

Kirti

2023



ANNUAL UNIVERSITY WOMEN'S MAGAZINE



Art of Giving is all about creating an unconditional and sustainable abundance of love, peace and happiness and contentment for other through gestures of kindness and generosity. It was founded by Shri Achyuta Samanta on 17 May 2013. The key to peace and happiness lies in unlocking the art of Giving in each individual. It is a not-for-profit initiative for spreading, supporting and promoting the practice of the Art of Giving around the world.



Kanya Kiran is a flagship initiative spearheaded by Dr Achyuta Samanta, founder of the Kalinga Institute of Industrial Technology and Kalinga Institute of Social Sciences with an aim to create a safe environment by ensuring zero tolerance for sexual violence and creation of awareness through education throughout Odisha.

artofgiving.in.net

facebook.com/artofgiving
facebook.com/kanyakiranofficial

Kirti
2023



Founder KIIT and KISS



Prof. (Dr.) Achyuta Samanta

Prof. Achyuta Samanta is an Indian educationist and philanthropist who founded KIIT (Kalinga Institute of Industrial Technology) and KISS (Kalinga Institute of Social Sciences) in Bhubaneswar, Odisha. He transformed KIIT from a modest industrial training institute into one of India's leading universities. KISS, under his leadership, has become the world's largest residential institute for indigenous (tribal) children, providing free education, accommodation, and healthcare.



I am delighted to announce that, as in previous years, the students of KIIT Deemed to be University are publishing the 2023 edition of the Annual Women's Magazine, "KIRTI." This publication holds special significance as it focuses on the theme, "How I Love Being a Woman," with the objective of collectively and actively broadening perspectives and celebrating women for who they are.

Being a woman is truly a mark of pride and strength. The essence of womanhood brings a deep sense of empathy, compassion, and resilience that infuses our world with purpose and grace. Every aspect of being a woman, from the joy of sisterhood to the ability to multitask and excel in diverse roles, is a celebration. Embracing femininity empowers us to break barriers, challenge stereotypes, and contribute meaningfully to shaping a more inclusive and equitable society.

We aspire for women to have equal opportunities to contribute to the economic and social progress of the country in all walks of life. KIIT Deemed to be University is dedicated to providing a conducive environment for our female students and staffs to excel. It is noteworthy that, over the years, they have made us proud by achieving significant milestones in academics, sports, and extracurricular activities. We are pleased that many of our female alumni now hold important positions in government, corporate, academic, and sports sectors nationwide and globally.

"KIRTI 2023" is a commendable publication by the university community, representing the essence of our female students. I congratulate "Team KIRTI 2023" for their hard and sincere work in bringing out the publication during these challenging times.

I extend my best wishes to my beloved KIITIANS and wish them all success in their future careers and endeavors.



Vice Chancellor, KIIT-DU



Prof. Saranjit Singh

Prof. (Dr.) Saranjit Singh completed his Ph.D. (Production Engg) from BIT Mesra, Ranchi, M.Tech. (Production Engg) from IIT Varanasi (Formerly IT BHU) and B.E. (Mechanical Engg) from Savitribai Phule Pune University.



The publication of KIIT's "KIRTI-2023" brings immense joy to our university community, as this magazine has consistently showcased stories of women's progress and empowerment since its inception.

At Kalinga Institute of Industrial Technology, we celebrate the female role models who advocate for themselves and inspire others with their extraordinary journeys. They not only encourage young women to pursue their dreams but also to overcome obstacles with resilience.

As the world evolves, women are breaking free from stereotypes and making a significant impact across various domains. They redefine what excellence means, refusing to let gender norms hinder their aspirations. Whether they are established leaders or emerging talents, they contribute to a more inclusive and promising future for all.

I extend my best wishes to the students and commend Team KIRTI 2023 for their dedicated efforts in producing this publication. Their work reflects diverse dreams and aspirations, leaving a positive imprint in every part of society, whether in a home kitchen or aboard a space shuttle. They embody strength and determination, inspiring women of all backgrounds to strive for brighter futures.



Registrar, KIIT-DU



Dr. Jnyana Ranjan Mohanty

Dr. Jnyana Ranjan Mohanty is a distinguished figure in the realm of higher education, recognized for his significant contributions as an academic and administrator. As the Registrar of KIIT University in Bhubaneswar, Odisha, Dr. Mohanty has been instrumental in steering the institution towards remarkable growth and development. His leadership and vision have not only enhanced the university's reputation but also significantly improved the quality of education and research.



It gives me great pleasure to offer the team at University Women's Magazine, "Kirti," my best wishes for the magazine's publication. I hope it is filled with well-written and educational pieces.

"Women have always been the strong ones of the world." - Coco Chanel

The world is evolving, and with it, humanity is overcoming all forms of discrimination and moving forward to make its mark on every aspect of life, from the space shuttle to the home kitchen. Women are moving in tandem with these advancements. They are conscious of their feminine side, but they aren't letting it stop them from pursuing their objectives. They are redefining excellence and making tougher decisions than ever before.

In the hopes of seeing a better and more optimistic society for everyone, we stand with all women, young or elderly, bold or shy, strong or gentle.

I firmly believe that Kirti will serve as a platform for female students and university employees to demonstrate their individual aptitude. It will also provide a thought-provoking and creative outlet for them to express their hidden talents. Furthermore, Kirti will reflect ideas for women empowerment, celebrating being a woman and emphasize the value of women in leadership and decision-making.

I want to thank Team Kirti 2023 for all their hard work and congratulate them on the publication. I also wish the students the very best.



Additional Registrar, KIIT-DU



Dr. Shyam Sundar Behura

Prof. (Dr) Shyam Sundar Behura joined KIIT in the School of Dental Sciences. Being an accomplished professor with talents in fields apart from the curriculum paved way to his journey as the Head of the Student Activity Center, KIIT. Recently, he was designated as the Additional Registrar of KIIT-DU, aiding to his reputable accomplishments and establishing him as one of the greatest leaders of the institute. Thanks to his guidance, the non academic development in KIIT thrives.



It is a distinct privilege to address the readers of Kirti 2023, the Annual Women's Magazine.

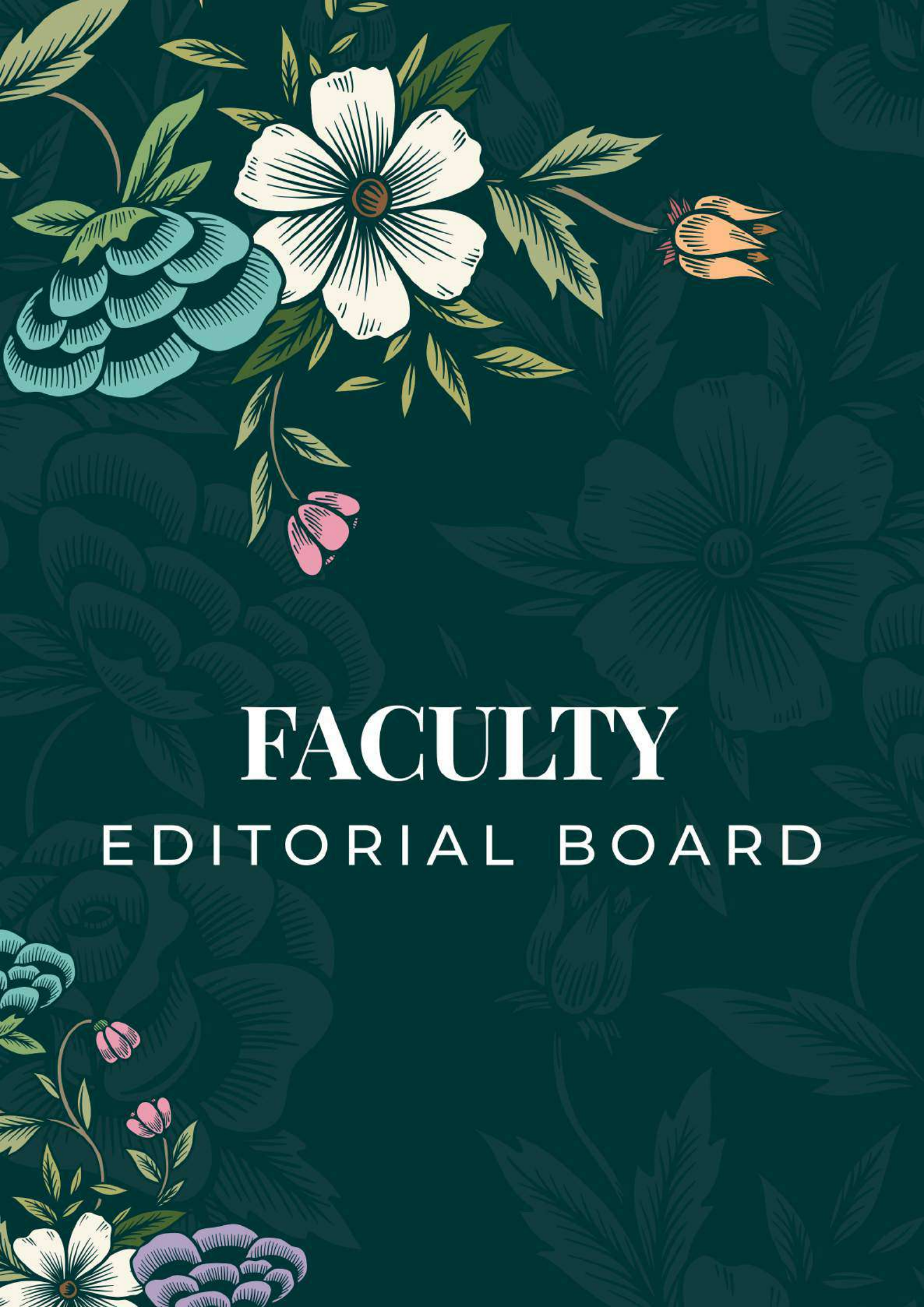
In celebrating the 2023 edition of this distinguished publication, we are delighted to embrace the theme, "How I Love Being a Woman." This issue is a tribute to the unique joys, strengths, and experiences that characterize womanhood.

The past year has highlighted the remarkable resilience and determination of women as they faced economic uncertainties and social injustices. Women have been pivotal, serving as healthcare workers, caregivers, essential workers, and students, all while persistently advocating for their rights and striving for equity in all areas of life, from professional settings to the home.

Looking forward, there is considerable cause for optimism. The increasing presence of women in leadership roles, the growing acknowledgment of their societal contributions, and the expanding global network of women supporting one another inspire hope for a more equitable and just world.

We are confident that this year's edition of the magazine will uphold its tradition of inspiring and empowering our readers. It will feature stories of women from diverse backgrounds who celebrate the essence of womanhood and make a profound impact in their communities and beyond.





FACULTY

EDITORIAL BOARD

Prof.(Dr.) Shyam Sundar Behura

(Additional Registrar)

Prof. (Dr.) Santwana Sagnika

(School of Computer Engineering)

Prof. (Dr.) Bhavya Bhushan

(School of Applied Sciences)

Prof. Seema Kumari Ladsaria

(School of Humanities)



Student Editors

English Editors

1st Editors

Anusua Biswas 22052970

Somya Sagarika Pati 22051464

Adrika Shinjini 2205528

Chetali Hariramani 2206018

Divyanshi Tripathi 2205376

Ahana Chanda 2205529

Sneha Sarkar 2206053

Soumodeep Sen 2205422

Anannya Upadhyaya 22052880

Ashna Khilnani 2229020

Piyali Dutta 2276138

Ahana Majumder 22053570

Ananya Biswas 22051055

Soumili Das 2229181

Jiya Kumari 22054308

Shailja Sanvi 22051020

Anjali Pandey 22053311

Shivangi Chatterjee 22053279

Shreeja Banerjee 22052059

Anishka 2205356

Aarsh Muley 22051304

Adrija Das 22051049

Bhaskar Lalwani 2205460

Shuvan De Biswas 2180199

Roshni Chakraborty 22053709

Sancharini Sen 2260147

Student Editors

English Editors

2nd Editors

Arpit Rath 2230070

Aryan Vora 2105952

Priyadarshini Basu 2106234

Kaushiki Sarkar 2230177

Aditi Singh Roy 2105433

Aditya Khandelwal 2105942

Kunal Sahu 22057038

Divyasha Pradhan 2160031

Pulkit Bhardwaj 21051322

Viren Mahawar 2105938

Roshan Kumar 21052445

Aryan Gupta 2228017

3rd Editors

Stutee Subharthi 2104053

Shreyanshu Yadav 21052793

Abhishree Srivastava 21052807

Soham Roy 2104050

Sanat Kumar Senapati 2361069

Ishita Mukherjee 2105967

Yashshavi Thapliyal 2228081

Saumya Mishra 21052357

Prachi Kashyap 2005043

Student Editors

Hindi Editors

1st Editor

Vishalakshi Kumari 22054003

2nd Editor

Balmukund Kumar 22052896

3rd Editor

Ujjwal Kashyap 21051780

Odia Editors

Kumar Roshan 21053211

Stutee Subharthi 2104053

Managing Editors

Nikhil Sinha 2007023

Surbhi Negi 21051946

Digital Marketing

Shreya Maiti 2004286

Pratik Chakraborty 22052323

Utkarsh Kumar Singh 22053037

Shreyash Roy 22052762

Graphic Designers



Sayantan Sabud
22053193



Aditya Shukla
2302006



Prateek Singh
2305722



01 English Articles

02 Hindi Articles



03 Odia Articles

04 Alumni Articles

05 Artworks

06 Photographs

07 Team



Table of INDEX

ENGLISH ENTRIES



How I Love being a woman

Nitya had the essence of womanhood ever since she gained consciousness. From sneaking and using her mom's makeup to wearing her sarees as her own. Brushing her hair, carrying herself with utmost dignity amazed her. She knew from the very beginning what she was - A brutally soft woman.

One fine morning which also happened to be her 15th birthday she asked her mom for a pair of heels. Which she thought would be followed by a warm embrace turned out to be a cold slap to her cheeks.

"Behave yourself, don't you forget who you really are!"

Who she is "really" came to her mind then came a quick verbal response
"I am a woman maa"

"No you are not, I gave birth to a boy not the thing that you claim to be"

This conversation remains etched in Nitya's mind. Though she's a strong and independent 38 year old woman now but all the remarks from friends and family still haunt her. The journey of being Nitya from Neel was treacherous but she knew Nitya had to be brought to life.

What does it actually mean being a woman?

Is it the inherent femininity? The stereotype of liking anything and everything pink or is it manifesting the idea of being a bride and then a mother?

Or it is only and only defined by the nature of your chromosomes .

Womanhood is restricted and defined according to whichever aspect the society decides but according to their convenience. Womanhood doesn't come from a woman, it comes from within her. With every thought every minute little detail. It is the tenderness and sweet scent of a rose ,it is also the thorn that cuts through one's skin.

Nitya lost her parents, her friends, her reputation and oftentimes her job which she was perfectly capable of doing - only for the love of being a woman.

Name: Atriya Patra
Roll No: 2179016
School: KIDS

BEING A WOMAN

I possess infinite powers
With grace and strength being my weapons
Having these, I can demolish any demon
Every role I can play,
Every role I can slay.
Being a mother, I bring a new life into existence
Be it scars or pain, wholeheartedly accept all the changes
With every challenge I face, I rise
You want to see determination? Just look into my eyes
Power of my femininity I can't undo
It's my pride, strong and true
No longer bounded by the old norms
I make my own path and move along
All the responsibilities that we have
Every day is a battle,
Be it physical mental or psychological
Diverse challenges I have to tackle
But I stand tall and proud
Because my work speaks aloud
Everyday I win numerous battles
I'm a warrior, I'm a warrior
I'm proud to be a woman and
there's no doubt in it
Embracing all things that come with it!



Name: Shailja Sanvi
Roll No: 22051020
School: BTech CSE

How I love being a woman despite...

Being a woman is a multifaceted journey filled with complexities, contradictions, and expectations that often seem impossible to meet. Yet, despite the intricacies of navigating these challenges, I find an enduring and profound love for being a woman. In a world that often places us on a tightrope of expectations, it's essential to recognize both the struggles and the strengths that come with womanhood.

As women, we face a series of paradoxes that can be both confounding and exhausting. We're expected to be beautiful and smart, yet we often doubt our own worth. The pressure to achieve an ideal body image is relentless, even as we're told not to speak openly about our desire to be thin. The duality of pursuing health and societal standards can be overwhelming.

We're expected to balance financial independence with grace, knowing that asking for financial support is often viewed as inappropriate. We're encouraged to be leaders but are penalized for assertiveness. The expectations to excel at work while nurturing others never seem to align perfectly.

One of the most challenging aspects of womanhood is bearing the burden of societal expectations and judgments. We are expected to excel in all domains: career, family, and personal life. We are judged not only by our actions but also by the actions of men, a weight that is both irrational and unjust. To challenge these expectations can be viewed as complaining rather than advocating for change.

The pressure to maintain physical attractiveness for the male gaze while not making other women feel threatened is an example of the tightrope we walk. Yet, despite these challenges, there is a beauty in resilience. Women find ways to navigate these contradictory expectations and emerge stronger for it.

In the midst of these paradoxes and expectations, there's an undeniable love for being a woman. It's a love rooted in the ability to rise above adversity, to unite with other women in sisterhood, and to challenge societal norms. Being a woman means embracing the complexity of our identities, celebrating our achievements, and acknowledging our strength.



Our journey as women is marked by extraordinary accomplishments and everyday triumphs. We excel in leadership, break glass ceilings, and redefine societal norms.

We embrace motherhood with love and determination while also pursuing our careers passionately. We revel in our beauty, intelligence, and uniqueness.

In a world filled with contradictory expectations, it is natural to feel overwhelmed and frustrated. Yet, being a woman is a celebration of resilience, strength, and the capacity to love oneself despite the odds. We may not receive medals or gratitude for navigating these paradoxes, but our journey is a testament to our enduring spirit.

As a woman, I am proud to embrace the intricacies of my identity, challenging stereotypes and societal norms. I am proud to stand alongside other women in unity, knowing that together, we are rewriting the rules. While the path may be challenging, I wouldn't trade the experience of being a woman for anything else. It's a journey I love, a journey filled with both hardships and triumphs, and a journey that continues to shape me into the person I am proud to be.

Name: Ayushka Nanda

Roll No: 22053502

School: BTech CSE, 2nd Year



An Ode to the Daughters of Mother Nature...

I speak to the eldest daughter of Mother Nature:
I thank her for the gifts she bestowed on us
The rainbows she conjured for us,
The kindness she manifested
One which we took for granted,
You truly are your mother's daughter,
Never once suspecting, never once questioning
Our persistent greed, mistaking it for your children in need.
However, your kindness was respected,
And so I am able to meet your eye.

I speak to the middle daughter of Mother Nature
I thank you for your unwavering faith,
After all we took from your sister
Stripping her off her flowered embellishments,
Her courteous smile, and razing her lush green mane,
You truly are your mother's daughter,
In giving us more than we need still,
In providing us shelter and comfort
Inside your temple of virtue still,
Where every varmint worshiped you.
(Where some of us chose not to.)

I speak to the youngest daughter of Mother Nature
I thank you for your tolerance,
For not vanquishing us even though you very well could,
For bearing the load of our monstrosity,
For putting up with our repeated patterns of shame, greed and want,
You truly are your mother's daughter,
For you do not blame us
For making your other children suffer,
You gather them all under your bosom,
And sing them your mother's lullaby.
(The right to which, I am aware, we no longer have.)



Name: Chetali Hariramani
Roll No: 2206081
School: BTech IT

Reflections

*Mirror on the wall
The sweet little girl
Do you hear her call?
A sweet smile
A true child
Healed before gone worse
Saved from the curse
Sweet darling stay young
Find happiness in the same songs I sung*

Name: Debashi Mishra
Roll No:
School: BTech CSE



The Witch

*The sun sets over a honeyed plane,
A flicker of flames,
A whiff of smoke,
The witch goes about her day.
The cottage is a home,
A home and a hell and a heaven,
Carved shelves scream,
Darling won't you look at us,
See how we wait,
See how we yearn.
A mushroom head peers over the cauldron,
Asks her in a tiny voice,
Darling will you leave me be,
I've been here since the dawn of time,
Darling won't you let me see,
All the evil your heart decides.*

*The potion waves from the wooden table,
Chirps like a child,
Darling won't you tell me,
Secrets you would take to the grave,
Darling let us give them hell,
For all they dared to take.
The garden is a sea,
A sea, an ocean and a cave,
Bleeding hearts poised over the water sing,
Darling will you let us dip,
Touch the moonlight we admire from afar,
See what we are,
See what we could be.*



*The lone cloud lets the sun shine through,
Drawls over the twittering birds,
Darling will you smile at me,
I haven't seen you in a while,
Darling won't you let me bring,
A taste of what you tell yourself cannot be.
The witch goes about her day,
Listens to her companions and their pain,
It is nothing short of tragic,
But it has been ages since it last rained,
She is rarely happy anymore,
She rarely talks to the moon,
But she looks up this once,
The cloud nods at her and a drop falls,
And the witch smiles so bright it lights up the room.*

Name: Divyanshi Tripathi
Roll No: 2205376
School: BTech CSE



The Color Gray

Gray is the woman with the crumpled dress,
Tainted, made impure, by an unwanted caress.
Gray is the muffled noise of the jangling keys,
Held in between fingers, like claws that seek-
Support, not protection; a home, not refuge.

Gray is the suppressing whisper of their talks,
The way they presume, assume and watch her walk.
Gray is the way they choose to ignore,
Watch, observe and nothing more.

Gray is the wuthering storm inside- Her emotions a whirl-
Of vengeance and spite, Aiming to destroy-
Every bit of pleasure, quietude and mocking joy,
Gray is her weary look and manner,
To her eyes, everything is alike.

Both love and squalor,
Gray is the lonely heart that sings-
A mother's lullaby, a mockingbird's cry.

Name: Chetali Hariramani
Roll No: 2206081
School: BTech IT



WOMAN *is a* GOD

Criss-cross and above I go
With cuts and bruises of long ago
To break the shackles;
Expectations of tomorrow
I go in the dark, as bright as the day;
Coldness to rinse away the sorrow.

Pride and Honour bloom around
Only to be taken down by a hound
Winners of today;
Bosses of tomorrow,
Scars of yesterday
Make the stories of morrow
Cause I'm not a woman, I'm a God.



*Name: Piyali Dutta
Roll No: 2276138
School: BTech CSE*

Me: A Woman

The journey of my life
As a Woman I thrive
Tackle the atrocities of today
Changing spices
Mastering boardroom games
Grace and Dignity we wear
United as we stand
Raging roars of Lionesses
To the sweet hymns of lullabies
Beauty and essence redefine
Being a woman, a journey divine

*Name: Piyali Dutta
Roll No: 2276138
School: BTech CSE*



Idolizing Muliebrity

*In the realm of wrongdoings, I stand with grace,
Femininity, such a worthy feeling.
With strength and beauty intertwined,
I celebrate the curves and lines that define me.
In every smile, in every tear,
Showing the world, potential to conquer and lead.
A rainbow of emotions within my heart,
Painting the canvas of life with empathy and kindness.
I navigate the world, embracing my stride,
Cherishing the wisdom that life bestows.
A tapestry of dreams, I hold,
Fierce and unafraid, I found my serenade.
For being a woman is a gift, it's true,
A journey through joy and fear, wild and free.*

Name: Debangi Ghatak
Roll No: 22053154
School: BTech CSE



Oh, How I love being a Woman

Oh how I love being a woman!

Doing whatever I want, however I please

With nothing but ease

My birth in the family,

Celebrated till I grow old

Can't thank them enough

For they are the reason

Behind this pride I hold

My birth in the family,

Something they look forward to

Something they pray for

A wish they hoped would come true!

I live life on my own

Not by anyone's command,

I am left completely free

Of course, why wouldn't I be?

Since when is freedom an allowance I must demand?

I get to parade the streets as and when I want

With no eyes on me

Why would anyone look?

I'm just another human being!



My purpose in life, never defined
Try something new today, fail at something old another time
I'm free to choose, experiment and mold a life that I would like
My dear if you thought the above lines
Were about the female line,
Then you're the one, living confined
Think about the million stories one is yet to tell
Stories, yet to find
For there are many untold
Many wrong and
Many side-lined
My dear if you thought this is what it's like
To live as a woman in this world, having known no bounds?
Then I request you to bid farewell to the clouds
And come back to ground
Now take a minute
Look around,
What do you see?
Do you see a mirror?
Do you see someone standing proud?
If the answer's a yes
Look again if you can
Look harder than before
For my dear
You're a man.

Name: Pranjli Tuli
Roll No : 2180137
School : MBBS

The Choices I Made



When I had to choose, day or night.
I had chosen the day to have all the light.

When I had to choose, a road from the two.
I had chosen one less traveled, to meet the extraordinary you.

When I had to choose, between the brain and heart.
I had chosen my heart, so I could feel more art.

When I had to choose, to let go or hold on.
I had chosen to let go, to leave it for the time to decide on.

When I had to choose between quiet and loud.
I had chosen quiet, to experience peace around.

When I had to choose, to express or hide.
I had chosen to express, with people I confide.

When I had to choose, to smile or cry loud.
I had chosen to cry to let it all out.

When I had to choose, to stay in or out.
I had chosen to stay in, to be where I belong and found.

When I had to choose between new and old.
I had chosen old, for the memories I hold.

When I had to choose, to speak or write.
I had chosen to write, to make my thoughts immortal for infinite.



Name: Riddhi Kesheri
Roll No : 2280147
School: MBBS

Being A Woman



The afternoon was hot and sultry as usual.

The golden hour's accession made my lips slightly curve into a gentle smile, revealing the deep-set dimples.

Some people feel that my preferences are rather unpolished because I consistently chose the most sweltering part of the day as the most cherished time I have ever experienced.

As the golden light slithered its way through the stained glass of my hand-painted window, it saturated the blemished walls of the balcony with its golden hue. By this time on other days, I would have positioned myself in the best possible way to click what is often called a “golden hour selfie”.

But that day was different. My body refused to change its position, and my instinct made me clutch the cushion, bringing it closer to my body as if to hide or withhold the feeling of something. My receptivity to nausea and restlessness made me fall back on the couch as my body, desperate to fight back, hassled to extricate itself from the tenacious grip of this repulsive innervation.

As dusk approached and the sky bleached itself in the hues of pink and purple and, at times, red in some corners, it seemed relatable , and deep down, I knew “we had no choice”.

My 8-year-old brother was busy trying to figure out the new “Box Of Magic” he got on his birthday. He strode to me and proudly announced, “I have mastered ten magic tricks. How many have you learned so far ?”

I bent over to him and whispered into his ears, “We bleed every month, yet we survive, is this not enough to surpass every magic trick on Earth?”



✿ Sister Sweet ✿

I stepped into the world wearing wings of wax, one step after the other.
The sun was within my grasp, the moon farther than I could ever imagine.
My father held me with a smile, did he know his heart could never be mine?
My mother loved me with all she had, but how do you love?
Oh, how do you love, when all you have to show for inheritance is scorn. The
wind blew in my face and I swept my hair away; blue, then red, then black,
the sky went. Blue, then red, then black, the sky went, and with it took my
colors.

As I stared at the world through a gaze of black and white, the brush in my
hands shook. A brush turned to a pen, “mightier is a sword”, a voice said,
and I found myself agreeing. So I slashed and I tore at the air, too young
to hold a blade, I ripped myself. The world needed sewing. I knew, but did
not want to be the one to do it. I passed another girl in the stream, with red
hair, and an infectious smile, “who are you?”, I asked. “You”, she said, and
the flowers in her hair wilted, while the cactus inside me bloomed. And for
the first time in a while, I saw myself reflected in mirrors.



Reflected in mirrors, echoed in rooms, for the first time in an age, I found myself seen. I held a thorn in one hand, an ax in another, and yet a crown of lilies adorned my head. I took another step, and the moon walked with me. I took its hand and it turned gray. The sun matched my steps and found itself melting under my heat.

I held my head high, waved my hands, and burst out in a grin when the sea waved back.

I did not see the girl again till I was in a chair, her hair as gray as mine. A millennium of strength, each day a new adventure, each heart as full of love as Eros. Her eyes were just as shimmering, cheeks just as creased from years of happiness. She kissed me on the cheek and I cried, she held my hand and the storm calmed. And buried deep in her moon-spun tresses, I found my life, and its end.



Name: Divyanshi Tripathy
Roll No: 2205376
School: BTech CSE



How I love being a WOMEN

Those glittering palettes,
That flowy dress.
Those bouncy curls,
For that one “Pretty!” exclaims.

Then you slay that red lip,
Look in the mirror, compliment, “Majestic!”
And feel how I love being a woman.

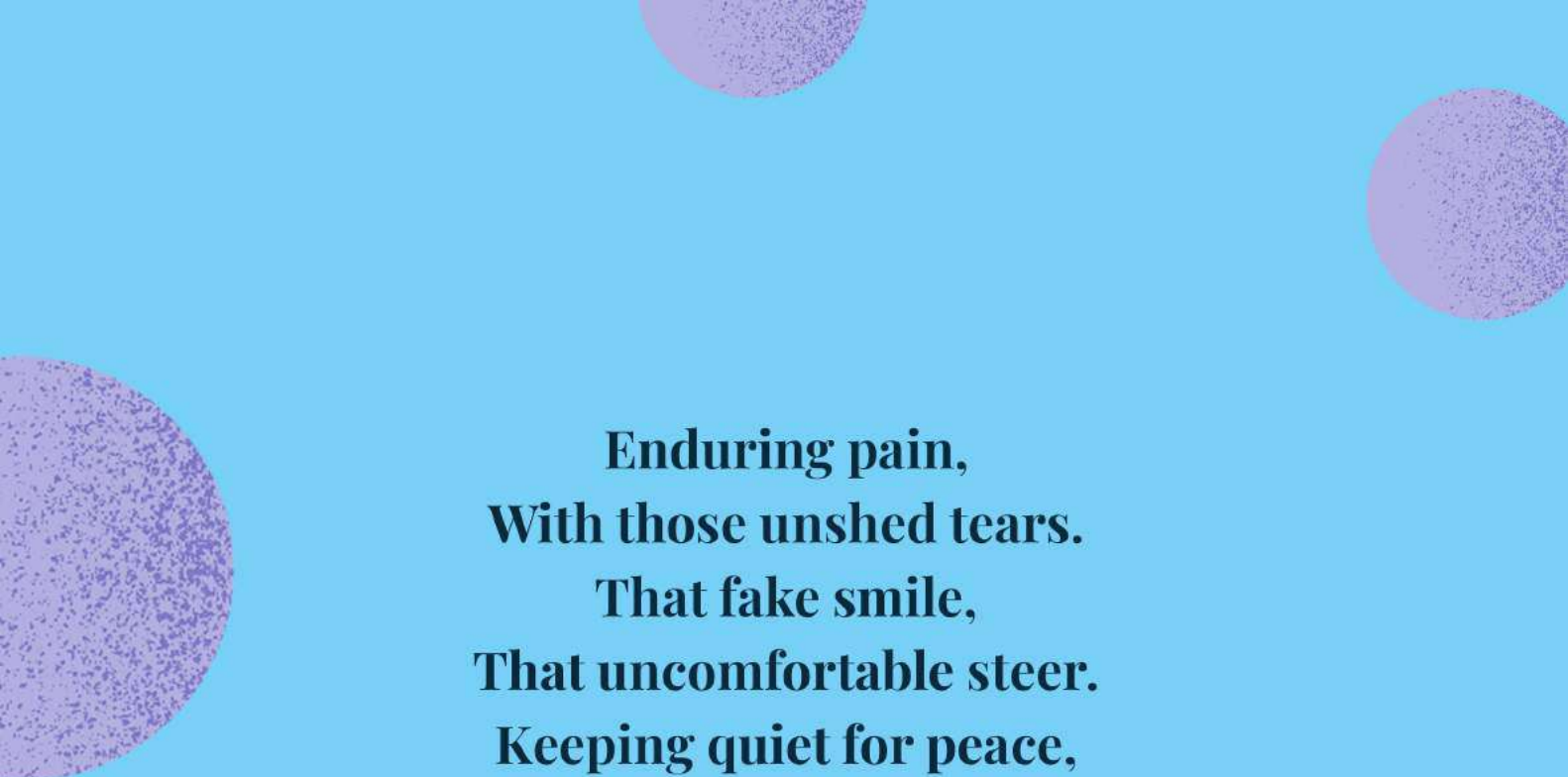
Those crossed legs,
That curtailed smile,
Those missed drinks,
That small bite.

Still judged.

Never good enough.

Then you laugh out loud at your own jokes,
Funny, how I love being a woman.





**Enduring pain,
With those unshed tears.
That fake smile,
That uncomfortable steer.
Keeping quiet for peace,
Until you realize whose peace it was.
Then you speak, stand, be bold.
Courage, to love being a woman.**

**When you finally break those cultured rules,
They call you out,
But you breathe, realize free.
Then you smile with confidence,
Stand with poise,
And break those rules again, you say,
“Oh, how I love being a woman!”**



**Name: Niharika Sahay
Roll No: 2330243
School: BTech ECSc**

FEMINITY



To reflect upon the thought that life begins with a woman, within a woman!

Being born as a woman is the greatest gift I could ever receive and yet, growing up as a woman has never been easy.

It is not easy when you are expected to become responsible from a quite young age. The times when you are supposed to fight back yet expected to tolerate. All these years and you cannot really go out at night. Days when you have to perform household chores tirelessly. Those days when your protection feels like a burden. Those days when you have to leave your home to manage another household. Those days when you are expected to learn cooking. Those days when dressing properly is advice to protect yourself. Those days when you eat only after serving food to the rest of the family. Those days when you smile a little more even when you do not feel like it.

Those days when it is an embarrassment and not pride, to address a "man", a "woman".

But what counts is, being able to feel every emotion deeply, possessing the strength against every odd, the never-ending charm, the perseverance, the healing nature, the consistency, the invariable perceptions, the gentleness, the unmeasurable compassion, the ability to nurture, the spirit to survive and what not!

Despite anything and everything, I am here writing this, a woman, a fighter, a survivor.

I
Wish
I was

PLASTIC



I wish I was plastic,
I'd melt into beauty,
Maybe I'd be in love,
Be what I want to be.

This eternal thirst,
Of everlasting perfection,
Breathes deep within;
A permanent indentation.
Maybe I'd be "photogenic"
Maybe suitors would think,
"I'd like her to be mine"
No love potions to drink.
I could be beautiful inside,
But who'd enter my fort?
If it appeared ghastly?
Who would they court?
I wish I was plastic,
Out of a perfect mold,
Maybe it would quench,
My thirst, oh, so old.

At My Mind's Mercy



It comes in waves and engulfs me entirely,
Disrupting my cool demeanor slyly,
My once content state of mind,
Now lies fractured, all normalcy left behind.
Let the jubilation persist, I plead,
But soon the honey-laced thoughts recede,
A morbid wind sows its seed,
To evade the emotions permeating, I have an insatiable greed.
It exerts a crushing weight,
The horrors overtake a blank slate,
The morose ideas sear and lacerate,
As I find myself succumbing to my fate.
The days slowly morph into one,
Away from the daze, I'm unable to run,
Those with unperturbed minds I begin to shun,
As I scream to it, "Leave me, you've won".
Time goes by and my mood shifts,
I pray for the dismal clouds to lift,
A sliver of joy leaves me miffed,
The remnants of happiness are no longer adrift.
I rejoice as the trepidation subsides,
It's true - at the end of the tunnel there's light,
I try to delay my relapse to the dark side,
Life is, unfortunately, a cruel ride.

Name: Ahana Majumder
Roll No: 22053750
School: BTech CSE

Oh, How I Love Being A Woman



Oh, how I love being a woman.

You can't wear a burka

You also absolutely have to wear a burka

You'll get poisoned if you try to go to school

You'll also get assaulted by your teachers if you get there

**From the bus driver to the math teacher, every man's gaze will
reduce you to a pixelated perverse fantasy manufactured by the
patriarchy**

Oh, how I love being a woman.

Your skirt will always be too low,

**Your warden, your mother, your aunt: All shall be gatekeepers of
the delusional honor & shame that mark your body as the treasure
they must protect, melding gold rings with human skin bereft of
all its humanity it seems**

**The beauty of internalized misogyny shining through,
Women brutalizing their daughters in case the men fail in that too**

Oh, how I love being a woman.

**Every guy will stand for your liberation as long as liberation is a
precipitation of their gratification,
Stroking their ego, raking in profits**

"She has the right to do what she wants" they will shout
when what they actually want to say is "She has the right to sell
her womanhood to me in this free market economy"
"She has the right to get obscenely drunk & make reprehensible
choices that she will regret but I will exploit"
"She has the right to reduce her entire existence to a transference
from her father's surname to mine"
Oh, how I love being a woman.
You don't have to wear makeup
But also you absolutely should since it's all about that " Because
You're Worth It" glow
You have to be a girl boss,
Capitalism's sweet poster-child
Out to save blood
soaked-influencer-choked-love-me-some-mother-earth-as
long-as-she-works-for-10-cents-an-hour-brands
In this booming economy, the future is female indeed,
Oh, how I love being a woman.
A violent power structure of capital boom that can't deliver us
from breast cancer, malnutrition, or domestic doom
But at least, we have that online sale on cute shirts made by
miserable women toiling 24/7 under a hot roof
At least we have the smokescreen of DDLJ & Alia Bhatt to make
us forget that all a woman is really worth,
Is how she can survive a mankind that continues to trivialize,
invisiblize & victimize her girlhood
Oh, how I love being a woman.
Motherhood and godhood must go hand in hand,
It always takes a bloody miracle to survive after all

A desperate story of unimaginable faith that makes logic
pretzels out of your misery because somewhere along the belly
scars & depression, backaches & weight gains, your brain is
programmed to find "joy" in the sleepless nights & thankless
days

In your godhood,
They also make you the site of their war,
Every invasion,
Every civil unrest,
Every genocide
Will have your brutalized bloodied body as bounty & blessing
Oh, I love being a woman.
Win medals for a nation,
That invites your assaulter to parliament inaugurations
It makes you walk in parades naked, as people murder your
brothers, unabated
Release your oppressor from prison to win an election
Drags your Dalit body with its Thakur hands across a field &
calls it a love affair gone wrong
Kills 10 million of your unborn sisters
& forgets about it with a new statistical population
Oh, how I love being a woman.

Name: Akankshya Mahapatra
Roll No : 1960011
School: Biotechnology



**They look
at me
with no pity**





**They look at me with no pity just disgust
They're covered in perfumes and I'm covered in dust
They walked past me bragging about their wealth
But I heard them whisper under their breath**

**"Oh look it's that girl with the loose ponytail
Her eyes are so dull and her cheeks so pale
Look at her torn shoes and faded skirt
You can't even tell the color of her soiled shirt"**

**But I know it's just their public facade
Because they're afraid to let down their guard
They know 'bout the poignant scent of their perfumes
The real insecure one under their fake costumes.**

**Name: Amishi Agarwal
Roll No : 22051917
School: BTech CSE**



Your Human

Mirror



Some days I wish I could show you,
What I see when I look in your direction.
You'll want to dance with joy too;
Your heart will feel the warmest of affections.

I often catch you hating the reflections,
Each time you pass by a glass window.
I have witnessed ethereal perfection,
As the cool autumn wind winnows,
Making her way just to play with you;
Tease you by blowing on your hair;
Creating smiles out of your blues.
You are the one for whom she cares.

I wonder if I could show the little girl,
Who was told she was simply too ugly.
The grace with which you rule the world;
She would question, "Is that really me?"

I hope one day I can show you,
Who you are through lenses clearer;
Then your soul would be delighted too;
I'd be honored to be your human mirror.

Name: Ahana Majumder
Roll No: 22053750
School: BTech CSE

So, was it love?

Perhaps I do not understand the concept of love, but does anybody?

It has a distinct meaning for different people; we cannot estimate it based on other people's theories. I do not know what it is exactly, I can only feel it and make it feel. The feeling that it gives is descriptive. The thoughts of the person making you happy; the present might not be in your favor but if the memories brighten up your gloomy day then that might be love. The small acts of sincerity, possibly being protective of them in public, sharing your food, sitting next to them with no energy to do anything only for the sake of their very company; that could be love. With this, we could say we love a lot of people. We are sincere to so many people but occasional sincerity and kindness brings you back into thinking, was that love; our actions could be interpreted in a gazillion different ways, for some the most common gestures of consideration might be equivalent to love yet for some it might be basic human decency. This again holds enough power to, as we say, "make or break" things. One person might not mean much when they show these actions that bring joy and meaning to the other. The latter would therefore be more drawn to the former on the basis of it. The interpretation was different but it was building a pillar of fondness. The growing fondness might lead to mutual satisfaction and attachment. It will bloom in some cases and not in the rest. If bloomed then we say it is love, wasn't it love even though it shriveled in the process.

Name: Anannya Upadhyaya
Roll No: 22052880
School: BTech CSE



Muliebrity is horror

With folded hands Medusa worshiped her goddess,
Withdrawing herself from the pleasures,
She remained chaste at her service.

But did the goddess show mercy to her priestess?
Did Athena save Medusa when Poseidon forced himself on her?
Today centuries later, the questions still exists,
How can jealousy overrule womanhood?

A full moon in a dark night, a streak of light at a dark tunnel,
Many philosophers over the ages had explicated womanhood.
But how did female empowerment result in femme fatale?
Social workers blame men, and society blames the victims,
But beneath the veil, exist the actual monsters.

Our own gender, the women themselves.
Womanhood isn't petite, instead it is cursed by internalized
misogyny. We sign the warrant of humiliation of our own gender.
We criticize, humiliate each other and put-up double standards.
We mock our own failures, and blame masculinity.

So, behind every strong woman there exists a broken girl,
Whose austerity was once taunted by the filth of her own gender.

Name: Ananya Biswas
Roll No: 22051055
School: BTech CSE





Resilience in Rage

**"Feminine rage" - regarded as an oxymoron, perhaps?
An occurrence out of line,
In a woman's judgement, a lapse,
A slip up, a blunder; a deviation from being "fine".**

**But women aren't saints as society dictates,
There lie harrowing visions behind those pretty eyes,
As the world turned its back on us for decades,
Never first place - only a consolation prize.**

**We're expected to be poised and rational,
Tolerate their denigration and a bounty of vitriol,
But I say - let out the distorted wails,
Through the shackles of this warped world,
let the rage pervade.**

**Name: Vishalakshi Kumari
Roll No: 22054003
School: BTech CSE**



Is There Someone To Hear?

She feels trapped in words, want to speak out loud
But is someone there to listen her stories about?
She feels very rude to always ignore her feelings
But is someone there to heal her with some special things?

She is not good at making stuffs

She is not good at talking hubs...

But is someone there to listen to her tales filled in tubs?

Like listener is her, is someone there to listen she?

Is someone there to make her speak out what the hell she feels?

Is someone there to stop appreciating itself and

let her show the things with which she deals?

She knows others find it silly as they are busy
with their musings and chilly....

So the answer she knows....

So she writes...

Making her heart a lil' light and

Signing off with the good night....

Name: Vishalakshi Kumari

Roll No: 22054003

School: BTech CSE

DIVINE OFFERING

In the realm of life's grand tapestry, behold,
A tale of women, their virtues manifold.
Like divine offerings, they grace our sphere,
With love and strength, they draw us near.

In the quiet dawn of a world anew,
A mother's gentle touch, love shining through.
She cradles a child, a precious life's beginning,
Her love, a divine offering, forever unending.

As daughters, they bloom like flowers in spring,
With dreams and hopes that take to wing.
Their laughter, like music, fills the air,
A divine offering, a joy beyond compare.

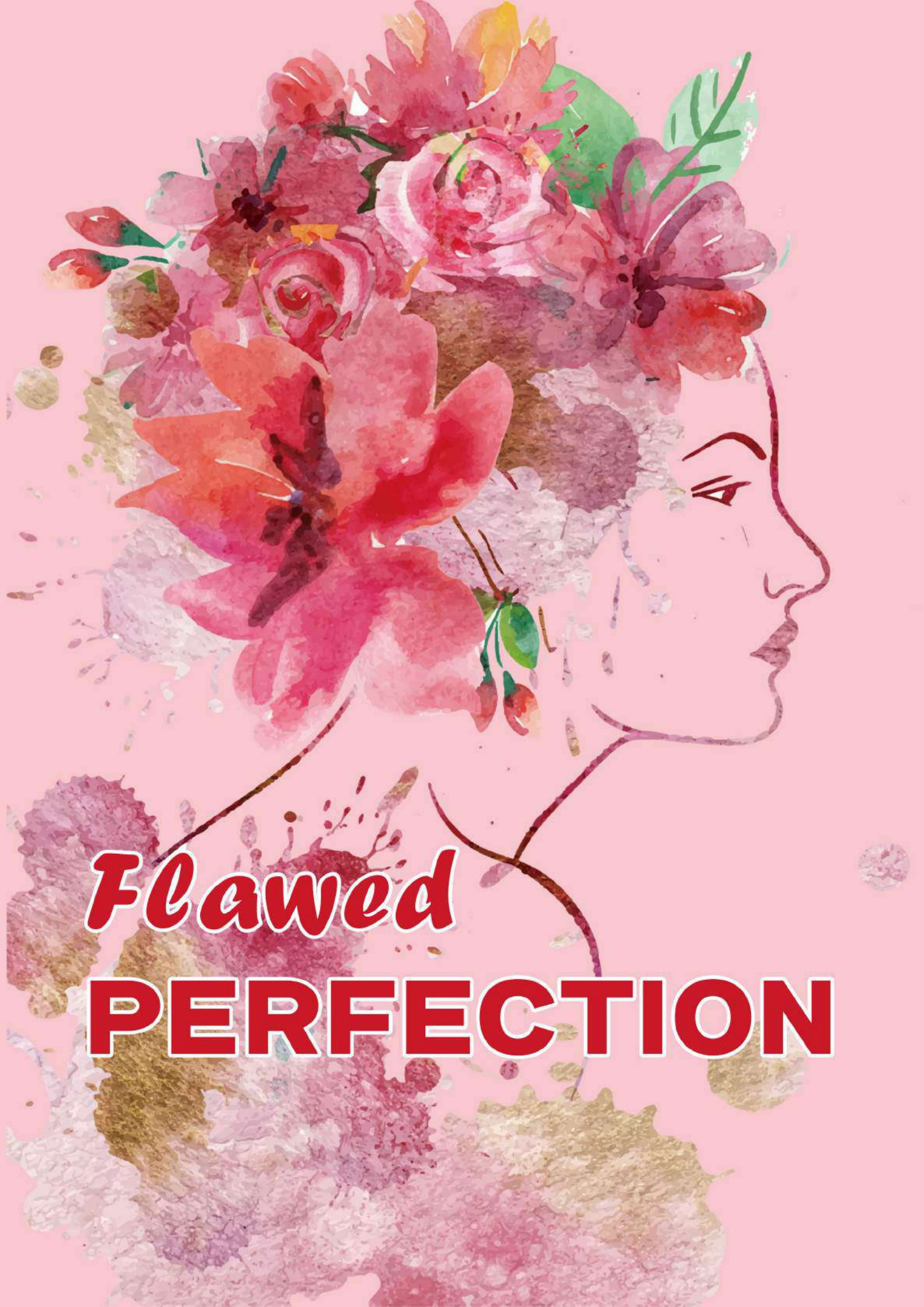
In the midst of challenges, they stand so bold,
With hearts of courage, faces uncontrolled.
Their determination, a beacon in the night,
A divine offering, a guiding light.

Sisters by blood or friends by choice,
In unity, they find their voice.
Through trials and triumphs, they remain,
A divine offering, a resilient chain.

In the twilight years, a grandmother's embrace,
Wisdom and warmth, a comforting grace.
Her stories, like legends, through time endure,
A divine offering, a legacy pure.

Through every role in each stage,
Women's presence weaves a wondrous page.
A tapestry of love, strength, and care,
A divine offering, beyond compare.

Name: Anjali Pandey
Roll No: 22053311
School: BTech CSE



Flawed
PERFECTION

**In a universe so vast and
immense with deepness and
Emptiness echoing around,
There was one girl,
Having the power to hold the most powerful
of things and
mysteries in her softest of hands.**

**She could triumph the greatest of
Pleasures and delights,
Win the loveliest of things
And the prettiest of treasures.**

**In a universe, so great and
boundless with infinity and eternity blooming everywhere,
She glimmered amongst the
Dynamic dark energy that pulled Upon her, trying to
win over her, To seize the diaphanous beauty
And her perfect allure,
As she wore on her head,
The brightest of stars,
Which tangled in her dark
lustrous hair,
Adorning it like it did the
universe.**

**The pristine crown of stars,
Gave her the beauty of the sheer Radiance,
The beauty of cosmic elegance.**

**The girl,
Alone yet so powerful in the
deepness and vastness of the dark cosmos as
she had
The most delicate of regalia,
That slipped against her body,
Which glowed royalty and magnanimity with its stellar
colors with poise swaying from it like
golden mist and diamond haze**

**She looked the most beautiful
With the finest of grace ever seen, As she swam across
the darkness, Flew through the blackness,
Brightening everything with her starry beauty
and perfection. Under her feet lay the lightest of
Stardust covering her rosy and
Bright shining skin, Rubbing against it to provide
embracement of warmth.**

**The purposeless stardust found
Purpose lying beneath her,
Feeling gratified as it bathe in her Dazzling
perfection which came
Effortless as she was
Paragon of a perfect human being.**

**Her hair, fluttered and danced
Like air, Shining like a blazed fire with
silver shine and golden core. Her ears,
lucent as the crescent
Moon hung loose, radiating their heavenly charm.**

**Her neck, bare, exposing her golden
painted rosy skin, Perfect without any jewelry,
As she was one alive,
Needless of any priceless gem.
Her lips, curved into a soft smile,
That spread across the starmap
Of her face.**

**Her eyes, iridescent with million
Of colors as she was a prismatic rainbow
painted into a
Masterpiece onto blankness,
Spreading saturated hues, into the emptiness.**

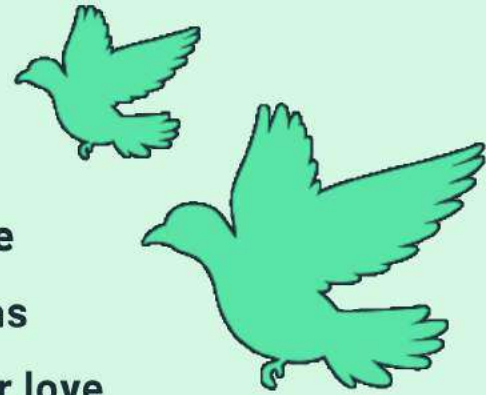
**She was perfect,
Everyone believed it.
But it wasn't true.**



**Name: Anishka
Roll No: 2205356
School: BTech CSE**

The Innocent Witch's Wrath





Your affection blinded the eyes of the apprentice
of Melisandre The distractingly quirky dimple was
a devil in disguise for Angel's kiss, If it was all for love
then Why lock her up in a glass cage with nothing left to reminisce
You brought furious pelting hail storms on her exotic flowers
when turned a deaf ear to her consorts for letting you stay
As an apology, you intentionally grew the ornamental oleander
In the dark mist, she didn't realize she was being deceived, Until
you made her drink it drop by drop every single day she fights with
you in her sleep, she fights with you in her every running thought
burning the bridges she once believed. Awaken, The Exuberant
purple turned into the morally gray characterwraith of your
created delusion stands as a witness Now Who's gonna save
you from the innocent witch's wrath?

- Sandalee Srivastava, CSE 4th year

The Empress

Shame doesn't run in my veins,
Instead, I am proud of my femininity.
My scars don't haze me,
My humiliation drives my determination,
Enough of taunts and misogynistic drama.
C'mon comrades, it's time to gear up,
To prove what we are made of.
Insults won't fade nor will we.
Our ironclad souls will make them yelp as
We weren't born to perish,
We were born to trounce them.
Emotions make us stronger,
As we promise to break the generational cycle.
I am proud to be a woman,
To bleed and bear children.
I am the harbinger of harmony,
But won't take torment silently.
I won't wait for karma to hit back,
Because I am karma re-incarnated myself.
People say the lion is the majestic king of the forest,
But then forget it's the lioness who handles him.

Name: Ananya Biswas
Roll No: 22051055
School: BTech CSE



HINDI ENTRIES



कल्पना



खूब इठला रही थी वो, घर चली वो इंसानो की,
कौन बतलाये उसे, गली है वो हैवानों की,
अजीब बात है, माँ की कोख भर रही थी,
गोद सूनी न रह जाए, यह सोच वो डर रही थी,
बेटी हुई है, सुनते ही दादा जी के सब मूल वसूल गए,
माँ को पूजने वाली दादी, दुर्गा की लिशूल भूल गई,
पत्थर का खुदा भी रोया, उस पत्थरदिल को देख,
जब खुद का पिता आया, कचरे के ढेर में नन्ही जान को फेंक,
अभी बोलना कहाँ सीखी थी वो, जो चिल्लाती अपने बचाव में,
काश तुम आँखे पढ़ लेते, मरहम लगा देते उसके घाव में,
बेटों से बढ़कर होती बेटियाँ, अगर ऐसी तुम्हारी कल्पना होती,
तो आज वो नन्हीं कली, दुर्गा, इंदिरा और कल्पना होती..

Name: Balmukund Kumar
Roll No: 22052896
School: B.Tech, CSE



मेरी सर्वस्व

वो परछाई सी है मेरी जिंदगी में, जो हमेशा मेरे साथ रहती है,
हाँ, काफी दूर है अब वो मुझसे, पर हर वक्त मेरे दिल में बसती है,
कोई गलती अगर करता हूँ, तो वो मुझसे कहती है,
कहती है “यहाँ है तू गलत, तेरी गलती है ” ।
मैं खुशनसीब हूँ जो वो इस नाचीज़ को खोने से डरती है,
सच कहता हूँ वो मुझपर अपना दिलोजान छिड़कती है,
रातों में अगर नींद मुझे न आए, तो वो भी मेरे साथ जगती है,
देखना चाहती है मुझे वो खुश और इसके लिए ही तो सब कुछ करती है,
एक वो ही है जो मुझे, मुझ से बेहतर समझती है,
तो आज मैं भी उससे कहता हूँ, हां, तुझ में ही मेरी जान बसती है,
हाँ, मेरा सर्वस्व, मेरी माँ हमेशा मेरे साथ रहती है ।

- K.S.Kaustubha, 22051082, CSE



जौ मुझे पता होता



जो मुझे पता होता कि बड़े होके सब कुछ मुश्किल होगा,
तो थोड़ा बचपन और जी लेती ।

जो मुझे पता होता कि पापा मम्मी की डाँट उनके प्यार करने का तरीका होगा,
तो मैं थोड़ा और सुन लेती ।

जो मुझे पता होता कि बाहर आज़ादी से रहने में सब कुछ खुद करना होगा,
तो घर की बंदिशों में थोड़ा और रह लेती ।

जो मुझे पता होता कि दोस्तों के साथ बिताया हुआ वक्त लौट के नहीं आयेगा,
तो थोड़ा वक्त और बिता लेती ।

जो मुझे पता होता कि जिम्मेदारियों का बोझ स्कूल के बस्ते से भारी होगा,
तो स्कूल का बस्ता खुशी खुशी उठा लेती ।

जो मुझे पता होता कि अपनों के साथ रहने का मौका फिर इतना नहीं मिलेगा,
तो थोड़ा और बैठ लेती ।

जो मुझे पता होता कि हर हँसते हुए चहरे की वजह खुशी नहीं होती,
तो उनका गम सुनके थोड़ा मैं भी रो लेती ।

जो मुझे पता होता कि इस दौड़ती भागती दुनिया में सुकून तो खुद में ही मिलेगा,
तो थोड़ा खुद में और ढूँढ लेती ।

जो मुझे पता होता कि लोग जान कर भी अंजान बनते हैं,
तो मैं भी अंजान बनने का नाटक थोड़ा और कर लेती ।

जो मुझे पता होता कि इतना पता होने पर भी मुझे कुछ नहीं पता,
तो मैं भगवान से थोड़े सवाल और कर लेती ।

बावरी मैं

बावरी बावरी बनी ढूँढू पिया को,
पिया की याद में खो रही हूँ आज,
वक्त के कोहरे में खो रहीं हूँ मैं।
एक आवाज़ तक न आई अबतक,
कीत छिप गए मोर बालम, कहाँ खोई तेरी आवाज़,
इस शोर में ढूँढू किधर।
अब तो शाम भी ढल रही,
क्या छोड़ आई पीछे तेरी खोज में जानूँ ना मैं,
क्या है आगे न है उसकी कोई खबर, बस अब थम रही हूँ यहाँ।
साँसे भी थम रही हैं मेरी,
पुकारती तुझे रुकी यहीं मैं, पुकारती तुझे रुकी यहीं मैं।



Name: Nikhil Sinha
Roll No: 2007023
School: B.Tech, EEE



आप की याद में



ना कभी रोका, ना किसी बात पर टोका,
ढूँढ लाए वो हमारे लिए, खुद को सँवारने का हर मौका ।
हमारे लापरवाही से कभी न की शिकायत,
राह हमारी ताकी, और हमसे चाहा बस एक खत ।

हमारी छोटी सी दुनिया के श्रेष्ठ कहानीकार,
आते उनको जीवन के नुस्खे हज़ार ।
हर नए दिन के साथ आती थी एक नई कहानी,
जो सुना करते थे हम उनकी जुबानी ।

अब शायद, तारों के साथ जब शाम हैं ढलते,
कहीं दूर, उन बादलों में, जहां गम के काले बादल नही छाते ।
आपके बिना, खाली रहता है दिन हमारा,
आपकी यादें ही हैं अब हमारे जीवन का सहारा ।

Name: Samarpita Debbarma
Roll No: 2260141
School: Biotechnology



श्रृंगार : एक स्त्री का सार

चाहे बचपन की नादानियाँ
हों या उम्र की संध्या,
जिंदगी के हर पड़ाव को
खूबसूरती से दर्शाती हैं रंग बिरंगी चूड़ियाँ ।

पायलों की जुगलबंदी
हो या झुमकों की खनकार
हर पहनावे में जान डालती
और बिठाती है लय और ताल का सार ।

सिन्दूर की पवित्रता से लेके
काजल की गहराई तक
मोतियों के हार की आकर्षकता से लेके
अंगुठी के अटूट बंधन की अहमियत तक,

सम्पूर्ण करती हुई उसका संसार,
एक स्त्री का सार है उसका श्रृंगार ।

Name: Supriti Basak
Roll No: 22052073
School: CSE



ODIA ENTRIES



ସମାଜର ସ୍ତମ୍ଭ: ଆମ ଜୀବନରେ ମହିଳାମାନଙ୍କର ଗୁରୁତ୍ୱ



ମହିଳାମାନେ ଆମ ସମାଜର ନୀରବ ସ୍ଥପତି, ସେମାନଙ୍କର ପ୍ରଭାବ ଆମ ଜୀବନର ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଦିଗକୁ ଗଢିବାରେ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରେ । ଜଣେ ମାତାଙ୍କର ସ୍ନେହ ଆଲିଙ୍ଗନଠାରୁ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରି ଜଣେ ବନ୍ଧୁଙ୍କର ଅଦମ୍ୟ ସମର୍ଥନ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ, ମହିଳାମାନେ ବହୁମୁଖୀ ଭୂମିକା ଗ୍ରହଣ କରନ୍ତି ଯାହା ଆମ ଜୀବନଯାପନ ପାଇଁ ଅପରିହାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ।

ପାରିବାରିକ ସଂଗଠନରେ ମହିଳାମାନେ ପ୍ରେମ ଏବଂ ସ୍ଥିରତାର ମୂଳଦୁଆ ଭାବରେ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ କରନ୍ତି । ସେମାନଙ୍କର ନିସର୍ଗମୂଳକ ଯତ୍ନ ଏବଂ ସୀମାହୀନ ଦୟା ଏକ ସୁଖମୟ ପରିବେଶ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରେ ଯେଉଁଠାରେ ପିଲାମାନେ ଉନ୍ନତି କରନ୍ତି ଏବଂ ସମ୍ପର୍କ ଦୃଢ ହୋଇଥାଏ । ଘରର ସୀମା ବାହାରେ ମହିଳାମାନେ କର୍ମକ୍ଷେତ୍ର, ଶିକ୍ଷା, ରାଜନୀତି ଏବଂ ମାନବ ସମ୍ବଳର ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ ସହଯୋଗ କରନ୍ତି, ଆମର ସମାଜକୁ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ବୁଦ୍ଧି, ସୃଜନଶୀଳତା ଏବଂ ନେତୃତ୍ବରେ ସମୃଦ୍ଧ କରନ୍ତି ।

ଅଧିକତ୍ରୁ, ମହିଳାମାନେ ପ୍ରତିକୂଳ ପରିସ୍ଥିତିରେ ସ୍ଥିରତା ଏବଂ ଶକ୍ତିର ଉର୍ଜା ଭାବରେ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ କରନ୍ତି । ବାରମ୍ବାର ସେମାନେ ତଥାକଥିତ ଦାସତ୍ବର ଶୃଙ୍ଖଳକୁ ଛିଣ୍ଡାଇଛନ୍ତି ଏବଂ ସମାନତା ପାଇଁ ଲଢିଛନ୍ତି, ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ ପିଢ଼ିକୁ ସାହସର ସହିତ ସ୍ବପ୍ନ ଦେଖିବା ଏବଂ ଉଚ୍ଚ ଆକାଂକ୍ଷା ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରେରଣା ଦେଇଛନ୍ତି ।

ବାସ୍ତବରେ, ମହିଳାମାନେ କେବଳ ଅଧା ଜନସଂଖ୍ୟା ନୁହଁନ୍ତି; ସେମାନେ ଆମ ସମାଜର ହୃଦୟ ଏବଂ ଆତ୍ମା । ଏକ ସମୃଦ୍ଧ, ପ୍ରେମମୟ ଏବଂ ସମକକ୍ଷ ସମାଜ ଗଠନ ପାଇଁ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ସ୍ବର, ଅଭିଜ୍ଞତା ଏବଂ ଅବଦାନ ଅପରିହାର୍ଯ୍ୟ । ଆମେ ଆମ ଜୀବନରେ ମହିଳାମାନଙ୍କର ମହତ୍ବ ଚିହ୍ନି ଏବଂ ସମ୍ମାନ ଦେଇ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଏକ ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ବଳ ଏବଂ ସାମର୍ଥ୍ୟଯୁକ୍ତ ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ ପାଇଁ ବାଟ ଖୋଲିବା ଉଚିତ ।

Name: Kumar Roshan
Roll No: 21053211
School: B.Tech, Cse

ॐ



ମାଁ ତାକ ଅଟେ ଜଗତର ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ଶବ୍ଦ ;
ମାଁ ବିନା ସୃଷ୍ଟି ହୁଏ ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ନିସ୍ତବ୍ଧ ।

ମାଁଙ୍କ ପ୍ରତିଟି ଶବ୍ଦ ଅଟେ ଅତି ମଧୁର ;
ମାଁ ଅଟନ୍ତି ଆମ ସରଗ ସୁନ୍ଦର ।

ମାଁ କୋଳ ଅଟେ ଆମ ନିର୍ଭୟ ଆଶ୍ରୟ ;
ମାଁ ପାଶେ ଭୁଲିଯାଉ ଦୁନିଆର ଭୟ ।

ମାଁ ପଣତ ପୋଛି ଦିଏ ବେଦନାର ଲୁହ ;
ମାଁ ବୁକୁ ଚାପି ରଖେ ଆମ ଦରଦ କୋହ ।

ମାଁ ମମତା ଅଟେ ସାଗର ଠାରୁ ଗଭୀର ;
ମାଁ ଆଦର ସଭିଙ୍କୁ କରେ ଆପଣାର ।

ମାଁ ହୃଦୟ ଗିରିଶୁଙ୍ଗ ଠାରୁ ବିଶାଳ ;
ମାଁ ଜୀବନ ସାଧୁ ସନ୍ୟାସୀଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ସରଳ ।

ମାଁଙ୍କ ଗୁଣ ଗାରିମାର ନାହିଁ ତୁଳନା ;
ମାଁ ମନ ସ୍ବଚ୍ଛ ସରଳ ପବିତ୍ରତାର ନମୁନା ।

ମାଁ ମମତାରେ ନାହିଁ କପଟ କୁଟିଳତା ;
ମାଁ ପାଞ୍ଚନ୍ତି ସଭିଙ୍କ ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ସଫଳତା ।

ମାଁ କ୍ଷୁ କରିବାନି କେବେ ହତାଦର ଅନାଦର ;
ମାଁ ହିଁ ସକଳ ଜୀବନ ଜନ୍ମର ଆଧାର ।

Name: Kunal Sahu
Roll No: 22057038
School: B.Tech, Cse

ALUMNI



LUCIFER

Faith can be often really dangerous. Aryan was taking cover behind a half-broken wall as the search party of ATS combed the under-construction building. Sniffer dogs barked and with each bark on the eardrums of Aryan, he remembered his initial days of training. The days when he believed that he was destined to be "Lucifer". The path ends here. As the road comes to an end, he now understands what he did and what he was ought to do. Faith is really a dangerous thing to rely on and especially when it gets the tinge of confidence with it.

India is soon to overtake China, in terms of population and Aryan was just a contribution to it by his parents. Being the fifth and the youngest sibling of all, Aryan received both extra love from his mother as well as an extra bully from his brothers and sisters. Life was simple and within a blink of an eye, he was standing there passing his HS exams, deciding which college to opt for. Life was good. An alcoholic father is a problem, but in his locality nearly every family suffers from this kind of problem, thus making it a usual lifestyle crisis to be dealt with. Aryan pursued arts as his further studies in a government college. He was the perfect example of a mediocre student from the grass-root level of India till then. Life changed its colors with his first day of college.

College was a place of showcasing actual freedom. Aryan felt alive for the first time in ages. There weren't any binding rules, there wasn't any scolding, there wasn't even pressure from studies as compared to school. What fascinated him the most about college was youth involvement in politics. That's the line that changed his course of life forever.

He keenly followed a year of how people influenced, used the perfect balance of fear and corruption to keep their rule intact, be it in between the boundaries of the college, but the fact of having the reign of control in one's own hand, thrilled Aryan. He started his own career as a mere supporter, but the one who gets determined to achieve something by their heart often comes out with success. He attended every meeting, participated in every protest and kept a close in-person inspection on the leaders of both the parties that contested in the college.

What favored Aryan the most was his wits, he concluded kingmakers to be of greater worth than of the kings and thus after a great deal of beating his brains, he joined the opposition party intending to change the game in the next election. Limelight was a quiet factor to be considered in that stage. Workers were innumerable, it was not dedication that would highlight the one but it was something different, and Aryan understood it clearly. He worked days in the party dedicatedly making a name in the ground level, which was normal, what he kept for his plan was, he kept a close look on Ameer Raza, the leader of the party, he didn't know where and how he would get his breakthrough, but this seemed to be a way for him to come into his direct contact. Soon, God gave him the chance and he grabbed it.

It was late evening that day, with elections overhead they had planned a public meeting on the next day. Nearly everyone has finished their bit of work and it was time they returned. Aryan knew Ameer was there in the party room for the financial calculations but he too was tired and didn't feel like staying back. He picked his backpack from the back of the newly made stage and as he reached the college main gate, the premise was nearly empty. A guy passed by him and a thought flashed in his head.

The stage wasn't much from where he was currently standing and by the time he turned back, that guy was aiming something at the stage with his hand held high. Without any further thoughts, he pounded on him from behind and overpowered him by the sudden jump.

A sound of glass breaking came and soon Aryan felt the smell of kerosene all around him as he kept on hustling with the guy, one constantly trying to pin down the other. Ameez and a few other people came out of the party room and soon the situation was handled. Aryan had his left elbow injured from the broken glass, but on the other hand, got his breakthrough to the party-head level and that mattered the most to him. The next day a different sun rose for Aryan, within the next few weeks, he soon became the right-hand man of Ameez.

Aryan understood the math of operation quite well all his life and that's what kept him ahead from the rest. Aryan knew to bring a difference in this game of power he did have to think differently, act differently and have to work very very hard. While on one hand he now addressed the youth party side by side with Ameez, on the other attended the college classes as many as he could to keep a good relationship with the administrative officials as well. By this time, the thirst for power was sitting on his shoulders like the devil incarnate himself.

Aryan's train of thoughts was broken by the sound of miking. It was evening already and the police team announced for him to surrender. It was a trap and Aryan knew it too well, this was the end, of his life, of his belief, this was the absolute end. It was just a matter of time, and everything would come to a halt for him forever. Oh! how much he missed his home right now.

Yesterday morning seemed fine and now it's nearly sure that he won't see tomorrow's sunrise. What he dreamt of was to be the prince of hell named politics and before his chariot gained speed, it all now seems to end. He was tired, his heart ached for all of this to end. A gunshot and Aryan again returned to a memory freshly carved.

It was election time, publicity was done right and no stones were left unturned. While Ameez handled the stage presence and all the motivation part, Aryan controlled the whole of functioning. Their duo was a thing of jealousy for the ruling party group. Ameez knew in this era of the 21st century, they would never stand a chance if they opted for integrity and honesty. He thought of muscle power whereas Aryan had his own plans. Muscle power was backdated, grabbing something was fine but leaving traces of your illegal track was just not his type. He believed in smooth operations.

After quite some core body meetings, they had it set that it was time for some new methods with Aryan in charge of that. Aryan's influence on official levels just came into favor this time. Inside the voting room, it was the clerks of the college who operated the function. It was just a few words of flattery and assurance for that day's dinner that they accepted the offer. The plan was simple, just to make a small change in EVM wires from time to time so that it stays definite that they receive the majority of the votes. Time to time change was proposed by Aryan himself, being a clean player, he made sure that it didn't seem fishy by drastically fewer votes of the other party. So, to maintain the balance along with assuring their win, this was just the perfect plan.

Until noon, it was just fine. The problem arrived as the members of the opposite party came to vote. The first few went well, but a dumbhead peon just led the cats out of the bag. While this guy was entering to vote, he detected the peon making changes in the EVM and soon the college turned into a battleground. Muscle power was the only way now to deal with and the fight was a nasty one. As the police van entered the premises, the situation was far out of hand. Ameez just broke the shoulder bone of the guy in front of him as he noticed the van. Aryan, was at a distance, he broke a filled flower tub on a guy's head. Nearly all of them by now, have killed or brutally injured someone or the other. The entrance of the police made everyone burst out for escape. Ameez and Aryan managed to meet up as they ran towards the less used back gate. Their run was interrupted as a guy from nowhere came falling at their feet making them stumble upon. By the time they got up, it was 3 police officers covering them with guns pointed.

That's the very point. Aaagh!!! it seemed as if Aryan's head was about to burst. The pain was unbearable. His forehead was now having a flesh wound from a bullet. He was just lucky enough to take back his drooping head behind the pillar just in time. Decisions are very hard to be made at times of life risks and once one develops the belief that he can take himself out of any difficulty, decisions are more prone to be wrong.

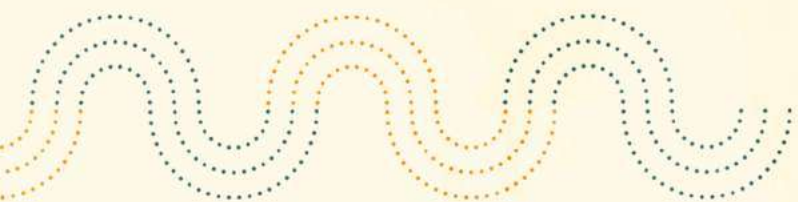
Ameez at the feat of fleeing jolted dust to the eyes of the officers while he got up. Yet, Aryan made the mistake. He just pounded on one of them and then a gunshot and then another and another and another. Ameez couldn't understand what happened. He was a daredevil kind, but a gunshot this close was even new to him. Tears of helplessness rolled on his cheeks as Aryan stood up!

Yet another shock for Ameez, he considered Aryan to be the one slaughtered. Probably everyone thought so, as everyone nearby was paused for moments. A gunshot in the institute was not the plan for any possible condition. Now, as Aryan got up, three bodies each with a bullet mark were on the ground. Ameez was struck with horror as he watched the wounds. Two on the abdomen, one on the chest. Two dead and the last one died just staring at his eyes. Amidst these fraction of seconds, Aryan only managed to say "Run" as he sped up and soon there was another shot. Ameez was no longer standing behind him. Aryan now not only had the blood of three policemen on his hands but was also the reason for the death of Ameez.

The last thing from the premise he could remember was Ameez half-dead, half-alive falling down, never to get up again. The hunt began. It was yesterday evening, and now Aryan is tired. Running through the alleys, hiding in the slums for nearly a whole day was too much for a 19-year-old guy. The sun has set and so has set the ambition of Lucifer. Aryan was able to hear his death knell.

The phone rang early in the morning at Aryan's house. While the drunken father slept, the sky broke on the mother's head. The youngest son has left this world after drenching their family with a repete they won't ever be able to recover from. Every day the locality woke with the hymns in the Sai Baba Mandir, this morning it was different. This morning, it was a mother crying for something she lost that is much much more than a son. She failed in building ethics. As she reached Lal Bazaar with the elder son, she still couldn't believe it. By then like in the story, it seemed she lost her name for real.

-Moinak Bose, 2022 Batch



: : : : : Artworks : : : : :





Nikhita Bhattacharya
2105633
3rd year



Oindrella Chatterjee
21052435
CSE_3rd year



Oindrella Chatterjee
21052435
CSE_3rd year



Nikhita Bhattacharya
2105633
3rd year



Srijita Mallik
22052685
2nd year



Srishti Kumari
22052602
2nd year

PHOTOGRAPHS



ASHWANI SAH
21053270
CSE 3RD YEAR



ASHWANI SAH
21053270
CSE 3RD YEAR



ASHWANI SAH
21053270
CSE 3RD YEAR



ASHWANI SAH
21053270
CSE 3RD YEAR



OUR TEAM

KNOW OUR SOCIETY LEADS

COORDINATORS



Shreya Maiti

(2004286, ETC)



Prachi Kashyap

(2005043, CSE)



Utkarsha Nayak

(2060090, Biotech)

KNOW OUR SOCIETY LEADS

ASSISTANT COORDINATORS



Surbhi Negi

(21051946, CSE)



Ishita Mukherjee

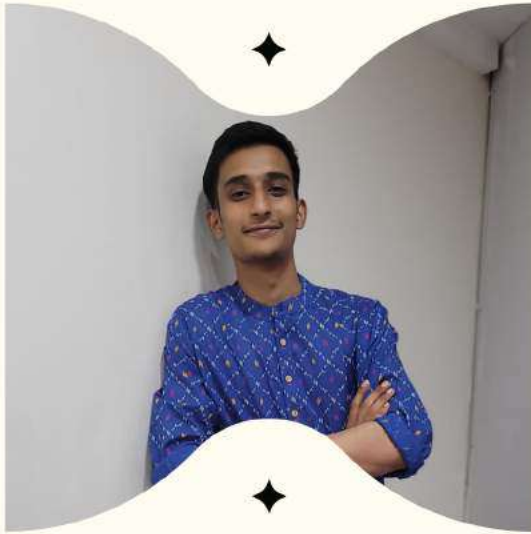
(2105967, CSE)



Saumya Mishra

(21052357, CSE)

KNOW OUR SOCIETY LEADS



English Editing

Nikhil Sinha (2007023, EEE)

Hindi Editing

Ujjwal Kashyap (21051780, CSE)

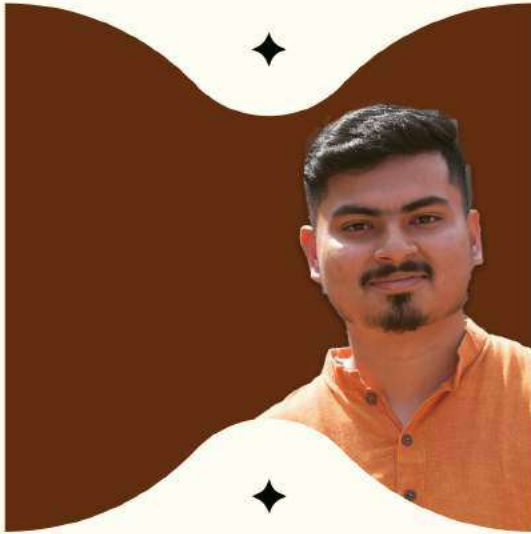


Odia Editing

Stutee Subharthi (2104053, ETC)



KNOW OUR SOCIETY LEADS



Research and Development

Soham Roy (2104050, ETC)

Marketing

Pratik Chakraborty (22052133, CSE)



Graphic Designing

Shaurya Bisht (2105662, CSE)

KNOW OUR SOCIETY LEADS



Photography

Ashwani Sah (21053270,CSE)

Video Editing

Kumar Roshan (21053211, CSE)





KALINGA INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL TECHNOLOGY (KIIT)

Deemed to be University U/S 3 of UGC Act, 1956

DECLARATION

Title of the Magazine: KIRTI 2023-24

Language: English, Hindi, Odia

Place of Publication: Kalinga Institute of Industrial Technology Deemed to be University, Bhubaneswar, Odisha, 751024

Publisher's Address: Kalinga Institute of Industrial Technology Deemed to be University, Bhubaneswar, Odisha, 751024

Chief Editor's name: Dr. Shyam Sundar Behura

Nationality: Indian

Address: Student Activity Center, Campus-13, Kalinga Institute of Industrial Technology Deemed to be University, Bhubaneswar, Odisha, 751024

I hereby declare that the statements above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief. The authors take full responsibility for their contributions and will be solely accountable if any article is found to be plagiarized. The editorial board will not be held liable for any issues arising from contributions in the magazine. Despite our best efforts, we apologize for any errors that may have occurred.

Kirti

2023

