

Psytrack 2023

The Road Back Home



ABOUT THE THEME

The future is commonly fantasised about and deliberated upon, but how often do we look back at our roots? In a hurry to get to our destination, so many of us lose track of where we started. With Psytrack'23, we aimed to capture the lives of our students in rewind, and explore what made us who we are today. As you turn the pages of this edition of Psytrack, you'll join us on a journey to trace the widely different life paths that met at this crossroad in DRC, and the homes we cherished before we found a home for us all in this department. We wish you a happy reading, and as you begin, we hope you accept our invitation to walk with us on 'The Road Back Home'.

COVER ART BY - URVI JAIN, FIRST YEAR



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Khushi Vishwas
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Vrinda Tyagi
Editor, First Year

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Association-In-Charge: Dr. Kshitija Wason

ASSOCIATION (2022-23)



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President, Third Year



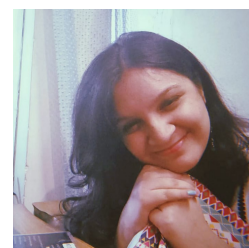
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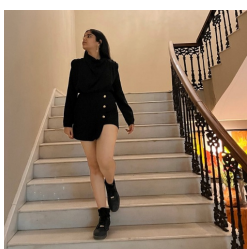
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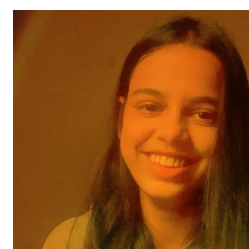
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FACULTY MEMBERS

TEACHING STAFF



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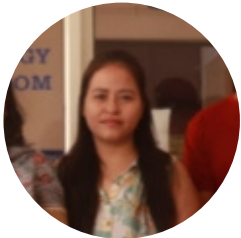
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Dr. Kshitija Wason



Dr. Rakhi Singh



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Mr. Vipin Kapoor, Mr. Parmanand, Mr. Kundan Singh



Mr. Pardeep Kumar

PSYCHED HUMANS OF DRC

Batch of 2023



Batch of 2024



Batch of 2025/26



FROM THE TEACHER-IN-CHARGE

It gives me immense pleasure to pen down a few words for our department magazine, Psytrack. It is as if yesterday I joined this department and we conceptualized this magazine. I still remember how we held competitions to engage students to think about the name for the magazine as well as a logo for it. The enthusiasm was so encouraging and I am glad that we have kept up the momentum over these years. It is simply great to read your wonderful experiences and creative thoughts that you share through your articles, poetry and other artistic expressions. I am very proud of each member of the psychology department and the achievements of the students with many merit positions in the University. It is a great honor for me to be a part of this department. I look forward to all of us to working together to take it to the zenith of academic achievement, research collaboration, and sharing our knowledge for the benefit of the society.



Professor Meetu Khosla
Teacher-In-Charge
Department of Psychology
2022-2023

PSYCHOLOGY ASSOCIATION REPORT (2022-23)

The years 2022-23 have been pivotal when the world arose from the shock of the pandemic and found its way back to 'normalcy'. As psychologists, we saw the umbrage that the health domain took the courtesy of the pandemic with the pre-eminence of all things psychological coming to the forefront. The Department of Psychology at Daulat Ram College has also been active the past year in addressing these concerns and partaking in imbining the spirit of fortitude in the young minds that come into its portal.

The various Centres of the **Psychology Resource Centre** under the Convenorship of Prof. Meetu Khosla have organised events under its aegis to address varying mental and social issues faced by the young of the College. Activities like the **Skill Development Program** (SDP) on the topic “**Developing Psychometric Skills**” from *11th – 16th July 2022* were floated for the students of the college. The six-day-long program gave students an overview of the world of *psychometry* and teach them its basics. Lectures and workshops were conducted by Professors from the Department to help the young explore different career possibilities in psychometrics for their future endeavours. The **Mental Health Centre** (Convenor -Prof Rajni Sahni, Prof. Meetu Khosla) in collaboration with the Department of Psychology, Daulat Ram College, under IQAC, observed **Mental Health Month celebrations** on *28th October 2022*, to raise awareness about mental health issues. A Mental Health Walk and a Panel Discussion were organised by the Centre with eminent panellists namely *Prof. (Dr.) S.P.K. Jena, Dr. Gauri Shankar Kaloiya, and Dr. Vanit Nalwa* graced the occasion in a discussion moderated by Prof. Sahni. Workshops related to mental health were organised for the students by illustrious practitioners on alternate and expressive therapies namely - a workshop on Dance by *Ms. Tripura Kashyap*, on Music by *Dr. Deepti Bansal*, and Reiki by *Dr. Avaninder Kaur*.

Value Engagement Centre under IQAC (Convener: Prof Meetu Khosla) organised **Awareness, De-stigmatization and Seeking -help program II** (ADS II) on February 7th to 9th February 2023 for the first-year students to spread awareness of mental health issues and opportunities for seeking help. The Value Engagement Centre also organised the **Capacity Building Program II** on “**Values Enhancing Happiness and productivity**” under IQAC for the non-teaching staff members from March 6- 20th 2023 through a series of workshops and seminars.

The Centre for Well-being and Flourishing under IQAC, Daulat Ram College

organized the event called 'Positive Conversations 3.0: Igniting the H.E.R.O within' on 29th September 2022. The following students were speakers at our event: Nidhi Malik, BSc Hons Physics II year, DRC (Hope); Deepshikha Deb, BA Hons Sanskrit III year, DRC (Self-efficacy); Anubha Bajaj, BA Hons Psychology III year, DRC (Resilience); Yashika Yadav, BA Programme II year, DRC (Optimism) and Ishika Gehlot, BSc III year, Rajkiya Kanya Mahavidyalaya, Jodhpur (Optimism). Each student shared their life story in terms of the numerous challenges they have faced and how due to their positive attitude, determination as well as support from others they have bounced back from adversity.

In these times of flux, the Psychology Association at Daulat Ram College was blessed to be addressed by someone as illustrious as *Prof. Ramadhar Singh* on *9th December 2022* who guided students in **research**. An academic and researcher par excellence, Prof. Singh addressed and implored the young researchers to pave newer ways of research which are relevant to global times and to being more in sync with the problems faced by the world today. Instituted into the Purdue 'Walk of fame' Prof. Singh's guidance both as a leading academician known across India, Asia and the World shall be a beacon lighting the pathways ahead.

Other talks conducted by the Association as a part of its activities involved a **Practitioner's Perspective** by one of its own Alumnus, *D. Pavitra Madhusudan*, a Forensic Psychologist at Forensic Psychology Division, Forensic Science Laboratory, Govt of NCT of Delhi. The insights shared by her were about cutting edge techniques used in contemporary Indian cases and the role as well as scope of the discipline to nascent psychologists. With more than 9 years' experience in the field of Forensic Psychology, Dr. Madhusudan briefed the students about the various techniques used in the field by professionals, such as polygraph examinations, Layered Voice Analysis, Brain Fingerprinting and Narco-Analysis.

Prof. Michael Mascolo, Merrimack College, Massachusetts also visited the Department on *14 February 2023* and conducted a workshop on "**Using Inner Conflict to Promote Personal Development**". An Internationally well-known figure of Psychology, he has written and edited four books and over 100 scholarly articles, book chapters and papers for both scholarly audiences and the general public. Through the workshop, Prof. Mascolo guided the students through the process of identifying areas of personal conflict in their life by working on core assumptions that they hold about their behaviour, Prof. Mascolo's interactions were eye-opening for the young audience who took back insights beyond the academic and truly experiential.

A workshop on **‘Who Am I’** was conducted by *Dr. Eric Soreng*, Associate Professor of the Department of Psychology, University of Delhi, about Jungian perspectives of the Self. The rich inner landscapes of the self explored through the lens of Jungian archetypes were brought to the fore as to how these operate in everyday life. The Association activities brought exposure to a bevy of perspectives ranging from the International to the Experiential which hopefully shall shed light onto the road that the young minds chose ahead.

As future psychologists, the batches met and worked for various calendar events like a Freshers Party, An informal Bollywood-themed-get-together, Teachers Day and plans for a forthcoming Farewell; three batches which have met finally this year despite having non-parallel semesters. The Department space is a lively space invigorated by the presence of erudite minds which have a long journey ahead, bonded through the pleasures of learning the functioning of the mind as well as the heart. And as the road ahead shall take them we wish them luck in all their endeavours and the patience to appreciate the bends and vistas on the Road ahead. As Anne of the Green Gables says, the bend in the road is not the end but just another beginning:

" I don't know what lies around the bend, but I'm going to believe that the best does. It has a fascination of its own, that bend.... I wonder how the road beyond it goes—what there is of green glory and soft, checkered light and shadows—what new landscapes—what new beauties—what curves and hills and valleys further on....."

Dr. Kshitija Wason
In-Charge, Psychology Association (2022-23)
Daulat Ram College,
University of Delhi



FROM THE PRESIDENT

The most valuable thing that one person can offer another is their presence. The COVID-19 pandemic has highlighted the importance of supporting and being there for one another. Being a member of Daulat Ram College's Department of Psychology has shown me the significance of mutual support. Although we faced challenging times at the start of our journey, we always managed to overcome them through love, care and nurturing. It's not just an educational institution; it's a tight-knit family where we love, laugh, and support each other through thick and thin. Above all, we are always there for each other. As we transitioned from school to college, we were frequently informed that college life was difficult, but our department made it clear that we were better off working together. As a member of the Association, I have had the opportunity to observe firsthand the exceptional support system within our Psychology Department. The department's cohesive efforts have made a significant impact in easing the academic burden for students while promoting a friendly and familial environment.

Throughout the past three years, our department has faced numerous challenges, including the transition from offline to online classes, a nationwide lockdown, and a return to offline classes. However, the unwavering support provided by our department's members has enabled us to navigate these difficulties with resilience and fortitude. I would like to express my gratitude to the Association of the year for their consistent support over the past three years, which has facilitated my personal growth and development. Additionally, I would like to extend my appreciation to my colleagues, faculty, juniors and seniors, who have offered their unwavering assistance, contributing significantly to my academic and personal progress.

As our Psychology Department continues to thrive, I remain confident that it will continue to evolve into an even greater and more tightly-knit community. I am committed to serving the department and its members and will continue to contribute to its success in any way that I can. The memories and experiences that I have gained within this department will forever be cherished and held close to my heart.

Signing off,
Yashika Chaudhary

FROM THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



Throughout my growing years, my fascination with human behaviour has remained a constant. From developing an innocent curiosity about what drives people to behave the way they do, to making a conscious decision of pursuing a degree in psychology, I've seen myself transform into a person that has changed in all the ways that matter, and has yet managed to retain her essence. In this field, I've found more than a job prospect, I've found a passion to turn to for motivation, comfort when I need it, and hope when all things seem bleak. To every professor, peer, senior or junior who has contributed to this journey, I'm immensely grateful. My love for this subject, and all that it stands for, is made up of the numerous experiences that I've had in the three years of college, and everything it has taught me, which goes beyond the textbook and virtual presentations.

As a senior rightly noted, the psychology department is a ray of sunshine in the college. As a fresher who started college in the middle of the pandemic, I couldn't grasp the meaning of what she said. Almost three years down the lane, my own experience in the department echoes a similar sentiment. Each and every student, coming from such diverse backgrounds, has upheld the aura of compassion that we are known for. So much of what I've learnt here has been through them and their life stories, and how they met at this crossroad in the department of psychology at Daulat Ram College.

This department has provided me with so much, from broadening my horizons to introducing me to some of the most driven, capable and kind individuals I know. To serve as its Editor-in-chief has been nothing less than an honour, and working with an equally talented editorial team, the association members and every student of this department have made it the invaluable experience that it has been for me. It is a bittersweet moment as we edge towards the end of this session, as is normal for all goodbyes, but it warms my heart to bring the year to a close with the essence of the department, Psytrack'23. Words may fall short to describe what a journey this was for me, but together, we have hoped to capture and imbibe its spirit in this magazine, wrapped with love and kindness. Being a small part of bringing Psytrack'23 to life is an experience I'll cherish forever, and I hope that it lives on as a reminder of the treasured legacy of this department.

**Signing off,
Anushka Agnihotri**

NOTES FROM THE EDITORS

Psychology department has been really welcoming and loving. This made my transition from school to college a little smooth. Being one of the editors of Psytrack in the first year itself was an experience that I will always cherish. I am extremely grateful that I got the opportunity to work along such a talented and dedicated team. Hope you all love the magazine as much as we loved making it!

~ Vrinda Tyagi, First Year

Working with a team full of great ideas and welcoming people was one of the most rewarding experiences I've had at DRC. Being given the opportunity to be one of the editors for Psytrack has been a wonderful learning experience. So dear readers, I hope you enjoy reading the magazine as much as we did putting it together for you :)

~ Urvi Jain, First Year

My second time working on this magazine was even better than the first one. Each year, Psytrack introduces me to so many amazing and talented individuals and the works of my peers. It is an honour to bring out another edition of this magazine as an amalgamation of all that makes Psychology department unique.

~ Sanya Rohilla, Second Year

It has been an enlightening experience to work for Psytrack for the second time. This year's theme introduced me to new perspectives about home and what it means to people. We hope we were able to portray those many perspectives. It is an honor being able to work with such a talented and creative editorial board. Best wishes for the psychology department. Have fun reading the magazine!

~ Khushi Vishwas, Second Year

It is always a great experience to work in a team where every individual is as creative and hard working as the people in this year's editorial board. Being able to work on and bring this year's Psytrack to life has been a great opportunity. I hope we were able to capture the essence of this year's theme in the pages of this magazine, and that the readers have fun reading this year's edition!

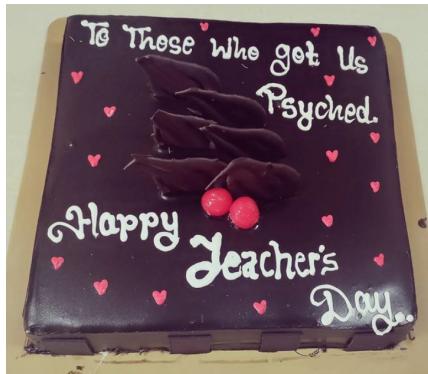
~ Muskan Gupta, Third Year

I am proud to say that I am a part of the Psychology Association 2023 batch since this team of wonderful people have given me a lot to remember as I move forward in my life. It has been a wonderful journey and I know we have a bright future ahead.

~ Manya Anand, Third Year

GLIMPSES INTO THE EVENTS

TEACHER'S DAY CELEBRATIONS



MENTAL HEALTH MONTH CELEBRATIONS



WORKSHOP ON FORENSIC PSYCHOLOGY

with Dr. Pavitra Madhusudan



WORKSHOP ON 'GUIDING UNIVERSITY STUDENTS FOR RESEARCH'

with Prof. Ramadhar Singh



FRESHERS CEREMONY



WORKSHOP ON 'USING INNER CONFLICT' TO PROMOTE PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT'

with Prof. Michael F. Mascolo



To A Home Far Away From Home

- Manya Anand, Third year

This is for a home away from home,

Waking up at 6 AM, getting ready for a long day starting with a silent train journey in a metro with strangers who I would never see again.

Where a seat was never guaranteed but what was guaranteed was reaching the destination.

Shifting homes and leaving my old metro station behind was a bittersweet moment, a sense of familiarity was lost replaced by a feeling of adventure in starting a new life.

Reaching my destination, I feel the excitement to meet my friends who made this a second home for me, as well as the people waiting for me at home and those who I look forward to video calling every day.

Inviting new people in my life, to sharing my home-cooked food with them has brought me so much joy. Learning to be strong and leaving behind the toxicity was the cherry on top.

This was an experience that let me learn so many aspects about myself. The people in my life, the college, the food, everything was my second home. It made me stronger, made me wiser, make me kinder but most importantly it made me love myself more.

And in the end, that's what a home should do. So I believe we would have many such homes in our lives and many of us already do, since the home is where our hearts lie and that's the beauty of being humans, the fact that we realise this only through our experiences makes it all the more special.

Perseverance

- Pragati Saluza, Second year

A brave facade, a masquerading smile

Masks worn to power through strife, I

soldier on

refusing to be defeated by life.

It serves me on a platter

a plethora of things I fear

Spiders, injections, blood-filled balloons

a pinch of salt of loss of love

with misunderstanding on the side

and a generous serving of bowl of lies

Staring right back at the abyss, I soldier on

refusing to be defeated by life.



Photograph by Muskan Phalswal,
Second year

A Letter To Myself

- Kuenga Dechen, First year

A letter to myself

It's true that many people are fond of composing writing. "Writing is anything that expresses the utterances of any impression of emotions in words or signs of any individual." Well, I am quite fond of this figure of speech. Like I secretly enjoy composing letters.

Writing letters can be extremely therapeutic and can help to relieve anxiety. It is an act of putting pen to paper providing clarity and peace. Not only that nowadays; research suggests writing letters to your nearest and dearest to share your love and show your appreciation can help you to feel happier and more content.

Letters are;

- tangible to any notion
- personalized art; you could repeat either way.

sighs | prefer it handwritten in the most traditional way which passes an experience beyond the smell of the paper to the curves of the words you could play with.

I never really received a handwritten letter though I have composed several for others.

You had the hesitant look that day;

I wanted to approach you but I knew

you were 'rugged steady'

So, I set you off...

You took a step back

And I kind of figured; You might have felt the familiar ache.

Yet; you knew

It was "now or never"

First Day right?

'People are staring at you

Or is it you staring at them?'

You whispered to yourself; Just be a chameleon...

You'll get away with this!

There;

A person is approaching approachin' And you are all stoved up.

Were y' supposed to wave hi

Or just look away

Perhaps that would be rude? So; eventually out of

Freak out' episode... you spoke.

You were always so

aware

of turning things on your table' Like you reluctantly;

keep appearin' in a fine way

Though, you keep messing up In the most secret way

I hope you; as a person

Get along with this high and low; Just like quoted

You have been a chameleon all your life And none deserves to

Ruin it unless you give in...

Thank you for standing up for yourself; bearing all the changes and still figuring out ways to

adapt wherein; you would just postpone the appeal of disappointing and disapproving that cornerstone and keep surviving.

Women Empowerment

- Vrinda Tyagi , First year

Women are no less than men,
From riding bikes to serving their brethren.
Women should not be left behind,

They are superior to men - this can't be denied.

Women are not only meant for chores,
So stop building obstacles on their roads.

Respect is something that needs to be neutral,

It is what we are taught, instilled as values and moral.

Women are not less than men,
From riding bikes to serving their brethren.



Artwork by Urvi Jain, First Year

Been away

- Sanya Rohilla, Second year

Been away, pretending I'm doing good.
It wasn't a pretence back then,
but it doesn't make it any true.

Been trying to point out
when the dam broke and the cries
from deep within died down.

Been having trouble talking lately,
like everything suffocates and kills,
been trying to find an alternative.



Photography by Tenzin Palzom, First year

PSYCH is LOGICAL

- Manasvi Singh, First year

Psychology- the study of the human mind,
 Something included in our daily grind,
 A blend of words- psyche and logos,
 Psyche means soul & logos, studying a subject with a focus.

It acts as a magnet,
 And pulls out your grief,
 Just by sharing,
 Your experiences in brief.

It untangles,
 The unresolved mysteries of the heart,
 And helps set,
 Your dejection apart.

Behaviours they observe,
 Experiences they take in,
 Understanding mental processes,
 Psychologists help us win.

Expertise in detecting disorders,
 Just by studying your lifespan
 In chronological order,
 These psychologists will provide you with a game plan.

Life might give you schizophrenia,
 But don't you lose hope,
 There are a whole lot of mania,
 But your Psychologist will help you cope.



Photograph by Muskan Phalswal, Second year

The Lost Days

- Ananya Suri , Third year

These are some days
 When I don't feel anything
 I'm just lost with words
 And have no way to express them
 My mind is out of my body
 Like a separate new identity
 These are the (most)days
 That I seek to be me
 To find my colourful ways

I feel like I'm a misfit
 And I'm proud of it
 Because this world is too focused on perfection
 And me being me
 Is far away from this correction/connection

I am who I am
 And I usually don't regret much
 But nowadays I just feel like
 Second chances are a bit too much
 I still do believe in them
 I don't think it's wrong
 But when people show their true colours
 You are bound to be the one
 They call the 'sinner'

MOSLEM

- Hiba P.T., Second year

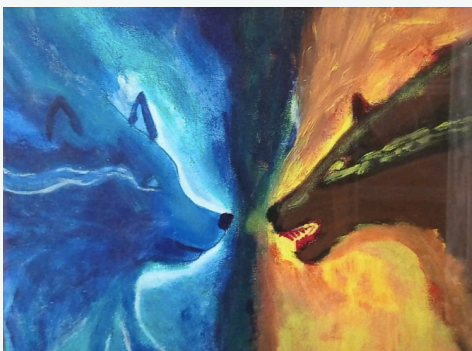
Moslem = abbreviated form of the German word "Musselman", used by Nazi's to address prisoners who looks miserable, down and out, sick and emaciated, and who cannot manage hard physical labor any longer

Wandering of mind in this darkness
Energy of man to lead a way
As a surprise presented
Body started to react harshly

Matter is the fact of reality
Which was ignored by the morality
Repeated waves of causality
Lead to the thought of mortality

Man is afraid of boneless piece
Where poisoned knives are sprouting
They said: "better to die than leading a life like this"
Blurred sights were murmuring about fate

Man not wish to fear anything
Experience as a key, unlock everything
Time shouldn't blamed for claims
To rescue from the pain of tame



Artwork by Nayanika Das,
First year



Photograph by Kesar Das, Second
year

Of unknown places, memories, and home

- Kesar Das, Second year

Of all the places I've travelled to and
revered,
In bits and bits, I've always had some, whom
I've adored.
Maybe they are far, in places miles away,
But not so far that their memories would
make my heart sway away.
Of every person in my golden tranquill
world,
There have been some, whom I've made my
home with journals of their memories so
swirled.
And yes, I've been to many unknown places,
all alone,
But have always found my home all along,
made of their love, warmth, and memories,
in my heart deep sowed.

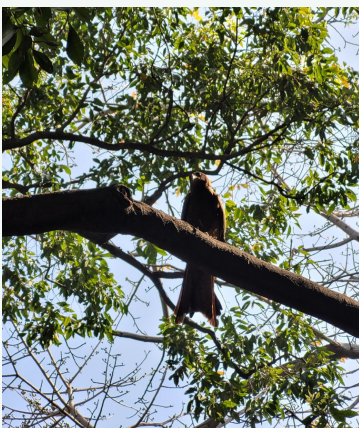
What being a teenager is truly like!

- Urvi Jain, First year

The social concerns and challenges that today's teens and youth encounter are significantly different from those faced by past generations. Our adolescent years are a time when we undergo numerous physical and emotional changes and challenges that are often beyond our control. Bullying, body image concerns, academic hurdles, relationship problems, stress and anxiety, drug usage, and screen time addictions affect teenagers all over the world. Today, the life of teenagers can be considerably more stressful, upsetting, and confusing than ever before, owing to everything from cyberbullying to school and extracurricular obligations. Teenagers are stressed not only by academics but also by their future; there is so much expected of them, and they are always scared of failure, "what if I don't make it?" or "what if this isn't enough?" All of these constant questions of self-doubt add to the burden on teenagers.

According to a survey, 42% of teenagers are stressed out, and many are pessimistic about the future. When you throw in cultural, linguistic, and generational gaps, immigrant kids and their parents face even more hurdles as they navigate these trying years. The teenage years are a period of transition from childhood to adulthood, and teenagers may have a strong desire to be self-sufficient. They may struggle with being dependent on their family or doing things on their own.

The issue arises when these teenagers are ignored and told that they should not be sad because others have it worse. It's almost as if you're not allowed to feel happy since others have it better. Teenagers' problems are no less serious than anybody else's, and just like the suffering you're experiencing as a result of your troubles, are unique to you. In the same way, the problems faced by teenagers are unique to them. Our issues and suffering are still significant. So If you need to take a few hours or days to gather your thoughts and deal with all that's going on, go ahead and do it. Allowing outside voices to make you feel worse is unproductive because your mental health should always be a top concern, which begins with taking care of yourself.

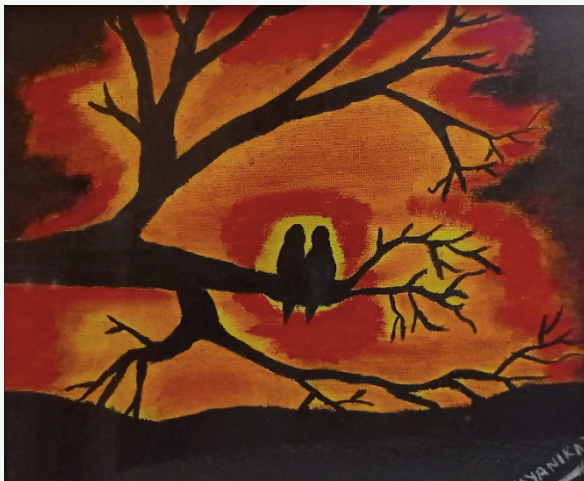


Photograph by Pragati Saluza, Second year (left) and Artworks by Nayanika Das, First year (Mmiddle) and Urvi Jain, First year (right)

Falling from the Paradise

- Swati Yadav, Second year

There are a lot,
desires and thoughts,
And feelings and emotions,
Struggling through the peephole but failing
anyway,
Chasing a path of bereavement, constantly
falling on their face.
In the nasty, lusty, dark nights
With crumbling floors and crashing skies,
My poem becomes a prostitute.
Accepts all lies, but still approves
Of unsaid scenarios, making them a reality
Themselves no better just completing their
job and 'endowed' duties.
The fire in mind transforms into the 3D
world
Lighting it without a lamp, engulfing the
universe...
Is not far away, just a few verses left
But the brothel has already theft,
me of my soul.
It's endorsing more lies than before
Left numb and naked, washed ashore
Besides its old friend...
Silence.



Artwork by Nayanika Das, First year



Photograph by Pragati Saluja,
Second year

At the Roots of World Tree

- Isha Tomar, First year

Roots, tied around my ankles,
Keeping me bound.
Since when I was born, a home always
called
me underneath the ground.
Stirring my world up, as something above
me grows tall.

If death, a thousand questions echo,
Is easier than the fall.
Roots, mine are rotten chains,
Strong enough to not let go of the ground,
yet too weak to hold my tree in place.
Dragging me beneath the surface
as I screamed to pull free,
Claw marks of my clinging till the
heartwood of my world tree

Roots, crawl, and reach upwards
Tying themselves around my throat, they
whispered lullabies of a never-ending sleep
Slow hums of their motherly voices singing,
You are only home, once you stop to
breathe.

Roots, with their wail of agonies,
Their yearning to be free,
They provide a peaceful slumber of death
As they hushed me from trying to reach the
top of my world tree.

Believe in yourself.

- Urvi Jain, First year

There will be days you will ask yourself.

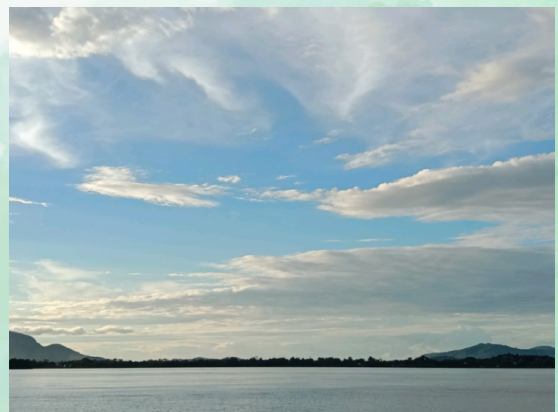
Where is all this going? What is the purpose? What is my purpose?

In high school, some might think they have achieved their life's purpose when they have answered the age-old question of what they want to be once they grow up, but no, that's not the purpose. Some people assume that they have found their purpose in life when they are clear about their college major. Some people might think that they will discover it when they find a good job, or maybe they need a few more promotions. But these are all man-levied stages for self-satisfaction, and these might not work, but what will is your passion to achieve the greater heights you were born to reach.

Keep convincing yourself that it is just on the horizon. Just around the corner.

The more passionate someone is about their task, the more inclined they are to work hard on self-improvement, which increases their chances of success. As individuals, we need to understand that if passion is found and nurtured, then we are all bound to achieve fame, wealth, and satisfaction. During this journey towards the final destination, you might get so numb that you forget who you truly are. Don't get lost. Remind yourself why you began and from where. Keep up the enthusiasm because if enthusiasm and passion are present, people tend to be more resilient when they encounter obstacles.

Great ideas don't come fully formed. They develop as you work on them. The fact that you are alive today means that there is a mighty call that says that you have a purpose. Stay focused on what really matters and one day you will realise that the purpose of life is not material satisfaction but to be passionate, insanely passionate about anything that ignites an innate fire.



Photographs by Habeeba Manika, Second year (left) and Nayanika Das, First year (right)

An Empty Stage Echoes

- Sanya Rohilla, Second year

I was saying bye to a classmate and this girl waved at me because she heard my "bye!" not being reciprocated. Just a cute little gesture, that put a stupid smile on my face. Maybe being human is all about doing stupid little gestures to put big smiles on strangers' faces.

Sometimes, being human is also about laughing because you heard a joke from the girls in front of you in a rickshaw. It's about that ten-minute ride spent living their life and forgetting about the speed breakers in yours.

Sometimes, it's about meeting that old friend in the metro three days in a row, even though you haven't met in three years. And then, looking for their face every day, hoping to get so comfortable again you can ask for the bear hug you used to receive daily. You had been craving that bear's hug for so long.

Sometimes, it's about standing in silence, looking at the leaves rustling. The backdrop of the grey sky makes those bright greens look like an oasis in a desert. It's about standing shoulder to shoulder and looking at it with your two comfort people and tuning out the rest of the world.

Sometimes, it's about standing on an empty stage, in an empty auditorium. No mic, no prop, just you. Theatrical silences say plenty, but... this speaks more. There's no one and you still can't utter a word. An empty stage would echo those words right back to you.

Sometimes, being human is about not being able to listen to your echoes.



Artwork by Urvi Jain, First year

Lost Hope

- Manya Anand, Third year

Her eyes shone when she saw the books
Her lips curved into a smile when she held
them in her little hands,

But never had she imagined that one day those
hands that held the books with eagerness
would now be dressed in henna,

a mangal sutra tied to her neck caging her like
a dog collar, suffocating her from freedom.

Her eyes which were earlier shining with hope
for a future were now filled with unshed
tears.

Tears for the future that she would never have
A future sold to a stranger.

Her eyes now were nothing but hollow vessels
of hope.

It's okay to not be okay

- Kanak Agarwal, Second year

A girl was going through the forest When
she saw the forest's monster. His eyes were
red,
And read everything it is.
The girl was crying, with no words to say.
"What is this place,
Where I do not belong?"
She said.
The monster approached and she lost all of
her nerves. "I must go back... this place is
not for me," The girl said. "It's okay to not
be okay." She murmured,
"It's okay to not be okay." She screamed,
"It's okay to not be okay." She whimpered.
She left the monster far behind.
Her blood was boiling inside her veins,
She ran as fast as she could.
Anger was dominating her thoughts,
Fear and disgrace were playing with her
mind.
She crossed the river,
She kept running and running,
Here and there.
She tried her best to lose the scent,
But the monster was following her like a
little child. "It's okay to not be okay." She
mumbled,
"It's okay to not be okay." She yelled,
"It's okay to not be okay." She sobbed.
Her pace was increasing, her Ears were
bleeding,
As she was walking in blood.
She kept running, and running, and
running. It took her ten whole minutes,
To lose the monster from her no-one's
sight.
But she was not safe yet,
"It's okay to not be okay." She muttered,
"It's okay to not be okay." She shouted,
"It's okay to not be okay." She wept.
And so she kept running and running, here
and there,
And she led herself out of the dark tunnel
just like a ray of light.

A Million Dreams

- Vrinda Tyagi, First year

Reclining on a couch Entangled in the web
of thoughts,

I aspired to solve the mystery of life.
Unravel the deep recesses of the mind.

Unleash and explore the hidden,
undefined.

Perspiration on my creased brow,

And a million dreams unscathed in my
eyes, Urged me to walk through the dark
alleys of
the soul Traverse through the deep
recesses of the mind.

Unleash and explore the hidden,
undefined.

Yearning for efficacy, the ability to prove

I mustered all my courage

And hailed the invincible

Got hold of the deep recesses of the mind
Unleashed and explored the hidden
undefined.

Basking in ecstasy, I felt something divine
That urged me to untangle the knot of
thoughts.

Dreams took shape, desires were fulfilled I
unlocked the deep recesses of my mind

Unleashed and explored the hidden,
undefined.



Artwork by Naina, First year

Change

- Shweta Gupta, Second year

Sun rises. It sets,
Mood glides, it fades
Everything starts, so it ends
It's not ending but changing.
There's always a good behind every change
That's why people usually say that change is
the law of nature
Sometimes, we ponder more over the
thought that 'they changed, and no matter
how hard
one tries, we tend to dwell on these
thoughts over and over again
But don't you think some changes are
actually for your good?

They came, stayed, and left my stair
But their every act made me a better being
than I used to be earlier
They taught me to be strong
And if you don't value yourself
Every other person will

Leave you and put you down,
They taught me to rely less on others
to trust a little less, not to lose your essence
while trying to please others
Because if you do, you will be lying
like the shard of broken glass.

They taught me to love myself a little more
To be expressive every time I feel low
To be happy with what you have and not to
go all blind to gain more,

To think less about others' opinions
And do whatever makes you glow
They taught me to never pretend to be
someone else for others to like you
Because the real ones will never leave
And the reel ones can never be appealed.

BE REAL, GO SLOW, AND BE KIND TO
YOURSELF.

A Corner of My Heart

- Anushka Agnihotri, Third year

tucked away
in a corner of my heart,
i hide a little piece
of the world,
a tiny part
which i can call mine.

in it,
i imagine a universe
where people are more
than just heartbreaks
waiting to happen
and love lives in lights,
and darkness doesn't exist.

in it,
i imagine a rose,
which blooms
when touched by love,
and smiles are wrapped
in silk and treasured
so the memory of them
isn't lost,
even when
the rest fades away.

in it,
i imagine a soft breeze
scented with familiarity
to bring us home,
and the sky
spelling hope with stars
for a world
where love doesn't end
and nor do we.

My Grandma's Wish

- Vanshika Talus, Second year

She once said, " It would have been so nice if we both came together and went together."
I wondered what she meant.
As days passed by, I saw
How her life took a dull spin from awe.
The eyes which once gleamed with sparkle were now filled with an ocean of salty water.
The voice which once shook the entire house with one command
Was now compelled to stay close behind the doors of lips that forced out a smile to the world's demand.
While once she held hands with him and went for long walks to parks,
Now she sat alone on the bench, filling the void of her heart with the dog's barks.
The room which was once a load-full of chit-chat, fights, arguments and love
Was now staring back at her with a heart-wrenching silence, deafened, from outside the window, by the song of the dove.
It was as if she lost her existence, her identity and her purpose of living,
For no one remembered that she was a small yet significant part of the world.
I would go and meet her on occasion and see nothing but pain and anguish
After some time, even the pain and anguish vanished, leaving behind a face, less expression and a heart, and less of the will to live.
Once she said, " It would have been so nice if we both came together and went together."
Now I know what she meant.



Artworks by Nayanika Das, First year (left)
and Naina, First year (middle and right)

Describing the personality of Kailash Satyarthi using the humanistic approach

- Pranjal Gangoli, Second year

The humanistic approach came to light with the work of Gordon W. Allport, Abraham Maslow, and Carl Rogers. The psychological concept is that individuals are good and constructive, that the propensity for self-actualization is natural, and that, given the right environment, humans will grow to their full potential. It was founded on research on healthy people rather than people suffering from mental illnesses.

Focusing primarily on Abraham Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs, which came into existence as a response to Freud and Skinner's deterministic theories. It is a holistic approach that focuses on the individual. It has various hierarchical stages, and only by completing the previous stages can one move to the next stage and achieve self-actualization.

Kailash Satyarthi, born in Vidisha on January 11, 1954, is an Indian social reformer who advocated for the universal right to education and against child labour in India. He, along with Malala Yousafzai, was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 2014 for "their struggle against the tyranny of children and young people and for the right of all children to education." Among his numerous social activist organisations are the Bachpan Bachao Andolan, the Global March Against Child Labor, the Global Campaign for Education, the Kailash Satyarthi Children's Foundation, and the Bal Ashram Trust.

Satyarthi belonged to a middle-class family and had a normal childhood. He was the youngest of four siblings, and he had a loving and virtuous mother who had influenced him throughout his life. As his father was a retired police constable, he had access to food, water, shelter, and primary schooling. With these, his basic needs were fulfilled.

He has now progressed to the second stage of the hierarchy, which is safety needs. He has claimed that his mother's helpful and idealistic nature has impacted him so much. His journey to end child labour started when he was young. He was affected by the lack of educational opportunities available to the children in his area. He started young to alleviate these changes. He was deeply affected by the cobbler's child, who used to polish shoes with his father in front of the school. On inquiring, it was revealed that the lack of resources kept him out of school. He approached the principal and convinced the school to admit him. Later, he started going from colony to colony to collect used books and set up a small library near him that was accessible to all.

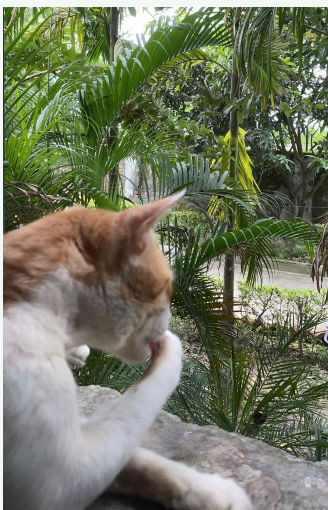
With these small reforms, he entered young adulthood and completed his electric engineering degree at Samrat Ashok Technological Institute in Vidisha, then affiliated with the University of Bhopal, and a post-graduate degree in high-voltage engineering. He married his wife Sumedha in 1978, who has acted as his backbone. She pioneered the launch of the publication Sangharsh Jari Rahega to voice the opinions of the oppressed. She stuck with him through all of thick and thin and accompanied her spouse in rescue efforts. She instilled involvement in their children as a director who oversees Bachpan Bachao Andolan's Jaipur Bal Ashram. With a partner like her, he moved on to the hierarchy after belongingness and love needs.

Satyarthi joined his college as a lecturer for a few years. However, he soon left his job to launch the "Bachpan Bachao Andolan," a crusade to create a favourable environment for children, free of exploitation and receiving a quality education, in 1980. Following these, he founded GoodWeave International, which certifies that rugs made by the associated companies are free from the use of child labour. To spread the crusade against the ills suffered by children in the world, Satyarthi further established 2004 the Kailash Satyarthi Children's Foundation (SCF), which at the root level spreads the message about children's rights and advocates for them. The biggest change for Indian children was brought by him in the form of a fundamental right, "The Right to Education." The 86th Amendment to the Indian Constitution made education a fundamental right in 2009.

On a global front, Satyarthi founded and became president of the Global Campaign for Education in 1999. The Global Campaign for Education is a global alliance of non-governmental organisations dedicated to promoting children's and adult education via research and campaigning. It was founded in 1999 as a collaboration of non-governmental organisations (NGOs) that were previously working in the field, including Action Aid, Oxfam, Education International, the Global March Against Child Labor, and national groups in Bangladesh, Brazil, and South Africa.

On a personal note, Satyarthi has always wanted to elevate child slavery as a crime against humanity. Humanity itself is at stake here. A lot of work remains, but I will see the end of child labour in my lifetime. With this as a reward, he achieved his self-esteem needs.

Satyarthi is on a path to self-actualization, envisioning a world free of child slavery and universal access to education. He is a true pioneer in the elimination of all evils against children and a living inspiration. Ending with his own words, "Child slavery is a crime against humanity." Humanity itself is at stake here. "A lot of work remains, but I will see the end of child labour in my lifetime."



**Photographs by Tenzin Palom, First year (left and right)
and Habeeba Manika A.M.G., Second year (middle)**

Nostalgia Burns

- Anushka Agnihotri, Third year

Someone told me,
'here's the thing about childhood homes
they're ruined by memory
and nothing ever changes there
but nothing stays the same'

what does this say about me,
me, who built homes out of words
words;
by writers, so many that they blur
into each other,
a confusion that they call literature
and words,
of my own.

words, my childhood home,
that i lost too soon, too much
it stings like yesterday
but its memory is bittersweet
from an eternity ago

i try to come in,
but there's no room for a stranger now
and nostalgia burns me,
but the comfort of words has escaped
and it all feels too familiar
and too different, too
perhaps, after everything
nothing ever changed here
but nothing ever stayed the same.



Artwork by Nayanika Das, First year

We are Psychologists.

- Rashi Gupta, Second year

We are Psychologists
Psychologists are people who think about thinking
we have an intense curiosity about people
And a desire to help others
understand why we do what we do
We have the courage to question the status quo we are connectors and interactors
Adventurers and Explorers
We remind humans that it's okay to be human.
Emotions are good
Psychology is everywhere
We changed the face of criminal investigation
And we made advertising a whole lot more effective
No...,
we cannot read your mind
But we can help you understand it better...
An everyday psychologist working to tackle Stigma, to find answers, to leave more about our behaviour as humans.
Research has helped us identify risk factors, new treatment options, and prevention strategies
And tells us how little we know and how much more we are yet to discover.
Psychology is a science, so it's ever-changing and never-ending.
We are forever reaching our limits for knowledge but as we were closing our limits moved equally away.
The mind expands like the universe.
We are compassionate
We are curious

We are caring
We are psychologists

PAWS BY THE WINDOW 2.0

- Khushi Vishwas, Second year

Last year this full-of-pride furball caught my attention one winter afternoon. I wrote about how feeding and providing him with a warm place gave me peace. But after two days, I noticed that the cat was taken care of by this old lady who lives in the neighborhood. Most of her belongings seem old and worn off. The cooler she owned was rusted and it had no mesh so the cat used to stay inside the cooler. The old lady lived alone, her son is divorced and lives abroad. Her relatives live in Kolkata and were too busy to give her a visit. The cat is the only companion she had. Maybe they both bonded over loneliness or the fact that they both had no intention of moving out of the space they were in. Whatever the

reason was, their love for each other was evident through the small gestures they did for each other. It was all unsaid. No words. Like a silent movie where both the actors knew their part. They gave each other a daily routine. That daily routine was interrupted by the son of the old lady. Rumors have it that he faced loss in his business overseas and was left with very less money so he ran away and came back to India. At first, The old lady got very happy on seeing her son after so many years but after two-three days, I could hear them fight from my balcony. They fought in Bengali so I couldn't really infer what they were saying but I could interpret that her son has told her about the loss and she's disappointed in him. They fought every day every time. And by every time I mean every time. Once I had an early morning flight so I woke up at 4 a.m. and I could still hear them shouting at each other. The old lady got weaker day by day and she started visiting the cat seldom. It was January and it got colder. The nights were darker and days got sadder for both the cat and the old lady. I noticed that the old lady had stopped coming to her balcony and visiting the cat. A week passed and I heard from my neighbor that the old lady had passed away. I felt bad, yes, for the dead, but worse for the living cat who again was left with no companion, no family, no one to take care of her. He couldn't speak of course but anyone could tell by looking at the cat that he was mourning for his old lady. He was once again lost and searching for his "road back home"...



Photograph by Khushi Vishwas,
Second year



Photograph by Khushi Vishwas,
Second year

Old new me

- Ananya Suri, Third year

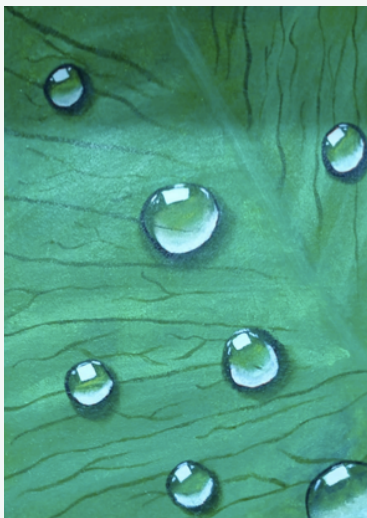
2:14 am
 No sleep
 No dreams
 Are just a part of my daily new routine
 I try
 Trust me I do
 But I still can't just focus
 On my daring part of me
 I'm trying
 I'm trying to hold on to myself
 Be a new person
 If that seem fit so it be
 But this drive of sleep
 Seems lost like a leap
 Just want to be the old new me
 The one with fire
 Which burns by passion
 Rather than compassion
 Making everyone aware
 Of me
 The one they all wanted to see

So I write my thoughts down
 In a rhythm like I used to play
 With words as a way
 To be the old new me

On her mind

- Vrinda Tyagi, First year

She's got something on her mind,
 You can see it in her eyes,
 Always trying to find,
 Ties between the thoughts,
 Of the reminiscent kind.
 Staring at the moon at night,
 Trying to remember the star she saw the
 other night,
 And it's getting late,
 But the spilt memories are still fading away,
 Because she doesn't have a one-track mind.



Artworks by Nayanika Das, First year

ये जिंदगी तुझे आगे बढ़ना होगा

~ श्वेता, द्वितीय वर्ष

लाख आ जाये मुश्किलें जिंदगी मे
पर हमें आगे बढ़ना होगा,
अगर हासिल करनी है सफलता तो जी तोड़ संघर्ष करना होगा
हमें खुद के लिए लड़ना होगा,
लहरों से झुंझकर ही सही अगर मंजिल पाने का जज्बा रखते हों तो किनारे तक का सफर तय करना ही होगा,
मुश्किलें तो हर डगर पर आती रहेंगी हमें कठिन परिस्थितियों में उलझती रहेगी, इस बीच वो हम पर हावी ना हो जाये इस बात का ध्यान रखकर आगे बढ़ते रहना होगा ।

लड कर गिर कर और फिर उठकर हमें सफलताओं की सीढ़ियों की चढ़ाई करते रहना होगा,
ये जिंदगी! तू थम मत तुझे आगे बढ़ते रहना होगा ।

अगर हासिल करना चाहते हो कुछ बड़ा जिंदगी में तो निराशाओं का दमन करना सीखना ही होगा,
अगर बनानी है अपनी पहचान, तो भीड़ से अलग रास्ते का चयन तुम्हें करते रहना होगा,
और सपने देखने का अगर शौक रखते हों तो उसे पूरा होते हुए देखने के लिए चुनौतियों का सामना करते रहना होगा तुम्हें खुद के लिए लड़ना होगा ।

कबतक करोगे अपनी काबिलियत को नजरअंदाज तुम्हें खुद पर विश्वास करना सीखना ही होगा ,
अगर गुलाब की तरह खिलना चाहते हो तो काटो से भी ताल मेल बनाना सीखना होगा,
और सूरज के जैसे चमकने के लिए उसके तापमान को संभालना सीखना होगा,
संघर्षों का मैदान आखिर कबतक ही छोड़कर भागोंगे आखिर कभी ना कभी तो लड़ने की कला सीखना ही होगा
ये जिंदगी! तू रुक मत तुझे आगे बढ़ते रहना होगा ।

अगर दौड़ नहीं सकते तो चलो चल नहीं सकते तो रेगों चाल धीरे होगी तो भी कोई मसला नहीं मगर तुम्हें हर हाल में बढ़ते रहना होगा,
कबतक दिलाओगे दिलासा खुद को की कोई हाथ बढ़ाने आएगा,
थक कर गिर जाओगे तो वो तुम्हें उठाने आएगा
जब इन उम्मीदों की कश्ती को डूबते हुए देखोगे तो टूटकर बिखर जाओगे
फिर भी उन टूटे हुए उम्मीदों को समेटकर आगे बढ़ने का हौसला करते रहना होगा ,
ये जिंदगी! तुझे अभी बहुत कुछ करना बाकी है
अभी तो तू खड़ी हुई है पूरी पहचान बनाना बाकी है
हर उलझे हुए सवालों का जवाब बनाना बाकी है
उन टूटे हुए उम्मीदों का हिसाब चुकाना बाकी है
इसलिए तू रुक मत, तेरा अभी नाम कमाना बाकी है, इन रंगों में होकर रंगीन ऊंची उड़ान नापना बाकी है।



Artwork by Naina, First year



Photograph by Pragati Saluza,
Second year

अनाम कविता

~ वंशिका तालस, द्वितीय वर्ष

धीकई ख्वाब थे चमकते उन आँखों में
न जाने अब कैसे काले बादल बन गए,
वो हाथ जो कभी अंधेरे में बन जाते थे परछाई चिड़िया की
न जाने अब कैसे बेड़ियों में बंधकर रह गए ।

जिंदगी के हर मोड़ पर बस चुनौतियाँ ही मिली
न मिला कभी खुलकर जीने का एक पल,
वो बस अपनो के लिए अपनो में ही सिमटकर रह गई
इसी सिलसिले में गुज़र गया उसका बीता कल।

न जाने कितने दुख झेल गई वो --
कभी हुई शोषण का शिकार
तो कभी समाज ने किया उसका बहिष्कार
कभी परिवार में मिला न सम्मान
तो कभी मिट्टी में मिला दी गई उसकी पहचान
-- न जाने कितने दुख झेल गई वो।

सवाल तो कई उठे, कई नज़रों ने किया तिरस्कार
फिर कभी हर मुकाम पर बनाई अपनी पहचान,
न मानी कभी हार।
मुस्कुराहट को साथ लिए चल रही है, कोशिश कर रही है,
बेड़ियों को तोड़कर, पंख लगाकर उड़ने की तैयारी है
अब अपनी किस्मत खुद लिखने की बारी है
अब अपनी किस्मत खुद लिखने की बारी है।

सीख रही हूँ

~ खुशी विश्वास, द्वितीय वर्ष

धीरे धीरे सीख रही हूँ
खुदके साथ जीना,
खुदसे बात करना,
सीख रही हूँ।

कुछ आराम की आदतें,
उन आदतों का बदलना
धीरे ही सही मगर,
सीख रही हूँ।

ठहरकर सुनना,
चुप होना और बोलना,
अपने जज़्बात काबू में रखना,
सीख रही हूँ।

और सबसे मुश्किल,
कुछ सीखी हुई बातों को भूलकर
कुछ नया, अच्छा भी
सीख रही हूँ।

धीरे धीरे ही सही मगर सीख रही हूँ।



Photograph by Muskan Phalswal,
Second year

नारी- अशक्तता नहीं शक्ति

~ श्वेता, द्वितीय वर्ष

वो तेज से हस नहीं सकती
ऊंची आवाज में ज़ज्बात रख नहीं सकती
सपने देखने का शौक उसे भी है
पर पूरा करने का हौसला कर नहीं सकती
अरे! वो तो लड़की है लड़कियां कुछ कर नहीं सकती।

पढ़ाई का अधिकार उन्हें देकर क्या होगा
पैसे इनपर बर्बाद करके क्या होगा
अगर कुछ करना है तो घर के काम करे लड़कियां हैं इनकी
शोभा इन्हीं से है, ज्यादा पढ़ा कर, इनसे हमारा क्या भला होगा
जब बात पहनावे की आती हैं तब भी कमियां भर भर के
निकाले जाते हैं,
इनके हर पहनावे पर अनेकों टिप्पणी सुनाई जाती है
क्यूकी ये लड़कियां हैं ये अपने हक्क के लिए लड़ नहीं सकती
इनको कुचलना तो आसान है क्यूकी ये कुछ कर नहीं सकती,

भले ही शोषण लड़के
करते हैं

भा
भरी सभा में चिर हरण करते हैं पर उनकी गलती तो है ही नहीं
इसने ही छोटे कपड़े पहने होंगे
इसे ही लड़को को वस में करना होगा
रात में बाहर यही निकली थी
वो तो लड़के हैं उनका तो काम ही यही है
इनकी हरकतों पर मन मचल गया होगा

लड़की हो इतनी देर तक सोती हो
घर के काम नहीं आते घर बैठकर क्या ही करतीं हो
पाढाई लिखाई छोड़ो घर के कामों पर ध्यान दो
लड़की हो वहीं बन कर रहो अपने उड़ानों पर पूर्ण विरामदो ।
कभी जन्म से पहले ही हमें मार दिया जाता है
लड़की है पैसे खर्च होगा, हमारा बहिष्कार, उनका दुलार किया
जाता हैं जन्म हो भी गया तो दुर्भाग्य बताया जाता है
"इसे ही आना था" ऐसे वाक्यों का थप्पड़ लगाया जाता है
हम लड़कियां हैं साहब इतनी आसानी से हमें कहाँ अपनाया
जाता है
थोड़े से बड़े हुए नहीं घर के कामों में उलझाया जाता है
पढ़ाई बाद में पहला दर्जा घरेलु बनने को दिया जाता है
आजादी क्या होती है ये तो उन्हें याद ही नहीं रहता
क्यूंकि बचपन से ही उनके उड़ानों पर ताला लगा दिया जाता
है

अक्सर सुनती हूँ औरत शक्ति है ,दुर्गा है लक्ष्मी देवी है
पर जब पूजने की बारी आती है तो
मूर्तियों और तस्वीरों के आगे सर क्यों झुकाया जाता है
हमेशा भेदभाव लड़कियों के साथ ही क्यों दोहराया जाता है

या तो सिर्फ कहने के लिए औरत शक्ति है क्यूंकि करने के वक्त
हर कोई पीछे हटते हुए नज़र आता है
अक्सर ऐसा लगता है कि औरत को कभी बराबरी का दर्जा
मिला ही नहीं
चाहे बात अभी की हो या
फिर वर्षों पुरानी
शुरुआत द्रौपदी के चीर हरन से हुआ था
और अंत शायद सम्भव ही नहीं है
द्रौपदी के रक्षा हेतु कृष्ण ने हाथ बढ़ाया था
और हमारी रक्षा के लिये?
हमें खुद ही अपनी आवाज को बुलंद बनाना होगा इसलिए
अपने हक्क के लिए लड़ो
तुम आजाद रह सको उसके लिए हर संभव प्रयास करो
जबतक गलत ना हो झुकने की जरूरत नहीं है,और अगर
तुम्हारे हक में कुछ नहीं हो रहा तो टूटने की जरूरत नहीं है
जरूरत है तो हौसला और खुद पर विश्वास रखने की
फिर देखना उड़ान भी तुम्हारी होगी और पहचान भी तुम्हारी
होगी.

बचपन

~ श्वेता, द्वितीय वर्ष

वो बचपन भी कितना हसीन था ना ,
परियों के कहानियों से पूरा रंगीन था ना
ना काम का फ़िक्र,ना परेशानियों का बोझ
हर रात एक नयी कहानी में रंग जाने का
एक अलग ही जुनून था ना।

कभी वो दादी की शेर वाली कहानियाँ,
और फिर उनकी दहाड़े निकाल निकाल कर हमें सुलाने
की तैयारियां ,

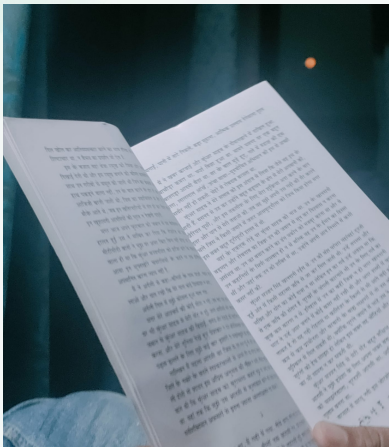
वो मम्मी की परियों की कहानियाँ, और कहानी के अंत
तक हमें ठहरा देना उनकी सबसे पसंदीदा परियां

वो दादाजी की जानवरों से भरी पंचतंत्र की कहानियां
अनगिनत जानवरों को जानने का अलग ही एक सुरूर था
ना,

वो बचपन भी कितना हसीन था ना, सिर्फ कहानियां सपने
और मीठी लोरियों का अलग ही गूंज था ना।



Photograph by Nayanika Das, First year



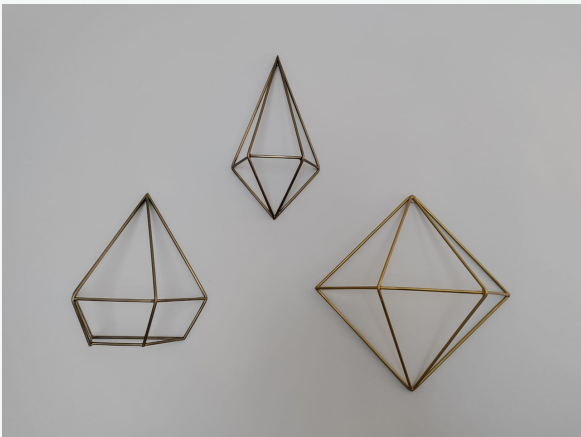
Photographs by Khushi Vishwas, Second year



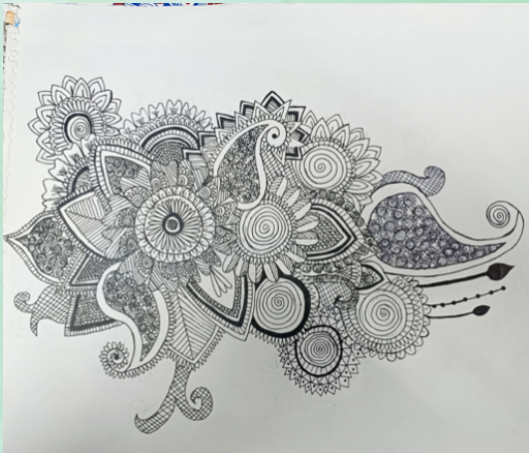
Artworks by Naina, First year



Photographs by Nayanika Das, First year



Photographs by Khushi Vishwas, Second year



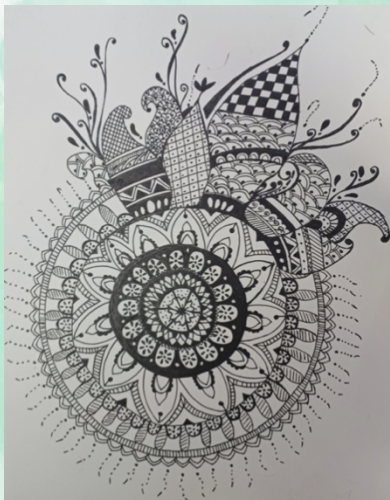
Artworks by Naina, First year



Artworks by Akshara Chaudhary, Second year



Photographs by Nayanika Das, First year



Artworks by Naina, First year



Photographs by Rukhsar Tabassum, Third year (left) and Tenzin Palzom, First year (center and right)



Artwork by Urvi Jain, First year (left) and Photography by Habeeba Manika A.M.G., Second year (right)

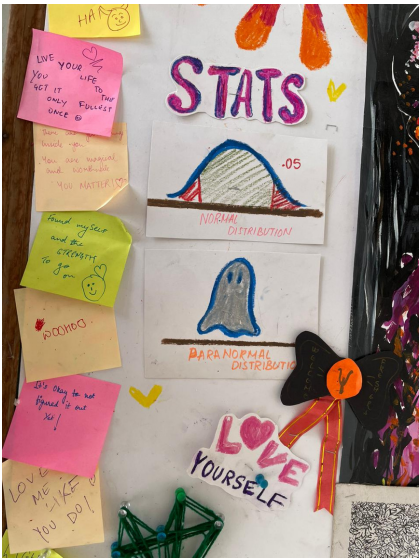
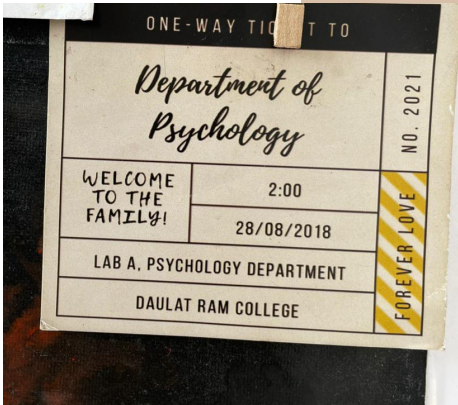
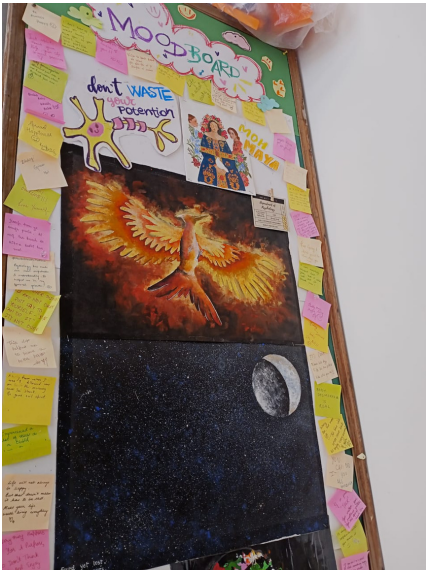


Photographs by Tenzin Palzom, First year

MOODBOARD MOODBOARD MOODBOARD

MOODBOARD

In an effort to bring the Moodboard to life, the students of the Psychology department collaborated and decorated one of the boards in the department. Have a look at the results!



INS & OUTS

AT THE PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT

INS	OUTS
The "North Campus Life"	75% Attendance
First Batch of NEP	COVID-19
Love and Acceptance	Toxicity
Legendary dance moves from the faculty	Aman sir (You'll be missed)
Fest Season	Exam season
College Life	Online mode of education
Seven subjects in the first semester	Four subjects in the first semester
BeReal	Facebook
ChatGPT	Assignment writings
Allyship	Homophobia
Relatable content on social media	Sexist memes

PRIZE WINNERS

PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT

YEAR 2021-2022, IN THE YEAR 2022-2023

B.A.(Hons.)Ist.yr. (Sem I+II)

Priyanshi Jangra

B.A.(Hons.)IIInd.yr. (Sem III+IV)

Rinzin Youtso Bhutia

B.A.(Hons.)IIIrd.yr. (Sem. V+VI)

Anagha M Nambisan

All 3 years combined

Anagha M Nambisan

M.A.(Part- I) (Sem. 1 +Sem. 2)

Shreya Kedia

M.A.(Part -II) (Sem. 3 + Sem. 4)

Rubal Poonia

M.A.(Part-I+Part-II) combined

Charvi Tandon

A NOTE OF HOPE



As we bring this session and its edition of Psytrack to an end, we would like to revisit what made this session truly special. Offline college, the shift to PG-life, running to make it to the 8 AM class, stealing snack breaks amidst hectic schedules, and adjusting to a whole new world within our department of psychology. Whether it was an easy journey for some, or difficult for the others, one thing is for sure - it certainly was memorable!

On this note, we also look back to what pushed us to undertake this journey, the road we took, and where we started. Curated with great love, and wrapped up in the warmth reminiscent of home, is our department's very own playlist. Dive in to listen to songs that lead us on The Road Back Home, by scanning the code above!

