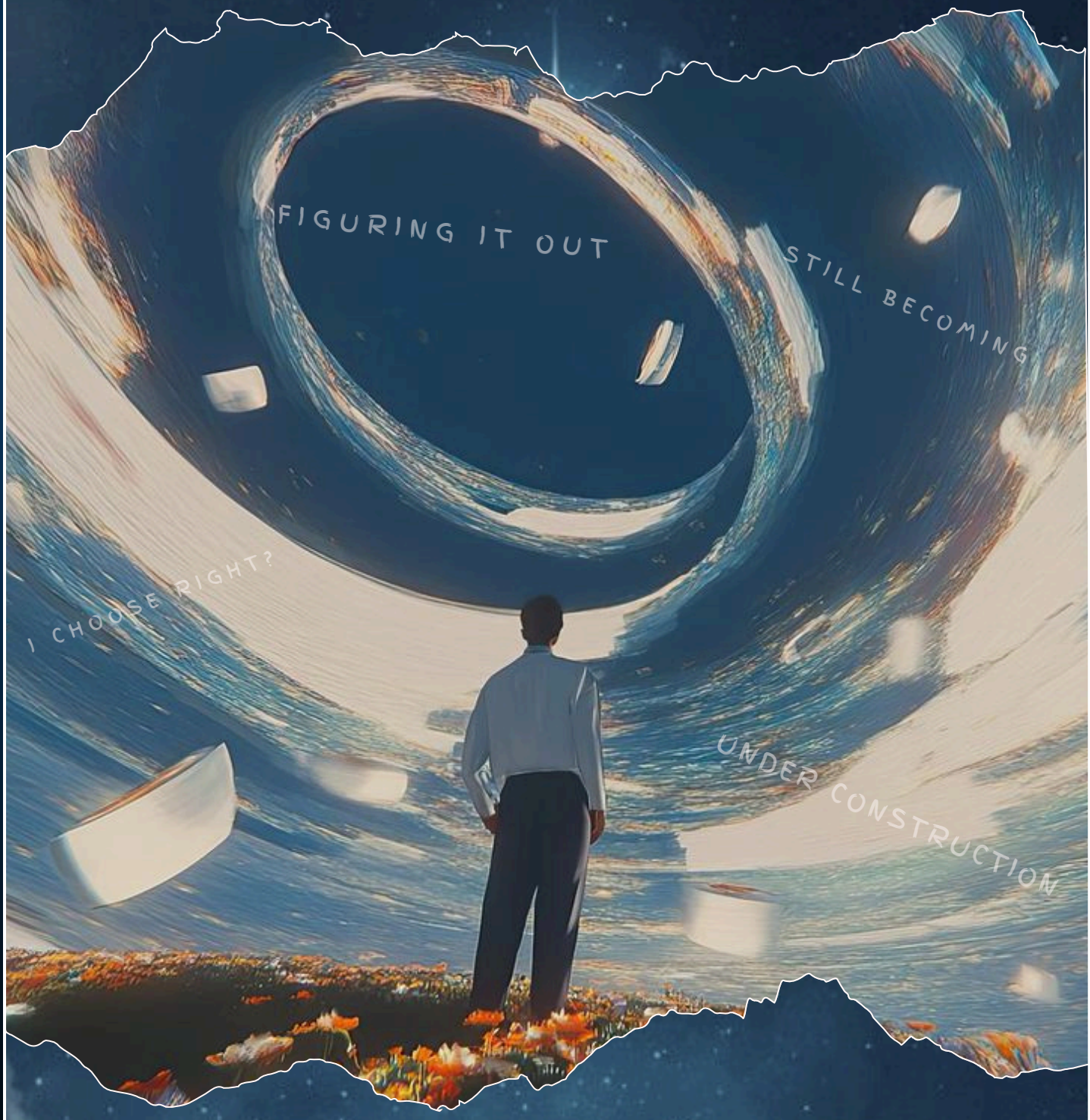
VOLUME 2 | ISSUE 2

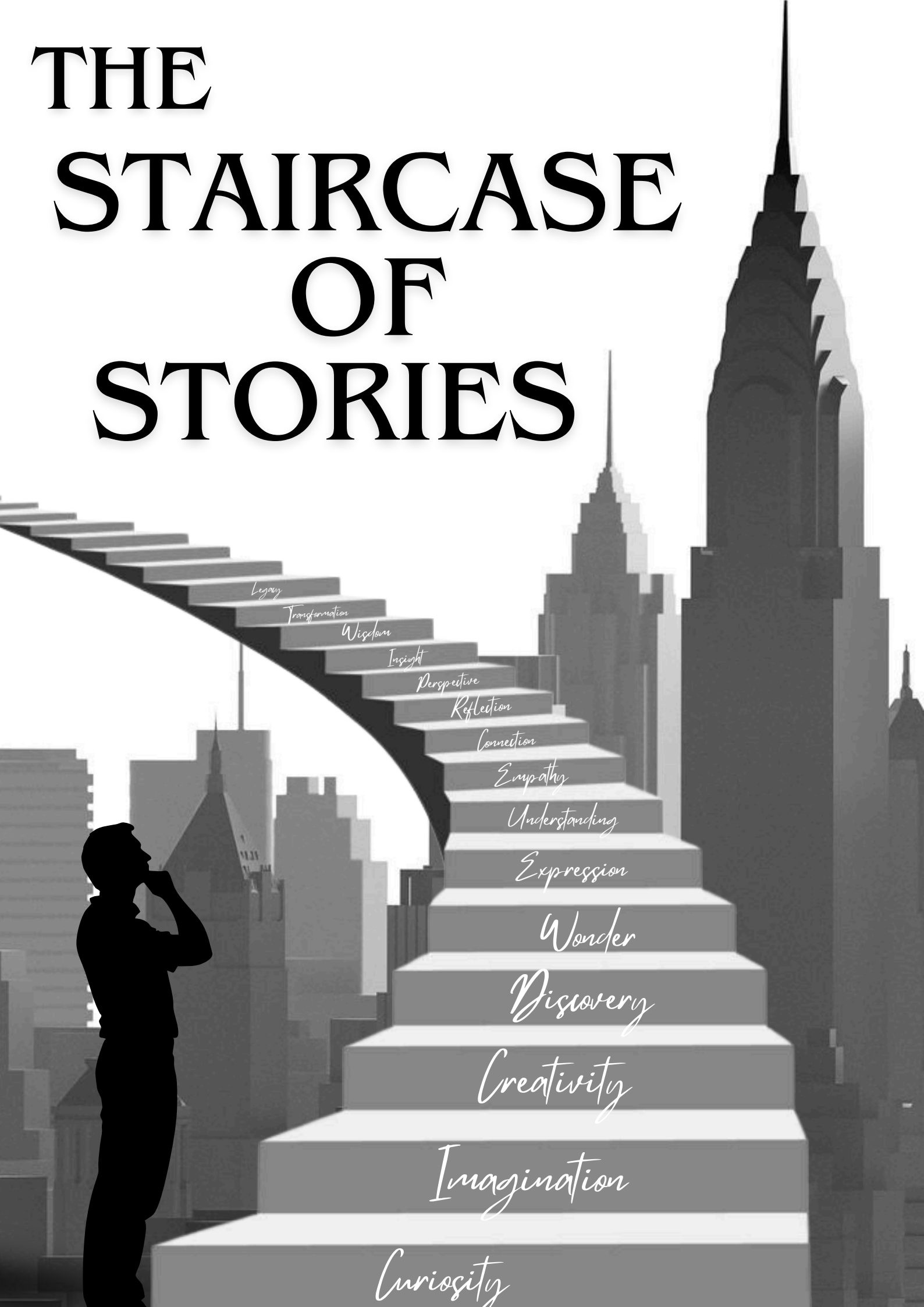
ADHVAN



BECOMING & BEYOND

UDAAN'S BIANNUAL MAGAZINE

THE STAIRCASE OF STORIES



EDITORIAL DESK

Welcome to Volume 2, Issue 2 of ADHVAN.

ADHVAN is not just a magazine; it is a space for reflection, growth, and inspiration. This edition brings together voices and ideas centered on mental health, emotional well-being, self-discovery, and personal growth. Rooted in creativity and collaboration, it reflects the spirit of UDAAN — “Hosla hai toh UDAAN bhi hogi” — encouraging motivation, mindfulness, and holistic development among young minds.

The theme “Becoming & Beyond” captures the powerful transition from aspiration to realization — where dreams meet responsibility, identity takes shape, and life moves beyond plans into experience. Growing up is rarely linear; it is shaped by uncertainty, challenges, relationships, and deep self-reflection. While education builds knowledge, real transformation comes from lived experiences.

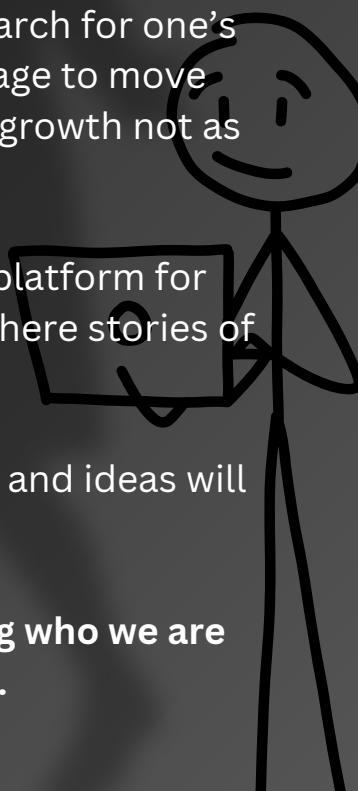
In this spirit, the articles explore resilience, healing, and the search for one’s authentic self — embracing the “messy middle” and the courage to move forward. Through diverse perspectives, this edition celebrates growth not as perfection, but as progress.

As the editorial team, we are proud to present ADHVAN as a platform for meaningful dialogue, creativity, and self-expression — a place where stories of struggle, hope, and achievement come together.

We invite you to be part of this journey. Your voice, reflections, and ideas will shape what comes next

.

Together, let us keep learning, growing, and rising — becoming who we are meant to be, and moving beyond every limitation.



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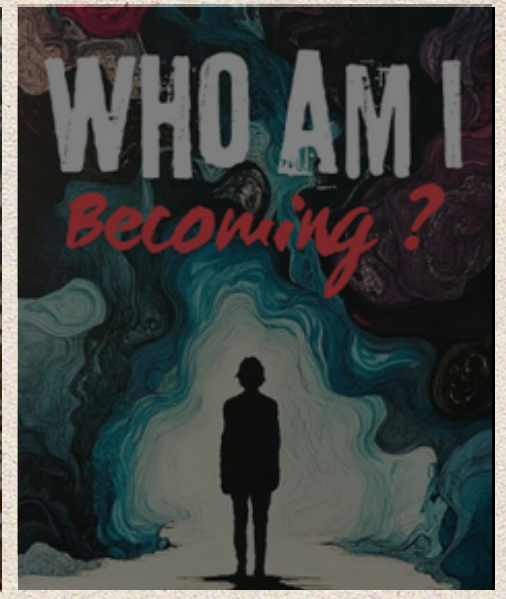

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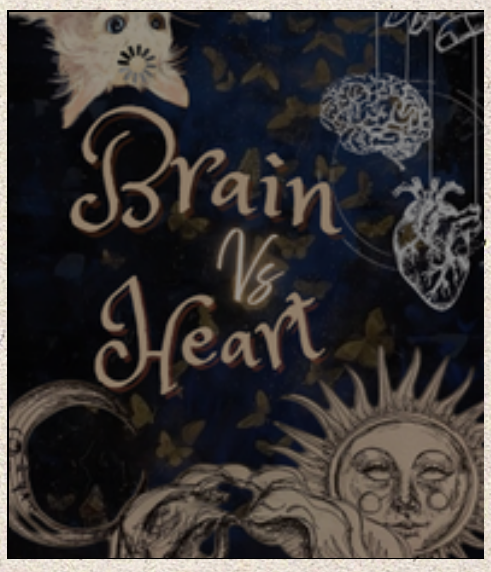


ABOUT HANSRAJ

— EST. 1948 —
University of Delhi



Step into Hansraj College, not merely a college, but a Crucible of Giants, located at the pulsating heart of the University of Delhi. Established on July 26, 1948, this institution doesn't just span over seven decades-it holds them, a library of achievements bound by time. It is a living monument to the wisdom of Maharshi Dayanand Saraswati and Mahatma Hansraj, whose profound vision wasn't merely to educate but to ignite the mind and temper the steel of unyielding character. History is alive here, continuously creating new paths.

The campus is a meticulously engineered 15-acre sanctuary of ambition, where heritage and modernity coexist in harmony. Here, the silence of history meets the hum of innovation. This sprawling, green environment is not static; it is continually evolving and impeccably maintained, underpinned by a commitment to 21st-century sustainability and smart infrastructure. This proactive approach serves as a living example of disciplined excellence-a fertile ground for groundbreaking research and holistic elevation for every student who walks its grounds. This commitment is a fact validated by its ranking as the 3rd best college in India in the 2025 NIRF Rankings, a clear beacon of supremacy in shaping tomorrow's leaders.

This Crucible doesn't just shape character; it launches legends.Hansraj is the epicentre of aspiration, responsible for a dazzling spectrum of alumni who define the national landscape. From the cinematic brilliance of the entertainment sector, exemplified by Shah Rukh Khan and Anurag Kashyap, to the solemn corridors of governance, which produce esteemed civil servants, and the high-stakes world of entrepreneurship, our alumni are vanguards in every domain. Hansraj is also actively leading the transition to future-focused learning, investing heavily in interdisciplinary research and next-generation academic centres, ensuring our education remains cutting-edge. As Hansraj celebrates 77 years of unparalleled brilliance, it continues its profound work: shaping individuals who will lead the world with unassailable wisdom and absolute integrity. Here, every pathway you walk is not a crossroad of uncertainty but a launchpad into a new beginning -a horizon bristling with limitless, exhilarating possibility.



ABOUT UDAAN

WHERE COURAGE TAKES FLIGHT

Every great journey begins with courage, and for UDAAN, that courage took its first flight on JUNE 6, 2021, under the visionary guidance of Dr. Rama, principal of Hansraj College, and the inspiring leadership of Ms. Jahanvi Rai, founder of the society. What started as a simple idea-"Hosla hai to Udaan bhi hogi"-soon evolved into a living philosophy: to celebrate stories of perseverance, to embrace struggle as a source of strength, and to remind everyone that every fall is only a step toward flight.

From its earliest days, UDAAN has inspired countless hearts through transformative speaker sessions featuring achievers like Ira Singhal Ma'am, Ilma Afroz Ma'am, IAS Sonal Goel, and Dr. Vikas Divyakriti, who redefined success with resilience.

Through initiatives like Project Eklavya, UDAAN connects with PwBD schools and underprivileged children, spreading warmth and inclusivity beyond college walls. Our mental health campaigns, such as "Ink, Screen & Soul: Managing Social Media Anxiety" featuring Ms. Nayab Midha, address the emotional struggles of youth with empathy and understanding. We continue to nurture individuality and expression through cultural platforms like 'Khyalo Ki Mehfil' and 'Manmarziyan, where words and art find their true wings.

Because at UDAAN, we believe that with courage in your heart, the sky is never the limit-it's only the beginning



Did you know?

Group activities and team events help students build friendships and networks beyond their classrooms.

NOTE FROM THE PRINCIPAL



PROF. (DR.) RAMA

DEAR READERS

It is with profound pride and heartfelt appreciation that I reflect upon the release of the Volume 2, Issue 2 of ADHVAN, the bi-annual magazine of UDAAN—The Motivational Society of Hansraj College. More than a compilation of articles, this edition stands as a thoughtful reflection of the transformative journey our students undertake as they move from the familiarity of adolescence toward the responsibilities of adulthood. It captures that delicate intersection where aspirations take shape, identities evolve, and young minds begin to engage with the complexities of an ever-changing world.

The theme, "Becoming & Beyond," unfolds as a powerful continuation of the previous chapter, "Crossroads." While the earlier edition symbolized moments of choice and uncertainty, this volume embodies the courage to move forward despite not having all the answers. It reminds us that growth is not defined by a single achievement or destination, but by a continuous process of learning, unlearning, and rediscovering oneself. In embracing ambiguity, resilience, and hope, ADHVAN creates a meaningful space where personal evolution is celebrated as an ongoing journey rather than a finished outcome.

I extend my sincere appreciation to the dedicated students of UDAAN, whose creativity, perseverance, and sincerity have transformed a vision into a tangible and inspiring publication. Such initiatives reflect the vibrant intellectual and emotional spirit that defines Hansraj College. I also wish to acknowledge the invaluable guidance of the convenor, whose mentorship has provided both direction and stability, enabling students to explore ideas with sensitivity, depth, and purpose.

It is my earnest hope that this volume of ADHVAN serves as a source of inspiration, reflection, and reassurance for every reader. May these pages encourage you to embrace your own journey with patience, courage, and confidence, and remind you that the process of becoming is as meaningful as the destination itself. I am confident that ADHVAN will continue to inspire, empower, and enrich the student community in the years to come.

With Best Regards
Prof. (Dr) Rama
Principal , Hansraj College

NOTE FROM THE VICE PRINCIPAL



PROF. VIJAY RANI RAJPAL

DEAR READERS

It gives me great pleasure to witness the release of Volume 2, Issue 2 of ADHVAN, the bi-annual magazine of UDAAN—The Motivational Society of Hansraj College. This edition stands as a compelling reflection of the journeys our students undertake as they step beyond moments of decision into the realities that follow. It captures not only the courage to choose, but the strength required to live with those choices and grow through them.

The theme, "Becoming & Beyond: Life After Choices Are Made," beautifully highlights that the true essence of growth lies in what happens after we choose the way to our destination. It is in the everyday efforts, the silent perseverance, and the willingness to adapt that character is truly shaped. This volume thoughtfully explores how young individuals navigate responsibility, identity, and purpose while embracing both certainty and doubt as part of the same journey.

I sincerely commend the students of UDAAN for their creativity, dedication, and sincerity in bringing this meaningful publication to life. Such initiatives reflect the vibrant intellectual spirit and emotional depth that define our institution. I also appreciate the guidance of the faculty and the convenor, whose support has been instrumental in shaping this endeavor.

May this issue of ADHVAN inspire readers to move forward with confidence, reflect with honesty, and embrace the journey that unfolds beyond every decision. I hope it continues to spark thoughtful dialogue, resilience, and self-discovery among all who engage with it.

This initiative will undoubtedly continue to flourish and reach greater heights, inspiring many more voices to share their stories and perspectives in the years ahead.

With Best Wishes,
Prof. Vijay Rani Rajpal
Vice Principal
Hansraj College

NOTE FROM THE CONVENER



MR. VIKASH KUMAR SINGH

DEAR READERS

With profound pride and heartfelt admiration, I extend my sincere appreciation to the entire UDAAN team for their dedication and perseverance in bringing Volume 2, Issue 2 of ADHVAN to life. This magazine is far more than a collection of words; it embodies the spirit of UDAAN—encouraging motivation, self-growth, and meaningful dialogue that goes beyond conventional academic boundaries.

Aligned with the theme, "Becoming & Beyond: Life After Choices Are Made," this edition reflects the journeys that unfold once decisions are taken—the challenges embraced, the lessons learned, and the resilience developed along the way. It stands as a testament to holistic development, bridging the gap between knowledge and introspection while opening space for conversations on mental health, self-awareness, responsibility, and personal evolution. The creativity and sincerity invested in this initiative truly showcase the passion and commitment of our student community.

I deeply appreciate the tireless efforts of every individual involved—writers, editors, designers, and coordinators—whose collective dedication has transformed this vision into a meaningful reality. Your enthusiasm and teamwork continue to elevate UDAAN to new heights and inspire those around you.

As we celebrate this milestone, I sincerely hope ADHVAN serves as a source of inspiration and reflection, encouraging readers to embrace their journeys with courage and confidence while fostering thoughtful conversations that extend beyond these pages.

This achievement marks yet another step forward in UDAAN's journey, and it will continue to inspire greater creativity, collaboration, and impact in the times ahead.

I am confident that ADHVAN will continue to evolve as a space for thoughtful expression and intellectual growth. May it keep inspiring individuals to think deeply, express freely, and contribute positively to society.

With Best Wishes,
Vikash Kumar Singh
Convenor, UDAAN
Hansraj College

PRESIDENT's MESSAGE

Dear Readers

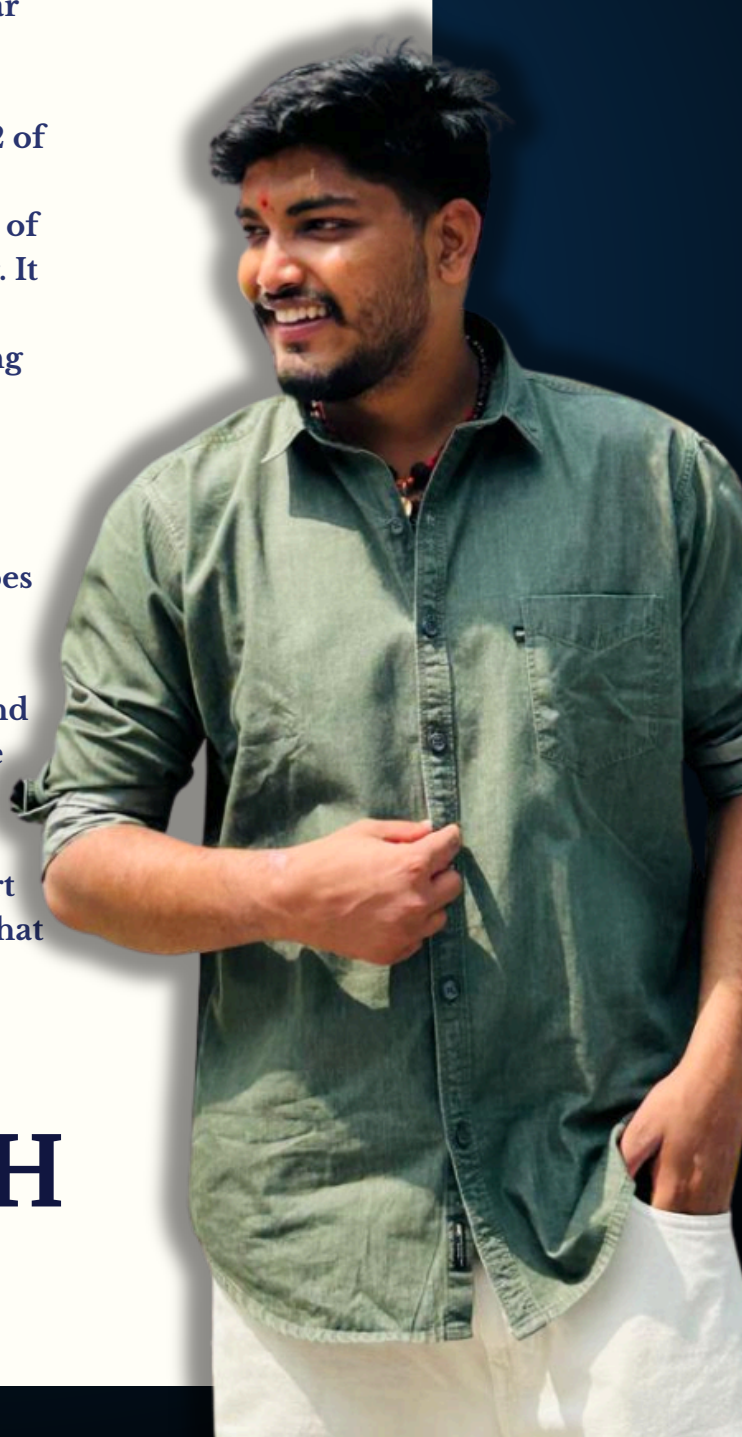
UDAAN has never been just an initiative for me—it has been an emotion, a journey that constantly teaches, challenges, and transforms. Each experience, whether easy or demanding, has added a new layer of strength and clarity. It reminds us that true growth begins when we step beyond fear and choose to keep moving forward.

With immense pride, I present Volume 2, Issue 2 of ADHVAN, the milestone of our shared vision. ADHVAN is not just a magazine; it is a reflection of voices, ideas, and emotions that bind us together. It carries within it stories of courage, moments of introspection, and a collective pursuit of meaning and growth.

I express my sincere gratitude to our convenor, Vikash Singh Sir, whose guidance has been a constant source of direction. My appreciation goes to the Editorial Team for their creativity and commitment in shaping this vision into reality. And to the entire UDAAN family—your belief and passion are the true foundation of everything we achieve.

As you explore these pages, I hope you find a part of yourself within them. Let this be a reminder that every dream deserves a chance, and every effort has its value. Keep believing, keep striving, and most importantly, keep rising

ADARSH SINGH



VICE PRESIDENT's MESSAGE

Dear Readers

As ADHVAN steps into Volume 2, Issue 2 it carries forward not just pages, but a journey — one that has grown stronger, deeper, and more meaningful with time. What began as an idea has now become a voice, echoing stories of resilience, healing, and transformation.

UDAAN has always been a space where limits dissolve and possibilities take flight. Every challenge faced and every effort made has shaped a community that believes in rising — together.

This edition of ADHVAN is not just a continuation, but an evolution. It reflects the courage to grow, the strength to heal, and the beauty of becoming a little more ourselves with each passing chapter.

My heartfelt gratitude to our convenor, the editorial team, and the entire UDAAN family for keeping this spirit alive. Your passion turns vision into reality, again and again.

As you turn these pages, may you find inspiration, comfort, and a reminder that no matter where you are in your journey, you are moving forward.

We began with hope. We continue with purpose. We rise with conviction.



HIMANSHI SANGWAN

FOUNDER's MESSAGE

Dear Readers

Some journeys begin quietly.
ADHVAN began with a voice that refused to stay unheard.

What once was an idea is now an identity—growing, evolving, and echoing through every story it carries.Volume 2, Issue 2 isn't just another milestone; it's proof that passion, when nurtured, turns into a movement.

ADHVAN was never meant to be just a magazine. It was built to spark thought, ignite courage, and give every unheard voice the space it deserves. And today, I see that vision not just continuing—but intensifying.

These pages hold more than words—they hold perspectives, risks, dreams, and the fire to question the ordinary. Every piece you read is a reminder that expression is power, and stories are what shape us.

To the team—you didn't just carry this forward, you gave it a new pulse.
To the readers—you are the reason this journey keeps evolving.

As you dive into this edition, remember— you are not just reading ADHVAN,
you are becoming a part of it.

Volume 2, Issue 2 isn't just growth. It's a legacy in motion.

With pride and belief,
Arpit Yadav
Founder, ADHVAN
Former President, UDAAN — The Motivational Society



THE Unsung STORIES



UNSCRIPTED WISDOM



This interview was conducted with a man who spends his days by the roadside. Having seen both hardship and survival up close, he shares his thoughts, shaped by years of lived experience.

Q: You see so many young people passing by here. What do you think is the biggest mistake today's youth are making—something they should not be doing, but still are?

You should focus on your studies and your work; there is no other real mistake. Just work hard and serve your parents. A lot of money is spent on your education by your parents, and still a job may not come immediately. Your father keeps supporting you because you are his child, even without expecting anything in return.

Q: According to you, how much faith should a person have in God, and what does faith mean to you? Whom should one truly place their trust in?

God does not directly give anything—everything comes through action. Work itself is the real worship. Maybe success does not come today, but if you continue doing your duty, it will come eventually. We have also seen great poverty in life. Keep working, trust your efforts, and above all, serve your parents.

DID YOU KNOW?

After attending motivational talks or workshops, many students feel more confident about sharing their ideas publicly.

Scan to Experience the Full Talk



OMPRAKASH TIWARI

This interview was conducted with Omprakash Tiwari, around 60 years old. He once came to Delhi with the dream of becoming an IAS officer. However, difficult circumstances and bad habits diverted his life for many years. Today he earns his livelihood by selling newspapers and taking coaching classes, while sharing lessons drawn from his life experience



Q: When you were young, you came to Delhi with the dream of becoming an IAS officer. Looking back today, what happened along that journey and what did it teach you?

When I was about twenty years old, I came to Delhi with the dream of becoming an IAS officer. But over time I got trapped in bad habits, especially alcohol, and nearly fifteen to twenty years of my life were affected because of it. Earlier I used to earn around thirty thousand rupees a month, but gradually my income reduced to nothing. From this experience, I learned that the company you keep matters a lot. Your friend circle should be good, because the wrong company can completely ruin your path, just as it did in my life.

Q: Based on your experiences, what advice would you like to give to the younger generation today?

Young people should focus on themselves and make their goals their main priority. At the same time, one must learn acceptance and satisfaction in life. Not everyone can become an IAS officer or a CA. If something is not working despite your efforts, then it is better to change your direction rather than remaining stuck on the same path for your entire life. Whatever you choose to do, do it sincerely and try to remain happy in that work.



This interview was conducted with a woman living in Delhi. She is the wife of a cobbler and has spent most of her life working as a domestic helper, doing sweeping and mopping in houses. Through years of struggle, raising her children, and managing the household with limited income, she reflects on patience, acceptance, and perseverance in life.

Q: You mentioned that you spent your life doing cleaning work in houses. Looking back, how has this life of struggle been for you?

My whole life passed by doing sweeping and mopping in houses. We were not educated. When my husband came from the village, someone suggested that he should work with flower plants, but that work did not continue. Because we were not educated, many things in life did not work out for us. My children also say that if their father had been educated, maybe they too could have gotten better jobs.

Q: Despite so many struggles, you still seem calm and smiling. What is your way of looking at life?

Now I live with patience and acceptance. Complaining will not give us anything. Whatever God has blessed us with, we strive to manage and make the best use of it. By doing sweeping and mopping work in houses, I somehow run my household and support my children a little. Life has had both happiness and sorrow, but I have spent my whole life facing these difficulties and continuing forward.

ECHOES OF INNOCENCE



"Mujhe bhi badi hokar safai wali banna hai."

said by a 10-year-old girl playing near the roadside stalls, whose mother works as a house cleaner.

At first, the words sound simple, almost innocent. Children often dream of becoming what they see around them. Some dream of becoming doctors after visiting hospitals, others want to be teachers because they admire the person standing in front of the classroom. In the same way, this little girl quietly expressed the dream that exists within the small world she knows best—her mother's world.

Every morning, she watches her mother leave home with a bucket and cloth, walking from house to house to clean floors and wash utensils. To the child, this is not a struggle; it is simply what work looks like. It is the only profession she has seen closely, the only reality she understands. And so, naturally, her dream begins there.

There is dignity in every form of honest work. Her mother's labour keeps households running and reflects strength, resilience, and sacrifice. Yet within the child's words lies a deeper truth—that dreams often grow only as far as the world a child is allowed to see.

Some children grow up hearing stories of astronauts touching the stars or scientists changing the world. But for many children living on the margins, life rarely introduces them to such possibilities. Their dreams, like a bird raised within a cage, learn to fly only within the space they know.

This little girl's sentence is not merely a wish; it is a quiet reflection of how circumstances shape imagination. Perhaps the real tragedy is not that her dream seems small, but that no one has yet shown her how vast the sky of possibilities truly is.

"Perhaps the real tragedy is not that these children dream small, but that the world has never shown them how big their dreams could be."

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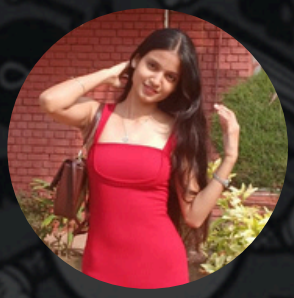

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THINGS I NEVER SAID



HOW CAN I DARE





-Himanshi Mehta

The mere desire to be loved ignites a fire in my hollow chest. Yet the moment I open my eyes, I cannot bear to meet my reflection. The fire dies, leaving behind only smouldering embers of regret, words I rehearsed a thousand times, and never dared to say to you. I ache for warmth. I crave it like a starving soul–yet I am terrified. What if my cold heart freezes to death? What if you see what was meant to stay hidden? I don't want that. You should never have to carry the weight of my shadows. Some truths are meant to be felt in silence, never spoken aloud.

Familiarity does not breed contempt for me; it breeds ruin. For I am a cursed vessel, riddled with cracks. I could snap at any moment and make you bleed. And so I choose distance, not because I feel less, but because I feel too much. I stay quiet because I love you—and silence is the only way I know how to protect you. That restraint is my punishment: daring to desire a benediction while believing myself a filthy curse.

So I watch you from afar. That must be enough. It has to be. Loving you quietly, from the edges of your life, is safer than letting my brokenness touch you. I know you are meant to be loved–but not by someone like me, not in this lifetime. Perhaps in another life, if your faint memories ever echo within my skull, I will crush them against the gravestone of my forgotten self just to catch one last glimpse of your face. Even if it lasts only seconds, within that moment I shall find my liberation. In another life, I will ask for nothing–only that you are the first memory I remember, and the last thing I forget.

And somewhere between hello and goodbye, there will always exist a confession–I loved you enough to never make it.

The Courage to Rise

-Tamanna

Everyone carries something unspoken within them—words they never find the courage, space, or safety to say aloud. I am one of those people. What I felt, what I endured, and what it took to keep moving forward—only I truly know.

Nine years ago, I was just a nine-year-old girl who loved studying. Learning excited me, and thankfully, my parents supported that love wholeheartedly. They gave me every comfort and encouragement a child could ask for. But not everyone in my family shared that belief. Many felt that educating a girl—especially in a private school—was a waste of money. They repeatedly tried to stop my education, but my mother stood firm. She never let that happen. I continued studying, but somewhere inside me lived a quiet wish—that others would support me too.

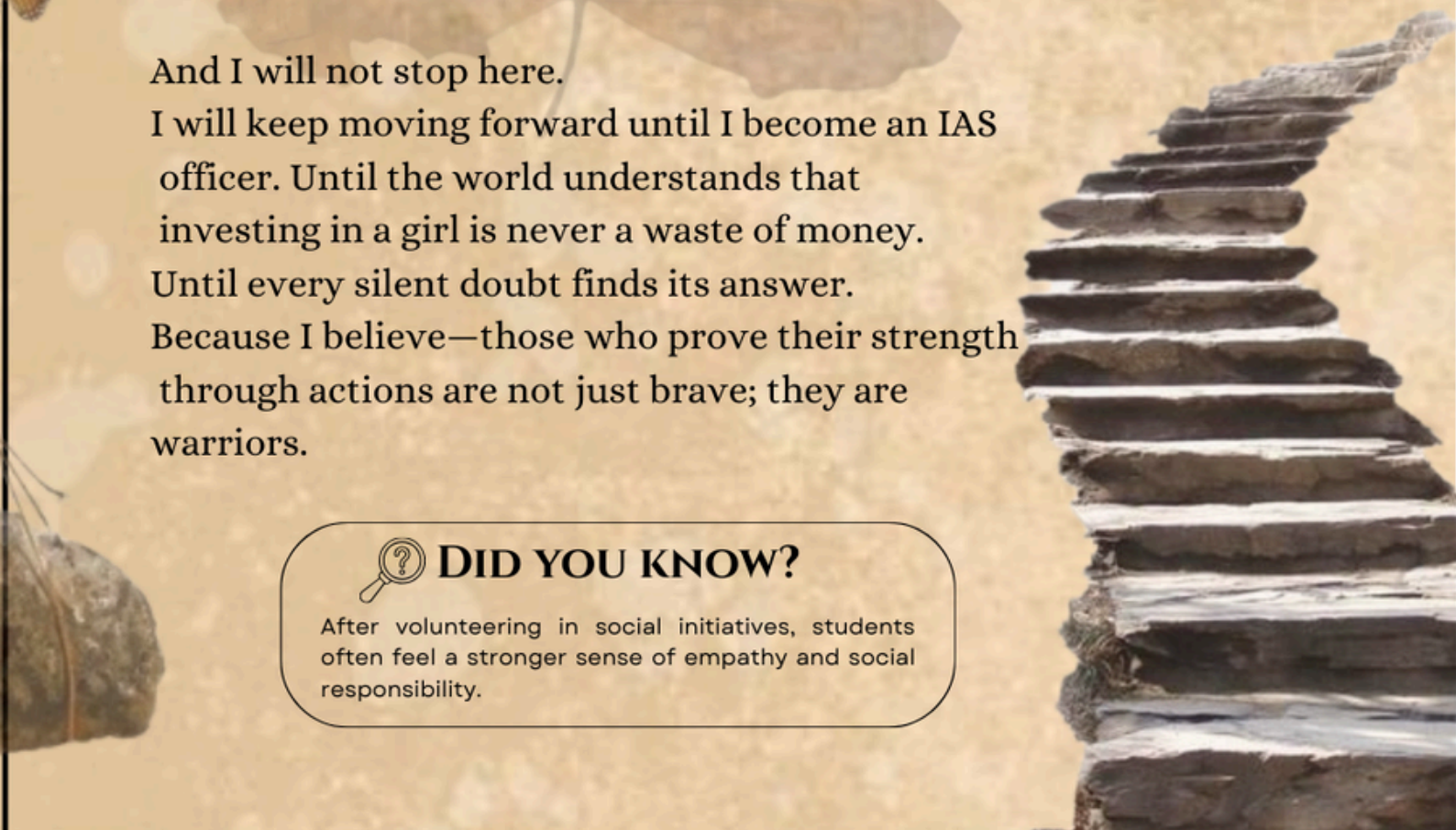
Whenever there was a school function, under the column of "family," only my mother and father were present. No one else ever came. That absence hurt more than I could express. I carried it silently, never speaking about it to anyone.

As time passed and I reached the 8th standard, I began to understand the world more clearly—and more painfully. In my society, girls were not allowed to wear Western clothes. Shorts, freedom, choice—none of it was acceptable. My parents trusted me and allowed me to live freely, but this freedom became a reason for judgment. People began defining my character by my clothes. At an age when I was still a child, labels were placed on me—"She wears short clothes," "She has male friends," "Her character isn't right."

What hurt the most was that most of my family stayed silent. Only my parents stood up for me. They answered back, protected me, and believed in me. But the words spoken about me remained persistent. They settled deep inside my heart and quietly questioned me—Why is it so hard for people to accept me? Is it because I am a girl? Because I want to study? Because I choose freedom?

I tried to forget many things. Some wounds fade with time, but some never fully disappear. They transform into motivation.
I decided that I would not answer society with words—I would answer with success. I chose to prepare for the UPSC examination while pursuing my studies. While in 12th standard, I began my preparation. After completing school, I earned admission into one of Delhi's most prestigious institutions—Hansraj College—where thousands of students dream of studying.

And I will not stop here.
I will keep moving forward until I become an IAS officer. Until the world understands that investing in a girl is never a waste of money.
Until every silent doubt finds its answer.
Because I believe—those who prove their strength through actions are not just brave; they are warriors.

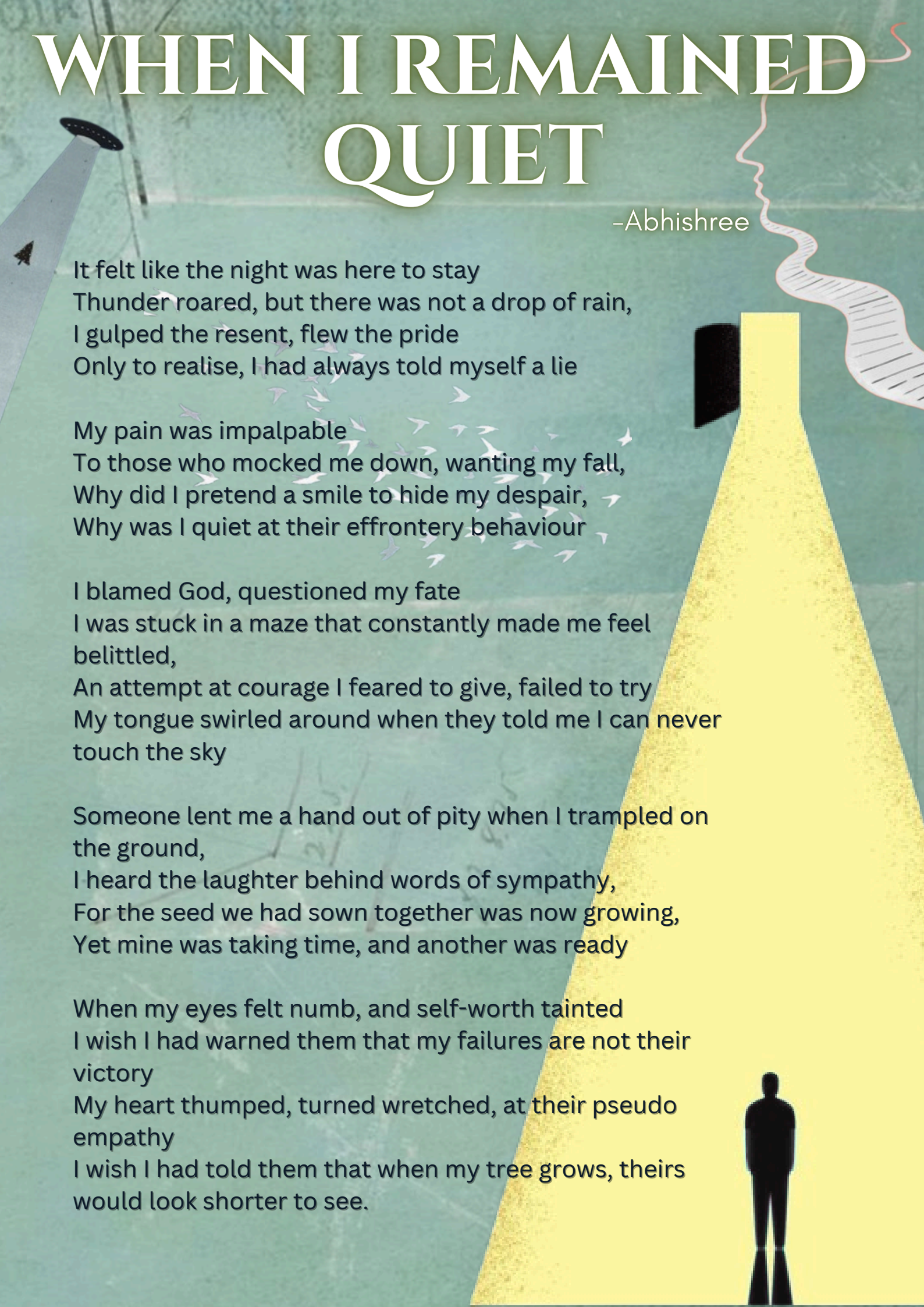


DID YOU KNOW?

After volunteering in social initiatives, students often feel a stronger sense of empathy and social responsibility.

WHEN I REMAINED QUIET

-Abhishree



It felt like the night was here to stay
Thunder roared, but there was not a drop of rain,
I gulped the resent, flew the pride
Only to realise, I had always told myself a lie

My pain was impalpable
To those who mocked me down, wanting my fall,
Why did I pretend a smile to hide my despair,
Why was I quiet at their effrontery behaviour

I blamed God, questioned my fate
I was stuck in a maze that constantly made me feel belittled,
An attempt at courage I feared to give, failed to try
My tongue swirled around when they told me I can never touch the sky

Someone lent me a hand out of pity when I trampled on the ground,
I heard the laughter behind words of sympathy,
For the seed we had sown together was now growing,
Yet mine was taking time, and another was ready

When my eyes felt numb, and self-worth tainted
I wish I had warned them that my failures are not their victory
My heart thumped, turned wretched, at their pseudo empathy
I wish I had told them that when my tree grows, theirs would look shorter to see.

Things I Never Said

-Ankita Kumari

Dear You,

This is an open letter to the version of you who mattered more than I ever admitted out loud. As a college student, life moves fast–assignments, deadlines, expectations, and the constant pressure to "figure out all." Somewhere in that rush, I forgot to say the things that remained stuck in my mind.

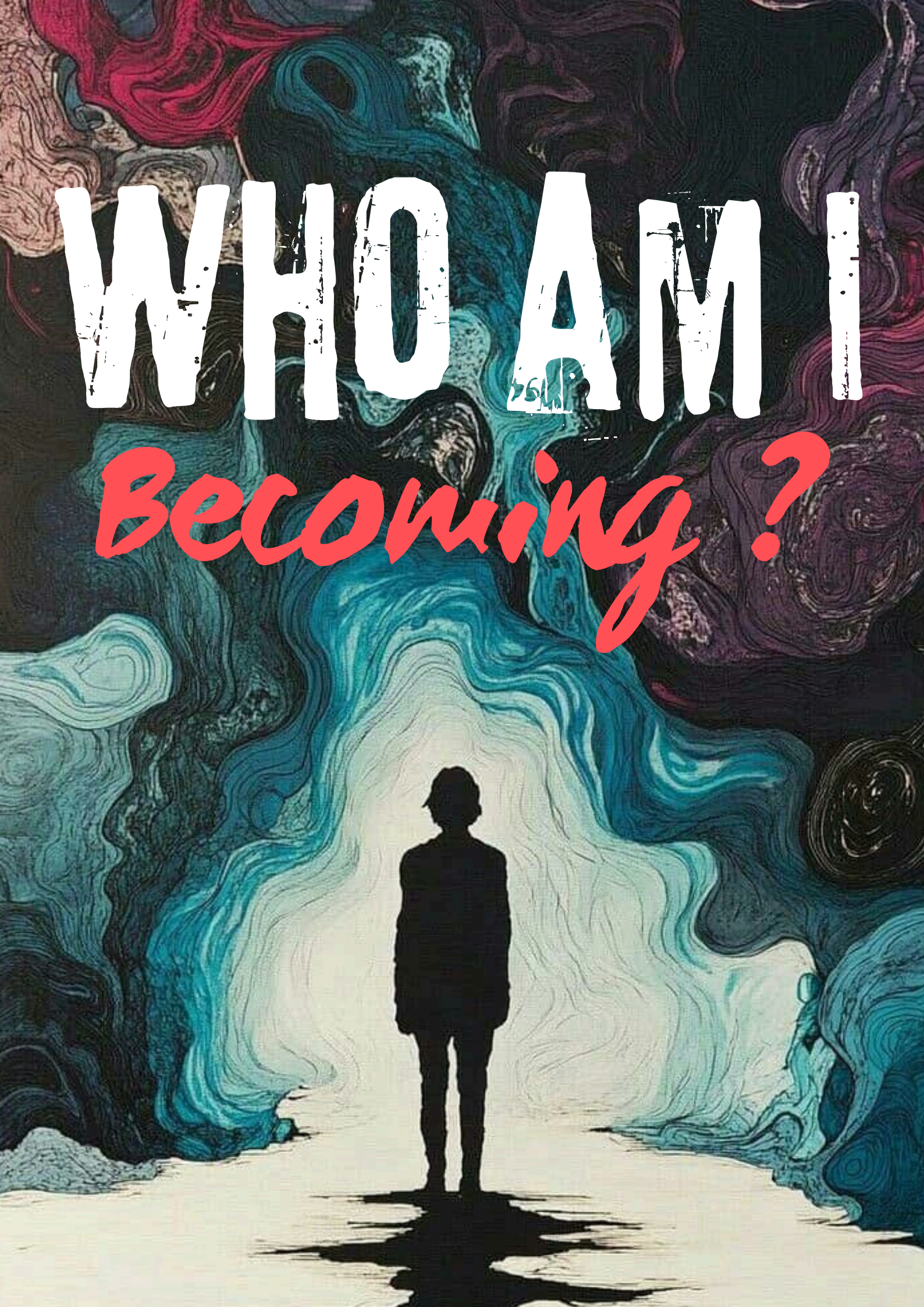
I never said how much your presence grounded me. In between lectures and late-night study sessions, you were my quiet comfort. I acted casual, hid behind jokes, and pretended I was fine on my own, but the truth is I leaned on you more than I let on. I was scared - scared that if I spoke honestly, I'd seem weak or needy, or worse, that I'd lose you.

I never thanked you for the patience you borne when I was overwhelmed and distant. College taught me how to manage credits and careers, but not how to communicate feelings. When stress made me quiet, you stayed. When I doubted myself, you believed anyway. I noticed, always, but I didn't say it.

I also never said I was afraid of change. People grow in different ways here, and I didn't know how to ask you to stay without holding you back. So I chose silence, thinking it was safer than vulnerability. That choice still lingers with me.

If I could say one thing now, it would be: you mattered. You still do. Some lessons aren't found in textbooks, they live in regret, gratitude, and the courage we wish we had sooner.

This letter is my honesty, finally put into words.


WHO AM I
Becoming ?

मासूमियत से पहचान तक

-अल्फिया खान

कभी गुड़ियों से बातें करती थी रातों में
रुई के बादलों को पकड़ती थी हाथों में।
सपनों का घर बनाती थी रेत के कणों पर,
ना डर था किसी का, ना कोई बोझ था मनों पर !!

फिर एक दिन आई वो उम्र अजीब,
जहाँ सब बदलने लगा ... अंदाज़, तक़रीब।
आईने ने कहना शुरू किया कुछ नया,
चेहरे पर आई परछाइयाँ ..."अब तुम बड़ी हुई भला!"

माँ की नज़रें अब कुछ ज़्यादा ठहरने लगीं,
बातें छोटी थीं, पर सज़ा गहरी लगीं।
दोस्तियाँ अब रहस्य बनने लगीं,
हर मुस्कान में कहानी छुपने लगीं !!

ख़्वाब अब उतने सादे नहीं रहे,
वो उड़ना चाहती थी ...पर पंख शायद अभी पूरे नहीं रहे !!
कभी खुद से ही नाराज़, कभी आईने में ओझल,
जैसे बारिश की बूंदों में भीगे कोई बिना बादल।

अब स्कूल की हँसी कॉलेज की गलियों में गुम हो गई,
ज़िम्मेदारियों की दस्तक हर कदम सुनाई दी।
लोग कहते हैं ... "अब तुम समझदार हो गई हो",
पर कोई नहीं पूछता ...."थक तो नहीं गई हो?"

वो लड़की अब औरत बनने लगी है,
सपनों को ज़मीन देने लगी है।
वो गिरती है, टूटती है, फिर सँभल जाती है,
हर चोट पर मुस्कुराना सीख जाती है !!

अब उसे मालूम है ....दुनिया हर वक़्त नरम नहीं,
हर "दोस्ती" सच्ची, हर "प्यार" गर्म नहीं।
पर उसे अब डर नहीं किसी पुराने ताने से,
वो वाक़िफ़ हो चुकी है अपने ही फ़साने से।

अब बचपन की वो मासूम हँसी तो नहीं रही,
पर आँखों में एक रोशनी... गहरी और सही।
सपनों में अब सिर्फ चाँद नहीं, अपने मुक़ाम हैं,
अब वो महज़ एक लड़की नहीं, अपने नाम की पहचान है।
"वो अपने ख़्वाबों की रानी है,
हर आँसू की एक मुकम्मल कहानी है,
और हर गिरने के बाद उठ खड़ी होने की निशानी है!"

THE PERSON I DIDN'T PLAN TO BE

-Devanshu Goyal

I don't think I'm the same person I was two years ago.



Back then, I cared a lot about what people thought. About being "that" student — the sorted one, the "everyone's favorite" one, the one who always gets a perfect score. I thought confidence meant having answers.
Now I'm not so sure.

College changed me in ways I didn't expect. Not dramatically. Just slowly. I started questioning things — not just subjects in class, but myself.

What do I actually want?
What do I believe when no one is asking me?

If there was no audience, who would I be?

Did you know?

Open mic events give students a platform to express their thoughts.

I've lost some friendships. Not in a dramatic way. Just distance. Different priorities. It hurt, but it also taught me that not everyone is meant to stay forever.

I still overthink. I still compare sometimes. I still have nights where I question if I'm doing enough. But I'm kinder to myself about it now.

Who am I becoming?

I think I'm becoming someone who values peace more than validation. Someone who doesn't panic as much over small failures. Someone who understands that not having everything figured out doesn't mean you're failing.

I'm still scared sometimes. Still unsure.
But I'm also braver than I used to be.
It may not look like anything remarkable from the outside. But change rarely does while it's happening.





Becoming & Beyond

-Aanchal Sunil Pandey

Life is a series of choices. Some are small, like what to wear or what to eat. Others are life-changing – choosing a career, ending a relationship, moving to a new city, or deciding who we want to become. We often think the hardest part is making the choice. But in reality, the real journey begins after the choice is made.

"Becoming & Beyond" is about that journey – the part no one sees. It is about the growth, confusion, self-doubt, courage, and transformation that happen quietly after we decide our path.

Every choice changes us.

When we choose something, we also choose the responsibilities and consequences that come with it. If we choose ambition, we choose sleepless nights. If we choose self-respect, we may have to walk away from people we love. If we choose growth, we must accept discomfort.

The space between making a decision and seeing its result is often messy. This is "the messy middle." It is full of questions like:

Did I choose the right path?

What if I fail?

What if I am not enough?

In this phase, we meet ourselves. We see our fears. We see our strength. We understand that becoming is not glamorous – it is uncomfortable.

There is always a battle between the brain and the heart. The brain wants stability and safety. The heart wants passion and meaning. Sometimes we choose logic, and sometimes we choose emotions. But after the choice, we learn to live with it and grow from it.

There are also doors we close. We leave behind old habits, old friendships, and old versions of ourselves. It hurts. Letting go always hurts. But growth demands space. And sometimes, we must release what we were to become what we are meant to be.

There are things we never say – apologies we never give, feelings we never express, dreams we hide because we fear judgment. Yet, these unspoken emotions shape us deeply. They push us toward maturity.

Becoming is not about perfection. It is about progress. It is about waking up every day and choosing to continue, even when the path feels uncertain.

Life does not change overnight. It changes in small frames – like scenes in a film. Each failure, each success, each heartbreak, each achievement becomes a frame in our story. And slowly, without realizing it, we become stronger, wiser, and more aware.

Growth is not just about choosing a path; it is about walking that path with courage.

We may not always make perfect decisions. But every decision teaches us something. Every experience shapes our identity. Every challenge pushes us toward becoming a better version of ourselves.

"Becoming & Beyond" reminds us that life is not about reaching a final destination. It is about evolving. It is about accepting that we are constantly changing – and that is okay.

Because in the end, we are not defined by the choices we make, but by the person we become after making them.

"Becoming & Beyond" is about that journey – the part no one sees. It is about the growth, confusion, self-doubt, courage, and transformation that happen quietly after we decide our path.

बंजारन

-आशी वर्मा

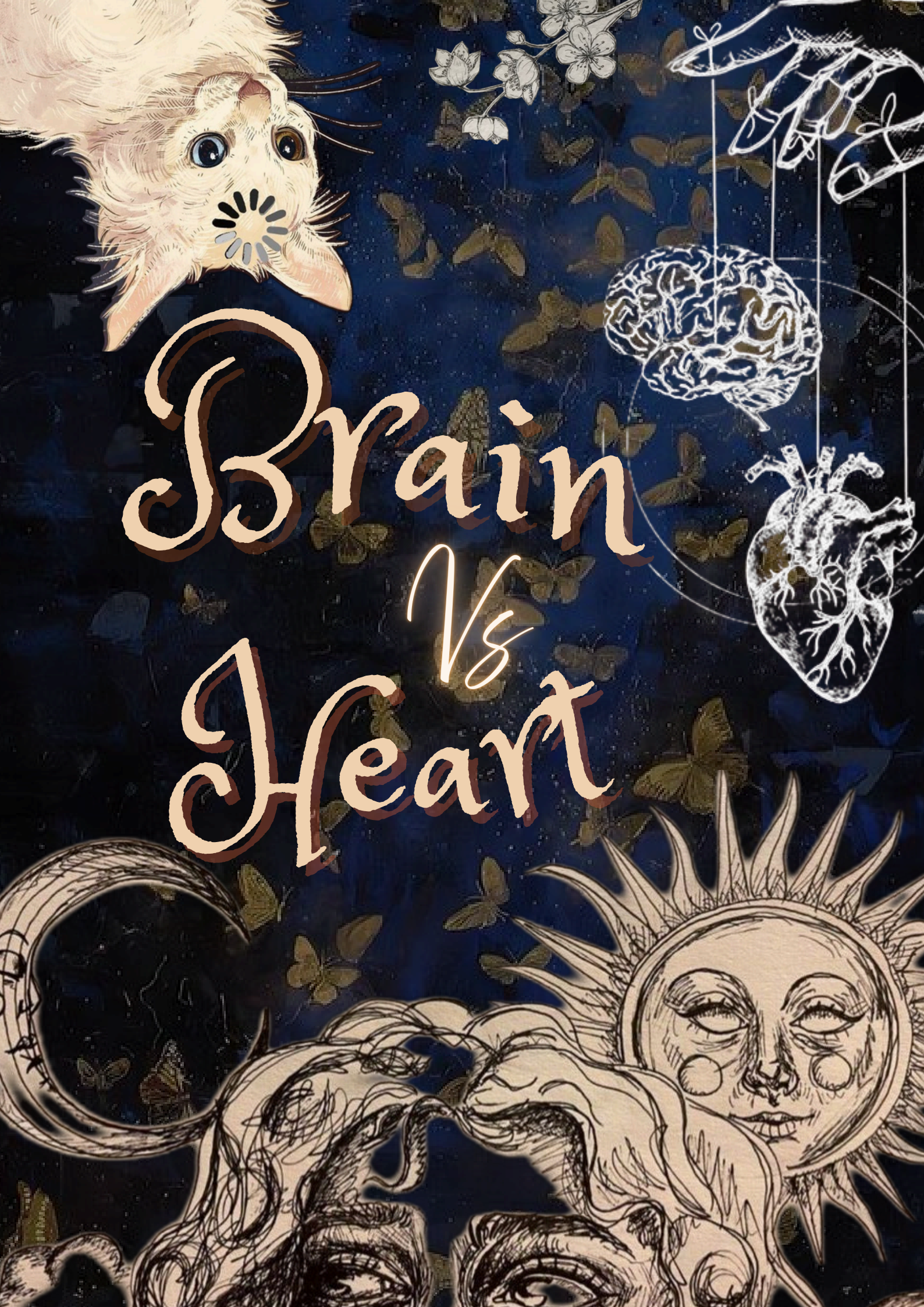
बीते रोज़ बंजारन थी,
आज घर की नींव रख रही हूँ।
अब इस ज़िंदगी की कहानी में
तजुर्बों के टुकड़ों से
अपने सपनों के पक्के मकान की
एक–एक ईंट रख रही हूँ।



अलग–अलग राहों में
उलझती चली थी मैं,
हर राह का एक हिस्सा
अब अपने घर में जोड़ रही हूँ।
कुछ ढूँढने निकली थी मैं,
कुछ खोकर अब शायद
ख़ुद को बेहतर समझने लगी हूँ।

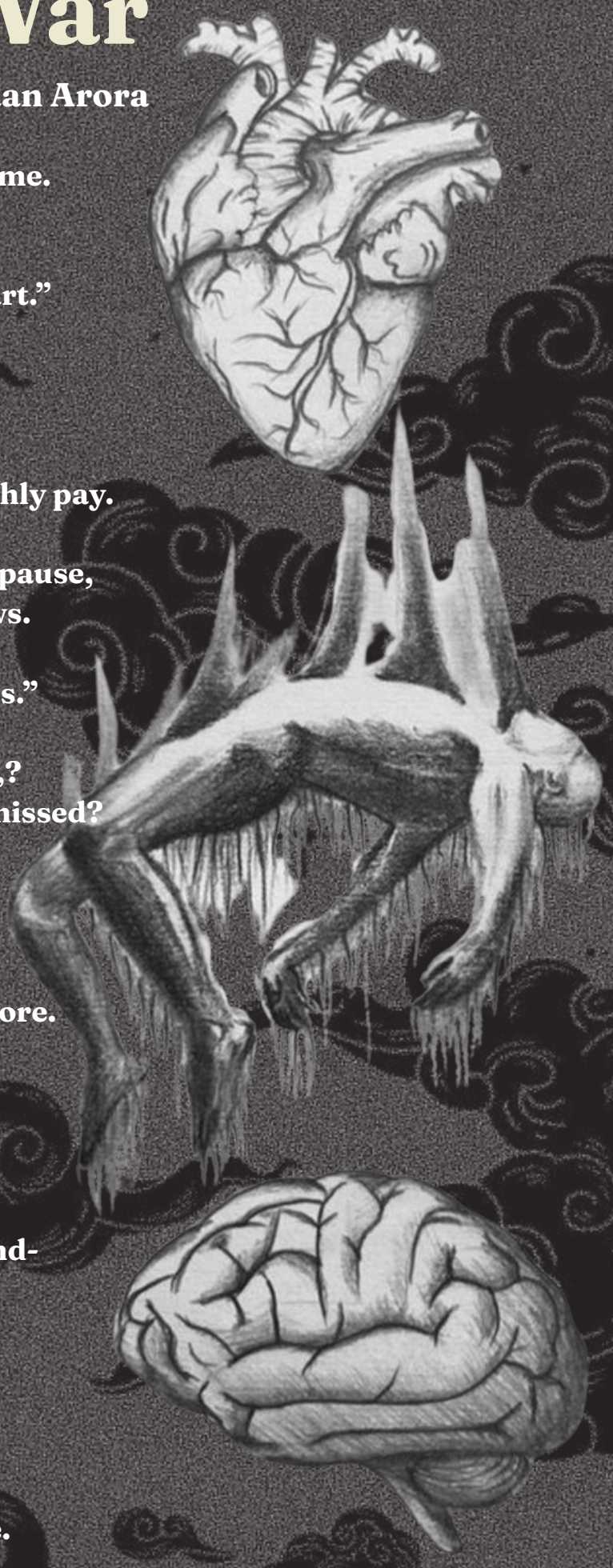
छोटे क़स्बों और कूचों में ठहरकर मैंने
तराशने की कला जो सीखी है,
घर की इमारत सजाने का शौक़
हाँ, ज़ाहिर है - अब लाज़मी है।

भटकते बादलों से दोस्ती काफ़ी रही,
अब समतल समुंदर ने
मुझको रोका है।
बंजारन को घूमने का शौक़ आज भी है,
पर अब एक घर है जो हर शाम
अपनी ओर पुकारता है।


Brain
Vs
Heart

The Tug of War

-Ahaan Arora



My brain says, “Plan. You’re wasting time.
Chase the job, the grades, the climb.
Success wears logic, not scattered art.
Be sharp. Be safe. Don’t trust your heart.”

My heart just hums a softer beat,
In libraries, beneath the heat.
It pulls me toward a wilder way,
Where dreams don’t barter for a monthly pay.

My brain draws charts, and mocks my pause,
It speaks in terms of deadlines and laws.
“Don’t trade your future for a wish.
You’re here to grind, not chase the bliss.”

But the heart replies, “What life is this,?
Where days are blurred, and joy’s dismissed?
Must living bow to scores and tests,
While soul and silence get no rest?”

I sit between their endless war-
One guards the gate, one craves the shore.
And every choice, both paths entwine,
Within this restless mind of mine.

But here’s the truth I’ve come to find:
I need the brain, but not to be blind.
I need the heart, but with steady ground-
To dream, but not get spun around.

So I will climb, but take a breath.
I’ll chase, but not to my spirit's death.

And if I fail, I’ll fail with grace-
Refusing to lose my voice to win a race.

Shutting the Camera off

-Aayush Sharma



The alarm blares,
But the eyes shut off.
In the dry Monday morning,
Hoping to drown responsibilities off.

Bathe, dress, cook, and eat,
A starter prep
For an eight-hour ordeal.
"Work hard, it's a pretty big deal,"
You think,
Having an uneventful meal.

"You are a success, we are proud of you,
And you must be pretty happy for yourself too."
A faint smile and an obligatory nod,
And no one will notice your eyes looking odd.

Bathe, dress, and then you sit.
It's Saturday night,
And you don't have to fit.
You hit play; the screen flashes,
Boom! Bang! The car crashes.

Indiana Jones steals the magical lamp,
The Jedi raid the enemy camp.
You feel Tamasha is your life story,
As you witness the cinema in its full glory.

Then you realise what happiness is:
The camera sitting in your closet,
The screenplay drafts you never shared,
The soundtrack no one else could hear.

Oh!!! To be done with the morning routine,
Bathe, dress, and just have an ordinary meal.
Lose some relatives, film some friends,
Watch your name after 'The End'.

The alarm blares,
It's Monday morning.
"Shut off that noise,
It's not my calling."
You lie to get out of your bed,
To feed a man who is dead.

The Decider

-Parth

I still remember that morning like it's frozen in time. It was actually my Class 12, Legal Studies Board exam day. I was already anxious, pacing here and there, revising answers in my head,and telling myself, "This paper matters. Don't mess it up." as I was on the way to the centre where my exam was, barely 200m from my house. It felt like one of those days that could decide your future.At least this was what i used to think about board exams in those days.

Then, a few steps ahead of me, everything stopped.

A dog had been hit by a car. It was lying on the side of the road, breathing heavily, trying to move but unable to. The sound it made can't really describe it but it was a noise of pure, excruciating agony.

As I was watching the scenario, some people slowed down,some looked, and some kept walking.

My mind immediately went into panic mode, "Don't get involved. You have your board exam. You'll get late. This is not your responsibility. Someone else will handle it."

But my heart just wouldn't let me walk away.

I stood there, staring at it, feeling this strange heaviness in my chest. I kept thinking: how could I study law, justice, and rights, yet ignore a living being suffering right in front of me?. It didn't feel right. It didn't feel human.

I picked the dog up. My hands were shaking. My uniform got dirty. I rushed to a nearby veterinary clinic, kept checking if it was breathing, and kept hoping it wouldn't die in my arms. Two auto drivers denied, but I eventually got a ride. I stayed at the clinic until the doctor started the treatment.

By the time I reached the exam centre, I was late. My mind was scattered, my heart still stuck in that clinic room. I wrote the paper, but not like I had prepared. I scored lower than I expected, much lower, to be honest.

At that time, it hurt. I won't lie,it felt like I had messed up something important. But today, when I look back, I

I remember the relief of knowing I didn't ignore pain. I remember choosing kindness even when it was inconvenient. It was THE DECIDER for me, between a mere exam deciding my future, or an event deciding me as a person.

My mind still reminds me of the risk I took that day.

But my heart? It feels proud.

A Life I Almost Lived

-Saumya Bhardwaj

A paradox of choice has followed me since childhood, because every decision carries an opportunity cost- the silent loss of what could have been. My brain is my fiercest opponent; it stages dramatic hypotheticals, whispering absurd thoughts like- what if the one day I skipped school was the day Ed Sheeran came? Even when my choices are intentional, I remain aware of what I have abandoned.

It begins with something small. I decide not to buy snacks in the evening so I won't eat mindlessly later; night arrives, the cupboard is empty, and a restless dissatisfaction settles in. I imagine the ice cream I didn't buy- the sweetness postponed, the indulgence denied. I knew the consequence. I chose discipline. Yet my mind replays the alternative as if it were a life I almost lived.

That trivial scene feels heavier than it should. The same tension stretches into larger spaces- studies, ambition, identity. "Let me rest now; I'll work later." The disciplined version of me rarely appears on time. As hours slip away, intention quietly gives way to guilt. The brain plans; the heart postpones. I tell myself I am free to choose, yet freedom often feels like pressure. Every step forward quietly erases another path, and sometimes I grieve possibilities I never truly wanted- simply because they are no longer mine.

I once repeated "Aal Izzat Well" like armour before results and awkward conversations. Sometimes it steadied me; sometimes it felt like performance. I still revisit decisions I believed I had accepted, replaying conversations and imagining alternate endings- not because I fully regret them, but because I wonder who I might have become.

When I read that confusion is the route to clarity, I felt less reassured and more understood. Perhaps clarity is not lightning. Perhaps it is sediment- something that settles slowly after being stirred. Choice, I am learning, is rarely dramatic. It is quiet and slightly uncomfortable. Some doors I close still echo. Some roads I walk still do not feel like home.

Perhaps growth is not confidence. Perhaps it is staying- staying with your choices, staying with yourself, even when you are uncertain. And perhaps confusion is not the enemy, but the place where we realise we are still unfinished.

The Doors I Closed



THE DOORS I CLOSED

-Muskan Singh

There comes a quiet moment in life when you realize that growth is not only about opening new doors but also about having the courage to close a few behind you. For a long time, I believed that letting go meant losing something important. Now I understand that sometimes closing a door is the only way to finally walk forward.

Out of all, the hardest door to close was the door of unrealistic expectations–the expectations I carried for myself and the ones I silently tried to fulfill for others. I used to measure my worth by how perfectly I could meet everyone's hopes, how quickly I could succeed, and how rarely I could fail. But living that way slowly turned ambition into pressure and dreams into fear. Closing that door did not mean I stopped caring; it meant I finally allowed myself to breathe.

Another door I closed was the habit of holding on to people and situations that had already outgrown their place in my life. Not every goodbye is dramatic; sometimes it is simply deciding to stop chasing conversations that feel one-sided, to stop revisiting memories that only make you feel smaller, and to accept that some chapters are meant to end quietly. Letting go taught me that peace often begins where unnecessary attachment ends.

Most importantly, I closed the door to the older version of myself—the one who doubted every step, who believed mistakes were failures instead of lessons. Closing that door was not about rejecting who I once was; it was about thanking that version of me for surviving and then choosing to become someone braver.

The doors I closed did not trap me. They guided my direction. And with every door that I shut, I discovered another path opening ahead — one that finally felt like my own.

What remains when LOVE leaves

~Anushree Mall

I loved you like oceans love the moon
pulling every tide of myself toward you
until I forgot my own name.
You were the grammar of my days,
the reason mornings breathed.

When you left,
you dismantled me.
Dreams fell like glass,
sharp enough to remember.
I learned how loud silence can be
when it knows your voice.

Grief remade me in private;
I stitched myself back together
with trembling hands.
I learned to stand alone
without looking like I was falling.
The world called it strength,
mistaking survival for healing.

Now I move forward
smiling, answering, existing.
"It's easier," I say,
than explaining the ache within.

You remain like an old scar
not bleeding, but tender.
I don't chase you anymore;
I've made peace with the leaving.

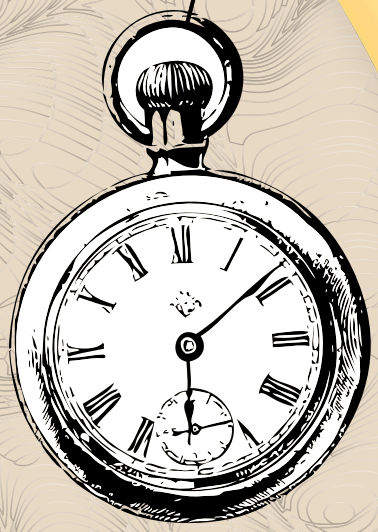
Peace is not the absence of pain,
but learning to hold it.
I am not broken;
I am becoming.

आओ, अब लौट चलें...

~अलोक

सजी हुई गाड़ी लिए मकान को घर करने जाना था,
जाना था , तो डिंपल से झुर्रियों तक सफ़र करने जाना था,
न जाना था यह ख़्याल में की सजी हुई गाड़ी व आप न होंगी!
न जाना था कि आप कभी मिलने पर दबी रोई रोएंगी।

हालात ने ख़्वाब पर क्या चोट है मारी, आओ लौट चले हम –
चली गई वो और साथ गई गाड़ी।



ये कुछ पंक्तियाँ है मेरी अभिव्यक्ति के लिए। मेरी समझ में दिलकशी किन्हीं व्यक्ति विशेष से हो यह ज़रूरी नहीं, यह कतई जरूरी नहीं कि, आप प्रियतमा या प्रीतम के मुंह मोड लेने से ही आलम-ए-अफ़सुर्दगी में गुम हो जाएं, डूब जाएं। हम कला, व्यावसाय, अमूर्त चीज़ों से भी दिल लगा सकते हैं।

मैंने भी लगाई थी, वक़ालत के पेशे से, मैं भारत का सर्वोत्तम मानवाधिकार के क्षेत्र का अधिवक्ता बनना चाहता था । पहले समाज सेवा करने वाले एन०जी०ओ से जुड़ कर तत्पश्चात थोड़ा और प्रौढ़ होने के बाद अपनी खुद की प्रैक्टिस कार्य स्थापित करना चाहता था ।

मगर यह प्लान हमारे बाबूजी को पसंद नहीं आई, मैंने एड़ी-चोटी का ज़ोर लगा दिया बाबूजी अडिग रहे। संभवतः वे तर्क को अनसुना करना सही समझे, उन्होंने साफ कह दिया कि – " वक़ालत करने से बेहतर तुम पढ़ाई छोड़ दो!" अब रोटी पानी वही चला रहे हैं तो नदमस्तक हूं और अब तो बस यह चा रहा हूं कि बस जैसे भी करके किसी नौकरी में आ जाऊं। रोटी कमाने की कश्मोकश में मुझे नहीं लगता कि वाक़ालत कर पाऊंगा, हालांकि अंग्रेजी में एक कहावत है कि – "एज इस जस्ट अ नंबर" मगर ये कहावत भी है – "दैट शिप हैस सेलड", वो जहाज़ जा चुकी, वो गाड़ी छूट चुकी।



धूल भरी किताब और मैं

~आदर्श सिंह



आज फिर सफ़ाई करते हुए घर के एक कोने में वही किताब मिल गई।
इस बार उस पर धूल की एक मोटी परत जमी हुई थी। जैसे ही नज़र उस पर पड़ी, कुछ पुराने ख़्वाब याद आ गए—वे ख़्वाब जो कभी हक़ीक़त की आवाज़ों में दबकर रह गए थे।

मैंने उसके पन्ने पलटे तो महसूस हुआ कि मेरे भीतर की कोई चंचलता कहीं खो चुकी है। जब पढ़ना शुरू किया तो लगा जैसे शीशे में खुद की बनाई हुई एक तस्वीर से सामना हो गया हो—वही तस्वीर, जो कभी उम्मीदों और जज़्बे से भरी थी।

आज न जाने क्यों खुद से सवाल किया—कहाँ खो गया वह जज़्बा, जो कभी उम्मीदों से परवान था?
जब पलटकर देखा तो लगा जैसे समय ने हक़ीक़त का एक दरवाज़ा बंद कर दिया हो।

रिश्ते, इच्छाएँ, तमन्नाएँ—सब जैसे उस किताब के पन्नों में कहीं ओझल होकर रह गए।
आज फिर खुद से पूछा—क्या मैं वही हूँ?
या समय की सच्चाई ने मुझे भी उस किताब के पन्नों की तरह धूल बना दिया है?

यह किताब सिर्फ काग़ज़ों का संग्रह नहीं थी, बल्कि मेरे बीते हुए कल की गवाही थी—और शायद मेरे आज की खामोशी भी।




The Messy Middle

One Must Imagine Sisyphus Happy

-RUDRAAKSHI

I am far from the starting line, yet the finish is nowhere in sight. I stand somewhere in between, suspended. Old enough to know better but not certainly not accomplished enough to prove it.

Some days I feel the fear, as if waiting for the impending doom to dawn upon me. A quiet sense that I have already missed something essential. Other days there is a strange flutter in the pit of my stomach. What if things turn out fine? It exhausts me, the doubt.

Sometimes I fear I might end up getting stuck in the same grind as everyone else. I do not want to. I do not know if I will survive it. A tragedy, for a poet to be defined by his wield over the sword rather than the strokes. And yet, one must imagine Sisyphus happy, right?

There is something absolutely humiliating about effort that does not culminate. It feels like walking ahead and then realising you were supposed to take a turn. Everyone is passing by. No one cares, but you feel the eyes on you. The embarrassment of having to turn around and go back. What if they think you are stupid and naive, who have no idea where to go? Maybe, it is not about them thinking so. It is the fact that it might be true. The humiliation lies
in admitting I am lost. That things are not in my control. That I do care, even if I pretend not to.

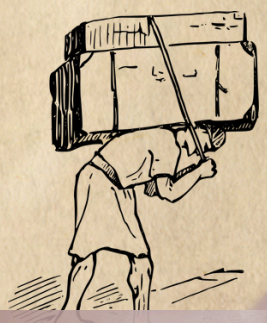
Yesterday I opened a blank page in my notebook, ready to spill my guts, let it bleed...and something seized me. Not the emptiness of the page, the emptiness of my mind. A million emotions, a million desires, yet not a single word. It terrified me. What if, in my pursuit of success, I lose hold of everything I have been?

But what have I even been? I do not know. Knowing myself feels like stepping into a room with no exit. A terrifying thought. Do I have the courage to see myself in all my flaws? And what if I end up limiting who I could be by defining who I am? The curse of fearing uncertainty with the excruciating desire to fly. Take a step forward, you might fall. But what if
you fly?

Maybe if Sisyphus is happy, it is not because the task is easy. It is because he has made his peace with the heaviness. Perhaps that is the closest I come to understanding it. I may never conquer the world, but the choice to try feels...strangely calming, like something that resembles happiness. It lies not on the peak of the mountain, but in my very hands. The ability to create your own meaning, that, is what frees me. I never needed to imagine Sisyphus happy.

Did you know?

Sometimes one meaningful conversation during a session can spark an idea that changes someone's future goals.



तैरना सीख लिया, पर डूबना भी ज़रूरी था

-मुस्कान

जीतने की दौड़ में,
कभी हार जाना भी अच्छा है।
हर बार गलती कुम्हार की नहीं,
कभी रह जाता घड़ा कच्चा है।

बिना ठोकरों की जीत से,
कभी हार जाना अच्छा है।
गिर-गिरकर ही सीखता है,
दौड़ता हुआ वह बच्चा है।
सीखकर ही जीतना शायद अच्छा है,
कभी-कभी हारकर ही जीत जाना अच्छा है।

सफलता की कहानी में,
कुछ कमियों का होना अच्छा है।
शायद कभी हार से सीख जाना
अच्छा है।

खुद की कमियों पर काम करना ही जीत है,
जो अपनी कहानियों को बुलंद बनाए,
वही असली जीत है।



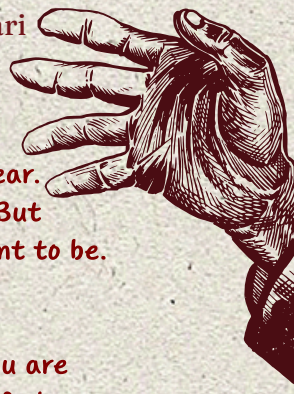
तुम्हारी हार पर हँसने के लिए
बाहर खड़ी ये भीड़ है,
भीड़ को पार करके खड़ी
तुम्हारे जीवन की जीत है।

इसीलिए शायद हार से सीख जाना अच्छा है,
जीत को इंतज़ार कराकर
जीत जाना अच्छा है।

मुश्किलों के आगे बढ़ना अच्छा है,
छोटी-मोटी ठोकरों से न घबराना अच्छा है।
बिना ठोकरों की जीत से,
कभी हार जाना अच्छा है,
भीड़ को पार करके
जीत जाना अच्छा है।

This is the Messy Middle

-Awantika Kumari



No one really prepares you for the phase after the excitement fades.

At the beginning, everything feels alive. You are learning, trying, dreaming without fear. Mistakes are excused because you are "new". Progress feels visible and encouraging. But then, quietly, you stop being a beginner , and yet you are still far from where you want to be. That is where I found myself: in the messy middle.

It is a strange space. You are experienced enough to see how much you don't know. You are skilled enough to want more, but not established enough to feel secure. The applause fades. The milestones spread farther apart. Effort increases, but results move slowly. Some days, it feels like climbing a staircase that never seems to end.

Comparison grows louder in this phase. Watching others celebrate milestones can make your own progress feel invisible. Questions start echoing in your mind: Am I too late? Am I falling behind? Should I change my path? Am I ever going to succeed in life? When will my time arrive?

But the messy middle carries a quiet lesson. Growth is not always dramatic. Sometimes, it is repetitive. It is waking up and trying again. It is improving in ways that no one sees. It is choosing consistency over comfort. In this phase, you learn to rely less on validation and more on inner belief. The more you work on yourself, the more manageable the messy middle becomes.

The middle stretches you. It humbles you. It forces you to build strength without applause. And perhaps that is where the real transformation happens – not in the spotlight of success, but in the shadow of persistence.

I Am still in the middle. Still uncertain. Still becoming. And maybe that is not failure. Maybe that is growth, unfolding at its own pace.That is how the middle usually is :"messy".

"It feels like falling behind

A feeling of regret surrounding the heart

A realisation of self-belief

A push from inside, saying –

You are doing great, it's just a phase

Is what needed the most

And that's the

messy middle, my dost!

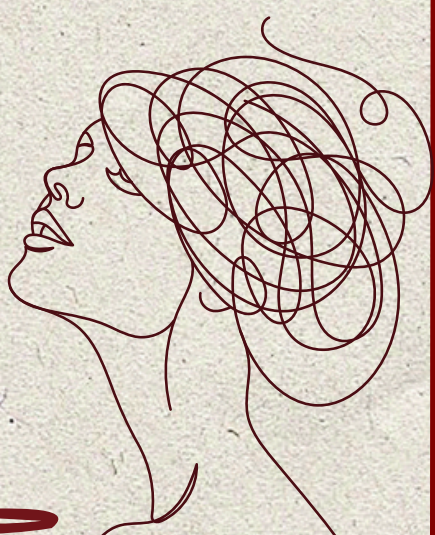
Did you know?

Interactive sessions and discussions often help students discover new perspectives and career paths.









The Bard and The Box-And I

-Bhargavi Chakravorty

I will tell you a story, one that will remain forever in your memory!

In a faraway world, there once was a Bard,

Travelling and playing music that seemed so very hard!

His flute was magic, and magic was his song;

People could hear his stories all day long!

For years he studied and sang, honing his skill;

"To sing the greatest ballad in the world" was his dream to fulfill!

One night, as he sat by the seaside,

His eye caught a Box riding down the high tide!

He swam and reached it, and oh! What a beauty it was;

Studded with diamonds and patterns, shining like colored glass!

He pried it open, but it was plain and dark and empty;

"For a box so pretty," he thought, "it should have been full of a beautiful bounty!"

And strangely, the beautiful but hollow Box reminded the Bard of him,

And how lost and hopeless he was, like a light that had become dim!

"O Heavens!" he cried, "When shall you hear my call?"

"When shall I sing the greatest epic and become the greatest bard of them all?"

Sadly, I do not know if his wish came true;

But I can tell you another story, one that is still very new!

This is the story of me, myself, and I,

And my wildest dreams to grow and soar high!

You see, many things are there that I know;

And there are numerous places where I may wish to go!

Technology calls to my soul, science tugs at my heart;

Music thrums in my bones, from magical stories I can never part!

Mathematics and art shape my aura, dance is a newly found joy;

It is as if my life is playing with me like a toy!

"O Heavens!" I cry, "When shall I solve this riddle?"

"Shall I ever be able to escape this messy middle?"

The Bard, the Box, and I are so very same;

To have a clear path to tread, the very idea seems lame!

"Why did I tell you these stories?" you may ask;

To make you realise that you are not alone in this scary task

Of finding courage, patience, and yourself;

In life's darkest paths, you are your only help!

Don't worry, all of us here are lost and stuck;

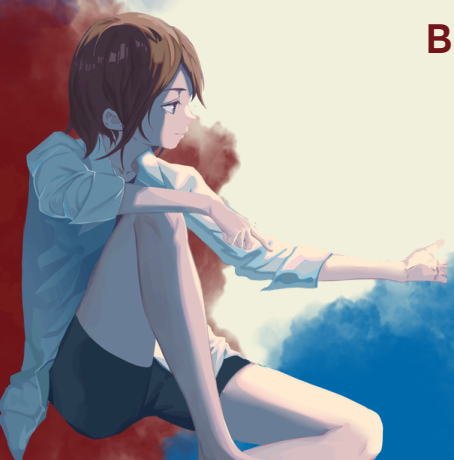
But one day, we shall all emerge out of this messy muck!

Still Somewhere In Between

-Ahaan Arora



They said it would click.
That once I reached this phase,
things would start aligning—
the path, the pace, even the name on the door.
Instead, I'm knee-deep in the middle,
not lost, but not found either.
I'm not where I began.
I know more now.
I unlearned the need to impress everyone.
I taught myself how to get back up quietly.
But the wins are slow;
The days blur.
And the world keeps clapping for
those performing at a higher volume.
Some friends moved on.
Some dreams shrank quietly
until they no longer fit the room.
And here I am—
not failing, but not flying,
just trying to make peace
with the version of me that's in progress.
This middle is not glamorous.
It doesn't post well.
But maybe it's where I grow the most—
when no one's watching,
and I'm still trying.



Halfway to Somewhere

-Devanshu Goyal

Everybody has advice to give — on stocks, relationships, finance, even philosophy — but
nobody really tells you how to deal with this phase.
Maybe that's how it's supposed to be.
You're not new anymore. You know how college works. Which professor takes attendance
seriously and which one doesn't. How to finish assignments overnight. How to look calm
during presentations even when your hands are freezing.
But you're not "there" yet either.
There's no big achievement to post. No major win. Just... regular days.
Some mornings I wake up feeling like I'm growing. Other mornings I scroll through reels and
feel like everyone else is already ahead. People my age launching brands, getting
internships, following morning routines that make it look like they have everything sorted.
And I'm just trying to fix my sleep schedule.
This phase feels strange. I'm not confused about everything, but I'm not confident either. I've
stopped being the school version of myself — the one who only cared about marks and
playing with friends — but I haven't fully figured out this new version yet.
It feels like standing between two chapters.
I've learned a few things though. I don't need to impress everyone. Not every opportunity is
meant for me. And sometimes growth is just showing up, even when no one notices.
This messy middle is quiet. It's choosing to study when your mind wants to scroll. It's
learning to sit with self-doubt instead of avoiding it. It's slowly becoming someone without
even realizing it.
Maybe I'm not behind.
Maybe I'm just not finished yet.


Dear
Future Me

Dear Future Me

- Nandani Rani

Dear Future Me, 

When this letter finds you..I hope it arrives like a familiar song soft, honest, and full of memory. Right now, I am writing from the in-between: not who I was, not yet who you are, but someone learning the art of becoming. Every choice I make feels like a stone dropped into still water, sending ripples into a future I cannot see. I hope you remember that none of these ripples were accidents. They were acts of courage disguised as uncertainty.

Today, fear sits beside me like an uninvited guest. It asks its endless questions like What if you fall short? What if you change too much? What if you lose your way? Yet somewhere deeper, a quieter voice answers that What if you grow? So I am choosing paths with trembling hands and a steady heart, trusting that becoming was never meant to be graceful… only true. If life carried you somewhere unexpected, I hope you welcomed it. After all, detours often teach the language of resilience better than straight roads ever could.

There are nights when I worry about being enough … enough for dreams that stretch beyond comfort, enough for a world that rarely pauses. But inside me lives a small, stubborn flame that refuses to dim. It whispers that worth is not measured in arrival, but in effort, honesty, and the courage to continue. Please tell me you learned to speak to yourself with kindness. Tell me you replaced harsh timelines with patience. Tell me you honored the human heart beating beneath every ambition.
I leave you promises to be simple, sacred anchors. To protect our curiosity when routine grows loud. To choose authenticity over applause. To hold close the people and passions that remind us why we began. If ever you feel distant from yourself, return here. Let these words be a lighthouse, guiding you back to your own voice.

Please dream not only of success, but of a life textured with feelings .. laughter that lingers, love that teaches, quiet moments that glow with meaning. I hope your achievements never cost you your softness. May ambition walk gently beside compassion. May joy visit often, not as a reward, but as a companion.

Most of all, I hope you are proud .. "not because everything unfolded perfectly, but because you kept unfolding." Becoming braver with each fall. Becoming wiser with each doubt. Becoming more yourself with every sunrise. Life after choices are made is not an ending; it is a poem still being written.
If you ever feel lost in its verses, remember me .. the version of you who believed fiercely in possibility. I am cheering for you across time. Keep becoming. Keep dreaming. Keep choosing the beautiful risk of growth.

With love that travels years,

With faith in you,
Your Past Self

Dear Future Me

~ Shikha Singh

Dear Future Me, 

I hope you are reading this at a time when life feels a little more settled than it does right now. Today, I'm writing from a space of reflection, carrying both hope and heaviness, dreams and doubts within me. I don't know exactly where you are, but I want to believe you have grown into someone who finally feels free within herself. Right now, I realize how much of my identity has been shaped by societal expectations. For so long, I defined myself through what others wanted me to be, the "good" daughter, the responsible student, the person who never disappoints. I spent so much time trying to make my family proud and fit into what society calls success." But deep down, I also know the truth: no matter how much you do, it never feels enough. There is always another standard, another comparison, another expectation waiting.

I hope you have learned to step away from that endless cycle. I hope you have finally started prioritizing yourself, not out of selfishness, but out of self-respect. I hope you understand that your worth was never meant to be measured by grades, achievements, or how perfectly you meet other people's ideas of you..

Please don't forget the promises I'm making today. Never abandon yourself just to be accepted. Never shrink your dreams to make others comfortable. Be kind, but don't lose yourself in pleasing everyone. Set boundaries without guilt. Choose peace over pressure.
I hope you have continued growing, not just academically or professionally, but emotionally. I hope you have learned that becoming yourself is more important than becoming what others approve of. Even if life didn't follow the exact plan, I hope you realized that detours don't mean failure; they mean learning.

Most importantly, I hope you are living a life that feels true. I hope you are no longer chasing validation, but building a life that makes you feel whole. next.

If you ever feel lost, remember: you have survived every version of yourself so far. And you will keep evolving..

With faith in you,
Your Past Self

DID YOU KNOW?

Listening to real-life journeys of speakers can inspire students to overcome challenges and pursue their dreams.

Dear Future Me

~Kunal Ratnawat

Dear Future Me,

I wonder what your mornings look like now. Do you wake up with clarity, or are you still learning how to make peace with uncertainty? As I write this, I am standing at a stage where every decision feels like it carries the weight of the future. I don't know which choice will define you, but I hope whichever path you took, you chose it with courage

.

Right now, I am learning that growth is rarely loud. It doesn't always arrive with applause or visible success. Sometimes it is simply waking up and deciding not to give up. I hope you remember the quiet battles – the doubts that tried to convince you that you were not enough, the fears that whispered that you might fail. If you overcome them, I will be proud of you. If you are still overcoming them, I am even prouder.

I hope you did not measure your worth only by achievements. Titles and accomplishments may look impressive, but I hope you valued the discipline it took to reach them even more. I hope you stayed consistent on days when no one was watching. I hope you kept choosing integrity over shortcuts and growth over comfort.

If life did not unfold exactly as planned, I hope you did not see it as defeat. I hope you understood that sometimes detours lead to discoveries we would have never made otherwise. The dreams I hold today may have changed shape for you – and that is okay. Just promise me that you never stopped dreaming altogether.

Please tell me you protected your peace. That you learned when to persist and when to let go. That you forgave yourself for mistakes instead of carrying them as permanent labels. Remember, the choices made were based on the wisdom available at that time. There is no shame in evolving beyond them.

Above all, I hope you become someone who is not only successful but fulfilled. Someone who stands firm in values, gentle in words, and confident in purpose.

As I write this, I am not certain of the destination. But I am certain of one thing – I am trying. And I hope you never stopped trying.

With faith in you,
Your Past Self

Dear Future Me

-Jasleen Kaur

Dea Future Me, 

I don't know exactly where you are as you're reading this. Maybe you're sitting in an apartment that finally feels like home. Maybe you're in a different city, or even a different country. Maybe you're reading this on your phone during a quick break from work, or late at night when everything feels quiet and reflective. Wherever you are, I hope you pause for a moment and really take this in.

Right now, I'm in a stage of becoming. Life feels uncertain, exciting, overwhelming, and hopeful all at once. There are days when I feel capable of anything, and other days when I question whether I'm doing enough or moving fast enough. I worry about the future, but I also dream about it constantly. You are that future. I hope you're proud. Not just of the big milestones—degrees, promotions, titles, achievements—but of the small, invisible growth that no one else sees. I hope you learned how to be kinder to yourself. I hope you stopped measuring your worth by productivity. I hope you finally understood that rest is not laziness and that progress isn't always loud.

I hope you kept your curiosity. I hope you didn't let routine turn you into someone who just survives the week. I hope you still read books that challenge you, listen to music that makes you feel something real, and have conversations that stretch your perspective. I hope you chose growth over comfort at least a few times, even when your hands were shaking.

Right now, I'm scared of making the "wrong" choice. I'm scared of wasted time. I'm scared of regret. If you're reading this and you've made mistakes—big ones, maybe—please remember that I already expect that. I don't need you to be perfect. I just need you to have learned. I need you to have stayed open. I need you to have forgiven yourself.

I hope you're healthy. Not just physically, but mentally and emotionally. I hope you found ways to manage stress that don't involve ignoring it. I hope you stopped bottling everything up. I hope you asked for help when you needed it instead of pretending to have it all together. Strength was never about handling everything alone.

If things didn't go as planned, I hope you built something beautiful out of the detours. Sometimes the path we didn't choose teaches us more than the one we carefully mapped out. I hope you stopped seeing delays as failures. Life isn't a race, even though it often feels like one.

And if, by chance, you're reading this during a hard season—when you feel lost, tired, or disappointed—please remember me. Remember this version of you who is hopeful despite the uncertainty. Remember that you have already survived every difficult day that came before this moment. You are more resilient than you give yourself credit for.

If you've achieved everything we once dreamed of, stay humble. If you haven't, stay hopeful. Either way, keep going.

I'm rooting for you. I believe in you, even when you don't believe in yourself. And no matter how far apart we are in time, we are still the same person at our core—trying, learning, growing.

Take a deep breath. You made it further than I have so far. And that alone means something.

With hope and determination,
Your Past Self

Dear Future Me

-Navi



Dear Future Me,

It already breaks my heart to say this, but I hope you know that for you to exist, several other versions of your past will have to surrender themselves including me, and yes, they're not happy about it either, but for better to come, they need to leave. I'm going to be a little blunt with you and I know for a fact that you won't mind. That's one thing that remains constant in you and I'm proud of this strength of yours. I have no clue how you'll turn out, whether you'll be worth every sacrifice your past versions made or not and I don't intend on finding that out anyway. Let that be a mystery for some while. Although, what I want you to know is that your being is the result of years of persistence of the same little girl who had no idea if she'll ever make it this far in life. She did it, every time. Life turned out to be appealing and not so appealing at the same time and it's alright. I know you'll be feeling confused at my choice of words but you'll figure it out. You always do, and that's what I want you to know. You might think that your presence won't make any difference but it does, not necessarily to others but it sure does to me, your past self. I hope you're proud of me too. I really hope you do, I'm trying to give my best and I will continue to. I want to make sure you don't have the same experiences like me ever. I might despise everything happening around me right now and it sounds strange but I will not be here for long, as I said, you need to arrive and my departure is the only way that can happen. I don't have a lot of time but whatever is left, rest assured that it will be spent on something both you and I won't regret. I'm waiting for you and packing my stuff at the same time. It's bittersweet but let's promise to meet at a certain point on the way. The route and the time for my burial and your birth will be the same. We will have to meet, and we will.

With faith in you,
Your Past Self

Dear Future Me

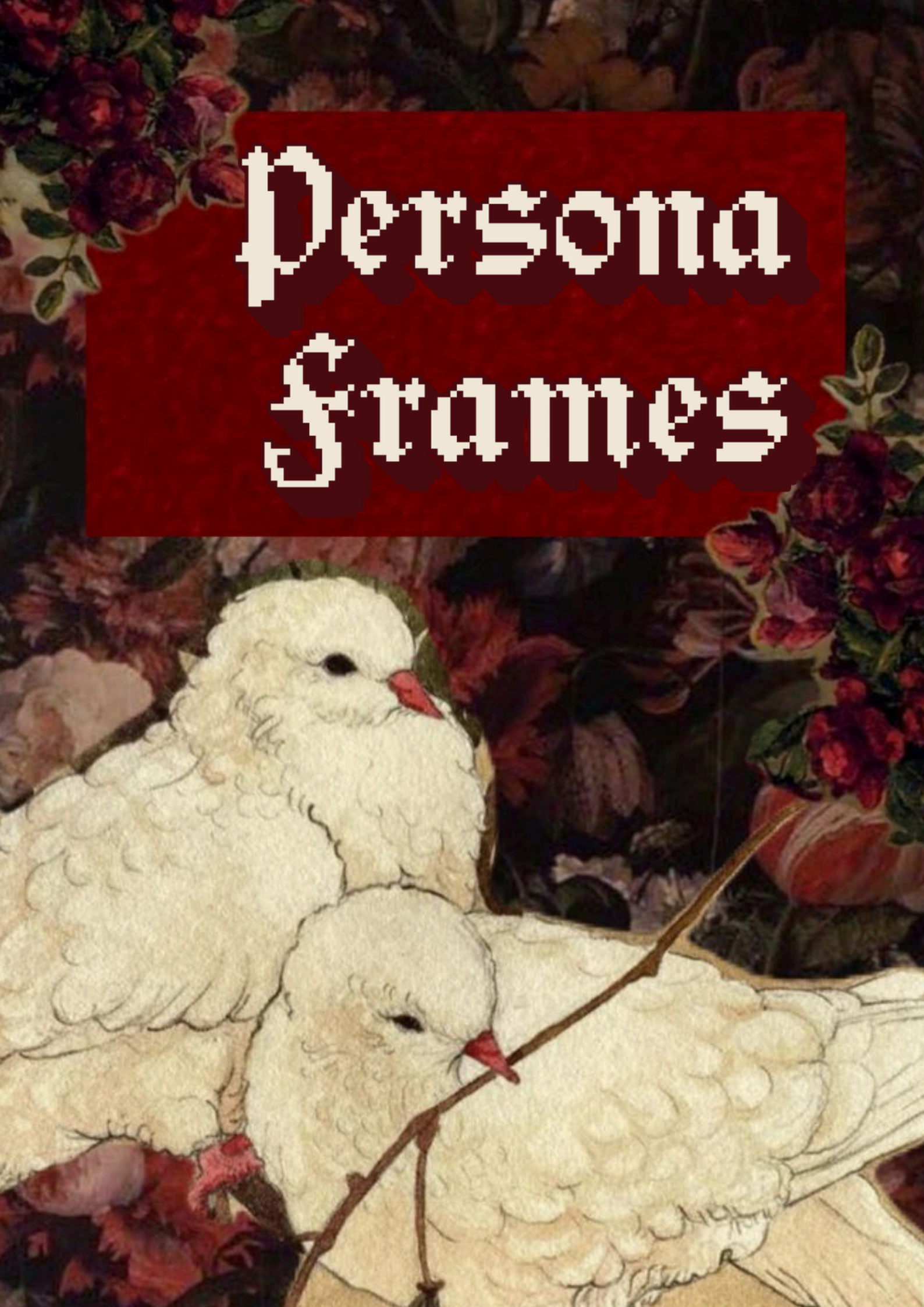
-Nishika Jain



Dear Future Me,

Be honest with me.
Did the fear of failing NEET – even after two drops – ever define you? Or did you finally understand that an exam could test your preparation, but never your worth?
I remember the shame. The silence. The way comparisons felt louder than encouragement. The way people looked at you as if delay meant defeat. Tell me – did that phase strengthen you instead of shrinking you? Did you realise that resilience matters more than timelines?
I hope you're no longer embarrassed of your journey. I hope you wear it like armor.
Did your emotional trauma break you – or build you? When your health was at its lowest, when your mind was exhausted, when life felt like it was testing you from every direction at once... did you still rise?
I hope you did.

When people discouraged you – when they even labeled your good deeds as "ominous," when they doubted your intentions, your capability, your future – I hope you didn't let their words settle inside you. I hope you understood that sometimes people project their fears onto those who dare to dream.
And when no one gave you space to spread your arms and grow – did you create your own space?
Did you build your skills quietly, patiently, secretly? Did you solve your problems on your own – not recklessly, but wisely? Even if you were impulsive at times, I hope you learned to channel that fire into direction, not destruction.
Tell me – did you conquer your emotional triggers? Not by suppressing them, but by mastering them?
Are you finally satisfied? Not because everything went your way, but because you became strong enough to handle whatever didn't?
I hope you stopped caring about society's narrow perspectives. I hope you understand that you are the eternal constant in your life – the only person who stays through every storm. And I hope you learned to stand tall, with bravery and grace, even when your legs trembled.
Most importantly – did you shine anyway?
Even in your worst condition. Even when your health fails. Even when your confidence shook. Even when no one clapped.
I hope you did.
Because right now, I am still scared. Still fighting. Still proving.
But I believe in you.
So tell me, Future Me –
Did we turn our pain into power?
If yes, I'm proud of you.
If not yet – don't you dare stop now.
With fire in my chest and faith in my bones,
Your Past Self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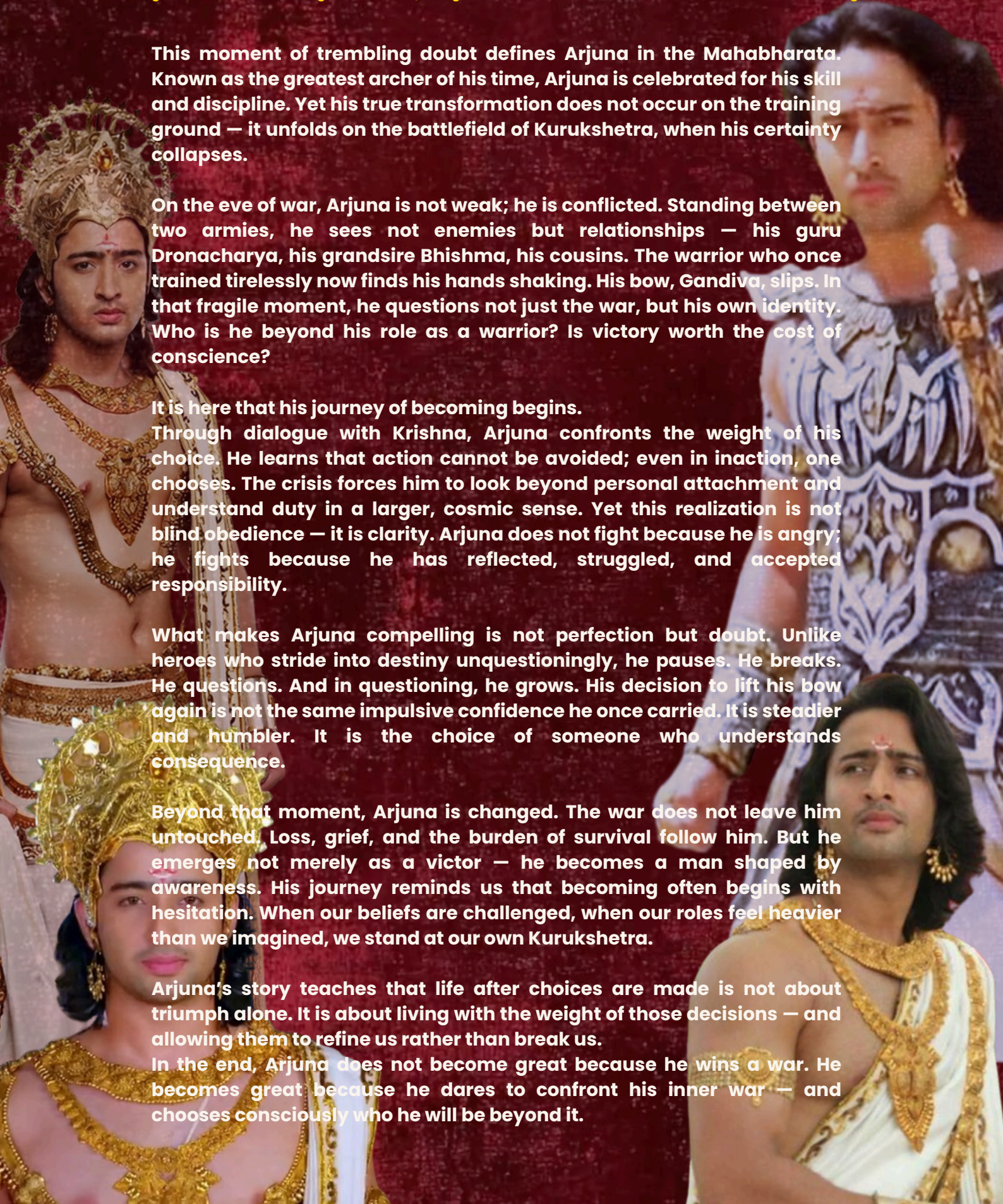
ARJUNA

“I see my teachers, my elders, my own blood — how can I raise my bow?”



This moment of trembling doubt defines Arjuna in the Mahabharata. Known as the greatest archer of his time, Arjuna is celebrated for his skill and discipline. Yet his true transformation does not occur on the training ground — it unfolds on the battlefield of Kurukshetra, when his certainty collapses.

On the eve of war, Arjuna is not weak; he is conflicted. Standing between two armies, he sees not enemies but relationships — his guru Dronacharya, his grandsire Bhishma, his cousins. The warrior who once trained tirelessly now finds his hands shaking. His bow, Gandiva, slips. In that fragile moment, he questions not just the war, but his own identity. Who is he beyond his role as a warrior? Is victory worth the cost of conscience?

It is here that his journey of becoming begins.
Through dialogue with Krishna, Arjuna confronts the weight of his choice. He learns that action cannot be avoided; even in inaction, one chooses. The crisis forces him to look beyond personal attachment and understand duty in a larger, cosmic sense. Yet this realization is not blind obedience — it is clarity. Arjuna does not fight because he is angry; he fights because he has reflected, struggled, and accepted responsibility.

What makes Arjuna compelling is not perfection but doubt. Unlike heroes who stride into destiny unquestioningly, he pauses. He breaks. He questions. And in questioning, he grows. His decision to lift his bow again is not the same impulsive confidence he once carried. It is steadier and humbler. It is the choice of someone who understands consequence.

Beyond that moment, Arjuna is changed. The war does not leave him untouched. Loss, grief, and the burden of survival follow him. But he emerges not merely as a victor — he becomes a man shaped by awareness. His journey reminds us that becoming often begins with hesitation. When our beliefs are challenged, when our roles feel heavier than we imagined, we stand at our own Kurukshetra.

Arjuna’s story teaches that life after choices are made is not about triumph alone. It is about living with the weight of those decisions — and allowing them to refine us rather than break us.
In the end, Arjuna does not become great because he wins a war. He becomes great because he dares to confront his inner war — and chooses consciously who he will be beyond it.

Laila

In A Thousand Splendid Suns by Khaled Hossein

Laila emerges as a powerful symbol of resilience, hope, and self-realization. Her journey reflects the painful yet transformative process of becoming, shaped by loss, love, sacrifice, and courage.

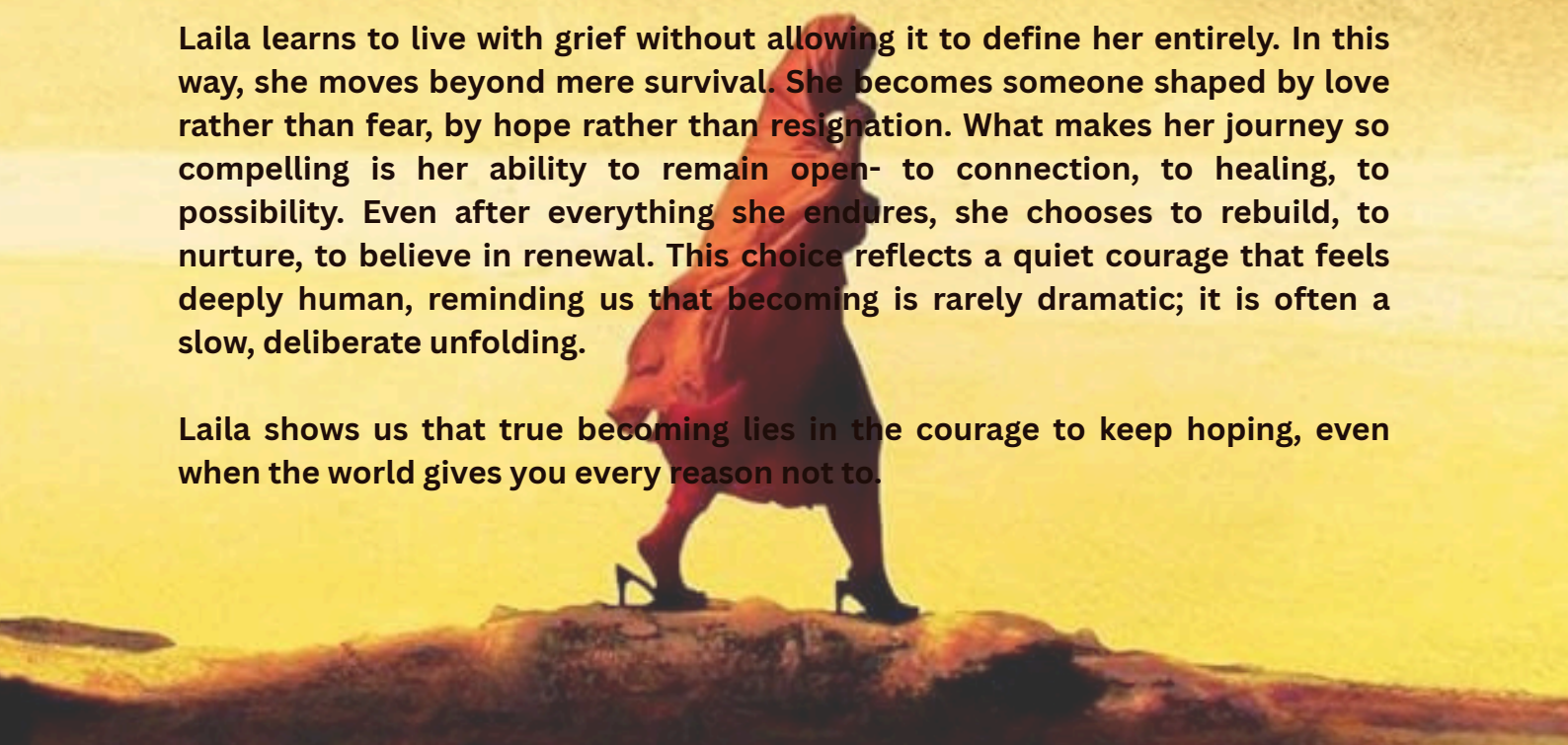
What makes Laila's character so compelling is her emotional resilience. She experiences devastating loss, an oppressive marriage, and constant fear, yet she refuses to let suffering define her identity. Instead of becoming bitter, she becomes more determined. Her strength lies not in dramatic rebellion but in quiet persistence. This is reflected in her ability to keep hoping, loving, and planning for a better future, even when circumstances seem impossible.

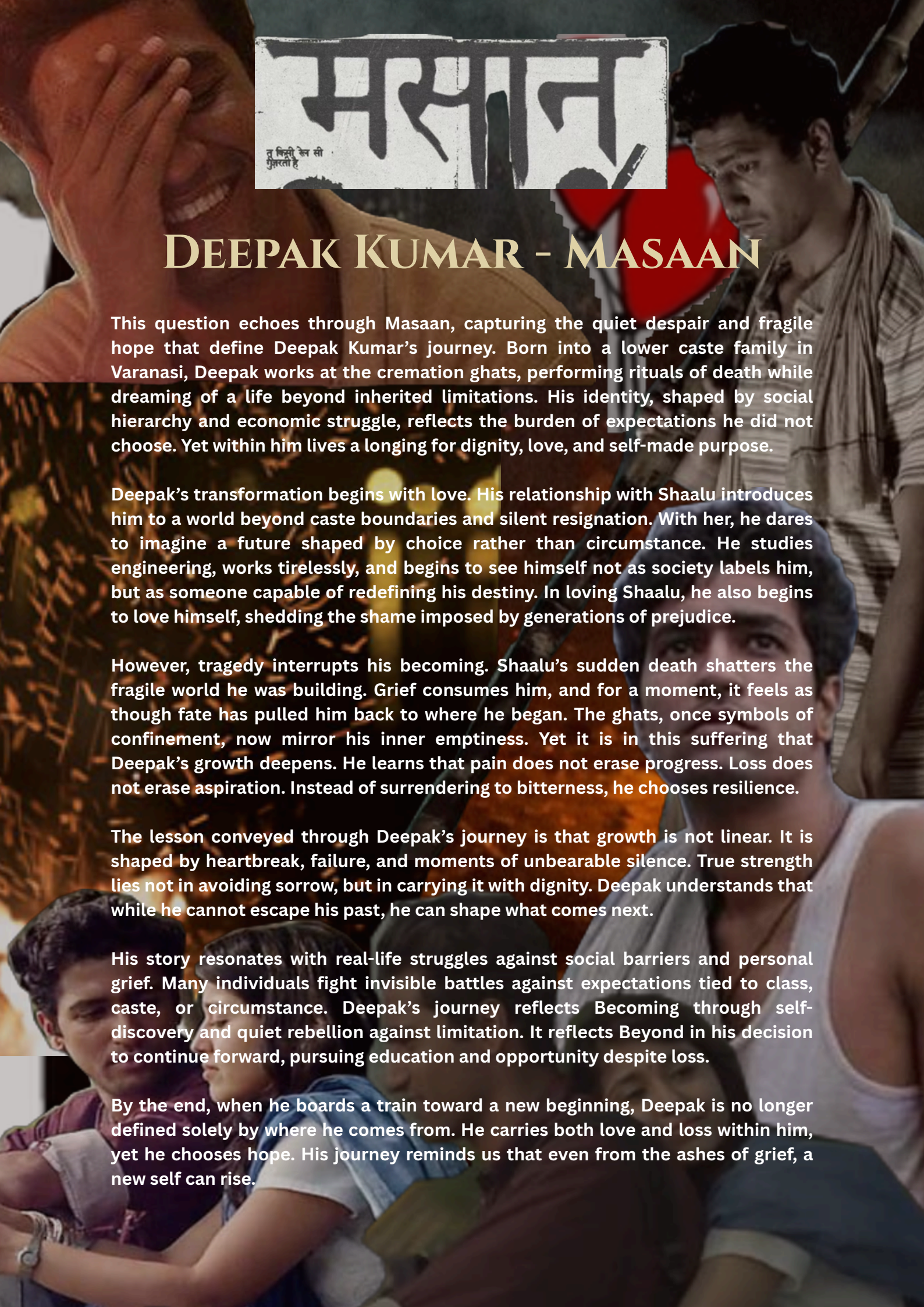
Her forced marriage becomes a quiet season of suffering, yet it is also where Laila's strength begins to take root. She refuses to let hardship erase her spirit. In her bond with Mariam, she discovers a shared resilience, learning that courage can live in patience, empathy, and silent resistance.

Motherhood deepens her resolve, giving her a reason to believe in a life beyond fear. Over time, she grows into someone who not only dreams of freedom but gently moves toward it. Mariam's sacrifice leaves her with a lasting understanding of love, loss, and moral courage. Her resilience is not loud; it unfolds in silence, in patience, in the steady act of enduring without surrendering her sense of self.

Laila learns to live with grief without allowing it to define her entirely. In this way, she moves beyond mere survival. She becomes someone shaped by love rather than fear, by hope rather than resignation. What makes her journey so compelling is her ability to remain open- to connection, to healing, to possibility. Even after everything she endures, she chooses to rebuild, to nurture, to believe in renewal. This choice reflects a quiet courage that feels deeply human, reminding us that becoming is rarely dramatic; it is often a slow, deliberate unfolding.

Laila shows us that true becoming lies in the courage to keep hoping, even when the world gives you every reason not to.





Deepak Kumar - Masaan

This question echoes through Masaan, capturing the quiet despair and fragile hope that define Deepak Kumar's journey. Born into a lower caste family in Varanasi, Deepak works at the cremation ghats, performing rituals of death while dreaming of a life beyond inherited limitations. His identity, shaped by social hierarchy and economic struggle, reflects the burden of expectations he did not choose. Yet within him lives a longing for dignity, love, and self-made purpose.

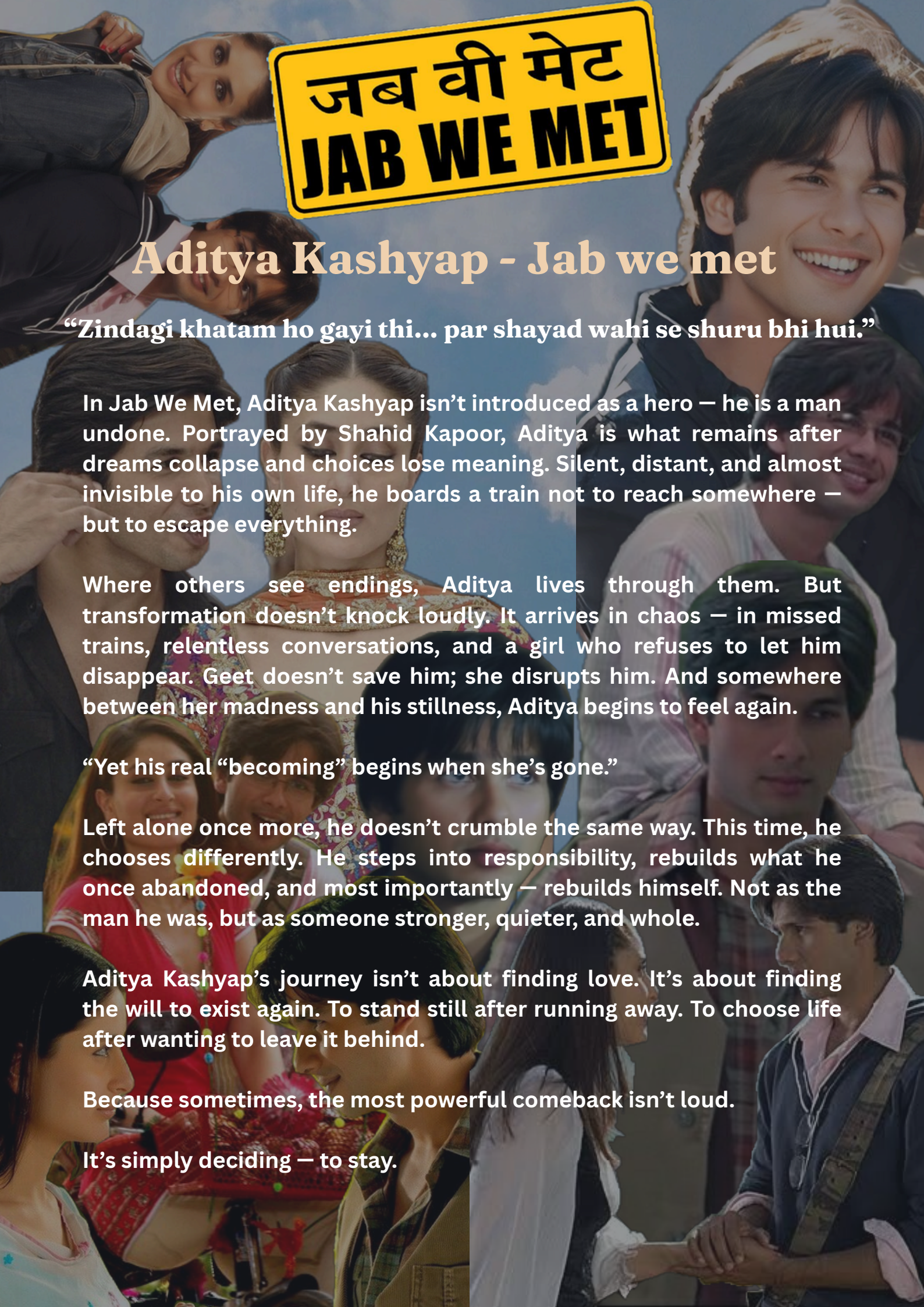
Deepak's transformation begins with love. His relationship with Shaalu introduces him to a world beyond caste boundaries and silent resignation. With her, he dares to imagine a future shaped by choice rather than circumstance. He studies engineering, works tirelessly, and begins to see himself not as society labels him, but as someone capable of redefining his destiny. In loving Shaalu, he also begins to love himself, shedding the shame imposed by generations of prejudice.

However, tragedy interrupts his becoming. Shaalu's sudden death shatters the fragile world he was building. Grief consumes him, and for a moment, it feels as though fate has pulled him back to where he began. The ghats, once symbols of confinement, now mirror his inner emptiness. Yet it is in this suffering that Deepak's growth deepens. He learns that pain does not erase progress. Loss does not erase aspiration. Instead of surrendering to bitterness, he chooses resilience.

The lesson conveyed through Deepak's journey is that growth is not linear. It is shaped by heartbreak, failure, and moments of unbearable silence. True strength lies not in avoiding sorrow, but in carrying it with dignity. Deepak understands that while he cannot escape his past, he can shape what comes next.

His story resonates with real-life struggles against social barriers and personal grief. Many individuals fight invisible battles against expectations tied to class, caste, or circumstance. Deepak's journey reflects Becoming through self-discovery and quiet rebellion against limitation. It reflects Beyond in his decision to continue forward, pursuing education and opportunity despite loss.

By the end, when he boards a train toward a new beginning, Deepak is no longer defined solely by where he comes from. He carries both love and loss within him, yet he chooses hope. His journey reminds us that even from the ashes of grief, a new self can rise.



Aditya Kashyap - Jab we met

“Zindagi khatam ho gayi thi... par shayad wahi se shuru bhi hui.”

In Jab We Met, Aditya Kashyap isn’t introduced as a hero — he is a man undone. Portrayed by Shahid Kapoor, Aditya is what remains after dreams collapse and choices lose meaning. Silent, distant, and almost invisible to his own life, he boards a train not to reach somewhere — but to escape everything.

Where others see endings, Aditya lives through them. But transformation doesn’t knock loudly. It arrives in chaos — in missed trains, relentless conversations, and a girl who refuses to let him disappear. Geet doesn’t save him; she disrupts him. And somewhere between her madness and his stillness, Aditya begins to feel again.

“Yet his real “becoming” begins when she’s gone.”

Left alone once more, he doesn’t crumble the same way. This time, he chooses differently. He steps into responsibility, rebuilds what he once abandoned, and most importantly — rebuilds himself. Not as the man he was, but as someone stronger, quieter, and whole.

Aditya Kashyap’s journey isn’t about finding love. It’s about finding the will to exist again. To stand still after running away. To choose life after wanting to leave it behind.

Because sometimes, the most powerful comeback isn’t loud.

It’s simply deciding — to stay.

Zenitsu Agatsuma - Demon Slayer

“I’m terrified… but even so, I will fight.”

This declaration feels almost impossible coming from Zenitsu Agatsuma, a boy first introduced as the embodiment of panic and self-doubt. In Demon Slayer, Zenitsu enters the story crying, clinging to strangers, convinced that death waits for him at every corner. He believes he is weak, unworthy, and incapable of standing beside stronger warriors like Tanjiro and Inosuke. His identity is shaped not by confidence, but by the fear of never being enough.

Zenitsu’s early struggles reflect a deeply human stage of growth. He measures himself against others and finds only flaws. Though trained by his master Jigoro, he can master only one technique of Thunder Breathing. “I can only use the First Form,” he says with embarrassment, reducing his years of discipline to a single perceived shortcoming. Yet that very limitation becomes the foundation of his strength. Instead of scattering his efforts, he refines one skill to perfection, unknowingly proving that depth can surpass breadth.

What makes Zenitsu compelling is not sudden bravery, but gradual resilience. He cries openly and admits his fear without hesitation. Yet, despite wanting to run, he does not abandon those who rely on him. His courage emerges in paradox. While conscious, he trembles. When unconscious, he becomes swift and unstoppable, his body executing Thunderclap and Flash with breathtaking precision. This duality symbolizes the quiet strength buried beneath his insecurity. The warrior he longs to be has always existed within him.

As the story progresses, Zenitsu matures emotionally. His confrontation with Kaigaku marks a profound turning point. “I will carry out my master’s will,” he declares, no longer seeking validation but honoring purpose. In that moment, he steps beyond comparison and self-pity. He fights not to prove his worth, but because he understands it. Fear remains a part of him, yet it no longer controls him.

Zenitsu’s evolution teaches that growth is not about erasing vulnerability. It is about accepting it and still choosing to stand firm. He does not become fearless; he becomes faithful to himself. And in that faith, he discovers a strength louder than his cries ever were.

“I may be afraid… but I won’t run anymore.”



Ved Vardhan Sahni - Tamasha

“Why is it always the same story?”

This question lingers at the heart of Tamasha. It is not merely about routine, but about identity. Ved’s life appears perfect on the surface. He has a stable corporate job, a structured routine, and the approval that society so generously offers. Yet beneath that order lies quiet suffocation. He is living efficiently, but not authentically. The story he performs each day does not belong to him.

As a child, Ved was a storyteller, enchanted by epics and imagination. Stories were never just entertainment for him. They were freedom. They allowed him to become a king, a warrior, a dreamer. But somewhere along the way, that freedom was replaced by expectation. The world insisted on practicality, and Ved slowly learned to silence the part of himself that felt most alive.

Corsica becomes a rare pause in that performance. When he meets Tara, he chooses to exist without labels. He laughs freely, invents tales effortlessly, and speaks with a spark that had long been buried. “Don’t call me Ved,” he says lightly, distancing himself from the identity he feels trapped in. In those moments, storytelling is not an escape. It is a revelation. It shows him who he has always been beneath layers of routine and approval.

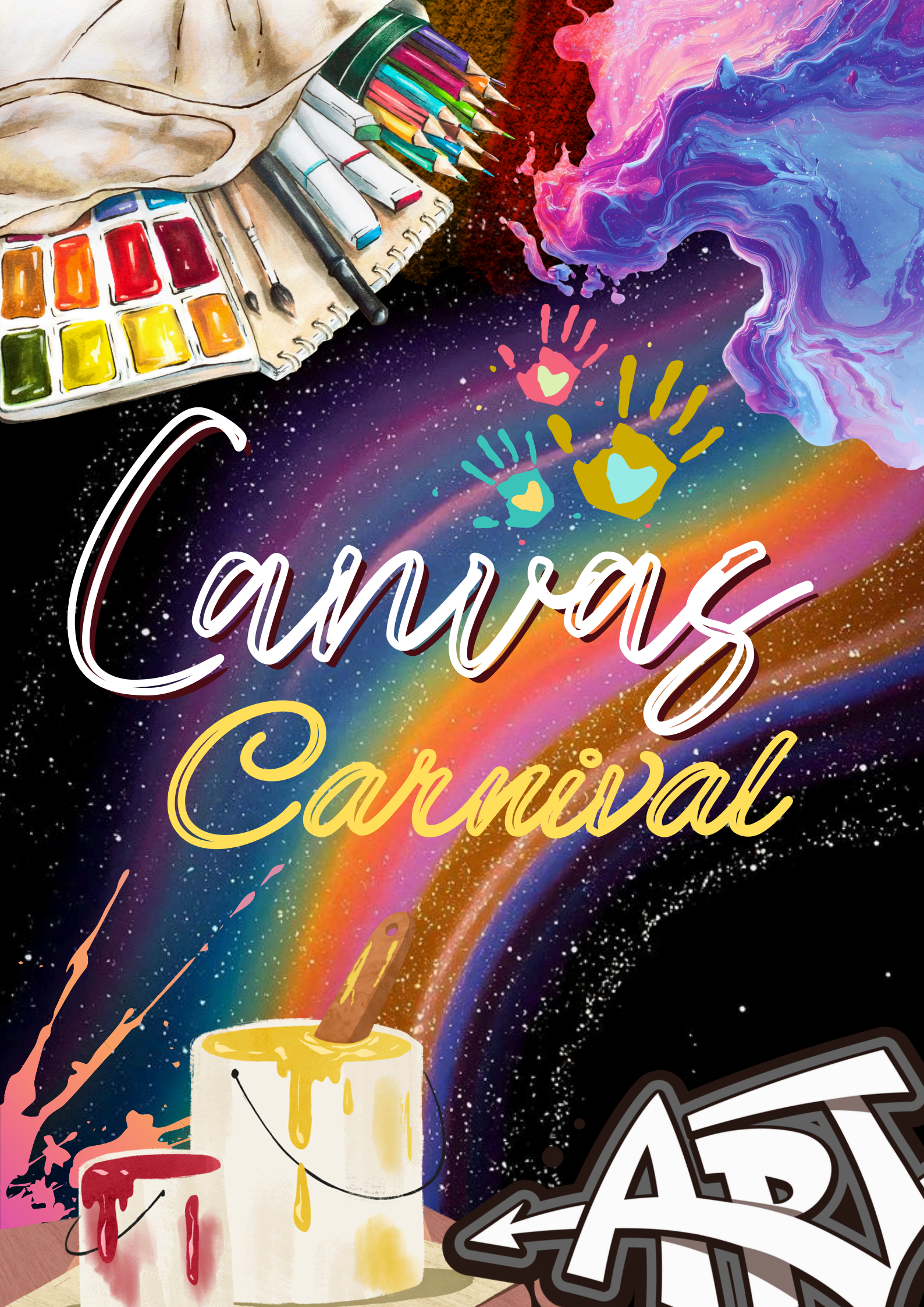
But returning home means returning to expectations. The office cubicle, the deadlines, and the measured conversations slowly reconstruct the walls he had briefly escaped. The contrast grows painful. His frustration intensifies, not because he lacks success, but because he lacks authenticity. His breakdown is not a weakness. It is truth surfacing. It is what happens when the self is ignored for too long.

The turning point comes when Ved stops asking what will be accepted and begins asking what is honest. Choosing storytelling is not rebellion against society. It is reconciliation with himself. He realizes that stability without meaning is another form of loss. He understands that responsibility also includes being responsible for one’s own dreams.

Ved’s journey resonates deeply because it reflects a silent struggle many face. The fear of disappointing others often outweighs the fear of disappointing oneself. Yet his transformation reminds us that becoming requires courage, and beyond every imposed script lies the possibility of authorship.

In finally embracing his truth, Ved does not just change his career. He changes his narrative.

“I am my own story, and this time, I choose how it’s told.”


Canvas
Carnival
ART

As rain blurs the lines between what is held together and what begins to fall apart, the face reflects a quiet shedding of imposed selves. In this moment of disarray, identity is not lost but reformed – where vulnerability becomes the first step towards becoming.



-Devansh
Chemistry (Hons)

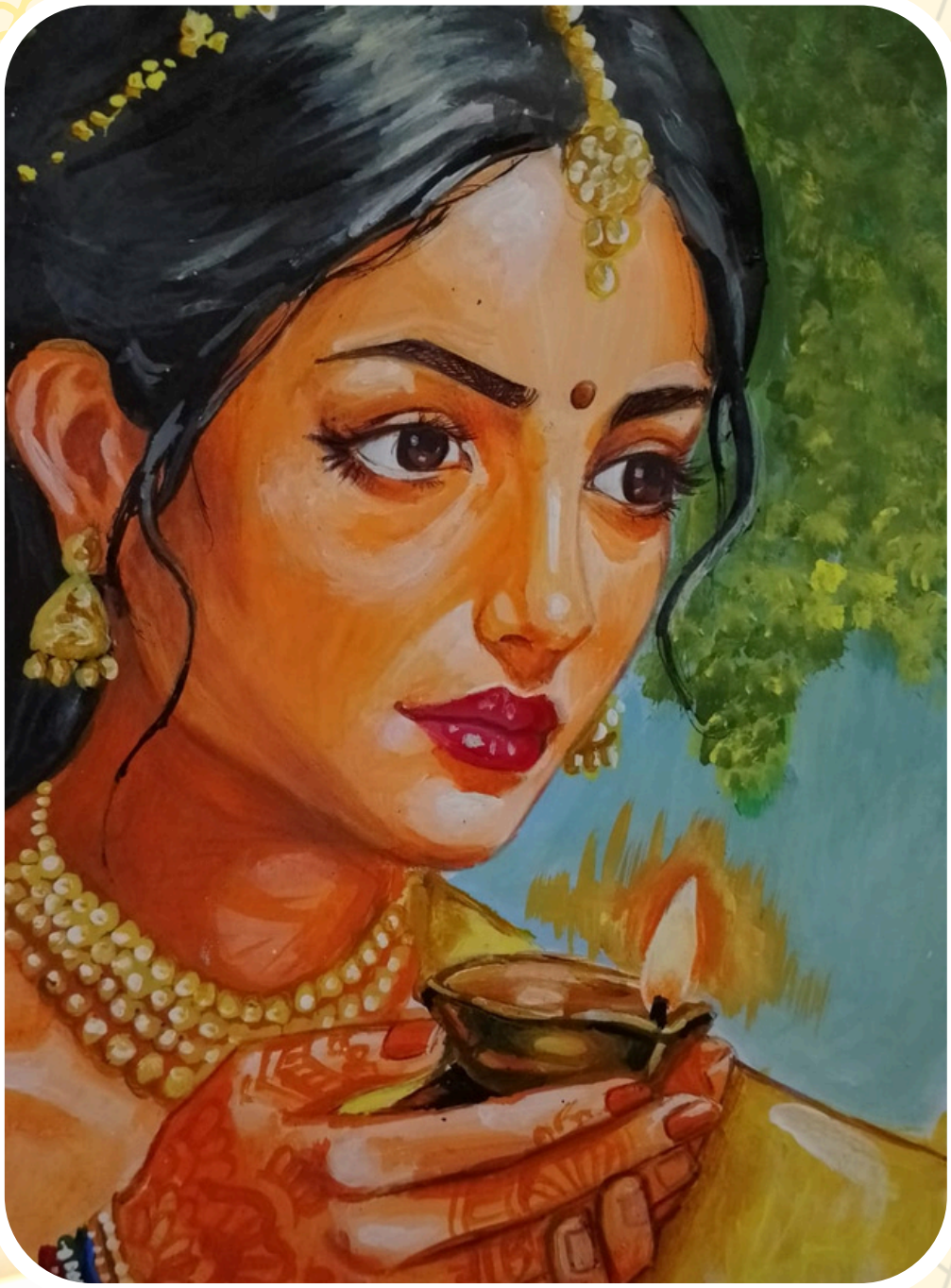




Half concealed behind the curve of the flamingo, the self stands between concealment and expression. In this guarded gaze and unyielding red, identity does not emerge all at once — it asserts itself gradually, learning to exist beyond fear, and into becoming.

-Shripal

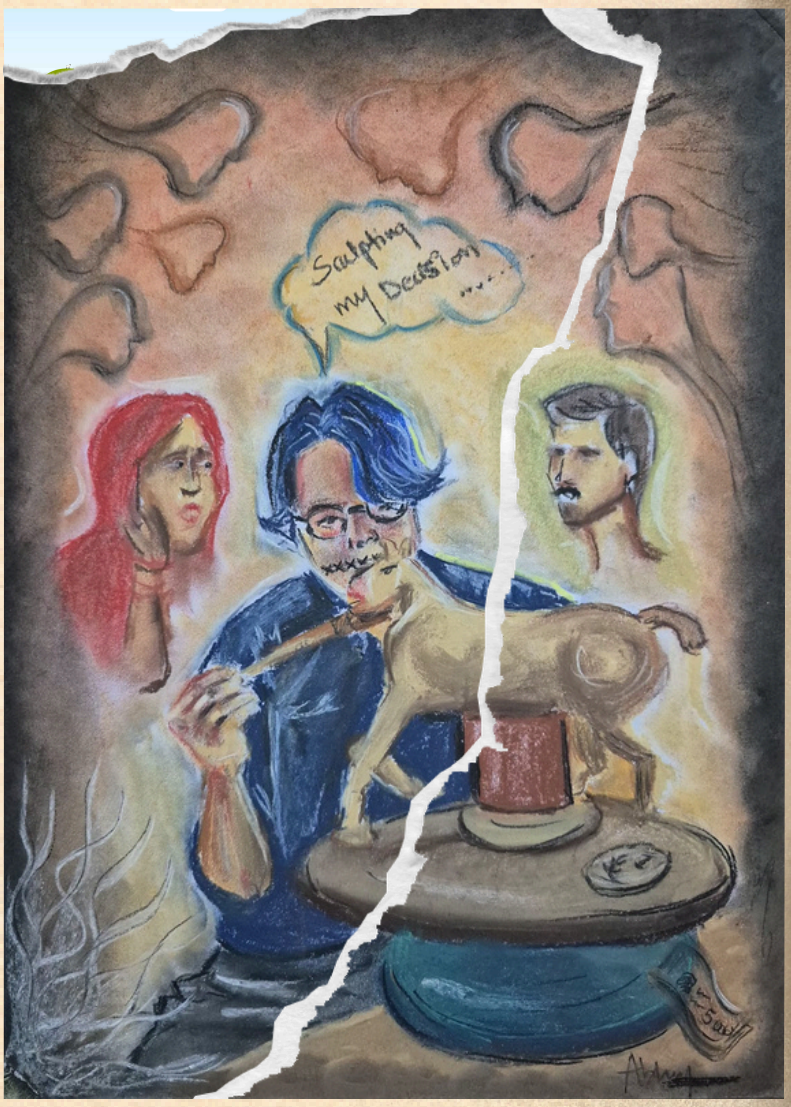
B.COM (HONS)



Holding the diya close, she stands in a moment suspended between shadow and illumination. As its light begins to spread outward, it reflects an inward journey — where identity grows through uncertainty, slowly transitioning from chaos towards clarity.

-Puneet Verma

BSC ANTHROPOLOGY (Hons)



In this evocative sketch, the artist—Abhey—is depicted at the heart of a conceptual storm. While the ghostly "souls of society" create a chaotic, judgmental backdrop, the artist remains focused on his "Decision". He is not just molding clay; he is sculpting his career in the form of a horse, representing strength and the freedom of his chosen path.

His parents watch with heavy concern, their eyes fixed on the meager 1-rupee coin—the world's cynical view of an artist's worth. Yet, tucked beneath the wheel is a 500-rupee note, a testament to the serious, prosperous future only he can see. With a quiet smile, he proves that true vision is found in the joy of creation.

-Abhey

BA HISTORY (Hons)



As the mind sinks beneath its own tides of thought, the fractured landscape reflects an identity struggling to hold form. In reaching outward from this inner turmoil, the self begins its uncertain transition – reshaping itself through the chaos it must first endure.

-Yash Jangra
B.COM (Hons)

SOCIETY Horoscope

Every society is made of different personalities.
Some start the ideas, some manage the chaos, and some bring creativity to life.
Find your UDAAN personality through your zodiac sign.



ARPIT YADAV



KOUSHIK MAN



MAYANK SEHRAWAT



ADARSH SINGH



HIMANSHI SANGWAN



ASHI VERMA

SOCIETY Horoscope

SAGITTARIUS

THE BIG-IDEA THINKER

Your energy brings fresh ideas and fearless execution.

FIRE SIGN

KASHISH

CAPRICORN

THE BACKBONE

You stay focused when others panic. Leadership trusts you

EARTH SIGN

MUSKAN

SCORPIO

THE SILENT STRATEGIST

You observe & plan quietly.

WATER SIGN

SEJAL SINGH

AQUARIUS

THE INNOVATOR

You think differently—and that's your superpower.

AIR SIGN

SAKSHI & ROUNAK

PISCES

THE CREATIVE HEART

You add emotion, art, and meaning to every project

WATER SIGN

SUBHAM & KHYATI

LIBRA

THE BALANCE MAKER

You solve conflicts and keep harmony in the team.

AIR SIGN

PRIYANSHU & ROCKY

No matter your sign, the real prediction is simple — If you keep showing up, you'll grow.

Canvas of Care

Painting a Healthier Mind through Collective Initiatives









Our Initiatives



Serving Smiles Through Food Donation

A small act of kindness can sometimes create the biggest impact. UDAAN organized a Food Donation Drive at Majnu Ka Tila, where meals were distributed among people in need. The initiative was not just about providing food but also about sharing warmth, compassion, and humanity. It reminded us that even the simplest gestures can bring comfort and hope. Through this effort, UDAAN aimed to spread kindness and reinforce the belief that collective care can create meaningful change in society.

Threads of Kindness : Cloth Donation Drive



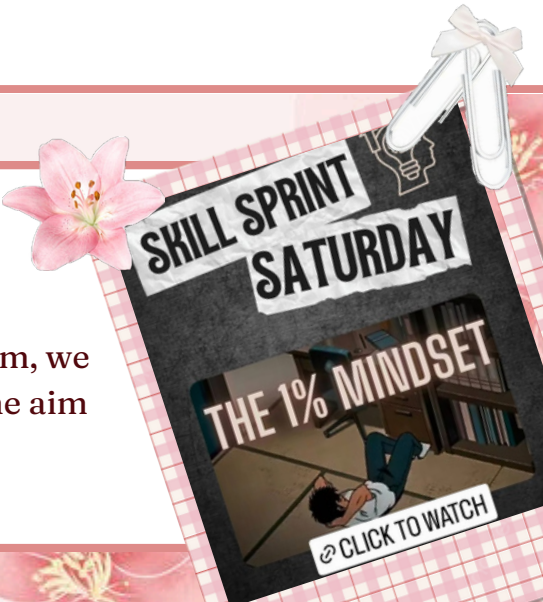
UDAAN organized a Cloth Donation Drive to support people in need by distributing clothes. The initiative aimed to spread warmth, care, and compassion within the community. It highlighted how small acts of kindness can make a meaningful difference and bring comfort, dignity, and hope to those who need it most.



Holi Celebration With Cheerful Hearts

UDAAN celebrated Holi with the children at the DMRC Children's Home by distributing colours and pichkaris. Laughter, vibrant shades, and shared joy filled the day as children and volunteers celebrated together. The occasion reflected the true spirit of Holi—unity, happiness, and new beginnings, creating beautiful memories of togetherness and celebration.

SKILL SPRINT SATURDAY



Skill Sprint Saturday is UDAAN's weekly initiative to encourage learning and self-development. Every Saturday through Instagram, we share a video related to skills, motivation, or personal growth. The aim is to inspire students to explore new ideas, stay motivated, and continuously work towards improving themselves.

Our Initiatives



Promotion of Mental Health and Well-Being Among Young Adults

UDAAN – The Motivational Society of Hansraj College organized an interactive session on *"Promotion of Mental Health and Well-Being Among Young Adults"* in collaboration with the Centre of Community Medicine, AIIMS Delhi. Led by Dr. Sumit Malhotra, the session highlighted the importance of mental health awareness, early intervention, and reducing stigma. Through discussions and an interactive survey on menti.com, students also learned practical techniques like the Pomodoro method to cope with academic stress

Samvaad – An Inspiring Initiative

Samvaad is an initiative by UDAAN where students interact with street workers like rickshaw pullers, balloon sellers, and book vendors to understand their life journeys and struggles. Through these conversations, they share life lessons and messages for youth. The interactions are recorded and shared on YouTube to spread their inspiring stories.





AVIRALYA'26

Pursue Your Dreams, Kill Your Inner Doubts

When Ira Singhal and Nishant Jain spoke about pursuing dreams, their message was deeply empowering. Often, the greatest obstacles are not external but internal — our own fears and self-doubt. But dreams belong to those who choose courage over hesitation.

Through this, UDAAN reminded students that believing in oneself is the first step toward success. Once we overcome our inner doubts, we can truly move forward with confidence and determination.

Open Stage Competition : Where Creativity Takes the Stage

UDAAN organizes an Open Stage Competition, providing students with a platform to showcase their talents and express themselves freely. Participants performed poetry, music, and storytelling, creating a lively and engaging atmosphere. The event celebrated creativity, confidence, and the spirit of self-expression among students.



The Quiet Pillars of our Campus

"BEHIND THE BUSY CLASSROOMS AND DAILY ROUTINES, THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO....KEEP OUR CAMPUS RUNNING SMOOTHLY"



Mitti Café Workers – Serving with Dignity

More than just preparing food and beverages, they serve warmth and kindness in every interaction. Their presence reminds us that a simple cup of coffee can sometimes bring comfort, connection, and a smile to someone's day.

Scan — Let the Silent Pillars Speak

Scan — Let the Silent Pillars Speak

Security Guard – The Silent Protector

Standing watch at the gates every day, they quietly ensure our safety and peace of mind. Their constant vigilance allows students and staff to move around campus freely and confidently.





Canteen Staff – The Soul of Our Breaks

Behind every quick snack and busy lunch hour is a team that keeps the canteen lively and welcoming. Their efforts turn ordinary breaks into small moments of comfort and community.

Scan — Let the Silent Pillars Speak

Scan — Let the Silent Pillars Speak

Housekeeping Supervisor – Guardians of Clean Spaces

Leading the team that keeps our campus clean and organized, their dedication ensures that every corridor and classroom remains a pleasant place for learning and growth.



LeGACY

Dear Readers Unwritten

From the beginning, I always believed that a society is like a seed resting quietly beneath the soil. At first, it looks small, almost insignificant. But if nurtured with unity, humility, and kindness, it grows into a mighty Bargad tree — deep-rooted, wide-spreading, and capable of giving shade to generations.

UDAAN was that seed.

We did not water it with positions or authority. We nourished it with collective care. Every meeting was like sunlight. Every shared idea was like fertile soil. Every act of kindness was a drop of water strengthening its roots. Slowly, silently, it began to grow.

What began as a society slowly transformed into something warmer. It became a family — not bound by blood, but by belief.

ADHVAN, our magazine, was born from the same spirit. Before it became ink on paper, it was simply an idea — floating like a paper boat in the river of discussions, laughter, disagreements, and creativity. The name itself went through storms of debate. Should it align strictly with our motto? Should it represent motivation? Or movement?

After long conversations, we embraced ADHVAN— meaning a journey — because growth is never a fixed destination. It is a path that unfolds step by step.

We also questioned its purpose deeply. Was this magazine only for society members? Or could it reach beyond our circle? That question changed everything. We realized that if UDAAN stands for empowerment, then ADHVAN must carry that empowerment beyond walls and titles. It had to belong to anyone searching for direction, reflection, or courage.

Like a lamp does not choose whose darkness it removes, its purpose is to illuminate for all .

For me personally, UDAAN has been a blessing. It is the family I never knew I needed. Like a gardener planting a sapling with trembling hands, I watched it grow through seasons — through storms of doubt, through summers of exhaustion, and through springs of celebration. But the growth was never mine alone. It belonged to every member who gave their time, ideas, sleepless nights, and silent prayers to it.

Today, as a former Secretary, I do not measure my contribution by the number of events conducted or sessions organized. Numbers fade. Applause fades. Titles fade.

What remains?

The confidence someone rediscovered.
The hope someone regained.

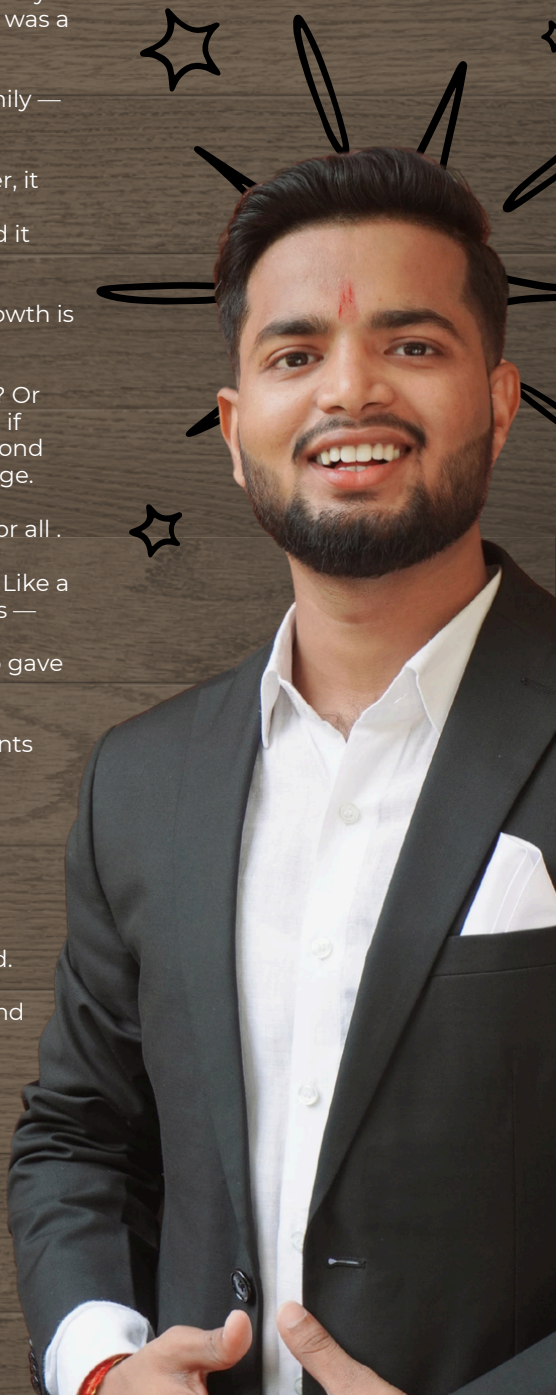
If even one student felt lighter because UDAAN existed, then our purpose was fulfilled.

If in the years to come, someone chooses courage over comfort, kindness over ego, and growth over fear, then UDAAN continues to soar.

Because in the end, it was never just about flying higher.
It was about teaching others that they have wings.

It was about reminding them that storms are temporary, but the strength they build remains.

And above all —
Hausla hai to Udaan bhi hogi.



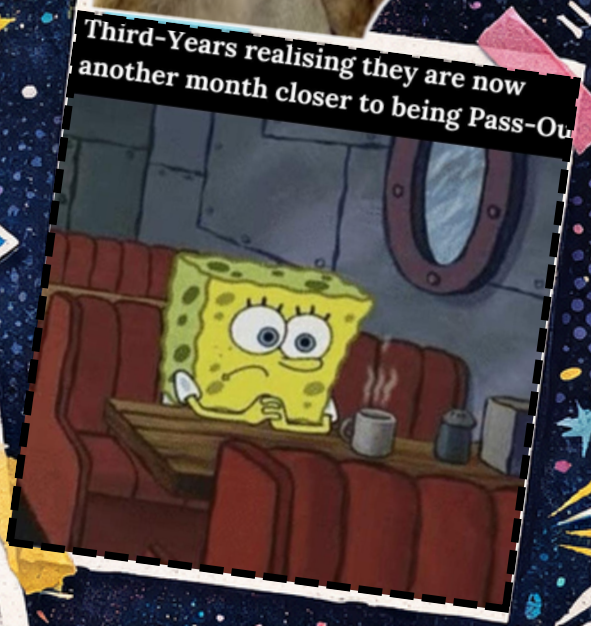
ROCKY KUMAR
FORMER JOINT SECRETARY

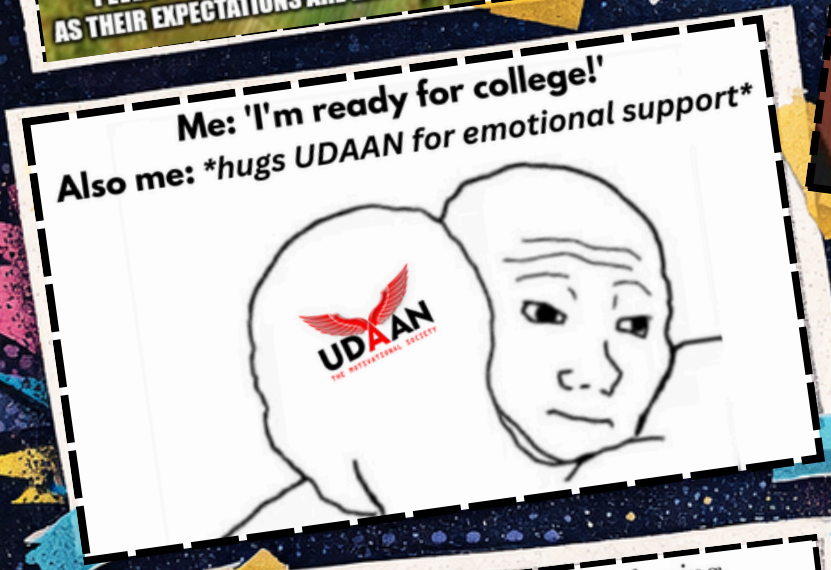
MEME MANIAC






ME CONSTANTLY MAKING JOKES ON FAILING IN EXAM WITH MY PARENTS. SO IF I EVEN SCORE 65, THEY WILL BE HAPPY AS THEIR EXPECTATIONS ARE LESS MADE BY ME


Third-Years realising they are now another month closer to being Pass-Ou


Me: 'I'm ready for college!'
Also me: *hugs UDAAN for emotional support*
UDAAN


UDAAN members giving you motivation to be productive afte ignoring their 7 deadlines


When Everybody around you is having
Exam Anxiety and Stress
But you are the Chill guy who follows Udaan







Meet The CORE



Adarsh Singh
President



Himanshi
Vice President



Priyanshu
General Secretary



Sakshi
General Secretary



Muskan
Treasurer

Meet The COUNCIL

Technical Heads


Mayank


Koushik

Editorial Heads


Rounak


Subham

Creative & Social Media Head


Kashish


Preksha

PR & Sponsorship Head


Sejal

Organising Heads


Khyati


Akhilesh

FEEDBACK

WE WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU

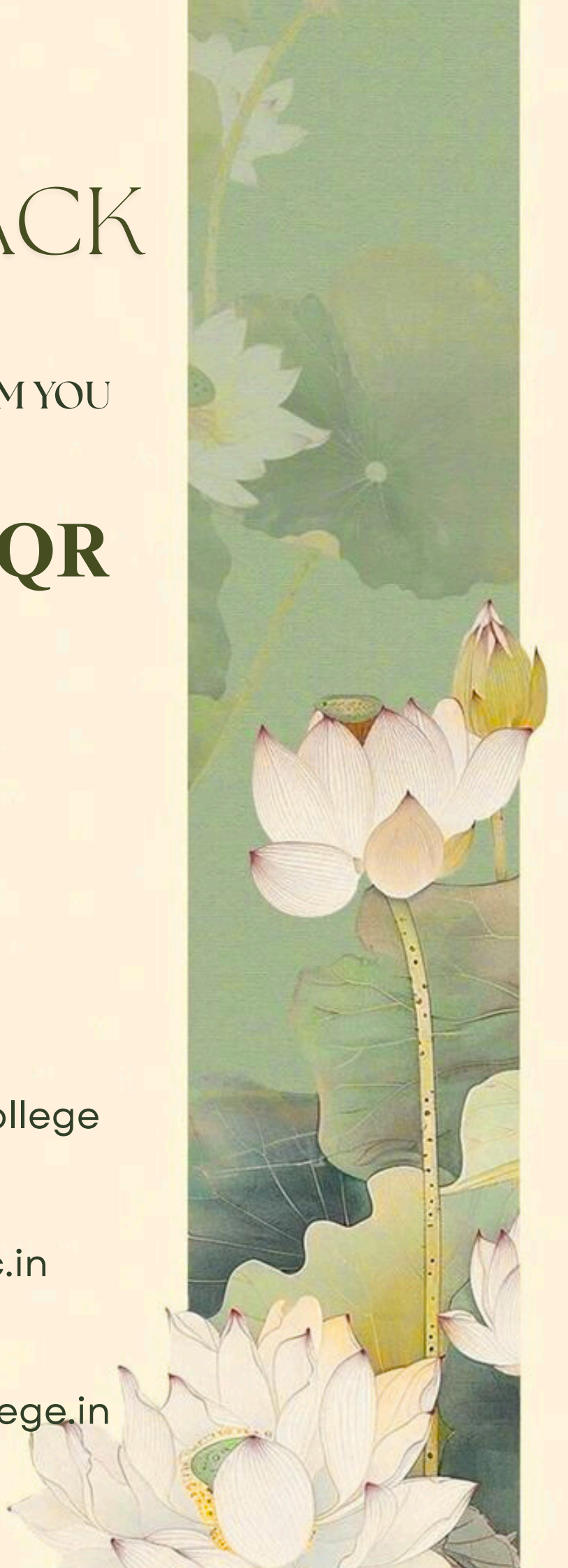
SCAN THE QR

OR

udaan_hansraj_college

udaan@hrc.du.ac.in

udaanhansrajcollege.in



Mental First Aid Kit

In case of overthinking



SPILL
Unspoken thoughts grow louder

BREATHE
Calm is one exhale away

CONNECT
Isolation feeds anxiety; connection starves it.



RESET
Interrupt the spiral instantly

WALK
Carry the storm out of your body



NOTICE
You are here, not in your fears


UDAAN
THE MOTIVATIONAL SOCIETY