



SHRI VILE PARLE KELAVANI MANDAL'S
PRAVIN GANDHI COLLEGE OF LAW



L'AVOCAT



in pursuit of excellence



18TH ANNUAL ISSUE 2024



Shri Vile Parle Kelavani Mandal

OFFICE BEARERS



Shri. Amrish R. Patel
Hon. President & Trustee



Shri. Bharat M. Sanghvi
Hon. Vice President & Trustee



Shri. Bhupesh R. Patel
Hon. Joint President & Trustee



Shri. Chintan A. Patel
Hon. Vice President & Trustee



Shri. Harshad H. Shah
Hon. Treasurer



Dr. Jayant Gandhi
Hon. Joint Secretary



Shri. Shalin S. Divatia
Hon. Joint Secretary



Shri. Harit Chitalia
Hon. Joint Treasurer



Shri. Jagdish Parikh
Hon. Joint Treasurer



Shri Vile Parle Kelavani Mandal

MANAGING COMMITTEE 2024-2025

Shri Amrish R. Patel	Shri Bhupesh R. Patel	Shri Bharat M. Sanghvi
Hon. President & Trustee	Hon. Joint President & Trustee	Hon. Vice President & Trustee
Shri Chintan A Patel	Dr. Jayant P. Gandhi	Shri Harshad H. Shah
Hon. Vice President & Trustee	Hon. Secretary	Hon. Treasurer
Shri Jagdish B. Parikh	Shri Shalin S. Divatia	Shri Harit H. Chitalia
Hon. Joint Treasurer	Hon. Joint Secretary	Hon. Joint Treasurer
Shri Amit B. Sheth	Shri Bhargav N. Patel	Shri Harshad B. Kawa
Shri Harish J. Patel	Shri Jagat A. Killawala	Shri Jayesh P. Choksi
Shri Jatin J. Bhimani	Shri Jayesh R. Gandhi	Shri Kirit P. Mehta
Shri Maherdas J. Patel	Smt. Minaxi K. Mehta	Shri Mukul P. Patel
Shri Mukesh H. Patel	Shri Mukesh A. Shah	Shri Naresh K. Sheth
Shri Nayan M. Patel	Shri Nimir K. Mehta	Shri Pruthviraj C. Shah
Shri Pravin H. Doshi	Shri Rajgopal C. Bhandari	Dr. Rajesh L. Jani
Shri Ranjeet Dudeja	Smt. Sneha A. Parekh	Shri Sanjay A. Desai
Shri Sunandan R. Divatia	Shri Tushar H. Mehta	Shri Vamanrai V. Parekh
Shri Vaibhav C. Patel	Shri Vinod M. Patel	Shri Vishal H. Shah

ADMINISTRATORS OF SVKM

Shri Asoke Basak
Advisor to the President - SVKM

Dr. M.N. Welling
Advisor to the President -
SVKM & Chancellor NMIMS

Shri Anil K. Bapat
Advisor to the President - SVKM

Shri Mukesh Khandel
Chief Financial Officer - SVKM

About the College

Shri Vile Parle Kelavani Mandal (SVKM) is a public charitable trust registered under the Societies Registration Act and Bombay Public Trusts Act. The Trust has always been committed to the cause of providing high-quality education at all levels. From its humble beginnings in 1934, when it took over the Rashtriya Shala, a school established in 1921 in the wake of the National Movement, the Mandal today has grown into a large educational enterprise, imparting high-level education. The ethos of the Mandal, marked by patriotic fervor, selfless service and the spirit of indigenous enterprise, has its genesis in the days of India's freedom struggle.

Under the aegis of the Mandal, established in the year 2004, SVKM's Pravin Gandhi College of Law aims to strive towards providing quality education that meets highest standards, both local and global. The College, affiliated to the University of Mumbai, offers a 5-Year Integrated B.A.LL.B program. In 2022, the College successfully added two more courses, approved by The University of Mumbai: A Masters in Law (LL.M.) (2 Years Course) with Specializations in Business Law, and Criminal Law and Criminal Administration; and a Post-Graduate Diploma in Cyber Law and IT (1 Year Course). In 2024, the College reached a remarkable milestone as it received an A+ Grade by National Assessment and Accreditation Council. This secured a distinct position for the college: SVKM's Pravin Gandhi College of Law became the first law college under the University of Mumbai to receive an A+ Grade in its first cycle of NAAC. In a span of two decades, the college has, through its persistent hard work and continuous adaptation to the evolving arenas in legal education, made its mark as one of the premier legal educational institutes in Mumbai.

As one of the leading legal institutes, our vision of achieving excellence in education is further strengthened by ensuring that we constantly strive towards offering holistic and cutting-edge education that prepares our students to be professionally adept lawyers who are sensitive to societal needs and uphold rule of law with social compassion. In this realm, our educational goals have successfully incorporated into them academic spaces that instill curiosity to gain more knowledge and encourage critical reflections. The state-of-the-art infrastructure, the digitally-enhanced library resources, the expert faculty and the invaluable mentorship of the management - SVKM - lead the way for offering a teaching-learning environment that inculcates the habit of seeking knowledge and helps in developing a sense of collective, inclusive culture of learning. Education at SVKM's PGCL is defined by innovation in pedagogy by applying multidimensional techniques aimed at advancement of knowledge, preparing students to be successful professionals who are just and compassionate individuals.

Principal's Message

We believe that excellence in education is to be attained by ensuring that our students are given opportunities to explore, through varied platforms, the world and the self. A holistic education is defined by creating a milieu of learning that offers academic and co-academic spaces that instill curiosity and creativity. At PGCL, we have various students-driven academic and cocurricular committees, such as the Criminal Law Forum, Moot Court Society, Cultural Committee, Literary Society, to name a few. These avenues present to students opportunities for academic advancements, for the development of professional skills, and for the inculcation of a well-rounded personality. Amongst the many skills needed for success in the legal profession, and all its allied fields are the skills of creative as well as academic writing, and a genuine love for reading. I earnestly believe that even in the era of OTT and podcasts, which have their own value, the joy of reading still kindles your thoughts. The 18th Annual Issue of the Literary Society - L'avocat - bears testimony to this phenomenon. I am happy to share that the Society, founded by literary enthusiasts at PGCL, in the year 2007, has successfully released the Monthly Issues and the Annual Issues, contributing to the nurturing of the culture of reading, research and creative writing; they reflect our students' academic acumen and creative zeal.

The readers would savour the creative pieces sculpted with the finesse of a devoted artist; the varied genres - short stories, poems and musings - are an indication of the literary talent that permeates the premises of the college. The movie review and the book reviews reflect the skills of a critic who has an eye for detail and has the pulse of the reader-viewer too. The legal articles offer critical reflections on interesting socio-legal issues: the relationship between artificial intelligence and human wellness, the impact on the environment of the fashion industry, and the impact of the crisis in Bangladesh on its neighbouring countries. Each article presents valuable information and inputs on the chosen topics - something to take home.

I appreciate the faculty and the Student Editorial Board of L'avocat for their sincere commitment in bringing out this issue. Congratulations to all the contributors. I invite you all to read L'avocat's 18th Annual Issue. I also wish L'avocat more success as it prepares to transform itself into a core literary society that would publish a bimonthly, multilingual literary magazine, along with an annual literary issue.

Happy reading!

Dr. Navasikha Duara
I/c Principal
Associate Professor

From the Editor's Desk

L'avocat - the Literary Society - was founded in 2007 - It's been two decades of the Society's marvelous journey, having on-board, from yard to yard, literary wizards - folks who find themselves drawn to the magic of poetry, the scent of books, the elan of oracy, and the boisterousness of debating. We, the Editorial Board of L'avocat, donning the hat of the editors of the 18th Annual Issue 2025, have had the thrill of concocting the most spellbinding book of the year: This issue proudly upholds the literary tradition of L'avocat, while it also seeks to pave a new path for the literary magazine: We have meticulously hand-picked the most enchanting creative pieces crafted by the literati of PGCL - poetic pieces on love and loss, short stories telling tales of crime and karma, and added to them are select book and movie reviews that both tickle and pinch.

This issue also paves a new and exciting path for L'avocat as you would find in them all the literary pieces featured in the Monthly Issues of 2024. This is a celebration of L'avocat's metamorphosis into a core literary magazine! Hereon, L'avocat will publish a bimonthly, multilingual literary magazine. The annual issues, henceforth, will present a selection of the best pieces diligently culled from the monthly issues. To mark the beginning of this passage of L'avocat, we have included all the literary pieces of the monthly issues of 2024 into the present issue. In addition to these, the segment - Editors' Choice - includes an academic article on fast fashion and its impact on the environment, and a Hindi *kavita* on the loss of love. Besides, this issue also holds interest for those looking forward to reading articles on socio-legal issues.

L'avocat's musings are at their deepest when we delve into the mysteries of literary endeavours as we organise our yearly literary events: Freshers' Meet, Intra-College Book Review Competition, Intra-College Poetry Writing and Recitation Competition - Awaaz, Intra-College Debate Competition, and some fun quizzes. In this issue, do look out for the Winning Pieces segment that features three poems, a short story with a twist, and a book review. We hope you enjoy reading each piece as much as we have enjoyed curating them.

Bonne Lecture

Team L'avocat - Editorial Board

TABLE OF CONTENTS

LITERARY PIECES

1. The Anatomy of Suffering

Vidhi Jain01

2. A Divine Canvas

Drashti Patel.....02

3. Void Of Warmth

Janvi Vyas.....03

4. Lost in the Darkness

Kamya Malpani.....05

5. The Soldier's Heart

Het Dedhia.....06

6. Shadows of a Lost Homeland

Diksha Singh07

7. Unknown Emotion

Naamah Bagasrwala & Kinjal Sinha.....09

8. Veil of Deceit

Talisha Mehta.....13

9. The Echoes of My Heart

Stutee Doshi.....18

10. Book Review - “Wonder”

Prasanna Mour.....28

11. Book Review - “Passing”

Gauri Yadav.....30

12. Movie Review - “A Thursday”

Suhani Agarwal.....34

WINNING PIECES

Freshers Meet Poem Writing Competition

1. □□□□□□

Jyotirmayee Sahoo.....36

Freshers Meet Creative Writing Competition

2. The End is the Beginning

*Kartikey
Sharma*.....38

Awaaz Intra Poem Writing Competition

3. मैंने कल अपना घर खो दिया

Khusboo Goyal.....41

4. I Lost My Home Yesterday

Dhurva Shinde.....42

ACADEMIC ARTICLES

1. From Quota Protests to Political Turmoil: Understanding Bangladesh's Crisis and Its Impact Across Borders

Pranjal Rai.....43

2. Artificial Intelligence and Human Wellness

Neha Raje.....49

EDITOR'S CHOICE

1. Trend Culture, Fast Fashion and its impact on the environment

Shrishti Shastry.....53

2. □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□

Manan Lakhani.....59

LITERARY PIECES FROM MONTHLY ISSUES

1. Save Me, Oh God!

Anas Dhorajiwala.....61

2. A Girl in Love with Death

Vidhi Jaini.....62

3. Beneath the Arch

Aman Desai.....63

4. Yet To Name

Prasanna Mour.....65

5. □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Pranjal Rai.....67

6. □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Manan Lakhani.....69

7. How to Watch a Film

Harshita Tyagi.....71

A Visit to Literature Live! The Mumbai LitFest LitLive at NCPA -

Memories of a Literary Enthusiast

Anupriya Kushwaha.....75

L'AVOCAT 2024 - RECAP AND UPCOMING EVENTS

Krishna Jain & Nidhi Kapadia78

The views expressed in the articles reflect the writer's own perspectives and do not represent the views of the editorial team of the college. No claims for comprehensive studies of the areas of research undertaken are made.

Cover Page Credits from Top Left: Aanya Naqvi, Durva Shinde, Nishtha Rathod, Giriraj Rathore, Charmi Gala. The pictures were submitted by PGCL students for Nazariya '24 - an Intra-College Photography Competition held by JursiCine (Cinema, theatre and photography committee)

LITERARY PIECES

The Anatomy of Suffering

- *Vidhi Jain, Third Year B.A.LL.B*

I have flashbacks in my head,
sins on my neck,
fortune cookies in my stomach
but, I always run out of luck.
I have failure in my eyes,
betrayal in my heart,
incomplete kisses on my lips
that tears me apart.
I have desperation in my chest,
knives between my ribs,
anxiety in my veins
and scars around my hips.
I have tears on my hands,
silence beneath my ears,
bubbles of pain in my throat
that I am compelled to fear

A Divine Canvas

- *Drashti Patel, First Year B.A.LL.B*

The tall trees and the little shrubs,
The beautiful flowers and the onion bulbs,
Each a part of God's imagination,
Oh Nature, what a wonderful creation!

The rivers that flow, the sun that glows,
The majestic mountains and the wind that blows,
Each a part of God's imagination,
Oh Nature, what a wonderful creation!

The huge elephant, the flying bat,
The mighty vulture and the little cat,
Each a part of God's imagination,
Oh Nature, what a wonderful creation!

So let us appreciate, not destroy or abuse,
Lest our actions make us repent and rue,
That lost is the world of God's imagination,
Where has it gone, that wonderful creation!

Void Of Warmth

- Janvi Vyas, First Year B.A.LL.B

I wonder about eternity when with every passing day more and more of you seems erased,
when places change and people leave, the ripples of your life widen,
the scent of you slowly fades and the colour of your skin slowly washes out.

I stood there as I slowly watched how the blood stopped rushing into your cheeks,
how your eyes didn't light up when you saw us,
how your body stopped reacting to the touch of us.

I stood there, helpless as always but this time with a ray of hope
It was foolish of course but it really did help me cope.

Each memory of ours, stitched in time,
a legacy of love that will forever be intertwined.

I see you in the garden bloom, in the laughter that fills the room,
though the shadows may fall and seasons change,
your spirit remains beautifully strange.

So as I walk this path alone, I carry your strength and love all on my own,
in every tear, in every smile, I'll hold you close and cross every mile.

Time will not dime the face I love,
the voice I crave and the little things you did in your own special way.

All my life I'll miss you, as the years come and go,
but in my heart I'll keep you because I love you so.



Picture Credits Laxmi Alve

Lost in the Darkness

- *Kamya Malpani, First Year B.A.LL.B*

I went that night to treat the wounded,
but got broken myself.

I went that night to cover that bruise,
but got unclothed myself.

They said the city sings, while the river hums
But that night he silenced my voice
Because he had the power to hit me every time I cried.

I was walking under those starry skies,
when he took my dreams away,
I was walking under those silent shadows,
when he snatched that light away.

I hope my voice echoes,
For I was more than a doctor
I was a patient that day.

I hope my father- who stands alone
Beneath those eyes, a teary flood he holds
Please don't give up father, until justice be told.

The Soldier's Heart

- *Het Dedhia, Second Year B.A.LL.B*

Beneath the stars so cold and bright,
A soldier stands to guard the night.
His thoughts drift home, so far away,
Where love and laughter used to stay.

The breeze that whispers through the trees,
Carries faint echoes, memories.
His children's laughter, his mother's prayer,
Their love remains his guiding flare.

The letters come, though never enough,
A lifeline in this world so tough.
Each word he reads, each tear he hides,
For duty calls, and time divides.

Yet in his heart, their faces gleam,
They light his path; they shape his dream.
For every mile, each lonely day,
Is a sacrifice he'll proudly pay.

Shadows of a Lost Homeland

- *Diksha Singh, First Year B.A.LL.B*

Clock struck midnight, radio buzz echoes down the lane

Tears of joy tears of achievement

Freedom won!

BUT, Tears rolling down faces

Tears of separation , paths diverged

Comes the Time to bid goodbyes

Dadis and Nanis left behind the pickle filled jars

The children's laughter fades from the courtyards

Left behind is the Veranda where tiny feet learned to crawl and grew

Fading into distance, new paths to pursue

No debates and chai on the fork

Kheer sharing lost forever on Eid and Guruparb night

Carrying memories along closed in a bottle with a cork

Letters for the lover, sealed with tears

Words unspoken, eyes louder than waves crashing

Last kisses cherished forever true

Silky hairs now lost the fingers gentle hue

Farewells spoken, tears falling like rain

Love's legacy remains, memories sustain



Picture Credits Yash Kaushal

Unkown Emotion

- Naamah Bagasrwala, First Year B.A.LL.B

- Kinjal Sinha, First Year B.A.LL.B

Rosie stands on the edge of a beautiful terrace paved with blue and white tiles. The salty air and sounds of waves crashing would make a perfect frame for a scene in a movie where the protagonist finds her purpose in life but quite ironic is that Rosie is standing here struggling with existential confusion. With a sense of calmness and relief, Rosie takes a deep breath filling her lungs with crispiness, looks around her seaside house one last time, and absorbs the view. Instead of stepping towards her future, she steps forward into nothingness.

Rosie finds herself in a state of trance. She suddenly feels free of the vast, silent weight of her accumulated regrets and is surrounded by complete silence as the haunted voices in her head have evaporated. She comprehends that her hands look translucent and lack details. She feels detached from her body, as though she is a free spirit instead of being bound by a rigid physical body. A white, illuminating light flashes, blinding her, and she hears a distant voice: *“Welcome to the place where individuals longing for peace and happiness arrive before reaching their ultimate destiny of hell and heaven. Your life will be laid out before you; your goal is to find the memory that acts as a bandage to your heart that is spilling with the burden of infinite tears.”*

Before Rosie can accumulate her thoughts she finds herself in her childhood bedroom in London, still the same as she vividly remembers. She glances around and recognizes her Barbies, Hotwheels, kitchen sets, storybooks, roller skates, and art supplies scattered throughout her room. This invokes a feeling of nostalgia in her. As she looks further she notices a ball of fur in the corner of her eye, her dog, Leah. Rosie tries reaching out to pet her dog, but her hand passes through the dog’s body as if it were made of smoke. At that moment, she realizes no living thing can see or touch her. She stumbles upon a stack of books and takes out a thick-looking book as she

feels an unspoken pull towards it. She starts smiling as she recognizes her sketchbook filled with sketches of the most delightful and precious things as viewed through the eyes of an innocent 7 year old. She frantically searches for a sketch that was as much as important to her then and now too, a sketch of Leah that she had made with her dad, one of her fondest memories. She sees a page sticking out of the wooden flooring of the same sketch and relishes it, her eyes brimming with tears. The memory sparks a small fire that warms her cold heart. But as quickly as it ignites, it extinguishes, as she suddenly transports to the most horrible and atrocious moments of her life.

Pre-teen and teenage years were when Rosie was introduced to feelings of emptiness, hollowness, and worthlessness. As she revisits these memories all the emotions come rushing back and are a reminder of her bland life filled with misery that gave her a helping hand and pushed her to take the life-ending step. She stands there reliving her memories and looking at how her life was deeply consumed by turmoil as her parents are slowly becoming victims of a failed relationship. Watching her parents' divorce, observing her father's behaviour towards her mom, calling her a 'burden' and 'responsibility' he didn't need. Rosie realizes how deeply this has reflected in her personality in the upcoming years of her life being around so much negativity made her soul dark and heavy. She lived in a castle with walls of glass built by her parents to protect her from outwardly horrors but they could not protect her from the horrors going on inside the castle. Due to the neglect of her parents, she has to change various foster homes. She tries looking for a tiny bit of happiness but knows she will leave empty-handed as the first foster house she was forced to live in a shed right outside the family's house, they provided her with the bare minimum. In the second foster house, the family had kept her just for the sake of money and so on. Due to this, she found it hard to trust others and make friends. She is now transported to the moments of her adult life. When she was working for a job that provided her with enough money to live comfortably and gave her financial stability. She overworked herself to prove she was worth it and not average while doing so she burnt herself so she was often ill and the company had to part ways with her with little more than a bland goodbye. Due

to her past experiences with living with limited resources in foster homes, she was afraid to relive that life of uncertainty again. Instead of trying to find a new path that occupies her time and offers her money in return for her skills, she decides to take the easy route and let life win.

As her memories turn to the last page and come to an end she knows that no memory can redeem the wreckage of her life. Suddenly, everything goes black. In the distance, a dim candle flickers. She is drawn to it, she follows the light until she finds herself standing under the moonlit sky. The scene before her shifts and she is transported to the memory of the day when she was unwell and had taken a leave to spend time with herself. She lay on a picnic blanket on the cold, comforting ground, and a basket with her favourite comfort food made with the same recipe passed on to her from her mother and her favourite childhood hobby, sketching. She gazes at the stars, giving her hope, the stars remind her that the world around her right now may not be beautiful but just like the earth revolves and stars change their places, people change and life will evolve. She experiences a warm, uplifting sensation, and her heart feels lighter as if it's beating with a joyful rhythm, she sees herself smiling. After watching the memory, Rosie felt an unknown emotion that she had never truly felt before, happiness. Ironically, this moment took place on the very terrace where she had once ended her misery. Now, standing there, she takes a deep breath filling her lungs with crispiness, looks around her seaside house one last time, and absorbs the view, taking a step toward her future—a future of eternal peace, not one of emptiness.

Veil Of Deceit

- Talisha Mehta, First Year B.A.LL.B

It was a quarter to eight already. I was late. I felt like Cinderella, except for the fact that I was a detective going undercover to protect an outrageously wealthy man surrounded by the clock by his rivals. I was too old for this.

A flashy invitation card lay on the table with “Marcus Clarke” printed in bold letters on the cover. A week ago I received a call from a certain Mr Clarke who claimed that he was in grave danger, especially at his upcoming event. At first glance, he seemed like an ordinary egotistical, boastful man but in reality, he was just cowardly and always on edge though he’d refuse to admit it. He offered a hefty fee to protect him so who was I to refuse?

As I approached the estate, the exterior gleamed with lights creating an imposing aura. The entrance was guarded with two doors towering over the courtyard exposing its opulent interior. A valet in a neat uniform greeted me as I stepped out of the car. As I entered, the scent of delectable food wafted through the air. Waiters scurried around balancing wine glasses on their tray. Well, maybe this wasn’t such a bad idea after all. Whatever, I’m just going to enjoy my time over here.

The crowd was an eclectic yet refined mix of society's elite—business moguls, famous artists, celebrities, and perhaps a few politicians. The guests are dressed to the nines, in couture gowns and sharp tuxedos. I could hear the constant murmurs of chatter, always in hushed whispers, so no one could hear. One woman, draped in an exquisite designer gown, leans in close to a well-known socialite, her eyes scanning the room as if to make sure no one is listening too intently.

“Did you hear that one about Mr Clarke’s wife Abigail? Apparently, he used to beat her so much that she got sick of it and left him” Another woman shook her head. “Not at all. I heard she suddenly disappeared after a big incident and never came back. What if he killed her and hid it under the wraps? I feel so sorry for their daughter.”

That's right. Their seventeen-year-old daughter Ella. Poor thing had an accident in her childhood and could never walk again. I spotted her sitting at the corner of the room expecting her to look extremely bored. But she had a blank expression on her face- so still and composed almost that it was unsettling. She was really pretty though. Maybe like her mother, I thought after glancing at the host. Right then, a strikingly tall lady ornate with jewels and a charismatic presence was walking towards me. Oh no, maybe I stood out too much.

"Hello. Haven't seen you around. A close acquaintance of Marcus perhaps?"

"Sarah Jones, Art Consultant. Nice to meet you."

"I never knew Marcus was interested in art" her smile is still dazzling as ever.

"And you are?" I asked, even though I already knew.

"Clair, his fiancé" she admitted proudly.

Suddenly a hush falls over the crowd. The clink of glasses and murmurs fade as the announcer steps up to the microphone at the centre of the room. Tapping the mic twice, he clears his throat and announces, "Ladies and Gentlemen, we will be starting the celebrations in a few minutes."

For some odd reason, Claire's expression darkened and she quickly excused herself, blending into the crowd. I decided to keep my distance and followed her, keeping a low profile. She made her way through the long hallways of the estate, chandeliers hanging above. At a corner, she took a turn and disappeared inside a room. I peeked through the crack of the door and saw her gingerly removing something from her purse. I produced the gun that was hidden inside my dress all this while and aimed right at her.

"Stop right there!" She appeared visibly frightened, her whole body shaking.

"What is that in your hand?" I asked her. An object fell to the ground. It was a cigarette.

"Marcus hates it when I smoke. I promised him I would stop. Who are you really? Why do you have a gun?" I realised what a grave mistake I had made.

And it all happens at once, an ear-splitting scream emanates from outside and I bolt towards the sound. Marcus lay on the floor, motionless. There's a large pool of blood around his body. A knife, still embedded in his stomach, was probably the weapon used.

Panic starts to emerge. Some people whisper frantically to each other, exchanging shocked and frantic words. Others immediately pull out their phones, dialling emergency services, their voices trembling. A few start to pace, eyes darting around in a mix of fear and disbelief. Somewhere behind, Claire cries hysterically as the others try to pacify her.

According to one of the staff, a maid found him inside his room in this state. Before I could say anything, the police poured in, calming the crowd and instructing everyone to clear the area. My eyes met with Ella, who seemed to be staring right at me. Her eyes were fixed on mine with an unsettling intensity, and for a moment, everything around me seemed to fade.

A week later, it's all over the news. A maid who killed her employer, because he refused to pay her yearly wage as he promised, which resulted in her sick mother dying due to unpaid hospital bills. Ella approaches the detective agency, taking a deep breath as her wheelchair glides through the door. She goes to the counter and requests for a certain Sarah Jones.

"Sarah Jones? Isn't she on maternity leave? She hasn't come to work for three months now."

Ella's face turns pale. As soon as the announcer finishes talking, a man goes and whispers something in Marcus' ears. He excuses himself and heads towards his room.

He sits in the armchair, sipping his wine unaware of what is coming.

It doesn't matter. He's already guilty. He has to pay for what he did. I'm just the one to make sure of it.

“So, Miss Jones, you had something to say to me? Did you find something about my rivals?”

He cannot see the monster he really is. I see it clearly now, and I have been preparing for this moment for a long time.

“Do you really not recognize me, Marcus? It’s me, Abigail. The plastic surgeon did a really good job I suppose.”

My lips curl into a smile.

And then it comes. The laughter. I tilt my head back and the sound of laughter fills the room. It’s low at first, but it slowly grows louder.

His eyes grew wide, as it dawned upon him with disbelief etched over his face. His hands tremble, unconsciously gripping onto something for support. Tears sting his eyes, but I don’t have an ounce of sympathy left for him.

I can see the fear in his eyes, and it only makes this moment sweeter—there’s no turning back now.

The Echoes of My Heart

- *Stutee Doshi, First Year B.A.LL.B*

“He will always be protected,” Surya Dev informed me, the armour and earrings will act as a protection from all kinds of harm. I was sobbing, my mistake would come to haunt me in a manner I would have never imagined. My naïveté in invoking the mantra given by the Sage Durvasa left me with a sense of agony that seemed impossible to fill.

As I stood there, memories of a distant past surfaced once more—the day I made the heart-wrenching decision to abandon my firstborn, a memory that has never left me, even after all these decades, he could have been an elder brother to my five Pandavas. I remember when all the Kuru sons had returned from gurukul after completing their Shiksha under Guru Dronacharya. A challenge had been set between the Pandavas and Kauravas. As Arjuna defeated Duryodhana, a warrior emerged with the same armour and earrings that my firstborn had. He was none other than Karna.

I marvelled at his skill, his unwavering determination to prove his worth, and the quiet dignity with which he bore the insults hurled at him for being a charioteer’s son. Yet, each time he fought to defeat Arjuna, felt like a double-edged sword, piercing my soul with both pride and dread. How could I ever tell them the truth? Over the years, I noticed the rivalry being built amongst two brothers. I wish I had the courage to tell the truth to everyone, but what society would think of me? Would they abandon my kids? These thoughts caused anguish to me.

I always felt an inexplicable bond with Karna. Though we never shared any words, I felt a connection in the fleeting glances and rare moments when our paths crossed. Whenever I heard about him returning victorious from his wars, I would await his arrival in Hastinapur and hope our paths cross so I could congratulate him on his victories. My mind would always think I was betraying the Pandavas when I hoped for Karna’s victory. I often wished to just reveal the truth, now that all six of them were accomplished in their own ways.

My heart swelled with joy as my sons returned, triumphant after building the most magnificent palace in Bharat Varsha on the most infertile land, their citizens were treated with extreme love and care. It had all culminated in making Indraprastha, one of the wealthiest kingdoms in the country. I finally felt content after all the difficulties my sons were finally getting what they were destined for.

Now here I sit in my royal chambers waiting for the Game of Dice to get over to spend some time with my five sons and daughter-in-law, completely unaware of the atrocities that would soon unfold in the Sabha against my family.

Since those days after returning from vanvas to Hastinapur, I had been extremely terrified of how Dhritarashtra's children, the Kauravas would behave with Pandavas with jealousy. If it had not been for Bhishma Pitamah, I am certain I would have returned to Kunti Bhoj with my sons. I still can't seem to fathom what a long way they have come from losing their dad Pandu as well as their choti maa for the elder three and mother of the younger ones, Madri at such a young age to now having their own families and children.

I looked out the window, only to realize that even the sun was retreating to his abode. This meant soon my sons would also finish the game of dice and come meet me. I could barely contain my excitement at the thought of hearing their stories and meeting them after so long. I heard a commotion at the door and rushed to greet them, but it was a group of servants nervously murmuring amongst themselves.

"What has happened?" I asked, keeping my voice steady despite the sinking feeling in my chest.

"Rajmata, something terrible has occurred," an anxious maid informed me. "Maharani Draupadi has been summoned to the Sabha by Duryodhan. Initially, a male servant was sent to call her, but she refused to comply. Now, we've received word that Dushasana has been sent by Duryodhan to bring Maharani to the Sabha."

I stood frozen, unable to comprehend why Paanchali had been summoned to the sabha—and not by one of the Pandavas, but by Duryodhan. My mind raced with questions. What could this mean?

Gathering myself, I rushed toward Maharani Gandhari's royal chambers. I needed answers. Why was my daughter-in-law being summoned to the sabha? Was this part of their welcome to Hastinapur—or was something far more terrible about to unfold? The corridors seemed unnaturally quiet, the weight of unspoken tension pressing down on me as I hurried past the servants, who looked as anxious as I felt.

I reached Maharani Gandhari's chambers, my mind clinging to the hope that nothing bad would happen. Yet, my heart felt a heaviness, as if it could sense that something terrible was about to occur. The servant at the door let me in. Inside, I saw Gandhari seated in her usual calm demeanor.

"Kunti, what brings you here with such urgency?", Gandhari asked as soon as she sensed my entrance.

"Why was Paanchali summoned to the sabha, Maharani, by your son, Duryodhan?" I asked hastily.

Maharani looked visibly shocked as the words left my mouth. It dawned on me that she was unaware of this incident—something that could only mean grave consequences were looming.

"Duryodhan often acts without consulting the counsel," Gandhari replied. "You should not worry about what will happen. I am sure he must have planned a grand welcome for his brothers and their wife."

Her tone, though meant to offer solace, did little to ease my concern. If anything, it deepened my dread. Looking at Gandhari's expression, I sensed that she, too, realized the truth: her sons' unchecked anger could lead to the grave consequences.

The room was filled with silence. Suddenly, I heard a loud thud in the distance. My heart began to race. I prayed to the Almighty, hoping nothing bad would happen to my daughter-in-law. My sons are among the finest warriors in Bharat Varsha—they will protect her with all their might. That, I was certain of.

A young servant burst into the room, tears streaming down her face. "Maharani, Rajmata," she cried, her voice trembling. "Dushasana... he has taken Maharani Draupadi to the sabha. He dragged her—by her hair!"

The world seemed to spin around me. “No,” I whispered. “This cannot be true.” But the terror in the maid’s eyes told me it was.

I turned to Gandhari. “You must speak to your sons and Maharaja Dhritarashtra. This madness must end,” I said, my voice sharper than it had ever been with her. “How much more humiliation do you think my children can endure without retaliating? If something grave happens now, remember this: I will not be one of the people who stops them. Instead, I will encourage them.”

Gandhari absorbed my words in silence, her expression one of quiet resignation. She knew, as I did, she was powerless to change her sons’ minds.

My mind felt like it had shattered into fragments. A cold numbness crept over me, followed by a wave of heated determination. I wanted to rush into the sabha and demand answers from the elders. Why did the daughter-in-law of the Kuru dynasty have to endure such humiliation and pain—especially at the hands of her own brother-in-law? The thought consumed me, and I decided then and there: I would go to the sabha and stop this disgrace myself.

I paced the hallway, my thoughts a torrent of dread and fury. How could they summon her like this? What could I do? Would my presence in the sabha make any difference, or would it merely add to the humiliation?

As I entered the sabha, I saw Draupadi standing in the centre, her voice cutting through the oppressive silence, “I am not a servant that can be summoned to the sabha in this manner!” Around her my sons were kneeling like attendants. I was taken aback by that visual, why were they kneeling and not sitting on royal chairs like the rest.

The silence in the room was deafening. Even Bhishma Pitamah, the pillar of strength and wisdom, looked humiliated, yet no one said a single word. The air reeked of cowardice.

The unthinkable happened, Dushasana reached for Draupadi’s saree. Everyone present gasped, but no one made an attempt to stop what was happening. But it was Draupadi, the girl who was born from fire, for the sake of her

father's revenge, her dignity remained unbroken. She stood there fully knowing that the men in the sabha are the ones who should be feeling ashamed and not her.

As Dushasana tugged the saree, a miracle unfolded- a cascade of fabric, endless and divine, enveloped around her. It was as though the Almighty himself descended to shield her honour. The Kaurava's were laughing at the agony of the Pandavas.

I could hear my second oldest Bheem scream, "You will regret this, Dushasana."

As soon as I heard these words, something awoke in me, I did not want to be held back by societal norms as long as I already had, I did not want to add another regret into my lists. So, I stormed in as Dushasana started getting tired. The only regret I had was not gaining that courage sooner.

"Stop this madness, Dushasana, you should be ashamed of humiliating your sister-in-law in this manner. Maharaja Dhritarashtra, you should have prevented your sons from committing such a grave act. All the learned men in this court will bear the burden of the sins committed here today. I implore you, Maharaja, to command your sons to apologize to my sons for this humiliation. Though even an apology is nothing compared to the gravity of the crime committed," I screamed as I reached Panchaali, giving her a shoulder to lean on and helping her up.

At that moment, Panchaali spoke, "Duryodhana, you think this act of humiliation will bring you great satisfaction right? You are mistaken, I vow to never comb my hair till you pay for this crime. Maharaja Dhritarashtra, Bhishma Pitamah and Guru Dronacharya—you will all bear the consequences of your silence. Pitamah, when I came here, you called me your daughter and yet you failed to protect me as one."

I could see tears running down Pitamah and Guru Dronacharya's faces. They knew the time would come when they would have to answer for the sins committed in this sabha.

My sons, who remained quiet, now spoke with unwavering resolve. They all took vows to seek vengeance. The gravest vow was taken by Bhima, he declared, "I will kill all hundred Kauravas with my own bare hands."

Pitamah, counselled the Maharaja to return the belongings of the Pandavas back to them. Duryodhana persuaded his father to send my five sons and daughter-in-law for vanvaas. I had been devastated by that order, but I saw a silver lining. I believed that during their vanvaas, my sons would grow stronger, preparing for the day they would bring justice to these wrongdoers.

When they came to take my blessings before leaving for the vanvaas, all I could tell them was, “When you return, come not as mere exiles. Come as warriors, be unafraid of who stands against you. Complete the vows you have taken today in the sabha, without any remorse. Let the entire Bharat Varsha know, that no one who dares to humiliate a woman will be left unpunished.”

Thirteen years passed quickly, yet nothing changed. Anger and desire for proving themselves as superior remained the main goal of the Kauravas. When the time came for waging a war, and taking revenge for the humiliation Draupadi had endured. I did not stop my sons, instead I encouraged them, as it felt like it was the need of the hour.

As, the days to the war came near, I could not help but be put in the dilemma, my sons would be going up against each other, Karna and Arjuna will face each other on the battlefield, to prove to the world who truly is the best warrior in Bharat Varsha without ever knowing that in reality they are brothers.

One day, I found Karna near the banks of River Ganga. I recalled the recent talk I had with Krishna, my nephew. He had advised me that telling Karna the truth of his birth, might aid in him changing his mind and going up against the Pandavas.

As I approached Karna, his divine armour and earrings glimmered in the morning light, giving him an almost celestial appearance. He sensed my presence and greeted me warmly.

“Good Morning, Rajmata. Good to see you here.”

The title “Rajmata” stung. The urge to correct him, to hear him call me “Ma,” was overwhelming. I managed a faint smile. “Good morning,” I replied.

As we indulged in small talk about the preparation for the upcoming war, I knew I had to tell him the truth, he deserved it and so did the Pandavas. I had decided I would tell all six of my sons the truth.

“Karna,” I began hesitantly, I revealed to him the truth, which has burdened me all throughout my life. Tears streamed down my face as I spoke. The weight of my confession was finally lifted. Karna stood silent, his expression slowly changing as the truth dawned on him.

I took a step closer, but he stepped back, maintaining a distance that felt like a chasm between us. I should have known he would not immediately accept me as his mother. His silence was making me worried.

“Why now, Rajmata?” he asked, his voice cold and sharp, cutting through me like a blade.

“This impending war will lead to the loss of hundreds of lives, Karna, I have been keeping this secret for too long. In this war, my sons will fight each other, and the thought fills me with dread. I can no longer keep this secret. I plan to tell the Pandavas as well.”

“Please don’t, Rajmata,” he interrupted. “The world knows you have five sons. After this war, you will still have five sons. Don’t burden them with this truth. They would never raise their weapons against me, and I cannot betray Duryodhana. I owe him too much.”

His words revealed his inner turmoil, his loyalty to Duryodhana, and his deep respect for the Pandavas. My legs buckled, and I collapsed onto the sand, overcome with grief. Karna rushed to help me, but I pushed him away, tears flowing uncontrollably. All I wished to do was to apologize to him for the years of injustice, he had to suffer through it all because of my naïveté.

“I truly regret not revealing the truth that day, in the challenging arena.” I sobbed. “My eyes would always look for you when you returned to Hastinapur from your victories. I am proud of all that you have achieved. You are truly the most generous warrior in the entire Bharat Varsha. If you truly think I should not reveal the truth to the Pandavas you must promise me that all six of my sons will remain alive in this war.”

At my plea, tears welled up in his eyes. “I cannot promise you that,” he said softly. “What I can promise is that you will have five sons when the war ends.”

His words shattered me. I knew what he meant. The Pandavas would never fight their brother if they knew the truth, and Karna would never forsake his loyalty to Duryodhana. He touched my feet to take my blessings and then walked away, leaving me alone by the Ganga, utterly broken.

The war followed swiftly, leaving a trail of devastation in its wake. It took a toll on everyone, robbing us of peace and hope. I lost all my grandsons, but Abhimanyu’s demise, a tragedy that shattered our hearts. A mere sixteen-year-old boy, he had faced six seasoned warriors and was mercilessly killed by the Kauravas. When I heard of his death, my sorrow poured like rain from a storm-clouded sky that was endless and heavy.

I tried to act as a pillar of strength for my daughters-in-law, offering them solace as they mourned their sons. Even as I stood beside them, my heart ached with a sorrow that I could never fully articulate.

Though my sons emerged victorious, their victory was hollow. They had seen or taken the lives of their brother, sons and mentors all because some people were consumed by the inferno of revenge and ego. The cost of this victory was etched in everyone’s souls.

My heart would break as I watched Gandhari, lamenting over the loss of all her sons. The pain of a mother was immeasurable and eternal.

I would often pray for the peace of all those lost, including Karna. When I revealed the truth of Karna’s identity during the war, the Pandavas were utterly shocked. The revelation shattered them. Yudhishtira, overwhelmed by grief and betrayal, cursed me for keeping this truth hidden for so long. His words were like daggers to my heart, yet I could not blame him.

Arjuna was perhaps the most devastated. The weight of the truth crushed him when he realised, his greatest rival, was none other than his eldest brother. The one whom he should have worshipped, respected and honoured. It took him the longest to recover from the loss, though I doubted if he ever truly did.

After the war, I felt an undeniable distance being created between my sons and I. The bonds we once shared felt strained, frayed by the burden of truths that were revealed too late. My silence, though borne of fear and circumstances, had created a chasm I feared we would never be able to bridge.

I retreated back to the forest with Dhritrashtra and Gandhari to live a life of quiet penance. The vast silence of wilderness for our refuge.

I sit and reflect, waiting for the flames of the funeral pyre to consume my mortal remains, wishing for one thing and one thing only; peace. Peace for those who were lost to the fire of war, and peace for the soul that bore the weight of so many unspoken truths.

Book Review - “Wonder”

- *Prasanna Mour, First Year B.A.LL.B*

“WONDER”, by R.J. Palacio is one of the best sellers and is a poignant tale that explores the diverse themes of kindness, acceptance and challenges. R.J. Palacio is an American author and graphic designer for children’s books and has successfully sold over 15 million copies in over 50 languages. Not only this but ‘Wonder’ also has an enlightening movie which has received appreciation and praise. Mainly, this pensive novel aims to inspire young aspiring readers and ensures to provide a suitable moral for everyone. The book highlights the story of a young boy named August Pullman, who has a facial difference but decides to join the mainstream school for the first time. In addition, each description of this insightful piece portrays the reality of the hardships students face during childhood.

Despite undergoing several surgeries, August has looked specifically unlike the others around and, therefore, felt neglected even with his closest friends. Throughout the book, Auggie faces breakdowns but chooses to stand out and shine. Moreover, Palacio masterfully creates a narrative with an emotional stir, which shifts perspectives, enabling the audience to interpret how Auggie’s presence impacts not only his life but those around him as well- his friends and family. Furthermore, the character development is exceptional; Auggie’s resilience and courage are inspiring, while the other characters, including his supportive sister Via and schoolmates Summer and Jack, add depth to the narrative.

Importantly, the simple use of language to illustrate complex emotions makes the story relatable and impactful, evoking a sense of empathy. This ensures a more universal and reader-friendly approach. Further, while delving deeper into the book, the themes of bullying, friendship, and the search for belonging are explored, reminding readers of the importance of compassion. "Wonder" encourages readers to embrace differences and highlights the transformative power of kindness.

Personally, I enjoyed reading this story because it was quite relatable and evoked a distinct sense of reflection, providing me with an optimistic outlook on life. To encapsulate, with the use of a plethora of literary devices, R.J. Palacio has created a touching and indelible story that leaves a lasting impression, urging us all to choose gratitude in a world that can often be unkind



Book Review - “Passing”

- Gauri Yadav, Second Year B.A.LL.B

‘Every moment is a slow drip, every word a heavy weight: ‘Passing’ drags you into its world’- The phrase is sufficient to emphasize the very essence of the novel ‘Passing’ by Nella Larsen. Larsen in the novel has mesmerized exploration of identity, race, and the complexities of human connection. The narrative delves into a by chance reunion of two childhood friends- Irene Redfield and Clare Kendry navigating the themes of racial passing and inviting readers to question the constructs of identity and the masks we wear to navigate the world. Both the prominent characters are exclusively black women but sufficiently light skinned to pass as white. They had frequently used this mechanism as per their circumstances and conveniences. Irene sometimes passes as white to enter hotels, theaters etc but cherishes her identity. On the other hand, Clare is leading a double life through ‘passing’ by deceiving herself and her identity particularly from her husband- Mr. Jake Bellew who is a hater of blacks and her daughter- Margery.

As the story unfolds, Larsen skillfully builds tension, making readers more interested in the world of ‘passing’, where it’s risky to show your true self. Through Irene and Clare, Larsen shows how hard it is to live a life where you hide part of who you are. This makes readers think about psychological tolls like privilege, fitting in, and lying to yourself.

The novel encapsulates a mood of heaviness and stagnation. It reflects the emotional and psychological state of characters, particularly Irene, as she grapples with the complexities of her relationships, being trapped in her circumstances or her internal turmoil.

Irene is the most beautiful creation of Larsen in the novel. We see the whole story from her eyes. She is a poised and content wife and most specially a mother. The way she thinks about her decisions impacting her boys at every moment and is strained for their bright future amid her inner turmoil reflects the true resemblance of a woman.

She is an overthinker protagonist backed by her fear, loneliness, identity, love and care. After the encounter with Clare there has been a deep sense of unease and longing in her life. She continuously grapples with her own feelings of insecurity and self-doubt. And here on the very opposite is Clare Kendry. Being charismatic and beguiling, manipulative and careless in her dealings with others.

Her decision to pass as white seems a means of gaining social status and economic security. Her willingness to be with Irene and among black people in Harlem whenever her husband is away showcasing some sort of ambiguous morality. The way she moves effortlessly between the worlds of white and black, navigates the contradictions of each-cunning and charm. Irene's words, "Clare Kendry cared nothing for the race. She only belonged to It" says it all. In addition to racial tension, Irene's disagreement with her husband Brian, Clare's increasing closeness with Brian and her interference in their lives adds a new layer to the story leading her to believe that Clare and Brian were having an affair. Every now and then Irene was pretending to be someone she isn't. 'Everything seemed dull, slow. There was a drag in the very air'- through the entire novel.

Larsen excelled in bringing out the characters specifically through nuanced dialogues and subtle psychological insights. Her characters are flawed yet undeniably human. The interaction among the characters reveals the beliefs, desires, and conflicts while internal monologues reflect struggles and dilemmas inviting readers to connect and empathize with characters.

Larsen's writing is marked by elegance, depth, thought-provoking and timeless questions. There is the presence of rich imagery especially 'Windows and Mirrors'. Mirrors are a powerful symbolisation of self-awareness and identity; Windows a way to pass through a barrier or to look onto the other side. The thought-provoking insights of the novel such as - 'Was Clare a real threat to Irene or a replica of her fear that she was posing onto her?' makes readers think and dive in depth. There are subtle shifts in language and tone to convey the tension and create an atmosphere of suspense and unease that keeps readers engaged with what's upcoming.

The mood of the novel is full of taut psychological tensions and self-delusion, very serious in nature, without any break of humour or romance. The novel's pacing is slow at times, with long passages of introspection and reflection which may test the patience of readers who prefer a more fast-paced narrative. The gradual tension may also feel drawn out for some readers. However, if you are into exploring complexities of human nature, psychology insights, or want to read something new, go for it! Although, with these emotional toll and slow pacing Larsen had masterfully built suspense throughout the narrative, keeping readers engaged and eager to uncover the characters' fates. Larsen's clever manipulation of mood across the novel leaves readers haunted long after they have turned the final page.

One day when Irene was out with one of her black friends, he accidentally met Jack and seeing Irene with a black, he possibly suspected that his wife Clare is black too. Irene thought of warning Clare about this but was in a state of despair. The question arose in her mind- 'What if Clare gets divorced from her husband, will Brian leave her to be with Clare?' She chose not to disclose the meeting with Jake and gets ready to accept everything about her future. At last, the climactic scene arrives, and something most unexpected happens that's beyond imagination. Although the ending might surprise you it's also ambiguous. Some readers may feel unsatisfied by the novel's ambiguous ending, which leaves key questions unanswered and characters' fates unresolved. The lack of closure can be frustrating for those who prefer neatly tied-up conclusions. But in contrast, I believe that's the beauty of the novel and Larsen's writing. There are many instances which are sidelined, nevertheless no more spoilers now! She allows room for reader's interpretation, not just in the ending but throughout the novel. The readers are drawn deeper into Clare and Irene's lives, and are forced to confront their own assumptions and biases, making the novel a compelling read.

Last but not the least! Larsen's masterful storytelling and keen insight make 'Passing' a must-read for anyone seeking a deeper understanding of the complexities of human relation and nature, race and identity. It resonates

trauma, family, jealousy, secrets and many more! Take a chance and dive in the journey; it's just a one-time read and one sit-read.



Movie Review - “A Thursday”

- *Suhani Agarwal, First Year B.A.LL.B*

‘A THURSDAY’ directed by Behzad Khambata, is an issue-driven thriller that explores the details of human emotions and societal issues. Set in a play school located in Mumbai, the film is about Naina Jaiswal, a kindergarten teacher, played exceptionally by Yami Gautam, who takes 16 of her students’ hostage. Yes, but wait—there's more to it. The film tells the story of a nursery teacher whose life takes an unexpected turn on a fateful Thursday in Mumbai. Beginning as a straightforward thriller, the movie evolves into a journey from personal trauma to the need to make a point. It is not a simple tale of good versus evil, but a story with complex motivations and heart-wrenching disclosures.

Moreover, it tackles with the issue of child sexual abuse and the systematic failures that let offenders go free. Naina was a victim of sexual abuse during her school days. Despite the frequent attempts of Naina’s mother trying to seek justice for her daughter, the administrative system failed to provide the family with the necessary police and legal support. After years of silence, Naina comes across the assaulter in her play school who worked as a driver for one of the students. Traumatized by the incident, Naina decides to take the children of her nursery school hostage to get her demands fulfilled through the media and the police. Oh, and the policeman handling her case? Turns out, he’s the same man who neglected Naina’s mother while she was pleading for justice for her daughter.

The film is not your typical thriller; it shakes you up and makes you think about what matters in society. The director creates tension well throughout the film using the tight, intense setting of the play school. The movie uses Naina’s desperate actions to highlight how the legal system falls short, how the media blows things out of proportion and how the public loses interest in fixing big problems. The supporting cast of Atul Kulkarni and

Neha Dhupia adds another dimension to the story, each representing a different flavour of the societal response to the crisis Naina faces.

So, if you're looking for a break between your studies, "A Thursday" is worth watching on Hotstar. The film combines emotional depth & social critique with a well-crafted script and Yami Gautam's exceptional performance makes it a compelling watch.



WINNING PIECES

Freshers Meet Poem Writing Competition

□ □ □ □ □ □

- Jyotirmayee Sahoo, First Year B.A. LLB

ना रुको कभी, ना थको कभी,
यह जीवन भ्रम नहीं,
जीयो ईसे खुल कर विलंभ ना हो जाए देखो कही,
बिना रुके प्रयास जो करे , है सच्चा मनुष्य वही ।

बनो इतने मज़बूत की कोई तोड़ ना सके,
बनो सबकी ढाल जिसे कोई मॉड ना सके,
बल मिला है तो रक्षक बनो सबके,
बनो सबके आदर्श, और एक आदर्श बंदे रब के ।

ना रखो कभी अपने प्रयास में कमी,
है तुम में भी कहीं कौशल समी,
खुद पर रखो ध्रिड विश्वास,
जी जान लगा दो , करो प्रयास करो प्रयास ॥

दूर जाने की मन में थी चाह
फिर एक दिन मिल गई राह,
आकर बाहर समझ आया,

दूर में तुमसे आज तक ना रहा,
कैसे रह पाऊँगा, आज भी तुम्हारे बिना।

रह जाती हैं नींद अधूरी,
नहीं मिलती तुम्हारे आंचल की धाव यहा,
पापा की भी ठिठोली है कहाँ,
भाई के संग की शरारतो को माँ की डाँट भी कहा।

कल तक जिससे थी भागने की चाह,
नहीं ढूँढ पा रही आज उस तक पहुँचने की राह,
प्राया सा होकर रह गया है घर मेरा
तेरा साथ ही तो है मेरा सवेरा।

Freshers Meet Creative Writing Competition

The End is the Beginning

- *Kartikey Sharma, First Year B.A.LL.B*

Krrish, a famous journalist as he stood before the judge and lawyers and a large audience in the courtroom facing criminal charges, thought to himself on how he ended up there to begin with. Seeing everything blurry, hearing distorted voices he followed back a chronological pattern in his mind feeding back to where it all began. Maybe it was when he interviewed for his job or maybe it was when he had just started his college but no it all started back when he was just a 9th grade student studying in a school of a small town of Ujjain.

Watching his regular shows on TV as usual while ignoring his mom giving a lecture about how he has lost all the touch with his studies. His grandmother walks into the scene taking away the remote of the TV and switching the channel to a local news report . Seeing the vocabulary used the way reporters were present live in front of the camera the extent of the knowledge he was mesmerized. He asked his grandmother all about the things he seemed interested in . His grandmother brushed him off saying, "what these guys do on the news requires immense knowledge and confidence , an average boy like you can never pull it off." Hearing this Krrish got furious and started studying heavily, got himself to the top and became a great student.

Even after achieving all this the words of his grandmother still floated in his head as his grandmother never acknowledged his achievements. One fine regular night when those words won't let him sleep his furious cells couldn't control his rage and insults put on him by his own grandmother who murdered her in cold blood . As he should over her dead body he thought of all the possibilities from there on forward and the only logical step that crossed his mind was to cut her up into pieces and throw away her limbs in a nearby sewer plant while burning her head into the ground so that it could rot away. He didn't know what else to do with the body so he fed her cut up pieces to stray dogs and had a taste for himself. That was the point when he became addicted to human flesh.

After that he would need some flash in every 4 -5 months so he would target small children from slum so that no one would care about it and even if they did they would file a missing report with the police and the police would investigate for a few weeks and put the report file in some dead dark corner in the police station. Everything was going smoothly. He topped his class in 12th grade, got into a great college, did his degree in journalism and went on to make a successful journalist of himself all while doing all the murder and cannibalism in the background . All of it was going smoothly until the day he applied for a new role in another firm . When the first day he entered his office he saw his boss Ann .

I'll be completely in love with her because of the way she looked and talked to everyone . Mesmerized by seeing her after a few weeks of working asked her out only to find out she was already dating someone. He still insisted on her to go out with him over the next month by ringing her on all through her mobile phone and whole working hours. He even gave up all the abducting murder and his irresistible want for human meat . But while one afternoon in the office as usual he was asking her again and again to go out with him about not letting her do her work and lost her control and went completely about on him about his unethical behaviour and dumbfoundedness that she will never go out with him in front of the whole office. Krrish took that embarrassment to the core and got furious about the way she reacted and said "you will never be a good journalist as you can't make out what even a yes or no means."

He knew that she went back home everyday at 8:30 p.m. by the same cab and the same driver every time. So one night at 8:00 p.m. he broke into her house and waited for her to come home. As usual she entered her home and put down her post and keys as she went to turn the lights on ,Krish grabbed her by her mouth and slit her throat open. Still he couldn't control his rage and then went on to rape her dead body. As he stood on her dead body he started to laugh hysterically. After all this event with his usual process of cutting up her body and scattering the pieces all over the place just this time he didn't have any meat for himself.

The next day he went on with this usual routine. When he entered his office and saw the news about her he came to find out she was the daughter of a big time politician and he knew he would get caught eventually but he didn't try to make a break for it. He just behaved normally and by the time police came around he was all ready to confess all the events. Even the police were petrified as you went on to tell all the things from the very beginning. After all this he came back to the present and stood in the courtroom tied up and cuffed and waiting for the judge's decision and he again started laughing maniacally in front of everyone.



Awaaz Intra-College Poetry Writing and Recitation Competition

□□□□ □□ □□□□ □□ □□ □□□□

- *Khushboo Goyal, Third Year B.A.LL.B*

□□□ □□□□ □□ □□ □□ □□ □□□,

□□□ □□ □□□ □□□ □□ □□□

□□□ □□□□ □□□ □□□,

□□□ □□□ □□□□□ □□ □□ □□ □□□,

□□□□ □□ □□□□□□, □□ □□ □□□□□□□□ □□□□ □

□□ □□□□ □□□ □□□□□ □□□□□,

□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□□□□ □□□□ □□ □□□ □□□,

□□□□ □□ □□ □□□□□□ □□ □□□□,

□□□ □□ □□□ □□ □□□□□□□ □□ □□□ □□ □□□□ □□ □□□□□

□□ □□ □□□□□ □□ □□□□□ □□ □□□

□□□□ □□□□ □□ □□□ □□ □□ □□ □□□□□□□ □□ □□□, □□□□□ □□ □□□□ □□ □□□□ □□ □□

□□□□,

□□□□ □□□ □□ □□ □□ □□□□ □□□□□ □

Awaaz Intra-College Poetry Writing and Recitation Competition

I Lost My Home Yesterday

- *Durva Shinde, Third Year B.A.LL.B*

In a tragic turn of events,
I lost my home yesterday.
I sat by the ruins that crumbled ever so sluggishly,
I try to comprehend, was it the storm of sadness or the floods of frown that took over our town?
I gather, pick & choose, our memories as I force myself out of this place.

This place that I once called my home,
Where laughter once crowded now echoes of emptiness,
Which I found everlasting, now stands as a relic.
I lost my home yesterday
& I stand corrected,
For when I declared you as my home,
They said, "you'll be homeless soon."

I shook that off exactly as I shook off the boulders of your coarse words today.
I wish I could unrecall how I smiled that day,
Careless but hopeless, thought I almost had it all
& I hate how I still have the same exact smile,
Careless but homeless this time, knowing I just lost it all.

ACADEMIC ARTICLES

From Quota Protests to Political Turmoil: Understanding Bangladesh's Crisis and Its Impact Across the Borders

- *Pranjal Rai, First Year B.A.LL.B*

Introduction:

There is a very famous maxim by Mark Twain that “*History Doesn't Repeat Itself, but It Often Rhymes*”¹ and what we have seen in Bangladesh is the exact replica of what happened in Sri Lanka a few years ago, i.e., people protesting on the road in large numbers, looting the Prime Minister's house, and other similar instances. Now, the main question is what went wrong in Bangladesh? How did a student protest finally lead to the fleeing of Sheikh Hasina, who had ruled Bangladesh for more than 15 years, and why was the crowd angry even after dissolving the reservation quota? In addition to understanding the crisis by making an attempt to answer these questions, this article also seeks to delve into what impact this crisis can have on India and what we can learn from Bangladesh's experience as a neighbouring nation.

Tracing the trouble:

The students were protesting against the reservation quota which was initially introduced in 1972 by the founding father of Bangladesh, Mujibur Rehman. But over the years, it went through several changes before it was abolished in 2018 by the government due to elections. This reservation system reserved 56% of seats in government jobs for different groups but it majorly benefitted freedom fighters (also known as *Muktijoddha*) and their families. It gave 10% reservation to women, 10% to underdeveloped districts, 5% to Indigenous communities, 1% to disabled people, and 30% to freedom fighters and their children². They also added grandchildren to its ambit in 2010.

¹Mark Twain, History Doesn't Repeat Itself, but It Often Rhymes, Quote Investigator, (Jan. 12, 2014), <https://quoteinvestigator.com/2014/01/12/history-rhymes/> (last visited Aug. 16, 2024).

²The Quota for Freedom Fighters at the Centre of the Bangladesh Protests, The Hindu (Aug. 16, 2024), <https://www.thehindu.com/news/international/the-quota-for-freedom-fighters-at-the-centre-of-the-bangladesh-protests/article68487908.ece> (last visited Aug. 17, 2024).

On June 5, the Supreme Court of Bangladesh struck down the 2018 circular issued by the government which scrapped the reservation quota for freedom fighters saying that it was unconstitutional, illegal, and invalid as freedom fighters and their progeny remained one of the most backward sections of the country's citizens³. Article 29(3)(a)⁴ The Constitution of Bangladesh which was made in 1972 states "*The state can make special provisions in favour of any backward section...for the purpose of securing their adequate representation in the services of the republic.*" So, they restored the 30% reservation quota which led to the student protests from July itself.

The Trouble Begins:

Reservation quota became a hot topic in Bangladesh because there are not enough jobs for the youth and more than two-thirds of Bangladesh's 170 million population is in the working age group of 15-29 years, according to data from the International Labour Organisation (ILO)⁵. Close to around 12.27% of youth are unemployed in Bangladesh⁶. The students' main concern was "Why should the *Muktijoddhas* (freedom fighters) be given 30% reservation if their overall population is 0.13% only?"⁷. This 30 % reservation won't be availed by 0.13% of the population. So, the rest would be filled up by the people of the Awami League Party (Sheikh Hasina's Party) who will favor her in return.

In one of the press conferences, Mrs. Sheikh Hasina said "If not the grandchildren of the freedom fighters, then who will get quota benefits? The grandchildren of the Razakars (Traitors)?"⁸ which resulted in making the

³SC verdict on govt jobs: 93pc on merit, 7pc from quota, The Daily Star (Jul. 24, 2024), <https://www.thedailystar.net/news/bangladesh/news/sc-verdict-govt-jobs-93pc-merit-7pc-quota-3660211> (last visited Aug 17, 2024)

⁴Constitution of the People's Republic of Bangladesh, art 29(3)(a).

⁵ ILO Regional Office for Asia and the Pacific, [http://www.ilo.org/asia/areas/green-jobs/\[GreenjobsAP@ilo.org](http://www.ilo.org/asia/areas/green-jobs/[GreenjobsAP@ilo.org)

⁶Who Are the Protesters Demanding an End to Job Quotas in Bangladesh?, Al Jazeera (July 18, 2024), <https://www.aljazeera.com/economy/2024/7/18/who-are-the-protesters-demanding-an-end-to-job-quotas-in-bangladesh> (last visited Aug. 18, 2024).

⁷The Quint on X: "#MyReport | Why Give a 30 Percent Reservation to the Children and Grandchildren of Freedom Fighters, Who Constitute Only 0.13 Percent of the Country's Population?" Asks Maharnab Paul Mugdha, a Student from Bangladesh. (Via @QuintMyReport), X (Mar. 19, 2024), <https://x.com/TheQuint/status/1813478571878256703> (last visited Aug. 19, 2024).

⁸If Grandchildren of Freedom Fighters Don't Get Quota Benefits, Will Grandchildren of Rajakars Get Those?: PM, The Business Standard, <https://www.tbsnews.net/bangladesh/abort-quota-until-court-decides-students-must-accept-theres-nothing-govt-can-do-pm-says> (last visited Aug. 20, 2024).

situation more complicated. At last, the Supreme Court dissolved the quota system to 7% only, where 5% was given to the children of Independence War Veterans and 2% to other categories⁹. But even after dissolving the quota system, the public demanded resignation from Sheikh Hasina. Why?

- i) She used excessive force against students involving the Army, Police, and Students Wing of Awami League giving shoot-at-sight orders that killed many individuals.
- ii) Her rule was seen as more authoritarian; she even tried to suppress opposition parties, and many international bodies condemned her for not conducting free and fair elections.
- iii) High levels of unemployment among the youth and economic growth have become stagnant in recent years.

All of this led to what we have seen in Bangladesh but what is heartening to see is that the military not just moved in and claimed the rule for themselves, but the Army General Waker-uz-Zaman said that he is in talks with the President and other political parties to figure out what Bangladesh's interim government will look like¹⁰.

The Impact of the Crisis on its Neighbouring Countries:

It's a very precarious situation from India's point of view as Sheikh Hasina was always a supporter of India, unlike Khaleda Zia, the former Prime Minister and Leader of the Opposition of Bangladesh who has historically been Anti-India. If she comes to power, then Bangladesh will be aligned with China because in the past as well she has shown willingness to engage with China on various fronts while Sheikh Hasina tried to maintain closer ties with India. This potential shift can be a concern for India as it could shift the balance of power towards China. Also, sealing the India-Bangladesh border is a crucial step now to stop illegal migrants' infiltration towards Bengal and the North-east region as it could lead to security threat and social tensions in India. What was also seen as a

⁹ Bangladesh's Top Court Scales Back Government Jobs Quota after Deadly Unrest Killed Scores, *The Economic Times* (Aug. 21, 2024), <https://economictimes.indiatimes.com/news/international/world-news/bangladeshs-top-court-scales-back-job-quotas-that-sparked-deadly-unrest-attorney-general/articleshow/111900962.cms?from=mdr> (last visited Aug. 21, 2024).

¹⁰ Bangladesh: Members of Interim Govt Led by Nobel Laureate Muhammad Yunus to Take Oath Today, *The Economic Times* (Aug. 22, 2024), <https://economictimes.indiatimes.com/news/international/world-news/bangladesh-members-of-interim-govt-led-by-nobel-laureate-muhammad-yunus-to-take-oath-today/articleshow/112365280.cms?from=mdr> (last visited Aug. 22, 2024).

part of this protest was that a few extremist groups in Bangladesh tried to take advantage of the protest by starting communal violence against the Hindus of Bangladesh by looting, killing, and destroying many Hindu temples, houses, and raping minor girls¹¹. Therefore, India should also take a stand for the victims of that communal violence, and condemn it at international forums like the United Nations.

What the Crisis Holds for Its Neighbouring Countries:

What was seen in Bangladesh is not just a piece of news anymore but it is also concerning for India because unemployment is a very big issue here as well. India has the largest youth population in the world with 808 million people under the age of 35 which is about 66% of the country's total population but there aren't enough jobs to go about¹². So how are the youth going to make a living and how are they going to burst out of poverty?

The same sort of protest was seen in 1990 when the Mandal Commission gave its report which led to the inclusion of OBCs in the existing reservation quota making it a total of 49.5%. As a result, nearly 200 students burned themselves alive, who were not in favor of this quota system¹³. Also, recently after the judgment of the sub-categorization of SC and ST by the honorable Supreme Court of India, many groups launched a 'Bharat Bandh' protest against this judgment¹⁴.

In Karnataka, the state government announced to give 100% reservation to Kannadigas in private firms and gave a very vague and politically motivated excuse that they are taking care of their state and its people but it doesn't

¹¹ Bangladesh: 'There Is No Law and Order. And Hindus Are Being Targeted Again,' BBC News, <https://www.bbc.com/news/articles/cwy77vgmjz0> (last visited Aug. 23, 2024).

¹² ILO Population Data of India.

¹³ Mandal Commission, Wikipedia, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mandal_Commission (last visited Aug. 24, 2024).

¹⁴ Bharat Bandh 2024: Everything You Need to Know about Nationwide Protest Today, LiveMint (Aug. 21, 2024), <https://www.livemint.com/news/india/bharat-bandh-today-what-to-expect-everything-you-need-to-know-about-nationwide-shutdown-on-august-21-11724117738727.html> (last visited Aug. 25, 2024).

work that way because the industry will quickly find a way to move out of the place and start somewhere else and it will in turn impact Karnataka in the long run¹⁵.

The same incident occurred in 2023 in UP and Bihar regarding the Railway jobs scam, leading to tremendous rioting and protest. There were around 12 million applicants for the post of 35,000 openings¹⁶. This is a usual trend seen in people who don't live in metropolitan cities and are heavily dependent on government jobs because of a lack of private companies in their cities at the same time, government jobs are also not increasing which is a matter of concern that the government should look into.

Conclusion

Whether the situation in Bangladesh was a revolution or just another coup would be decided by who would run the government, the people, or the military. India should keep a close eye on this matter because it will surely impact India as it is a close neighbor to Bangladesh. Hopefully, moderate voices can calm down the situation by taking help from certain International organizations like the United Nations, etc. At the same time, it's a challenge for India to please its opponents and neighboring countries because India's relations with its neighboring countries have deteriorated in the past few years because of many reasons. It's a challenge for India to sustain diplomacy with its hostile neighbors because almost all the neighbors of India are governed by some kind of authoritarian regime like the Maldives, Myanmar, China, Bangladesh, Pakistan, and even Sri Lanka, and to an extent even Nepal. At least we conduct free and fair elections, and we may criticize the government for its shortfalls. India is a kind of democratic island across the authoritarian ocean, and we should be thankful for it.

¹⁵ Karnataka Cabinet Approves Bill for 100% Reservation for Kannadigas in Private Firms, Business Standard (July 17, 2024), https://www.business-standard.com/india-news/k-taka-approves-bill-for-100-reservation-for-kannadigas-in-private-firms-124071700006_1.html (last visited Aug. 26, 2024).

¹⁶ 35,000 Posts, 1.25 Crore Aspirants: Railway Recruitment Process, and Controversy, The Indian Express (Jan. 27, 2022), <https://indianexpress.com/article/explained/explained-controversy-recruitment-railway-jobs-7741550/> (last visited Aug. 27, 2024).

Artificial Intelligence (AI) and Human Wellness

- *Neha Raje, Second Year B.A.LL.B*

According to the definition by Harvard, 'Artificial Intelligence (AI) is an umbrella term for any theory, computer system, or software that is developed to allow machines to perform tasks that normally require human intelligence. The virtual assistant software on your smartphone is an example of artificial intelligence.' So basically, in lay man's language, AI makes the life of an individual easier by carrying out tasks itself which require minimum to little effort by us.

So, the question one seeks to find an answer to is: Will AI replace humans?

In my opinion, no. I don't think AI will replace humans because AI requires external input provided by us in its software and it does not have capability to think by itself and possess human-like characteristics like understanding, empathy, emotions, etc. AI's adaptability is limited, and it can't adjust to completely new situations like humans can.

Does that mean AI is not important?

No, AI is a very crucial tool and needs to be used wisely. AI has the ability to analyse vast amounts of data, identify patterns, and provide accurate predictions. AI has the potential to transform industries, improve decision making, enhance productivity, and address complex challenges across various domains. AI can facilitate better decision-making skills by analysing vast amounts of facts and data, identifying patterns, and providing accurate predictions and eliminating the grievances by logic, but these decisions are made without any emotional intelligence and hence are not always morally correct. AI can help improve access to education, healthcare, and clean water, and can also aid in the fight against climate change, poverty, and hunger.

Harvard says that 'Well-being is personal, dynamic and multifaceted.' According to my personal understanding, this definition implies that the well-being of a person is affecting a particular person rather than the entire society (personal), it is characterized by constant change, activity and progress (dynamic), and it involves many different aspects or features (multi-faceted). The well-being or wellness of an individual is necessary for him or her to function. So human wellness is the act of practicing healthy habits on a daily basis to attain better physical and mental health outcomes, so that instead of just surviving, you're thriving.

Then, how are AI and human wellness associated with one another?

The relationship between AI and human wellness is symbiotic - it's very closely related! They both have many similarities - the ability to process data, learn, and reason; but, remember they are not the same. It is so because AI can actually defeat the human brain when it comes to quick calculations and finding errors in long and difficult transactions. Apart from these similarities and differences, they are related to each other in several ways:

1. Healthcare - AI can help analyse vast amounts of medical data, such as patient records, medical images, and genomic information, to assist in disease diagnosis and treatment planning.
2. Medical Diagnosis - Wearable devices and health monitoring apps use AI to track and analyse users' health data, providing personalized insights and recommendations for maintaining wellness. There have been cases where it has actually helped in saving the lives of people who use these devices.
3. Drug Discovery - AI can accelerate the drug discovery process by simulating and predicting the behaviour of molecules and their interactions with biological systems.
4. Mental Health and Well-being - AI-driven chatbots and virtual assistants can provide mental health support and counselling to individuals, making mental health services more accessible and reducing the stigma associated with seeking help. Natural language processing (NLP) models can analyse text and social media data to detect signs of mental health issues and provide early interventions.
5. Personalized Medicine - AI can analyse an individual's genetic makeup and medical history to create personalized treatment plans and recommendations, increasing the effectiveness of medical interventions and reducing adverse effects.
6. Wellness and Lifestyle - AI-powered wellness apps and devices can offer personalized fitness and nutrition recommendations, encouraging individuals to adopt healthier lifestyles. Virtual personal trainers and fitness coaches can provide guidance and motivation based on individual goals and progress.

These are a few of the benefits of AI when it is interlinked with human wellness. These aspects show us the bright side of using AI in our day-to-day life and how its benefits are lifesaving itself. But unfortunately, all that glitters is not gold and it does have a downside to it which we need to be aware of and keep in mind while using it in our future. So here are some disadvantages of AI being related to Human Wellness:

1. Privacy Concerns - AI systems often require access to large amounts of personal health data to provide effective recommendations and diagnoses. This raises significant privacy concerns, as breaches or misuse of this data can lead to identity theft, discrimination, or other harmful consequences. It also includes security risks it possesses when there is a break of privacy through cyberattacks.

2. Lack of Human Interaction - While AI-powered chatbots and virtual assistants can provide support for mental health and wellness, they may lack the empathetic and nuanced understanding that a human therapist or counselor can provide. Some individuals may prefer human interaction for sensitive healthcare issues.

3. Cost - Implementing AI in healthcare and wellness can be expensive, and the initial costs of adopting AI technologies may not be affordable for all healthcare providers or accessible to all patients.

4. Healthcare Professional Resistance - Some healthcare professionals may resist the integration of AI into their practice, fearing job displacement or the loss of clinical autonomy. Ensuring that AI complements human expertise rather than replacing it is a critical challenge.

5. Data Quality - The quality and accuracy of healthcare data used to train AI models are crucial. Inaccurate or incomplete data can lead to incorrect diagnoses or treatment recommendations.

6. Reliability and Accountability - AI systems can make errors, and in healthcare, these errors can have serious consequences. Establishing accountability and determining who is responsible for AI-generated decisions and errors can be challenging.

Looking at these disadvantages, one must not fear, instead be guarded and prepared for our near future. AI's intervention in various industries was predicted long ago by scientists and we might not know whether it will be fruitful or not. But the only thing that can be assured is that if one keeps in mind these precautions and uses it effectively to one's advantage, they will flourish in life and be benefitted by it. It is up to us what we create out of it. Even though uncertainties are not our hand, we might still try to live our life with a positive outlook.

Hence, I would like to now conclude by stating that the relationship between artificial intelligence (AI) and human wellness is multifaceted, offering both significant promise and challenges. AI has the potential to revolutionize healthcare and well-being in numerous ways, from improving diagnosis and treatment to promoting healthier lifestyles. However, it is essential to approach the integration of AI into healthcare and wellness contexts with careful consideration of the potential disadvantages and ethical concerns.

EDITOR'S CHOICE

Trend Culture, Fast Fashion And Its Impact On The Environment

- *Shrishti Shastry, Third Year B.A.LL.B*

Is our hunt for the next big trend contributing to the destruction of our planet?

When events, such as, the World Environment Day, are celebrated, many companies advertise several claims regarding carbon emission control and sustainability to showcase their support for environmental conservation. However, despite these high-profile commitments, there is growing evidence that these promises are more about public consciousness than actual environmental stewardship. In the past couple of years, one such industry that has been under scrutiny on several occasions due to its unsustainable practices is the fashion industry.

The industry has been criticized for the devastating impacts it has on the environment, which include overconsumption of resources, pollution, and soil degradation, amongst many others. This has led to many of the big players in the field announcing ambitious goals to curb these harmful effects. For instance, the clothing company Zara has on multiple occasions announced plans to use sustainably sourced materials that can be recycled and has also made promises regarding reducing and offsetting all emissions before 2040¹⁷. However, it is nowhere near enough to combat its current fast fashion business model, as Zara uses a “vertically integrated supply chain” which means that the company has jurisdiction over every single step, right from sourcing raw materials to distribution of the finished products¹⁸. This very model has allowed Zara to keep up with changing fashion styles as it can focus on producing large quantities in a short amount of time. This practice has led to a heavy reliance on cheap and environmentally harmful materials. For example, polyester, a petroleum-based fabric, is widely used by Zara and other fast fashion brands¹⁹.

¹⁷ Fast Fashion Companies Responsible for Environmental Pollution, <https://earth.org/fast-fashion-companies/>.

¹⁸ Zara Clothing Company Supply Chain, <https://www.scmglobe.com/zara-clothing-company-supply-chain/>.

¹⁹ Zara and sustainability: The High Cost of Low Prices, <https://thefashionglobe.com/zara-can-never-be-sustainable/>, Last Date of Access- 24/06/2024.

Adding to the problem is the rise of social media popularity, which has revolutionized the way fashion is viewed and sustained in the market. In recent times, trend culture has been on the rise. To put it simply, trend culture is the rise and fall of styles pushed by content creators on all kinds of social media platforms. What could be considered fashionable in one season might quickly become passé as new ‘trends’ emerge. The constant cycle of trend setting is based on pieces becoming outdated, and the emergence of a new trend, which gives rise to fast fashion. Fast fashion can be described as affordable yet stylish clothing that is quick in production to keep up with upcoming trends, as new collections are introduced continuously²⁰.

An example of this can be the ‘Coquette Trend’. According to Vogue, “it’s a trending look that has gained momentum on TikTok this year. The vibe is largely focused on a prim, hyper-feminine aesthetic—complete with sweet florals, cottagecore-style lace, and of course, loads of pretty bows.” Several celebrities and fashion influencers were part of this trend, which gave it quite a boost. Over the next few days, a rising demand for pieces that had bows in them, whether it be clothes or jewelry, was noticed. Brands like H&M were quick to come out with several coquette trend inspired looks; however, just like every other trend, this too had a slow burn over the course of a few months.

At the core of creating these short-shelf-life “trendy” items is the rapid production of cheap clothing to keep up with the changing trends. This requires fast production and supply between the manufacturers and the retailers, which would ultimately put pressure on production houses to keep up with the demands, requiring their workers to work long hours and use cheap raw materials.

The environment created by social media fuels the trend culture mentality. Fast fashion promotes the idea that clothing should be constantly updated to showcase the most recent trend. Celebrity ambassadors and social media

²⁰ Fast Fashion: How It Impacts Retail Manufacturing, <https://www.investopedia.com/terms/f/fast-fashion.asp>, Last Date of Access: 16/06/2024.

influencer marketing create the “hype” around on-going trends, creating a sense of fake urgency for people to keep up with the ever-changing and unpredictable fashion industry. As a consequence of this, the percentage of clothing waste over the past decade has grown exponentially, with many of the items that turn up being worn only a few times, if not just once.

The increasing dependence on fast fashion is hurting the environment, however the big names in the industry continue to thrive and hide under vague promises and claims. For instance, H&M, has been accused of using unsustainable practices to grow its production and supply, such as previously using harmful chemicals like PFCs, APs/APEOs in its products²¹, yet it is the second largest retailer in the fast fashion realm²². The fashion company has made public proclamations of only using recycled and sustainably sourced materials by 2030. The company has also come with its own method of calculating the carbon emissions which has shown contradicting results when compared with its overall annual disclosures for the year 2022, indicating that company might be underestimating its carbon emission impact due to inaccurate calculation methods²³. This is a continued pattern wherein brands like H&M, Zara, and Boohoo frequently announce ambitious sustainability goals and recycling initiatives, yet reports reveal a stark contrast between their claims and their practices.²⁴ This ultimately leaves us to wonder whether or not we ought to believe them.²⁵

The impact this has had on the environment is alarming: plastic fibers that are released into open water bodies without proper filtration are contaminating and poisoning the oceans, toxic dyes and hazardous fumes from

²¹ 7 Fast Fashion Companies Responsible for Environmental Pollution, <https://earth.org/fast-fashion-companies/>, Last Date of Access- 09/06/2024.

²² H&M: The Secret to Its Success, <https://www.investopedia.com/articles/investing/041216/hm-secret-its-success.asp>, , Date of Access: 24/06/2024.

²³ H&M improves data accuracy – and adds nearly 2 million tonnes of emissions to estimates, <https://www.csomfutures.com/news/h-m-improves-data-accuracy-and-adds-nearly-2-million-tonnes-of-emissions-to-estimates/>, Last Date of Access: 24/06/2024.

²⁴ H&M, Zara, and others are tricking shoppers with vague sustainability claims , <https://www.fastcompany.com/90385370/hm-zara-and-other-fashion-brands-are-tricking-consumers-with-vague-sustainability-claims>, Last Date of Access: 16/06/2024.

²⁵ Explainer: H&M, Boohoo, ASOS, Asda greenwashing accusations, <https://sustainabilitymag.com/sustainability/explainer-h-m-boohoo-asos-asda-greenwashing-accusations>, Last Date of Access: 07/06/2024.

production houses is polluting the air, and clubbed with all this is the exploitation of underpaid workers²⁶. One of the most prominent issues created by this phenomenon is the overconsumption of natural resources. Textile production requires significant amounts of chemicals, water, energy, and other natural resources²⁷. For example, for the production of 1 kilo of cotton, it requires nearly 10,000 liters of water²⁸. And not just the production; it is also the disposal of these clothes that is taking a significant toll on the planet. The continent of America alone, produces an estimated 11.3 million tons of textile waste, equivalent to 85% of all textiles²⁹.

Addressing the concerns that surround fast fashion cannot be done with mere announcements and billboard signs claiming to have reduced carbon emissions. Bringing about real, fruitful change requires concrete efforts at every step, right from the grass-root level of sourcing materials for production to making sure that we, as consumers, do not give into the consumerist ideology. We as consumers need to be mindful in our purchases in order to make sure we don't indulge in over consumption of commodities. As an alternative to fast fashion we can up-cycle and thrift clothes. Supporting businesses that have an ethical and transparent production chain is the need of the hour.

A systematic change in fashion and production is needed. Inculcating the practices of sustainable and conscious consumption of products and investing in green fashion. Furthermore, policymakers, industry stakeholders, and individuals should make conscious efforts towards making the industry more sustainable. Plant-based fabrics are a more sustainable alternative to synthetic and animal-based materials. These fabrics are made from natural fibers obtained from plants³⁰. They offer a wide range of benefits, including breathability, softness, and durability. In addition, plant-based fabrics are biodegradable, renewable, and require less energy and water to produce than

²⁶The environmental costs of fast fashion, <https://www.unep.org/news-and-stories/story/environmental-costs-fast-fashion>, Last Date of Access: 16/06/2024.

²⁷The Environmental Crisis Caused by Textile Waste, <https://www.roadrunnerwm.com/blog/textile-waste-environmental-crisis>, Last Date of Access: 20/04/2024

²⁸Clothed in Conservation: Fashion & Water, <https://sustainablecampus.fsu.edu/blog/clothed-conservation-fashion-water>, Last Date of Access: 20/04/2024.

²⁹10 Concerning Fast Fashion Waste Statistics, <https://earth.org/statistics-about-fast-fashion-waste/>, Last Date of Access: 20/04/2024.

³⁰Comprehensive Guide to Plant and Animal Fibers in Textiles, <https://www.fibre2fashion.com/industry-article/2943/plant-and-animal-fibres>.

synthetic materials; these include organic cotton, bamboo, hemp, linen, jute, ramie, cork, nettle, and many more. The masses also play a crucial role in transforming the industry by holding brands accountable for their industry practices. Consumers can do so by asking the right questions regarding the production processes and materials used and demanding legitimate answers for the same. In the end, solving the issue of the environmental impact of fast fashion requires a paradigm shift in the way manufacturers produce their goods and we, as consumers, use the commodities. By bringing these issues to the limelight, making consumers aware, and supporting green initiatives, we can pave the way for an equitable and sustainable fashion industry that not only prioritizes profits but also the planet.

The true cost of fast fashion is deepening our debt to the planet- it's time to take conscious decisions and pay it back.



Picture Credits Aishwarya Gada

□□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□

- *Manan Lakhani, First Year, B.A.LL.B.*

□□□□ □□ □□ □□□□ □□□, □□ □□ □□□ □□□□□ □□□□, □□□ □□ □□□□□□ □□ □□□□ □□□□
□□□

□□□ □□ □□□□□ □□□ □□ □□□□ □□ □□□ □□□ □□□ □□□□, □□ □□□□ □ □□□□□ □□ □□□□□
□□□□□-□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□

□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□ □□□□ □□□ □□ □□□□ □□□□□ □□□, □□ □□ □□□□ □□ □□□ □□□□ □□
□□□ □□ □□□□ □□□

□□ □□ □□□ □□ □□□□ □□□□, □□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□

□□□□□ □□□□□ □□ □□ □□□□□ □□□□ □□□□□ □□□□ □□□ □□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□... (2)

□□ □□□□□□□□□□□□□ □□ □□ □□□ □□□□□ □□□□ □□□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□... (2)

□□ □□□□ □□□□, □□ □□□□□ □□□, □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□... (2)

□□ □□□□□□□ □□ □□□□ □□□ □□ □□□□□ □□□, □□

□□ □□□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□□ □□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□

□□ □□ □□□□□□□ □□ □□□ □□□□ □□□ □□□□ □□,

□□ □□□□□-□□□□□ □□ □□□ □□□□□ □□□ □□□□ □□□

□□□□□□ □□□ □□□□□ □□ □□□□ □□□ □□ □□□□□ □□□, □□ □□□ □□□ □□□□ □□□□□-□□ □
□□□□ □□□

□□□□ □□ □□□ □□ □□□□ □□□ □□□□ □□, □□ □□□□ □□□□□ □□□ □□□□ □□□□□ □□□ □□
□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□

□□ □□□ □□ □□□□□ □□□□ □□□□□ □□□, □□□□□ □□□□ □□□□□ □□ □□□□□□□, □□ □□□
□□ □□□ □□□□ □□□□□□□ □□□□ □□□

□ □□□-□□□□ □□ □□ □□□□□ □□□□□-□□ □□ □□□□ □□□□ □□,

□□□□□ □□□□□□ □□ □□□□□ □□ □□□□ □□□□ □□... (2)

LITERARY PIECES FROM MONTHLY ISSUES

Save Me, O God

- *Anas Dhorajiwala, Fourth Year, B.A.LL.B.*

Save me, O God, the waters rise,
I sink in depths, no foothold lies.
Worn out, calling, throat so dry,
Eyes fail, searching the sky.

Enemies hate without a cause,
They seek my ruin, breaking laws.
O God, hear my plea,
Let those who hope in you be free.

I bear the scorn, endure the pain,
Save me, O God, in your embrace again.

A Girl in Love with Death

- Vidhi Jain, Third Year B.A.LL.B

I stood across the street,
looking at your bewildered hands,
those were the ones who took lives away,
and still they weren't trembling,
for you never pitied the ones that decay.

i stood across the street,
looking at your cheerful grin,
some people would see it as a smirk,
because they always portray you as someone evil,
but i know you're just completing His artwork.

i stood across the street,
looking at your invisible heart,
i know you possess the warmth and love,
i know you don't really wish for melancholy,
It's just your curse that has made you crippled.

i am attracted by your sheer desire,
i am attracted by your gloomy eyes,
one day, when we meet i'll tell you my stories
while you take me up in the sky.

Beneath the Arch

- Aman Desai, First Year B.A.LL.B

Beneath the arch of ancient skies,
where stars have burned and gods have cried,
life treads a path both malicious and benign,
Nothing short of a puzzle scattered in the marrow of time.
Grief has roots that burrow deep,
in silent soil where shadows tend to weep
tragedy walks with measured grace,
a sculptor chiselling the human face.
Sadness too, an eternal guest,
lingers soft where hearts confess.
it binds the soul, yet rends it whole,
an alchemist forging unyielding gold
oh, happiness comes, like morning's blush,
a fleeting hymn, a tender hush.
But tell me, what question does joy evoke?
What fire burns when laughter has spoken?
for it is sorrow that cleaves the mind,
leaves it groping for what lies beyond the end of time,
the why, the how, the aching plea
A riddle whispered to eternity.
Happiness may gild the fleeting hour,
but it is grief that holds the power,
to strip the self, to bare the bone,

to find the truth in the vast untold.

Life is the storm, the calm, the strife a question mark
scrawled at the edge of a knife.

And we, its seekers, must ever roam, through shadow and
light, to call it home.



Yet To Name

- *Prasanna Mour, First Year B.A.LL.B*

Life is truly unknown,
We are unaware of things around us,
Except the bond of friendship,
Bringing a thousand memories,
It's nothing like we think, or wish it to be,
New faces, new fears and failures, but

I'll be by your side,
(When you need a guide),
I'll be by your side,
(You are better with me),
I'll be by your side,
(Coz' we are in this together),

I am different and strange,
Just like you are unusual,
But you believe in me,
And help me find the key,
It's nothing like we think, or wish it to be,
New faces, new fears and failures, but

I'll be by your side,
(When you need a guide),

I'll be by your side,
(You are better with me),
I'll be by your side,
(Coz' we are in this together),

You are like the source for my smile,
I always have your shoulder for me to cry,
And you set me free,
Ways may part but we shall never part our way,
It's nothing like we think, or wish it to be,
New faces, new fears and failures, but

I'll be by your side,
(When you need a guide),
I'll be by your side,
(You are better with me),
I'll be by your side,
(Coz' we are in this together),

ए मुसाफिर

जो तू आज फिर कलम उठा जुनून भरी बाते लिखने आया है,

ए मुसाफिर

क्या फिर दुनिया ने तुझे सताया है?

या फिर तेरे अपनों ने तुझे दोबारा ये जताया है

की तू सबके लिए पराया है?

ए मुसाफिर,

फिर किसने तेरा दिल दुखाया है?

किस मोड़ पीआर तू उलझा है

जिसका रास्ता तू दूसरों को दिखाने आया है?

कौनसा सच तू फिर दुनिया को बताने आया है?

क्या है वो दर्द जो तुझे दोबारा यहाँ खींच लाया है?

अपनी किस चोट की मरहम तू दुनिया को देने आया है?

ए मुसाफिर,

क्यों तू आज फिर लिखने आया है.

क्यों तू आज फिर अपनी कवितायीं लिखकर

उनमे मुस्कुराने की वजह धुंध रहा है?

ऐसा क्या हुआ जो तू फिर बेफिक्र हसना भुल रहा है?

क्यूँ आज फिर तेरा दिल भर आया है?

ए मुसाफिर,

क्यूँ तू आज फिर लिखने आया है, क्यूँ तू आज फिर लिखने आया है?



Picture Credits Ayush Gaikwad

करार आया है

- Manan Lakhan, First Year B.A.LL.B

उसकी बड़ी आँखों का जाने एक समंदर सा छाया है...

मन तो करता है जाने डूब जाऊं उनमें, पर डूबने जाऊं तो तेरी मुस्कुराहट का करार आया है...

हाथों की उस नमी से तेरी माने, जन्नत सा सुकून आया है...

और होठों की उस गर्मी से तेरी जाने पूरे बदन में सैलाब आया है...

उसकी पूरियत के जो पुल बांधते फिरू तो भरे कागज़ों जैसा सैलाब आया है...

और आप हो कि पूछती हो कि हमें आपका कब करार आया है...

कहने को तो काफी दूर है बसेरा उनका हमसे...

पर दिल में तो जानो उसी का घराना आया है...

मिलने को तो जाने तरस जाते हैं,

पर दिल और दिमाग ने तेरे साथ के ही पल का आशियाना बनाया है...

प्यारे सी उस "हाँ" पे तेरी जाने कितनी दफा दिल आया है...

तो तेरे कस के मुझको पकड़ने का मुझे हर बार ख़्वाब आया है...

सोच में तो ठहरी रहती हो तुम सुबह शाम,

पर तेरा इकरार माना कभी-कभी ही आया है...

उस मासूमियत से तेरी जाने दिल में बार-बार सैलाब आया है...

और आप पूछती हो हमें कब आपका करार आया है...

वैसे तो बहुत से रंगों को बसाए रखा है इस दिल में,

पर सबसे ज़्यादा तो आपका ही रंग छाया है...

भुला तो वैसे देता हूँ कई चीज़ें,

पर मन में सिर्फ़ आपकी ही ख़ैरियत का ख़्याल आया है...
मुस्कुराहट में तेरी जाने मेरा आधा संसार समाया है...
तो बातों में तेरी यूँ डूब के पूरा दिन बिताया है...
हर समय, हर जगह, हर पल, सिर्फ़ तेरा ही ख़्वाब, इकरार, क़रार आया है...
और आप पूछती हो कि हमें कब आपका क़रार आया है...
अब छोड़ भी दो नाराज़गी तुम्हारी,
इधर तुम्हारे बिना जान पे पर जाने वार आया है...
तेरी उस नफ़रतियत से जाने पत्थरों का इस बदन पे सैलाब आया है...
तेरी हर उन बोले हुए लफ़्ज़ों का मानो एक तीर सा मुझपे आया है...
तो तेरे मुझसे मुंह मोड़ने से मानो असलियत से बिछड़ने का ख़्वाब आया है...
तुझे पल-पल, दर-दर पुकारा है...
और आप पूछती हो कि हमें आपका कब क़रार आया है...
एतबार भी करेंगे, इकरार भी करेंगे,
नींद अगर जो आ जाए तो तेरा ख़्वाब भी करेंगे...
बस कभी ये मत पूछना कि आख़िर कितनी मोहब्बत है तुमसे... (2)
क्योंकि हम तो जन्नत में भी तेरा ही इंतज़ार करेंगे...

The *ghazal* was recited at Voyage'24 as part of the talent-round competition. the piece also won the prize for 'Best Literary Rendition' in Voyage'24

How to Watch a Film

- Harshita Tyagi, Fifth Year B.A. LL.B.

I still vividly remember how I felt when I watched *Thappad*. I was overwhelmed, not just by the film and its message, but more by the fact that a film, which by the way, I watched on my phone at 02:00 A.M. in a poorly lit room, moved me so much. That was probably my first feminist awakening. My second awakening was *The Great Indian Kitchen*. Ever since *Thappad* I felt that I was missing out all this time and was not watching good cinema. But what is good cinema? What makes cinema worthy of watching? Is there a purpose that cinema should definitely serve? My experience, contexts, anecdotes and references in this Essay are primarily going to be informed by Hindi Cinema, not because I am extraordinarily patriotic, but because I am not that literate on world cinema; maybe also because India does happen to make fine films, which we don't give enough credit to.

For the longest time, I, as many fellow Indians, have associated cinema with entertainment; that means, if a film is not 'entertaining' it is not worth watching. Gradually, it changed from entertainment to escapism. The idea that a film should necessarily transport you from all your real problems is quite baffling. How could we put so much pressure on a mere film? The escape should not only be from the real world but also from its realities. While some films are able to accomplish this mammoth of a task, some are not able to, and some – are not supposed to. Films, I believe, have only one purpose – engagement. That engagement might be good, bad, or scandalizing. But when you go to the theater, or well, on Netflix, with a prerequisite, that the cinema that you will watch should necessarily give you the *high*, you might actually miss out on something way more important – the human wonder of '*thought and reflection*'.

A film might be all – engaging, escapist, entertaining (*Sholay!*), others might not. The most mundane yet the most effective film I watched in recent times was *Court*. *Court* is a social commentary on the Indian Judicial system. The film progresses as slowly as a legal dispute in India. Oh, and I just used the buzz word 'social commentary'. Do not mistake social messaging as a precursor to engagement; it is not. However, there are societal overtones in

every film (even Rohit Shetty films!), while the likes of – *Toilet- Ek Pram Katha*, *Padman*, *Badhai Ho*, etc. would be very conspicuous about it, others like – *Masaan* and *Udaan* are subtle. As a matter of fact, the entire *Singham* universe has a very strong anti-establishment undertone.

The beauty of storytelling is that it is reflective of human experience, it has to be, because it is conceived by human minds. And, humans are social animals (Aristotle!). The human experience is deeply political and inherently social. When put on celluloid it can move people. In India, especially, we have a very unique connection to cinema. The older films – *Mother India*, *Upkar*, *Teesri Kasam*, *Awaara*, *Do Beegha Zamin*, *Pathar Panchali* etc. were a voice of the struggle of the underprivileged, the might of a farmer, and the valor of a villager. Post independent India's hero was an honest man who fought poverty, prejudice and dogmatism. Then came the 1970s, and India got its new hero. Now the hero, much like India, had evolved politically. A hero who was 'angry' and his mortal enemy was the system. The subsequent 80s and 90s were starkly different, and I would call that the 'lover boy era'. We had films like *Bobby*, *Chandni*, *Prem Rog*, *Dilwale Dulhania Le Jaayenge*, and *Hum Dil De Chuke Sanam*. Our 'hero' is now a man or a woman in love, who is fighting social constructs, family, and their own heart. The 90s also witnessed a new phenomenon called 'parallel cinema' or 'arthouse films'. In a regular world, there are good films and bad films. India, for the longest time, had films for the masses and films for the classes. The hero of the parallel cinema was an 'intellectual' and so was the audience. When in fact – he was not. Films like *Bazaar*, *Sparsh*, *Ardh Satya*, and *Garam Masala* were films about the human experience minus the dance numbers, fighting, and well – Govinda!

When our heroes have been so personally reflective of our lives, it would not be so difficult to relate to them right? I feel that most of *Gangs of Wasseypur* is grown men developing a hero complex from watching too many films. Ever since the release of *Animal*, the debate of responsible filmmaking is in vogue. I watched Mr. Javed Akhtar's interview where he talked about responsible film-watching. Film watching has a cause effect relationship, but in India, it goes two ways. The society informs the film, and the film can influence the society.

We usually undermine the power of the celluloid. The written medium such as books, newspapers, and the sound mediums like music, songs, and the radio have been instrumental in many revolutions that we read about today. They are all mediums, mediums to relay a message in the form of literature, songs, sonnets etc. These messages can be those of propaganda or of revolution. Visual Medium, which today is probably the most impactful, more accessible than ever, and the most influential, is now the new message carrier.

Storytelling should be authentic, and we as an audience should engage with that authenticity. I cannot teach filmmakers on how to make a film but I can give my two cents on how to watch one. The idea is not to ridicule brainless comedies and romcoms. The idea is to be able to approach different films differently; to not go to a theater expecting a *Golmaal* or a *Singham* every time; to have an awareness to engage with what is being shown to you; and to be able to employ your mental capacities against brainwashing and propaganda. The next time you spend INR 250 to watch a film (and spend INR 1000 on popcorn) make sure to ‘think’ while you are watching, and think when you leave the theater, and think again when you reach home. If you see a bad film, think about why you were marinating in mediocrity for the past 3 hours. What makes a film a bad film you ask? A film which is unauthentic, a film untrue to the human experience, and a film which takes you (the audience) for an idiot.

Lastly, I would leave you with this thought – the hero of modern cinema is you. You and your choices will decide how this hero turns out to be.

A Visit to Literature Live! Mumbai LitFest at NCPA

Memories of a Literary Enthusiast

- Anupriya Kushwaha, First Year B.A.LL.B

On 15 October 2024, I had the privilege of attending the Literature Live! Mumbai LitFest at NCPA in Marine Lines, an event that turned out to be one of the most amazing experiences of my life. This insightful journey was made possible by my professor, Vidya Tewani, who encouraged me to attend despite my initial hesitation about venturing out for a late-night event. Coming from Uttarakhand, where the nights are cold and nightlife is largely unexplored, I was unsure of what to expect. However, I was utterly mesmerized by the experiences that unfolded before me.

As I entered the literature auditorium, I felt a surge of life within me, as if the beauty of literature was flowing through my veins. The evening began with an extraordinary session featuring Gulzar. The shayaris and short poetry he recited were beyond words, filled with profound emotion that resonated deeply with me. It felt as though he was speaking directly to my soul. My admiration for Gulzar grew immensely when, despite his stature, he graciously offered his seat to someone else. This simple gesture reminded me that true respect comes not just from talent but from humility and kindness.

Something that stuck with me were these lines:

□□□ □□□□□□□□ □□□ □□□□ □□ □□ □□□ □□□, □□□□□□□□ □□□ □□□□□□□□ □□□,
□□□□□□ □□□ □□□ □□□ □□□□ □□□□

They reflected upon the relationship between humans and trees, describing them as lifelong friends who share our emotions and strive to provide us comfort, yet we often fail to protect them. His poetry addressed critical issues such as climate change and global politics, leaving a lasting impact on my heart.

The next session featured Subhash Ghai and Imtiaz Ali, focusing on the intricacies of filmmaking. Mr. Ghai began by expressing pride in being a father to his wonderful daughters and shared heartfelt stories about his mother's unwavering support. His words struck a chord with me, stirring a mix of emotions as I reflected on my own journey away from home. I felt the weight of my aspirations to make my father proud while missing the unconditional love and support of my mother. He defined true success as not just personal achievement but also uplifting others along the way. His journey from aspiring actor to accomplished director and producer resonated with me, particularly his insight that sometimes, when we don't become what we initially desire, we end up becoming what we truly deserve.

After these heartwarming sessions, we participated in a debate competition, which was the primary reason for attending the festival. The debate on AI provided me with new perspectives and techniques for effective argumentation. I was fortunate to be part of my best debate team, formed during our fresher's year. I learned that adding a personal touch and a bit of humor to speeches can significantly enhance their impact. It became clear that perfection is not necessary; what truly matters is participation and connecting with the audience. The competition also highlighted the power of teamwork and the strength that comes from collaboration.

Overall, the visit led to a collection of beautiful moments that deepened my connections with friends and helped me understand them better. Although I often felt alone away from home, I realized that even in distance, we carry our families with us in spirit. As I navigated the vibrant city of Bombay, my emotions were a whirlwind of excitement, curiosity, adventure, fear, and homesickness. Yet, with the support of amazing teachers, friends, and the endless expanse of the ocean, I found immense opportunities and new adventures awaiting me.

I cherish every moment I spent at the Lit Live Fest. It taught me that literature is not merely a collection of words; it is a tapestry of emotions that connects us all.

L'AVOCAT 2024 - 2025 RECAP AND UPCOMING EVENTS

- *Krishna Jain, Third Year B.A. LL.B.*

- *Nidhi Kapadia, Second Year B.A. LL.B.*

L'avocat, the vibrant literary society of our college, has consistently fostered a stimulating environment for student expression and intellectual growth. Our Monthly Issues gives an opportunity to students to publish their thoughts and perceptions, this provides them with a platform to be expressive and creative. Our diverse array of events has enriched the campus experience. From spirited debate competitions that honed persuasive arguments to challenging quiz competitions that tested intellectual prowess, L'avocat has provided platforms for students to shine. Our Literary society's commitment extends to nurturing creative talents through captivating poetry recitations and imaginative creative writing contests. These enriching experiences have empowered students to explore their potential, cultivate critical thinking skills, and develop confidence in their abilities. L'avocat's dedication to fostering a lively literary culture has undoubtedly left an indelible mark on our college community. Our calendar has been brimming with engaging activities designed to ignite intellectual curiosity and unleash creative potential. We've hosted various events and each event has been carefully crafted to provide enriching experiences and empower students to explore their talents.

List of our Hosted Events:

1. L'avocat Pink Photoshoot - 23rd July 2024
2. L'avocat Orientation - 29th July 2024
3. Awaaz Intra Poetry Writing Competition - 9th August 2024
4. Intra Quiz Competition - 22nd August 2024
5. Freshers Meet - 23rd September to 25th September 2024 (Freshers' Debate, Crime Scene Investigation, Creative Writing Competition , Awaaz - A Poetry Showdown)

List of our Upcoming Events:

1. Intra Debate Competition
2. Book Club Author Meet and Greet

L'avocat Pink Photoshoot - 23rd July 2024

L'avocat, the vibrant literary society of our college, hosted a delightful pink photo shoot that captured the essence of camaraderie and creativity. The event was a celebration of the society's members and faculty, who came together to capture cherished moments and showcase their unique personalities.

The atmosphere was filled with excitement and laughter as everyone donned their favorite shades of pink. The social media club of L'avocat took the lead, organizing the event and ensuring that every detail was perfect, even creating fun icebreakers to break the ice and foster a sense of togetherness.

The photo shoot was a whirlwind of activity, with members and faculty striking poses, sharing stories, and capturing candid moments. The social media club skillfully captured the essence of the members, creating reels that showcased the vibrant energy and camaraderie. The reels were a visual treat, capturing the laughter, the smiles, and the genuine joy that filled the air.

The pink photo shoot was more than just a collection of pictures and videos; it was a celebration of L'avocat's spirit, a testament to the power of creativity and friendship. It was a day filled with laughter, joy, and cherished memories that will be treasured for years to come.



L'avocat Orientation - 29th July 2024

The L'avocat orientation was a whirlwind of excitement, laughter, and introductions. The icebreaker games were a highlight, fostering a sense of unity and breaking down barriers among the new members. Through these engaging activities, students quickly formed connections and discovered shared interests, creating a welcoming and inclusive atmosphere within the society.

The orientation also provided valuable insights into the L'avocat society. New members learned about the society's rich history, its various activities, and the opportunities available for personal and intellectual growth. The experienced heads of the society shared their experiences, offering guidance and inspiration to the newcomers. Their passion for literature and their commitment to fostering a vibrant community were truly inspiring.

The orientation left a lasting impression on the new members, leaving them eager to dive into the world of L'avocat.



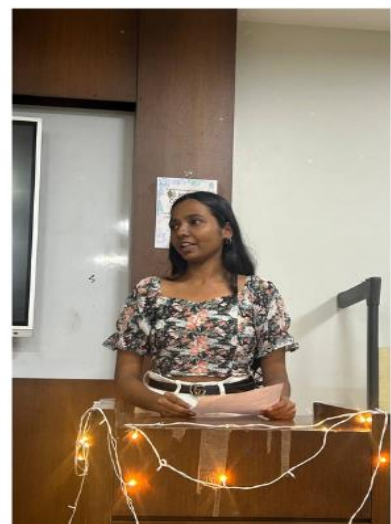
l'avocat orientation 2024 - 2025



Awaaz Intra Poetry Writing Competition - 9th August 2024

L'avocat organized the "Awaaz Intra Poetry Writing Competition" on 9th August 2024, providing a platform for budding poets to express their creativity and emotions. The theme, "I Lost My Home Yesterday," resonated deeply with participants, prompting a diverse range of powerful and evocative poems. The competition witnessed a remarkable display of talent, with participants crafting verses in both Hindi and English. The ambience of the event was truly enchanting. While the main lights were dimmed, the soft glow of fairy lights created a magical and intimate atmosphere, perfect for the sharing of poetry. The striking "Awaaz" backdrop provided the perfect setting for the poetic expressions in this softly lit, almost magical space.

The judges were captivated by the heartfelt expressions and unique perspectives presented. Ultimately, Khushboo Goyal emerged as the winner with her poignant Hindi poem, capturing the essence of the theme with remarkable sensitivity. Durva Shinde secured the first runner-up position with her compelling English poem, showcasing her exceptional command of language and storytelling. The competition was so close, that two individuals shared the position of second runner-up: Khushi Bohra and Reva Garkar, both demonstrating exceptional poetic talent. The event was a testament to the power of poetry to connect us all and offered a space for voices to be heard.



Intra Quiz Competition - 22nd August 2024

L'avocat organized an exciting Intra Quiz Competition on 22nd August 2024, held on the college campus in a circular desk setup. The competition saw enthusiastic participation from students of the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th years, who formed teams of three. Adding a touch of humor and local flavor, the teams chose their names based on the beloved fictional characters from the popular TV show "Taarak Mehta Ka Ooltah Chashmah."

The quiz was a lively affair, testing the participants' knowledge and quick thinking across three diverse rounds: Legal, General Knowledge, and Entertainment. This format ensured a well-rounded challenge and allowed participants to showcase their varied skills. After a tough battle of wits, the team comprising Manasvi Makwana, Bridget Dias, and Ashray Sharma emerged victorious, winning the competition and taking home a cash prize. The first runners-up were Tisha Sachdeva, Kishan Bhagat, and Suraj Dev, who also demonstrated impressive knowledge and teamwork. The event was a great success, combining fun with intellectual stimulation and showcasing the vibrant talent within the college.



Freshers Meet - 23rd September to 25th September 2024

(Fresher's Debate, Crime Scene Investigation, Creative Writing Competition , Awaaz - A Poetry Showdown)

Lavocat's highly anticipated flagship event, the Freshers Meet, fm'24 took place from 23rd to 25th September 2024, providing a warm and exciting welcome to the newest members of the college. As the first major event specifically for the first-year students, the Freshers Meet served as an excellent icebreaker, allowing them to connect with their peers, faculty, and seniors in a fun and engaging environment. The three-day extravaganza was packed with exciting events designed to foster camaraderie, showcase talent, and create lasting memories. From ice-breaking sessions and interactive games to thought-provoking competitions and captivating performances, the Freshers Meet had something for everyone. The event also provided a platform for students to discover their hidden talents and explore new interests. The energy and enthusiasm were palpable throughout the three days, creating a vibrant and welcoming atmosphere. The Freshers Meet truly embodied the spirit of Lavocat, fostering a sense of belonging and community among the new students. The Freshers Meet featured a diverse range of competitions and activities, catering to various interests.

The Freshers' Debate proved to be a battle of wits, with participants engaging in lively discussions on contemporary issues across three rounds: prelims, semi-finals, and a highly anticipated final. The debaters showcased their research, articulation, and persuasive skills, making for a truly engaging spectacle. Ultimately, Tanaya Damle, Nikita Muddalgundi, and Drashti Patel emerged victorious, demonstrating their exceptional debating prowess and teamwork.

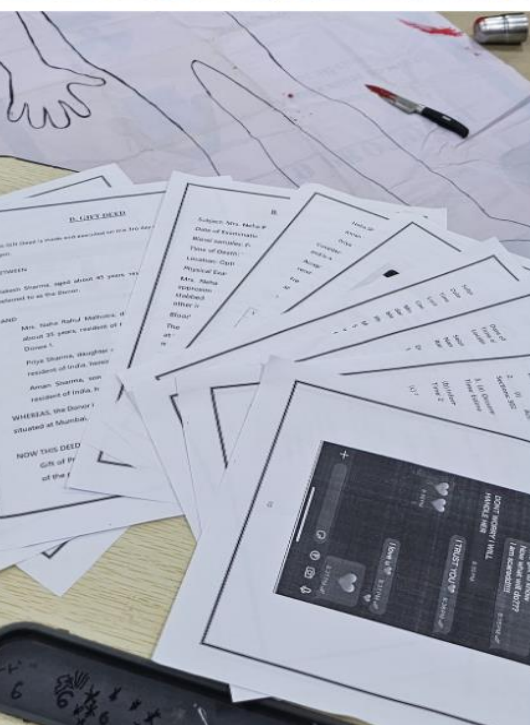
Budding detectives put their skills to the test in the Crime Scene Investigation, a two-round competition that challenged their analytical abilities. The first round consisted of a written test designed to assess their understanding of forensic science principles. The second round saw participants stepping into the shoes of

investigators, examining a meticulously crafted crime scene setup by Lavocat. This immersive experience required sharp observation, deductive reasoning, and collaborative problem-solving. Tanaya Damle, Nikita Muddalgundi, Drashti Patel, Trishla Sethi, and Samdishha Nenwani showcased their impressive investigative talents, sharing the top honors.

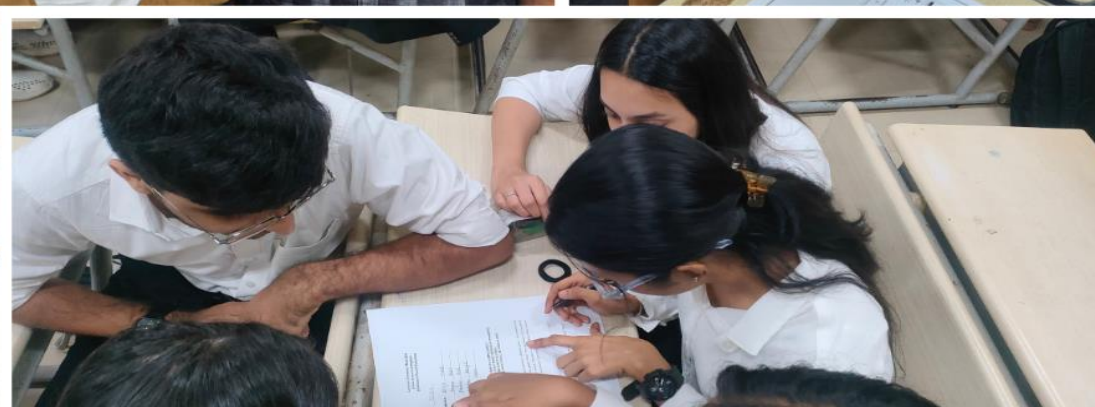
Creative minds unleashed their imagination in the Creative Writing Competition, themed "The End is the Beginning." This evocative theme prompted participants to explore narratives of transformation, hope, and new beginnings. Kartikeya Sharma's compelling and imaginative narrative captivated the judges' attention, earning him the winning title. The competition highlighted the power of storytelling and the diverse creative voices within the freshman class.

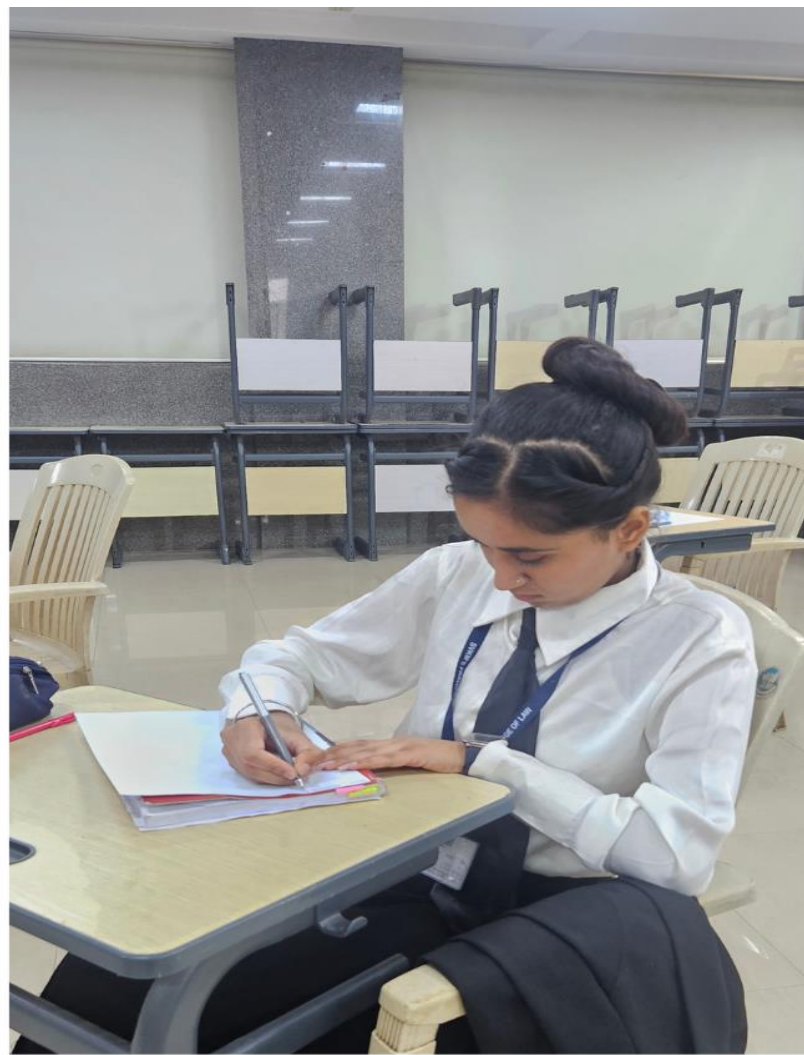
The event culminated in Awaaz - A Poetry Showdown, a captivating evening of poetic expression that left the audience spellbound. The dimly lit venue, adorned with fairy lights, created an intimate and magical atmosphere. Jyotirmayee Sahoo's powerful performance and evocative verses, filled with emotion and insight, resonated deeply with the audience, earning her the top spot. The Poetry Showdown was a testament to the power of words and the ability of poetry to connect us all. The Freshers Meet was a resounding success, providing a warm and engaging welcome to the new students, helping them break the ice, forge new friendships, and setting the stage for an exciting year ahead.





Crime Scene Investigation







L'AVOCAT 2024 - 2025 RECAP AND UPCOMING EVENTS

L'Avocat, the literary society, has a dynamic lineup of upcoming events that promise to ignite intellectual curiosity and spark creative expression.

Prepare to be captivated by the Intra-Debate Competition, where eloquent speakers will clash in a battle of wits, weaving compelling arguments and showcasing their command of language. This event is a testament to L'avocat's commitment to fostering critical thinking and effective communication.

For those eager to engage with literary luminaries, the Book Club Author Meet and Greet is an unmissable opportunity. This intimate gathering will provide a chance to interact with renowned authors, delve into their literary works, and gain valuable insights into the art of storytelling.

These upcoming events are a testament to L'avocat's dedication to enriching the literary landscape of our college and fostering a vibrant community of readers and writers.

L'AVOCAT 2024 - 2025

FACULTY

Vidya Tewani
Faculty In-charge

Aaditya Jadhav
Faculty In-charge

HEADS

Khushi Shah
*Debatte and
Quiz Club*

Shravya Dhulla
*Book Club and
Chief Content Editor
(Editorial Board)*

Krishna Jain
*Social Media, Technicals and
Creatives and Chief Formatting
Editor (Editorial Board)*

Vidhi Jain
*Awaaz:
Poetry Club*

SUB-HEADS

Meet Karia
Debatte

Navya Saxena
Quiz Club

Shaili Sheth
*Social Media,
Technicals and
Creatives*

Durva Shinde
Book Club

Sania Syed
*Awaaz:
Poetry Club*

MEMBERS

Tejas Pikale	Aarya Temgire	Isha Shirodkar	Pari Mirani
Nidhi Shah	Aanya Naqvi	Prabal Mishra	Gauravi Shirsat
Suhani Agarwal	Ishika Jain	Misa Vira	Avika Jain
Tanaya Damle	Nidhi Kapadia	Drashti Patel	Dhrumi Gaglani
Stutee Doshi	Ruju Shah	Supriya Baranwal	Drashti Thakkar
Siya Sawant	Nikita Muddalgundi	Mehak Gala	Humed Dodiya
Dia Shah	Mannat Phogat	Darshita Solanki	Hiral Hindocha
Pranjal Rai	Prasanna Mour	Kiyah Dhordo	Zil Patel



Acknowledgements

The 18th Annual Issue of L'avocat is the result of the contribution and hard work of many people. We thank our writers for their wonderful contributions spanning a breadth of legal issues and creative pieces. Their submissions are critical to the success of the Issue and are a testimony to their talent and aptitude. We hope they continue with their writings.

We thank our I/c Principal, Dr. Navasikha Duara, for her invaluable support and encouragement. We would also like to extend our thanks to the college administrative staff for their cooperation throughout the year. Lastly, thanks must be given to the team behind the 18th Annual Issue 2025. The Content and Format Editors have put in great hours of work amidst the pressing commitments of law school to bring this Issue to the reader. While great care and diligence has been exercised in editing, any error or oversight rests with us, and is unintentional.

With Sincere Appreciation

THE EDITORIAL BOARD FOR THE 18TH ANNUAL ISSUE 2024

Faculty Editors

Vidya Tewani

Aaditya Jadhav

Chief Content Editor

Shravya Dhulla

Chief Format Editor

Krishna Jain

Content Editors

Durva Shinde

Avika Jain

Drashti Patel

Pari Mirani

Navya Saxena

Format Editors

Nidhi Kapadia

Dhrumi Gaglani

Dristhti Thakkar

THE CORE L'AVOCAT

“The Poem Club Awaaz was like nurturing a garden of emotions. We saw raw vulnerability blossom into powerful verses. From open mics that echoed with whispered feelings to workshops dissecting poetic forms, each session was a journey into the heart of expression. The Fresher’s poetry slam was a highlight, a vibrant clash of styles and voices”

- ***Vidhi Jain***

“The Quiz Club was a battleground of knowledge. We challenged ourselves with trivia from diverse fields, fostering a culture of curiosity and learning. Organizing inter-college quiz competitions and themed quiz competitions was a thrilling experience. The grand quiz was a culmination of the year's efforts, a test of intellect and teamwork and The Debate Club thrived on the clash of ideas. We wrestled with complex issues, sharpening our rhetoric and critical thinking. Organizing Fresher’s debates was a challenge, but the electric atmosphere and the thrill of a well-argued point made it all worthwhile. Watching members grow from hesitant speakers to confident orators was incredibly rewarding.”

- ***Khushi Shah***

“Managing L'avocat's online presence was a dynamic blend of technical skill and creative vision. We crafted engaging content, captured event highlights, and built an online community. From live-tweeting debates to producing visually stunning event posters, we ensured that the society's activities reached a wider audience. Staying ahead of the latest social media trends was a constant learning experience.”

- ***Krishna Jain***

“The Book Club was a haven for literary exploration. We journeyed through diverse worlds, from classic novels to contemporary masterpieces. Organizing Creative Writing Competitions fostered a sense of community and shared passion.”

- ***Shravya Dhulla***

"Throughout the year, L'avocat was a hub of intellectual exchange and creative expression. The collaborative spirit and the shared passion for literature made it a truly enriching experience. Balancing leadership responsibilities with academic commitments was challenging, but the rewards were immeasurable. Seeing the society thrive and witnessing the growth of its members was the ultimate satisfaction."

- ***L'avocat Core 2024 2025***

Signing off



SVKM'S PGCL EVENTS 2024-2025



Annual Day



Convocation



Model United Nations



National Trial Advocacy



Mediation Training



Shastrartha