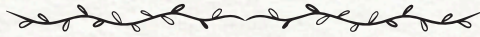


SVKM's Pravara Gandhi College of Law



**L'avocat's**

*Bimonthly, Multilingual Literary Magazine*



**MARCH-APRIL 2025**





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## EDITORS

**Faculty In-charge**  
*Ms. Vidya Tewani and Mr. Aaditya Jadhav*

**Student Editor**  
*Ms. Shravya Dhulla*





## Principal's Message

Dear Readers,

I am pleased to present L'avocat's first Bimonthly, Multilingual Literary Magazine.

This magazine inscribes L'avocat's metamorphosis into a core literary magazine. L'avocat - the Literary Society - was founded in 2007. It has been nearly two decades of the Society's marvellous journey, having on-board, from yard to yard, literary wizards - folks who find themselves drawn to the magic of poetry and the scent of books. Since its inception, L'avocat has successfully released the Monthly Issues and the Annual Issues, publishing all writings – literary pieces, academic essays, and research articles – providing an all-inclusive platform, nurturing the tradition of reading and writing amongst students.

Today, as L'avocat releases its first Bimonthly, Multilingual Literary Magazine, I am happy that L'avocat veers to a landscape adorned simply with literary creations. Humming the soft tunes of pure literary melody, this train is now bound for sheer poetic wonder. L'avocat will, henceforth, publish bimonthly, multilingual magazines: It will publish the magazine once in two months, featuring literary works in English, Hindi, Marathi, and Gujarati, penned by PGCL students. The annual magazines will present a selection of the best pieces curated from the bimonthly magazines.

The intention is to encourage literary diversity - in language and form. L'avocat believes that creativity is universal and homegrown at the same time; it's not the hallmark of a single script, nor is it wound around customary meters and rhyme schemes. In a culturally diverse, language-rich society, a literary magazine must encourage and instill wholesome love for literature.

The magazine has also included a special feature – About Books - The segment will bring to you news about books – bestsellers, award-winners, world classics, some unheard, hidden gems, and more. The magazine aims to nurture creative writing, promote literary variety, and provide a sanctuary for storytelling in all its forms—poetry, prose, letters, and memoirs, or something entirely undefinable. May you lose yourself in its pages, find yourselves in its stories, and feel inspired to write your own. Dive in, explore, and be moved.

Dr. Navasikha Duara  
Associate Professor,  
I/c Principal



# Unheard Echoes: Karna's Letter to Kunti

**Gauri Yadav**

Second Year, B. A. LL.B

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## **Prelude:**

Karna is one of the central protagonists of the great Hindu epic, The Mahabharat. Karna is a heartrending figure defined by immense bravery and an inescapable destiny. He is the son of Kunti, princess of the Kuntal kingdom, and the Sun God, Surya. Kunti had been granted a divine boon allowing her to bear a child from any god of her choosing. To test the truth of this boon, she invoked Surya—and from this invocation, Karna was born. However, fearing societal scorn and the consequences of bearing a child out of wedlock, Kunti abandoned the newborn, setting him adrift in a basket upon the sacred waters of the Ganges. The basket was discovered by a humble Suta couple, Radha and Adhiratha, who lovingly adopted and raised him as their own.

Karna grew up unaware of his royal lineage, yet his extraordinary skill in archery and noble character sharply contrasted with the obscurity of his birth. Despite his innate talent, he faced constant social rejection due to his low birth, a stigma that haunted him throughout his life.

In Karna's poignant letter to Kunti, he confronts the invisible wounds of abandonment and societal rejection, juxtaposed with his visible achievements as a warrior.



Dear Mother,

I have always been a warrior in front of you. Today, I crave to be your son, burdened with an invisible weight that has crushed my spirit. I have worn the armor of a warrior throughout my life. But no one knows, beneath that lies a painful heart. This letter is my attempt to make you see the unseen Karna, the son you abandoned, who has lived a life searching for his place in the world.

From the moment I was cast into the river, my journey has been a quest for identity. Found and raised by Radha and Adhiratha, I was given an identity of a charioteer's son. However, the question about my origin never ceased to haunt me. Because of my foster parents, I grew up with love and care. Yet, the pain of being left alone, of being unwanted, has haunted me every single day. Every time I was looked down upon, every moment I was humiliated for my low birth, I questioned what I had done to deserve such a fate.

Why Mother? Why did you abandon me? Was I so unworthy of your love that you cast me away?

As I grew older, my abilities in archery became evident. The fire within me burned to prove myself, to rise about the status that society had assigned me. I sought the tutelage of Dronacharya, but he refused to teach based on my perceived low birth. It was a harsh reminder of the rigid social hierarchy. This was my first encounter with the visible barriers that society placed before me, barriers that made my true identity invisible to those around me.

Determined to learn, I found my way to Parshuram. He accepted me as his disciple under the guise of a Brahmin. Under his guidance, I honed my skills and became a formidable warrior. However, the revelation of my true identity as a low birth to Parshuram brought another heartbreak. I was cursed for my deceit. That day, I was left to grapple with the reality that my achievements could be rendered invisible at the most crucial moments due to the societal constructs over which I had no control.



Mother, do you know how it feels to be cursed for something beyond your control? To be judged and condemned for circumstances you never chose?

Meeting Duryodhana, the prince of the Kuru dynasty, was a turning point in my life. His acceptance and friendship gave me a sense of belonging. He made me a king, gave me status, and, most importantly, visibility. For the first time, I felt seen. However, this newfound visibility came with its own set of challenges and moral dilemmas. My loyalty to Duryodhana often placed me at odds with the Pandavas, who, unbeknownst to me, were my brothers. Unaware of my true origins, I devoted myself entirely to Duryodhana. And how could I not? He accepted me when the world rejected me. My loyalty to him became unwavering. In my gratitude and sense of duty, I stood beside him through every challenge. Little did I know that in doing so, I was betraying my brothers, the Pandavas. The invisible bond of brotherhood was unknown to me, and my actions, though driven by loyalty, were ultimately against my blood. This realization fills me with an inescapable sorrow, knowing that my ignorance led to conflicts and betrayals that could have been avoided had I known the truth.

Do you know how it feels now, knowing that I humiliated my sister-in-law, Draupadi, during her public disrobing? Unknowingly, I committed the biggest sin of my life. I actively encouraged and participated in the public disrobing of my sister-in-law. I was so happy when my brothers were deprived of everything through a conspiracy and supported the decision of the thirteen-year exile meted out to my brothers, although they did nothing wrong. But now, I am feeling the weight of guilt crushing over me. The pain of realizing my unwitting participation in all these, especially in Draupadi's humiliation – it all haunts me. My visible actions of loyalty to Duryodhana are now overshadowed by the invisible torment of my mistakes -- a torment that gnaws at my soul every day.

Mother, do you remember the day you revealed the truth of my birth? I don't know how to express how I felt at that moment. It felt like my whole life was a curse. Somehow, it brought a sense of relief to know the truth, but it was more of an invisible conflict. Your request to join the Pandavas and abandon Duryodhana in the Kurukshetra war placed me in an impossible position.



How could I betray the one person who had seen me, accepted me, and given me the recognition I had longed for all my life? My life became a struggle between these visible loyalties and my invisible desires. The Kauravas and Pandavas represent the two sides of my identity. The war of Kurukshetra was not just a battle for the throne; it was also the battle between my visible and invisible self. I fought for the truth, but it was more of an invisible conflict. Your request to join the Pandavas and abandon Duryodhana in the Kurukshetra war placed me in an impossible position.

At last, as I lay on the battlefield, wounded and nearing my end, the realization of my invisibility became stark. Despite my prowess and bravery, I remained an outsider, neither wholly accepted by the Kauravas nor the Pandavas. In my final moments, Krishna's revelation to Arjuna about my true identity added another layer to my existence. The world would finally know who I was, but it felt like a hollow victory. The recognition I had sought all my life came too late to alter my fate. The irony of my life was that the truth of my birth, which could have been a source of pride and honor, remained invisible until the very end.

Mother, why did you abandon me to the river's current, leaving me invisible to your love? Was I unworthy of your embrace, deemed too invisible to claim as your son, concealed by the visible norms that kept us apart? If only you had acknowledged me, how differently would my life have unfolded - visible alongside my brothers? Could we have faced the world together - a visible family united? Why did you not see the invisible pain of my struggles, the wounds hidden beneath the surface that shaped every battle I fought? You let the truth unfold when your five sons were in danger; otherwise, you kept me invisible, unseen, and unheard. These questions weigh heavily on my heart as I seek understanding, not pity, in the shadows of our shared past. If only you had been courageous enough to claim me as your son, to defy the norms that kept us apart, perhaps my life would have been different.



I would have grown up knowing my real family. I would have stood beside my brothers instead of against them. The rivalry with Arjun would have been brotherly competition, not enmity. Draupadi would never have faced humiliation at my hands, and the Pandavas would not have suffered my misguided wrath. I would have embraced my rightful place among the Pandavas, avoiding the war that tore us apart. Your courage in keeping me would have spared us all from the visible and invisible wounds that have scarred our lives. I would not have endured the pain of rejection, the stigma of a low birth, and the constant struggle to prove myself. The curse of Parshuram, the refusal of Dronacharya, and the bitter enmity with my blood would have been avoided. My loyalty to Duryodhana, born out of gratitude for his acceptance, would not have conflicted with my duty to my family. Instead of suffering from an invisible burden of abandonment and an unrecognized identity, I would have lived a life of love, respect, and rightful honor. Your single act of abandoning me set in motion events that led to immense suffering, both visible and invisible.

Mother, as I end this letter, my heart is heavy with the words that have remained unsaid for so long. I want you to know, that despite everything, you have always remained in my thoughts and prayers. My love for you remains steadfast and true. Farewell until we meet again, in heart if not in sight.

With longing and love,  
Karna

*\*This is a work of fiction*





# एक मौलिक अशआर

**Anas Dhorajiwala**

Fifth Year, B.A. LL.B

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लौटना था तुझे, मगर खयाल ही रह गया  
तेरे बाद इस दिल का क्या हाल ही रह गया,  
मुड़कर देखा तो सिर्फ़ इक खामोशी का मंज़र ही रह गया  
तन्हाई में गुफ़्तगू थी, मैं बेमिसाल ही रह गया





# The House of Mirrors by Nupur Saravate

**Hasti Shah**

Second Year, B.A. LL.B

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Paperback BookLeaf  
Publishing - 2022

The House of Mirrors by Nupur Saravate left a lasting impression on me. This book takes readers on a journey of self-reflection, exploring themes of love, loss, healing, and personal growth. Each poem feels like a mirror—helping us see who we are and witness the emotions we often try to hide. The title is so fitting: Like mirrors, these poems reveal different layers of thoughts and emotions.

My favorite facet of the book: How the poet expresses deep emotions with the simplest of words! There's something so powerful about the way Saravate captures pain, hope, and resilience without making the poems feel overwhelming. Each piece is written in a way that makes it easy to connect with, across age and ages – poetry certainly can say in a few words what we struggle to express in a hundred conversations. Some poems feel like a comforting hug, while others challenge you to confront your inner thoughts.

If you enjoy poetry, I would highly recommend The House of Mirrors. This book feels like an experience that remains with you even after flipping over the last page.





# About Books

## Heart Lamp by Banu Mushtaq

First Kannada-language book shortlisted for International Booker Prize 2025

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Heart Lamp is a bold and moving collection of short stories by Kannada writer and activist Banu Mushtaq, translated into English by Deepa Bhashthi. The stories center around Muslim and Dalit women in southern India, highlighting their struggles with patriarchy,

social injustice, and cultural restrictions. Rich in metaphor and rooted in oral storytelling traditions, the book brings rarely heard voices into the spotlight with emotional force and literary elegance. Heart Lamp made history as the first Kannada-language book to be shortlisted for the International Booker Prize, marking a major moment for Indian regional literature on the global stage. This year's International Booker Prize winner was *What I'd Rather Not Think About* by Dutch author Jente Posthuma, translated by Sarah Timmer Harvey. The novel is a poignant exploration of grief, family, and mental health, told through the voice of a twin grappling with their brother's suicide. Together, the shortlisted books celebrated a diverse range of voices and stories from around the world .

[Read more about the 2025 International Booker Prize shortlist and winner](#)

