

Section II

# Of Freedom

खंड - II

स्वतंत्रता की  
उड़ान



# *That Girl*

————— *Ananya Baruah* —————

Let there be no pain  
Let there be no tears;  
After everything that you braved  
What do you really fear?  
Shrewd were they who indented on your heart  
Only to embezzle the seamliness and delight that was yours;  
But look, oh look at you, you lionhearted damsel  
How magnificently you spread your wings  
And take flight with everything you repossessed;  
How elegantly you fabricated and flaunt what you really are  
Tearing the hearts of many  
Who now wish you by their side;  
Who not for once treasured your worth  
Who thought you were a catastrophe, an evil eye;  
So jubilant, so blissful, so elated, so content  
And yet your eyes hold the truth  
Of the strident life, that you once condemned;  
Is it over? Is this the end?  
Does this mean you'll no more be grief-stricken?  
You know, and yet, how beautifully do you hide it  
Hide your fears, behind that winsome smile of yours;  
Like a drop of tear or a look of dismay  
Might invite the worst of the woe;  
And you want no more of the phoney solace  
Or the dejected eyes following you;  
But instead, an answer, a score to settle

For all that had befallen you;  
Until then and until the very end  
Fly till it's unimaginable to pull you down  
Where the monstrosities of life and humans prevail  
Fly till you know, your intendment of life is complete.



*Ananya Baruah is a student of B.A. (Hons) English,  
First Year at Shaheed Bhagat Singh College.*

# *Who Am I ?*

————— *Amit Kumar* —————

In the book of my life  
like footnotes in small print  
lie traces of another me.

Shying away from the casual reader  
but visible to those who know  
they tell what I was  
and what am I going to be.

Between my yesterday and my morrow  
amidst the bygones and forthcoming  
they stand in my today  
beckoning all those who want to see.

Seek them out  
and follow where they lead  
to unravel the puzzle  
of my being me.



*Amit Kumar is currently a student  
at Law Centre-II, Faculty of Law.*

# स्वतंत्रता

बिसमिल्ला मिसबा

पंछियों के स्वतंत्र जीवन का  
क्यों मनुष्य शत्रु होता है  
स्वतंत्रता इनकी छीन कर  
क्यों पिजरो में कैद कर देता है  
जिनके पंख बने ही हैं  
खुले आकाश में उड़ने को  
क्यों इन्हीं पंखों को कूतर कर  
इनके जीवन को छीन लेता है

प्रत्येक मनुष्य अपना जीवन तो  
अपने अनुसार जीता जाता है  
स्वतंत्र जीवन हर बार जीना चाहता है  
फिर क्यों ये बुद्धिमान मनुष्य  
पंछियों के स्वतंत्र जीवन का  
अधिकार ही छीन लेता है  
अपनी इच्छाओं के आगे  
यह किसी को न चलने देता है  
फिर क्यों इनकी इच्छाओं का  
गला ही घोट देता है  
मनुष्य क्यों पंछियों को  
पिजरो में कैद कर देता है

उड़ने वाले इन पंछियों को  
क्यों इनकी उड़ान से ही वंचित कर देता है

मनुष्य अपने आनंद के लिए  
इनको यह दंड क्यों देता है  
मृत्यु से भी जो अधिक  
भयानक होती है इनके लिए

ये मनुष्यों ! इनको खुले नीले आकाश में उड़ने दो  
जितनी ऊँची उड़ान उड़ना चाहे  
इन्हें वो उड़ान उड़ने दो  
जी लेने दो इनको इनके जीवन को  
मत काँटो इनके सुंदर पंखों को  
न तोड़ो उनके हौसलों को  
जो इनकी उड़ान में स्पष्ट प्रतीत होते हैं

बस मनुष्यों !  
रिहा कर दो इनको  
उन कैदों से  
जो इनके लिए बने ही नहीं ।



बिसमिल्ला मिसबा ज़ाकिर हुसैन दिल्ली कॉलेज (संध्या)  
में राजनीतिक विज्ञान ऑनर्स (द्वितीय वर्ष) की छात्रा हैं।

# बदलाव

— नितिन कुमार —

खामोशी टूटनी चाहिए  
आवाज़ें उठनी चाहिए  
यह सालों से हाथों में बंधी  
जंजीर टूटनी चाहिए

हाथों को उठना चाहिए  
सीनों को तनना चाहिए  
कलयुग में रावण दहन हेतु  
तुम्हें राम बनना चाहिए

एक दीप जलना चाहिए  
एक कदम बढ़ना चाहिए  
स्वर्णिम भविष्य हेतु  
तुम्हें फलक को झुकाना चाहिए

आत्मा को उठाना चाहिए  
चेतना को जगाना चाहिए  
नल नील बनकर सागर पर  
तुम्हें बाँध बनाना चाहिए

जो टूटे हैं उनके मन को

उम्मीद बँधानी चाहिए  
तुम्हें हँसने और हँसाने की  
नयी प्रथा चलानी चाहिए

तस्वीर बदलनी चाहिए  
हर चीज़ बदलनी चाहिए  
तुम्हें अपनी और इस देश की  
तकदीर बदलनी चाहिए।

हाथों पर हाथ धरो ना अब  
हताश हो बैठो ना अब  
बदलाव धरा पे लाने को  
तुम्हें उठ खड़ा होना चाहिए।



नितिन कुमार किरोड़ीमल कॉलेज में  
राजनीति शास्त्र (प्रथम वर्ष) के छात्र हैं ।



# *The Fallen Star*

————— *Arijit Roy* —————

You see the veins in your hands  
you laugh to keep the pain at bay  
I never saw the mirror scream  
but it reflected all it had to say.  
The shadows dance in your eyes  
as you whisper your secrets into the air  
and let them travel to a new land  
away from sins and all prayer.

Each day you live  
each day you die  
for you were born  
in the hour of sky.

But you burned your wings  
you broke the dome  
and embraced a land  
which was never your home.

Still you will rise  
Still you will shine  
the sky will see you fly again  
for even the desert  
after a thousand years  
is blessed with the joy of rain.



*Arijit Roy is a student of B.A. (Hons) English, First Year  
at Sri Venkateswara College.*

# *Untitled*

————— *Chhavi Goyal* —————

For I am the first and the last  
I am the venerated and the despised.  
I am the prostitute and the saint. I am the wife and the  
virgin.

I am the mother and the daughter.  
I am barren and my children are many.  
I am the married woman and the spinster.  
I am the woman who gives birth and she who never  
procreated.

I am the consolation for the pain of birth.  
I am the wife and the husband. And it was my man who  
created me.

I am the mother of my father.  
I am the sister of my husband. And he is my rejected son.  
Always respect me.

For I am the shameful and the magnificent one.



*Chhavi Goyal is a student B.A. (Hons) Journalism  
at Kalindi College.*

# बचा हुआ है

विशेष नमन

जिन द्वंदों के भ्रमजाल में  
यह जग तुमने छोड़ा साथी  
राह ढूँढता यह जग तेरा  
अब भी पथ पर खड़ा हुआ है  
साथी, सब कुछ बचा हुआ है ।  
क्या जाने क्या सोच अचानक  
बुझा दिए तुमने वह दीपक  
बाती भी जिसकी कच्ची है  
और तेल भी बचा हुआ है  
साथी, सब कुछ बचा हुआ है ।  
क्यों व्याकुल हुए फिरते हो  
आरंभ से ही परिणाम को मरते हो  
पका फल अंत में मिलता है  
देखो तुम, इस नई पौध में  
अभी तो मंजर लगा हुआ है  
साथी, सब कुछ बचा हुआ है ।



विशेष नमन एस. जी. टी. बी खालसा कॉलेज में गणित ऑनर्स  
(द्वितीय वर्ष) के छात्र हैं ।

# *A Façade that Turned into a Dream*

————— *Rashi Bareja* —————

From whining about love to whining about my kids, the difference was just small. The small difference being about the only emotion I felt in my soul vaguely: reciprocation. Being an 85- year old man, I always used to think whether I would be able to smile as bright as my name amidst the darkness my child has put me in.

I still remember the day when I was tapping furiously on my phone, trying to find out why my son's display picture on whatsapp showed no picture and why my messages didn't deliver. Being brought up in an era which lacked technology, I craved for having understood it that day. I was in a helpless state; I murmured my daily prayers to God, which usually centred on my son. I then went and sat on my defunct chair, still contemplating why my son hadn't called me after reaching US. I could sense a little awkwardness in my son's behaviour at the time he was leaving. I knew that he wasn't happy while living with me, because children at this age want freedom and an old man like me; acceptance. I remember how my daughter -in- law passed a forced smile at me and how my son didn't dare to look into my eyes at the time they were leaving. A voice in my heart told me that they are gone and I like every father, denied my inner voice and compelled myself to think positively.

Days passed and every single day I would constantly stare at my phone to check if he had called. But maybe, by then I should have realised that I was blocked and not any call of mine would ever reach him. Let me tell you, this blocking thing was the least that I had imagined. I thought that maybe, he was sick; but who stays sick for months?

I then called his only friend in a hope that he'd say that he was not sick. And yes, he wasn't. He had reached US and was doing just fine. And then, I did realise. I DID.

Tears were streaming down from my eyes, blurring every single object that was placed in front of me. The reality was indeed harsh, but like every other human I had to accept it. And when a year passed without having any contact with him, I was left with no other choice than to accept it. Those were days when I cried along with the sound of the rain because I was tired of crying beside solitude. There was something about rains that had always amazed me and made me smile along with the droplets. But on those days, they were just reduced to a background when I cried my heart out.

I remember how my lungs were filled from the smoke of the cigarettes that I had lit while missing my only source of existence, which was now lost to me. They say everything heals with time, but I just got more and more ruined. The scars on my hand were exposed every time I walked past people, and they would gaze at me with astonishment. I wish I could make them understand that their penetrating gaze will only worsen my situation. But I would not lie, when I would mention that these scars were the only source because of which I am now smiling as bright as my name.

I never knew that the abyss in my soul could be filled with a paper and pen. And that was marked as a turning point in my life. That was yet another day when I was watching the moonless sky, faintly smiling over my life, which was just like a night without a moon in its embrace. Suddenly, I felt the need to write about the starless night with every single metaphor that my mind could be capable of producing.

After I finished writing, I realized that instead of spilling my feelings about the deficient position of the sky, I had written about how my life was replete of the same bleakness that this night has.

That was perhaps the day when I had smiled from my heart for the first time after he had left. I was amazed as to how a pen and paper could ease off the pain, that nothing else in the world could.

I then promised myself to keep practicing writing; for only it had the ability to wash away the pain of my devastated heart. Within months, I was shocked to see, how that one page was converted into a pile of pages.

PRESENT-

I'm currently at a book launch and my phone is ringing. It's my turn to speak next after the chief guest is done bestowing wonderful words about me and the book. I am staring at my phone's screen and my eyes are widening with disbelief. I put the phone inside my pocket and drink some water as my eyes are almost wet. Suddenly I hear the chief guest saying, "Now let us welcome, Mr. Suraj Arya, the author of the book. I would also like him to share his experience while he was writing his first book."

There are at least a thousand people in front of me as I speak:

"Good morning ladies and gentlemen!

It's been a pleasure to be surrounded by such beautiful faces on this auspicious day. I would like to thank each and every one who has added beauty to this book by their contributions. Most importantly, I want to thank my readers for their love and support to a new author. I would like to tell you all that I never thought that I would be standing in front of you people and sharing my experience with you all, for I was never a writer, nor did I ever aspire to become one

They say everything happens for a reason and eventually all the dots connect. Most of the time, pain does not always lead you to the path of destruction. Sometimes, it helps you to prosper in life and do something which you never imagined.

This book is about the story of an old man, who thought that his life was over. It is also about those people who turn pain into their greatest weapon, instead of living the rest of their lives in constant sadness. It deals with the life of an old man who picked up a pen and paper and started writing when sharing his solitude with a paper was the only choice left. This book deals with my life.

So yes, you might face some situations in life which you may feel that you cannot deal with. You may feel like giving up, but don't, because that's when something magical happens and success is not afar. Thank you!"

That's when I heard the whole crowd clapping in an endearing way for me. That day, I found my purpose in life, to motivate people like me, to write self help books and make them realize that life is not always supposed to end up with despair . My phone is still ringing and I slip it back in my pocket, this time after blocking my son from everywhere. I still love him and I would never stop doing that. But maybe, now I don't want that someone in my life who hated me whilst I was weak and start loving me when I succeed.



*Rashi Bareja is currently a student of B.A. (Hons) English,  
Second Year at Kalindi College.*

# माँ की डायरी

— विशेष नमन —

आज जब मैं बैठकर  
सोच रहा था रंगों के बारे में  
कुछ लिखने के लिए  
ज्यों ही एक कागज़ उठाया  
अनायास ही,  
माँ की डायरी का ख्याल आया  
और एक चित्र सा  
उतरता चला गया जेहन में;  
याद आने लगी  
अलमारी में रखी  
वह सात-आठ डायरियाँ  
जिनके ज़िल्दों का रंग  
अब फ़ीका-फ़ीका सा है;  
मुझे याद है-  
जब मैं घर पर होता था  
तो सिर्फ़ देखता था उन्हें  
उनके पन्ने नहीं पलटे थे कभी ।  
माँ बताती भी हैं  
जब मेरे उम्र की थी  
वह भी लिखती थी कविताएँ  
दो-तीन डायरी तो सिर्फ़ कविताओं की हैं;



हालांकि अब कविता मौन हो चुकी है !  
बस यही सोचता हूँ मैं  
कि कितने रंगों में घुली होगी उनकी डायरी  
कितने टीसों को समेटा होगा उन दायरों में  
जब रात में डिबिया की रोशनी से  
खींचती होगी हृदय रेखा अपनी  
भोर के उजास के रंगों के साथ ।  
उसमें छांव भरी उदासी का भी रंग होगा  
उसमें धूप, धरती, आसमान का भी जिक्र होगा  
वक्त का खुशनुमा टुकड़ा होगा उसमें  
हथेलियों से निकले पसीनों का गंध होगा  
सूखे फूल, जर्द पत्तों और कुछ कागज के टुकड़ों की गर्माहट होगी,  
वह सब होगा उन पन्नों में  
जिनमें उसका अतीत गूंजता होगा ।  
आज भी जब माँ को लिखते देखता हूँ,  
तो दिखती है मुझे उसमें, अतीत के भटकाव  
कुछ टिमटिमाती उम्मीद, कुछ सपनों की तड़प ।



विशेष नमन एस. जी. टी. बी. खालसा कॉलेज में गणित ऑनर्स (द्वितीय वर्ष) के छात्र हैं ।

# *She !*

————— *Mehak Garg* —————

She made another feeble attempt to alter the outlook of the judgmental eyes of the society who preposterously deem certain females promiscuous. She was expected to behave in a predefined manner, wear clothes sensibly because they apparently suggested her character. Be home before the sunset even if her day had just witnessed the sunrise. But who cares? Maybe it was merely the grass on the other side that seemed greener or the fascination of the unknown. But how could she have known if she had never dared to step into that world which was meant only for 'others'. All her brave childhood dreams of writing, dancing and becoming Dora the explorer were ironically put into a burial vault. The casket containing them kept sinking deeper, slowly and gradually, perfectly in sync with her transition from teenage to adulthood. The societal conventions, parental expectations, a cut throat competition with self, profound introspection, and somewhere down in her heart also the fear of failure of not being good enough; all these together had caused the casket to collapse and the soil above it to cement. Sadly enough she didn't realise this until...

One day the coffin emerged floating on a lake, surrounded by iridescent bubbles and above it were gleaming golden sun rays refracted by water. The successor of a series of previously futile attempts was an auspicious flight breaking loose the chains that had tied her up. She eloped with her love, her dreams.

The cutouts of places she had been dying to see in her yellowed frayed scrapbook converted into DSLR pictures with captions and photo essays after a first hand experience of immersing her soul into the never-tasted-before rejoice of unrestricted travel.

blogs and articles she uploaded and with every kilometre she drove.

There came days when the 'albatross' wanted to spread her wings as far as she could and fly ,and other lazy days when she wanted to just savour her emancipation in dolce farniente, sweet idleness.

Now she resides in a makeshift beach shack, interiors of which are designed by her own self. It seemed all very surreal during her old days but now she indeed resided in a self painted home. The corners had empty glass bottles filled with LED lighting strips, paper lantern balls (of all colors that exist in a rainbow) all over the place, illuminating every corner of the house and perfectly complementing the picturesque wallpapers, the starry night sky engraved on the ceiling and the quiet memories -of -people-i-miss section in the corner. Those gleaming lights have a jene sais quoi that attracted her and put her into a trance for a second, where she felt only one emotion which was plain euphoria and profound internal peace.

Every morning she woke up smiling from ear to ear. Even though deep down she was missing her loved ones, but her strong dreams outweighed her weak emotions. And she regained her composure, and embarked on a sprint, on the ramp of her lake house, not like an elegant show stopper but like Mowgli towards the end. She plunged herself into the lake every single morning .

The backdoor of her shack led into a beach with white sands on which she engaged in her daily barefooted night walk under the moon which was perennially full. The landscape and the night would in itself be so mesmerising that it soothed every single cell of the human body, shooting up the serotonin secretion.

Another activity that lifted her spirits up was cooking and she put her heart into the scrumptious food she prepared every Saturday in the open kitchen under the sky.

weekly rejoice in that night life she could never even witness before, engaged in shoeless dancing till the sunrise amidst a crowd of people that: does not judge and quite humorously permits you to embrace your real-self by shedding all of your masquerades during the ball dance of what we call life! She doesn't need a prince charming dancing with her in that ball. Nor does she require any saving from the knight in shining armour. All she needs to be is brave and courageous, love herself, love her flaws and not wait for someone else to come and teach her how to appreciate herself. The only person who could have helped her actually live her dreams was SHE.



*Mehak Garg is a student of B.A. (Hons) Economics Second Year,  
at Shaheed Bhagat Singh College.*

# पुकार

निशा तिवारी

जीना है मुझे भी नाम पाने के लिए  
अपनी विजय का परचम लहराने के लिए  
आसमाँ है मेरा पंख फैलाने के लिए  
सपने है मेरे उड़ जाने के लिए  
दुनिया है मुझे प्यार दिखाने के लिए  
पर शायद कोई नहीं अपनाने के लिए  
माँ तेरा ही तो अंश हूँ मैं,  
आना चाहती हूँ दुनिया में प्यार तेरा पाने के लिए  
तुम्हें मुझको दुनिया में लाना ही होगा  
अस्तित्व मुझको अपना दिखाना ही होगा  
शायद दुनिया वीरान होगी  
अगर मुझमें न जान होगी  
इस सत्य को समाज को समझना ही होगा  
और अपनी सोच को बदलना ही होगा  
पुकार रही गर्भ से एक बेटा ये शब्द  
फिर भी समाज क्यों बना हुआ है निस्तब्ध ?



निशा तिवारी आई. पी. कॉलेज फॉर वीमेन में बी.ए प्रोग्राम  
(तृतीय वर्ष) की छात्रा हैं।

# आगे बढ़ना

नेहा राजपूत

जीत की चाह रखने वालों ने  
अँधेरे से लड़ना ही क्यों सीखा  
मात देते-देते उन्होंने  
हराना क्यों नहीं सीखा  
मिट्टी की खुशबू को पाकर  
उसे चूमना ही क्यों सीखा  
रिश्तों की असीम गांठ को  
मजबूत करना ही क्यों सीखा  
नफ़रत की आँधी में उन्होंने  
प्यार करना ही क्यों सीखा  
पृथक्तावाद की धारा में  
एकीकरण करना ही क्यों सीखा  
काँटों की भूमि पर  
फूल बरसाना ही क्यों सीखा  
आग की गलियों को उन्होंने  
ठंडा करना ही क्यों सीखा  
मुसीबतों के समुद्रों को  
खोजना ही क्यों सीखा  
पंछियों को पिंजड़े से  
मुक्त करना ही क्यों सीखा  
भारत की जनता ने अब  
आगे बढ़ना ही क्यों सीखा ।



नेहा राजपूत आई. पी. कॉलेज फ़ॉर वीमेन की छात्रा है ।

# *When I Thought I Wasn't Strong*

————— Dhara —————

When I thought I wasn't strong  
I stiffened up my chest with silence washing away the anger  
When I thought I wasn't strong  
I cleared up my shattered pieces of trust that were in danger  
When I thought I wasn't strong  
I faced the crisis of Times destroying my own pot of Hunger  
When I thought I wasn't strong  
I rushed up my life that was caught and kept moving on like a stringer  
When I thought I wasn't strong  
I overcame all the forms of fear hidden in the heart  
When I thought I wasn't strong  
I carried up my joy to blow away the ashes of hopes that were unanimously hurt  
When I thought I wasn't strong  
I learned to survive truth among the stones of all ages  
When I thought I wasn't strong  
I met a man of revolution and revoked all the races  
When I thought I wasn't strong  
I stumbled up to push the clouds of terror  
When I thought I wasn't strong I stride to build a castle of Tolerance cuddling  
around Anger  
When I thought I wasn't strong  
I moulded up my Sensation that had lost its echo in the vicinity of Fear  
When I thought I wasn't strong  
I portrayed an art that no one could feel , trace or hear  
When I thought I wasn't strong  
I hailed among the hills of knowledge and grew up stronger!!!



*Dhara is a student of B.Sc. Biomedical Sciences  
at Acharya Narendra Dev College.*

# ज़िंदगी

— अविनाश कुमार —

ज़िंदगी तुम बस रहती वहीं थी  
स्कूल की पिछली बेंच पर  
पतंगों की लड़ती पेंच पर  
पापा की साइकिल के वादों में  
हवा से तेज़ निकलने के इरादों में  
कागज़ के हवाई जहाज पर  
कॉपी के पिछले पन्नों के राज पर  
गलतियाँ जो हमेशा सही थी  
ज़िंदगी तुम बस रहती वहीं थी  
दिल की किसी बंद तिजोरी में  
कॉलेज की पहली लव स्टोरी में  
इम्तिहान की पिछली रात की पढ़ाई में  
दोस्तों से हुई बचकानी लड़ाई में  
थक कर किताबों पर सोयी भी थी  
ज़िंदगी कई बार अकेले रोयी भी थी  
आँखों के कोने में जो हल्की नमी थी  
ज़िंदगी तुम बस रहती वहीं थी  
छोटी-छोटी खुशियों में, छोटी सी आस में  
कटे फटे नोटों में, डीटीसी की पास में  
बेतरतीब से पड़े कपड़ों के रैक में



सस्ते से फ़ोन के फ़्री मेसेज पैक में  
अकड़ में हो अब झुकती नहीं तुम  
थक गयी पर क्यूँ रुकती नहीं तुम  
अब जैसी हो तब वैसी नहीं थी  
ज़िंदगी तुम बस रहती वहीं थी...



अविनाश कुमार संगीत एवं ललित कला संकाय  
में पीएचडी शोधार्थी हैं ।

# *Hibernation*

————— *Mani Singh* —————

In the world of selfie,  
where portrayal is more important than self. In the world of Tinder,  
where dating is more important than maturity. In the world of Facebook,  
where likes are more important than lives. In the world of WhatsApp,  
where emoji is more important than words. I search for a solitary space,

To let my imagination grow

To let my mind think

To let my body relax

To let my eyes close!



*Mani Singh is currently pursuing her M.A. from  
the Department of English.*

# *City Lights*

————— *Nitisha Vatsa* —————

I am getting blind  
In these shiny lights,  
Somewhere losing my vision  
In all this glamour and dazzle,  
The hunger is increasing  
For power,  
The lust is getting stronger  
For fame and name.  
My glossy lipstick is fading  
My tears ruining the make-up,  
The dress has lost the shimmer  
The heel has broken away,  
But still holding up the glass of wine  
Carrying the weight of a fake smile,  
Is this really who I am?  
The question has torn me apart.  
Still..  
Without hesitating a bit I am,  
Getting drowned in the spark of  
City lights!



*Nitisha Vatsa is a student of B.A. (Hons) Philosophy, First Year  
at Daulat Ram College.*

# *Outrage!*

————— *Rachit Gupta* —————

As I browse through Twitter,  
I wonder in dismay.  
Neither memes nor tweets could fill me with any outrage.  
My mind wanders away,  
To the corruption tales;  
To the justified celeb bails;  
To the petrol price hike,  
To the inflation that beats down bright .  
And yet could not reclaim the outrage it deserves the calm state of mind ,  
perhaps keep it reserved.  
I watched a comedy event, Only to be haunted  
That the expletives  
Don't open up my wounds. With a tranquil,  
and a serene face,  
The outrage remains untrue.  
As I log out, I find  
My outrage is only for few.  
My social feed yearns for outrage But Saturn give it to the causes true.  
Now, as I log into Twitter  
This is the only question I find,  
When did I become so tolerant  
That the trending outrage is no longer mine?



*Rachit Gupta is currently pursuing B.A. (Hons) Economics  
from Satyawati College.*