2025-26

QUADRANGLE

Annual Magazine of The Literary Society



Theme:

anitya

impermanence,
nothing is fixed



- FROM THE PRINCIPAL'S DESK
- TEACHER IN CHARGE'S
- MAGAZINE TEAM
- THE LITERARY SOCIETY
- THEME - ANITYA
- YEAR AT A GLANCE



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FROM THE PRINCIPAL'S DESK

As our students step forward to shape the future of our country and society, I hope they continue to carry with them the curiosity, creativity, and thoughtful expression that platforms like Quadrangle encourage.

My best wishes to the entire team.

A college magazine often tells the story of a campus in ways that reports and statistics cannot. Quadrangle captures the energy of student life at Shaheed Sukhdev College of Business Studies—its ideas, creativity, friendships, and the many moments that quietly shape the college experience.

What I find most heartening is that our students continue to write, reflect, and express themselves with such sincerity and imagination. In the midst of busy academic schedules, taking the time to observe the world, think deeply, and put one's thoughts into words is a wonderful habit to cultivate.

I congratulate the Literary Society and all the students who have contributed to this edition of Quadrangle. Each issue becomes a small archive of memories and voices from a particular year in the life of the college, and I hope this tradition continues to grow stronger with every edition.



DR. POONAM VERMA

FROM THE FACULTY

ADVISORS' DESK



Dr. NIDHI KESARI



Mr. TUSHAR MARWAHA

Anitya – Impermanence
The Sanskrit word Anitya reminds us of a profound truth: nothing in life is permanent. Every experience joy or sorrow, success or setback, certainty or confusion exists only for a moment before giving way to something new.

Impermanence is not merely a philosophical concept; it is the
very rhythm of life. In the academic journey, we constantly witness change. Classrooms evolve, friendships grow,
ambitions shift, and challenges reshape our understanding of ourselves. Achievements that once seemed distant become milestones, and difficulties that felt overwhelming gradually transform into lessons. Each phase, however fleeting, contributes to our intellectual and emotional growth.

Impermanence also teaches humility and resilience. Success is meaningful because it is not guaranteed; it requires effort in a world that is continuously changing. Similarly, hardships are bearable because they do not last forever. The awareness that "this too shall pass" enables us to face uncertainty with courage and adaptability. More importantly, Anitya encourages us to be present. When we recognize that every moment is transient, we learn to value it more deeply cherishing friendships, appreciating opportunities, and embracing change as a catalyst rather than a threat.

As we reflect on the theme of "Anitya – Impermanence," may we find strength in change, wisdom in
transition, and gratitude in the present. For it is through the continuous flow of beginnings and endings that our growth unfolds and our journey takes shape.



MAGAZINE TEAM

Aditya Mohan
Arjun Singh
Aditi Sharma
Arun Singh
Roshni Yadav
Aditi Sachdeva
Raghav
Apara Arachi
Nishtha
Shambhavi
Tannu Singh
Tushar
Girisha
Mayank Yadav
Abhigya Yadav
Ambar
Arman
Jhalak
Joy Karmakar
Tanishq Amrute
Shivansh Srivastava

THE LITERARY SOCIETY











The Literary Society aims to foster a creative and familial atmosphere to encourage budding writers and help those who have/had an interest in the craft to start writing, reading or any other literature related activity. With a hope to make a fun community of like-minded individuals who have passion for all things literature, the society holds sessions on story writing, poetry, non-fiction etc., which often diverge into discussions. Bibliotheca, the literary fest of SSCBS, one of the cornerstone events of our institution's cultural fest is organized by The Literary Society. It includes events like HearSay a one of a kind experience in the DU circuit which draws together people from various walks of life to share stories.

Other events include a trilingual poetry slam and an online writing competition. This year we organized a treasure hunt and a blind dating event which saw participation of more than 150 people on foot. Founded in 2016 from The Editorial Board, this society is relatively new but is working to change the world one word at a time

ANITYA

In between the past and the future lies Anitya, a word rooted in ancient philosophy that speaks of impermanence, of moments that exist only briefly before they transform into something new. More than just a theme, Anitya reflects the quiet spaces in life: the pause between heartbeats, the silence before understanding, and the uncertainty that slowly shapes who we become. In a world constantly racing toward deadlines and certainty, Anitya invites us to slow down and appreciate the beauty of the in-between moments.

It reminds us that growth often happens in transition, where clarity has not yet arrived and change quietly unfolds. Failures become lessons, silence becomes reflection, and time becomes a gentle teacher rather than an enemy. Every fleeting second carries meaning, and every pause holds the potential for transformation.

As these pages turn, you will discover not only stories, but journeys of quiet becoming, moments of doubt before courage, stillness before change, and reflection before growth. Anitya is a perspective that sees life as fluid, evolving, and beautifully unfinished.

Welcome to Anitya.

YEAR AT A GLANCE













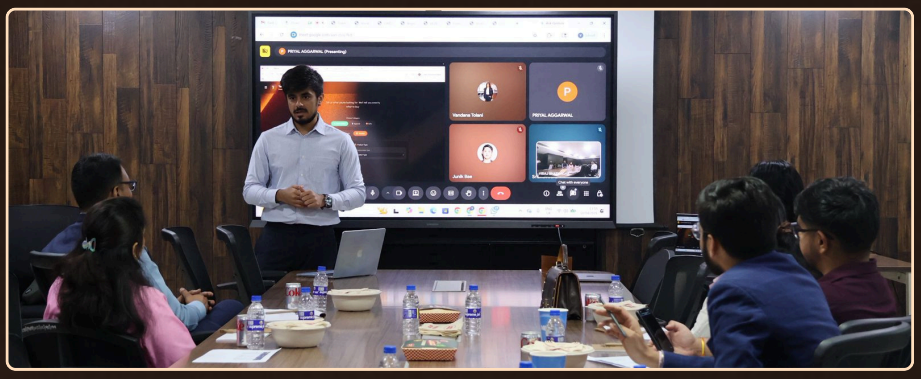






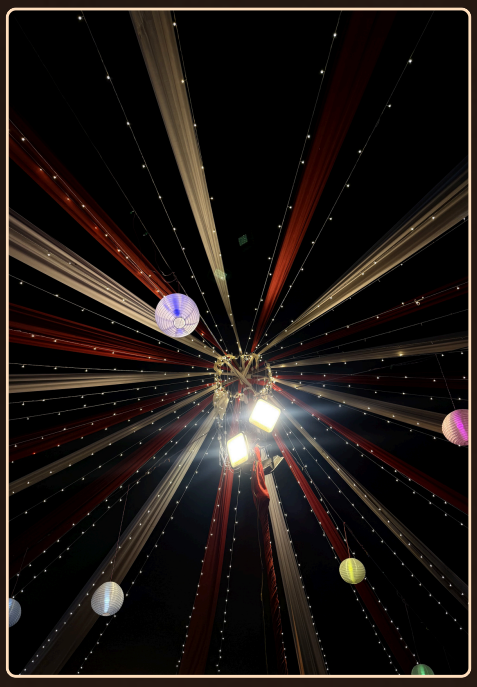
YEAR AT A GLANCE

















YEAR AT A GLANCE









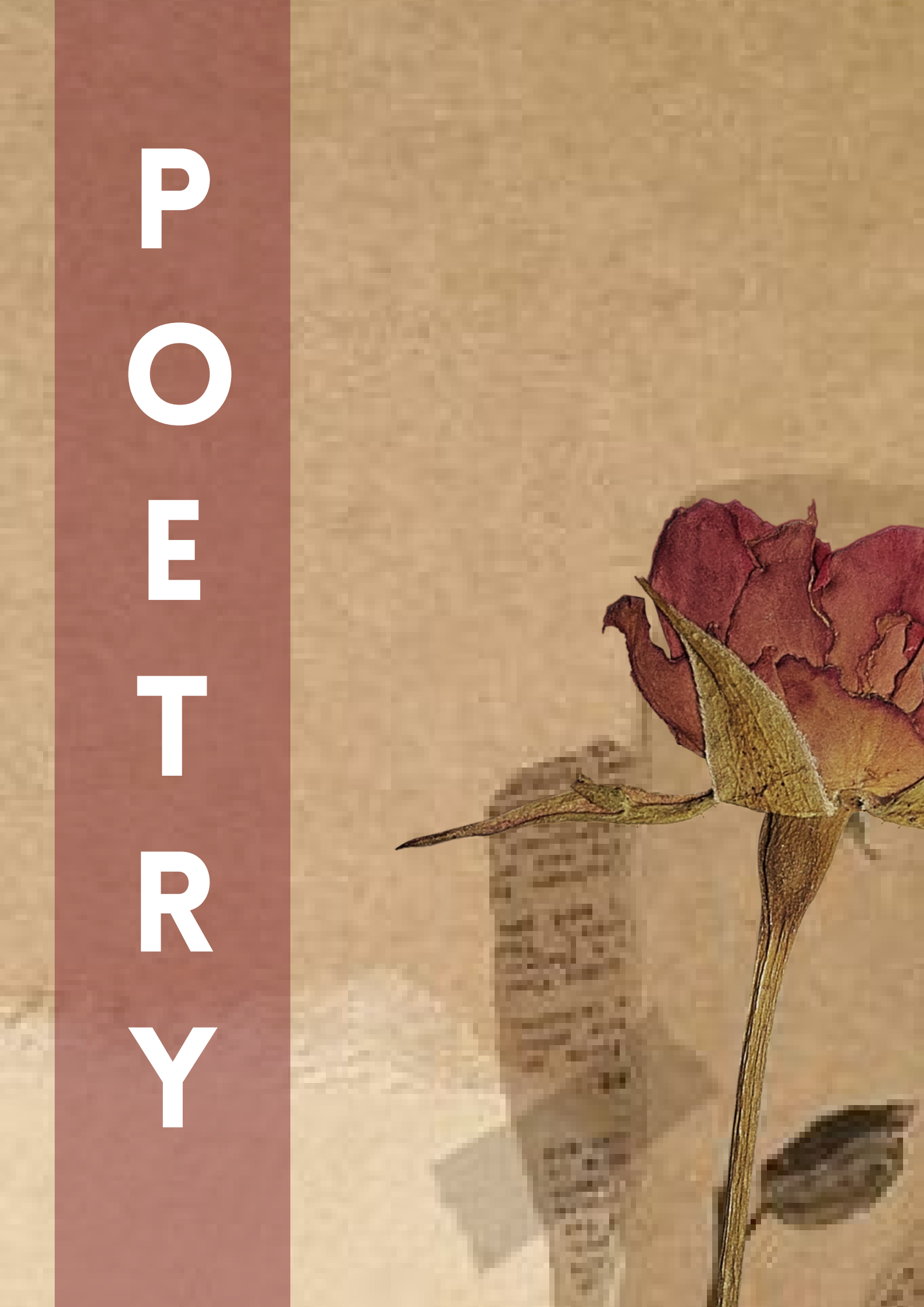








POETRY





आदित्य मोहन



अंतिम अस्तित्व

एक धूनी पर बैठा हुआ साधक,
वह ख़्वाब जो कभी देखा गया था,
वह रोशनी रोज़ आकर दरवाज़ा खटखटाती है।
आँखें बोझिल होती हैं;
कल भी उसने यह रोशनी देखी,
कभी अंधेरा और क्षितिज तक दीप्ति।
इसके बावजूद उसकी आँखें कभी अंधी नहीं हुईं,
पर यह प्रकाश उन्हें विचलित करता रहा:
एक अनबनी दुनिया का स्वरूप।

बहुत लंबा संघर्ष हुआ,
संघर्ष हमेशा आसव देता है।
अरे ये पथराई आँखें!
साहिब, मालूम पड़ता है कि अब आँखें बोझिल नहीं,
पथराई हो चुकीं।

सूरज की छाँह तरे जब बैठता,
तब फ़ारख़्ते आ जाते, मालूम न पड़ता क्यूँ आते,
'साध' को तकते रहते;
जब जाते, तब पंखों से धरती काँप जाती,
साधक ख़्वाब से रोकर जगता,
साधक की हर एक सहर।

सहसा, एक तेज़ रोशनी,
यह क्या हुआ?
बिखर गई! पर साधक?
वह बैठा है, अब उसे दामिनी नहीं दीखती।
उससे वह भस्म हो सकता है,
पर उसे उसका ज्ञान नहीं,
आसराओं का अनुगामी।

अरे देखो वो तो जल रहा है, वो जल गया!
सौदामिनी आई थी! क्या-क्या ले गई?
क्या लेकर आई थी? ख़्वाब लेकर आई?
साधक कहाँ है?
अरे वो आँखें, यह ज्वाला?
वो देखो, क्या लिए जाती है?
सब ले गई साहिब,
क्या ख़्वाब ले गई, क्या रोशनी?
नहीं नहीं साहिब, सब ले गई साहिब!



गिरिशा

"Simplicity is so fragile that even a single 'thought' complicates it"



सुलझी-सी सादगी

मन मेरा बेचैन नहीं।
धैर्यहीन, व्यथित कुछ नैन नहीं।
आचरण में भरपूर ठहराव,
असामान्यता की लहर नहीं।

क्यों पूछे जाते हो फिर जुड़ने को?
क्यों ऐतबार दिलाऊँ मैं यूँ?
क्यों नहीं समझ पा रहे हो?
मैं मजबूरी से नहीं बंधी हूँ।

अकेलापन नहीं है; यह सूनी-सी हवा।
इसे मैंने ही तो चुना है।
शोरगुल सन्नाटे की ओढ़ में,
खुशियों का कण-कण बुना है।

मुस्कुराहट नहीं है गुम मेरी इस खामोशी की छाँव में।
सौंदर्य को भला कहाँ तलाशूँ, उस झूठे सांसारिक ताव में?

नहीं मानोगे; जानती हूँ, यदि मैं कहूँ—
कि किरणों के तेज को अक्सर आँखे मूंदकर देखा करती हूँ।
पंछियों की मधुमय स्वाधीनता, चाव से कानों में भरती हूँ।

मेरी नज़रों से ज़रा देखो तो,
पुराने रोज़ाना में हर बार ही अनजानी नवीनता पाएगी।
यूँ ही चुपके से तुम्हारे मन में भी सादगी घर कर जाएगी।

परंतु जब मनोवृत्ति हर मोड़ पर उमंग की ज्योती जलाती हैं,
यह जीवन की सादगी जैसे शंका रवा जाती हैं।

सुना हैं उस चुप्पी के बारे में?
जिसे मुरव से निकला महज़ एक स्वर भी तोड़ देता हैं।
कुछ वैसे ही—एकमात्र चेतनापूर्ण विचार और बस, सादगी का अर्थ उसे छोड़ देता हैं।

विशालकाय अवसरों की आस तो नहीं हैं अब।
धीरज की लत पल-पल में भी कितना संतोष दिलाती हैं।
क्या करूँ? यह छलिया स्वीकृति!
सुलझी-सादगी के आड़े उलझन आ जाती हैं।

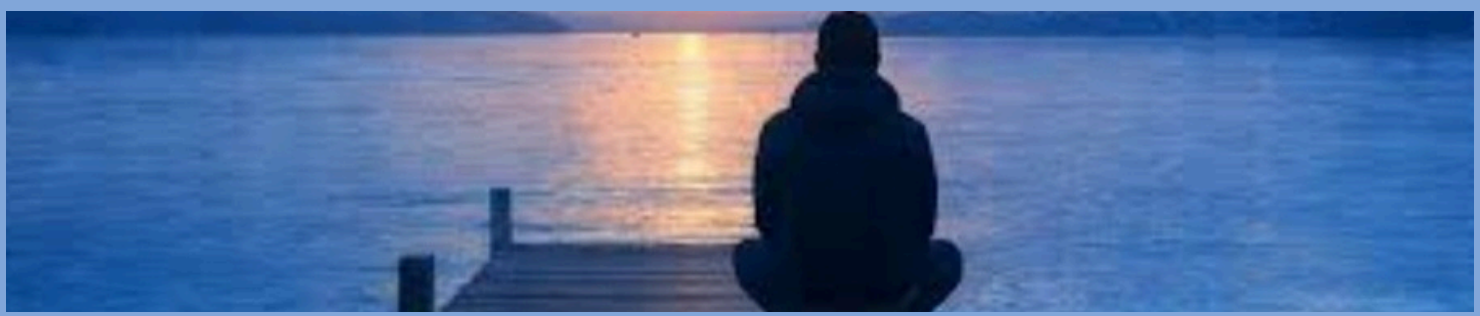
कैसा मायाजाल हैं कि,
अर्थ की रवोज में ही 'अर्थ' गवा देती हूँ।
जब प्रश्नों को यों ही रहने देने में कोई हर्ज नहीं,
फिर क्यों उत्तर पा लेने की चाह को भी मैं सादगी कहती हूँ?

कितनी क्षणिक हैं यह सादगी,
मिलते के साथ ही कहीं रवो जाती हैं।
यह कैसी मंज़िल हैं?
जो सफ़र के दौरान ही आँखों से ओझल हो जाती हैं।

एक उलझे-से दिन के अंत में
सुलझी-सी सादगी भरी श्वास लेने की तत्परता हैं,
पवन का बहाव चीरकर जो जीना हैं।
यह सादगी का रस मुझे भी; सरलता से पीना हैं।



ARUN



WHERE THOUGHTS DON'T EXIST

There is a small moment
between breathing in and breathing out
where the world becomes completely still.

No noise.
No rush.
No need to explain who I am
or why I speak so little.

People think silence means sadness,
but this silence is not heavy.
It is just a place
where my mind feels most steady.

My parents sometimes wonder
why I stay silent for so long,
why my answers are short,
what I am keeping inside my head.

The truth is,
I love them more than I can describe.
I notice their tired eyes,
their quiet sacrifice,
the small ways they care every day.

I acknowledge all of it inside me, silently.
I do not stay quiet because of pride,
and not because I want distance from people.

I just feel closer to myself
when everything around me becomes calm.
So I sit alone sometimes,
listening to my breathing,
trying to reach that still point
between breathing in and out,
where thoughts slowly disappear
and nothing feels missing anymore.

For a few seconds,
there is only awareness,
only peace,
only the feeling of truly being present.
And maybe that is what
I have been searching all along.



GIRISHA

DISAPPEARING LIVES

What if we were not so transient?
What if we could stay a bit longer than we were meant to?
What if our lives were not so momentary?
What if we could see more than we were sent to?

CAN we not wish for our soul to breathe instead—
The air that rushes into our lungs?
To feel truly and so to live
A life longer and deeper than the ton's?

Why do the days just pass us by?
While we are left gazing in awe.
Why could they still not be enough?
When there was nothing better than every second of them that felt so raw?

Why is all that I would rather prefer stationary—
The whispers of today that vanish by tomorrow?
Why MUST I experience the disappearing lives?
When all they do is leave me with sorrow.

Do you see how its all gone,
When you thought there still was time?
Why? Why do there even exist such disappearing lives?
As if lasting forever was really a crime.

Have you not felt the chains holding you back?
When they ask to let go for good.
When they say that—"because it's purpose had all ended.
Adapting to newer ways of life is what you should!"

What if I want to break—the chains and myself free?
What if its the regularity where I want to take my dive?
What if I cherish the ephemeral enough for its departure to haunt me?
What if, I want to choose to allow myself to disappear with one such disappearing life?



TUSHAR



A WISH

I wish to jump off a bridge
into the river of my own tears,
to down into its bottom,
and hide there.

Too many things I wish for,
but worst of all,
I wish to kill myself,
to entirely erase my existence.

Isn't it strange
how I get lost inside
the chaos of my own heart?
I only want to be found—
by someone who understands my silence,
who sees the goodness
I try so hard to hide.

I want to scream so loudly
in the calmest moments,
not because I am angry,
but because I want to feel alive.

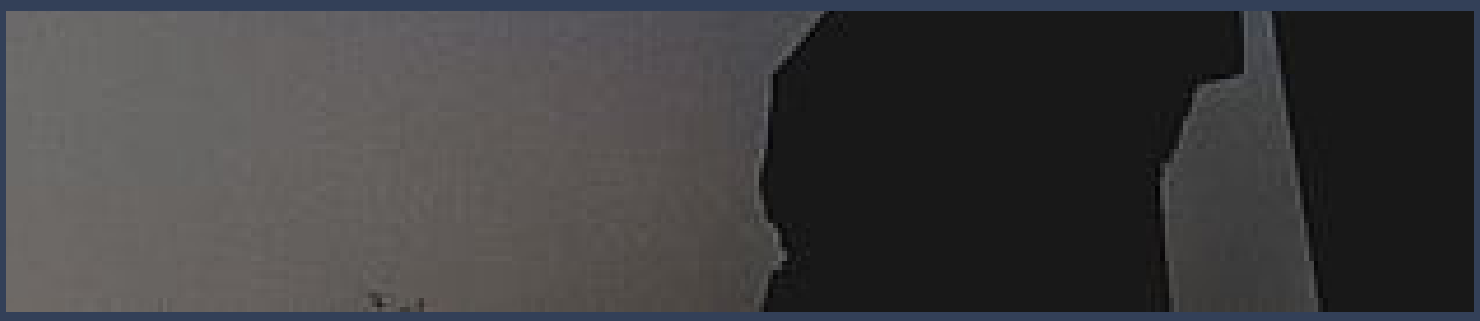
A sudden wave of emptiness
frightens me sometimes,
yet even then,
I am learning to love myself
in small, quiet ways.

I long to know the truth
behind the rhymes
that whisper to my soul
when the nights grow too long.

I am not the ocean you dream of
I am the reflection you find
when you dare to look deep enough;
broken, perhaps,
but still shining.



मयंक



अंतर्मन का द्वन्द्व

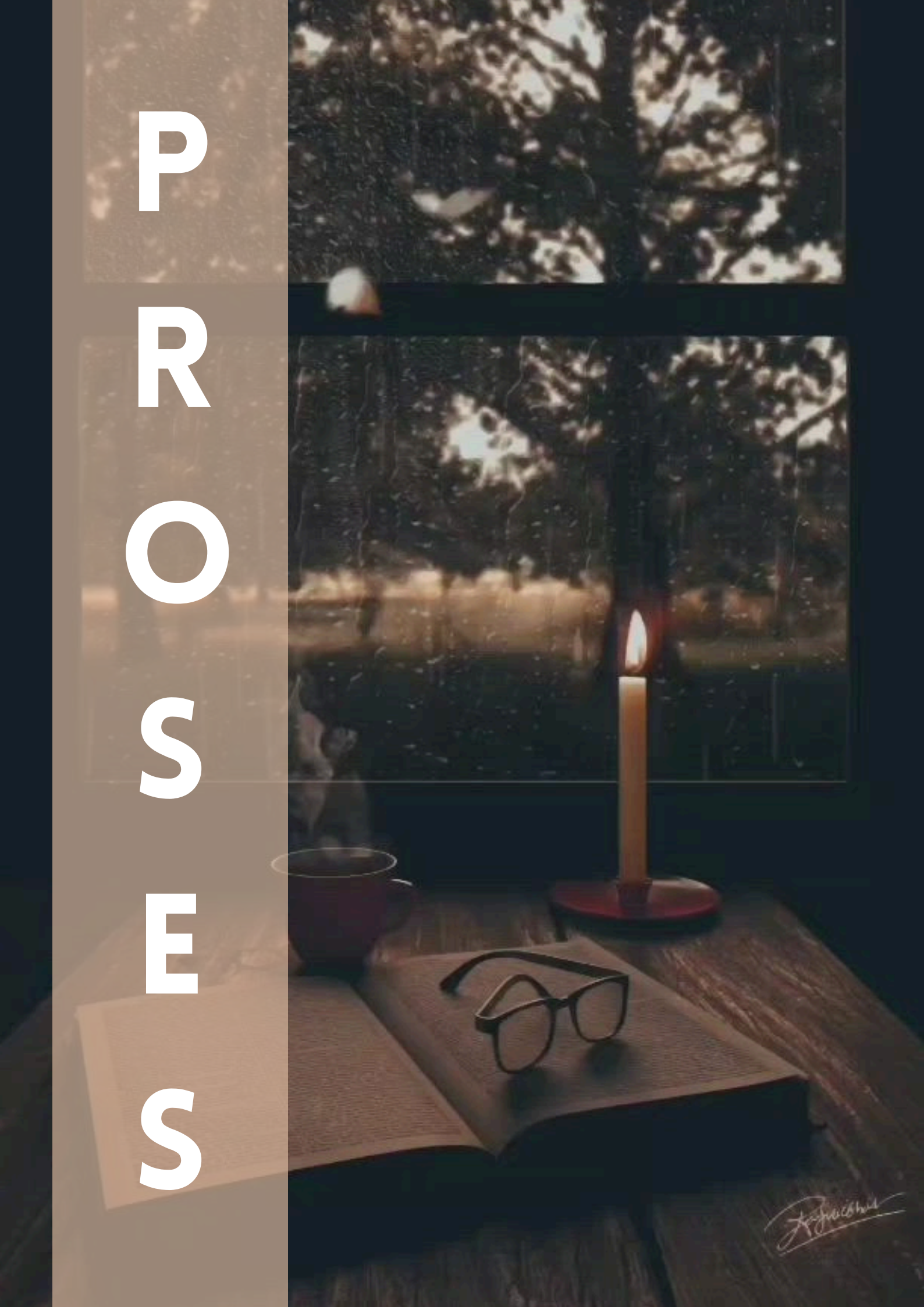
यह घर है मेरा माटी का, इन खामोशियों में सिमट जाएगा,
कुछ आँसू, कुछ खुशियाँ खरीद ले मुझसे,
यह अनित्य जीवन है, एक भी लम्हा लौट कर नहीं आएगा।

यह जो बुनता है तू सवाल खुद से, इन पहेलियों में फँस कर रह जाएगा,
उलझ जाएगा इन सवालों में, फिर इन्हें सुलझाने में ही रात बिताएगा।

प्रेम की भाषा तुझे आती नहीं, वक्त बर्बाद कर कौन इस पत्थर से टकराएगा?
इन सवालों में उलझना ही ज़िंदगी है मेरी, अब मुझे कहीं और सुकून नहीं आएगा।

लगता है रात ढलने को है, या फिर अब घोर अँधेरा छाएगा,
एक सुकून का पल माँगता था तुझसे, शायद अब मिल जाएगा...
शायद अब मिल जाएगा।
अनित्य जीवन है, एक भी लम्हा लौट कर नहीं आएगा।

PROSES





RAGHAV

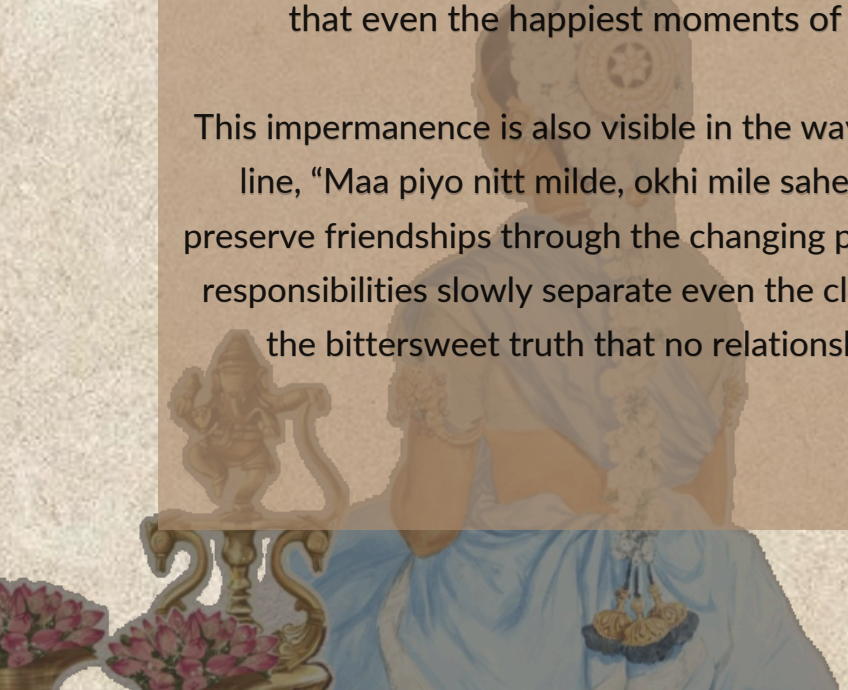


CLAPS, VEILS, AND KACCHE GHADE

“Change is the law of nature.” This idea is not merely philosophical; it is the deepest truth of human existence. In Indian philosophy, this truth is called anitya, or impermanence. Everything in life is temporary: emotions, relationships, beauty, traditions, and even life itself. Time constantly flows forward, carrying every experience with it. When this idea is viewed through the lens of Punjabi folk culture, Giddha emerges as one of its most beautiful expressions.
At first glance, Giddha appears to be a vibrant dance full of laughter, rhythm, and celebration. Yet beneath its colorful energy lies a profound understanding of life’s changing nature. Through boliyan, women sing about love, separation, nostalgia, social expectations, and fleeting happiness. One moment the atmosphere is filled with joy and teasing, and the next it carries longing and sorrow. This emotional fluidity reflects the essence of impermanence because no feeling remains forever.

Punjabi folk songs often use changing seasons as symbols of human emotions and relationships. In the boli, “Saun veer khatiya kare, Bhado chandri pawade paave,” the months of Saun and Bhado represent reunion and separation. During Saun, a married woman returns to her mayaka, reconnecting with her parents, siblings, and childhood memories. But when Bhado arrives, she must return to her sasural. Through this seasonal transition, Giddha reminds us that even the happiest moments of togetherness are temporary.

This impermanence is also visible in the way Giddha portrays relationships. The line, “Maa piyo nitt milde, okhi mile saheli,” expresses how difficult it is to preserve friendships through the changing phases of life. Marriage, distance, and responsibilities slowly separate even the closest companions. Giddha captures the bittersweet truth that no relationship remains untouched by time.



The dance also reflects the changing stages of a woman's life. In the emotional boli, "Babul meri guddiya tere ghar reh gayein, likhiyaan naseeba diyan jholi de wich pe gayein," a bride tells her father that her dolls and childhood have been left behind in her parental home. Marriage marks the end of one identity and the beginning of another. Through such expressions, Giddha reveals that life is a continuous movement from one phase into another."

Many boliyan also carry nostalgia for fading youth and beauty. In the line, "Jado jawani wala zor si ve zaalma, banjali warga bol si ve zaalma," the singer remembers the sweetness and energy of youth. The voice once compared to a flute now exists only in memory. This reflects the universal truth that beauty, energy, and youth are fleeting.

Inspired by the tragic love story of Sohni Mahiwal, many boliyan also reflect the fragile nature of life and love :

"Sohni di maa matta dewe, sun meri dhee rani,
Kacche ghade ne saath nahi dena, rul ju jind nimani,
Puchdi machhiyan nu ke foot dunga paani."

Here, Sohni's mother warns her that the kaccha ghada, the unbaked clay pot, will not support her forever while crossing the river. The fragile pot becomes a symbol of impermanence itself, something that appears strong for a moment but can break suddenly. Through Sohni's story, Giddha reflects the uncertainty of fate and the temporary nature of worldly security.



Giddha also became a space where women could temporarily escape the emotional restrictions of patriarchal society. Traditionally, women were expected to remain silent and emotionally restrained within the household. Through humorous boliyan, they expressed frustrations that could not be spoken openly.

“Chole chole chole, Ni main saas kutni kutni sandooka ohle.”

and

“Kore kore kunje vich chutney main ragda,
Sohre di akh vich paa deni aan,
Ghund kadhne di radak mita deni aan.”

These boliyan may sound playful, but beneath the humor lies suppressed anger and frustration. While performing Giddha, women found a temporary moment of freedom where they could laugh, complain, tease, and release emotions hidden in everyday life. The Giddha circle became a space of emotional relief and collective expression. It also reflected how social customs themselves are not permanent and slowly change with time.

Punjabi culture also recognizes impermanence through mourning traditions such as siyapaa. While Giddha celebrates life and community, siyapaa expresses grief and loss. Together, they reflect the complete cycle of existence: joy, separation, suffering, and death. The coexistence of celebration and mourning within the same culture reveals an understanding that life itself is temporary.

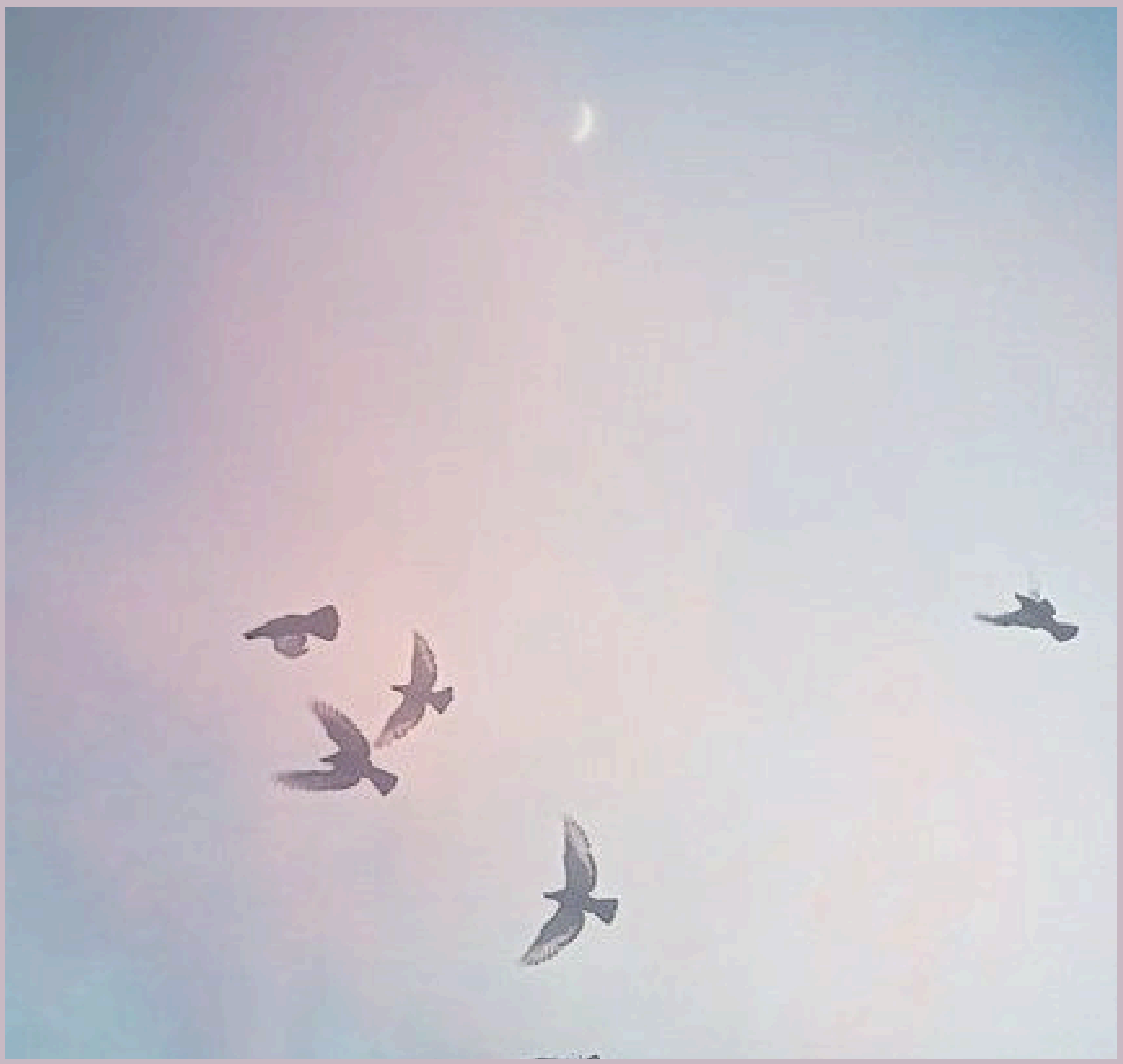
Perhaps the spirit of Giddha is best captured in the line:

“Kade nach ve mana, kade hass ve mana,
Iss jag te nahi aana fer ve mana.”

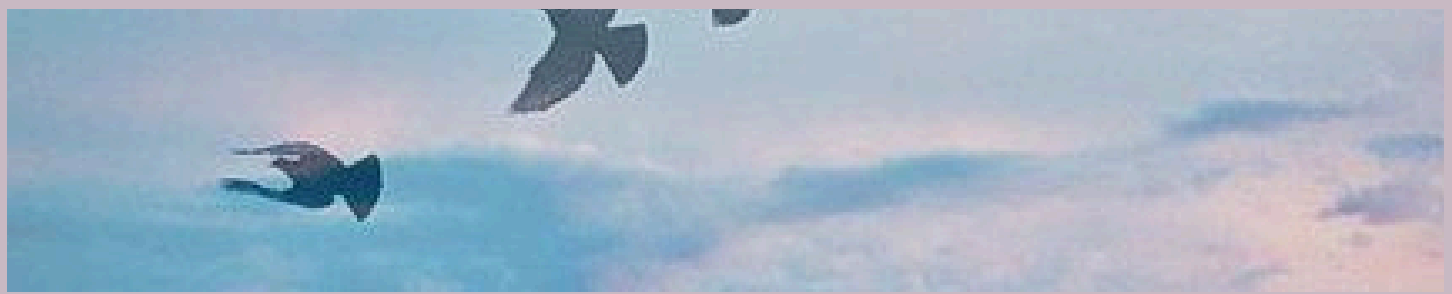
Dance sometimes, laugh sometimes, for this life will never come again. This boli beautifully embraces impermanence rather than fearing it. Giddha teaches that since nothing lasts forever, one must live fully in the present moment.

Ultimately, Giddha is far more than a folk dance. It is a living expression of changing emotions, fading memories, evolving traditions, and human resilience. Like the rhythm of the dhol, life never stands still. It continues moving forward, and all we can do is dance along with it while the music lasts.





TANISHQ



THE LIVES WE NEVER LIVED

Sometimes I look back and marvel at the distance between the person I was and the one I have become. The road behind me is crowded with abandoned versions of myself and the faces of people who once walked beside me. Some left quietly, like evening light withdrawing from a room. Others were torn away by time, circumstance or the simple truth that not everyone who begins the journey with us is meant to reach its end.

There are countless unlived lives resting within us. If I turn toward the past, I can still see them flickering at the edges of memory the cities I never called home, the words I never spoke, the relationships that remained only possibilities. Entire worlds existed for a moment in my imagination and vanished before they could take form. Yet I grieve them as though they were real, because in some secret chamber of the heart, they were.

The most unsettling transformation is discovering that, with time, we sometimes become what we once resisted. We inherit the habits we judged, the silences we feared, the compromises we swore we would never make. Life does not change us all at once it lays one brick upon another until a stranger stand where our certainty used to be.

And still, the heart aches most for what it never possessed. We long for the love that remained unspoken, the closure that never arrived, the futures that dissolved before they could begin. There is a peculiar cruelty in realizing how easily another person can release what once felt like an entire lifetime to us. Moments that shaped our world become, to someone else only passing weather.

But perhaps this is the quiet law of impermanence. Nothing stays as it was. People change, memories fade and even our deepest attachments loosen their grip. We cannot rebuild the past exactly as it stood, brick by brick because the hands that are rebuilding are no longer the same.

What remains is not the life we lost, but the wisdom it left behind.

so we continue forward, carrying both gratitude and grief gratitude for the people and moments that once made a home within us, and grief for the many beautiful lives we were never meant to live. In the end, maturity is not learning how to hold on forever. It is learning how to bow gently to what has passed and to love what was fleeting as if its impermanence was what made it sacred.



AARAADHYE K NATARAJAN



YOUR POTBELLY HAS ARRIVED EARLY

Apart from my disappointed-ness in my inability to sit down and get any work done during the past week, I also worry about putting on weight. Which I already have, it's not a 'worrying about the future' situation, it's more like 'worrying about the present continuous'. My ability to lose any extra weight through a game of hide and seek is something I would like back. I pray to the tummy gods who seem to lend their attention only to children and some already very fortunate European countries, to not curse me with the Indian Potbelly. The paunch that is gifted to a lot of us as a 'turning 30' present has arrived early, in congruence with the era of quick commerce and 10 minute deliveries – which are partly to be blamed for my situation. The impulse ordering from Swiggy or Zomato, whichever has the better ONLY4U coupon code being handed to everybody (It pinched when I found out I wasn't special), however, is not the origin of my woeful state.

I used to be a healthy eater. Actually, it's not that I ate healthy, I just didn't eat unhealthy. Like all good Indian homes, I primarily survived on gorging home-cooked food. I trace my infatuation with the packeted stuff filled with sneaky ingredients that build semi-permanent houses in your stomach, to my first year in college.

Some parts of this story may be fictional. Most likely the girlfriend, but also other stuff.

A girlfriend of mine was a regular 'outside food' eater. In order to prove a point, which I can't seem to remember, I decided to eat like her for a week, on the condition that she would eat healthy for a week too. Just to see how we feel.

In an ideal world, that deal would have accomplished something. We would have become fitter, healthier and happier. In reality, that week has lasted 981 days, and is still going on. I was hooked onto the concoctions that the witches and wizards at fast food companies prepare so damn well.

I am currently at stage 2 of weight gain. The various stages, according to a Harvard study, are –

- A slight pause/holding of breath along with opening of the mouth to anything greater than a 3 centimetre diameter, post climbing on to a weighing machine after a period of a few weeks.
- Repeating above process empty stomach, sans clothes and not finding any improvement whatsoever.
- Wearing oversized clothes.
- Setting three or more alarms for 6 AM or earlier to go for a run.
- Buying a gym membership.

There was another factor that Harvard couldn't place correctly, which was comments from uncles and aunties about how you've put on weight/lost weight and are not eating well. There was no identified common ground, and these comments were almost random in nature. My weight loss journey reminded me of my lost love of sports, and I took to playing pickleball. The reminder of food in the title of the sport did not help. The vouchers for coffee shops and café's given as a reward for booking a court did not help either.

I tried uninstalling all apps that could deliver you food, and even apps that reminded me of food. But then I starting making minor bets with friends, and if I won, I would ask them to sponsor me some food. Eventually, I decided that eating out was a lesser vice than a gambling addiction, and reinstalled the apps that can deliver you food. All in all I emerged worse off from this whole exercise, because I still bet.

I started taking the stairs to classes, but missing roll call in the 9 AM class by Mr. Bald Eagle put me right back in the lift. I still lose attendance if the lift stops on one too many floors, but at least it goes without breaking a sweat. Hurts less.

What I did not do is waste spend money on a gym membership. My aversion to lifting grey bars of metal originally designed for medical use, while obnoxious music plays in the background, requires another article all together.

As far as running in the grand outdoors goes, Delhi last had weather suitable for running in 1996 (but the entry of Dominos in India that year negated all the benefits runners had accumulated over the years.)

With all these failed efforts, one tends to go back to rueful late night orders. It's a vicious cycle. The id rejects all advice from external sources. I have also had the ingenious thought of re-adjusting all mirrors such that only the top half of my torso is visible. Soon, like all uncles, I'll learn to reflexively hold my breath for the exact duration it takes for someone attractive to walk by.

That being said, I haven't given up. I'm going to play hide and seek right now with a few friends. Fingers crossed, I won't make any bets with them.

.- -.- -.



REN



(UN)KNOWN

Imagine something inside you. Not a thought, nor a feeling, a *thing*. Something wet, breathing through the gaps of your mask, drinking from everything you swallowed instead of said. Patient like rot. Patient like a wound which you keep covering instead of cleaning. *Now it is opening*...

Suki was excellent at wearing masks. He could read a room like a predator reads terrain, fast, already adjusting before he'd crossed the threshold. Someone needed light? He burned himself. Needed a wall? He became stone. He gave it every time, gave it until giving was the only language he knew, until he couldn't remember what it felt like to simply *exist* calculation of what shape to take. He was a mirror. Perfectly polished. He had no idea that mirrors have no face of their own.

The bathroom. A Small, airless, no audience area. Just humming bulbs the color of old bone, cold tiles, running tap, and a rectangle of glass who have no interest in his performance.

He looked up. The face in the mirror was smiling. He hadn't told it to smile. He leaned closer, close enough to fog the glass with his breath, and saw it wasn't a smile. a *scar*. Healed wrong. Calcified. A mouth which performed comfort so many times it no longer needed instruction. Until it stopped meaning anything. A smile that forgot what it was smiling for. ----A stranger wearing his skin----.

Something crawled inside his stomach, not just nausea, revolution of soul, and he vomited. Hard. Spine curling, hands white-knuckled on the porcelain, the sound ugly, private and more honest than anything he had made in months. He heaved again. Just a body trying to expel everything which was buried inside. The face in the mirror was still smiling. He grabbed the toothpaste. Dragged a thick smear across the glass, diagonal, violent, until there was nothing but a blur where a person used to be.

----The water kept running---- .



First it came from the drain. A texture underneath the flow. Then words, rising through the gurgle. "You can't smear me out. I live further in." "Shut up." His voice: wrecked. From the spiral going down, "Every morning, mask on. Every room, role prepared. Every person you've ever loved, you turned them into a judge. Did you ever ask what they want? Or did you decide, quietly, alone, that love is a wage, keep earning daily or it disappears?"

"They need me." "You don't recognize your own face." "I just want to be there for them!" Too loud for the small room. "Every time. I want to matter. I want to be useful even if it costs me, even if it takes everything, even if it..."

"Kills you? Funny thing about dying. Dead men can't hold anyone. Dead men just become the weight everyone has to carry for years. Dying is the most useless thing you can do to the people you love."

"Don't." Low. Pressurized. He turned toward the smear, toward his face behind the paste. "Don't you dare talk to me about love. Let's talk about you. Let's talk about where you were."

----Silence.----

"You were in the *closet*." Fist liken words. "Door shut, lights off, protecting yourself, not loving anyone, *hiding*. Running from people, from noise, from anyone who came close to actually see you. Running away in on your own *birthday* because being wanted felt more terrifying than being alone." His voice shaking now, not weakness, fury, the kind that lives right next to grief. "You had nothing. No friends, no warmth,no nothing. *WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT LOVE?* You didn't know what it felt like to be chosen, to have someone look at you and stay. You know nothing." His hands were fists. Eyes red. The mask finally off, nothing underneath it left to hide. "And now you're in my head telling me I don't understand love. *You are* one who ran every single time when someone came close."

The voice came back from the window. The dark glass above the shower, night outside making it a mirror, reflecting a man coming apart in a lit room. *"Yes,"* it said. Not gentle. Unflinching. *"All of it. True."* Suki's fists didn't open. *"I was in the closet. Terrified. I didn't know what love felt like from the inside. But then, slowly, ugly, painfully, we came out. We found people. We found warmth. You know we did."* ----"Don't..."----

"The same boy who hid because he was terrified of being unloved, grew up, found love, and turned it into a reason to destroy himself. Same fear. New face. The closet had four walls. This has none and it is killing you faster."

"I am not destroying myself."

"You have vomit on your chin. The sink is overflowing. You smeared paste on your own reflection because you couldn't stand to look at it." The water was going over the edge now. Running down the cabinet. Spreading. *"You built this because something told you, early, deep, that you were not enough on your own. That love was conditional. On performance. On usefulness. On never needing anything back. And instead of fighting that lie, you became it. You made yourself into a tool and handed yourself to the people you love and called it devotion."*

"It is devotion." His voice cracked down the middle. "I care about them. I love them. I want to—"

"Protect them." The word took all the air. "You want to be the wall between them and everything that hurts. You think if you hold all of it in your bare hands, it stays up. But Suki, that's not love. That's terror wearing love's face. The people you're destroying yourself for don't need a wall. They need you. The actual you. The one on the floor of this bathroom. That is the one they would choose. That is the one they are being robbed of every single day."



His legs went. Quietly. The strength leaving like a tide going out. He sat on the cold tile. The water reached him slowly, his ankle, his calf, cold and indifferent. He didn't move.

He put his face in his hands and he cried. Not the clean kind. The other kind, shapeless, starting below the lungs, coming out in waves that don't match each other, ugly and gasping and completely without dignity. The kind waiting for years behind every I'm fine, growing heavier and heavier until the floor gave way.

The water spread. Rising. It didn't care. It just kept coming, the way everything he'd swallowed kept coming, slow and steady with no intention of stopping.

The bulb hummed. The mirror, behind its paste, held the ghost of his face. Watching. Not smiling anymore.In the drain, underneath the running water, nothing. For the first time. Just water. Just the sound of something finally, completely, flowing out.

There is something inside you. It is not your enemy. It is the part that remembers what you are, not what you carry, not what you provide, not what breaks you trying. Just what you are. It came back because you needed it to.



JOY/JAY



(UN)LOVING

The campus feels small today. Twelve hours, and they just flew by. Strange, isn't it, we spent years here, always thinking there would be more time. Maybe that's why we pushed something. And now there isn't.
But I don't regret it. The time I spent here was one of the best parts of my life.
I was thinking not to say this. It would easier. Much cleaner. You would've gone on exactly the same, and I would've just carried it quietly, as I usually do. But I think that would not be fair to you.
Do you remember that group photo? You probably do, you love keeping pictures of things that matter. I didn't. I found it later, while deleting things that no longer felt worth holding onto. Old pictures, random notes, fragments. And then I saw you.
I had been confused about my feelings before that. But your smile settled it. Or maybe made it more complicated. It wasn't loud, no sudden realization, no dramatic shift. Just a quiet thought that arrived without asking:
...so that's it. I'm done for.
I've always loved people easily, almost like a bad habit. That never changed, even after I learned what it costs. People leave. Or time takes them. Or life moves in a direction you can't follow. No matter how tightly you hold on, it doesn't stop any of it. I tried holding till it hurt. It didn't help.
So now I just don't. I just accept it and love anyway. Maybe even more than before, as if making myself believe loving enough could make up for what was lost. It doesn't. But I do it anyway.
I understood that kind of love, the kind people call simple, safe. But this was something else. And I knew enough to stay away from it. I tried to keep things where they were. I tried to suppress it in all the ways I'd learned over years. Because you mattered more than that risk.



But now, what I feel for you, I don't regret it. In fact, I'm glad it happened. I never thought it would ever be possible. But it started, and grew, and I watched it happen. I tried to make it small, safe. But I didn't want to push you. You were precious to me. So I failed.
You became someone I couldn't just see as a friend.
Your smile. Your tears. Your unfunny jokes that made me quietly worry about you. Your unnecessary drama. Your silence when something's wrong. The way you pretend you're fine when you're not. The way you show yourself strong even when your legs are shaking. The way small wins delighted you, and even small losses, like not getting your favorite flavor, could genuinely ruin your afternoon.
All of it. I love all of it.
I'm not saying this as if I want something in return. I don't. I don't want an answer. I don't want that change. It's better that it stayed the same. It's better if you don't answer.



Because if I let go of myself, if I let this become real, I won't be able to step back. I'll keep choosing it. I'll keep choosing you. Even when I know I shouldn't.

And that is not fair to you. Because I am not the way people expect someone to be. I've learned not to promise time I'm not sure I have. So this isn't me not wanting it. It's me knowing I would want it too much, and not knowing how to stop once I do. I don't want you holding onto something that might not stay long enough to be held.

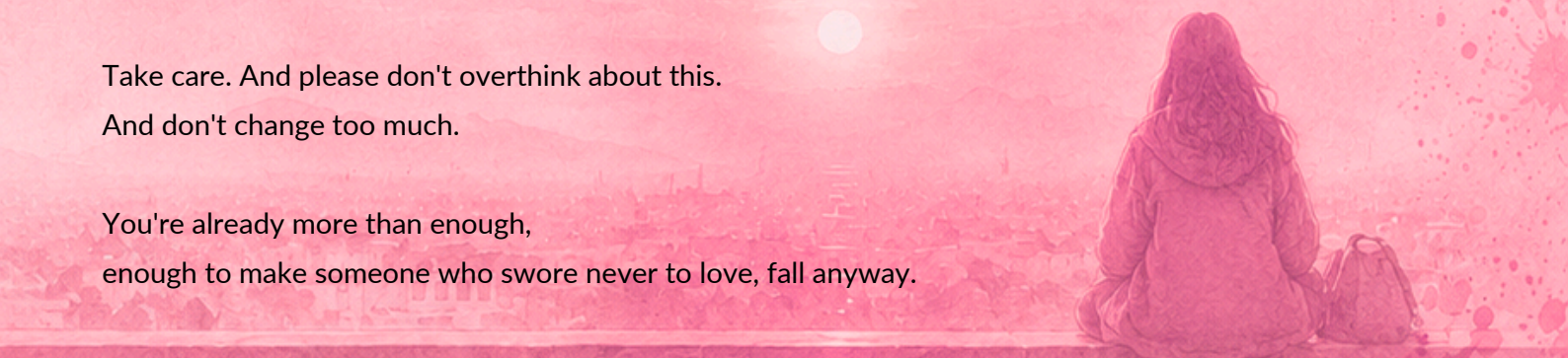
So don't.

Don't love me. Let this stay with me.

Think of it like, somewhere in your life, among all the people you'll meet and eventually forget, there was one idiot who loved you like this. Completely. Quietly.

That's enough for me. That's more than enough for me.

It's the last day. So I won't make things harder than they need to be.



Take care. And please don't overthink about this.

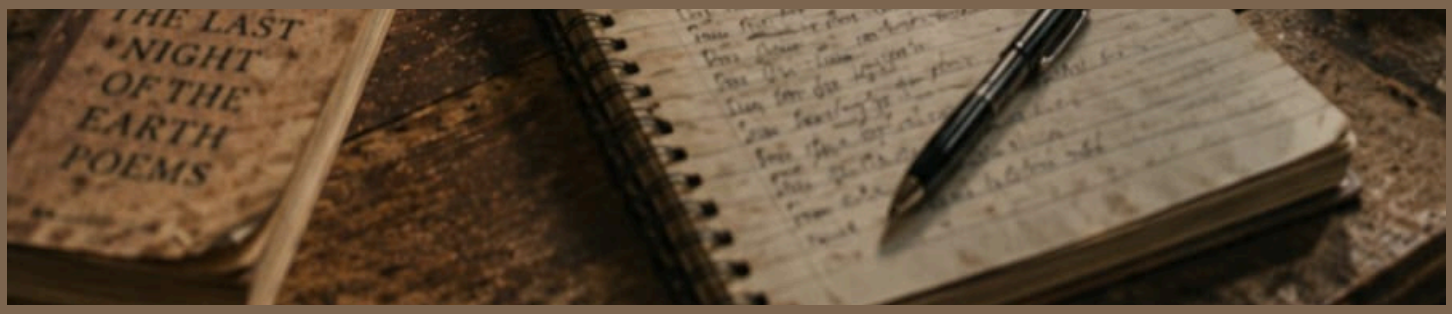
And don't change too much.

You're already more than enough,

enough to make someone who swore never to love, fall anyway.


find
what you love
and let it
kill you.
– Bukowski
LIQUOR

ABHIGYA


THE LAST
NIGHT
OF THE
EARTH
POEMS

DON'T TRY

We all know the world-famous success stories, the titans of history. We've all heard their advice and taken the lessons from their lives. But what about the low lives? What about the degenerates? Nobody ever talks about what we can learn from them. Until now, Charles Bukowski was an alcoholic, a gambler, a shameless romaniser, a cheapskate, a deadbeat, and on his worst days, a poet.

He is in many ways the last person you would expect to find wisdom or life advice, which is why he's the perfect person to look for wisdom and life advice.

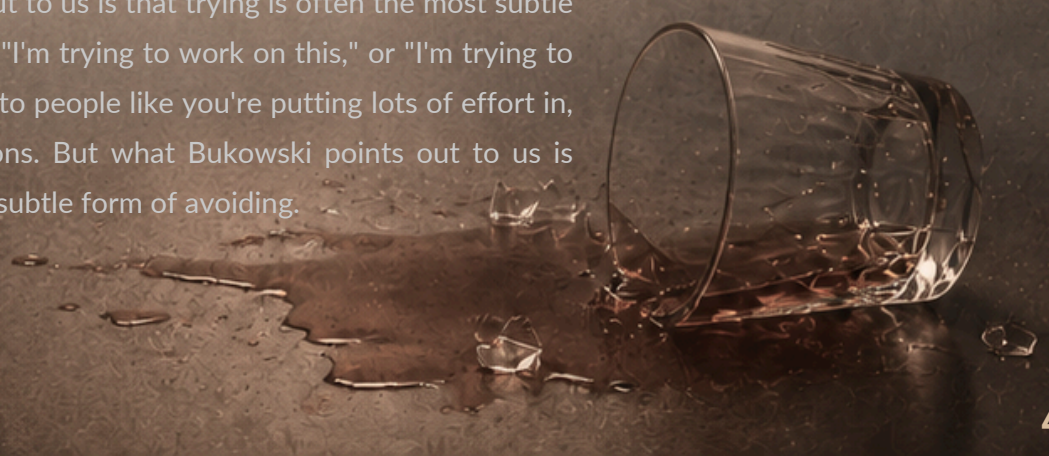
Bukowski wanted to be a writer, but for decades his work was rejected by almost every magazine, newspaper, journal, agent, and publisher. His work was horrible, they said. Crude, disgusting, depraved. And as the stack of rejection notes piled up, the weight of his failures pushed him deep into an alcohol-fuelled depression that followed him for most of his life. Bukowski had a day job as a letter filer at the post office. He got paid little money and spent most of it on booze. He gambled away the rest at the racetrack. At night, he would drink alone and sometimes hammer out poetry on his beat-up old typewriter. 30 years went by like this. Most of it, a meaningless blur of alcohol, drugs, gambling, and prostitutes. When Bukowski was 50, after a lifetime of failure and self-loathing, an editor at a small independent publishing house took a strange interest in him. Bukowski wrote back to the editor, "I have one of two choices. Stay in the post office and go crazy, or stay out here and play a writer and starve. I have decided to starve." Upon signing the contract, Bukowski wrote his first novel in three weeks. It was simply called the Post Office. And at the dedication, he wrote, “dedicated to nobody. “

“We're all going to die. All of us. What a circus. That alone should make us love each other, but it doesn't. We are terrorised and flattened by trivialities. We're eaten up by nothing.”

Bukowski would make it as a novelist and a poet. He would go on and publish six novels and hundreds of poems, selling over two million copies of his books. Stories like Bukowski’s are the bread and butter of our cultural narrative. Bukowski's life embodies the American dream. A man fights for what he wants, never gives up, and eventually achieves his wildest dreams. It's practically a movie waiting to happen. It is then strange that on Bukowski's tombstone, the epitaph reads, "Don't try."

See, despite the book sales and the fame, Bukowski was a loser. And he was very aware of it. His success stems not from his determination to be a winner, but from the fact that he knew he was a loser, accepted it, and wrote about it shamelessly. He never tried to be anything other than what he was. This is the first big lesson from Bukowski's life. Trying sounds like you're doing something. If you say, "I'm trying to work on this," or "I'm trying to be more like that," it sounds to people like you're putting lots of effort in, that you have good intentions.

But what Bukowski points out to us is that trying is often the most subtle form of avoiding. If you say, "I'm trying to work on this," or "I'm trying to be more like that," it sounds to people like you're putting lots of effort in, that you have good intentions. But what Bukowski points out to us is that trying is often the most subtle form of avoiding.



The genius in Bukowski's work, then, is not in overcoming unbelievable odds or developing himself into a shining literary light. It was the opposite. It was his simple ability to be completely unflinchingly honest with himself, especially the worst parts of himself, and to share his failings without hesitation or doubt. This is the real story of Bukowski's success, his comfort with himself as a failure.

Even after his fame, he still showed up at the poetry readings drunk and verbally abused people in his audience. Fame and success did not make Bukowski a good person. Nor was it by becoming a good person that he became famous and successful. See, growth and success often occur together. But that doesn't necessarily mean that they're the same thing. And this is the second lesson of Bukowsky's life, that success isn't a product of getting everything right. It's often the product of being comfortable with being wrong.

"If you're going to try, go along the way. Otherwise, don't even start. This could mean losing girlfriends, wives, relatives, maybe even your mind. It could mean not eating for 3 or 4 days. It could mean derision. It can mean mockery, isolation. Isolation is the gift. All the others are a test of your endurance. How much do you really want to do it. And you'll do it despite rejection and the worst odds. And it will be better than anything else you can imagine. If you're going to try, go all the way. There's no other feeling like that. You'll be alone with the gods, and the nights will flame with fire. You'll ride life straight to perfect laughter. It's the only good fight there is."

In my opinion, the honesty in Bukowski's writing, his fears, failures, regret, self-destruction, and emotional dysfunction, is unparalleled. He will tell you the best and worst of himself without flinching, without shifting his eyes or even muttering a sorry about that as an afterthought. He wrote about both shame and pride without qualification. And what Bukowski understood, which most people don't, is that the best things in life can sometimes be ugly. Life is messy, and we're all screwed up in our own special snowflake kind of way. He never understood the baby boomer obsession with peace and happiness and the idealism that came along with it. He understood that you don't get one side of life without the other.You don't get love without the heartache. You don't get greatness without pain. You don't get meaning without sacrifice. And this is the third life lesson that I take from Bukowski. See, in our minds, we like to believe that happiness and success and confidence and good relationships are all things that go hand in hand together all the time. And the truth is, doing those big goals that feel meaningful requires us to feel some degree of pain and sacrifice. Because what I love about Bukowski is the implicit understanding that finding purpose and meaning is not a 5-day spa retreat. It's not euphoric or joyous. It's not an epiphany, a meditation circle or found in a pill or a drug.



Finding purpose in your life is a trial by fire process. You don't simply wake up one day and become happy doing one thing forever and ever. Like death, a purposeful life is a constant work in progress. You must do something, pay attention to how it feels, then adjust, and then do something else. Nobody gets it right on the first try or the 10th or sometimes even the 200th. And in many cases, the only way you know it's meaningful is because you were called to suffer for it. Suffer deeply for it. That hurt. This is real. This is what it's actually like in the trenches of day-to-day adult life. And Bukowski, he lived his life on the front lines. Too often, people complain that they have done nothing with their lives. And then they wait for somebody to tell them that this isn't so. They have it right. They've done nothing. shown no courage, no inventiveness. They did what they were told to do. They had no resistance, no thoughts of their own. Don't try. Instead, live, fight, love, mourn, fail.

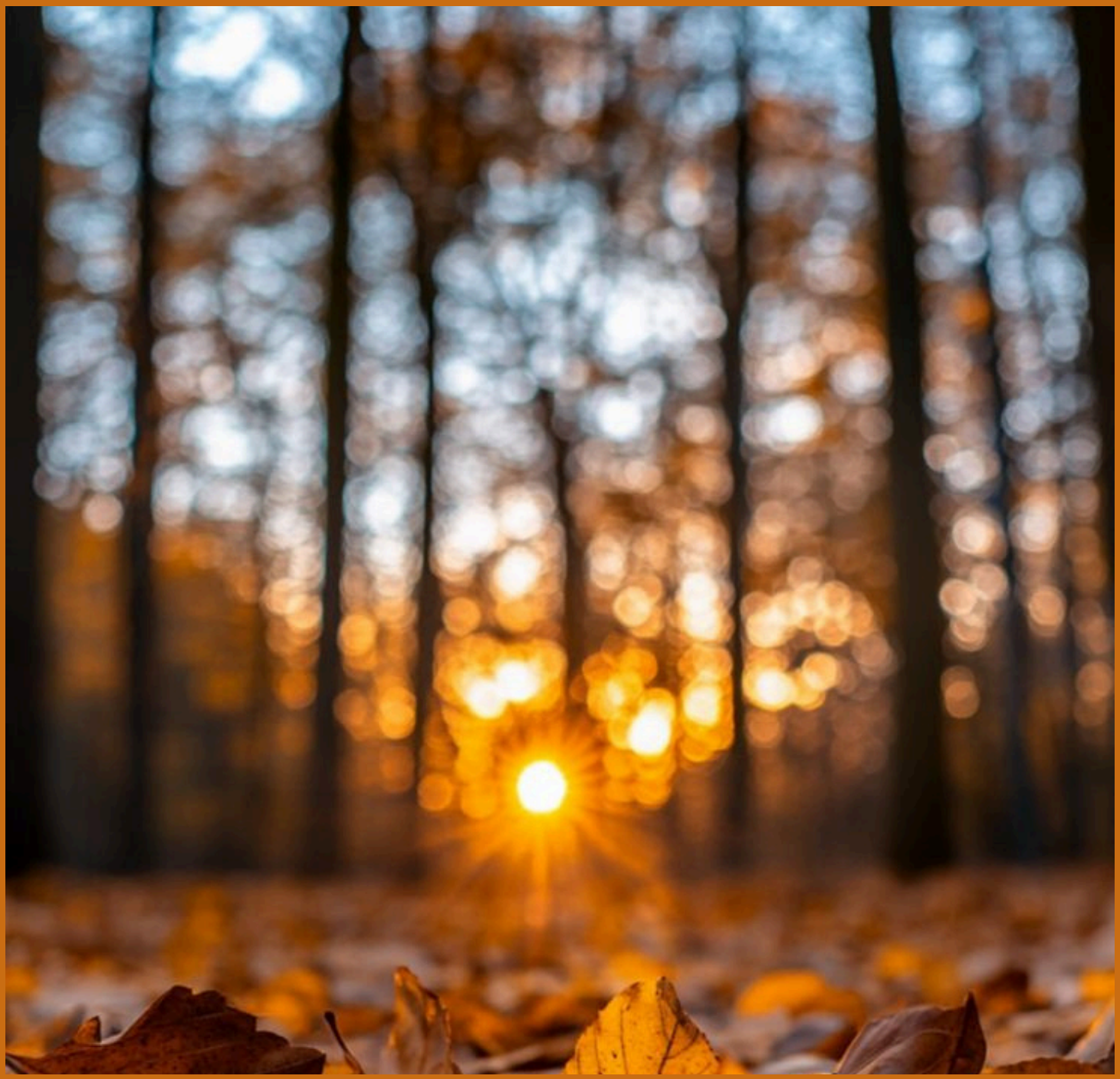
Bukowski understood that trying was a cheap replacement for living. Trying is, it's a weasel word. It's a subtle way of getting out of responsibility for one's desires and one's failures. Bukowski understood that ultimately, the most important choices in life don't actually feel like a choice. They feel as though they've been chosen for us.

"You know, poetry doesn't pay anything, but it's a passionate, selfish, nice form where you can scream a little bit. I guess I needed to scream a little bit".

The sense of purpose is not found in something cool and neat to show off to the other kids. **It's feeling called to do something even when you sometimes wish you didn't have to.** It is something that feels like an inevitability, like it was born for you and into you and whatever it is, you cannot survive long without it coming out of you. Bukowski once said, "Find what you love and let it kill you."

Well, your purpose is your preferred vehicle towards death, and
you're more than happy to let it take you.





JHALAK



BETWEEN FALLING LEAVES

There is something strangely beautiful about the things that do not stay.

A season fades. A classroom empties. A favourite song loses its meaning after a heartbreak and somehow finds it again years later on a random evening. We spend most of our lives holding on to moments with trembling hands, as if permanence is the only proof that something mattered.

But perhaps it is the opposite.

Perhaps things become precious precisely because they are temporary.

The word Anitya speaks of impermanence - not as a tragedy, but as the quiet rhythm of existence itself. Nothing remains untouched by change. The sky alters its colours every evening without apology. Rivers never flow through the same path twice. Even we are constantly becoming versions of ourselves we do not yet recognise.

As children, we are taught to fear endings. The end of friendships, the end of youth, the end of certainty. Yet life unfolds through endings. A seed must disappear into the soil before it can become a tree. Sunset is what makes sunrise worth waiting for.

College life, too, is an unannounced lesson in impermanence. One day, crowded corridors and hurried attendance sheets become memories stored in phone galleries and unfinished conversations. The people we meet accidentally become stories we carry forever. Some stay for years, some only for a semester, yet each leaves behind a version of us slightly altered.

There is a silent ache in realizing that nothing lasts forever. But there is freedom in it too.

Impermanence teaches us to forgive faster, to love deeper, to pause longer at ordinary moments. It reminds us that life was never meant to be possessed. Only experienced.

And maybe that is why the most beautiful things in the world are fleeting - rain on warm streets, the last page of a good novel, late-night conversations, sunsets seen from moving vehicles, laughter echoing through hostel rooms before everyone eventually drifts away into separate futures.

Everything changes. Everything passes.

Yet somehow, in passing, things leave behind meaning.

Perhaps Anitya is not about loss at all.

Perhaps it is about learning that even temporary things can become eternal in memory.





ARMAN



WHAT IT MEANS TO WORK HARD?

Hard work is one of those phrases worn smooth by repetition — scrawled on motivational posters, delivered in convocation speeches, printed on college brochures. Yet its meaning sharpens considerably when you look at it up close, in the unglamorous hours of school and college life where it actually happens.

To work hard means to show up when it isn't convenient. In school, it is the student who doesn't wait for exam season to open her textbook — who reads ahead, asks questions that slow the class down, and fills the margins with her own thinking. In college, it is the student who spends Friday evening in the library not because he has a deadline, but because he is genuinely building something — a command of his subject, a research paper, a skill.

There is a distinction worth drawing here, one that students seldom think about: the difference between talent and effort. Consider two students in a Delhi University economics programme. The first grasps abstract concepts instantly — game theory clicks for her the way a joke lands. She rarely attends tutorials and still scores comfortably. The second finds the same concepts slippery, reads the chapter three times, and visits the professor during office hours. By the third year, the second student has written better essays, understood more deeply, and is more prepared for an uncertain world. Talent opened a door; hard work walked through it and kept going.

This is what research on expertise consistently suggests. Mastery is less a function of innate ability than of accumulated deliberate practice. The school topper who coasts through on raw intelligence often stumbles in college, where the curriculum demands sustained engagement, not just sharp recall. Meanwhile, the student who learned to study — who built the habit of returning to difficult material, of failing and revising — tends to compound her advantages over time.

Hard work in academic life also teaches something no syllabus covers: the tolerance for discomfort. Every long problem set, every draft returned with more red ink than original text, every presentation that didn't land — these are not failures. They are the actual curriculum. The student who endures them without quitting is training a capacity far more durable than any particular subject knowledge.

In the end, working hard is not about burning out. It is about showing up with full attention, repeatedly, even when easier options exist. That habit, built quietly in classrooms and college canteens and late-night study sessions, is the closest thing to a guarantee the world offers.



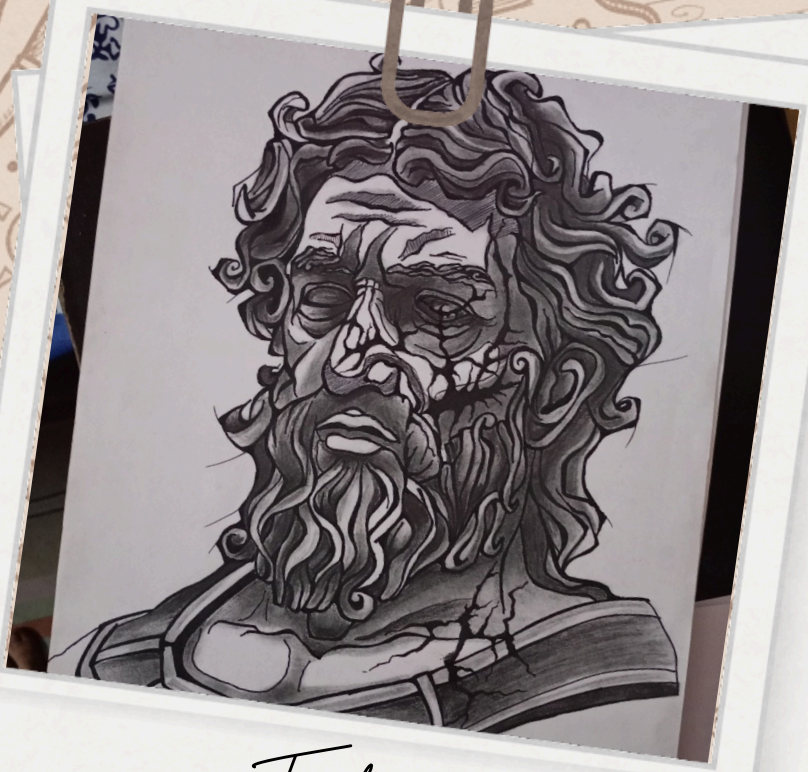
ARTWORK





Pari Aggarwal

This artwork beautifully reflects the theme of Anitya (Impermanence) by portraying the inseparable relationship between human life and nature. The woman, with her eyes gently closed, appears to be dissolving into the surrounding foliage, while flowers bloom from her embrace and her flowing hair merges with the earth. This fusion suggests that life is in a constant state of transformation—growth, decay, and renewal coexist as parts of the same cycle. The blooming flowers symbolize fleeting moments of beauty, reminding us that nothing remains unchanged forever. Rather than presenting impermanence as a loss, the painting celebrates it as the natural rhythm of existence, where every ending quietly gives rise to a new beginning.



Tushar

This artwork powerfully embodies Anitya (Impermanence) through the image of a weathered classical bust, fractured by time yet retaining its dignity and presence. The cracks, broken features, and worn surface symbolize the inevitable effects of time on all forms—whether human, artistic, or monumental. Once a representation of permanence and strength, the sculpture now bears the marks of decay, reminding us that even the grandest creations are subject to change. Rather than portraying deterioration as a loss, the artwork highlights the beauty found in aging and transformation. It reflects the essence of Anitya: that nothing, no matter how enduring it seems, remains unchanged, and that impermanence itself gives objects and life their depth, meaning, and history.



Shambhavi

This artwork beautifully conveys Anitya (Impermanence) through a dreamlike composition where nature, time, and the human spirit exist in continuous transformation. At its center, the figure appears to emerge from and dissolve into a luminous circle, reaching upward toward the crescent moon—a symbol of life's ever-changing cycles. The blooming flowers on the left represent growth and the fleeting beauty of life, while the hourglass on the right reminds us that time is constantly flowing and nothing remains unchanged. The flowing lines beneath the figure resemble rivers or shifting landscapes, emphasizing the uninterrupted movement of existence. Together, these symbolic elements reflect the Buddhist concept of Anitya, illustrating that life, beauty, and every moment are temporary, and that embracing this constant state of change leads to acceptance, peace, and a deeper appreciation of the present.



Tannu Singh

This artwork explores Anitya (Impermanence) through the duality of the human experience. The composition juxtaposes a man's face on one side and a woman's on the other, divided by a dark central form that symbolizes the ever-present force of change. Rather than depicting two separate individuals, the artwork suggests that identity itself is fluid—constantly shaped by time, relationships, and lived experiences. The contrasting yet interconnected faces reflect how every person undergoes transformation, while the shifting boundary between them hints at the impermanence of distinctions such as gender, self, and individuality. In the spirit of Anitya, the piece reminds us that nothing remains fixed; every identity, emotion, and stage of life is temporary, continuously evolving into something new.



Pari Aggarwal

This artwork interprets Anitya (Impermanence) through the ever-changing nature of identity and perception. The fragmented face, composed of vibrant shifting colours and geometric forms, suggests that the self is never fixed but continuously shaped by experiences, emotions, and time. The hand covering the eyes symbolizes the limitations of human perception, while the surrounding birds, leaves, and watchful eyes evoke the constant flow of life and the interconnectedness of all living beings. Rather than depicting permanence or certainty, the composition embraces transformation, reminding us that change is the essence of existence. In accepting this fluidity, the artwork reflects the Buddhist concept of Anitya—that beauty, identity, and every moment are transient, making each experience uniquely precious.



Tushar

This artwork captures Anitya (Impermanence) through the dissolution of the human form into flowing, fragmented lines. The face, though serene and complete at its center, gradually fades into abstract strokes that resemble smoke, roots, or wind, suggesting that identity is never fixed but constantly evolving. The closed eyes evoke a quiet acceptance of change, while the loose, continuous ink lines symbolize the fluid and transient nature of existence. Rather than resisting transformation, the portrait embraces it, reflecting the Buddhist concept of Anitya—that all forms, emotions, and identities are temporary. In this impermanence lies both vulnerability and beauty, reminding us that life is defined not by permanence, but by its continuous state of becoming.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i'd rather be with you
GOOD MUSIC GOOD MOOD
keep it simple.
THE SMITHS
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RUMOURS
notes
- late nights
- good books
- loud music
- overthinking
- big dreams
RAIN CHECK
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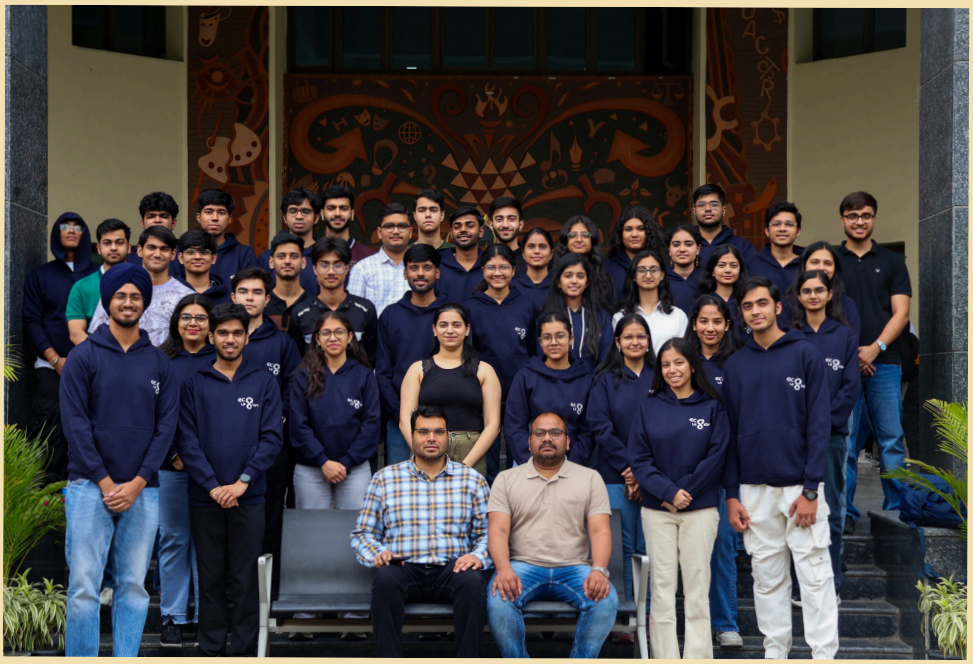

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FINX



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FOURTH WALL PRODUCTIONS



GIRL UP RUHI



GRANDEUR



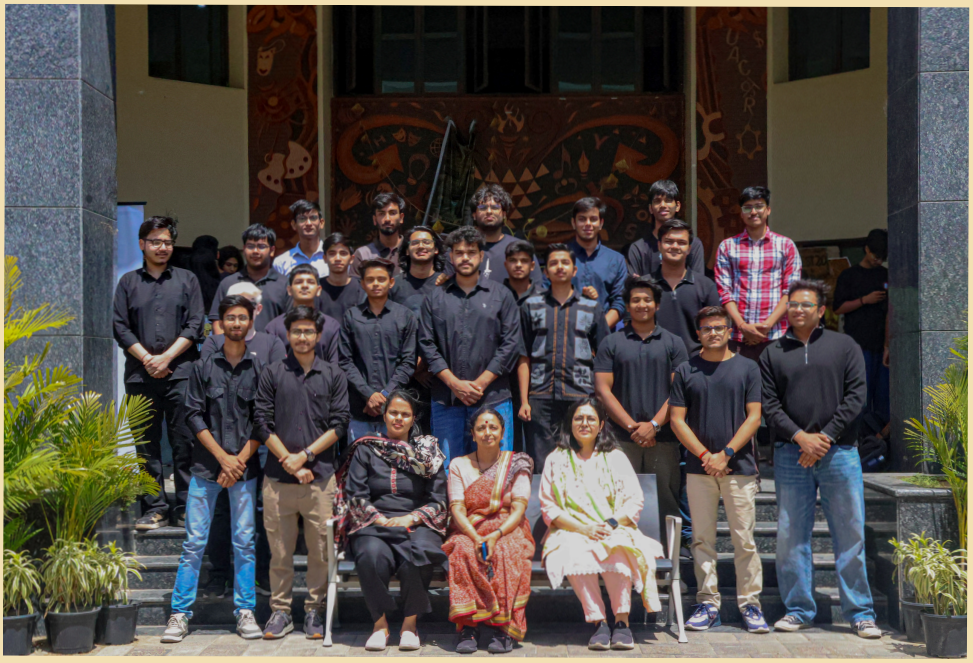
KARTAVYA



KRITI



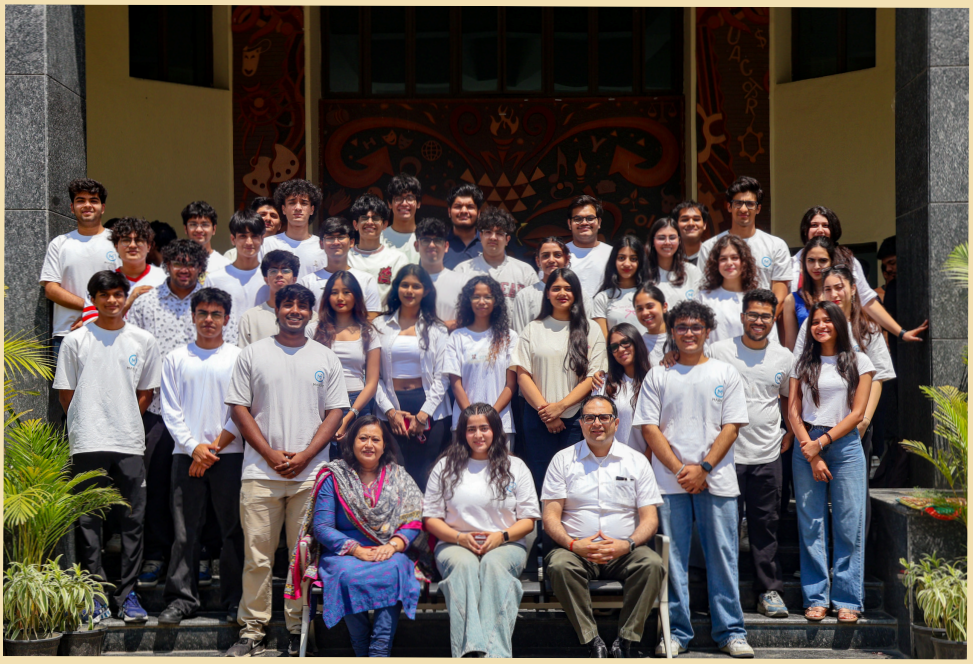
KRONOS



LAWRENCE



MANAGEMENT
INTERACTION CELL



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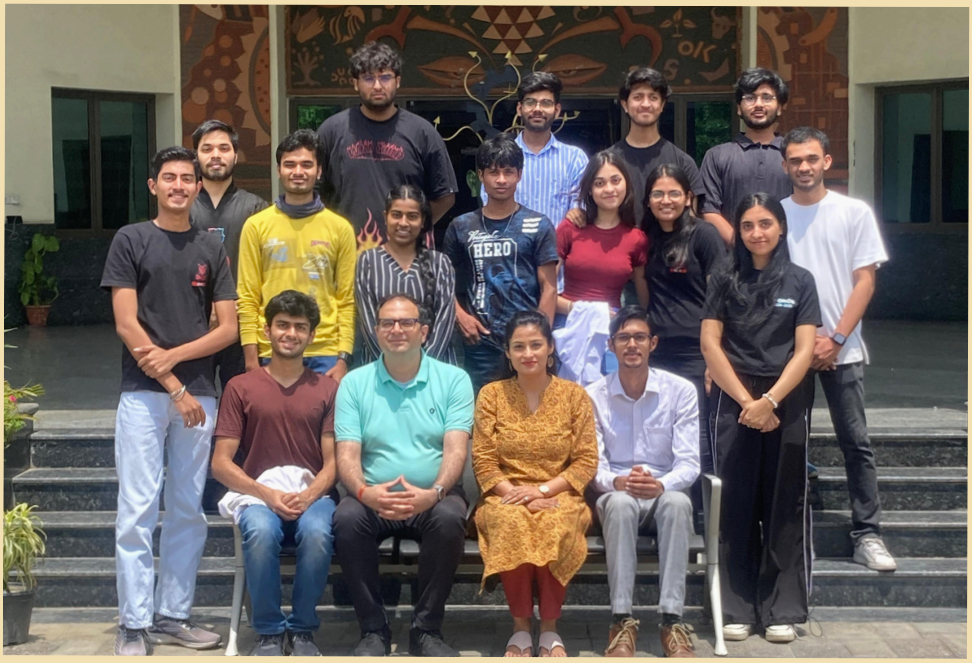

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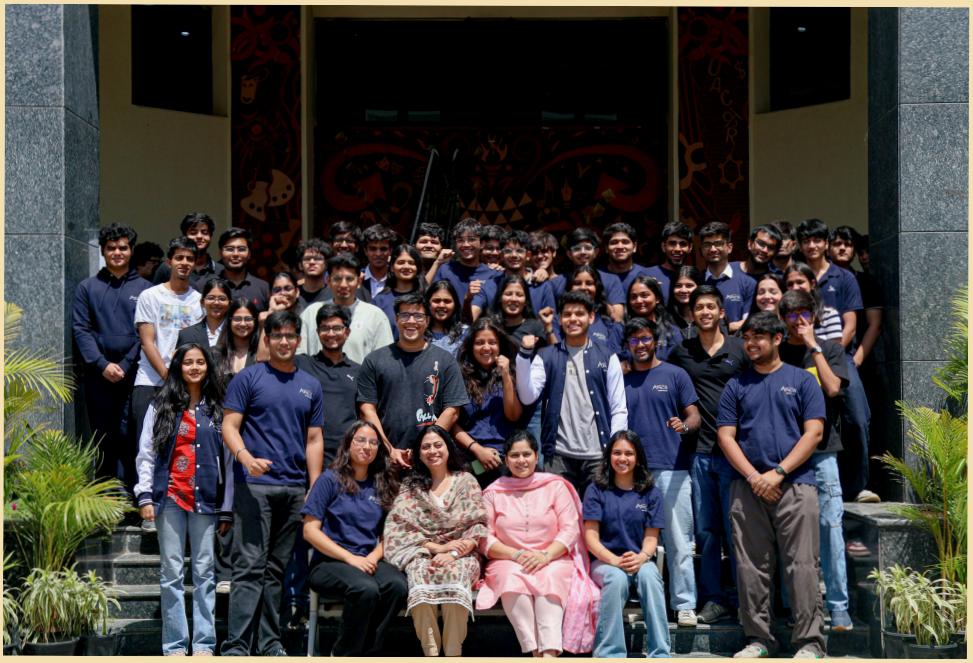

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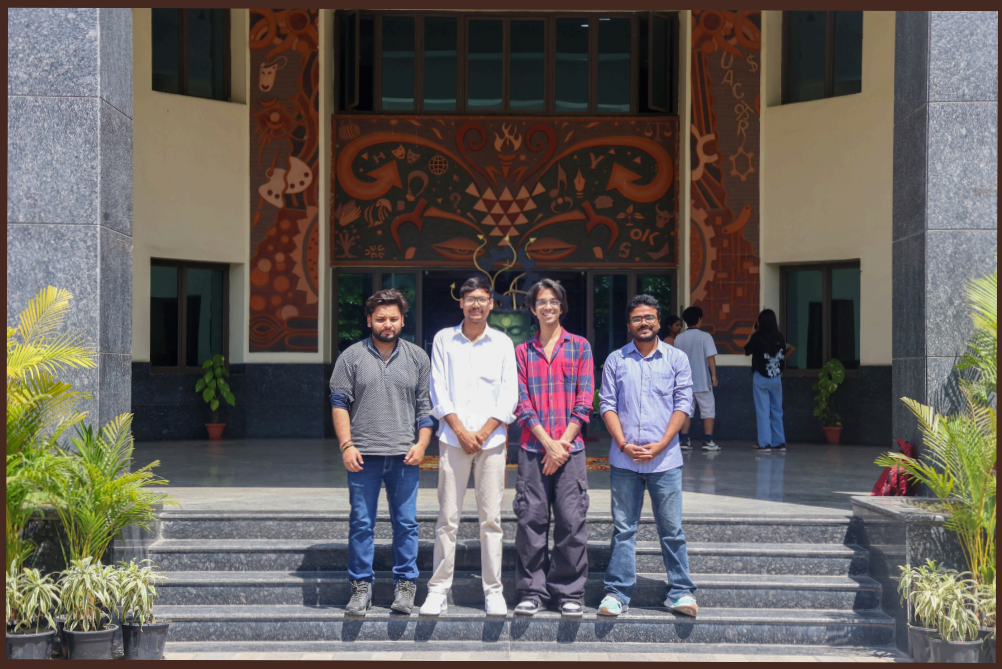
B.Sc. 2



B.Sc. 3



B.Sc. 4



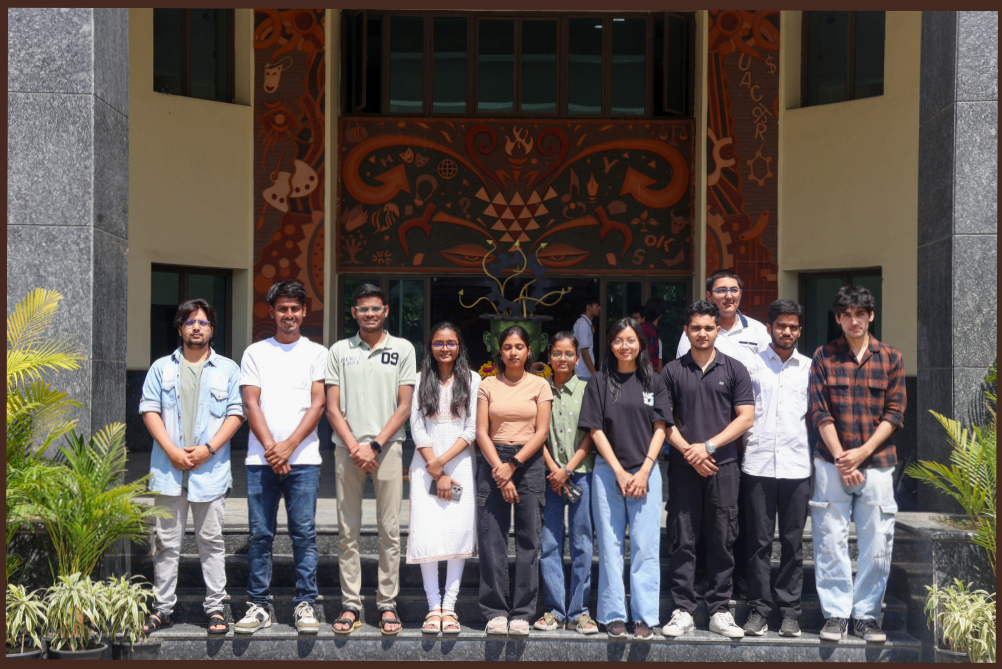
BBA(FIA) 1A



BBA(FIA) 1B



BBA(FIA) 2A



BBA(FIA) 2B



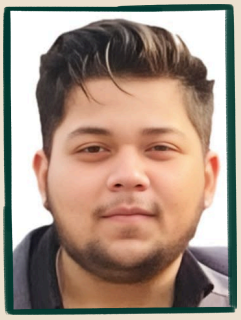
BBA(FIA) 3A



BBA(FIA) 3B



ANUPAM
MALLICK



JYOTIRADITYA
RAWAT



KSHITIJ
VATSAYAN



MANVI
KAUL



SHIVANSH
SHARDA



VISHWAS
BHALLA

BBA(FIA) 4A


BEST MANAGER
PERCEPTION PARADOX
CORPORATE STRATEGY
MARKETERS

BMS 1A


BEST MANAGER
PERCEPTION PARADOX
CORPORATE STRATEGY
MARKETERS

BMS 1B


BEST MANAGER
PERCEPTION PARADOX
CORPORATE STRATEGY
EXCELSIOR
MARKETERS

BMS 1C


BEST MANAGER
PERCEPTION PARADOX
CORPORATE STRATEGY
EXCELSIOR
MARKETERS

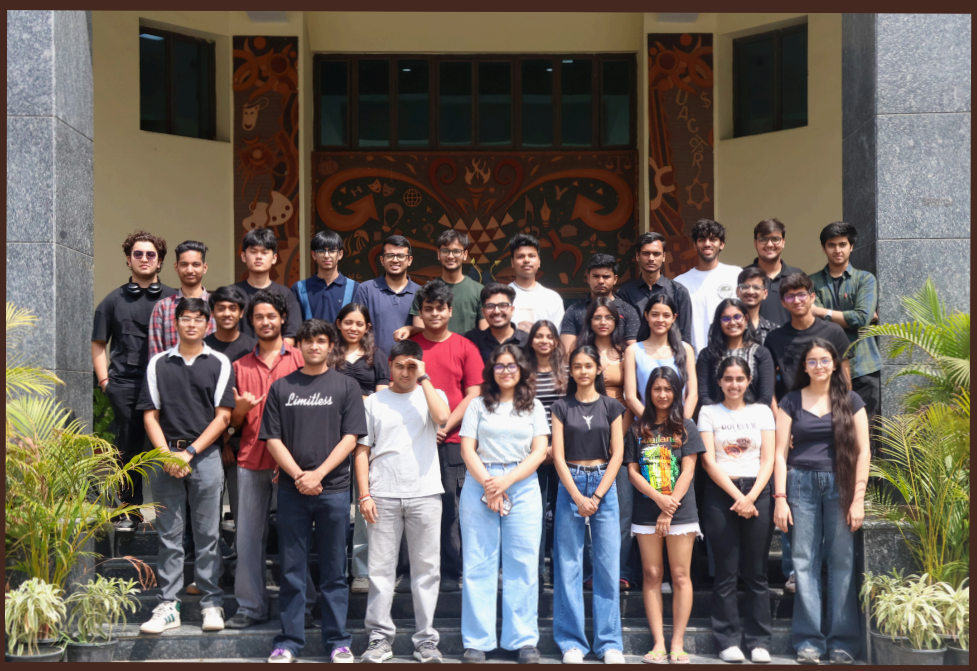
BMS 1D


BEST MANAGER
PERCEPTION PARADOX
CORPORATE STRATEGY
EXCELSIOR
MARKETERS
GAP

BMS 2A



BMS 2B


Limitless

BMS 2C


VINCENZA 7.0
CORPORATE CLASH
MARK-O-NOVA
MARCH 19, THURSDAY
PRIZE POOL
₹1,00,000+

BMS 2D



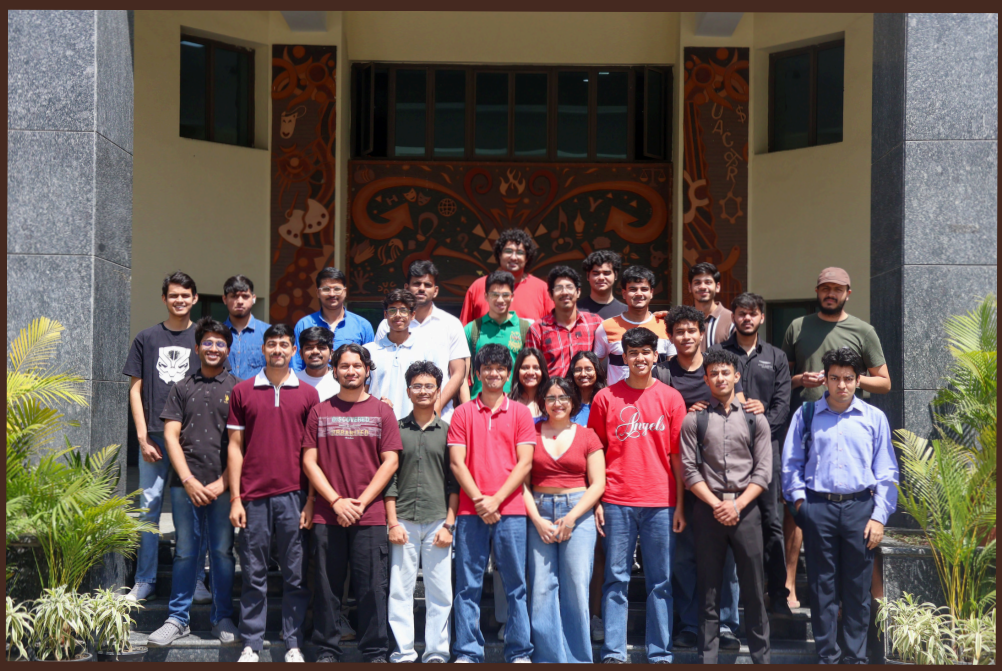
BMS 3A



BMS 3B


VIBGENZA 7.0
CORPORATE CLASH
MARK-O-NOVA
MARCH 19, THURSDAY
PRIZE POOL
₹1,00,000+

BMS 3C



BMS 3D


MARCH 19, THURSDAY
PRIZE POOL
₹1,00,000+
INTERNSHIP OPPORTUNITY
EY · Crowwd

BMS 4A



PGDCSL

As we turn the final page of this edition, we pause to reflect on a year defined by growth, perseverance, achievement and transformation. Shaheed Sukhdev College of Business Studies has always been far more than an academic institution-it is a vibrant community where aspirations are nurtured, friendships are forged, and future leaders are shaped.

This year stands as a testament to the spirit of excellence that defines SSCBS. From intellectually stimulating debates and impactful research initiatives to remarkable performances in cultural, sporting and academic arenas, our students have continued to push boundaries and redefine possibilities. Every accomplishment has strengthened our collective pride, while every challenge has enriched us with resilience, wisdom and a deeper understanding of the journey of learning.

Within these pages lies a celebration of countless moments that have left an enduring mark on our community. This magazine is not merely a record of events; it is a reflection of the passion, creativity, dedication, and unwavering determination of every individual who contributes to the vibrant fabric of SSCBS.
For all of us, SSCBS is more than a college-it is a place where ambition finds direction, talent discovers opportunity, and dreams evolve into achievements. It is a space that inspires innovation, encourages leadership, and fosters a lifelong commitment to excellence.

As we conclude this chapter, we do so with immense gratitude for the experiences that have shaped us and with great anticipation for the opportunities that lie ahead. May the lessons we have learned, the memories we have created, and the bonds we have built continue to guide us in the years to come.

Here's to new beginnings, greater aspirations and the extraordinary journeys that await us.


SHAHEED SUKHDEV
COLLEGE OF BUSINESS STUDIES
UNIVERSITY OF DELHI

END NOTE

DISCLAIMER

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