my God,
Let me see Him with eyes filled full.
You are the one who works day and night,
Washing away filth with hands soiled in labor.
Therefore, within your pure heart,
Let that heart grow ever more pure.”**

3. On March 23, 1931, Bhagat Singh was sent to the gallows. Upon learning of this Savarkar was very sorrowful and greatly distressed and the poem “Haa Bhagat Singh Haaye Haa” came to him spontaneously. Despite the watchful eyes of the police the youth in Ratnagiri immediately learnt the poem and took out a Prabhat-pheri and Ratnagiri mourned the loss of the great Martyrs Bhagat Singh, Raj Guru, and Sukh Dev by singing Tatyarao’s poem.

हा, भगत सिंह, हाय हा!
चढ गया फांसी पर तू वीर हमारे लिये हाय हा!
राजगुरु तू, हाय हा!
वीर कुमार, राष्ट्रसमर में हुआ शहीद
हाय हा! जय जय हा !

Ah Bhagat Singh, alas!
You climbed the gallows, O our brave one alas, for us!
Rajguru...alas!
Brave youth, martyred in the war for the nation.
Alas, alas! Victory, victory...hail!

At last, Tatyarao’s life reminds us that poetry does not always bloom in comfort; sometimes it is born in chains, sharpened by exile, and carried forward by faith. His verses were not written in ivory towers but in prison cells, on restless shores, and in moments when grief threatened to break the spirit. Yet, instead of silencing him, suffering gave his poetry a deeper voice. For Tatyarao, the pen was never separate from the revolution, it was another form of resistance. His poems prayed, protested, mourned, and united; they spoke for the fallen, the excluded, and the brave who walked to the gallows with a smile. In his words, the nation breathed, wept, and rose again. To remember Tatyarao only as a revolutionary is

to hear only half the song. The other half lives in his poetry where fire met compassion, and rebellion found its rhythm. Call him traitor or a Nationalist, Call him Savarkar Or Tatyrao, or notice how much distress it makes in one's heart by taking mere his name. This is the impact of that "Yugpurush" and his poems that still beats in the hearts of people who have read him.



-Soham

Bachelor of Arts (Political Science Honours), First Year

UNRAVELING THE PARTITION OF INDIA: MULTIDIMENSIONAL PERSPECTIVES

On the night of August 15, 1947, while India was rejoicing in its hard-won freedom, there was another muffled scream in the country, not a cry of triumph, but despair, loss. The Partition of India was not just a political episode; it was an emotional catastrophe, a tearing asunder of homes, histories, hearts where the emergence of two nations was not just limited to demographics or justice, but extended to the demise of untold dreams. For millions, freedom was not ushered in surrounded by tricolour flags or triumphant orations, it arrived as the cries of train whistles that brought the dead, the stench of burning houses, and the agonising silence of the bereaved.

Having been born in Amritsar, I didn't need to go to books of history to know about the deep and saddening effect of partition. The tales always stayed alive alongside the accompanying loss, on conversations over chai, in quivering voices of the elderly who would hesitate before uttering "Lahore," in the soft-spoken whispers of sorrow covered with memory. I didn't quite understand the magnitude of what I heard when I was a child. A brother who never returned from the other side of the border, a grandmother who wouldn't discuss "those days," a neighbor who keeps to this day the rusted key to a Rawalpindi house she abandoned in 1947 and millions of acres of land lost along with the memories of those who inhabited them. Now I see the shards of the past as pieces of a broken past, each one containing more anguish than I can begin to comprehend. Partition didn't carve up only land; it broke apart identities. Those who had coexisted for centuries, sharing food, words, song, and ceremonies, had overnight become enemies. It is beyond my imagination that a man could wake up from the home constructed with love and warmth, only to be told that it no longer was his, that his religion had redefined his home. Neighbors overnight became strangers. And sometimes, killers. Identity cards turned into shields, accents turned into threats, and survival a gamble of life.

The politics of Partition, the failure of the Cabinet Mission Plan, the Indian National Congress's and Muslim League's conflicts, the precipitate withdrawal of the British Empire—are all known. But what we are least likely to address is the emotional cost of those choices. Radcliffe's line, cut in five weeks by a man who had never set eyes on India, sliced its way not only through provinces, but people and their hope. Fifteen million uprooted, more than a million slaughtered.

The fortunate trudged for days in the clothes they were wearing. The unfortunate ones never reached. Some under disguises, yet all consumed by fear.

Some of the tales still make my hands tremble. A mother compelled to poison her daughters instead of watching them be dishonored.

A father who traveled barefoot from Lahore to Amritsar with his blind mother on his shoulders, only to fall down from starvation. A kid who held onto a stranger on a train and with the uncertainty if his parents were even alive. These are not textbook cases. These are in living rooms, whispered late at night, always trailing off with, "We don't talk about it anymore."

The silence speaks. Partition wasn't just about the dead, it was also about the living, and how they tried to cope by forgetting, by burying, by pushing pain so far down that it became muscle memory. But this silence was not shared equally. Women were forced to carry weight unfairly. More than 75,000 women were abducted, raped, paraded as war booty. And when some of them were "recovered," they were not welcomed back. The trauma they bore had no space in patriotic narratives of nation-making. Their pain was inconvenient, so it was cut out. Many of their tales are still untold even today. I recall meeting an elderly woman in our community whose eyes could brighten a room—until she heard someone speak of her village in present-day Pakistan. Her expression would shift. Her eyes would wander, and she would breathe softly, "We fled. I still hear the sounds of gunfire." I have witnessed how trauma does not ever grow old; it simply discovers quieter places to linger, to find momentary peace.

In my Punjabi class one year, we studied poems that attempted to make sense of those days. One line in particular has lingered:

"ਜਿੱਥੇ ਮੇਰੇ ਪਿੰਡ ਦੀਆਂ ਥਾਂਵਾਂ ਸਨ, ਹੁਣ ਉਥੇ ਚੁੱਪ ਬੋਲਦੀ ਏ."

("Where the voices of my village once echoed, now silence speaks instead.")

And another:

"ਅੱਜ ਵੀ ਉਹ ਰੇਲਗੱਡੀ ਰੋਜ਼ ਸੁਪਨੇ 'ਚ ਆਉਂਦੀ ਏ, ਪਰ ਕਦੇ ਵਾਪਸ ਨਹੀਂ ਲੈ ਜਾਂਦੀ."

"(Even today that train arrives in my dreams every night, but it never returns me.)"

Those weren't words of fiction, they were a reflection. They reminded me that for others, Partition wasn't merely migration. It was grieving a home that still stands, but which is inaccessible. A place you can never get back to, yet which is in your dreams, though as far from heavens above.

And it wasn't just about faith. Caste, class, and community decided who could escape and who could not. Some had trains to take them; others traveled on foot, barefoot, hungry, with hope as their only possession. Many Dalits were

abandoned behind or expelled again in spite of migration, first being expelled from their own homes, then from any land or means they could claim as their own. A few small minorities, Sindhis, Parsis, Christians, Jews—were overlooked as well in such a devastation of break-up compelled to suffer beyond imagination. Their own losses, too, were stifled, but no less real. There is something about standing at the Wagah Border, listening to the national anthems blare one after the other, and realizing that we used to sing the same song as one. The partition didn't split two nations. It split two versions of history. Two histories of hurt. And oftentimes, neither hears the other.

My generation was unique- we were raised in this silence. We were taught facts and figures in our books, but no emotions.

We were told we were free, but not at the price at which it was presented to us. I didn't know the gravity of Partition until I looked into a survivor's eyes. And now, I see it everywhere, in the continuing distrust, in the political rhetoric, in the border that is as much a feeling as a place

But all is not lost. There is a need now to remember, to pay tribute. Young people are writing down oral accounts. Victims are finally breaking their silence, their voices shaking but unshatterable. In literature, poetry, and film, we are reclaiming the stories silenced. Manto's haunting verses, Amrita Pritam's wails of yearning, Ritwik Ghatak's frostbite-like images, these are not artworks. These are recollections. This is the truth.

I remember singing "Ki Banu Duniya Da," one of the many diamonds sung by Gurdas Mann, and one chorus still gives me nightmares, how Ravi questions Chenab on the misery of Satluj that runs through Indian and Pakistan.

Born in Amritsar, mere miles away from the line that changed life, I was raised bathed in closeness to pain—and hope. I've seen how love is able to filter in, even amidst all of this. I've known people who still hold on to letters from friends on the other side. I've known of weddings where they dance to a Pakistani song, and the dance does not stop. There is still tenderness. Remembrance. Even now, when I walk through the old parts of Amritsar, there's something in the air—something older than the buildings. A grief. An encore. Even today, when I walk through the old sections of Amritsar, there's something in the air—something more ancient than the architecture. A sorrow. A remembrance.

The walls hold memories. Sometimes you'll catch the melody of an old man singing a folk song from the other side. Sometimes the title of a forgotten city—Lahore, Sheikhpura, Multan, rolls off the lips with the same comfort as an old friend would. They are childhood cities, and although they currently belong to a foreign country, they are still part of their indispensable memory.

And how peculiar that even pain has its own nostalgia. Most who have left homes of their own behind still call them fondly. They recall the very shape of the stairs, the creak of the door, the tap of the sunbeams of the afternoon through the patio. Pain doesn't ruin beauty, it preserves it, sometimes more sharply than joy ever does. That's what Partition has taught me. That even in the worst of times, human beings clung to love, to language, to taste, to rhythm. That memory, despite the hurt it causes, is a resistance. Partition's grief does not only belong to the generation which experienced it. It is ours too, because its effects continue to shape the world we live in. Its borders continue to split words, continue to sully the way we see each other.

But if trauma can be passed down, so can healing, and perhaps it's up to our generation to start that work, not by washing away what occurred, but by finally having the courage to talk about it, hear across divides, ask difficult questions, and make room for hard truths. Yet amidst all this loss, there is something quietly heroic about the generation that outlived Partition. They did not have trauma counselors or financial safety nets. They were lost under their pillow and memories hidden in photo albums, and they were rebuilt and began anew in unfamiliar towns, adapted to new languages, swallowed accents, and stored their grief away in habit. My grandmother, who abandoned her childhood house in Gujranwala, never mentioned that house to us except once, while her eyes became moist, she told us how she prepared sarson da saag the way she learned to from her mother, eye-balling the mustard leaves, rather than measuring. That was her rebellion. That was her "I remember."

Sometimes, I wonder what stories were lost in silence. What laughter was lost beneath ruins? What songs were not sung because they belonged to "the other side"? A whole generation loved, dreamed, and wept in languages we have forgotten or politicized now. Punjabi, Urdu, Sindhi, Saraiki, languages that had once been hewn identities—are now burdened with national borders. History tends to document who mapped the boundaries, but not who bore the cost. It forgets the fingers that packed luggage at midnight, the toes that burned on blistering highways, the lips that whispered last prayers before they got on a train that they knew might not make it. I write this essay not only to remember them, but to honor them. Because the more I hear, the more I understand: the tales of Partition are not tales of loss. They are tales of survival. Of incredible bravery. Of beginning life with nothing but memory, and recreating it with hope. The generation that lived through Partition may be fading away, but their spirit isn't. It exists in the way we still ask, still listen, still cry, and still hope for peace.

And perhaps that's the most sincere method of healing—not forgetting, but remembering out loud. By retelling their stories over and over again, until the silence that once shrouded them is bathed in comprehension. Partition didn't merely reconfigure the map. It altered who we are. And in learning from it, perhaps we can start to make sure that never again will borders be drawn through people's hearts.

I sometimes try to imagine what the subcontinent would have been like if Partition never occurred. Not a utopia, because we are too complicated for that, but somewhere where sorrow was not passed down as an heirloom. Somewhere where trains did not have to transport blood but music. Somewhere where our collective past was not cut into "us" and "them," but shared as "ours." That imagining hurts me, but it heals. Because it makes me remember division isn't natural, it's constructed. And anything constructed can be deconstructed. We will never be able to undo Partition. But we can stop it from growing deeper in our minds. Every time we hear someone across the border and feel kinship instead of suspicion, we undo it a little. Every time we remember without hatred, we undo it a little. Every time we teach the next generation not just the history but the humanity of Partition, we undo it a little. And perhaps that is the burden we bear today, to recall, to document, and to make amends. Because the tales that began in flames and gore can still conclude in radiance and mercy. Not with resolution, but with resonance.

I will forever carry these stories with me, because they create hope for a brighter future. I carry them as the daughter of Amritsar, the granddaughter of Partition's silence, and a survivor of its aftershocks. I carry them because somewhere, on the other side of that line, there is someone a lot like me doing the same. Partition was not just a red line, it was a wound carved into the very heart of the subcontinent. And since with all wounds, it takes not just memory, but compassion. I do not write this essay as a historian, but as a granddaughter of a generation that witnessed the unthinkable. I write it because to forget would be treason. Because healing begins with acknowledgment. And because the only way that we can truly know who we are is to never forget where we were torn apart.



-Hansika Agnihotri
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MY WHIMSICAL MOSEY THROUGH TIMELESS BANARAS

It's often said that in your twenties, a calling to travel beckons, not necessarily to find a job or study, but to transition from a phase of your life into a steadier, more courageous and experienced version of yourself. I might not be the only Delhi University student who plans trips during exams. It was during my winter semester finals that the idea for my trip to Varanasi was conceived. (Throughout this essay I use Varanasi and Banaras interchangeably, with the latter used for a traditional and colloquial warmth.)

My parents regale me with stories of visiting Banaras when I was five. Unfortunately, I could not recall any of it, and thought, why not go now? Besides, Varanasi lies at the heart of India's rich cultural heritage. Some Instagram reels I saw, thanks to the algorithms tracking each and every word I said or website I visited regarding Varanasi, said that your calling from Varanasi arrives just at the right moment, to teach you some invaluable lessons. All in all, this petit voyage taught me a lot, which I can summarise as the three Ps: patience, persistence and politeness.

Patience

Patience forms the foundation of travelling in Banaras, or life itself. Hitting 10,000 steps is not a big deal while wandering the streets or ghats of Varanasi. The long, twisted and unpaved alleys that seem to start and end nowhere, compel you to choose a path and keep moving. Through those crowded passages and ghats, I always found my way out, for I kept ambling forward. During those daily 20,000 steps stroll, I constantly heard Dory from Finding Nemo, echoing in my mind "Just keep swimming, just keep swimming."

I couldn't help but take ample pauses, not because I was tired, but to admire the psychedelic murals, paintings and especially the doors. Even the smallest of artwork or site had a deep meaning to it, waiting to be explored with curiosity and patience.

Travelling is far more than reaching places using Google Maps. It is about getting dressed, lacing up your shoes, choosing a direction and then walking along it. It might not feel like the correct path in the beginning, but eventually, it will lead you to the right place. These lanes, like life's choices, reward patience and persistence.



Persistence

At its core, Varanasi radiates vintage, picturesque, and desi vibes. It appears worlds apart from the soulless modernist minimalism, which lacks Indianness. Its narrow alleys, where no modern vehicle dares enter, flourishes with humanity and interaction.

These intimate lanes pull you away from your phones, forcing you to figure out the path, and life itself. And once you look away from your gadgets, my friends, you look towards a new, different, unexplored world, one your eyes are meant to experience directly.



For me, this world revolves around the doors of Varanasi. Throughout the inner streets and small lanes, you will see hand-painted walls framing the doors. They are intoxicating to look at, especially because of the vividness of colours, materials and designs. Wooden doors with intricate carvings, not modern sunmica, beautify the tiny streets, which one can easily overlook if glued to their phones. These old portals have unique locks, engravings, colour vibrancy and structures. Shades of red, white, blue, purple and hues that I might not even name properly, outshine the monotonous black, brown, white, grey doors of cities, which guard the house but fail to nourish the part of your soul which longs for creativity and liveliness in world surrounding you.

Most of the houses display paintings of fish and parrots around their main entrances. Looking at the frequency of these repetitive figures, I called my mom to ask the story behind them. Her explanation, backed by my quick research, revealed their symbolism. Fish in Indian tradition is a symbol of abundance and auspicious beginnings. In kashi, they represent Matsyaseva (feeding the fish) at the ghats of river Ganga, considered as a highly virtuous act and good karma. As for parrots, they are revered for their wisdom, love and divinity, seen ubiquitously in the Banarasi sarees and weaves. These along with many other deity paintings exhibit not only the Banaras's spiritual essence, but also its enduring creativity. Take Dayanand ji, a BFA student at a local college, who likes to spend his free time painting near the ghats and then exhibits his paintings for sale. I bought two of his miniature hand-painted bookmarks as an appreciation for creativity that persists despite the onslaught by dominance of technology and AI in the modern world.



Politeness

Erich Fromm believed that human beings are fundamentally social beings, hence emphasising on the necessity of social interaction for the overall wellbeing of human beings. I, for one, enjoy meeting people, talking to them and hearing their stories. A friend told me that I am an ENFJ personality, but I believe that humans are innately amiable. The people I met in Banaras truly embodied a welcoming spirit.

Abhishek ji, a post office employee, sat with me post his work hours to show me special covers and stamps. He was kind enough to help me open a philately account and frank enough to explain the loopholes in India's postal systems. A Tamil man in all-white attire, who at first scolded me for hurriedly entering the devotees lane outside the Kashi Vishwanath Temple, later offered me his own Bel Patra, which is considered highly auspicious for the offering.

While most people rush to the Pizzeria Vatika near the Assi Ghat, I, a bibliophile, chose to enter the small, independent bookstore right next to it. There I had a fun conversation with the shop owner about limited postcards and books. Hence I carried back home not only stamps, books and blessings, but also stories and happy memories that I will always cherish. More than the souvenirs, I carried back the unique, welcoming mannerism of Banaras.

A Journey for New Experiences

Life seems to slow down when we travel, or perhaps, we become so absorbed in the moment that we lose track of time. In recent years I've visited Udaipur, Jibhi, Vadodara, Kasol, Lucknow and more, but none felt as calm and serene as Varanasi. This peace came not only from the temples, architecture and boating, but from the people, old-fashioned rickshaws, infinite narrow lanes and innocence untouched by the fast-paced modern world. As Leher Kala wrote in her Indian Express column "The Rush to Nowhere: Can We Pause?", leisure activities act as a portal to a fulfilling life. As students, we are told to study hard, yet also to loiter and savour customs, foods, art and people, in short, to truly experience life. For me, this whimsical mosey through Banaras became exactly that, giving me some of the most invaluable lessons. Above all, it taught me to pause every now and then, & travel.

THE FLIGHT

It was a cold, breezy November night in Delhi. Terminal 3 loomed larger as the car approached it. To Fateh, the airport appeared less like a colossal building than a passageway, one that opens into new beginnings, yet it also resembled a catacomb of buried emotions and the silent tears of grief from leaving things behind.

Something deep inside him tightened as he stepped out of the car. Fateh felt a strange heaviness, as if his body knew the struggles and dilemmas he would face this night. As he crossed the security barrier, the inside of the airport welcomed him with unexpected warmth, which felt artificial. His heart refused to settle in this new, unknown comfort as it yearned for the warmth in the hugs of his loved ones who just bid him farewell. His heart pleaded with him not to walk past this passageway, this portal, which would lead him towards many unfamiliar beginnings.

With these tangled emotions, he walked towards the baggage counter to get his luggage tagged. As his suitcase slid along the conveyor belt, all he could think of was his mother and how carefully she packed all his favourite snacks and pickles. This was her way of packing a small piece of home for his new accommodation, not house, at the University of Edinburgh.

Everywhere he looked, he found himself searching for echoes of the life he was leaving behind. Whether it was the bright duty-free stores, the fancy meals in the lounges, all of these felt lifeless compared to the bustling markets of Chandni Chowk, the famous street food in Delhi and the langar he had with his family last week in the Gurudwara. Perhaps, this would be his life for the next few years to come—constantly longing for his past while stepping hesitantly into his future.

As he waited for the boarding gate to open, he recalled every chant, mantra, and blessing he had been given before leaving home. The wait felt excruciating and endless. He wondered if his parents were still outside or they went back home.

“Ladies and gentlemen, this is the boarding announcement for flight BA 256.” With these words, his heartbeat escalated the way it had when his admission results were announced a few weeks ago. And then, as if whispered by fate, a line from Shakespeare’s Hamlet drifted into his mind, “To be, or not to be.”

For Fateh, this line represented a choice between going abroad for the education and life he had dreamt of since he was a kid, or turning back into the arms of his mother. She never clipped his wings, but opened them wide open, even at the cost of breaking her own heart.

He was fighting a battle, a battle between his brain and heart. His heart, tender and trembling, already mourned for the absence of his family. His brain, rational and steady, knew that this flight would take him closer to his dreams. Lost in this emotional tug-of-war, he crossed the boarding bridge and found his seat. He whispered the names of God and closed his eyes to calm himself down. He thought of his late grandmother who always blessed him for his future studies abroad, his mother who wept outside the airport but kissed him goodbye for a good future, and all his friends who came to see him off. After a couple of minutes, he opened his eyes to see a magazine tucked in the seat-back pocket. He opened it to see the first article titled "Audentes fortuna iuvat" (i.e., fortune favours the bold.)

Maybe this was the sign he had been looking for all along. He was neither totally confident nor joyful, but he knew that this flight would take him to places he had only dreamt of, would teach him lessons he could never learn in Delhi and most importantly, transform him into a person who is capable of fulfilling not just the dreams of his own, but also those of his family.

As the captain announced "The flight is ready for takeoff", Fateh felt a gentle smile on his face for the first time in hours. He smiled as the aircraft soared into the sky. He was not merely leaving his home but flying towards his dreams, his countless New Beginnings.



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ईश्वर है

एक मेजर के नेतृत्व में 15 जवानों की एक टुकड़ी हिमालय के अपने रास्ते पर थी। बेतहाशा ठंड में मेजर ने सोचा कि अगर उन्हें वहां एक कप चाय मिल जाती तो आगे बढ़ने की ताकत आ जाती।

लेकिन रात का समय था, आसपास कोई बस्ती भी नहीं थी।

एक घंटे की चढ़ाई के पश्चात उन्हें एक झज्जर चाय की दुकान दिखाई दी लेकिन उस पर ताला था। जवानों के आग्रह पर मेजर साहब दुकान का ताला तुड़वाने को राज़ी हो गए।

अंदर उन्हें चाय बनाने का सभी सामान मिल गया। जवानों ने चाय बनाई, साथ वहां रखे बिस्कुट आदि खा कर खुद को राहत दी।

मेजर साहब पर्स में से 1000 का नोट निकाल कर चीनी के डब्बे के नीचे दबा कर रख दिया तथा दुकान का शटर ठीक से बंद करवा कर आगे बढ़ गए।

तीन महीने की समाप्ति पर इस टुकड़ी के सभी 15 जवान सकुशल अपने मेजर के नेतृत्व में उसी रास्ते से वापस आ रहे थे। रास्ते में उस चाय की दुकान को खुला देखकर विश्राम करने के लिए रुक गए।

उस दुकान का मालिक एक बूढ़ा चायवाला था जो एक साथ इतने ग्राहक देखकर खुश हो गया और उनके लिए चाय बनाने लगा।

तभी एक जवान बोला —

“बाबा, आप भगवान को इतना मानते हैं, अगर भगवान सच में होते तो फिर उसने तुम्हें इतनी बुरी हालत में क्यों रखा हुआ है?”

बाबा बोला —

“नहीं साहब, ऐसा नहीं कहते भगवान के बारे में, भगवान तो है और सत्य है... मैंने देखा है।”

आखिर यह वाक्य सुनकर सभी जवान कौतूहल से बूढ़े की ओर देखने लगे।

बूढ़ा बोला —

“साहब, मैं मुसीबत में था। एक दिन मेरे इकलौते बेटे को आतंकवादियों ने मारपीट कर छोड़ दिया। मैं दुकान बंद करके उसे हॉस्पिटल ले गया। मैं बहुत तंगी में था साहब और आतंकवादियों के डर से किसी से उधार भी नहीं मांग पाया। मेरे पास दवाइयों के पैसे भी नहीं थे।

उस रात मैं बहुत रोया और मैंने भगवान से प्रार्थना की और मदद मांगी।

और साहब... उसी रात भगवान मेरे दुकान में खुद आए।

मैं सुबह अपनी दुकान पर पहुंचा तो ताला टूटा देखकर मुझे लगा कि मेरे पास जो कुछ भी थोड़ा बहुत था, वो भी सब लूट गया।

मैं दुकान में घुसा तो देखा 1000 रुपए का एक नोट, चीनी के डब्बे के नीचे भगवान ने मेरे लिए रखा हुआ है।

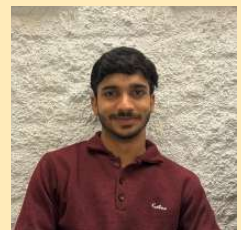
उस दिन एक हजार के नोट की कीमत मेरे लिए क्या थी, शायद मैं बयान न कर पाऊं... लेकिन भगवान हैं साहब!”

ये सुनकर सन्नाटा छा गया।

15 जोड़ी आँखें मेजर की तरफ़ देख रही थीं, उसकी आँखों में अपने लिए स्पष्ट आदेश था — चुप रहो!

मेजर साहब उठे, चाय का बिल अदा किया और बूढ़े चाय वाले को गले लगाते हुए बोले “हाँ बाबा, मैं जानता हूँ भगवान हैं... और तुम्हारी चाय भी शानदार थी।”

उस दिन उन सबने पहली बार मेजर की आँखों में चमकते पानी के दृश्य को साक्षात्कार किया।



-अंकित
बी.ए प्रोग्राम, तीसरा वर्षीय

किस हक़ से रावण जलाते हो !

किस हक़ से रावण जलाते हो !

राम मर्यादा वाली कोई बात नहीं
एक इंसान वाली भी औकात नहीं

खुद लूट-खसोट करके खाते हो
तुम किस हक़ से रावण जलाते हो

सत्य की तुमको कोई खबर नहीं
हृदय में तुम्हारे ज़रा भी सब्र नहीं

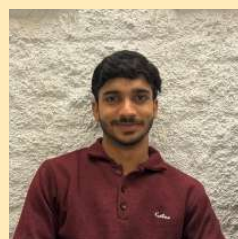
इंसान हो कर इंसान को सताते हो
तुम किस हक़ से रावण जलाते हो

ओ जात और पात फैलाने वालों
ओ अधर्म, उन्माद बढ़ाने वालों

भला क्यों अग्नि को उकसाते हो
तुम किस हक़ से रावण जलाते हो

खुद के अंदर कभी झांक कर देखो
अपने गिरेबान में ताक के देखो

किस मुंह से यह मशाल उठाते हो



-अंकित

बी.ए प्रोग्राम, तीसरा वर्षीय

मेरे दिस्से का 'विनोद' पाठः एक कृतज्ञता

(1 जनवरी 1937 – 23 दिसंबर 2025)



"मेरे लिए विनोद कुमार शुक्ल जी को पढ़ना बिल्कुल अलग अनुभव रहा। जहाँ हिंदी साहित्य में इतनी भारी-भरकम शब्दावली का प्रयोग किया जाता है, वहीं विनोद जी उन्हें सरल और सहजता प्रदान करते हैं। मैं कभी उनसे नहीं मिला, और अब जब वे अपनी दैहिक यात्रा पूरी कर अनंत में विलीन हो गए हैं, तो मुझे यह कसक हमेशा रहेगी कि मैं उनसे नहीं मिल पाया। पर एक साहित्य के विद्यार्थी के तौर पर मुझे बरसों से लगता है कि मैं उन्हें जानता हूँ।"

विनोद जी को पढ़ते हुए मैंने जाना कि हम दुनिया को कैसे देखने लग जाते हैं जैसे देखता है एक बच्चा - साफ, मासूम आंखों से; उन्होंने हमें बताया कि असली जादू आसमान में नहीं होता, वह हमारे घर की रसोइयों, पुराने कोट और रोजमर्रा के संघर्षों में है।

उनके उपन्यास 'नौकर की कमीज़' और 'दीवार में एक खिड़की रहती है' पढ़ते हुए मैंने महसूस किया कि इन पात्रों के जीवन में कोई शोर-शराबा नहीं है। बस एक हताश आदमी है, रोटियां बनाती हुई एक औरत और इन सबके बीच बची है एक उम्मीद।

वैसे तो सभी कविताएं उनकी सर्वश्रेष्ठ हैं मगर मेरे मन में, दिल में जो छप गई है, वह है -

हताशा से एक व्यक्ति बैठ गया था
व्यक्ति को मैं नहीं जानता था
हताशा को जानता था
इसलिए मैं उस व्यक्ति के पास गया
मैंने हाथ बढ़ाया
मेरा हाथ पकड़कर वह खड़ा हुआ
मुझे वह नहीं जानता था
मेरे हाथ बढ़ाने को जानता था
हम दोनों साथ चले
दोनों एक दूसरे को नहीं जानते थे
साथ चलने को जानते थे।

इन पंक्तियों का मेरे जीवन पर बहुत गहरा प्रभाव पड़ा है। मैंने सीखा कि किसी के दुख में शामिल होने के लिए किसी जान-पहचान की आवश्यकता नहीं होती, बस इंसान होना काफी है।

मुझे उनके साक्षात्कारों में उनकी सादगी बहुत लुभाती है। हम स्टूडेंट्स अक्सर सब कुछ याद रखने और रटने की होड़ में लगे रहते हैं, लेकिन विनोद जी कहते थे कि "भुलक्कड़ होना मेरा स्वभाव है।" वो कहते थे कि अगर सब कुछ याद रहेगा तो दिमाग में शोर मच जाएगा। उनकी यह बात सुनकर मुझे लगा कि कभी-कभी मौलिक होने के लिए चीजों को भूलना और अपने भीतर के खालीपन को बचाए रखना कितना जरूरी है।

उन्होंने ही सिखाया है कि लेखक पूरी जिंदगी अलग-अलग किताबें नहीं बल्कि एक ही लंबी रचना लिखता है जिसे हम सुविधा के लिए - कहानी या उपन्यास कह देते हैं। कविताओं में अक्सर, प्रेम में बड़े-बड़े वादे होते हैं मगर विनोद जी की कविता में जो प्रेम है उसमें बड़े वादे नहीं हैं, बस यथार्थ और प्रेम है। वे कहते हैं -

हम दोनों बूढ़े हो गए थके रहते
घुटनों में तकलीफ़ रहती
ज़मीन पर बैठने का मन करता

पर बैठ नहीं पाते
मैं बैठ जाता तो
उठ नहीं पाता

चलने फिरने में इतने धीमे हो गए कि छोटा घर बड़ा लगता

हम आस-पास होते एक-दूसरे को वहीं ढूँढ़ते और वहीं मिल जाते

तब प्यार से मैं उसे पहले की तरह कह देता हूँ तुम बहुत अच्छी लड़की हो वह भी कहती है कि मैं बहुत अच्छा लड़का हूँ।

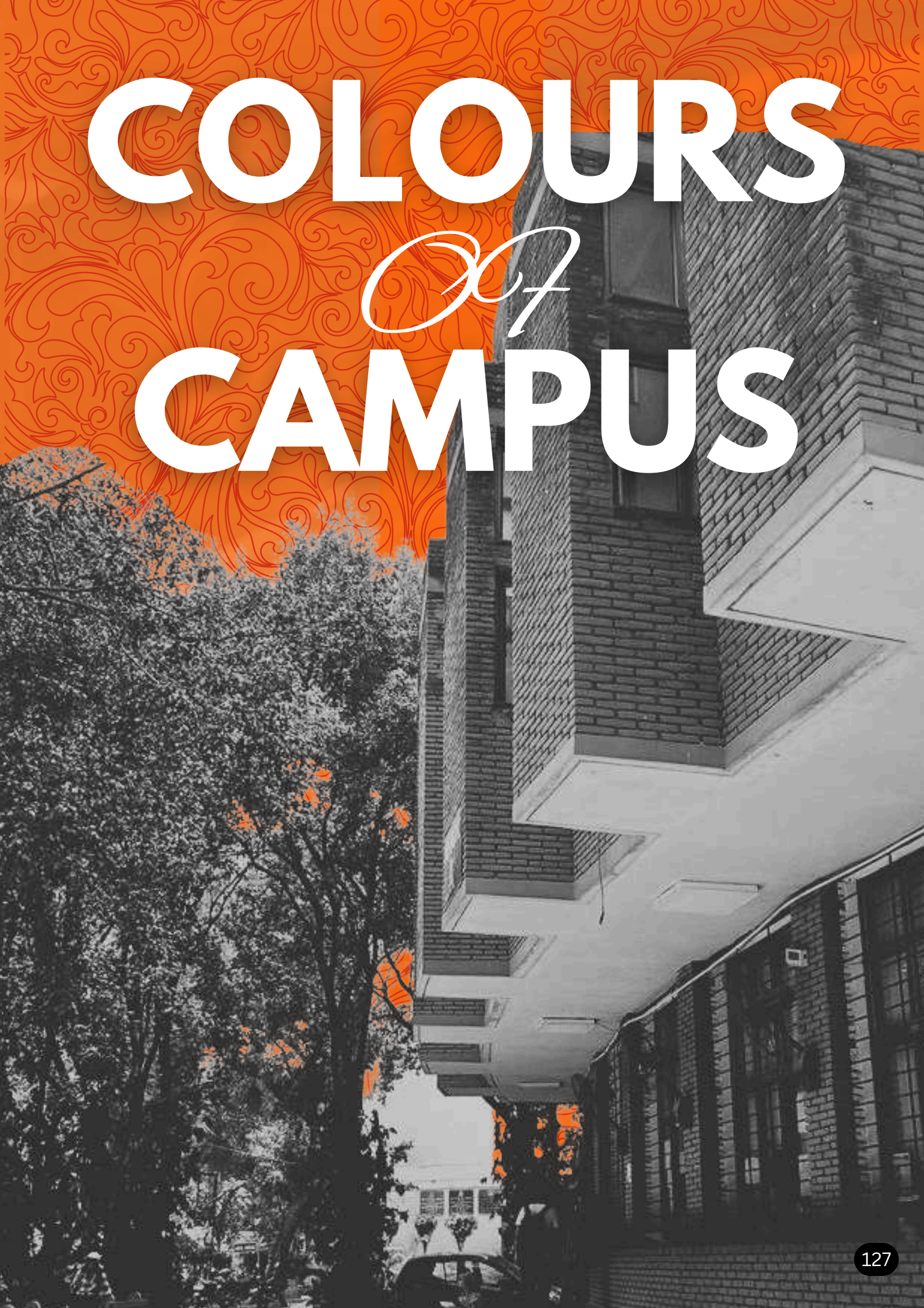
प्रेम के लिए किसी नाटक की नहीं, बस साथ की जरूरत होती है। विनोद जी, आपका बहुत आभार। आपने पेड़, चिड़िया और साधारण सी मुस्कुराहट को साहित्य बना दिया।

आपने हमें सिखाया कि जीवन चाहे कितना भी कठिन हो, उसके पक्ष में खड़े रहना ही सबसे बड़ा धर्म है।



– एक पाठक , आयुष शर्मा
कला स्नातक (हिंदी प्रतिष्ठा), तृतीय वर्ष।

COLOURS *Of* CAMPUS



CAMPUS : IN THE LANGUAGE OF COLOURS

Brown and white—these are the first colours that come to my mind when I think of this place, this campus, this college. Maybe it is because of the white walls and brown benches I see five days a week, or maybe it is the white and brown of my eyes that I see in the mirror every day. Sometimes there's red in the mirror; those are the days when I don't get to see the red bricks of the 'A' block.

I never thought I'd see hope in black, or realised that I did before writing this, but now that I have, I know it's true. I see hopes and dreams in the black of my eyes. Each time my pupil expands or contracts, I feel alive, I feel human. I see dreams in the black text of my workbooks, in the black ink of the marker that my teachers write with on the whiteboard. And I see hope in the black of my pencil as I jot down these thoughts on paper.

I have always been a poet, never one for writing essays, passages, monologues, or stories, but something about colours makes it feel like everything is possible. I can't help but write in colours, even when I can't remember what they were. I can feel them in my heart, almost as if I had touched them with my fingers, tasted them on my tongue, felt them crawl up my skin and engulf me in the emotion they embody—and not just seen them with my eyes.

Sometimes I can see the shades, but I can't name them. Is it empathy? Is it purpose? Or is it just mint green or sea green? I can't tell; maybe I haven't felt them yet.

Some colours I can tell, like the grey of the canteen—ever so cheery, always bustling with life and energy, and laughter and conversations of others. Once in a while, I am the 'other.' I have friends, and I have conversations on the silver tables and the silver benches, but mostly it is just grey. Grey, loud, and with no space for me.

I have seen the green of the grass. It is obvious that it is green because it is watered and cared for more than I ever will be in this place—at least that's what I am thinking at the moment. I haven't given a name to its shade because I haven't experienced it in its element: soft and lustrous and kind and comforting. It has always been harsh and brittle to me every time I plucked it out of sheer boredom. It has always been just grass.

Time is slipping away like it always does, and I don't know if I'm making the most of it.

I can't figure out which colour I should write about next. Maybe pink. It made me so happy my first year here; life was covered in rose-tinted glasses, all bright and gay. But now, pink has turned to despair. I have never cried over a colour more. I think after this, I won't be associating colours with people.

I find myself at a standstill. Neither is this the end, nor do I have more to say right now. Maybe this will be another one of my pieces that will forever remain incomplete. I think there's beauty in that—beauty in this piece.

It is complete because it is lacking.

It is complete because someone, somewhere, is reading this or listening to it right now.



-Khushi Agrawal
BCOM Program , Second Year

ग्रेजुएशन की दास्तान

जब मैं दिल्ली में पहली बार आया था,
कुछ भरे हुए बस्तों के भीतर,
कपड़े, किताब और ख्वाब लेकर आया था।

"बच्चा हमारा बारहवीं का टॉपर है,"
मैं यादव जी की शान लेकर आया था।

पापा ने भी भरे दिल से आशीर्वाद दिए, और
फिर तो मानो कि बस सफ़र शुरू हो गया।

छलकती सीटें लेकर गाँव की बस से,
नई दिल्ली की ट्रेन और फिर मेट्रो से ऑटो हो
गया।

शाम तक आँखों का नूर,
धीरे-धीरे थक सा गया था...
सबसे अब फोन पर ही बात होगी,
ये सोचकर चलते-चलते रुक सा गया था।

मैं एक आसमान छोड़कर आया था,
एक नए पिंजरे में जाने के लिए।

मैं छोड़कर आया था अपनों को,
कुछ सपने कमाने के लिए।

कुछ देर तक इंतज़ार किया मैंने,
पर किचन से माँ की आवाज़ नहीं आई।

मेरे सामने उस रात दाल-भात की,
ममता से भरी थाली नहीं आई।

हाँ, मगर कुछ सूखी रोटियाँ आई थीं,
पानी वाली दाल के साथ...
वो लड्डू-मठरी निकाले झोले से,
जिनमें लगे थे मेरी माँ के हाथ।

सुबह कॉलेज का पहला दिन है,
रात सारी सोचते-सोचते भोर हो गई।

मेरे अलार्म मुझे ही न जगा सके,
बाकी तो पूरे पीजी में शोर हो गया।

न माँ ने जगाया, न पापा की डाँट ने,
मैं शायद कैदी था उस दिन से,
कोई कमरे तक आया था खाना बाँटने।

फिर चल दिए नया कुर्ता पहनकर,
जो चौराहे के नामी दर्जी से सिलवाए थे।

कुछ अजीब देखा मैंने मंज़िल पे जाकर,
वहाँ हर जगह से बारहवीं के ही टॉपर आए थे।

कुछ नए नाम सुने थे पहली बार उस दिन।
फिर एक-एक करके एक कारवाँ बन गया,
जो बच्चा था अपने घर की दीवारों में,
वो दिल्ली आकर नौजवान बन गया।

सेमेस्टर की चौड़ में मानो,
कि बस मुसाफिर ही हो गए।

"मैं ठीक हूँ, आप चिंता मत करना,"
मैं झूठ बोलने में माहिर भी हो गया।

इस सब में यह पता ही न चला कि,
कॉलेज के इम्तिहान कब आ गए।

कुछ 'पास्ट इयर्स' से पढ़कर हम,
हिंदी की कॉपी में उर्दू लिखकर आ गए।

हाँ, मगर हम सब पास हो गए थे,
खुश होकर भी थोड़े निराश हो गए थे।

दुख की बस दो ही वजह हमारी,
अब बस दो साल की ही बची है यारी।

कैसे? उर्दू लिखकर पास हुए हम,
ऐसे तो डिग्री बर्बाद है सारी।

किताबों में लिपटे शूरवीर वहाँ,
मैंने पुस्तकालय में देखे थे।

एक फूल के पास सैकड़ों माली,
भँवरों के जैसे बैठे थे।

टपरी पर चर्चा अलग अनोखी,
उन 'ग्रेजुएट्स' की महफिल में,
जब चाय उबल कर आती है।

देश के बजट से विचारों में,
फकीर को अमीर बनाते हैं।

चाय के पैसे देते वक्रत,
आपस में ही लड़ जाते हैं।

एक काजल वाली, बिंदी वाली,
मुझे कायल ही कर जाती है।

मेरे यार चिढ़ाने लगते हैं,
जब मेरे करीब नज़र वो आती है।

कई दफा इस बीच घर जाना भी हुआ,
पर घर अब घर कहाँ लगता है।

मेरे बिना पूरा तो नहीं है,
पर अब अधूरा भी कहाँ लगता है।

इस तीसरे साल में मुझे डर लगने लगा है,
मगर ख़्वाब तो हाँ, पूरे होते जा रहे हैं।

लग रहा कि हम आज़ाद ही तो थे अब तक,
जिम्मेदारियों की बेड़ियाँ अब छूने जा रहे हैं।

ये ग्रेजुएशन तो शायद ज़िंदगी की थी,
कुछ पूरे करके, कुछ अधूरा कर जाएगी।

जो साथ में बिज़नेस के सपने बनाए थे,
उन यारों की शामों को आवारा कर जाएगी।

मेरे हमदर्द, मेरे साथी, मेरा साया-परिवार,
जहाँ आपस में खून का रिश्ता नहीं था,
हर बात कुरेद लेते हैं चेहरे को पढ़कर,
मैं अंदर ही अंदर पिसता नहीं था।

वो मेस वाले डिनर को देखते ही भागकर,
कमरे की मसालेदार मैगी याद आएगी।

जो युलु (Yulu) से नापी थीं दिल्ली की सड़कें,
विश्वविद्यालय से इंडिया गेट की सवारी याद आएगी।

जो होली पर पानी से तांडव मचाए थे,
वो पीजी के ओनर की गाली याद आएगी।

वो बर्थडे पर ढोल के गाने पे झूमना,
मेरे दोस्तों की बेसुरी आवाज़ें याद आएँगी।

अब यादों का तो सेमेस्टर होगा,
न ही सिलेबस की कोई लाइन याद आएगी।

याद रहेगी तो बस इस सफ़र की दास्तान,
जो आँसू बनके आँख से उतर जाएगी।

सोचा है, आखिरी दिन स्टेशन पर रोएँगे नहीं,
मगर ये तीन साल सिरहाने लिपटके रुलाएँगी।

कुछ खाली पन्ने बचे हैं इस किताब के,
और कुछ दिनों में मेरी ग्रेजुएशन पूरी हो जाएगी!



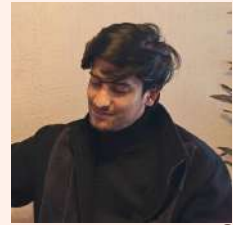
— वासु, लवकुश यादव
वाणिज्य स्नातक (प्रतिष्ठा), तृतीय वर्ष

कुछ वर्षों बाद।

कॉलेज के तीन वर्ष
पूरे होने के बाद,
मेरे साथ रह गई बस
सिरहाने कुछ यादें।

उन यादों में रह-रह कर मेरे अपनों
का दिखना, मुझे एक ख्वाब लगने लगा है।

यह मेरे ख्वाब जैसे लम्हें
प्रतिबिंब हैं; मेरे जिए हुए तीन वर्ष।



-आयुष शर्मा
कला स्नातक (हिंदी प्रतिष्ठा), तृतीय वर्ष

“बीच का समय”

(कॉलेज जीवन, अनिश्चितता, निर्णय, और बदलता हुआ आत्मबोध)

“यह विषय खास इसलिए है क्योंकि कॉलेज के छात्र न बचपन में होते हैं, न पूरी तरह वयस्क बल्कि “बीच में” होते हैं।”

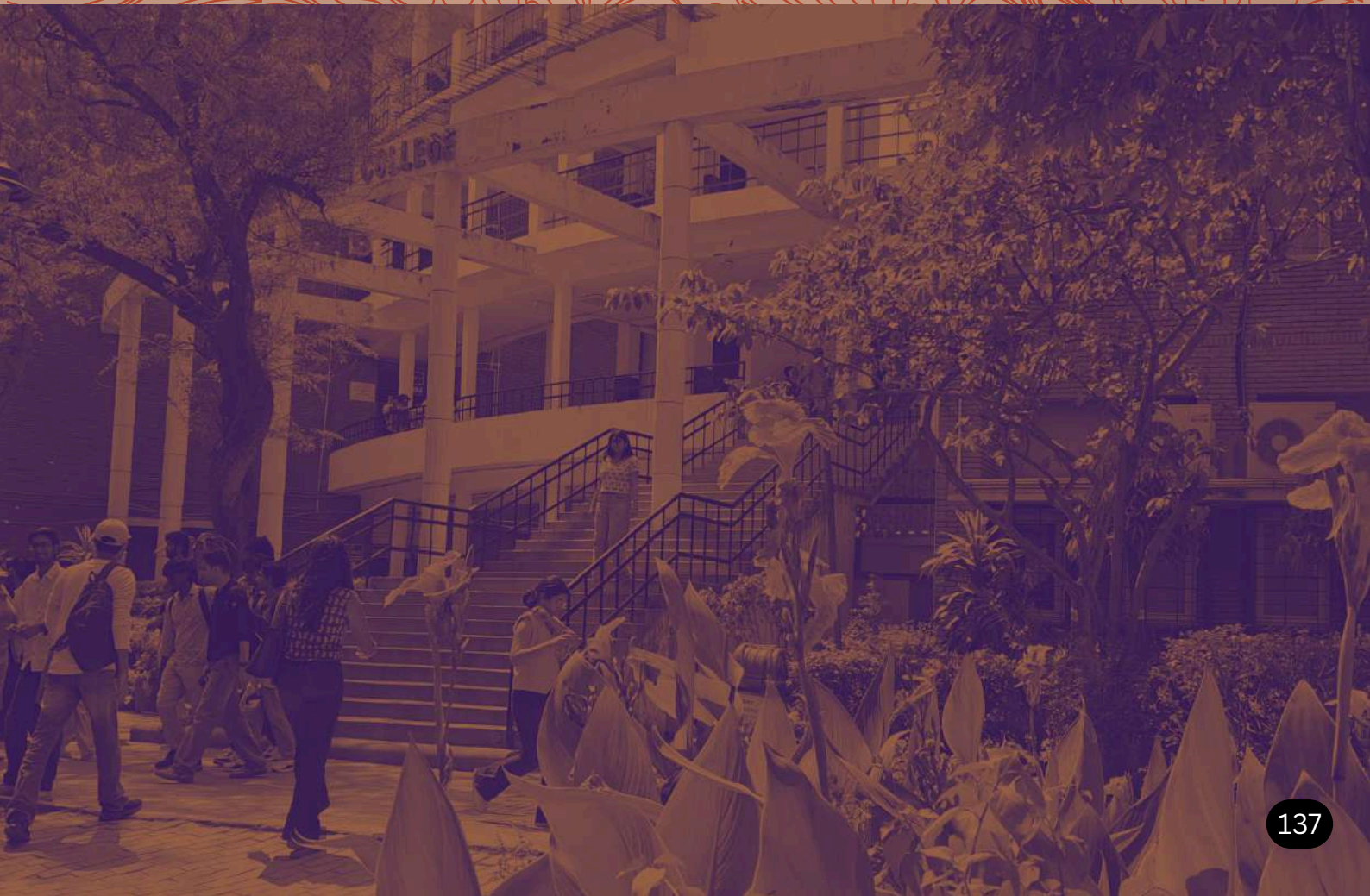
: - और शायद
यही वह समय है
जो हमें गढ़ता है -
चुपचाप,
बिना बताए



-विमल सिदार
वाणिज्य स्नातक (प्रतिष्ठा), तृतीय वर्ष

DEPARTMENTS AND SOCIETIES

2025-26



DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE



The Department of Commerce stands as the largest academic department of the college, offering comprehensive Undergraduate and Postgraduate programmes in Commerce. Recognised as one of the most distinguished departments within the University of Delhi, it is supported by a team of highly qualified, dynamic, committed, and research-driven faculty members. Their expertise spans a wide range of specialisations across commerce and allied disciplines, ensuring academic excellence and intellectual rigor.

Beyond conventional classroom learning, the Department strongly believes in the holistic development of its students. It actively promotes leadership, and innovation through its various student-led societies, including the Commerce Association, Marketing Society, Ardent, 180 Degrees Consulting, and the Supply Chain Management Cell. These platforms provide students with practical exposure, and opportunities to translate theoretical knowledge into real-world applications.

Among these, the Commerce Association of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College holds a position of particular prestige. Established in 2009, the Association has consistently been at the forefront of nurturing talent and fostering excellence in the expansive field of commerce. Each year, it attracts hundreds of motivated applicants from the department; however, its selection process is exceptionally rigorous. Only a limited number of students demonstrating outstanding potential, commitment, and leadership qualities are inducted, making membership a true mark of distinction.

The Association serves as a crucial bridge between academic learning and professional growth. It offers students numerous opportunities to deepen their understanding of commerce while enhancing essential skills and building meaningful professional networks. Through a series of workshops, expert-led seminars, live projects, and interactive sessions, members gain invaluable exposure to industry practices and real-world challenges.

The Commerce Association is also widely recognised for organising impactful and diverse events that reflect both excellence and social responsibility. One such initiative is Adwitiya, a distinctive talent show dedicated to celebrating the extraordinary abilities of specially-abled individuals, reinforcing the Association's commitment to inclusivity and empathy. In 2025, it completed a decade of Adwitiya.

Additionally, the Association proudly hosts Uddayam, its highly anticipated annual flagship event, which brings together some of the brightest minds, innovative ideas, and emerging leaders in the field of commerce. Year after year, Uddayam serves as a platform for collaboration, inspiration, and the shaping of future professionals.

The Marketing Society serves as a practical forum for students to develop robust, holistic skills and a deep, mature understanding of branding and business strategy. Over the years, MarkSoc has engaged in meaningful collaborations while exploring diverse domains within business and marketing. The society also focuses on strengthening academic rigor by conducting case competitions and research-based initiatives that encourage structured analysis, critical thinking, and creative problem-solving.

Ardent, the Tech and Analytics Society of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College, builds industry-ready skills through hands-on learning in Data Analytics, AI, and Financial Modeling. The society conducts workshops on Generative AI, Machine Learning, Advanced Excel, and analytics tools, and works on live projects with firms like Wise Finserv and Implementors. Mentorship sessions with professionals from EY, fintech, and AI firms strengthen industry exposure. Through partnerships such as Thinking Bridge and its flagship event Avishkaar, Ardent equips students with practical skills and real-world insight.

180 Degrees Consulting Society is a student-run consultancy working with non-profits and social enterprises to deliver affordable, impact-driven solutions. The society develops future social impact leaders by offering hands-on consulting experience, mentorship from professional consultants, and exposure to social entrepreneurship. Members engage in live projects, research reports, and in-house case, guesstimate, and discussion-based competitions to sharpen practical consulting skills, while gaining corporate exposure and building strong professional networks.

Founded in 2021, the Supply Chain Management Cell of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College is Delhi University's only SCM-focused society. The Cell works to bridge academics with industry by providing students with hands-on exposure through live projects, mentorship, industrial visits, and practical learning in logistics and operations. Its key initiatives include Anukram 4.0, Sync Chain, the SupplySphere mentorship series with industry experts, student-led business discussions on real business cases, a live project with KontentEdge, and an industrial visit to Varun Beverages Limited, a PepsiCo bottler, all focused on developing industry-ready future leaders in supply chain management.

The Department publishes the peer-reviewed "Journal of Business Studies", providing researchers a credible platform to publish quality research work. It also organizes an annual International Conference on contemporary issues in Business and Management with global participation. In February 2026, the Department successfully organized the 13th International Conference on Business & Management on the theme Entrepreneurship, Innovation, and Leadership in Urban-Rural Bharat: Pathways to Viksit Bharat@2047 and the SDGs, bringing together academicians, policymakers, industry experts, and researchers to deliberate on inclusive, technology-driven, and sustainable development.

DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMICS



The Department of Economics of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College (SBSC) offers undergraduate programmes in Economics – B.A.(Honours) Economics and B.A. (Prog.) with Economics as Major and Minor. B.A. (Hons.) Economics is one of the most prestigious courses of the college and the University of Delhi. It attracts best students from all over the country. SBSC is one of the few colleges that offers B.A.(Prog.) with Economics & Commerce and Economics & Mathematics as subject combinations. The Department also offers Generic Electives (GE), Value Addition Courses (VAC) & Skill Enhancement Courses (SEC) to the students of other courses. General Elective (GE) offered by the department are the most popular GE in the college.

The Department was set up in 1967 with the very establishment of the college. At that time, the number of students rarely exceeded 40 with no female students and only 3 faculty members in the department. Over the 56 glorious years, the Economics Department of SBSC has not only grown in strength but also in reputation training the brightest of economics graduates who are well placed both at national and international platforms. The strength of faculty members in the department has also increased to 19 committed and dynamic teachers with specializations in various branches of economics and tremendous research base.

Total number of students in the department has also increased to 200, at present. The department has been able to attract a number of students from different parts of India. Our students have outperformed not only in academics but also in sports and other extracurricular activities.

In academics, but also in their overall personality enhancement. A brief glimpse of this includes the Economic Society now called 'Ecospire' has been playing the vital role in developing and showcasing the talents of the students in the sphere of economics while cultivating their interest and applicative ability. The annual Economics Fest, named 'Econotise', gives an opportunity to all the aspiring economists at intra as well as inter college/university level to participate in various activities like panel discussions, paper presentation, MUN, extempore, economic quiz etc., to enhance their pioneering ideas through interactions and debate drawing an overwhelming response each year.

The department also organizes national seminars, lectures series, workshops & webinars by eminent speakers and experts on contemporary economic issues. Alongside this, department also organizes industrial visits, plantation drives and recreational tours which would help in overall personality building and raising environment sensitization.

The results of department grew exponentially on year on year basis. More than 50% of our students have scored first division marks in their bachelor's degree. Many alumni of the department have opted for higher education from prestigious institutions like Delhi School of Economics, Indian Statistical Institute, Jawaharlal Nehru University, IIMs, ISB and IIFT in India. Many of the students have joined international universities like London School of Economics, University of Scotland and University of Chicago for their masters and research. Our students are well placed in various think tanks in both government and corporate organizations.

The vision of the department this year is driven by a deep determination to uphold our commitment to disseminate knowledge and facilitate meaningful discussions in economics. In the light of the same the department this year proposes to initiate its own Research Journal, a separate 'Arthnaya': Economics Magazine cell, Economics Lecture Series and a dedicated economics Research cell. The department this year aims to dedicate itself towards introducing new and vibrant activities in economics thereby upholding the name and legacy of our esteemed department in particular and college in general.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



The Department of English at Shaheed Bhagat Singh College, University of Delhi, functions as a dynamic space for literary inquiry, critical engagement, and interdisciplinary learning. Committed to fostering analytical thinking and interpretative depth, the department encourages students to engage with literature not only as text but as a living discourse shaped by history, culture, and ideology. What distinguishes the department is its commitment to exploring literature across periods, genres, and cultures ranging from Classical and Renaissance texts to modern, postcolonial, and contemporary writings. Students are encouraged to approach literature not merely as artistic expression but as a powerful lens through which social, political, historical, and philosophical concerns may be examined.

Lecture By P. Sivakami

In keeping with this commitment to socially engaged and critical learning, the Department organised a lecture by former IAS officer, activist, and writer P. Sivakami on “Unearthing Justice: Land, Gender, and Subaltern Women’s Struggle.” The lecture foregrounded crucial questions of caste, gender, and marginality, inviting students to engage with literature and lived experience as interconnected sites of resistance and critique.

By centring subaltern women's voices, the session deepened students' understanding of intersectionality and highlighted the role of narrative in challenging dominant histories and structures of power.

MOVIE SCREENINGS

This academic engagement was complemented by curated film screenings that extended classroom discussions beyond the written text. A film screening of *Dead Poets Society* encouraged students to reflect on themes of individuality, conformity, the role of education, and the transformative power of poetry, allowing them to engage with the film as a literary text that examines how poetic imagination resists institutional rigidity and nurtures independent thought. Similarly, the screening of *Frankenstein*, adapted from Mary Shelley's novel, enabled students to explore central concerns of Romantic and Gothic literature, prompting reflections on ethical responsibility, scientific ambition, and human accountability, and reinforcing the enduring relevance of Shelley's work.

VISIT TO THE WORLD BOOK FAIR

As part of its focus on learning beyond the classroom, students of the Department visited the World Book Fair 2026 at Bharat Mandapam on 15th January. Students explored a wide range of books and engaged with the lively literary atmosphere, making the experience both enriching and enjoyable. The visit concluded with a musical performance by *Rahasya: The Project* at the amphitheatre, adding a creative and memorable close to the day.

Such initiatives reflect the department's commitment to experiential learning, critical inquiry, and innovative pedagogical practices. By integrating lectures, seminars, and film screenings into the curriculum, the Department of English continues to cultivate thoughtful readers, articulate thinkers, and socially conscious individuals.

DEPARTMENT OF ENVIRONMENTAL SCIENCES

The Department of Environmental Science at the college is responsible for teaching various courses based on Environmental Science at the undergraduate level. The department was constituted in 2023 with the appointment of three Assistant Professors in permanent capacity—Mr. Harvinder Singh, Dr. Sandhya, and Dr. Shyam Ranjan. Since the implementation of Environmental Science as a mandatory course at the undergraduate level by the University of Delhi in 2014, the college has been appointing qualified faculty members in the subject.

Activities and Events (2023–24)

Walk in the Campus to Study Biodiversity

A biodiversity walk was organised within the college campus to help students study biodiversity and understand its importance. The activity aimed to create awareness about the rich plant and ecological diversity present in the campus and the need for its conservation.

Special Lecture by Dr. Markus Leuenberger

The department organised a special lecture by Dr. Markus Leuenberger from the University of Bern, Switzerland, on the topic “Climate Change, Sustainability, and Career Opportunities.” The lecture focused on climate change, sustainability practices, and career opportunities in the field of Environmental Science, giving students valuable academic and professional insights.

Visit to Aravalli Biodiversity Park, Vasant Vihar

A visit to Aravalli Biodiversity Park, Vasant Vihar was organised with first-year AEC students. The visit provided students with practical exposure to biodiversity conservation and environmental awareness, helping them understand the importance of ecosystem restoration and sustainable living.

Activities and Events (2024–25)

Special Lecture on “India’s Space Technology and Sustainable Development”

The Department of Environmental Science organised a special lecture on “India’s Space Technology and Sustainable Development” by Professor Chander Kumar Singh, Dean (Academics), TERI, New Delhi.

India has made significant progress in space technology, with important contributions to sustainable development. ISRO continues to play a major role in addressing environmental challenges related to climate change, agriculture, environmental monitoring, and resource management.

Professor Chander Kumar Singh shared insights into the global climate crisis, sustainable practices, and career opportunities in the field of environmental sustainability and green talent. He highlighted the importance of scientific innovation in solving environmental challenges and creating a sustainable future. Professor Singh is a distinguished academic and researcher in the field of geochemistry, groundwater studies, hyperspectral remote sensing, and environmental health. His lecture gave students a broader understanding of sustainability and inspired them toward careers in the green economy.

Aravalli Biodiversity Park Visit with First-Year AEC Students

As part of environmental outreach, the department conducted a visit to Aravalli Biodiversity Park, Vasant Vihar, New Delhi on 20th March 2024 with first-year AEC students.

The visit aimed to spread awareness about healthy ecosystems and biodiversity conservation. Dr. Dinesh Albertson, Scientific Officer at the park, explained the ecological importance of biodiversity parks in urban areas.

Aravalli Biodiversity Park is spread over 699 acres of land that was once degraded by mining and covered with *Prosopis juliflora* (Vilayati Kikar). The park is being restored to revive the native biodiversity of the Delhi Aravallis and serves as an important centre for environmental education and public awareness.

This outreach activity provided students with practical knowledge about conservation efforts and the role of biodiversity in sustainable urban development.

DEPARTMENT OF GEOGRAPHY



Our Shaheed Bhagat Singh Morning College offers a Geography Honor's course, and the Geography Department is well known across the college for its excellent and commendable work. The department continuously contributes to the betterment of the Earth, India, the nation, and the college as a whole. Within the department, there is a Placement Cell as well as an Association. Through the Placement Cell, we provide third- and fourth-year students with opportunities for their future careers. The Association has organized students through inter-departmental, segment-wise divisions so that work can be carried out more efficiently and effectively. Our aim is that our work not only inspires other students in the college but also brings about meaningful and positive changes in the environment.

FRESHER'S PARTY

The students organized a Fresher's Party in the month of November. New students whose Semester One had just started were invited by the Geography Department. The event included many fun and engaging games such as a treasure hunt, balloon games, singing games, and other activity-based games. Winners were given gifts and hampers. Along with this, the titles of Miss Fresher and Mr. Fresher were also awarded. At the end, refreshments were served. Overall, it was a very enjoyable and well-organized program.

The teachers guided the program thoughtfully and supported it in a very positive way. Seniors from the third year and second year made the event even more wonderful, and all the first-year students happily showed their involvement. In the end, we took a group photo, and the program was successfully completed.

NO PLASTIC WEEK

We observed a complete No Plastic Week, which lasted from Day One to Day Seven. Throughout this week, no-plastic rallies were organized. Students from the first year, second year, and third year together shot videos and reels so that awareness could spread widely about not using plastic.

During Plastic Week, we organized a game for college students. In this activity, students were asked to create something useful out of plastic items—something that could be used in the future. Many students submitted their models, and the results were very impressive. The students showed a high level of creativity through their work. Later, their efforts were acknowledged, and they were appreciated by our association for their innovative ideas and active participation.

Along with this, awareness was also spread that single-use plastic should not be used at all. It was emphasized that if plastic is used, the Three Rs — Reduce, Reuse, and Recycle — must be followed.

After this, it was decided that in every class—first year, second year, third year, and fourth year—one or two volunteers would be selected. These volunteers were given the responsibility of ensuring that plastic would not be used in their respective classes. This helped spread awareness throughout the entire college and also created a positive image of the Geography Association across the campus.

With changing climate conditions, it is important for us to learn how to use plastic responsibly by following the Three Rs. That is why this initiative was carried out. The results were very positive. Not only Geography students, but students from the entire college were inspired, and the use of plastic in the college reduced significantly. By the end of No Plastic Week, we observed strong implementation of these practices, and the initiative was successfully completed.

TREE CENSUS AND IDENTIFICATION

In the Tree Census and Species Identification initiative, we conducted detailed research on all the trees present in the college campus to identify how many trees there were and where they were located. After this, we identified each tree species.

Following the research, students from the Geography Association placed a QR code on every tree. The QR codes were attached using pins, staplers, and tape. This was done so that anyone—whether a college student, teacher, faculty member, worker, or laborer—could simply scan the QR code with their phone to learn about the tree. The information included the tree’s scientific name, benefits, medicinal uses, and guidelines on what should and should not be done related to that tree.

The purpose of organizing this tree census was to ensure that students and all individuals inside the college, as well as visitors, could gain knowledge about the college’s trees, vegetation, greenery, and explore the campus environment in a deeper way.

The QR code installation was officially started by our Principal Sir, who described the initiative as a very positive and meaningful effort. He appreciated our work and encouraged us greatly.

After that, the QR codes were installed with the support of Vice Principal Sir Raman, and our faculty members Swati Ma’am, Poonam Ma’am, Kavita Ma’am, and Shashank Sir. Later, the President and Vice President of our association, along with students from all departments and the Geography Department, participated in installing one or two QR codes on each tree. No tree was left uncovered.

The implementation of this initiative has been extremely effective. Even today, every tree on our college campus has a QR code attached to it. This clearly reflects the hard work, teamwork, and dedication of the Geography Association, and stands as an example of a successful and impactful initiative.

Conclusion

In conclusion, throughout the entire semester, we conducted these three programs, all of which were highly successful. In the future, we aim to perform even better and present our best efforts. We want to build a strong and positive image within the college and also contribute meaningfully to the college, the Earth, and the entire nation.

Through our small efforts, we hope to create an impact on the world and inspire more people to take positive and responsible actions.

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY



Historia, the history society aims at spreading awareness about the importance of history, heritage and culture to the young minds. The society, this semester was successful in actively conducting programs this including film screenings, heritage walks, guest lectures and workshops; thereby enhancing the historical intelligence of the learners in the college as well as seekers across the university.

DOCUMENTARY SCREENING ON SHAHEED BHAGAT SINGH (7 October 2025).

This was the first initiative of the society. It was felt necessary to make students aware about Sardar Bhagat Singh, on whom the college is named. The documentary showcased the martyr's life and his core values. The audience were also shown the interviews of his family members. The event was concluded by a short speech by Teacher in charge Dr. Prashant Trivedi Sir.

HERITAGE WALK TO RED FORT (11 October 2025)

The society initiated its heritage walk from the majestic Red Fort of Shahjahanabad.

It included seekers from various departments within the college. The walk was led by Tinsha Saini and Shlok Sharma. The seekers were informed about the importance of the monument in both medieval as well as modern era. Refreshments were served at the end of the event.

DOCUMENTARY SCREENING ON WW1 (7 November 2025)

The society presented a documentary screening on a conflict which is often overlooked due to its predecessor, yet it was the Great War which gave way to the second one. 'They Shall Not Grow Old' is a documentary based upon events that unfolded over one hundred years ago. More than 60 million soldiers fought in "The War to End All Wars". The film described the life of ex-soldiers of the war.

QUTUB MINAR HERITAGE WALK (24 November 2025)

This heritage walk was made open to all the students of University of Delhi. The walk was led by B R Satyam and Mehul Vashisht. The walk was conducted under the guidance of Convener Dr. Shubham Kewaliya. The attendees received valuable information about the Qutub Minar Complex. Refreshments were served at the end.

SHORT VISITS

Historia also conducted two short visits, one to the National Museum on 26 November. The visit mainly aimed at guiding the 1st years of the history department by Dr. Shubham Kewaliya. The other visit was conducted to witness the Piprahwa Relics showcased at Qila Rai Pithora. This visit was exclusively planned for the history students of the college on 12 January.

BRAHMI WORKSHOP (23-24 January 2026)

The workshop proved to be a grand event of the society. Despite heavy rains, we noticed admirable participation from the students of various colleges and departments across the University. The workshop was initiated by a prayer to Goddess Saraswati and a lecture by Dr. D.V. Sharma, former Director General of Archaeological Survey of India. He guided students about his professional research on the Harappan Script. The 2-day workshop was mentored by Dr. Shubham Kewaliya. The attendees gave positive feedback about the workshop. Certificates were given to all the attendees at the end.

DEPARTMENT OF HINDI



“नर हो, न निराश करो मन को,
कुछ काम करो, कुछ काम करो।” — मैथिली शरण गुप्त

इन पंक्तियों में निहित प्रेरणा केवल कर्म के लिए नहीं, बल्कि सृजन के लिए भी है। सृजन ही वह शक्ति है जो मनुष्य को साधारण से असाधारण बनाती है। इसी सृजनात्मक चेतना को जीवंत रूप देने का कार्य करती है ‘सृजन हिंदी साहित्य सभा’, जो शहीद भगत सिंह कॉलेज के हिंदी विभाग की साहित्यिक संस्था है।

सृजन हिंदी साहित्य सभा क्या है?

सृजन हिंदी साहित्य सभा, हिंदी विभाग की वह सक्रिय एवं रचनात्मक इकाई है जो विद्यार्थियों को साहित्य, भाषा और अभिव्यक्ति से जोड़ने का कार्य करती है। यह केवल एक औपचारिक

संस्था नहीं, बल्कि विद्यार्थियों की प्रतिभा को पहचानने, निखारने और मंच प्रदान करने का सशक्त माध्यम है |

‘सृजन’ शब्द अपने आप में नव-निर्माण, कल्पना, विचार और अभिव्यक्ति का प्रतीक है। यह सभा विद्यार्थियों को पाठ्यक्रम की सीमाओं से बाहर निकालकर उन्हें व्यावहारिक, रचनात्मक और बौद्धिक गतिविधियों से जोड़ती है, जिससे उनका सर्वांगीण विकास संभव हो सके।

सृजन हिंदी साहित्य सभा का मुख्य उद्देश्य हिंदी भाषा और साहित्य के प्रति छात्रों में रुचि विकसित करना, उनकी अभिव्यक्ति क्षमता को प्रोत्साहित करना तथा उन्हें समकालीन साहित्यिक और सामाजिक विषयों से परिचित कराना है।

यह संस्था विद्यार्थियों को केवल पढ़ने तक सीमित नहीं रखती, बल्कि उन्हें सोचने, लिखने, बोलने और प्रस्तुत करने के लिए प्रेरित करती है। इसके माध्यम से विद्यार्थियों में आत्मविश्वास, नेतृत्व क्षमता और संगठन कौशल का विकास भी होता है।

सृजन हिंदी साहित्य सभा द्वारा वर्ष भर विभिन्न साहित्यिक और सांस्कृतिक गतिविधियों का आयोजन किया जाता है। इनमें कविता पाठ, कहानी लेखन प्रतियोगिता, वाद-विवाद, भाषण प्रतियोगिता, निबंध लेखन, साहित्यिक गोष्ठियाँ और विशेष व्याख्यान प्रमुख हैं। इन कार्यक्रमों के माध्यम से छात्र अपनी प्रतिभा को प्रदर्शित करते हैं और आत्मविश्वास के साथ अपनी बात को अभिव्यक्त करना सीखते हैं।

यह सभा छात्रों के व्यक्तित्व विकास में भी महत्वपूर्ण भूमिका निभाती है। साहित्यिक गतिविधियों में भाग लेने से छात्रों की भाषा पर पकड़ मजबूत होती है, अभिव्यक्ति कौशल में निखार आता है, और उनके विचारों में गहराई तथा संवेदनशीलता विकसित होती है। साथ ही, यह मंच छात्रों को टीमवर्क, नेतृत्व क्षमता और संगठन कौशल सीखने का अवसर भी प्रदान करता है।

सृजन हिंदी साहित्य सभा केवल एक संस्था नहीं, बल्कि हिंदी भाषा और साहित्य के प्रति समर्पित एक परिवार है, जहाँ प्रत्येक छात्र अपनी रचनात्मकता को खुलकर व्यक्त कर सकता है। यह सभा हिंदी की समृद्ध परंपरा को आगे बढ़ाने और नई पीढ़ी को उससे जोड़ने का महत्वपूर्ण कार्य कर रही है।

अंततः, यह कहा जा सकता है कि “सृजन हिंदी साहित्य सभा” हिंदी विभाग की साहित्यिक चेतना का जीवंत प्रतीक है। यह न केवल छात्रों को साहित्य से जोड़ती है, बल्कि उनमें सृजन की भावना को जागृत कर उन्हें एक संवेदनशील और जागरूक व्यक्तित्व बनने की दिशा में प्रेरित करती है। कॉलेज पत्रिका में इस संस्था का उल्लेख निस्संदेह हिंदी विभाग की साहित्यिक उपलब्धियों और रचनात्मक ऊर्जा का परिचायक है।

DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS



The Department of Mathematics is one of the leading departments of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College. Since its inception in 1967, the department has been engaged in quality teaching and research, committed to providing higher education in Mathematics. It has a highly qualified, dedicated, and research-oriented faculty with expertise in diverse fields of mathematics. Currently, the department offers an undergraduate programme, namely B.Sc (Hons) Mathematics. It also offers courses to the B.A. Programme as Major/Minor options. These courses, designed by the University of Delhi, not only impart theoretical knowledge but also provide hands-on experience and conceptual clarity through practical classes using software such as Mathematica, R, LaTeX, etc. The department has an exclusive computer lab and access to the state-of-the-art college library, which houses an extensive collection of books on Mathematics.

The department believes in the holistic development of students. In line with this vision, the Mathematics Society of the college organizes its annual festival, GANITAM, based on vibrant mathematical themes.

This platform allows students to express their creative talents. Various inter-college competitions, such as paper presentations and quizzes, are organized during this festival. Additionally, the department hosts seminars and talks, often led by faculty members, alumni, and experts from reputed research institutes like the IITs, to enhance students' knowledge and keep them updated on the latest trends in the subject. The department also organizes national and international conferences to provide global exposure to both students and faculty. Alumni of the department are well-placed in reputed organizations both in India and abroad.

DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL SCIENCE



The Department of Political Science in Shaheed Bhagat Singh College was established along with its inception in 1967. The Department currently has full sanctioned strength of permanent faculty: two Associate Professors and eleven Assistant Professors. Additionally it also has two Guest Faculties. Each faculty of the Department comes with diverse and crucial research specializations in field of Comparative Politics, Political Theory, Political Thought, Indian Government and Politics, Development Processes, International Relations, Security studies, Public Policy and Administration and Foreign Policy.

VISION OF THE DEPARTMENT

It reflects ethos that have been nurtured with great commitment and dedication by both faculty and students. The decades since its inception have seen the Department emerge as a nodal point of heterogeneous deconstruction and reconstruction of ideas and vibrant debates in the discipline. Apart from familiarizing students with contemporary academic debates, the Department is emerging as a training ground for in-depth research and reference work. In this regard, the Department has developed crucial linkages with research institutions, organizations and public institutes in India, opening up interactive platforms for students to develop long-term research interests. The Department seeks to be a space for joint exploration in research and academic practices by students and the faculty.

The Department of Political Science seeks to develop critical thinking, activism, advocacy as well as leadership in the fields of Indian Government and Politics, Political Theory, International Studies, Public Policy and Public Administration. The Political Science graduates from the Department have established careers in higher academics, law, bureaucracy, international relations and media among many other fields.

The Department's efforts are a reflection of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College's commitment to nurturing and creating cosmopolitan citizens who espouse a democratic celebration of diversity. It is within this overarching ideal that the Department has been facilitating explorations in knowledge, continuously engaging with humanist concerns by creating a liberating pedagogy. Through the last five decades, the Department has continuously endeavored to contribute to critical and creative thinking, sustaining democratic spaces, broadening access and inclusivity in quality education and consistently working towards the empowerment of women and men. It has provided a context of learning that enhances professionalism, humanism and social responsibility.

POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

The Political Science Association (PSA) comprises of the President and the Executive Board (which has Class Representatives from the three years as well as the PSA executive board representative from each class). The PSA, under the guidance of staff advisor organises Eminent lecture Series round the year where renowned scholars, political analysts, media personalities, legal luminaries, political and social activists are invited. The PSA is also nodal in organising National and International Seminars/Conferences of the Department. Apart from these, the PSA also holds Mock Indian Parliament, Quiz, Debate, Theater and other inter-college competitions as a part of CHANAKYA- The Annual Political Science Festival.

DEPARTMENT OF B.A. PROGRAMME

INTRODUCTION

The B.A. Programme Association is a student-driven academic and cultural body that aims to foster intellectual growth, creative expression, and holistic development among students of the B.A. Programme. The association provides a vibrant platform for discussion, learning, and collaboration through a range of academic, cultural, and co-curricular activities. By encouraging participation and dialogue, the association seeks to nurture critical thinking, creativity, and a strong sense of community among students.

OUR ACTIVITIES INCLUDE:

An orientation session is organized every year to welcome the incoming batch and introduce them to the vision, structure, and functioning of the B.A. Programme Association. The session familiarizes students with academic opportunities, events, and the overall culture of the association.

Academic talks and discussions are conducted on topics related to social sciences, literature, history, politics, culture, and contemporary issues. These sessions aim to enhance academic understanding while encouraging students to engage critically with diverse perspectives.

Workshops and skill-development sessions are organized to equip students with practical and interdisciplinary skills such as writing, research methods, public speaking, debating, and creative expression, complementing their academic curriculum.

Cultural activities and competitions are regularly held to provide students with opportunities to express themselves creatively through poetry, debates, quizzes, poster-making, and other cultural forms, promoting inclusivity and participation.

Student-led discussions and interactive sessions create spaces for open dialogue, allowing students to share ideas, opinions, and experiences while building confidence and collaborative skills.

An annual academic or cultural event is organized each year, bringing together students and faculty to celebrate the spirit of the B.A. Programme through lectures, performances, competitions, and exhibitions.

The flagship event, Vividh, is organized to showcase the academic diversity and cultural richness of the B.A. Programme. The event includes debates such as Vagmita, cultural performances, and intellectual engagements, fostering a sense of unity and enthusiasm within the college community.

EVENTS

- Sankalp: Annual academic seminar
- Field visit: Annual field visit
- Parichay: Orientation ceremony
- Vividh: Annual cultural fest

TEACHING



STAFF

NON-TEACHING



STAFF

NATIONAL CADET CORPS

“But man's duty is to try and endeavour, success depends upon chance and environments.”

— Bhagat Singh

Inspired by the ideals of Bhagat Singh, the 1 Shaheed Bhagat Singh College Company of the National Cadet Corps stands as a symbol of discipline, leadership, and dedication to national service. Established in the 1980s under the University of Delhi, the company has consistently upheld the NCC motto, “Unity and Discipline,” shaping generations of cadets into responsible citizens and future leaders.

A major milestone came in 1991 with the commissioning of Brigadier Neeraj Sharma from the Officers Training Academy. Since then, the company has proudly produced 23 Army Officers and 5 Flying Officers, who continue to serve the nation with honour. Many alumni have also joined prestigious forces such as the Indian Army, CISF, CRPF, BSF, and ITBP, while others serve in various government departments.

From 2010 onwards, the company has earned 4 Director General Commendations and 4 Additional Director General Commendations, reflecting consistent excellence. At the national level, 60 cadets have been selected for the Republic Day Camp, with 6 cadets marching on Kartavyapath during the Republic Day Parade. Additionally, 25 cadets participated in the Thal Sainik Camp, while 7 cadets represented India in the Youth Exchange Programme.

The company's individual achievements are equally remarkable. 4 cadets have won the Best Cadet title, 6 Guard of Honour contingents have been contributed, 4 cadets served as Directorate Seniors, and 1 cadet completed the Para Basic Camp.

An important part of the company's culture is its annual fest, CHUNAUTI, which symbolizes challenge, teamwork, and determination. Through competitions and activities, it nurtures leadership, unity, and camaraderie among cadets.

With decades of proud history and outstanding accomplishments, the 1 Shaheed Bhagat Singh College Company continues to uphold its glorious legacy and remains committed to serving the nation with honour.

THE MUN SOCIETY

The SBSC Model United Nations Society is the academic MUN society of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College, University of Delhi, established in 2022 under the aegis of the Internal Quality Assurance Cell. It provides students a platform to develop skills in diplomacy, debate, negotiation, public speaking, policy-making, and legislative processes. With 200+ wins across major Indian MUN circuits, the society has built a strong academic presence. It also conducts Youth Parliament simulations to promote informed youth leadership.

During 2025–26, the society organised an Orientation Session, an Intra-Society MUN Conference, 15+ training workshops, and expert lectures on international relations, diplomacy, parliamentary functioning, and global governance.

A major highlight was the Inquilab Summit (4–5 October 2025), themed “From Resistance to Reform: Global Youth Leading the Inquilab.” The conference hosted 250+ delegates from across India across five committees, with a prize pool of ₹1,50,000. The event was graced by Pawan Kumar.

For 2025–26, the society is led by President Nazre Moin, supported by Vice Presidents Prathamjit Singh and Keshiha Ghosh, with 95+ members working through Research & Analysis, Marketing, and External Affairs departments. It also maintains active outreach through Instagram, LinkedIn, website, and WhatsApp.

Its annual flagship event, Youth Conclave, will be held in March 2026 under the theme “Yuva Soch, Vishwa Niti: Youth Shaping Global Leadership.” It is expected to host 400+ delegates across eight committees with a prize pool of ₹2.3 lakh, continuing the society’s legacy of excellence.

YLAC POLICY COLLECTIVE

The YLAC Policy Collective at Shaheed Bhagat Singh College is an initiative established in collaboration with the YLAC Policy Collective Program and hosted by the Department of Political Science. Among 500+ applicants from across India, three students from our college; Piyush, Aman, and Sameeksha, were selected among the top 20 teams and went on to establish this collective with the vision of providing policy exposure beyond the classroom. Today, that effort has expanded into a committed team of 42 members, reflecting both its growing reach and the collective ownership it has fostered among students.

The Collective is structured across three key verticals; Politics & Governance, International Relations, and Economics, ensuring a holistic understanding of public policy among students.

Since its inception in January 2026, the Collective has actively organized a range of academic and engagement-driven events:

- Orientation & Policy Quiz – 19th January 2026
- Speaker Session: “What is Public Policy and Career Opportunities in the Field” by Mr. Siddharth Kapoor, Co-founder of Manthan – 13th February 2026
- Faultlines (Flagship Event): Policy Crisis Challenge focused on the European Union, conducted during the Department Fest – 21st February 2026
- Deconstruction Consortium Launch (IR Vertical): Expert session on India–China Relations by Dr. Rityusha Mani Tiwary – 25th February 2026
- Virtual Lecture: “Judicial Review in India” by Dr. Adityanjee – 1st March 2026
- Launch of Policy Playbook & Speaker Session: “Starting Out in Policy: What Works, What Doesn’t, and What Matters” by Pia Chopra – 23rd March 2026
- Life in 4th year at DU by Himanshu - 5 april 2026

Despite being a newly established initiative, the YLAC Policy Collective has demonstrated remarkable growth and impact within a short span of time. With several more initiatives in the pipeline, it continues to build a dynamic platform for policy engagement, research, and discourse within the college.

NORTH EAST STUDENTS SOCIETY

INTRODUCTION

The Northeast Students Society of Shaheed Bhagat Singh Morning/Evening College serves as an active platform promoting unity, cultural exchange, student welfare, and holistic development. The Society works towards academic support, cultural representation, and student engagement through various initiatives and events. From organizing helpdesk programmes and participating in orientation sessions to representing the college in cultural performances, stage plays, and inter-college sports tournaments, the Society fosters leadership, teamwork, and inclusivity. Its continued involvement in diverse activities strengthens student participation, mutual respect, and the rich cultural identity of the Northeast within the college community.

LIST OF EVENTS PARTICIPATED / ORGANIZED (AUGUST–NOVEMBER)

- During the academic session from August to November, the Society actively organized and participated in academic, cultural, and sports events, enhancing student engagement and inter-college interaction.
- The Helpdesk Programme (4th–11th August) was conducted to assist students with academic and administrative queries. The Society also participated in the Freshers' Cum Orientation Programme on 6th September to welcome new students.
- Members actively took part in NSUI Football and Tug of War events (13th, 14th, and 16th September), promoting teamwork and sportsmanship. The Society showcased cultural diversity at Divyotsav (14th and 16th October) and represented Northeast culture at the IIT Janjita Gaurav Divas Performance on 10th November.
- Further participation included KMC Football and Volleyball Tournaments (6th–8th November), the Inter Northeast Society Stage Play Competition at JMC (10th–11th November), the Unity Cup at Moti Lal Nehru College (14th–16th November), and the CVS Football Tournament (20th–22nd November), fostering collaboration, cultural expression, and healthy competition.

ARTHSHODH: THE ECONOMICS RESEARCH CELL

OVERVIEW

ArthShodh fosters a culture of empirical inquiry, critical analysis and a deep understanding of global and domestic economic frameworks. By providing students with a platform to interact with complex data and theoretical models, the cell reduces the gap between classroom learning and real-world economic applications.

INTEGRATION AND COMMUNITY

The academic journey begins with an orientation session designed to introduce newcomers to the cell's vibrant research community. This session features inspiring talks from faculty and senior researchers to stimulate curiosity and ambition. Through interactive discussions and introductory briefs, new members are integrated into an environment that values academic excellence and collaborative growth.

RECRUITMENT AND LEADERSHIP

To sustain its mission of high-level academic production, the cell conducts an annual recruitment drive. This process offers students opportunities to step into leadership and specialist roles, including:

- Editorial Heads
- Principle Investigators
- Office Bearers (General Secretary and Joint Secretary)

FOSTERING ANALYTICAL EXCELLENCE

ArthShodh organizes various academic activities to challenge conventional thinking:

- Research Workshops: Specialized sessions for improving technical skills in data tools and econometric methodologies.
- Discussion Forums: Vibrant dialogues focused on current policy changes and market trends.
- Paper Presentations: Platforms where students present original research, encouraging peer review and intellectual defense.

SBSC ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Time moves on, but bonds remain
Forged in classrooms, dreams, and doubt.
From these halls, we stepped into the world,
Yet the world still traces us back here.

The Alumni Association of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College serves as a vital bridge between the college and its former students, fostering lifelong relationships rooted in shared experiences and institutional pride. Through events, mentorship, and engagement initiatives, the Association strengthens ties between alumni and the student community while celebrating achievements and inspiring future generations.

A major initiative this year was the launch of The Voices of SBSC, a podcast series designed to deepen alumni engagement. The first three episodes featured distinguished alumni sharing their journeys and insights. Guests included Gaurav Bhagat, who spoke on leadership, entrepreneurship, and growth; Ishant Goel, who reflected on discipline and self-awareness; and Adrian Shepherd, who discussed creativity, brand building, and unconventional career paths. The series received an encouraging response and created meaningful learning opportunities for students.

The Annual Alumni Dinner, held on 6 December at the Imperial Club, brought together 150+ alumni from batches spanning the 1980s onwards. Alumni from fields such as finance, media, civil services, judiciary, travel, and entrepreneurship came together for an evening of reconnecting, shared memories, and renewed bonds. With the Principal and faculty members in attendance, the gathering became a celebration of continuity between past and present members of the institution.

Another important initiative was the restoration of the Wall of Fame, where a new protective glass panel was installed to preserve the achievements and legacy of distinguished alumni. More than a display, it stands as a symbol of ambition, resilience, and excellence, inspiring all who pass through the college corridors.

QUEER FEMINIST COLLECTIVE

The Queer Feminist Collective of our college is a space where students come together to talk, listen, and learn about gender, identity, and equality. Over the past year, the collective has tried to make the campus more inclusive by creating spaces where people can share their thoughts, understand different perspectives, and learn, relearn, and unlearn concepts that we often don't take seriously.

This year, the collective organised sensitisation sessions on consent and pronouns. The session on consent focused on what consent means in everyday life, and why respect and clear communication matter. It helped students think more deeply about boundaries and mutual understanding. The session on pronouns explained why using the right pronouns is important and how language can affect how people feel. These sessions allowed students to ask questions freely and understand things they may not have thought about before.

The collective also held an art session that focused on womanhood and gender inclusivity. During the session, famous artworks that represent gender, identity, and lived experiences were discussed. Students from the college were also invited to submit their own artwork. These submissions brought in different viewpoints and emotions, making the session more connected.

Through these activities, the Queer Feminist Collective continues to be a supportive space on campus. In the coming year, the collective plans to organise more events such as guest lectures, movie screenings, and other activities, so that students have more opportunities to learn and reflect together. The aim is to keep building a safe space and campus environment where everyone feels comfortable being themselves.

DELTA: THE ARTICULATION SOCIETY

Delta, the Articulation Society of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College, is a platform dedicated to empowering students with the art of effective communication and expression. We believe that every individual has a voice that deserves to be heard, and Delta serves as a medium to nurture, refine, and amplify that voice.

Our mission is to make students articulate confident individuals who can clearly express their thoughts, ideas, and opinions. Through structured discussions, competitions, and speaker sessions, Delta helps students develop critical thinking, public speaking, and articulation skills that are essential both academically and professionally.

Events Organised by Delta:

CHARCHA

An inter-society group discussion competition that brings together participants from various colleges, fostering healthy debate, diverse perspectives, and intellectual exchange.

SAMVAD MANTHAN

An intra-college group discussion competition open to students from all courses, aimed at encouraging dialogue, confidence, and clarity of thought within the college community.

PARIVARTAN

A speaker session featuring renowned personalities from different fields who share their experiences, insights, and journeys. Parivartan is organised under the banner of Virasat, celebrating ideas that inspire change and growth.

FILMTANTRA: THE FILMMAKING SOCIETY

INTRODUCTION

Filmtantra, the filmmaking society, is a creative collective dedicated to fostering a culture of cinema and visual storytelling among students. The society provides a platform for individuals interested in various aspects of filmmaking, encouraging both creative exploration and technical learning.

OUR EVENTS INCLUDE:

An **orientation session** is conducted every year to familiarize the incoming batch with the society's vision, structure, and functioning, and to introduce members to its creative and technical domains involved in the filmmaking process.

Workshops are organized on various aspects of filmmaking such as cinematography, editing, Canva, and other creative tools, providing participants with hands-on learning and practical exposure to both technical and creative processes.

Film screenings are regularly organized with the aim of screening at least one film every month, creating spaces for shared viewing and meaningful conversations around cinema. Films such as Dead Poets Society and Aftersun have been screened as part of this initiative.

Cinematography walks are organized to allow members to apply the skills and techniques learned during workshops in a practical setting, encouraging experimentation and a deeper understanding of visual narratives.

An **annual production** is undertaken every year, involving members across various departments in the complete filmmaking process, from ideation and scripting to shooting and post-production.

The flagship event, **CAFF (Cinefile Annual Film Festival)**, is organized every year to celebrate student cinema through film screenings, creative exchange, and the promotion of cinematic culture within the college community.

सर्वज्ञः

हिंदी वाद-विवाद समिति

सर्वज्ञ : हिंदी वाद-विवाद समिति - बौद्धिक विमर्श, तार्किक अनुशासन तथा लोकतांत्रिक अभिव्यक्ति की एक सुदृढ़ एवं जीवंत परंपरा का प्रतिनिधित्व करती है। यह समिति विद्यार्थियों को समसामयिक, सामाजिक, राजनीतिक एवं दार्शनिक विषयों पर गंभीर, तथ्याधारित और संतुलित संवाद का संरचित मंच प्रदान करती है। सर्वज्ञ का उद्देश्य मात्र विचारों की अभिव्यक्ति नहीं, बल्कि विचारों के परिष्कार की प्रक्रिया को संस्थागत स्वरूप देना है, जिससे वैचारिक स्पष्टता, नेतृत्व क्षमता और उत्तरदायी दृष्टिकोण का विकास सुनिश्चित हो सके।

प्रमुख आयोजन

(क) तर्कसंग्राम : अर्ध-संसदीय वाद-विवाद प्रतियोगिता - यह आयोजन प्रतिभागियों की तर्कशीलता, विश्लेषण क्षमता और प्रभावशाली प्रस्तुति का परीक्षण करता है।

(ख) क्रांति : संसदीय वाद-विवाद प्रतियोगिता - संसदीय प्रारूप पर आधारित यह प्रतिष्ठित आयोजन रणनीतिक चिंतन, टीम भावना तथा समसामयिक विषयों की गहन समझ की परीक्षा है।

सर्वज्ञ के सदस्य संपूर्ण दिल्ली विश्वविद्यालय के विभिन्न महाविद्यालयों में आयोजित वाद-विवाद प्रतियोगिताओं में सक्रिय सहभागिता करते हुए निरंतर उत्कृष्ट प्रदर्शन कर रहे हैं। अनेक मंचों पर प्राप्त सम्मान और उपलब्धियाँ समिति की बौद्धिक क्षमता एवं अनुशासित तैयारी का प्रमाण हैं।

सर्वज्ञ केवल एक समिति नहीं, बल्कि वैचारिक नेतृत्व की एक निरंतर यात्रा है। यह संस्था ऐसे वक्ताओं और नागरिकों के निर्माण के लिए प्रतिबद्ध है, जो विचारों में स्पष्ट, अभिव्यक्ति में संयमित और दृष्टिकोण में उत्तरदायी हों। भविष्य में भी सर्वज्ञ ज्ञान, तर्क और संवाद की परंपरा को और अधिक सशक्त करते हुए बौद्धिक उत्कृष्टता की नई ऊँचाइयों को स्पर्श करने हेतु संकल्पित है।

THE REVOLUTIONISTS: THE ENGLISH DEBATING SOCIETY OF SBSC

The Revolutionists is SBSC's premier English Debating Society, dedicated to keeping the "Revolution of Discourse" alive. We provide a rigorous, intellectually stimulating environment where students master the art of competitive university-level debating. Going beyond basic public speaking, our members are trained in high-level strategic thinking, analytical deconstruction, and structured case-building to tackle complex global issues.

Highlights & Achievements:

- **A Legacy of Excellence:** Our debaters and adjudicators consistently win championship titles and citations at prestigious national and international tournaments.
- **SBS'BPD:** Our legacy offline British Parliamentary tournament that draws top-tier talent for intense, high-stakes intellectual combat.
- **RAHAT:** India's largest online Asian Parliamentary Fundraiser debate, connecting global participants to support crucial social causes.

Whether you are a novice or a seasoned speaker, The Revolutionists offers the ultimate platform to refine your craft, challenge diverse perspectives, and make your convictions heard.

देवभूमि सोसाइटी :

हमारी संस्कृति, हमारी पहचान

जहाँ हिमशिखरों पर आस्था मौन होकर भी बोलती है,
जहाँ नदियाँ स्मृतियों को संग बहा ले जाती हैं,
जहाँ लोकगीतों में इतिहास धड़कता है—
वही है देवभूमि, वही है हमारी पहचान।

कॉलेज केवल शिक्षा का केंद्र नहीं, बल्कि संस्कार, संस्कृति और व्यक्तित्व निर्माण की भूमि भी होता है। शहीद भगत सिंह कॉलेज की देवभूमि सोसाइटी इसी भावना की सुंदर अभिव्यक्ति है, जहाँ परंपरा और आधुनिकता का संतुलित संगम दिखाई देता है। देवभूमि सोसाइटी हिमालयी संस्कृति, विशेषकर हिमाचल और उत्तराखंड की लोक परंपराओं, कला और विरासत को समर्पित है। यह केवल संस्कृति का प्रदर्शन नहीं करती, बल्कि उसे जीवंत रूप में जीती है। यहाँ हर नृत्य, हर गीत और हर प्रस्तुति अपनी मिट्टी की कहानी कहती है। नाटी की लय में पहाड़ों की उमंग और छोलिया की प्रस्तुति में वीरता की गूंज सुनाई देती है। पारंपरिक वेशभूषा केवल सौंदर्य नहीं, बल्कि पहचान और इतिहास का प्रतीक बन जाती है।

इस सोसाइटी की सबसे बड़ी विशेषता इसकी समावेशी भावना है। यद्यपि इसकी जड़ें हिमालयी प्रदेशों में हैं, पर इसकी शाखाएँ सभी संस्कृतियों तक फैली हैं। यहाँ हर छात्र, चाहे वह किसी भी क्षेत्र से हो, संस्कृति को समझने और अपनाने का अवसर पाता है। यही विविधता में एकता की सच्ची भावना है।

कॉलेज के सांस्कृतिक उत्सवों में देवभूमि सोसाइटी की उपस्थिति केवल एक प्रस्तुति नहीं, बल्कि एक अनुभव होती है। लोकधुनों, ताल और भावों के माध्यम से दर्शक स्वयं को पहाड़ों के निकट महसूस करते हैं। कार्यशालाएँ और सांस्कृतिक संवाद छात्रों को अपनी विरासत से गहराई से जोड़ते हैं।

अंततः, देवभूमि सोसाइटी केवल एक संस्था नहीं, बल्कि एक अनुभूति है—संस्कृति की जीवंत धड़कन और परंपरा की निरंतर यात्रा। यह शहीद भगत सिंह कॉलेज में संस्कृति को केवल स्मरण नहीं, बल्कि उत्सव बनाकर जीवित रखती है।

NATUVE THE THEATRE SOCIETY

Natuve, the Theatre Society of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College, established in 2011, is a creative collective dedicated to theatre and performance. The society presents two stage productions annually, exploring diverse themes and styles, along with a street play that focuses on social awareness and direct audience engagement on issues like loneliness and depression. Natuve serves as a space where creativity meets social consciousness, giving voice to important narratives.

OUR EVENTS INCLUDE:

- Orientation Street Production- An annual open performance on campus that welcomes new students, raises awareness, and introduces them to the society's vision and work.
- Annual Stage Productions- Two major productions each year that provide experience in acting, direction, scriptwriting, and stage design. The society has earned recognition, including a Best Production Design Award.
- Annual Street Production- A flagship initiative known for its impact, with over 50 wins last year and top positions at IIT Delhi, AIIMS, and IIT Kanpur this year.
- Workshops and Training Sessions- Sessions conducted by alumni focusing on acting techniques, improvisation, and theatre fundamentals.
- SPACE – Immersive Stage Production- A unique annual event that transforms theatre into an interactive experience, allowing audiences to engage deeply with the performance.
- Paigaam – Flagship Street Theatre Event- An inter-college platform where theatre societies perform street plays around a central theme, encouraging artistic exchange and dialogue.

NATIONAL SERVICE SCHEME

The National Service Scheme was launched in 1969 as a student youth service program. NSS aims to arouse social consciousness among the youth with an overall objective of personality development of the students through community service. If you believe in NSS's motives of 'Not Me, But You', then join the NSS unit of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College to enhance your interaction with the larger community and serve your own people.

The NSS unit of the college conducts various youth awareness activities such as poster making competitions, lectures on social and sociological issues, essay writing competitions, debate competitions, blood donation camps, book donation drives and donation drives for disaster-affected victims. Students interested in joining NSS can contact the teacher convener.

WOMEN DEVELOPMENT CENTRE

The Women's Development Centre (WDC) of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College, Delhi University provides a platform for enlightening the society about various issues relating to Women. Dr. Pratima is the Convener for Women Development Centre for 2022-23. WDC has organized various seminars and webinars last year on various woman related issues such as Breast Cancer, Women in Civil Services, Government Schemes for Women etc., with prominent personalities in their respective fields as speakers. WDC also launched a Sanitary Pad distribution drive in the slum areas to raise awareness about Menstrual Hygiene. In the future, WDC plans to organize and launch more drives that help in the development of women, provide them growth opportunities and better living environments.

PLACEMENT CELL

The placement cell of the college has a remarkable record. It is in a continuous process of developing alliances with potential recruiters and inviting them to the college to provide them with high quality human capital. College is equipping the students to learn about entrepreneurial and managerial skills to operate in a challenging business environment. Placement Cell organised pre-placement presentations by the recruiting Organization which is followed by the actual recruitment process.

HARITHKRAM

Harithkram is the environment society of the College. Its mission is to create environmental awareness and promote green and sustainable activities in and around the college campus. It channelizes the young and budding environmentalists through their creative ideas towards a greener world. The club was inaugurated by eminent environmentalist and writer Padmashri Sunita Narain on 7th September 2012.

The year 2013 was declared as the “International Year of Water Cooperation by United Nations and in the last academic session Shaheed Bhagat Singh College has been awarded a certificate of Achievement for the successful implementation of IYWC (International Year of Water Cooperation Programme) launched by Indian Astro biological Research Centre under the umbrella of 2013-14 Rio+21 programme.

The society celebrated its fifth Foundation day on 7 September 2016, in the presence of Ms. Gayatri Raghwa, Outreach Programme Senior Specialist – Education Environment Agency – Abu Dhabi (EAD) a well-known practitioner in the field of environment education. She guided the green bhasicols in many ways to take up practically oriented environment friendly activities in their future endeavours.

CAREER COUNSELLING & GUIDANCE CELL

The Career Counselling and Guidance Cell is one of the most vibrant wing of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College, University of Delhi. It aims to build a dynamic forum to cater to the needs pertaining to career guidance and counselling. CCGC serves to help learners in developing skills needed on the path of vital career resolutions and career-related resources alongside a holistic growth for students from all streams. The cell aims to provide career-related resource materials for different domains.

The resource material essentially contains an overview and a proper timeline structure of a specific course. The recent events have explored career options related to MBA, Law, Civil Services, etc. The future plan of the cell aims to conduct more workshops and webinars to help the students make the right career choices. Its focus will be to provide learning/ training resources in the areas of academic, career and personal/ Social development and to prepare students to meet their future challenges. The cell hopes to impact a larger audience and help students in being employable in their desired field by creating personalized upskilling journeys for them.

VITAMANTRA

Vittamantra, the Financial Literacy Society of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College, is a student-led initiative dedicated to bridging the gap between theoretical finance and real-world money management. Established to empower the student body with essential fiscal skills, the society serves as a dynamic platform for peer learning through workshops, seminars, and interactive simulations. Vittamantra is widely recognized for its flagship events like Capitalcraft, a high-stakes portfolio simulation competition that challenges participants to navigate complex economic scenarios and asset allocation. By fostering a culture of financial awareness and strategic investment, the society prepares students to make informed, responsible decisions in an ever-evolving global economy.

FINANCE AND INVESTMENT COMMITTEE

The Finance and Investment society of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College (M) is one of the most renowned societies in the University of Delhi committed to its vision of imparting financial literacy among students and helping them with their holistic growth and development. The society has managed to set higher standards and overdeliver each session coming up with newer initiatives helping students pan India with all things finance.

This session, the society conducted various workshops, seminars and lectures under its flagship FinTalk series inviting speakers from diverse domains of the finance world ranging from financial literacy, equity valuation, green finance and wealth creation. Furthermore, the society conducted inhouse sessions, launched Sikka 2.0 a virtual trading platform and also conducted the first ever intra-fis competition embarking on sustained learning for its members.

The annual fest of FIS – Cromulent was a huge success with a footfall of 500+ participants and intriguing two events which were filled with both learning and fun for participants across and beyond Delhi University. The two events – Bar Trader and Invest-o-tank tested the financial acumen, creativity, problem solving, competitor analysis, investment management and business knowledge of participants.

The society also established a trading community to ignite collaborative learning along with publishing engaging articles, posts, infographics, daily market updates and a resource bank on our website and social media handles covering the nitty gritty of business and finance.

Lastly, the Finance and Investment society is ever confident and aims higher for the upcoming sessions and looks to impart constant knowledge and insinuate an inclusive learning experience for all.

MINERVA: THE QUIZ SOCIETY

Established in 2012, Minerva, the quizzing society of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College, draws its name and inspiration from the Roman goddess of wisdom, strategy, and intellect. True to its namesake, the society has grown into a vibrant space for knowledge, curiosity, and critical thinking within the Delhi University quizzing circuit.

At Minerva, quizzing is more than just a competition; it is a culture we nurture. We are dedicated to building a strong foundation for both seasoned and new quizzers alike. Through regular monthly sessions, we work on sharpening skills, broadening knowledge, and encouraging teamwork. Our members actively represent the college at various inter-college quizzes, often bringing home accolades and recognition.

Our annual event, Inquilab, stands as a celebration of intellect and enthusiasm. It brings together quiz enthusiasts from across Delhi NCR and is a major fixture in the college's co-curricular calendar. Over the years, Minerva has also collaborated with several other college societies including the Women Development Cell (WDC) for theme-based quizzes on gender and social issues, Filmtantra for cinema and pop culture quizzes, and Historia, the History Society of SBSC, for history-focused events and quizzes. We have also joined hands with quiz societies of other colleges to foster a more engaging and collaborative quizzing culture.

Minerva continues to thrive as a space where questions lead to exploration, and knowledge is pursued with passion and purpose.

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UDAAN

In an era where public service calls for more than just academic excellence, a steadfast commitment to the nation's progress with a readiness to lead—UDAAN – The Civil Services Society of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College (SBSC), University of Delhi, stands as a beacon of aspiration, action and ambition.

Named after the Hindi word for उड़ान meaning flight, UDAAN reflects the soaring ambition of students who dare to dream beyond boundaries. It is more than a society, it is a transformative platform dedicated to guiding and mentoring aspiring civil servants with structured preparation, high-quality resources and principled leadership training. It is committed to enabling access, empowering preparation and elevating purpose.

At its core, UDAAN is committed to democratizing access to high-quality preparation for the Union Public Service Commission's Civil Services Examination (CSE). Whether a student dreams of joining the IAS, IPS, IFS or other Group A services, UDAAN provides a dedicated and inclusive platform that supports their entire UPSC Civil Services Examination (CSE) journey—from Prelims to the Personality Test. With a focus on accessibility, equity and excellence, the society aims to nurture a cadre of informed, principled and professional leaders who will serve the nation with integrity, empathy, and vision.

ENVISION: THE PHOTOGRAPHY SOCIETY OF SBSC

Envision, the photography society of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College, is a creative hub for visual storytellers dedicated to capturing the world through a more nuanced lens. Since 2012, the society has focused on fostering "childlike ebullience" among its members, providing a platform for both technical skill-building and conceptual artistic growth. From documenting campus life and hosting city-wide "Photowalks" to producing ENCANTO, their flagship fashion magazine in collaboration with the fashion society,

Envision consistently ranks as one of the most active and professional visual arts collectives within the Delhi University circuit.

PROMETHEAN: THE FINE ARTS SOCIETY OF SBSC

Promethean, the fine arts society of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College, serves as a vibrant sanctuary for creative expression and aesthetic exploration. Dedicated to nurturing the "inner fire" of its members, the society encourages experimentation across various mediums, from traditional sketching and painting to modern digital art and installations. Beyond organizing campus-wide art exhibitions and workshops, Promethean is a mainstay in the Delhi University competitive circuit, frequently securing top honors for its intricate live painting and street art displays.

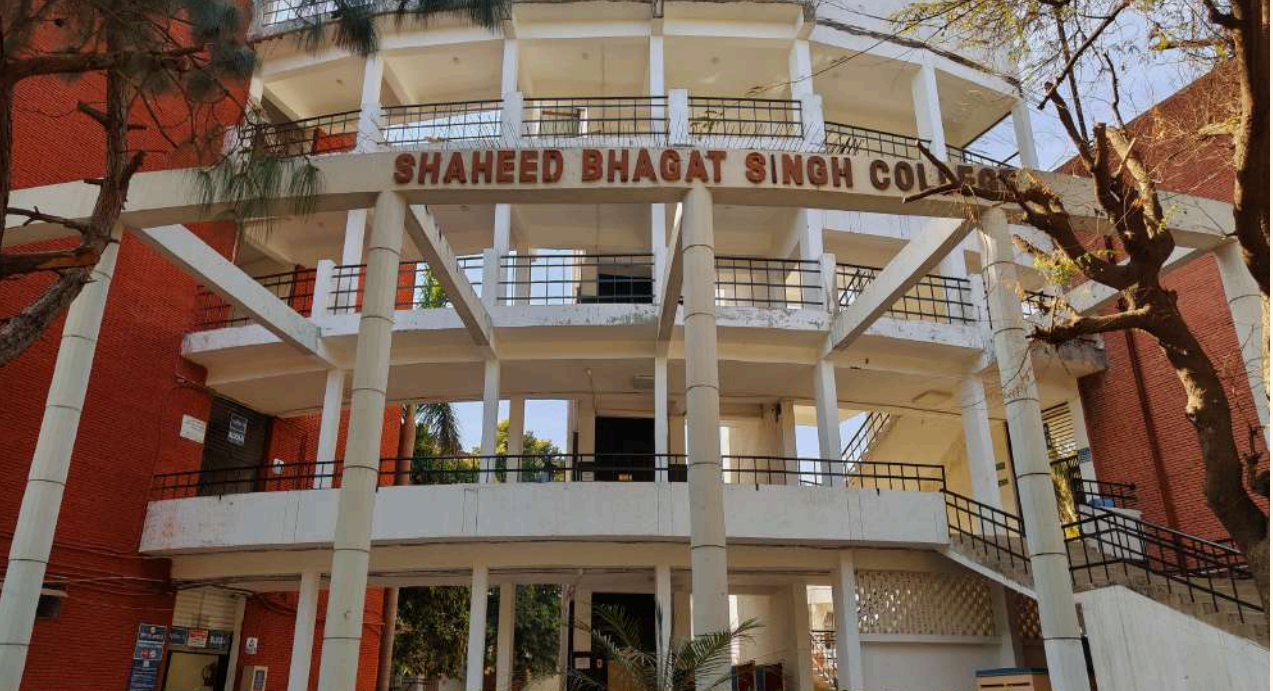
By blending technical discipline with boundless imagination, the society transforms the college environment into a canvas for meaningful visual dialogue.

MERAKI: THE BILINGUAL CREATIVE WRITING SOCIETY OF SBSC

Meraki, the bilingual creative writing society of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College, is a sanctuary for poets, writers, and spoken-word artists who believe in the transformative power of words. Since its inception in 2017, the society has championed the "art of binding thoughts," offering a platform for members to master various literary forms in both English and Hindi. Meraki is well-known for its annual flagship fest, Alfaaz, which hosts high-energy events like Jabberwocky (English Slam Poetry) and Instinct (Creative Writing), consistently drawing the best literary talent from across the Delhi University circuit. Through a mix of rigorous workshops and tight-knit community sessions, Meraki empowers students to go beyond the academic curriculum and find their unique voice.

AUDIOPHILE: THE MUSIC SOCIETY OF SBSC

Audiophile, the music society of Shaheed Bhagat Singh College, is a powerhouse of talent within the Delhi University music circuit. Founded in 2011, the society brings together a diverse group of singers, instrumentalists, beatboxers, and producers across three core segments: the Indian Classical Choir, the Western Acapella Group, and the Band. Audiophile is renowned for its annual flagship fest, Swaratmika, which serves as a massive platform for musical celebration and competition. With a legacy of numerous accolades and a reputation for high-octane performances, the society fosters a passionate community where students can push the boundaries of their musical craft.



Photographs by Envision (Photography Society, SBSC)



Artistic Odyssey

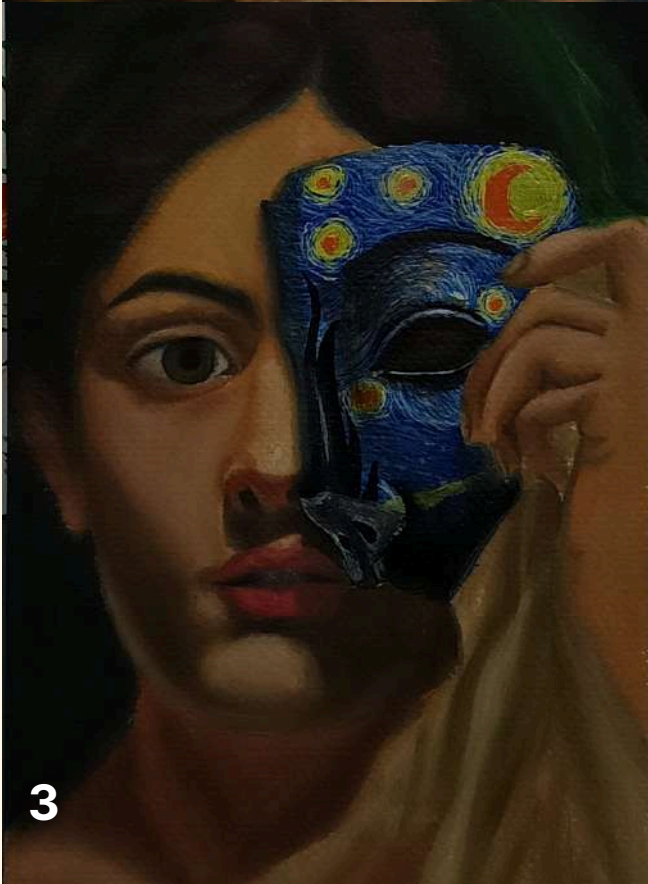
BY PROMETHEAN, THE FINE ARTS SOCIETY OF SBSC



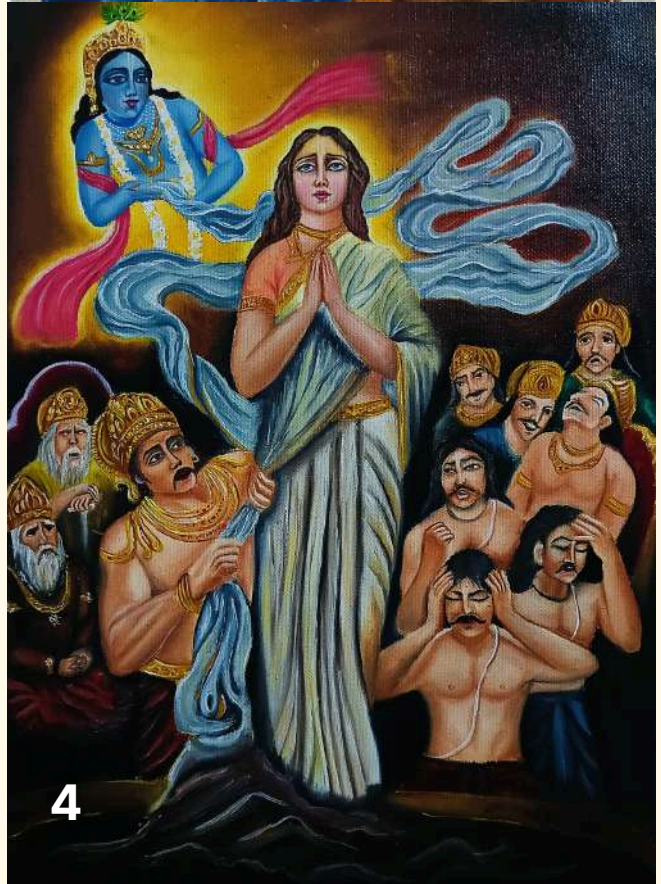
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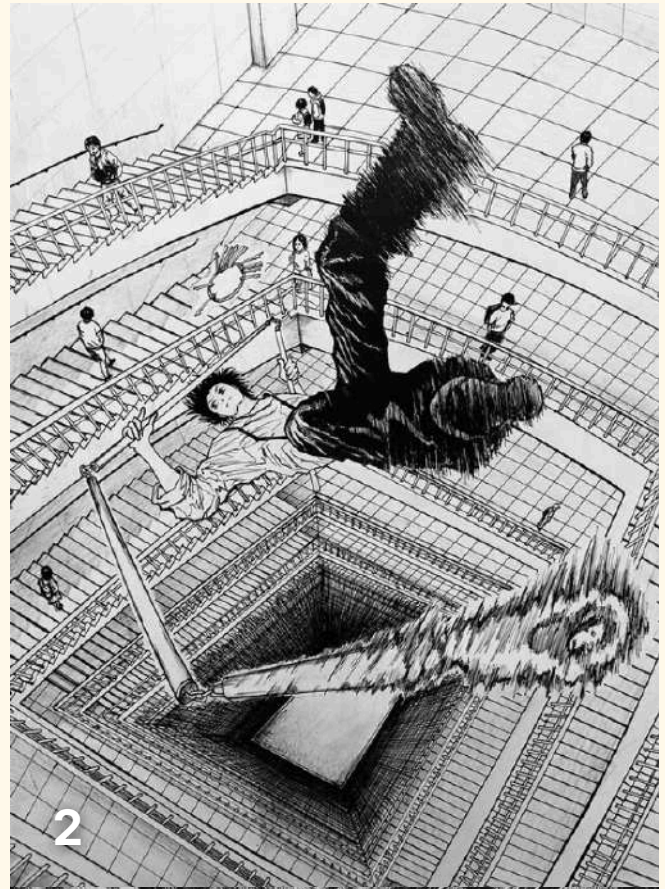
1,2,3 & 4: Vivek, B.A. Political Science (Honours), Second Year



The chakra raised, the sweat of duty
and the struggle of ethics spiral
through the colours of sacred wrath.
"FURY" is not without purpose-it is
the fire to restore dharma.



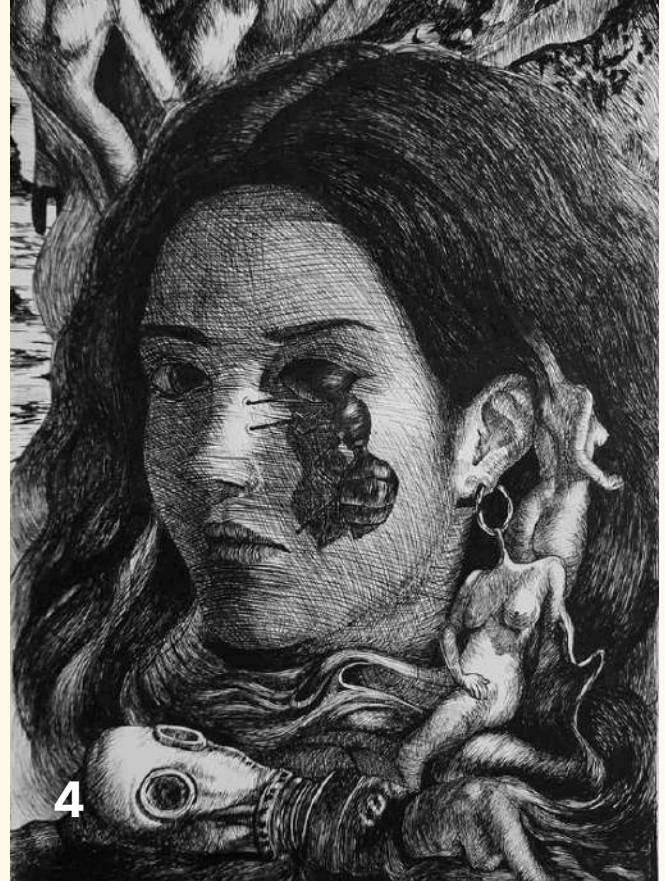
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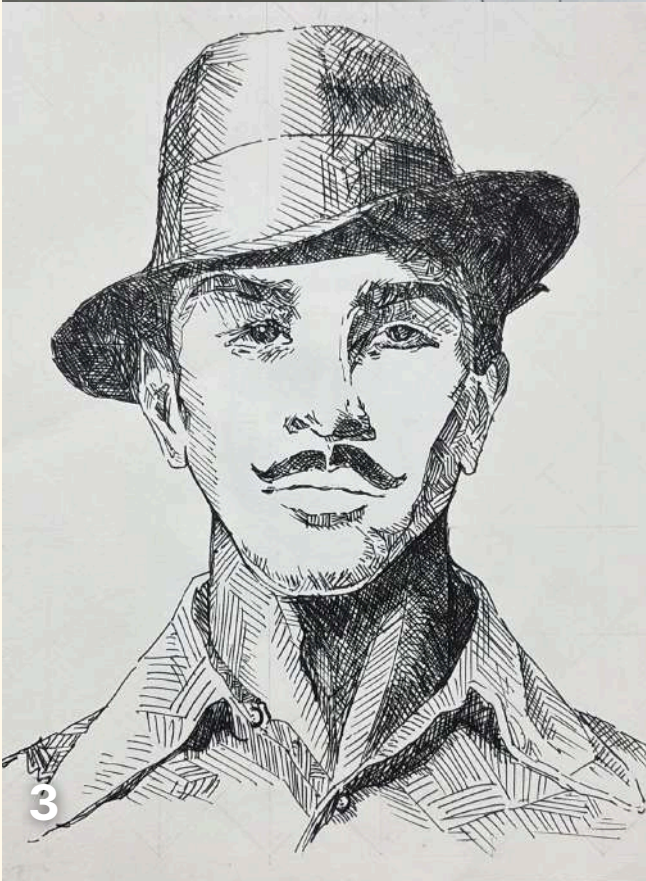
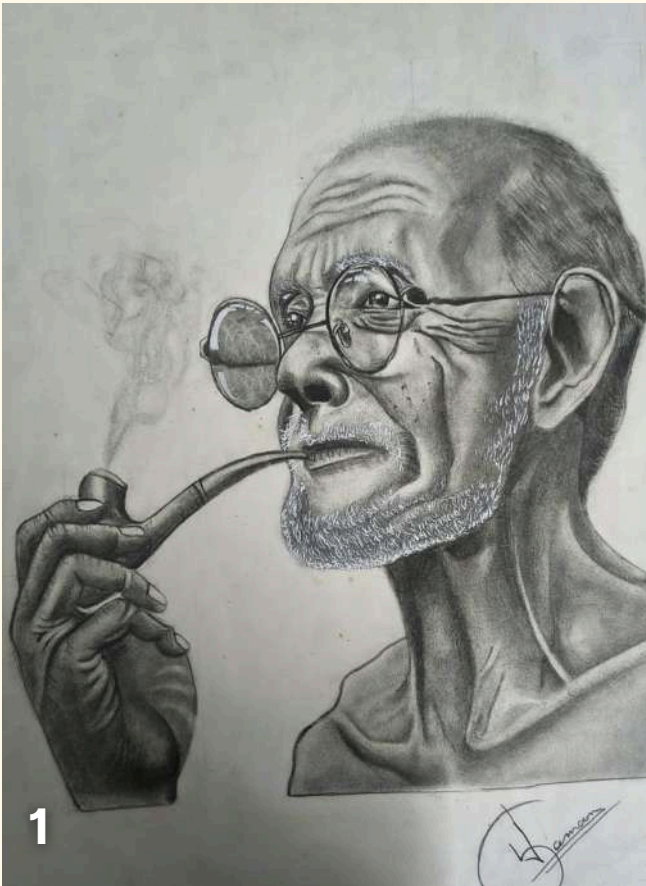


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