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Mrs. U. Pratibha Dept. of Clinical Psychology
Welcome to the first edition of Kallol/कल्लोल, our new quarterly e-magazine, designed especially for the students, by the students, and of the students of AYJNISHD (D). I would like to thank our Director, Dr. A. K. Sinha to have come up with such a brilliant idea, giving us a platform to showcase our creativity. This magazine, being the first of its kind in the short history of the institute, commemorates 35 glorious years of service to mankind.

It was a pleasure to have worked on this edition. Here you will find works of highly talented and innovative individuals. The articles, stories, anecdotes, poems, and art in this edition showcase the nature of human identity as a whole. Whether it be the nostalgia for childhood, travels and explorations undertaken, or self-discovery of the talents hidden in each one of us.

The more multilayered identities are projected through this edition, the more I realized how similar we as humans are. Having edited this magazine opened me up to new experiences and helped me conclude that in the end we all are just different sides of the same coin.

I hope that with every issue we carve out an online space where the future students can tell their stories, get inspired, raise awareness, and find opportunities to better themselves and their others. I believe that there is something for everyone in this issue and hope you enjoy the read!

Happy reading!!

Yours humbly,
Editor in Chief,
Anushree Goyal,
M.ED. Spl. Ed. (HI), 2nd year.
Reach me at ayjnishd.magazine@gmail.com

If you want to go fast, walk alone; if you want to go far, walk together.

African proverb
From the Director’s Desk

Dear Students,

I am proud to say that AYJNISHD (D) has successfully completed 35 rewarding years of service on 9th August 2018. Over these years, the Institute has pioneered in establishing best practices in re/habitation and has taken a leading role in conceptualising and implementing various schemes and programmes of Department of Empowerment of Persons with Disabilities, Ministry of Social Justice and Empowerment, Government of India. It has enriched the lives of various Individuals with Speech, Hearing, and Language Disabilities across all age groups at pan India level. As an integral part of Human Resource Development, the Institute has been playing a prominent role in moulding the students to become best rehabilitation professionals at various capacities with its ingenious faculties.

The students enrolled at AYJNISHD (D), from various parts of the country with diverse cultures, are immensely filled with varied talents and skills, which generally get showcased through curricular and co-curricular activities, every year. This year, AYJNISHD (D) has designed a student magazine under the name of ‘Kallol’, an additional platform for students to exhibit their innate, hidden talents. We are delighted to see its first edition this year. The stories, poems, reflections, and experiences shared in this magazine demonstrate the creative expressions of students at Diploma, Bachelor’s, Master’s, and Doctoral levels.

Let me take this opportunity to recognise and congratulate the sterling efforts of all contributors and Ms. Anushree Goyal, the student editor in chief, in particular, for bringing out ‘Kallol’ from conceptualisation to reality in such a short notice. Let us take time to reflect and consider how we might be able to contribute even more to this wonderful magazine.

With warm regards,

DR. A. K. SINHA
DIRECTOR
features

“Writing is the painting of the voice!”
- Voltaire
A Day at the Clinic

Mugdha Arkadi
(SY-BASLP)
Just another day in the Case History section of the institute. Two ladies walked in, one of them in her mid-sixties, and the other one in her late twenties. The younger one handed me the case file and told me that it was her mother who was the patient – having developed some recent hearing difficulties.

A glance at the file told me that the mother’s name was Mrs. Thomas, who had come from Kolkata, all the way to Mumbai. She was clad in a simple, but crisply ironed saree; who now sat before me with a morose expression and downcast eyes.

“Your name, ma’am?”

She did not answer. I repeated myself. Still no answer. She appeared to have heard me, but yet she looked away.

“She hardly talks nowadays,” her daughter told me. “I’ll answer all your questions.” The daughter gave me hers and her mother’s details. All this while, Mrs. Thomas sat as still as a stone, ignoring us both.

“What is the difficulty, exactly?” I asked Mrs. Thomas. But she was lost in her own world.

“My mother complains of fluctuations. She says she can hear clearly at times, but she can’t at other times,” her daughter answered.

“Since when has this been happening?” I tried asking Mrs. Thomas again.

I might as well have been talking to myself, because Mrs. Thomas appeared to be least interested.

“For past three months,” the daughter interjected again.

I started making notes in the file. Mrs. Thomas was now smoothening her saree pleats. She still refused to acknowledge anyone’s presence. The daughter noticed me looking at her mother.

“My mother is not how she used to be earlier. She had a spate of illnesses – it started with tuberculosis, then she underwent extensive chemotherapy, then there was a tumour which had to be removed surgically, and now there is this hearing issue.”
The daughter might as well have been talking about someone else’s mother, since Mrs. Thomas had a completely blank expression on her face.

“Do you have any records of the surgery and the chemotherapy?” I knew Mrs. Thomas would not answer, but one must still keep trying. As expected, the daughter handed me a blue medical file.

“We have kept records of everything. It is all in here, arranged chronologically.” Mrs. Thomas was gazing outside the window by now. I accepted my fate, and started writing in the file.

Some time passed by in silence.

“I like your handwriting.” A soft voice said.

I looked up at the daughter to smile, but to my rather immense surprise, it was not she who had spoken. I looked at Mrs. Thomas in disbelief. She was reading what I had written in her case file. The daughter was equally shocked.

“Thank you,” I smiled at her.

“What is your occupation?” I asked her, hoping to get something more than stony silence at least this time.

“I was a teacher,” she said in her soft voice, looking at me properly for the very first time. I was pleased to note that her voice at least was not without expression.

“How long have you been teaching?” I wanted to get as much information from her as possible, before she decided to relapse into her stony silences.

“Twenty years. Almost. But I do not teach anymore.” She said rather abruptly, and looked away.

“Ever since she started getting sick frequently, she quit teaching. Her chemotherapy made things worse and she stopped going out of the house, altogether. Now she just doesn’t talk to anyone.” Her daughter confided.

But she has to talk, I thought to myself. There must be at least something she relates to.

“Does it get very lonely for you, Mrs. Thomas?”

She looked at me (which was also an improvement) but she stayed quiet.
My question hung in the air, unanswered for what seemed like an eternity. I decided to wait. “Yes, it does.” She answered in a broken tone. The daughter looked at her in confusion. “You don’t talk to anyone, ma. How can you not feel lonely?” she asked. “My colleagues, students, used to come and see me during the first few months. But they stopped coming eventually. I live alone now. No one comes.” Mrs. Thomas spoke in an eerie monotone. “My elder sister is married, and I have to travel because of my work schedule. So she lives alone,” the daughter clarified.

I asked them some routine questions, and filled up the file. But I couldn’t bear to look at Mrs. Thomas’ empty, emotionless face. “Was the chemotherapy difficult?” I asked her quietly. Her eyes filled with tears. “It was very painful. And there was no one with me during that time. There was a time when I used to be surrounded by people in school. And then all this happened...” her voice broke. The daughter looked taken aback. “You never told us what all you were feeling all this time, ma? I used to ask you to socialize, but you never listened to anyone.” “I just decided not to,” said Mrs. Thomas in complete monotone. I knew it was probably none of my business, but I still decided to intervene.

“Your chemotherapy is done now. Maybe you could consider meeting your old friends once...?” I said hesitantly. Mrs. Thomas did not say anything. “Being alone will trouble you more than falling ill, ma,” the daughter pointed out. “How old are you?” Mrs. Thomas asked me suddenly. “I’m nineteen.” “You remind me of my students. Even they used to talk to me, just like you did,” she said. I smiled.
“Have you ever been to Kolkata?” she asked again.
“Yes. Once.”
“If you ever come there again, do come and meet me,” Mrs. Thomas smiled at me for the very first time.
“I will.”
They collected their file, and left. The daughter came back in two minutes.
“My mother talked to someone today after a very long time. It was very wonderful listening to her speak again, finally. I never realized how lonely she. But now, I’ll make sure she doesn’t stay anymore.”

I don’t know if a sixty six year old lady would decide to pay heed to a nineteen year old girl. I don’t know if she would decide to step out of the house and give herself another chance. I don’t know if she would take the past years as a bad phase and move on with her life.
Every patient who comes into the clinics brings a new story to the table. We get to hear a part of those stories, but we never know how they would have concluded. We do wonder about them sometimes, but we know that we cannot go back to them.

All I learnt that day is that a little empathy, a little compassion, can take us all a very long way.
I am MUMBAI, MUMBAI teri jaan!!!

Like the time, my name has also changed over the years. I was Bombay then, am Mumbai now. I have been called the “city of dreams” and the “city that never sleeps”. I am here to tell you what happens to me every day. I see people enjoying cutting-chai with their friends after a long day at work; I witness all the people who are up early for work and have their pav; burun-maska-chai at a small shack before they leave for work. I have seen people here helping each other despite the differences and prejudices. It is mesmerizing to see that even though they help everyone, I never stop for anyone, and everyone just sort of moves along with my pace.

Here, nobody turns around to see what you’re wearing or notice where you’re from. You just need to know that I will always be a place where you can belong.

I have seen both good and bad days. I have seen the crowd roar whilst watching cricket matches and I’ve seen it struggling in the heavy rains. Like the time, I too don’t stop for anyone, ever.

I often see people sleeping on the roads, homeless, under my shelter. I have seen a lot of tragedies but I’m still proud of who I am. I have places that can be breathtaking and filled with hustle and bustle at the same time.

They say that the crowd makes me hefty, but it also makes me beautiful. My trains are cancelled and often late, yet somehow everyone reaches on time. I have witnessed so many untold stories, so many lives changing in such little time. I have learned to move along with the time, for where once there were jungles, there are many homes now. It makes me happy to see people living here with the pride of being a Mumbaikar and sad for those who never got to enjoy all that I have to offer.

So, let me tell you this, I may be heaven for some and hell for few,
But if you’re having a bad day you can come, sit at my Marine Drive and enjoy the view.
Jhakkas!
SHE...
From her ardent lover

Anushka Kulkarni
SY-BASLP
I spent many sleepless nights because of her. She was the only reason why I wasn’t able to sleep anymore. Because of her absence, I had developed huge, perfect dark circles. Reason being, she wasn’t there. Plain and simple. It was my fault, actually, I loved her a tad bit too much, you see. She would appear in front of me during our lecture time, and my eyes would go berserk. The moment I would see her, I would lose myself in her depths. I left all the worldly pleasures for her sake.

Every single one of them told me, that they have been through all this and that I shouldn’t waste my time and future for her. But I didn’t listen to anyone. I did what I wanted.

Examinations were approaching and suddenly the daze, which I was in, broke. Before I could even think of leaving her, she left me! This being and eye-opener, I realized that I should have listened to others, when I still had time.

Guys, I am warning you now, she won’t leave a single stone unturned to destroy you. I hope you will heed my advice and not get lured by her sweet whispers.

Oh by the way, I didn’t tell you who she is, right? Well, she’s my Beauty-Sleep!
And I chose to stay...

Ariba Mavji
B.Ed. Spl. Ed. (HI), 2nd year
"Oh my god! Would you just give me some space to move? Run! Run as if your life depends on it! Come on we have to get on this train!"

I stand at a distance watching the crowd. I sighed as I thought that it was a bad idea to shift to Mumbai for my studies. Frustrated and cursing myself, I finally found my way to the exit and hailed a cab to go to Bandra. Almost on the verge of crying, I couldn’t help but call my friend, a Mumbaikar. He answered and I told him all that had transpired as soon as I stepped in his city. I yelled at him and told him that it was a stupid idea for me to have come here.

In the most calming voice he asked me to get in the cab. Take a seat. Drink some water. Once I had slightly relaxed, he asked me, "What was the first thing that you noticed after reaching Mumbai?"


On hearing this he interrupted and said "I know what you have gone through is all a sad reality of Mumbai, but I am sure that you must have heard so much about this place, after all this is the city that never sleeps. It is here that you can have anything and everything at your disposal. If you're in doubt you can turn around and take help from the person standing next to you and you would never feel lost in this city. The auto drivers can be pretty harsh sometimes, but sometimes they just might strike a conversation with you and ask "Madam! What's the news today? What is happening in Mumbai?" I have personally witnessed that no matter where you are lost, you can ask for directions and reach your destination on time. You being a lover of books and coffee, my city also has its myriad ancient and beautiful book stores and cafés to offer. Most of these have now become heritage sites for Mumbai.”

I intervened, “I still feel it was a horrible idea to have come here, and don’t you dare persuade me otherwise.”
He laughed. For he knew that he will not only convince me but also help me finish this tedious journey to Bandra, despite the journey being the most dreadful journey I have ever had to undertake.

He continued, “Mumbai has been changing with time. Trust me on this, it has the most beautiful streets and it is worth getting lost in them. I know you will love every ounce of it and most importantly getting lost here to be found again and again.

There are so many old theatres we can go together. The ones I will take you to are Metro, Eros, and Regal cinemas which have become the city’s essence ever since they came up…”

My spirits were finally getting lifted.

He went on, “…and guess what? I can keep going on and on about the weather. You will fall in love with this city and the rains and the breezes at the seaside. You will be left spellbound and mesmerized. You will also see that on the roads there will be people, our age, getting into hilarious scuffle with the police men. Here people can be busy but they never forget to live. At weekends we can go shopping at Linking Road or Colaba Causeway. You know that the Taj Mahal Palace has been captivating souls since 1903? We can go there and just around the corner watch sunsets at Marine Drive.

You'll soon fall in love with the city, just as everyone does. I will take you to beaches, and help you enjoy yourself in times you feel gloomy and homesick! You have to give this place a chance. Like everyone else it will change you as well, for the better. So will you give it a shot?"

I heard it all. Took it in. Thought to myself, “Hell yeah, why not! How could I say no to that?”

The cab halted. Wow, so he actually tricked me with his bewitching words and convinced me to give Mumbai a try!

...And I chose to stay.
Reality Check in Life of a Reader

Anushree Goyal
M.Ed. Spl. Ed. (HI), 2nd year
I have always been a reader, an avid reader, a voracious reader. Reading would be the only thing I would be doing, at any point of time, in a day. First thing in the morning - reading; at breakfast table - reading; on the way to school - reading; even during the classes - READING! Considering myself to be superior to my classmates, I would make it a point that they always find me “reading”. I took the definition of the word *bookworm* to whole new levels. I used to be really proud, too, of the fact that not only do I read “more” than my peers would ever do in their entire life but also because I could read much “faster” than them. At that time, I was awfully immature and even timed my speed of reading - “only” 57-60 seconds per page, of a pocket size book, and I would be done with “reading”, in 2 to 3 hours maximum!

Despite having my nose in my books, I was always praised for my highly active participation in class discussions on literature, writers, genres, books, and so on. Despite being immature, I was encouraged by my mentors to continue reading and devouring the books. Nobody bothered to speculate whether “my method” of reading was appropriate or not. No one came forth to guide me and tell me that reading is much more than just “reading” the text. I wish someone would have told me that reading, indeed, is a very complex activity, involving theories, criticism, reading between the lines, and getting into the shoes of the writer. I agree that no method can be called the best or the most correct when it comes to “reading”, but, I refuse to accept that “my” method was one of the correct methods, instead, I would say my method was nowhere even close being “correct”.

I was the kind of a reclusive reader who read for the sake of reading or the one who only read in order to make him/herself stand out in the crowd (sometimes); I was a reader who simply took in what the writers had to say, without judging, analysing or scrutinising their ideas, opinions, and experiences, dealt with, in their pieces of writing. I *used to be a reader who would read a book without actually living it.*
The narration would move forward, I would remain stagnant; the characters would grow old and mature, whereas, I would remain unchanged, unaffected, and still immature.

Then came a day when I entered my University. I met people who knew much more than I did. I had already made it clear to everyone, from the first day itself, that I love reading and devouring books, and that I was, in effect, an avid reader.

In this way I unintentionally invited people to “discuss” with me the common books we would have read. Furthermore, I was asked to join the University’s book club. And, who would want to miss a chance of boasting about her knowledge? I would not, hence I agreed.

I went, I saw, and I succumbed (to my immaturity).

Very painfully I was made to realise how flawed my habit of reading had been. My utopian bubble was shattered. Having always believed that reading was the only thing I was good at, the knock on my door from the world of reality was too much for me to bear. Then followed a series of emotional eruptions combined with, what seemed to me then, an everlasting, unending feeling of helplessness. I felt like an alien in my own body. Melodramatic, yes, but who can defy that “my world had actually come crumbling down, at my feet!” what other way was I to react? I was disheartened and disappointed.

I did not give up on my hobby though. Instead, I decided to observe and learn from others, the people in my book club. I observed people following different methods of reading. For there were people who read all works of a writer in one go, and then later, analysed the writer’s growth, in terms of her literary expertise. Also, there were those who read books based on genres; they read books from one particular genre at a time, and once satisfied they moved onto others. There were readers who preferred discussing whatever they had read with others, before moving onto the next piece.
Personally, considering myself to be a mature reader now, I follow a much detailed method of reading. I have given up “devouring” the books and have started appreciating them. At present, “finishing” a novel is no more a concern to me, living it and feeling the narration has become more important.

I consider the day I came to my University, as the day I was reborn as a reader. Therefore, still an infant in the world of readers, I have not been able to decide on what is my genre préféré. I read all the writers, genres, eras, and types of literature available at hand, be they in Hindi, English, or French. Now-a-days, I give myself ample time while reading a novel or a book. The book comes out alive as I now start forming an association with the characters. These characters become a part of my mental space and they occupy my stream of thought even after the last leaf is turned. Owing to the bond that I have involuntarily formed with my books now, I have become a collector of books and a true bibliophile. I, for my personal solace, have redefined the act of reading - I live by it!
ONE WORD AT A TIME.

Anvitaa Marfatia
SY-MASLP

https://thespeechlabblog.wordpress.com/2016/08/10/first-blog-post/
Everyone strives for perfection. What does one do when there is a need to take a few extra steps to achieve the goal? We live in a society where having any kind of difficulty is, till date, taken as a burden by the parents and care-takers. From not being able to tie shoe-laces, to facing difficulties in communication, several assumptions like, the child will learn everything by him/herself or will talk eventually, are made. Parents often pressurize the child to excel when they know that s/he may not be able to live up to their expectations, as they are worried about how the society may react to it and take it as a problem in their family genome. The child may not even have any difficulty; it is not being talked to as a child and left by him/herself that may lead to late development of speech and language.

Children, adults, and elderly sometimes have trouble in accepting the hearing problems and difficulties that they face. They're scared to go and ask for help. A person may start sounding hoarse, start coughing whenever s/he swallows food or liquids, and ignore the same, thinking that it is no big deal. People think if a problem does not physically appear, it is not a problem and hence do not go for medical consultation. Some may even get scared of the commitment that is required.

This is where one needs an Audiologist and Speech-Language Pathologist (ASLP). So who is an ASLP? Many individuals would answer, “Arey jo gunga behera hota hai na, unka doctor”, the doctor of the deaf and mute, or “the one who sells hearing aids”. Probably some people would answer, “Arey woh jo hakla ke bolta hai, bacho ke liye”, one who stutters for children.

Is this the only job of an ASLP? No, this is neither a misnomer nor completely correct. It is the incomplete information that many people possess. An ASLP not only diagnoses and provides therapy required but also plays an important role in terms of preventing Speech, Language, Hearing, and Swallowing disorders, and educating people about these.
So, what population does an ASLP deal with and what are these Speech, Language, Hearing, and Swallowing disorders?

In terms of population, the ASLP deals with people, right from the newborns to infants, school-going children, adolescents, adults, and the elderly. Quite a huge population, isn't it? In terms of disorders the ASLP professional provides diagnosis and therapy for the following:

- Identification of hearing loss and providing appropriate management for improved hearing.
- Detection of hearing loss in newborns i.e. screening.
- Integrating listening skills in infants and children who have been fitted with an appropriate hearing aid, facilitating aural-oral speech (listen and speak).
- To reinstate hearing and listening skills for children and adults who have acquired a hearing loss.
- Identification and diagnosis of Delayed Speech and Language Development, Articulation Disorders, Voice Disorders, Fluency Disorders (Stuttering and Cluttering), Pragmatic Language Disorders, Speech and Language Disorders as a result of brain damage, Swallowing Disorders, etc.

Unlike in the idiom, *Ignorance* is not always bliss, therefore, a sign or symptom instigating the probability of a plausible difficulty in speaking, using language, hearing and/or swallowing should brought to notice immediately.

We wouldn’t label the person as someone who has a disease, probably as someone who has a difficulty; a difficulty which one can over-come or effectively minimize. A professional dealing with aforementioned disorders is not a teacher, but someone who helps someone communicate better.

Yehuda Berg had rightly said, "Words are singularly the most powerful force available to humanity. We can use to choose this force constructively with words of encouragement, or destructively using words of despair. Words have energy and power with the ability to help, to heal, to hinder, to hurt, to harm, to humiliate and to humble."
1. The smallest bone in the human body is Stapes (bone of inner ear).

2. An average adult swallows 900 times a day.

3. Use of Mobile phones 2-3 hours a day may increase the risk for hearing loss by 26.6%.

4. It involves about 26 Muscles to work together for the act of swallowing.

About the magazine

The word कल्लोल/ kallol has different meanings in different Indian languages. The meaning that stands out here is “the sound of flowing water, when it journeys from the mountains to the rivers.”

In first glance, the name may not seem relevant to us as students, but this word will inspire us to keep moving forward despite the challenges, and to spread joy and happiness to ones who’re deprived of it.

By Anushree Goyal, Editor in Chief
The Resultophobia

Abhishek Roy
SY-BASLP
Well you have read the title *Resultophobia*. I don’t even know whether this word exists or not but I am sure it’s not difficult to deduce the meaning. So, this phobia is experienced all over the world, not just in our AYJNIHD (D). For others there are seasons like summer, winter, spring, etc. but for us students there are two additional seasons, the season of exams and the season of results. The former has the potential to turn a party animal into a bookworm and a deserted hostel room into a crowded one. The latter is even dreadful. Unlike the previous one, it does not turn people into bookworms, but makes gloomy blokes of even the happiest chaps.

It was the month of July, most of us were spending quality time with our families, exams were over, and days were calm. Days and weeks went by. With earth’s rotation and revolution the seasons also changed and there came the season of results.

Most of the hostel rooms were uninhabited, for majority of us were home. With time some students decided to come back to the hostel, for reasons best known to them. It could be because of boredom that they chose to come to campus this early, for truly speaking even I get bored when at home. With hostel rooms getting occupied again, life and commotion came back to the boys’ hostel. Despite this, the hostel walls kept asking for nerd who kept beating them with his tennis balls, the washing machine wouldn't dance anymore because it was denied its basic need for detergent, water, and clothes; it was in a dilemma whether to fight to survive or succumb to death, and the TV missed the fights over its remote-control.

Then came that deadly “end of the July”. Every student was leading a fearful life, like that of a fugitive. Whenever someone would talk about the results, we would get into a panic attack, like the fugitive who learns that he is going to get caught soon. The results had become “men in khakis” for us. We were at high risk of becoming victims of the famous “results are out” prank. Every now and then someone in the hostel would wake the others up by shouting, ‘*bhai result aa gaya*’, in the corridors.
We would all wake up with a jerk and start checking the website, like a patient in the ICU searching for his oxygen mask, anxiously. Relief would only come when we would find out that it was yet again just a prank.

Simple harmless questions like, “what is the college code?” had the capacity to create a ruckus over the class’ WhatsApp group. It is questions like this which are powerful enough to take away the sleep of even the sincerest of always-found-sleeping-students. It is questions like this which can awaken anyone from state of eternal sleep.

Days full of anticipation and anxiety and fear were passing by, with the speed of a snail, when one day, without any prior notice, suddenly, the result for Masters’ got declared. Brawls and hullabaloo echoed throughout the hostel. Even with the irritatingly slow speed of the internet some students managed to see the results for themselves and others. The time stood still. Breaths stopped. Hearts skipped a beat. And within a couple of minutes all was over. Those who passed were dancing as if all hell had been let loose and those who didn't were being sympathized by those who were still awaiting their results.

Somehow all got back to normal, as night befell. Everyone sat together and party began. Democracy was redefined; each was given an opportunity to praise and to condemn the system, the examination paper, the examiners, etc. Some students consoled their own selves by chanting that “results are for materialistic people and we are ethereal beings”, all night long.

All accepted their fate and their inner philosophers came out in full glory. Some got hopes to try better next time, others promised to keep the scores high. Some cried, and thought of renouncing the worldly pleasures, others lost their appetite. Some excitedly told the world of their success, others shivered to disclose the news at home. The room was filled with myriad emotions and spirits, but there was one thing that held us together, the thought that party must go on, and so it went on.
Story of a Deaf Girl

Rosina Situng
B.Ed. Spl. Ed. (HI), II year

PS: unedited version of “Story of a Deaf Girl”
Human beings have 5 senses. They are touch, smell, taste, sight and hearing. Adding of these 5 senses is one more sense that is common sense. Among the above senses I have lost one but it does matter. How I have lived and going to live in the future?

To live my life to the full, I have made use this rare opportunity to study B.Ed. in Special Education, for Children with Hearing Impairment.

The reason behind is to gain knowledge that I may share it with other friends who are like me. To stand on my own feet and not always depending on others. Bring awareness that girl child can't hear or speak can be educated as they have the ability to learn and live their own dream and aspiration.

Therefore, I say wake up my brother and sister, life is much more to live and to be grateful. Caste away fears of that feeling, I cannot hear and speak because you and me we are blessed with many things which can make our lives beautiful.

Losing the sense of hearing is not the end of everything. This has made me to face challenges of life. Life is beautiful let us live with hope and dignity.

In words of Rumi-

"The soul has been given its own ears to hear things the mind does not understand."
Hey cricket fanatics. Ever thought that writing an exam and its aftermath is actually like playing a cricket match?

Batsman = Student
Bowler = Paper Setter
Umpire = MUHS
Match = Examination
Spectators = Parents, Relatives (Known, Unknown, and Every Other God Forsaken Relative)
Score = Mark-sheet
Six = Distinction
Four = First Class
Helmet = 10 and above marks in IA
Yorker = Compulsory Question
Googly = Change in Examination Pattern
Bouncer = Questions from the “Untouched Topic”
Third Umpire = Grace Marks
Run Out = 34/100
L.B.W. = The Legendary Cheating Methods (Chhapna)
Clean Bowled = Fail
No Ball = Passed in Re-evaluation
"painting is silent poetry, poetry is painting that speaks"
- Plutarch
Autism is a spectrum. A spectrum of Hopes, Dreams, Abilities, Feelings, Desires, Thoughts, and Possibilities.

-Yasha Chheda
TY-BASLP

The kid with Autism was no longer a fear, All kids together shared a smile and a tear. Cuddled up together, the kids embrace, World in 2030 will surely be a better place.

-Yasha Chheda
TY-BASLP
आदेश के कलयुगी दोहे

उँचे कुल का छोकरा, करनी उँच न होए।
परीक्षा में नकल करे, फिर भी पास न होए॥

बड़ा हुआ सो क्या हुआ, जैसे बिजली का ख़म्बा।
बिजली आधे दिन रहे, फिर भी बिल है लम्बा॥

ऐसी वाणी बोलिये सबसे झगड़ा होए।
उससे झगड़ा न करे जो आप से तगड़ा होए॥

काल पढ़े सो आज पढ़, आज पढ़े सो अब।
फीस डबल होने लगी, फिर पढ़ेगा कब॥

पोथी पढ़-पढ़ थक गया, मार्क्स मिले न कोए।
ढाई पट्टा नकल का, साथ रखे भलि होए॥

आदेश गुर्जर
B.Ed. Spl. Ed. (HI), 1st year
भारत इण्डिया हो गया

अंग्रेज चले गए, अंग्रेजी को भुलाया नहीं गया।
न जाने भारतवासियों को यह आज क्या हो गया।

माता-पिता आज जाने कहाँ खो गए?
उनकी जगह तो आज मॉम-डैड हो गए।
चाचा-चाची, बुआ-फुफा सब बैन हो गए
आज कल तो सारे, अंकल-आंटी के फैन हो गए।
भारत में मित्र नहीं, फ्रेंड हो गए।
चिट्ठियाँ नहीं, अब ई-मेल सेंड हो गए।
माता जी को प्रणाम हैलो मदर हो गया।
छोटा-बड़ा भाई भी हैलो ब्रदर हो गया।
अब तो अखबार भी एंटरटेनिंग मीडिया हो गया।
सच कहते हैं यारों
आज अपना भारत भी इण्डिया हो गया।

नितिन गुर्जर
B.Ed. Spl. Ed. (HI), 1st year
MY BEST FRIEND

Finally I found a friend
Who knew everything I felt.
She knew my every weakness,
And the problems that I have dealt.
She understood my wonders,
And listened to my dreams.
She learnt how I felt about life and love,
And knew what it all meant.
Not once did she interrupt me,
Or tell me I was wrong.
She understood what I was going through,
And promised she would stay along.
I reached out to this friend,
To show her that I care.
To pull her close and let her know,
How much I needed her there.
I went to hold her hand,
To pull her a bit nearer.
And realized that this best friend,
That I had found...
Was nothing but my mirror.

Anushka Kulkarni
SY-BASLP
जीवन का सार

वो ज़िदंगी, ज़िदंगी ही क्या, जिसमें कोई आब न हो।
वो महफिल, महफिल ही क्या, जिसमें एहबाब न हो।
वो आँखें, आँखें ही क्या, जिनमें कोई ख़्वाब न हो।
वो शोर, शोर ही क्या, जिसमें इंकलाब न हो।
वो शिक्षा, शिक्षा ही क्या, जिसमें कोई ज्ञान न हो।
वो जीवन, जीवन ही क्या, जिसमें कोई सम्मान न हो।
वो इंसान, इंसान ही क्या, जिसकी अपनी पहचान न हो।
वो दिल, दिल ही क्या, जिसमें कोई अरमान न हो।
वो लफ़ज़, लफ़ज़ ही क्या, जिसके क़द्रान न हो।
वो देश, देश ही क्या, जिसमें सब समान न हो।

नितिन गुर्जर
B.Ed. Spl. Ed. (HI) 1st year
To a Listener

I say a thousand words
That no one hears
My thoughts I have to share
But no one really cares
Listen, I plead
They stop, a few
I heard none, said one
Fault of yours he says
For the language you speak is not for me
I smile and say
Listen carefully sir,
For you are the one who can “hear”

Anushree Harihar
BASLP Intern
मैं महसूस करता हूँ।

मैं महसूस करता हूँ, अपने उस बचपन को, जिसे समय ने मुझे छीन लिया, उन बालों को जो माँ मुझे स्कूल जाने के लिए दिये थे। पापा के दिन से उस 1 रुपये की अमीरी को, जब उन पैसों के सारे खुशियां खरीद लेते थे। मैं महसूस करता हूँ, हाँ मैं महसूस करता हूँ।

मैं महसूस करता हूँ।

उन लोगों को, उन रिश्तों को जो झुकते ही हमें छोड़ गए, उनकी बातों को जो मामूली मुकाम पे मुलाकात हो जाये| हाँ, मैं उनको खोजता हूँ।

मैं महसूस करता हूँ।

किसी अमीरी को, जब उन पैसों से सारी खुफियों खूँ लेते थे। मैं महसूस करता हूँ, हाँ मैं महसूस करता हूँ।

मैं महसूस करता हूँ।

अपने बड़े भाई के उस प्यार को, जो मेरी आँखों में घूमती थी। मैं महसूस करता हूँ, हाँ, मैं महसूस करता हूँ।

अम्बुज कुशवाहा
M.Ed. Spl. Ed. (HI), 1st year
Clouds

The clouds tell a story,
The mouth does not, a word,
As, to the real world, it may seem a little absurd,
So you carry it in your heart,
Just like the wish of the eleventh hour.
The whites of the skies move,
Painting stories on a blue canvas,
Amidst your life's chaos,
You look up, to find solace,
And right there,
You find your escape from reality.
You smile looking at the flying turtle hustle,
Gun-fires leading to blossoms,
A kunoichi [1] leading the ninjas,
People travelling on racing brooms,
A big wall soaking up the unjust fumes,
And just then, the white clouds float away
To continue their voyage,
In the waterless blue,
Maybe they have someone else's thoughts to paint too.

-Saranaz Shaikh
SY-BASLP

[1] A female ninja
Journey

We talk of the journey, but never about the moments earned,
What is the use of a travel when nothing really is learnt?
Life can be frustrating but is often unpredictably wonderful,
The gift of music and dance and poetry make it worth a while and colourful!
It is funny how life’s lessons come disguised and often invisible,
The challenges we take leave us tired, broken, and awfully feeble.
We get lost, we tumble, we get drunken by little joys and some fun,
We get back to our feet as this journey, we know, has just begun!
The unknown is frightening and the silence, indeed, is deafening,
But our hearts will help us choose the path on our eventual crossing.
I invite you all to join me, to rejoice, to dance, and to sing profoundly,
The journey calls, the destination awaits, friendship calls out to us, loudly.
Fly high with the wings of Thought and the wisdom of yester years,
The end will be overwhelming and you too might drop a tear,
Rejoice in the rain and the seasons to come, conquer the sorrows,
We are here together on this journey for many more tomorrows. 😊

Anushree Goyal
Absolute and total reverence of the sunset,
The amber rays played hide and seek with the blue hues of the sky.
She watched with awe as it unfolded;
As the bursts of gold melted on saffron,
A tinge of lavender,
As it formed an illusionary messed up art of Van Gogh.
She loved the sunsets.
For they were not perfect, but messy,
Just like the moments of her life,
Just like her mind.
Sunsets invoked in her,
The will to accept a fate,
She had no control over.
And find a way to see the beauty once more.
They reminded her of a new and stronger beginning.
The dusk, so mesmerizing, making her feel
The essence of who she is,
Who she had always been.

Her heart smiled through her eyes,
Blessed to witness the last light of the day.
She saw the rebellious sparks,
As they burned the sky into ashes of twilight.
Sunsets made her realize that sadness is real; but so is courage.

-Shivani Prabhu
SY-BASLP
Generation Next

21st Century की generation
Nursery से ही शुरू हो जाती education
Do it, feel it, know it better,
While doing बन जाते हैं creator
1st to 8th only grading
9th and 10th mind बनता है calculating
Because of Continuous Comprehensive Evaluation
Students and parents are free of tension
Oral, written, practical, open-book
Class work बन जाता है अच्छा सा project work
Students’, parents’, teachers’ का involvement
साल भर चलता है students’ का assessment
Teachers बन जाते हैं good observers
और students बनते हैं future presenters
Continuous Comprehensive Evaluation का effect
Skill based performance से over all development.

Smt. Poonam Sawant
Ph.D. Scholar
दिव्यांगता

कुदरत की यह देन,
इसे मैं वरदान मानता हूँ।
ज़िन्दगी की इस सुबह को,
माँ बाप का एहसान मानता हूँ।

दी जिसने भी मुझे हिम्मत, कुछ कर गुज़रने की हिम्मत,
रब से उनके चहरों पर मुस्कान मांगता हूँ।

कहते थे जो, मैं कुछ कर नहीं सकता,
उस मानसिकता को एक विकार मानता हूँ।

है इतनी हिम्मत की पत्थर को भी पानी बना दूँ,
अपने इस जज़े को स्वाभिमान मानता हूँ।

किया जिसने भी दिव्यांग शब्द का सृजन,
मैं ऐसी सोच को महान मानता हूँ।

पवन कुमार मिश्र
M.Ed. Spl. Ed. (HI), 1st year
Happy Women’s Life

“Who is a woman?” they ask. A woman is a beautiful soul who carries light in her smile and love in her bones. “Why does a woman need to study?” they question. Because woman’s ardour combined with knowledge can end all the world’s deepest sorrows. “How dare women protest?” they growl in insurgence. Because someone has to! And if not women then who will? For the fire beneath this calm demeanor can change the world for the better. “Why would women dream?” they canvas. Because however broken a woman is; her dreams have the power to turn a barren land into a field of flowers.

Women are extraordinary, resilient, brave, and much more than that. 

*Happy Women’s Day Life.*

Shivani Prabhu
SY-BASLP
पिता

वो लम्हा, जब हमें पापा की याद आए,
वो पल, जब पापा हँस के डांट लगाएँ,
वो वक़्त, जब आँखों से ही हमारी बात समझ जाएँ,
वो क्षण, जब पापा के लिए ज़रा भी बुरा न सुन पाएँ,
वो एहसास, जब खुद भूखा रह के, हमें खाना खिलाएँ,
वो सीख, जो सही गलत में भेद कराए,
वो प्यार, जो हर हालात में जीने का सलीका सिखाएँ,
वो कुर्बत, जब उनसे दूर एक पल भी न रह पाएँ,
वो मुस्कान उनकी, जिससे सारी ख्वाहिशें पूरी हो जाएँ,

वो हैं पापा, मेरे पापा।

चन्द्र शेखर गौतम
DISLIC
2017-18
मन की बात

लोग कहते हैं ये काला वो गोरा, ये कैसा मन का भेद है?
दुनिया में रंग हजारों फिर ये कैसा रंग का मतभेद है?
ये कैसा रंग का मतभेद है?
बन संवर जब निकली घर से, हजारों आँखों ने घेर लिया, गलती ना थी मेरी कुछ भी, फिर भी दुष्पट्टा सर पे फेर लिया, दुष्पट्टा सर पे फेर लिया।
अहंकार, ईर्ष्या, और गुस्सा क्यूँ तेरे मन में विद्यमान हैं?
उसकी बनाई है रचना तू भी फिर कहाँ तू हैरान है?
कहाँ तू हैरान है?
है दुनिया के रंगों से वाक़िफ़ ने दुनिया खुशियों का जहाँ है|
तू लेकर संग चल सभी को, तेरा रब पे एहसान है, तेरा रब पे एहसान है|
रख ज़रा सी दिल में हिम्मत, मन में तेरे भगवान है।
ज़हन में तेरे भगवान है।

सुचि रणा
B.Ed. Spl. Ed. (HI), 2nd year
मौसम की पहली बारिश

मौसम की पहली बारिश छू जाती है मेरे तन बदन को,
तन्हा, सिर्फ़ तन्हा, केवल तन्हा कर जाती है,
मौसम की पहली बारिश।
आशा का बीज बो जाती है, कि फिर लौट कर आएगी,
युं इतराती, इठलाती, और मुँह मोड़ती,
ये है मौसम की पहली बारिश।
गलियां चीरां, घर गलियां, सभी चहल उठे हैं,
जहाँ आज से पहले सिर्फ़ हवाओं
की सरसराहट थी,
आज वहाँ पानी की किलकारी
सुनाई देती है,
कुछ तो बताती है मौसम की पहली बारिश।
बच्चों का झट से छत पर चले जाना,
पानी मे छम-छम कर कूद जाना,
बचपन याद दिला देती है,
मौसम की पहली बारिश।
हल्हा कर गलियों में इधर से उधर
घूमना,
दोस्तों को घर से बुलाकर अपनी
टोली में शामिल करना,
फिर छत के झरने में नहाना, सब
याद दिला देती है,
मौसम की पहली बारिश।
टिप-टिप, छम-छम तो कहीं कल-कल,
आवज़ हैं ये पहली बारिश की,
पहचान है ये पहली बारिश कि।
बारिश के जाते ही सब पहले सा हो जाना,
मक्खी का भिनभिनाना, गंदगी का
चारों और फैल जाना,
घर के मालिक का कर्मचारी बन जाना,
करवा देती है ये सब, मौसम की
पहली बारिश।
सुखुन मिलता, राहत मिलती है
हमको,
कुछ पल के लिए सही, सौहांत
मिलती है हमको,
एहसास करा देती है ये सब, मौसम
की पहली,
मौसम की पहली बारिश।

चन्द्र शेखर गौतम
DISLIC
2017-18
“art washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life”

- Picasso
Pencil on paper sketches of Che Guevara and Damien Rice by Lisa Pulikunnel, TY-BASLP.
Size, A4.
Original acrylic on canvas paintings by Anushree Goyal, M.Ed. Spl. Ed. (HI), 2nd year. Undersigned ‘श्र’. Painting 2 is inspired by works of Prof. S.H. Raza. Painting 3 is made using palette knife technique. Dimensions of these paintings fall within 10”-16” range.
1. Pencil on paper sketch by Ariba Mavji, B.Ed. Spl. Ed. (HI), 2nd year

2, 3. Pencil on paper sketches by Kushali Shah, SY-BASLP
Water-colour art by Muskan Katheria, SY-BASLP
Water-colour painting by Namita Chavan, B.Ed. Spl. Ed. (HI), 2nd year

Water-colour painting by Suchi Rana, B.Ed. Spl. Ed. (HI), 2nd year

Crayon drawing by Bandana Samantara, B.Ed. Spl. Ed. (HI), 2nd year
Drawings by Yashvi Shah, SY-BASLP
KEEP CALM AND CROSS-WORD ON
Know Your Ear

Across
4 Hearing loss with aging
5 Eustachian tube
6 Ear-drum
8 Hatred of sound
9 Mazes with single path
10 Noise exposure measurement meter

Down
1 Vestibular sensory organ
2 Hammer shaped
3 Endolymphatic hydrops
4 Improved hearing in noise
7 Financial assistance scheme
Know the CONTRIBUTORS