



LITERARY DLCIAN

VOL.1, ISSUE.2, FEBRUARY-JULY, 2022



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1. INDRANI RAIMEDHI
2. MITRA PHUKAN
3. SRI. PRABIN KR. KALITA

INAUGURATED BY: DR. KULADHAR SAIKIA

A HALF-YEARLY E-MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY: DISPUR LAW COLLEGE

A TRIBUTE TO THE GREAT LEGEND AND MELODY QUEEN LATA MANGESHKAR



REMEMBERING THE ONLY NIGHTINGALE OF INDIA

(1929 - 2022)



Rahe na rahe hum.....

Mahaka karenge.....

Ban ke kali, ban ke saba,

Bage wafaa mein.....

Rahe na rahe hum.....

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GREETINGS

FROM THE PRINCIPAL'S DESK



Dear Students,

I am very glad that within a short span (3 Months) you are going to publish the second edition of the e-magazine. The first issue of the e-magazine is a big success. I have received encouraging feedback from students and different distinguished persons. Hope this edition will also be popular among the students and other enthusiastic readers.

With best wishes

*Dr. Gargi Dutta Paul
Principal, Dispur Law College*

GREETINGS

FROM THE VICE-PRINCIPAL'S DESK



Once again heartiest congratulations to DLC Literary Club on the publication of the second issue of their e-magazine 'Literary DLCIAN'. 'Literary DLCIAN' published bilingually in Assamese and English has been a beautiful collection of poems, translated poems, articles and short stories.

The first e-magazine, a consequence of the constant efforts, dedication and sincerity of all the members of DLC Literary Club has been widely appreciated and acknowledged in the academia.

I hope that the second issue will also receive wide appreciations as the first issue.

With regards,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'S. Deka'.

Dr. Swapna Manindranath Deka
Vice Principal, Dispur Law College.

MESSAGE FROM MITRA PHUKAN
(A NOTED NOVELIST, STORY WRITER & COLUMNIST)



It gives me the greatest pleasure to learn that the prestigious Dispur Law College, Guwahati is bringing out, once more, its bi-lingual e-magazine, “Literary DLCIAN”. I am sure this issue too will be a collector’s item, with plenty of articles and stories that can bring joy, awareness and information to readers. I congratulate the editors and the team that is putting this together for the laudable work they are doing.

I wish this publication all success.

A handwritten signature of Mitra Phukan in black ink, written in a cursive style.

With warm regards,
Mitra Phukan,
Guwahati.
19th December, 2021.

MESSAGE PRABIN KR. KALITA



Prabin Kr. Kalita
General Secretary
Lawyers' Association, Guwahati.

It is a matter of great pride for me to pen this message on the occasion of publication of the second issue of the LITERARY DLCIAN, an e-magazine published by the Literary Club of Dispur Law College.

Literary DLCIAN is indeed a glorious attempt to highlight the intellectual creativity of the young talents. This e-magazine is a consequence of the outcome of literacy which reflects the concept of individual mind focus to glitter its own creativity of the young talents.

I convey my heartiest congratulations to the members of the Literary Club for the great effort to publish the second issue of Literary DLCIAN and I wish it continues to stay committed to its noble cause and achieve greater heights.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Prabin Kalita'.

(PRABIN KR. KALITA)

GREETINGS

FROM MEMBER OF LAW SOCIETY, DLC



I am glad to know that DLC Literary Club is going to publish the 2nd issue of the halfyearly e-magazine 'Literary DLCIAN'. I convey my heartfelt congratulations to DLC Literary Club for this commendable achievement as well as appreciate earnest endeavors of all associated with this noble venture. I hope that the e-magazine would be able to scale new heights in the future.

I extend my best wishes to the entire team of DLC Literary Club for the grand success of Literary DLCIAN.

With best regards

J Saloi
**Jyotshna Saloi,
Assistant Professor of Law,
Dispur Law College**

GREETINGS

FROM MEMBER OF INTERDISCIPLINARY JOURNAL



Publication in literary journals should always be recognized as a part of extra-curricular activities of an educational institution to strengthen the potentials and abilities of the students. Apart from academic environment publication in literary magazine is surely an interesting area to reflect the literary talents of the students and the faculty members.

So I would like to convey my heartiest best wishes for the upcoming issues and also hope that this e-magazine will be immensely beneficial to all its concerned.

Regards

Pallabi Baruah

(PALLABI BARUAH)
Assistant Professor(Sociology),
Dispur Law College

MESSAGE FROM FACULTY-IN-CHARGE (1) (English Section)



For the publication of the second issue the Principal, the Vice -Principal of the college, faculty members, the Librarian, many students helped me and I am very grateful to all of them who have contributed here. Initially, we found the students are enthusiastic regarding it but as their exam came near we stopped our literary activities for the time being and gradually some of the former student's members left the WhatsApp group and some remain silent. At that time, I and Dr Chandamita Sarma held the meeting of the club and we changed the Secretaries, Sub-Secretaries of the club to make it active. In that meeting we made it a half-yearly e-magazine instead of a quarterly e-magazine. We hope it will help students to write literary writes-up and to continue their studies. To inspire the students to write, we invite eminent writers' writings. We also ask writings from faculty members of the college. We even try to communicate with our recently retired faculties of the college. We will continue it in the next issue also.

This bi-lingual (English and Assamese) *Literary DLCIAN* is primarily aimed to develop the writing skills of our students whereas the Literary Club (English and Assamese) is a bigger platform where students can showcase their talents in the functions held by the club. The recent example for it is the first inaugural function held by the club along with the foundation day of the college where eminent writer Smt. Indrani Raimedhi delivered her valuable inaugural speech and our students participated in songs, chorus etc. We hope in future also we can hold such meetings.

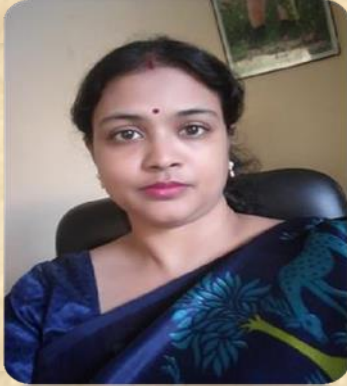
At last I thank all for their co-operation to bring in to light the second edition of the e-magazine. Hope it will continue in future

Jintu Borah.

Dr Jintu Borah

Faculty-in-Charge, Literary DLCIAN.

MESSAGE FROM FACULTY-IN-CHARGE (2) (ASSAMESE SECTION)



It's a great honour for me to be continuously associated with the Literary DLCIAN as one of the Faculty -In -Charges since its birth. I am very happy to see that our Literary DLCIAN has grown up with the love, care and nurturing of the whole team of Dispur Law College and specially the DLC Literary Club (English & Assamese).

For this second issue of our E Magazine, I was asked to help the student editors in editing the write ups from Assamese section. But unfortunately, I was unable to complete my assigned duty due to the unprecedented Omicron attack upon my entire family including myself. I must offer my thankfulness to my senior colleague Dr. Suranjana Kalita for her co-operation during my absence in the task of editing. I have also helped a little in the task of editing after my recovery.

I would like to thank my dear students also for their cooperation and tremendous help at every step of building our dearest Literary DLCIAN.

Long live Literary DLCIAN!

Chandamita Sarma

Dr. Chandamita Sarma

Faculty-in-charge, DLC Literary Club (English and Assamese)

MESSAGE FROM TECHNICAL EDITOR



Achievement and success comes one's way only through spontaneous hard work, dedication and the zeal to achieve the desired goal. "LITERARY DLCLAN" published by the Literary Club of Dispur Law College is one of the instances. After receiving a lot of appreciations and encouragements from different readers, the Literary Club is stepping ahead towards the publication of its 2nd Issue. As the Technical Editor and designer of the E-Magazine I bestow my best wishes to the team and pray to the Almighty for the longevity of the E-Magazine.

Regards,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Pallavi neog".

Mrs. Pallavi Neog
Librarian, Dispur Law College



শুভেচ্ছা বাণী

নমস্কাৰ গ্ৰহণ কৰিব। আমি শুনিবলৈ পাই সুখী হৈছো যে দিশপুৰ আইন মহাবিদ্যালয়ৰ *Literary Club* য়ে দ্বিতীয়বাৰৰ বাবে *Literary DLCIAN* প্ৰকাশ কৰিবৰ যো-জা চলাইছে। আমি দিশপুৰ আইন মহাবিদ্যালয়ৰ সমূহ কৰ্মচাৰী বৃন্দই প্ৰকাশক সকলক শুভেচ্ছা জ্ঞাপন কৰিছো, লগতে অনাগত দিনবিলাকত আৰু নতুন ৰূপত আলোচনীখন পঢ়িবলৈ পাম বুলি আশা ৰাখিছোঁ।----- দিশপুৰ আইন মহাবিদ্যালয় কাৰ্যালয়ৰ সমূহ কৰ্মচাৰী বৃন্দ

শ্ৰী বিনয় গোস্বামী
শ্ৰী বিষ্ণু গোস্বামী।
কাৰ্যালয় পৰিচালক



EDITORIAL



**Chiranjeeb Bora, 3 Year LL. B, 3rd Semester
SECRETARY, DLC LITERARY CLUB, (ENGLISH AND ASSAMESE)**



**Ziaur Rahman, 3 Year LL. B, 3rd Semester
SECRETARY, DLC LITERARY CLUB, (ENGLISH AND ASSAMESE)**

It is with immense pride and gratification that we bring you this edition of our half yearly magazine of Dispur Law College. This magazine is the result of creative contributions of the students across the batches and hard work of the editorial board in collating, editing and designing the magazine. The magazine aims to create an awareness of various socio cultural issues, cultural identity and educational outreaches inherent in the lives of the students and in the society in general. This being a tough time for every individual, society and the nation this edition also tries to bring out certain aspects due to the pandemic.

This edition stands out as it brings the human face of the honored and respected principal, administrative staff, teaching and non-teaching staff in the form of interviews, whom we pass by each day of our college but forget to thank them. Furthermore, the focus is on creative pieces by the students in the field of literature, law, sports, politics, poetry and achievements from different departments of our college, which make it a platform to learn and grow.

“Long Live LITERARY DLCIAN”



সম্পাদকৰ কলমেৰে....



টুইংকল বসুমতাৰী

৩ বছৰীয়া স্নাতক (আইন) দ্বিতীয় শাস্তাসিক



পাপৰি ভাগৱতী নাথ

৫ বছৰীয়া (আইন), দ্বিতীয় শাস্তাসিক

দিশপুৰ আইন মহাবিদ্যালয়ৰ ই আলোচনী 'Literary DLCIAN' ৰ দ্বিতীয় সংস্কৰণ আপোনালোকৰ সন্মুখলৈ সময়ত আগবঢ়াব পাৰি আমি নিজকে সুখী অনুভৱ কৰিছোঁ।

যোৱা ৩ নৱেম্বৰ, ২০২১ ত বিশিষ্ট লেখিকা শ্ৰী মণী ইন্দ্রানী ৰায়মেধী ডাঙৰীয়াৰীয়ে ই-আলোচনীখনৰ প্ৰথম সংস্কৰণ টোৰ শুভ উদ্বোধন কৰি আমাক কৃতজ্ঞ কৰে। এই লিখনিৰ জৰিয়তে তেখেত আৰু সেই সভাত উপস্থিত সকলোকে মই ধন্যবাদ জ্ঞাপন কৰিছোঁ।

জীৱনৰ ধামখুমীয়াত সময় বাগৰি যায় ! পৰিৱৰ্তিত সময়ৰ লগত সলনি হয় সমাজ । সাহিত্য হ'ল সমাজৰ দাপোন, ইতিহাসৰ এক অন্যতম উৎস। পৰিৱৰ্তিত সমাজৰ এক উৎকৃষ্ট উদাহৰণ হ'ল ই-আলোচনী বা বৈদ্যুতিন আলোচনী সমূহ। কৰুণাকালীন সময়ত ডিজিটেল সাহিত্যই সাহিত্যৰ ক্ষেত্ৰখন জীপাল কৰি ৰাখিছে যদিও ১৯৯৫ চনত কানাডাত প্ৰথম ই-আলোচনী প্ৰকাশ পায় । ভাৰতবৰ্ষত ২০১২ চনত Tweek নামেৰে প্ৰথম ই-আলোচনীখন প্ৰকাশ পায়। অসমৰ মহাবিদ্যালয় সমূহৰ ই-আলোচনী দেখিবলৈ পাওঁ যদিও আমি জনাজ অসমৰ আইন মহাবিদ্যালয় সমূহৰ ই-আলোচনীৰ ক্ষেত্ৰখনত "Literary DLCIAN" বাটকটীয়া!বাটকটীয়া হিচাপে গৌৰৱ অনুভৱ কৰি ইয়াৰ দায়িত্ব পালন কৰিবলৈ সদা আগ্ৰহী। অনিচ্ছা কৃত ভুল ভ্ৰান্তিৰ বাবে ক্ষমা প্ৰাৰ্থী।

" জয়তু দিশপুৰ আইন মহাবিদ্যালয়"



FEEDBACK OF "LITERARY DLCIAN" Vol.1, Issue.1

The half-yearly e-Magazine "Literary DLCIAN" is an absolutely positive initiative undertaken by the DLC Literary Club of the Dispur Law College. Indeed, in the age of digitalization, the concept of E-Magazine has emerged as a productive, cost-effective and sustainable medium for honoring and expressing creative faculties. Its utility has further augmented in the wake of the Covid-19 Pandemic.

The sincere effort put into while publishing this E-Magazine is conspicuous. The Professors-in -Charge and the editorial team deserve unequivocal admiration. The compilation of poems, articles and short stories across both English and Assamese sections reflect well thought out and executed editorial plan. Its clear focus makes for a consistent, enjoyable and high-quality content driven magazine. The Cover page of the e-Magazine is indicative of the intent and quality of the E-Magazine. The outline, presentation, colour combination and other technical aspects of the E-Magazine clearly reflects expertise of the technical team.

While the poems in the English section immediately take one through the lanes of memory and metaphor, the articles are reflective of the sensitive issues of the day. The inclusion of short story makes it a full circle and adds to the literary pleasure. Likewise, the quality content in the Assamese section reflects the creative bent of mind of the students of the Dispur law college. Having said that, one must say, the section might have been further improvised with the inclusion of more articles on socio-cultural issues as well as short story and others. Further, the upcoming issues of the E-Magazine may be specifically dedicated to specific content and theme.

The first volume of the Literary DLCIAN is a credible work and the E-Magazine will definitely entertain wide readership.

Bedanta Kumar Bhuyan
5 Year B.A. LLB 10th Semester, Dispur Law College

POEMS





Good Thing

**Sometimes people don't know the worth of a good thing,
And if that good thing is a local thing
Then they ignore it as it is tendency,
People like others,**

**May it be a book, a language or a culture or anything.
We should know it that in the whole country we are unique,
In the whole world also our things are unique,
We are from a distant part among the other states of the country,**

**So we should love our literature,
Our authors, in whatever language they write, we should encourage them,
We should write on our literature, culture,
Why do you know?**

**It is because we are underprivileged,
Others ignore us,
So turn your look,
See the good things,**

**Adore them,
Criticize them,
Help them to improve,
Include them in the daily routine,**

**Include them in the syllabus of school and college and universities.
Why should we learn foreign literature totally ignoring ours?
Will there be a change?
Who will bring this change?**

**Do you know our tribes,?
Do you know their cultures?
Do you aware our multiple problems,
Who try to solve them?**

**Is it the center or the state?
Why there are so many so - economic problems,
Why there is no solution,
No discussion,**

**But you encourage to read African or German literature,
American or British literature,
Diaspora or from other states of India,
Why not from this state,
Or NE region,
Good things should be appreciated,**

**Who will do it?
I hope new generation will do it,
They will love their land,
Love their culture and people.**

**Dr. Jintu Borah
Assistant Professor, English**



Autumn

Freezing cold wind of the autumn.
I'm lost trying to find the reason why this season called the sad season.
The sights are frozen tears.
I'm like the autumn leaves don't know which way I'm blowing.
Abandoned dreams give birth to other wound,
Just like the leaves that completely fallen
In the shade I continue on with these feelings inside me.
It's all winter even in spring

Put an end to winter.
How much should my longing feel like a cold breeze.
Before the days of spring return
The last leaf fell down the autumn is here and fall part little by little.

But it doesn't matter.
If it's raining or snowing all of my problems growing.
Smaller when I am thinking about autumn
I stay in my own illusion.

In this autumn day
When I close my eyes, spring seems so far away.
And there's only cold breath here
The wind has become frigid and the scent of winter is apparent
Very soon the season will arrive

**Pass the end of winter cold
Until the spring day comes again
Until the plum blossoms, camellia and daffodils bloom again
Please stay here a little longer**

**Listen carefully autumn you made me bloom
Now I will send forth my blue aroma
With my branches just like the jasmine scent
I will show you that there's another sky.
That the morning will come again
No darkness, no season can last forever,
I will call forth the autumn that was once like me.**

**I sincerely pray that days like this.
Will continue forever and always
During this season happiness begins to flow all over me.
I am neither being spoil nor weak
From the bottom of my heart
I hope this season bloom happiness to others like it do to me
The wind blows on the window**

**And Shakes the night Hawks
No matter what kind of sorrow
It will help to turn them into smiles.
The winter drops keep falling outside the window
Not knowing when to stop
It's called "Autumn" the season I love.**

**Kica H Chishi,
3yr, LLB, 3rd Semester**



NATURE

**I meet my old self between the nature.
Beautiful, aesthetic greenery showed vivid picture.
Mesmerizing beauty of the sun rays, the hills,
And the green leaves present beautiful sight.**

**I lost myself between the trees, the river, and the beautiful flowers.
Feels like nature is God's gift to us to empower.
Empower to relief stress and pressure.
Other than nature nothing can give such pleasure.**

**Which is a delight, I felt during a ride.
The touch of the air and sunlight makes my skin glow.
Which remind me of cold snow.
And I found my peace amidst nature.**

Torali Bhuyan

3yr LLB, 2nd Semester



SOCIETY

**We are all part of society,
Yet we fail to realize it.
We can all build a beautiful society,
Yet we fail to realize it.**

**Each of us try to find a loophole about society,
Yet we fail to realize it.
Together we can make a strong foundation,
Yet we fail to realize it.**

**We tend to find ourselves different from society,
Yet we fail to realize it.
We could have done a lot if we had join our hands and walked shoulder to shoulder,
Yet we fail to realize it.**

Akash Lahkar,

3yr LL. B, 5th Semester



MERCILESS MEN

Merciless men
We are, but best of all creatures

To satisfy our hunger
We have destroyed our nature
Kindness and Compassion has been murdered;
Justice is not nearer
Brothers have not remained a brother

Merciless men we are
But best of all creatures

The day is not far
When nothing will be there
Flora and Fauna,
The beauty of nature
All will be vanished
Only we will remain

Merciless men
Cruel and selfish.

Riya Sahu
BA LLB 2nd Semester

REFLECTION ON LIFE



Life is a reflection of our deeds,

Time plays the role
but may be good,
Or it may be bad
Never too happy,
never too sad.

Life is a storm
Play your character
With faith and dedication
Vanish all evil;
Make your own path,
Because this is your arena
And your game plan

Bounded by the wall of grievances keep open your five senses,
They are your best defenses
Until your last breath.

Tahmina Ahmed
3year LLB. 2nd Semester

THE SELF-MADE WINGS



**The colorful world is waiting for you,
Let's throw the frustration aside, kept peace in your mind
Identify the happiness go through the silver line**

**It's not far from you the milestone of line,
Let's take courageous steps forward to break all the barriers of life.
Through the bow of your success too high.**

**Just showing your glory wings to the sky
Ready to take off to fly trust me it's really high
Your smile and success, kills the evil eye.**

Prity Paswan

5 years, BALLB, 4th Semester

THE OTHER ME



**The voices in my mind
Probably the best description,
One of them is selfish, egoistic, highly judgmental
And not in my control!!**

**While the other is
Self-deprecating, depressed and insecure!!
No matter how I nurture it can't be cured.**

**I don't like either of them,
I've come to accept both of them as a part of me.
After all,
They are me
The other me!!**

**Arifa Begum
3 year LLB., 2nd Semester**

THE SECRET OF LIVING



**Make each day
a magnificent adventure
Accept the challenge
that came your way.**

**Seize each opportunity
that you find
Without concern for
what others might say
Live each day as though
It was the last.**

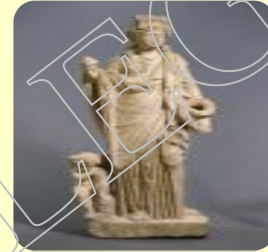
**Accomplish all that
you set out to do
Instead of putting things
off for tomorrow
Ensure your goal until
you see it through**

**Experience each day
with open arms
Favoring both
victory and strife
Welcoming the good
and bad together**

**For only then
You will know the
Joy of life.**

**Ziaur Rohman
3 Year LLB, 6th Semester**

APHRODITE'S SON



Ambrosia dripping from pen
Though he doesn't need to hold any bow,
Words are your arrow.
My man of shimmering wings,
Yeah that's my hero.

He lives somewhere
Between Heaven and Hell
Can't be defined in a definite way
Making me drowsy with his verse,
He walks into my universe.

I find the cosmic beauty
Amongst the slender fingertips
Moves together with rhythm like wind,
My poor eyes can't capture
His unbearably bright visage.

Ankurima Das
3 year LLB., 3rd Semester

MAY BE I AM NOT MEANT FOR POETRY!



**I don't think I am meant for poetry.
The words don't come to me
And verses don't seem to form.
The ink doesn't fall; the page remains white.
I try to suture with the string of words, but my wounds remain unhealed!**

**What does it mean to be a poet?
Do I have to write something that rhymes?
Do I have to make sense of my problems?
That threatens to overwhelm me at times?
Or do I let the pen scratch, cut deeper,
And be an accomplice in my crimes?**

**Deep Bose
5 Year BA LLB 2nd Semester**

WALK AWAY



With the passes of time,
With the passes of years and months,
I finally bury my feelings,
Which were only meant for you.
Yes, I'm moving on
I'm moving on with time and changing myself
With the changes of conditions.
But still I remember,
The time we were kept spending on

You're not here, and now
I'm lonely today.
The only reason,
You did walk away.

When I recalled those moments,
I burst out in tears.
My heart shattered into a thousand pieces.
But still,
I somehow managed to hold myself because,
I know
You've gone far away because,
You've already walked away.

Anurupa Bhattacharya
5 Year, BA LLB., 4th Semester

WOMAN WITH GOLDEN HEART



Once she was strong and funny,
When every night was a mysterious story.
Running behind butterfly's whole day,
Then fainting on her laps was a huge glory.

Her touches so smooth and divine,
Every words of her was an amenity.
Her steps were short like mine,
Angelic voice of her is yet heart's tranquility.

Garden of love is her heart,
Where all the heavens recline.
Way she kisses the forehead is an art,
Every misfortune of mine, how she confines?

By and by the time flows,
Silence on her lips is transpired.
Sorrow within her inevitably grows,
As if nothing in the world she ever desired.

What's troubling that kind soul,
Is it us or you sicken of the world?
Nobody realizes her agony at all,
Is it how she's battling her downfall?

Raihan Mondal
5 Year BA LLB. 1st Semester

ARTICLES



MY JOURNEY AS A JOURNALIST



Indrani Raimedi

Distinguished Writer, Columnist, Journalist

Journalism is about the here and the now and fiction is about the universal and the timeless. If writing is a solitary occupation, then journalism is just the opposite – you interact with people all the time. I had spent twenty-five tough, memorable years trying to be both a writer and a journalist before the idea of writing this book became a gleam in my eye. An idea travels through the invisible routes of the subconscious before it emerges, fully formed. Writing this book is an intrinsic part of not only who I am, but more importantly, where I come from.

I am an Assamese, belonging to Assam, one of the states of what is known as India's North East region. It is a part of the country idealized in glossy tourist brochures, overlooked by the powers-that-be, utterly unknown to the average Indian. It is a region that is far away in every sense of the term – whether it be in physical distance, accessibility or cultural affinity. The eight states are clubbed together under a common name that does not take into account the individual identities, cultures and ethnicities of each state. As if it was not troubling enough to be in the periphery, North East India began to feature in mainstream. Indian media for all the wrong reasons – insurgency, bomb blasts, ethnic violence, kidnapping, secret killings, reprisal of armed forces. The picture of emerald hills, sparkling waterfalls, virgin forests was stained with blood. There were heartbreaking stories of families separated, homes destroyed, brother turning against brother. Like other writers in this troubled region, I too wrote stories depicting the horrors of this grim reality.

I struggled to convey what it was to be a woman this point of history in this corner of the world. And then gradually, I realized that it was real stories of real women that were waiting to be narrated, stories that go beyond clichés and hype to reveal the indomitable spirit of woman. The twelve women featured in this book challenge traditional views about women's place in society and the home. They prove that Indian women are boldly stepping out of their marginalized space. They have confronted great odds and endured heart-breaking ordeals to stand by what they believe in. Their stirring narratives dispel gender stereotypes, reveal facets of this beautiful, troubled part of the country. This book also stands for the premise that all issues are women's issues.

The twelve women who feature in this book come from diverse backgrounds. The thread that binds their stories is their resolve to change the circumstances of their lives, overcoming tremendous odds, and give wings to their dreams. They are survivors and pathfinders, doers and dreamers, leaving in their wake surging inspiration and hope. Their testimonies reveal what it is to live in this often forgotten corner of India. They have overcome personal tragedy, broken the fetters of tradition, discrimination and coped bravely with the harrowing experience of violence and uncertainty. Through the prism of these true life stories, I have also tried to explore the paradoxes, problems, triumphs and realities of today's Indian woman.

Jahnabi Goswami is a radiant bride who steps into her husband's home, unaware of the terrible secret he is hiding from her. In a couple of years, she loses him and her baby daughter to AIDS. She then takes the unprecedented step of coming out into the open as the first HIV positive woman from the North East and sets up the Assam Network of Positive People. Jahnabi reveals how she refused to don the tag of victim and struggles against great odds to help people with HIV, AIDS and fight for their rights. She has transformed herself from a shattered widow and a grieving mother to a powerhouse of energy – counselling patients, coordinating with different agencies, travelling all over the world, being a passionate spokesperson for people with HIV AIDS. She embodies feminine strength and resilience in the face of dark adversity.

Parvati Barua is the celebrated Elephant Queen, the only woman elephant trainer in the world. Born into an affluent and privileged *Zamindar* family, she chose instead of answer the call of the wild, taming elephants and training them. Her daredevil exploits deep in the inaccessible jungles have captured the imagination of the world. In this exclusive and free-wheeling interview, the reclusive and enigmatic Parvati offers a compelling view of her extraordinary life and her mystical bond with these majestic creatures.

As a teenager Rita Chowdhury spent years as a fugitive student revolutionary hiding from the law. She went on to chronicle the Assam movement against foreign nationals, capturing in gripping prose the drama of those stirring years. Her novel *Deu Langkhui*, an epic work historical fiction on the Tiwa tribe of Assam, won her the Sahitya Akademi Award. A words with committed to the cause of the voiceless, Chowdhury brings to light a dark chapter of the Indo-China war of 1962, when the Chinese Indians of Upper Assam were forcibly transported to an internment camp in Rajasthan. She uses her remarkable story-telling powers to point out the injustice done to these forgotten people.

Award-winning journalist Teresa Rehman risks her life to uncover explosive stories in India's troubled North East. Penetrating deep into a jungle camp to interview an elusive dreaded rebel leader, or exposing to a shocked world an encounter killing in broad daylight by the State forces, is all part of Teresa's merval work schedule. Teresa continues to be driven by her commitment to report on issues unknown to the rest of the country and the world. With her ear to the ground, Teresa works to reveal the many facets of the region and feels strongly that every story must be in the larger interest of the society.

Afflicted by polio when she was a toddler. Urmee Mazumdar has always refused to make compromises or seek the easy way out. Her life has been dedicated to working among the disabled through her NGO Swabalambi – making them aware of their rights, arranging for their treatment and training them for a livelihood. Because of her efforts, hundreds of differently abled people have learnt to lead meaningful lives. And Suchismita continues winning awards for her valiant crusade.

How does one feel when one's world turns dark, familiar faces vanish, and every step ahead seems an abyss? Ask Bertha G Dkhar, the Khasi lady who turned blind just when life was beckoning to her with its many promises. Bertha travelled from fear, heartbreak, rage to acceptance. Along the way, her heart went out to others like her – blind boys and girls. Against great odds, she created Braille in the Khasi language and ushered in a quiet revolution in the area of education for the visually challenged. Bertha Dkhar, honoured with the Padmashree, is today a pillar of the Khasi society and an inspiring role model.

Mary Kom, the daughter of an impoverished farmers in a Manipur village does something unprecedented that puts her on the long road to international fame as an Olympic boxer. Her grit and tenacity leads her from one victory to another even as the dice seems loaded against her. Find out the Biblical story that has been the bedrock of Mary's unshakeable faith in herself.

On a still moonlit night a lone woman sets out on a journey to save a life. Birubala Rabha is the feisty crusader who calls a spade and has tirelessly spoken out against witchcraft in Assam's remote countryside. This unlettered and poor woman has battled great odds to save thirty-five people, deemed witches by superstitions villagers, from certain death. And she has willingly paid the price for her stance – she has not only been ostracized but even had to face death threats. Her courage and conviction continues to inspire many.

Concerned by rising instances of human trafficking, Meghalaya's Hasina Kharbhih has created the Meghalaya Model, a collective initiative involving government, NGOs, judiciary, police etc which work in close collaboration to tackle the menace. Her work threatens the interests of traffickers and they make death threats on the telephone, stalk her and even try to push her in front of a moving vehicle. But Hasina is not one to retrace her steps and today she is internationally recognized for her work.

A feisty Naga Monalisa Changkija upholds the values of free fair and fearless journalism as she struggles to bring out her daily newspaper against all odds. Manju Borah makes waves as an award winning director of films that are redolent of the spirit of the North East. Her work brings fresh hope to the crippled Assamese film industry. Unlettered by lack of finance and limited infrastructure, Manju continues to make films that touch on sensitive issues, resonating in viewers across cultures.

To Dr. Manisha Behal goes the credit of single-handedly professionalizing social work in the North East. North East Network, her brainchild, is the leading NGO working in the area of women's rights. In this chapter Dr. Behal traces the roots of her activism to her childhood. Meeting these twelve remarkable women, being privy to their stories of struggle, hope, despair and triumph, has been the experience of a lifetime. They together embody the face of the North East women – traditional, yet modern, tremendously resilient, capable of enduring all odds. Yet, it is necessary to also acknowledge that they go beyond the confines of a geographical place. Their stories are bound to inspire anyone, from any part of the world. As Virginia Woolf put it so eloquently. “As a woman I have no country. As a woman I want no country. As a woman, my country is the whole world.”

BEAUTY IS NOT SKIN DEEP

Dr, Swapna Manindranath Deka
Vice Principal, Dispur Law College.

Someone has rightly said that “Beauty is not just skin deep.” A person's character, mind and personality is more important than how they look. But the younger generation and of late even the middle aged have illusions about the concept of beauty. The concept of beauty is now today confined to external beauty only. How one look is more meaningful than the beauty of the soul. Every young woman and man feel and acts like a movie star be it on Facebook or on a Reel on Instagram. The social media and the cosmetic companies have further misconstrued the idea of beauty particularly among the present generation.

It is important to analyze the reasons as to why the present generation gives so much importance to being attractive. Most people would want to look beautiful to increase their self-esteem and social acceptance. Being physically beautiful is highly appreciated by society. For some, being physically beautiful gives them power. The more attractive you are, the more powerful you are. The other benefits of being physically beautiful is immediate approval from others. The easiest and the most effective way to gain immediate approval is by being beautiful. Human beings, regardless of their gender, are visual creatures who identify their counterparts by what they see. Unlike other animals that most identify their counterparts by their smell. Beautiful people tend to create a sense of pleasure and they are judged to be more positive than less attractive people. It is easier for beautiful people to find mates. The other benefits of being attractive is that attractive people are considered to be persuasive and they are likely to drive in higher sales and are perceived to be more likeable and trustworthy, the desire to be physically beautiful continues to be a strong driving force in the world today.

No one is concerned with being referred as a kind, giving nature, genuine, balanced and understanding person. Nobody likes to be compared with a mother Teresa or a Florence Nightingale. But finding people with beautiful souls are rare. The very sight of them gives comfort and peace to everyone around them. Interaction with them makes us happy and a memorable experience. At the end we remember them during our whole life time even after their demise.

The conclusion after the above arguments is that in today's world it is important to be attractive but what is more important is being a beautiful soul. This is because a beautiful soul is always attractive but the vice versa may not always hold good. Beauty is not skin deep promotes the statement "Love others before you love yourself". This is contrary to the statement "Love yourself before you love others" which is unfortunately the norm of today's materialistic world. The consequence will be a very selfish and a corrupted society heading towards a doom. In this context I remember the popular song of Late Sri Bhupen Hazarika -----

"Manuhe Manuhar Babe

Jodihe Okono Nabhabe

Akanu Hahanubhutire

Bhabibo Kunenu Kua? Homoniya...!

Human Rights: A Perspective from the Constitution

Tahmina Ahmed, 3year LLB 2nd Semester

"Human dignity is the quintessence of human rights"

-Justice JS Verma, Former Chief Justice of India.

Human beings are born equal in dignity and rights. These are moral claims which are inalienable and inherent in all individuals by virtue of their humanity alone, irrespective of caste, color, creed and place of birth, sex, cultural differences or any other consideration. These claims are articulated and formulated in what is today known as human rights. Human rights are the basic and inherent rights of all human beings. These are also referred to as fundamental rights, basic rights, inherent rights, natural rights and also birth rights.

Human rights in India is a complicated issue, due to the country's large size, its tremendous diversity, its status as a developing country and a sovereign secular, democratic, republic. The constitution of India previously gave different human rights to its citizens as well as non-citizens in the form of fundamental rights and other rights. Human rights are irrevocable. They cannot be taken away by any power or authority because these rights originate with the social nature of man in the society and a person has such rights simply because he is a human being. As such human rights have similarities to moral rights. Human rights are not a monopoly of any privileged class of people. Just a year before the universal declaration of human rights was adopted, India achieved independence in 1947, the founding fathers of the Indian constitution were conscious about the demand for basic human rights: So they incorporated certain rights as "fundamental rights" under part III of the constitution and laid down certain other rights in the constitution. The supreme court of India is the guarantor of the rights according to the constitution. The court from time to time in various cases seeks to protect the fundamental rights enshrined in our constitution: Former Chief Justice Patanjabi Shastri has referred to fundamental right as "those great and basic rights which are recognized and guaranteed as the natural right inherent in the status of a citizen of a free country"

BREAKUP!!

*Santanu Dutta,
5 Year BA LLB, 3rd Semester*

I know most of you have started reading the article because of the title. It reads breakup. Isn't it? But it is not the breakup you all are familiar with. I am talking about the breakup which has occurred between us and mother nature. We are living in a time where no one has time to look down the plant which they crush knowingly or unknowingly! Because we take them for granted. We don't have any idea about the pain which they go through with each and every stab of our axe. We cut down trees at an alarming rate which imbalances the ecosystem as a whole. This is a great problem folks!

We might not recognize it as a problem as we are comfortably able to breathe in air, day in and day out. But when the breath will go short, we may definitely feel it. Till now you have come to know that 'WE MUST NOT CUT TREES'. Instead 'WE MUST PLANT TREES'. Trees are an inseparable part of our lives. From time immemorial, they are an integral part of Earth. WE are no one to curtail their 'right to live'. Just because they can't speak, it does not mean that we can recklessly harm them and cut them without a proper regulation and planning. They are essential for our survival and we must realize it until it's too late.

As we know that children are the future citizen of the planet. Hence we need to particularly teach them about the importance of trees and planting of trees in our mundane lives. This small step will ensure that the trees will be existent in the near future and therefore make humans exist in turn.

We need to make the young minds aware of the fact that 'TREES NEED US, AND WE NEED THEM'.

It is high time to reconstruct the relationship which existed long back in between mother nature and humans and which broke up in the passage of time and in the race of so called 'development'. But we need to ask ourselves a question. IS THIS THE DEVELOPMENT WE WANTED?

LAW AS A CAREER

ALOK DEBNATH
5 Year, BA.LLB,1st Semester

The majority of the students are quite in big confusion after pursuing their HSC/AISSCE, to choose about the career courses for our varied list. While a career in Law can be quite challenging at times, as it involves a complex study of a case. The law career personally gives you the satisfaction in terms of financial and social respect. We highlight you 3 major reasons, why people choose law as a career:

CHALLENGING, COMPLEXITY, DIVERSITY:

There is no one perfect case in a law, as every case is different from each other. It needs detail research as well a complete insight to judge the complexity operating in our legal system. There are numerous people involved, which include judges, legal consultant, compliance specialist, paralegal, etc. to solve one case. While in some cases, it requires a lot of time to solve a small issue while sometimes big issue is solved matter of 2 to 3 hearings. Hence, the complexity is overburdened with certain things as it lacks uniformity.

FINANCIALLY REWARDING:

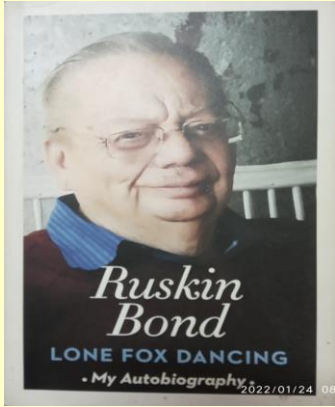
Considered as one of the most stable profession. The law career offers you a lucrative job opportunity in the several industries. The majority of annual increments is there in double figure. The associates of a legal profession can earn several lakhs of rupees annually as it needs a perfect analysis of the case.

PRESTIGIOUS & RESPECTFUL PROFESSION:

The law profession is constantly evolving & ever-changing; it constantly brings fresh challenges to your career. Legal profession in India is considered to be one of the most significant & prestigious professions as it pays very well. The legal profession is considered to be one of the class-apart profession in India. With the ever-increasing demand of a legal profession, many new-age legal consultants are becoming tech-savvy & have modified the laws which are closer to today's reality. In certain cases, it is a broad sampling about the legal profession that gives a pursuant with a wider amount of choice.



BOOK REVIEW



'Lone Fox Dancing'- Autobiography of Ruskin Bond

Recently I have finished my reading of Ruskin Bond's autobiography and I know many things about the author. I feel happy while reading about the author's own life. Being associated with writing I am always an ardent reader about writers. When a writer writes about his life then it becomes as interesting as a good novel. Here I share my experience of reading the book with the DLCIAN.

Ruskin Bond was born in Kasauli in 1934. He was grown up in Jamnagar Dehradun, Shimla and Delhi. His father was Aubrey Alexander Bond, a British RAF officer (Royal Air Force) and his mother was Edith Clarke, an Anglo- Indian woman. In the autobiography I come to know his life from childhood to old age. His parents were divorced and initially he lived with his mother and grandmother. His grandmother was a strict woman. His mother did not care him much in childhood as she was ready to marry a Punjabi man. She finally married that person and Ruskin used to live with his father. His father's job was a frequently shifting job so he had to stay in many places like Delhi, Dehradun etc. However, he took great care of his son and looked after his education. After a few years his father died of malaria and he had to live with mother. His grandmother also died and she left whatever belongings she had in the name of Ruskin. As his father was an RFA officer so his schooling was done from RFA side.

Ruskin imbibed the habit of reading books and listening music and watching films from his father. In his school he read all the great authors of English literature and he set his dream goal to become a writer.

With the money his grandmother left to him he went to England. In England he struggled a lot and qualified one exam, i.e. Jersey Civil Service exam, where he stood fourth and with special reference to his excellence in English literature paper.

But he did not pursue only one occupation there. He did many jobs. During his stay there he wrote his 'A Room on the Top' where he describes his experience of Dehradun. He used to write with the help of a type writer. His essays and stories were published in different journals by which he earned some money.

However, he left lonely there. Although he loved one girl named Vu Phuong there deeply but that girl left him. He wrote a poem, 'But I loved her then and love her still, And I see her still climbing up Primrose Hill.'

(P-169)

Thereafter he frequently thought about India and felt that he is more Indian than British. So he came back to India. At that time his parents, i.e. his mother and step-father shifted to Delhi. As they were also struggling there he decided to stay in Dehradun as a rented person in the house of his step-father's ex-wife Bibiji. But he decided to stay in Dehra - 'I wanted to stay o in Dehra, at least for the time being. I wanted to be near old friends. I wanted new friends. I wanted the proximity of the hills and rivers. And above all, I wanted the freedom of being my very own person.'(P-176)

There he sent his articles, stories to different newspapers and magazines and for some time he did tuitions also. In Dehradun he did not meet such friends whom he could show his published writes-up. He even showed to a cow in his excitement that his first story is published. After some years he came to Delhi also. Then he came to Delhi and got a job with CARE (Cooperative for American Relief Everywhere.) At that time his first novel 'The Room on The Roof' was published which he gave to publish to an English publisher during his stay there. During his job tenure with CARE he could not write much for six years. He had to provide food, clothes and other materials to the Tibetans refugees. He visited many places and decided to stay in Mussoorie after giving up his job. He took a cook named Prem there to help him. Prem's son is Rakesh. Now Ruskin lives with Rakesh's family.

Throughout his life he led an economically poor life. He depends on his income solely come from his writing. Then he did tuition also for the time being. He wrote a biography of Jawaharlal Nehru. Indira Gandhi called him to meet in her office and narrated some incidents of her father Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's life which Ruskin added in his biography. Ruskin was awarded Padma Bhushan award. Many of his short stories are published in the book form. His stories are telecast and some of stories are made films. 'Saat Khoon Maaf' is such a film where Ruskin also acted as actress Priyanka Chopra's father.

Towards his old age his financial condition is improving. He owned a house of his own. Although he was born in India and Indian of heart and soul yet because of his complexion and language sometimes he is wrongly treated as foreigner by some people.

I feel very happy while reading the autobiography of such a great Indian author. His writings are like sayings for me as if they are spoken in my ears. May God give him a long and happy creative life!

The end

(Reviewed by Dr. Jintu Borah, Assistant Professor in English, Dispur Law College)

STORY





SNOW WOMAN

In a snowy village lived a woodcutter and his apprentice minokichi. Both of them would hike the nearby forest to chop woods. But one day they were stuck in the forest due to harsh snow storm. With no way out of the forest they took shelter in an abandoned hut. The hut didn't even have a fireplace so the used their rain coat as a blanket to save themselves from the cold. They somehow managed to fall asleep even in this harsh conditions.

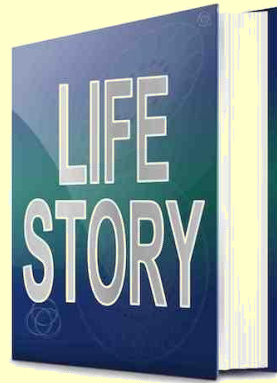
Minokichi , woke up in the middle of the night and saw that a woman was standing above his master. The woman was beautiful, her skin was as white as snow and her hair was black as the night. Minokichi stares at the woman unmoving as she exhales a white breath that surrounded the master. The room gets much colder. The woman finally notices the young man and slides over to him. The woman said, " I would have done the same to you but you are handsome and don't deserve to die " she continues " if you ever speak of this to anyone, I shall not hesitate to kill you." Then she glides out of the door. Minokichi quickly went to see his master, but his body was icy cold. He grieves for his master but does not tell anyone about that night.

One day after years of that incident the young man is returning home after a hard day of work chopping woods. He meets a young pretty girl named Oyuki and falls in love with her immediately. The man asked her if she is married and she said she was not. Minokichi was happy and wanted to marry her. He invited her to his home and his mother was moved by her beauty and wanted her to be his son's wife. Soon they got married and she gave birth to ten children. She still looks as young and pretty as she was when Minokichi first meet her. The mother found it weird but choose to ignore it.

One night when Oyuki is sewing, the light from the paper lamp makes her face look as white as snow. The sight reminds Minokichi of the incident. He says "I am reminded of something" he says something that happened few years ago. I met someone as white and beautiful as you look today." And Minokichi starts telling everything that happens during that night when his master died. After he finishes Oyuki narrows her eyes and says " DID YOU FORGET MY WORDS?" And suddenly a snow storm hits and Oyuki throw away her sewing kit and shrieks. She looms above him looking exactly like the woman he saw years ago. Minokichi is horrified as he remembers her threat that night. She says " I would kill you if it weren't for those 10 children" she continues "from now on you must take good care of them, if not then I will deal with you as you deserve." She screams but her voice gets thinner and thinner until it gets mixed with the sound of the storm and she melts away like a mist, never to be seen again.

(-based on Japanese legend 'yuki onna')

Ronit Chakraborty
B.A LL.B. 1st Semester



THE STORY OF MY LIFE

Every story has some kinds of Impacts; some are good some are bad. I faced with an incident which helped me to progress in my life.

My story begins...

My name is Akankshya Baruah. Since from my childhood I love to dance. I am very fond of 'Bihu Dance' as it is one of the important festival celebrated in Assam. I Started my dance Career from K.G classes. I always like to keep myself busy in curricular activities. I started to dance 'Bihu' when I was in class 2. I was a 1st ranker in every dance programme and also in my school. And my Bihu dance teacher is my 'Sweet Mom'. Everything was going absolutely fine in my life but suddenly a storm came to my life and changed everything...

My life stopped,

One day While I was returning from my dance program a sudden accident gave me my 1st lesson in my life. That day I was returning from my last bihu program at Dengaon. I was returning very happily because on that same day I did 3 programs and I was able to win the 1st position in all. After a while when we reached 'Kakopothar', suddenly a dranked driver who was driving a winger (Traveler) hit my car. I was sleeping because I was tired and restless. So, I didn't remember much but within a second the car was destroyed and I lost one of our group member who have danced since the start. I was injured severely as I got hurt in the brain which was termed as major. I was covered with blood and there was no place to touch. My Mother is my strength but she was also much injured, and became completely senseless. Her right hand got fully injured.

The driver uncle who was driving our car also got hurt in his backbone. But still he took me to the hospital in car which was leaving to a newspaper center in the morning. My brain got critically injured. And then first brought to A.G hospital but the Doctor said that they won't be able to take case because I was too critical. So, I was directly admitted to Dibrugarh 'BRAHMAPUTRA Hospital' I was being treated under Dr. Sanjiv Borkotoky. Even the doctor got shocked on seeing my condition. The doctor said my condition to be of very little hope and that I won't be able to make it up again. Many Doctors declared that I must be admitted in COMA. I was under treatment for 1 month. I have 21 members in my family and no one left me alone for a single second. My all school teachers were with me. Everyone prayed to god for my life. I was an excellent student as well as a dancer.

My mother was admitted at Sanjivani hospital, Jorhat. She was senseless at that time due to her injuries in the accident. So even she doesn't know that I was in "'COMA', My mother always questioned the nurse "Mur suwali joni ai ki kori aase, tair logot Kotha patiko parim ne."

The nurse always replied "Tai xui aase" and my Mother questioned the nurse "tai xodai xui e thake ne"

Only one of my Aunt and my grandmother were with my mom. After one month my sense came back and I said the first word "maa'. Everyone started crying and uttered "Tai Mukhedi Maatise" and after few days I recovered and was brought back to my home. I was in treatment at my home but the doctor said that, I will not be able to recognize my parents and family. But by the grace of the Almighty I got my memories back. Yes, I was unable to recognize anyone, but only my father's phone number. While the doctor was trying to talk with me I was only saying my father's number again and again. And at that time doctor confirmed that my memories were still okay.

"After that slowly I started attending my classes in school. I started studying and therefore I progressed in life again. I gave my matriculation examination from Spring Date High School Jorhat and was able to passed with flying marks. I did my higher secondary from Crescent Academy Jorhat and passed with a good percentage. And presently, I am a student of BALLB 1st semester in " Dispur Law College', Guwahati.

Moral of the Story: Life will always challenge you, accept it happily.

Akankshya Baruah
5 Year BALLB 1st Semester

অসমীয়া বিভাগ

(কবিতা)

মা- জননী

মা! তুমি অন্যান্য---নাই কাৰো তুলনা।

আছিলো গৰ্ভত, দহ মাহ দহ দিন

তোমাৰ শ্বাস-প্ৰশ্বাস তালে-তালে।

লালিত-পালিত তোমাৰ গৰ্ভত

সৃষ্টি কৰ্তাৰ নিখুঁত সৃষ্টিৰে_

পঠালে মোক দুনীয়াৰ সোৱাদ লবলৈ

জনম যাতনা-প্ৰসৱ বেদনা

মা বাদে আনে নেজানে।

কাৰ আছে সাধ্য? কলমৰ ভাষাৰে লিখাৰ

স্নেহময়ী মা! কিমান যে আপোন।

নিজে নাখাই, মোক খুৱাই, লয় তৃপ্তি

মই যে কিমান অমূল্য ৰতন।

পুহ-মাঘৰ হিম-শীতল ঠাণ্ডা নেওচি

আঁচলত মেৰাই মোক ৰাখিলে যতনাই।

তুই জুই কুৰা ফুৰাই-ফুৰাই
উষ্ম চুমা মোৰ গালে মূখে সানি
কৰায় অমৃত পান ।
নিয়তিৰ আহ্বানত হ'লা স্বৰ্গগামী
য'তে আছা তাতে সুখেৰে থাকা
কৰিছোঁ আৰতি দু-হাত জুৰি।
হায়! হায়! বুকু ফাটি যায়
নিজান বনৰ মাজত মই অকলশৰীয়া ।

আজিও বৈ-বৈ উঠে বাজি, মন গহনত
মা যে মোক মাতে হাত - বাউলি
অমৃত সূধা পান কৰিবলৈ।
তোমাৰ আশীষ বৰ্ণী মোৰ আঁটলৰ ধন
ধন্য মা! ধন্য তুমি, আমি চিৰঞ্চনী।।

ৰমজানুল হক

৫ বছৰীয়া (আইন পাঠ্যক্রম), তৃতীয় ষান্মাসিক

:: হাত ::

ওপজা দিনৰে পৰা হাত দুখনেই আছিল মোৰ একমাত্ৰ সংগী,
কি যে কৰা নাছিলো মোৰ আপোন এই হাত দুখনেৰে,
গছত উঠা, বৰশী বোৱা
আৰু যে কত কি।

(২)

জনা হোৱাৰে পৰা হাত দুখন ধুনীয়া কৰি ৰাখিবলৈ বৰ যত্ন কৰিছিলো,
সেয়ে পিন্ধিছিলো সোণৰ আঙুঠি,
এসময়ত হাতত ঘড়ী পিন্ধি যে কিমান আনন্দ পাইছিলো,
বাৰে হাত দুখনলৈ চায় আছিলো,
আৰু কি জানে,
সোঁহাতখন নহলে যে মোৰ পেটেই নভৰে।

(৩)

হাত দুখনেই মোৰ শেষ ভৰসা,
আঙুলিৰ ফাকেৰে নিগৰি আহে কবিতা,
হাৰমণিয়ামখনত আঙুলি বুলাই তোলো গীতৰ লহৰ।

(৪)

যি দুখন হাতক লৈ মই গৌৰৱ কৰো,
পূজা কৰো,
কিন্তু আজি সেই হাত দুখনেই হৈ পৰিল মোৰ বাবে প্ৰধান শত্ৰু।
যাৰ বাবে অনিচ্ছাস্বত্তেও মই
মোৰ মৰমৰ হাত দুখনক সকলো অংগৰ পৰা বিচ্ছেদ কৰিলো।

(৫)

এয়া মোৰ মতিভ্ৰম নহয়
নহয় মোৰ অন্ধবিশ্বাস,
স্বাস্থ্য বিজ্ঞানেও হাত দুখনক অস্পৃশ্য বুলি বাৰে ধুবলৈ নিৰ্দেশ দিলে।

(৬)

আগতেও মই হাত দুখনক সুন্দৰকৈ পখালিছিলো,
তেতিয়া হাত দুখনে বৰ আনন্দ পাইছিল,
কিন্তু এতিয়া হাত দুখনেই যেন মোৰ কাল বুলি ধৰি লৈ
বাৰে হাত দুখনক যেনেকৈ পখালো
ভাব হৈছে যেন হাত দুখনক
মই বাৰে কন্দুৱাই আছো।

(৭)

হাত দুখনেও যেন কব বিচাৰিছে,
আমাক বিশ্বাস কৰা
আমি তোমাৰ শত্ৰু নহয়,
তোমাৰ আপোন হাত।

ধীৰাজ ডেকা
তৃতীয় বৰ্ষৰ (আইন পাঠ্যক্ৰম), ষষ্ঠ ষান্মাসিক

জীৱনৰ ৰং

জীৱনৰ ৰং

আৰু বাস্তৱৰ

ৰুঢ়তাই মোক

হাত বাউলি মাতে

জীৱন যুদ্ধলৈ

সপোন আৰু দিঠকৰ

বাটত.....

বাস্তৱৰ জোৱাৰ

এখনি হৃদয়

এটি মন

আৰু আত্মাৰ

কাহিনীয়ে

লৈ যায় মোক

এখন অজান দেশলৈ.....

দিপিকা দাস

৩বছৰীয়া স্নাতক (আইন) তৃতীয় বাৰ্ষিক

তোমাক পালে

তোমাক পালে জানা...
ডাঙৰ সমস্যা এটা হৈ যাব।

সকলো কথা, আৰেগ, অনুভূতি বোৰ তোমাক ক'ব লাগিব,
লিখিবলৈ যে মোৰ একোৱে নাথাকিব।

দুপৰীয়া হয়তো তোমাক পাম কিন্তু, ব'দে পুৰি ছাই হোৱা দুপৰীয়া নাপাম।
সন্ধিয়াৰ বেলি ডুবা খোজত তোমাৰ হাতত হাত থ'ম সন্ধিয়াৰ বুকু ভৰা বিষাদ নো কত পাম?

গোটেই ৰাতি তোমাৰ লগত ফুচফুছাই কথা পাতিম,
ৰাতিৰ বুকু ফটা চিঞৰে নো মোৰ কাণ কেনেকৈ চুবহি?

তোমাক পালে ...আক্ষেপ কৰিবলে একোৱে নাথাকিব
আক্ষেপৰ অভাৱত সকলো খালি লাগিব।

তোমাৰ মুখনি লৈ চাই হয়তো তোমাৰ চকুযুৰিৰ বান্ধ উটি ভাহি যাম, পিংক ফ্লেডত ডুবি যোৱাৰ সপোন
আধৰুৱা হৈয়ে বৈ যাব।

তোমাৰ মৰম পালে...
চাৰিআলিৰ চাহকাপৰ মাদকতাৰ আমেজ আৰু লোৱা নহব।

তোমাক পালে...

তোমাক নোপোৱাৰ কষ্টৰ সেই অলৌকিক অনুভূতিৰ পৰা বঞ্চিত হ'ব লাগিব,
তেতিয়া হয়তো সৰু কিছুমান কষ্টত বুকুখন চিৰাচিৰ হৈ যাব।

অতি কাষৰ পৰা তোমাৰ সৌন্দৰ্যৰ এপলোক চাই দিলে হ'ব পাৰে
নৰ্দান লাইটৰ পোহৰও টৰ্চ লাইট যেন লাগিব।

তোমাৰ চুম্বনৰ স্বাদত, খোৱা লোৱা সকলোবোৰ তিতা, কেঁহা লাগিব,
ক্ষীণ শৰীৰত আকৌ পুষ্টিহীনতাই দেখা দিব।

তোমাক পালে...

পৃথিৱীৰ সকলো সুখ মায়া ত্যাগ দি দিম, জগত সংসাৰ চাৰখাৰ হৈ যাব।

সেয়ে, সঁচাই তোমাক পালে বৰ ডাঙৰ এটা সমস্যা হৈ যাব!

আৰিফা বেগম।
৩বছৰীয়া স্নাতক (আইন) তৃতীয় ষান্মাষিক

বিমূৰ্ত্ত

তুমি স্বপ্নীল দিগন্ত
কেৱল মোৰ বাবে !
সমুদ্ৰগভীৰ হৃদয়ৰ
অনুভৱৰ চাকনৈয়া মাথো।

প্ৰত্যাশাৰ
প্ৰতি উশাহ
সুগন্ধিত অনুভৱ
ব্যাকুল প্ৰতিটো প্ৰহৰ
কেৱল তোমাৰ বাবে !
স্পন্দন হৃদয়ৰ

বাংকাৰিত শব্দৰ
সুমধুৰ মৌচাক
ভাৱনাৰ সমাহিত স্বৰগম
মাথো মোৰ বাবে !

নিৰাশাৰ সূৰ্য্যাস্ত
অপাৰ ৰজনী
উত্তাপ সপোনৰ
সুউষ্ণ প্ৰত্যাশাৰ
অভিনৱ এক সূৰ্য্যোদয় !
কেৱল মোৰ বাবে !

দেৱযানী দেৱী হাজৰিকা
কাৰ্য্যালয় সহায়িকা
দিশপুৰ আইন মহাবিদ্যালয়

মোৰ মৌন ঔঠত অগ্নিশিখা

মৌন ঔঠত মোৰ অগ্নিশিখা
তুমিহীনতাত আজি বিনিদ্র ৰজনী
ঠেকেচি পেলাইছোঁ শিতানৰ গাৰু

#

বুকুত দুপৰৰ পাৰৰ ৰুণজুন
কেতিয়াবা হায়েনাৰ গৰ্জন

#

নিতাল নদীখনৰো কৰুণ আৰ্তনাদ
চিয়াঁহীৰ কলা দাগে ধুই নিয়ে কেঁচা কলিজা
স্বপ্নবিহ্বল মনত কলীয়া ডাৱৰৰ ধূসৰতা

#

শব্দবিহীন ঔঠত এটি জোনাকী পৰুৱা
আগ্নেয়গিৰী হৈ থকা সপোন বোৰৰ
শীতৰ চেঁচা পানীৰে স্নান
হিমালয়ৰ দৰে আশাবোৰ,
বৰফৰ দৰে স্নান

#

এয়া মৌন ঔঠৰ অগ্নিশিখা
লাভৰ দৰে জলন্ত অমানিশা
হিম চেঁচা বতাহ ভাগৰিছে
ৰৌদ্ৰ পাতৰ সান্নিধ্য বিচাৰিছে

#

সকলো শেষত বৰফৰ কফিন জীপাল
মৌন ঔঠত নিয়ৰৰ চিপচিপ টোপাল

বিজয় কলিতা
৩বছৰীয়া স্নাতক (আইন), পঞ্চম ষাষ্মাষিক

#অনুগল্প#

বন্ধুত্ব

কৰ পৰা কেনেদৰে আহি কলিতা আজি গুৱাহাটী মহানগৰীৰ এটা অংশ হৈ পৰিল ভাবিলে তেওঁৰ নিজৰেই আচৰিত লাগে। অবিভক্ত কামৰূপ জিলাৰ আওহতীয়া গাওঁ এখনত তেওঁৰ জন্ম। দেউতাকৰ মৃত্যুৰ পিছত মাকে তেওঁক অইনৰ ঘৰত কাম-বন কৰিয়ে পঢ়ালে। পঢ়া শুনা কৰি গাওঁৰ বিদ্যালয় খনত চাকৰিটো পাইছিল। মাকে তেওঁৰ জীৱন সংগিনী বিচৰা আৰম্ভ কৰিলেই। তেওঁও মাকৰ কথামতে হোমৰ গুৰিত বহিল। বিয়াৰ পিছতহে তেওঁ অনুভৱ কৰিলে তেওঁৰ জীৱনত ইমান দিনে কিহৰ অভাৱ আছিল। বিয়াৰ আগতে তেওঁৰ কেতিয়াবা মন বেয়া লাগিলে নদীৰ পাৰত বহিছিল। কাৰোবাৰ লগত মনৰ কথাবোৰ ভাগ বতৰা কৰাৰ কথা তেওঁ ভৱিবই পৰা নাছিল। বিয়াৰ পাছত সেই সকলোবোৰ সলনি হৈ গ'ল, তেওঁ নোকোৱাকৈয়ে পত্নীয়ে তেওঁৰ মনৰ কথাবোৰ বুজি পোৱা হ'ল আৰু এটা সময়ত তেওঁৰ অৰ্ধাংগিনী হৈ পৰিল প্ৰিয় বান্ধৱী জনী।

জীৱনৰ পোৱা নোপোৱাবোৰৰ সৈতে তেওঁলোকৰ বন্ধুত্ব ক্ৰমান্বয়ে গঢ় হৈ পৰিল। চাকৰিৰ পৰা অৱসৰ পোৱাৰ পিছত তেওঁ ভাৱিছিল তেওঁৰ জীৱনটো মসৃণ ভাৱে গাওঁতে পাৰ হৈ যাব কিন্তু সেইয়া হৈ নুঠিল একমাত্ৰ তেওঁৰ বান্ধৱী পত্নীৰ বাবে। তেওঁলোকৰ ল'ৰা-বোৱাৰীয়ে যেতিয়া একমাত্ৰ নাতিটো এগৰাকী সহায়িকাৰ হাতত দি চাকৰিলৈ যাব ওলালে তেওঁলোকে আহি গুৱাহাটী পালেহি। কলিতাৰ অকণমানো মন নাছিল তেওঁৰ জন্ম গাওঁ খন এৰি গুৱাহাটীত থকাকৈ আহিবলৈ, কিন্তু তেওঁৰ পত্নীৰ কথা আছিল নিজৰ ককাক - আইতাক হাল থাকোতে নাতি পোৱালীটো বেলেগৰ লগত থাকিব নোৱাৰে।

গুৱাহাটীলৈ আহি প্ৰথম অৱস্থাত কলিতাৰ কৰিবলৈ একো কাম নাইকিয়াৰ দৰে হৈছিল লাহে তেওঁৰ সহধৰ্মিনীয়ে তেওঁক অলপ কাম কৰিবলৈ দিলে যেনে অকণমান মাছ অনা, নাতিটো শুলে চাই থকা ইত্যাদি। তেওঁৰ সকলোতকৈ ভাল লাগিছিল নাতিটোক লৈ অকণমান ওলাই যাবলৈ। আঠ-ন মইয়া নাতিটোক কোলাত লৈ যেতিয়া তেওঁ ফুৰিব গৈছিল, আপোনমনে তেওঁ তেতিয়া তাৰ লগত কথা পাতিছিল সিও কিবা কিবি কৈছিল। তেওঁ বুজি নোপোৱা ভাষাৰে লাহে সি বুজি পোৱা ভাষাৰেও কথা কবলৈ শিকিলে। আইতাকৰ আদ্যশ্ৰাদ্ধৰ দিনা সি তেওঁক আচৰিত কৰি তেওঁৰ জীৱনৰ সকলোতকৈ ভাল লগা মাতৃষাৰ কলে, "ককা! আইতা নাথাকিলেও মই আছোঁ নহয় তোমাৰ বন্ধু হৈ।" তেতিয়া তাৰ বয়স মাত্ৰ দহ বছৰ আছিল। আজি সি তেইশ বছৰীয়া চফল ডেকা, তাৰ প্ৰেমিকাক সি মনে ককাকৰ লগত চিনাকি কৰি দি আজি সি কৈছে, "ককা মোৰ সকলোতকৈ ভাল বন্ধু।"

নিজৰ জন্ম গাওঁখনলৈ, নিজে বন্ধা ঘৰটোলৈ তেওঁৰ আজিও মনত পৰে। মাজে নাতিয়েকক লৈ তেওঁ সেইটো চাই আহে তাত থাকিবলৈ দিয়া তেওঁৰ দূৰ সম্পৰ্কীয় পৰিয়ালটোৱে ঘৰটো ভালদৰেই ৰাখিছে। তেওঁ আৰু আজি তালৈ উভতি যোৱাৰ কথা নাভাবে কংক্ৰীটৰ মহানগৰী হ'লেও ইয়াতে যে আছে তেওঁৰ হৃদয়ৰ বন্ধু জন তেওঁৰ নাতিটো।

পাপৰি ভাগৱতী নাথ
৫ বছৰীয়া আইন পাঠ্যক্ৰমৰ, তৃতীয় ষান্মাসিক

#প্রবন্ধ#

সোঁৱৰণী সোণালী

ড: মৃদুলা তেৰিয়াল ফুকন

অৱসৰপ্ৰাপ্ত অধ্যাপিকা

সুদীৰ্ঘ ষোল্লটা বছৰ দিশপুৰ আইন মহাবিদ্যালয়ত শিক্ষকতা কৰাৰ পাছত অৱসৰ লোৱাৰ মূহূৰ্তত মনৰ মাজত এক অবুজ শূণ্যতাই আঙুৰি ধৰিছিল। বাবে বাবে মহাবিদ্যালয়ৰ চৌহদত ঘটি যোৱা ঘটনাক্ৰম বোৰৰ দৃশ্য বোৰে মনৰ মাজত ভুমুকি মাৰে। অনেক ধৰণৰ অভিজ্ঞতা আৰু সোঁৱৰণীয়ে মনটো জোঁকাৰি যায়। প্ৰায় ডেৰ দশকতকৈ বেছি সময় কটোৱা মহাবিদ্যালয় খনৰ শ্ৰেণী কোঠাবোৰ ছাত্ৰ-ছাত্ৰী সকলৰ লগত কৰা হাঁহি ধেমালি বোৰ ঘনে ঘনে মনলৈ আহে।

মোৰ মনত পৰে যেতিয়া এই মহাবিদ্যালয় খনত শিক্ষক হিচাবে নিযুক্তি পাই সেইসময়ত বৰ্তমানৰ চৌহদৰ দুয়োকাষে থকা তিনিমহলীয়া গৃহ কেইটা নাছিল। অসম আইৰ এল(L) আকৃতিৰ দিঘলীয়া ঘৰ এটা আছিল। তাৰ প্ৰায় দুবছৰ মানৰ পিছত সোঁহাতৰ ঘৰটো সম্পূৰ্ণ হয় আৰু ক্ৰমান্বয়ে মহাবিদ্যালয় খনৰ উন্নতি হৈ বৰ্তমানৰ পৰ্য্যায় পায়। অৱশ্যে এই পৰ্য্যায় পাবলৈ অনুষ্ঠানটিয়ে যথেষ্ট বাধা বিঘিনিৰো সন্মুখীন হ'ব লগীয়াত পৰিছিল। যা হওক সকলো বাধা বিঘিনি নেওচিও ই বৰ্তমান সমগ্ৰ উত্তৰ-পূবৰ ভিতৰতে এখন অগ্ৰগনী অনুষ্ঠান হিচাবে খ্যাতি লাভ কৰিবলৈ সক্ষম হৈছে। সচাকৈয়ে ই এটা সুখৰ বিষয়।

ইয়াৰ পিছত লাহে লাহে বহুৰেফীয়া পাঠ্যক্ৰমৰ সলনি বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়ৰ ছমহীয়া পাঠ্যক্ৰম আৰম্ভ হ'ল আৰু আমি অধ্যাপক অধ্যাপিকা সকল অনুষ্ঠানটিৰ লগত আৰু বেছি ওতঃপ্ৰোত ভাৱে জড়িত হৈ পৰিব লগা হ'ল। এই পঞ্চবৰ্ষীয় আইনী শিক্ষাৰ পাঠ্যক্ৰমো আৰম্ভ হ'ল। এই পঞ্চবৰ্ষীয় ছাত্ৰ-ছাত্ৰী সকলৰ ক্ষেত্ৰত লক্ষ্য কৰিছিলোঁ তেওঁলোক বয়সত তিনিবৰ্ষীয় ছাত্ৰ-ছাত্ৰী সকলতকৈ কম হোৱা বাবে আৰু মানসিক ভাৱে তুলনামূলকভাৱে ভাৱে কিছু অপৰিপক্ক হোৱা বাবে আইনৰ পাঠ্যক্ৰম খিনি হৃদয়ঙ্গম কৰিবৰ বাবে কিছু অসুবিধা পায়। সেয়ে তেওঁলোকক পাঠদান কৰাৰ সময়ত বিশেষ ধৰণৰ যত্ন ল'ব লগীয়া হয়।

মহাবিদ্যালয় খনত থকাৰ সময়খিনিত এটা বৰ বৰণীয় অভিজ্ঞতা হৈছে ২০১৭ বৰ্ষৰ ডিচেম্বৰ মাহত অনুষ্ঠিত কৰা মহাবিদ্যালয় খনৰ ৰূপালী জয়ন্তী মহোৎসৱ উদযাপন। সেইসময়ত ছাত্ৰ-ছাত্ৰী সকলৰ সাংস্কৃতিক দিশত থকা প্ৰতিভা দেখি অভিভূত হৈ পৰিছিলো। তেওঁলোকৰ সহায় সহযোগিতা আৰু কৰ্মনিষ্ঠা অবিহনে সেই সাংস্কৃতিক অনুষ্ঠানটি সফল কৰিব নোৱাৰিলোহেঁতেন। তেওঁলোক সকলোৰে মই মোৰ হৃদয়ৰ পৰা শলাগ লৈছো। মহাবিদ্যালয় খনৰ আৰু কিছু উৎসৱ উদযাপনৰ কথা উল্লেখ নকৰিলেই আধৰুৱা হৈ ৰব। ইয়াৰ ভিতৰত নবাগত আদৰ্শ সভা, শেষ ষান্মাসিক ছাত্ৰ-ছাত্ৰী সকলৰ বিদায় সভা, মহাবিদ্যালয় সপ্তাহ, সৰস্বতী পূজা উদ্‌যাপনেই প্ৰমুখ্য। এনে উদ্‌যাপনত ছাত্ৰ-ছাত্ৰী সকলৰ লগতে আমি অধ্যাপক অধ্যাপিকা সকলেও যথেষ্ট আনন্দ উপভোগ কৰো। সেই মধুৰ অভিজ্ঞতা বোৰ কেতিয়াও পাহৰিব নোৱাৰিম।

শ্ৰেণীকোঠাৰ ভিতৰত ছাত্ৰ-ছাত্ৰী সকলৰ যৌৱনোচ্ছল আৰু উজ্জ্বল মুখবোৰ চাই মনত এক বিশেষ অনুপ্ৰেৰণা পোৱা যায়। অৱশ্যে এটা কথা সঁচা যে মই জীৱনত কেতিয়াও আইনৰ শিক্ষাৰ্থী হম বুলি অথবা আইনৰ শিক্ষকতা কৰিম বুলি ভৱা নাছিলো। কিন্তু দূৰ্ভাগ্য বশতঃতেই হওক বা সৌভাগ্য বশতঃতেই হওক জীৱনৰ চক্ৰই মোক এইফালে টানি আনিলে। তাৰবাবে অৱশ্যে মোৰ কোনো আক্ষেপ নাই।

দূৰ্ভাগ্যবশতঃ বৰ্তমান সময়ত ক'ৰণা মহামাৰীয়ে সমগ্ৰ বিশ্বতে যি অভাৱনীয় পৰিস্থিতিৰ সৃষ্টি কৰিলে সেই প্ৰেক্ষাপটত মই অৱসৰ লব লগা হোৱা বাবে ছাত্ৰ-ছাত্ৰী সকলৰ বহুতকৈ লগ নাপালোঁ আৰু মাত এষাৰ লগাব নোৱাৰিলো। তাৰবাবে মোৰ মনত আক্ষেপ ৰৈ গ'ল।

অৱশেষত ভগৱানৰ ওচৰত প্ৰাৰ্থনা কৰিছো তোমালোক সকলোৱে যেন সফলতাৰ শীৰ্ষত আৰোহন কৰা আৰু সফলতা অৰ্জন কৰি জীৱনৰ বাটত আগবাঢ়ি যোৱা তাকে কামনা কৰিলো। তোমালোকৰ কৃতিত্ব ই কেৱল মাত্ৰ পিতৃ মাতৃ আৰু শিক্ষাগুৰু সকলকহে গৌৰৱান্বিত কৰিব এনে নহয় যেন সমগ্ৰ সমাজখনেই যেন তোমালোকক লৈ গৌৰৱান্বিত হয়। সেয়ে মোৰ ভগৱানৰ ওচৰত প্ৰাৰ্থনা। আইনৰ শিক্ষাৰ্থী হিচাবে তোমালোকৰ সমাজৰ প্ৰতিও দায়বদ্ধতা আছে। গতিকে কেৱলমাত্ৰ ব্যক্তিগত উৎকৰ্ষ সাধনকে লক্ষ্য হিচাবে নাৰাখি সমাজৰ কৰণীয় খিনিও যদি লগতে কৰি যোৱা তেনেহলে আমাৰ কৰ্তব্য সফল হোৱা বুলি ভাবিম।

সঁচাকৈয়ে মানুহ জীৱশ্ৰেষ্ঠ হয়নে?

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৫ বছৰীয়া আইন পাঠ্যক্রম, তৃতীয় ষাণ্মাসিক

ক্ৰমবিবৰ্তনৰ ইতিহাসলৈ লক্ষ্য কৰিলে মানুহ আন জীৱসমূহৰ তুলনাত উচ্চস্তৰৰ বুলি বোধ হয় কাৰণ মানুহ উন্নত শাৰীৰিক বিকাশ আৰু প্ৰচুৰ কাৰ্যক্ষমতাসম্পন্ন মগজুৰ গৰাকী। ইয়াৰ ফলস্বৰূপে মানুহ ন উদ্ভাৱনৰ জৰিয়তে পৃথিৱী খনক বসবাসৰ উপযোগী কৰি তুলিছে। কিন্তু সাম্প্ৰতিক কালত সমাজৰ কিছুমান ঘটনাৰাজিয়ে আমাৰ মাজলৈ এটা প্ৰশ্নই ডাঙি ধৰিছে যে - সঁচাকৈয়ে মানুহক আন জীৱতকৈ শ্ৰেষ্ঠ বুলি ক'ব পাৰিনে?

বিশ্বায়নৰ এই যুগত জীৱশ্ৰেষ্ঠৰূপী মানুহে এতিয়া মাতৃসম প্ৰকৃতিৰ ধ্বংসলীলা কৰিছে যি প্ৰকৃতিয়ে আমাৰ জীৱন যাপনৰ সমল দিছে। অবাধ বন ধ্বংস, বনাঞ্চলৰ ঠাইত জনাঞ্চল, অবোধ জীৱ-জন্তুক আশ্ৰয় হীন তথা নিৰ্মমভাৱে কৰা হত্যা আদিৰ দৰে কু কৰ্মত লিপ্ত থকা সকলেই হৈছে আজিৰ জীৱশ্ৰেষ্ঠ মানুহ। মানুহৰ এই দুষ্কৰ্ম সমূহৰ ফলতেই জলন্ত সমস্যাকৰূপে থিয় দিছে হাতী মানুহৰ সংঘাট, পক্ষীকূল ধ্বংস আদি ঘটনাৰ। তাৰ লগতে বিভিন্ন আপুৰুগীয়া উদ্ভিদকুল আমাৰ মাজৰ পৰা হেৰাই গৈ পৰিৱেশৰ স্বাভাৱিক ভাৰসাম্যতা নোহোৱা কৰিছে।

জীৱশ্ৰেষ্ঠ মানুহৰ এটা লজ্জাজনক স্বৰূপ দেখা পাওঁ যেতিয়া স্বাৰ্থৰ বাবে এজনে আনজনক হত্যা কৰিবলৈও কুণ্ঠাবোধ নকৰে। বাতৰিকাকতৰ পৃষ্ঠাসমূহে এনে ব্যাভিচাৰৰ প্ৰমাণ দিয়ে অভিনীল কাণ্ড অথবা অনিমেৰ ভূঞা হত্যাকাণ্ডৰ ৰূপত। মানুহক এই নিকৃষ্টতম শাৰীলৈ অৱনমিত কৰাত গুৰুত্বপূৰ্ণ ভূমিকা পালন কৰে সমাজত বহুলভাৱে প্ৰচলিত নিচায়ুক্ত দ্ৰব্যৰ সেৱনে। এনে সস্তীয়া নিচাত মত্ত হৈ মানুহে হত্যাৰ দৰে জঘন্য অপৰাধকো তুচ্ছজ্ঞান কৰিবলৈ লৈছে।

জীৱশ্ৰেষ্ঠ বুলি গৰ্বিত মানুহৰ শ্ৰেষ্ঠতাৰ আন এক প্ৰতিফলন ডাঙি ধৰে আজিৰ নাৰী নিৰ্যাতনৰ ছবিখনে। যৌতুকৰ বাবে হত্যা, নাৰী দেহৰ ব্যৱসায়, এচিডৰ দ্বাৰা ক্ষতি সাধন, ধৰ্ষণ আদি অমানৱীয় ঘটনাসমূহেই ইয়াৰ প্ৰমাণ। দেশ কঁপাই যোৱা নিৰ্ভয়া কাণ্ড, জেচিকালাল হত্যাকাণ্ড, লক্ষ্মী আগৰৱাল কাণ্ডকে আৰম্ভ কৰি বহুতো উদাহৰণ আজিৰ সমাজত আছে যিয়ে মানুহৰ নৈতিক স্থলনৰ কথাই দোহাৰে।

আধুনিক যুগৰ সদাব্যস্ত মানুহৰ দৈনন্দিন জীৱনত আত্মীয়তাৰ অভাৱ বাৰুকৈয়ে অনুভৱ হয়। সমাজৰ উচ্চস্তৰত থকা এই মানৱ জাতিটোৰ মাজত দয়া মমতা, মৰম, সহনশীলতা, পাৰস্পৰিক বান্ধোন ক্ৰমাগতয়ে শিথিল হ'বলৈ ধৰিছে।

জীৱনদান দিয়া মাতৃ আৰু জীৱনৰ মূল পিতৃও আজিকালি সন্তানৰ দ্বাৰা অৰহেলিত আৰু পৰিত্যক্ত অথবা অসুৰক্ষিত, যাৰ ফলত তেওঁলোকে কেতিয়াবা আনৰ আশ্ৰিত হৈ থাকিবলৈও বাধ্য হৈ পৰে এই তথাকথিত ভদ্ৰ সমাজখনত।

ড° ভূপেন হাজৰিকাৰ চিৰসেউজীয়া গীতটিত প্ৰকাশ পোৱাৰ দৰে - " মানুহ যদিহে নহয় মানুহ
দানৰ কাহানিও নহয় মানুহ
যদি দানৰ কাহানিৰা হয় মানুহ
লাজ পাব কোনেনো কোৱা সমনীয়া?

আজিৰ যুগৰ অধঃপতিত দানৱৰূপী মানৱসমাজে নিজৰ ভুলবোৰ উপলব্ধি কৰি মানুহৰ শাৰীলৈ উন্নিত হ'ব পাৰিবনে নে? সকলোকে পুনৰবাৰ এটা প্ৰশ্নয়েই ব্যতিব্যস্ত কৰি ৰাখিব যে - "সচাকৈয়ে মানুহ জীৱশ্ৰেষ্ঠ হয়নে?"

আমাৰ সমাজ আৰু আমি

বৰছা কলিতা

৫ বছৰীয়া আইন পাঠ্যক্রম, প্ৰথম ষাণ্মাসিক

সাহিত্য সমাজৰ দাপোণ, জাতিৰ নাড়ী নখত্ৰ স্বৰূপ। সাহিত্যৰেই প্ৰকাশ পায় ভাষা, সংস্কৃতি, ধ্যান-ধাৰণা, ৰীতি-নীতি, চিন্তা-ভাৱনা তথা জাতীয়তাৰ সকলো খিনি। আমাৰ সমাজতো বহুতো পাঠক পাঠিকৰ ধাৰণা হল যে কেইটিমান কবিতা বা এগাল গল্প, চুটি গল্প হল সাহিত্য। প্ৰকৃত অৰ্থত কিন্তু এইটো সত্য নহয়। নাটক, কবিতা, উপন্যাস, ৰস-ৰচনা, গল্প, কৌতুক, ব্যংগ ৰচনা, সমালোচনা, প্ৰবন্ধকেই আদি কৰি সত্যতা সংস্কৃতি, নৃত্য গীত, কৃষি পদ্ধতি সাজ পাৰ খাদ্য সন্তাৰ, বিশ্বাস অন্ধবিশ্বাস আদি কৰি জীৱনৰ সম্পূৰ্ণ প্ৰক্ৰিয়াটোৱেই হল সাহিত্য। সামাজিক উন্নতিৰ বাবে শিক্ষাৰ প্ৰয়োজনীয়তা অসীম, কিন্তু সাহিত্য অবিহনে যে শিক্ষা অসম্পূৰ্ণ, এই কথা আজিৰ নৱ প্ৰজন্মই উপলব্ধি কৰিব পৰা নাই।

সমাজ পৰিৱৰ্তনশীল। এই পৰিৱৰ্তিত সমাজৰ আধুনিকতাৰ দৌৰত ভাগ লৈ আমি যাতে আমাৰ সংস্কৃতি আৰু জাতীয় চেতনা পাহৰি নাযাও সেয়া মনত ৰাখিবলগীয়া বিষয়। সময়ৰ লগত খোজ মিলাই চলাটো নিতান্তই প্ৰয়োজনীয়। কিন্তু এইবোৰৰ মাজত আমি নিজকে পাহৰি যোৱা নাইতো? এই কথাখিনি মই মোৰ অভিজ্ঞতা কিছুমানৰ পৰা অনুভৱ কৰিছো। সেই অভিজ্ঞতাৰ বিষয়ে তলত অকণমান লিখিলো।

এদিন মই মোৰ বান্ধবী কেইজনীৰ সৈতে আমাৰ শ্ৰেণী শেষ হোৱাৰ পাছত ঘৰলৈ বুলি বাছত উঠিলো। বাছৰ ছাউণ্ড চিষ্টেমত বিহুগীত এটা বাজি আছিল। তাকে শুনি লগৰ এজনীয়ে কলে, আজিকালি সকলোৰে মোবাইলত, ঘৰত ৰক্ সংগীত বাজি থাকে। তাতে আকৌ বাটে ঘাটে বিহু শুনিবলৈ আমনিয়ে লাগে।

আন এজনীয়ে মাত লগালে - অহো! মইয়ো বিহুগীত শুনি ব'ৰ পাও। কথাটো শুনি দুয়োজনীলৈ ভীষণ খং উঠিল। বিহুগীত শুনি বেয়া পোৱাতকৈ ডাঙৰ কথা হৈছে তাক অপমান কৰাটো। কোনোবাই বিহু শুনি ভাল নাপাব পাৰে, কিন্তু তাক অপমান কৰাৰ অধিকাৰ কাৰো নাই আৰু বাছত তেনে কথা কোৱা উচিত নহয়। কিয়নো বাছত বহি থকা উঠি অহা নতুন চামৰ কাণত এই কথা পৰিলে সিহঁতৰ মনতো সেই একে ধাৰণাৰ বীজ মেলিব পাৰে। এইখিনিতে আৰু দুটি ঘটনাৰ পাতনি মেলিব বিচাৰিছো। বিচাৰিছো। এদিন কেইজনমান বন্ধু বান্ধবীৰ সৈতে কলেজ কেণ্টিনত কথা পাতি থাকোতে কথা প্ৰসংগত হোমেন বৰগোহাঞিৰ কথা ওলাল। লগৰ এজনীয়ে সুধিলে, কোন হোমেন বৰগোহাঞি? মই আচৰিত হৈ সুধিলো, তুমি হোমেন বৰগোহাঞিৰ নাম শুনা নাই? এজন অসমীয়া শিক্ষিত ল'ৰা বা ছোৱালীয়ে যদি অসমতেই থাকি হোমেন বৰগোহাঞিৰ নাম শুনা নাই তাতোকৈ পৰিতাপৰ বিষয় জানো কিবা হ'ব পাৰে? আমি যদি সাহিত্যিকসকলৰ অসমীয়া সাহিত্যলৈ যোগোৱা বৰঙণিবোৰ পাহৰি যাওঁ, আমি জানো নিজকে অসমীয়া হিচাপে চিনাকি দিব পাৰিম? আন এদিন কলেজত ক্লাছ অফ থকাত কেইজনমান বন্ধু বান্ধবীৰ সৈতে বহি আছিলো।

মই জুবিন গাৰ্গৰ অসমীয়া গান এটা মোবাইলত বজালো। লগৰ এজনে ক'লে-এই মদাপীটোৰ গান বন্ধ কৰ। মই এটা ইংলিছ গান বজাই আছো। কথাষাৰ শুনি মই নিজে বৰ লাজ পালো। জুবিন গাৰ্গক সি মদাপী বুলি কয়। কিন্তু ইংলিছ বা হিন্দী গান বজাই আছে সেইটো তাৰ ভুল নহ'ব? জুবিন গাৰ্গৰ দৰে বিখ্যাত কণ্ঠশিল্পীক সিহঁতে ঠাট্টা-মস্কৰা কৰি অসমীয়া সংস্কৃতি ধ্বংস কৰা নাইনে? আমাৰ কাৰণে কিমান সৌভাগ্যৰ কথা যে ইমান ডাঙৰ এজন কণ্ঠশিল্পী হোৱাৰ পিছতো বলীউড বা হলীউডলৈ গুচি যোৱা নাই একমাত্ৰ অসমীয়া সমাজৰ সংস্কৃতি বজাই ৰাখিবৰ বাবে। আজি যুৱ প্ৰজন্মই কেৱল সেই সংগীত সমূহক সঠিক মৰ্যাদা দিব লাগে।

লাগে। ভূপেনদাই কৈ গৈছে-

আমি অসমীয়া নহও দুখীয়া

বুলি সান্তনা লভিলে নহ'ব

আজিৰ অসমীয়াই নিজক নিচিনিলে

অসম ৰসাতলে যাব।.....

আজিৰ অভিভাৱক সকলে নিজৰ সন্তানক অসমীয়া মাধ্যমত নপঢ়াই কেৱল ইংৰাজী শিক্ষা দিয়াতহে গুৰুত্ব দিয়ে। ইংৰাজী শিকাটো মই ভুল বুলি ক'ব খোজানাই। মোৰ প্ৰশ্নটো এয়ে যে নিজৰ মাতৃ ভাষাটোৰ প্ৰতি ইমান অৱহেলা কিয়? তেওলোকে পাহৰিছে যে বেলেগৰ সংস্কৃতিৰ পিছত দৌৰি নিজৰ সংস্কৃতিয়ে পাহৰি গৈছে। আধুনিক সমাজৰ অহেতুক প্ৰতিযোগিতাত গুৰুত্ব দি আমি নিজৰ ভাষা আৰু সংস্কৃতিৰ প্ৰতি অৱহেলা কৰা নাইতো? তাৰোপৰি একৈশ শতিকাৰ নৱ প্ৰজন্মৰ মাজৰ বহুতেই মাদকদ্ৰব্যৰ প্ৰতি আকৃষ্ট হোৱা দেখা যায়। ইয়াৰ ফলত সৃষ্টি হ'ব ছিন্নমূল এক নতুন প্ৰজন্ম। সমাজ অশান্তিৰে ভৰি পৰিব, মানৱীয় মূল্যবোধৰ স্থলন ঘটিব, সৃষ্টি হ'ব হিংসাৰ আৰু তাৰ পৰাই সৃষ্টি হ'ব সন্ত্ৰাসৰ। এনে হ'লে এদিন হয়তো হেৰাই যাব অসমীয়া জাতিৰ সুকীয়া অস্তিত্ব। এখন সমাজ এটা জাতিক সুৰখিত কৰাৰ কাৰণে প্ৰয়োজন এক সুস্থ বিজ্ঞান সন্মত পৰিৱেশৰ।

উপৰোক্ত কথাবোৰ আমাৰ সচেতন ব্যক্তি সকলে উপলব্ধি কৰি আমাৰ উঠি অহা প্ৰজন্মক সঠিক দিশত পৰিচালিত কৰিব পাৰিলে আমাৰ স্বকীয় ভাষা সংস্কৃতি জীয়াই থাকিব।

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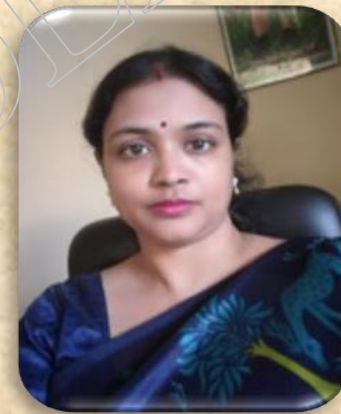


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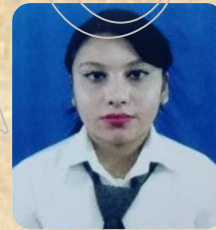


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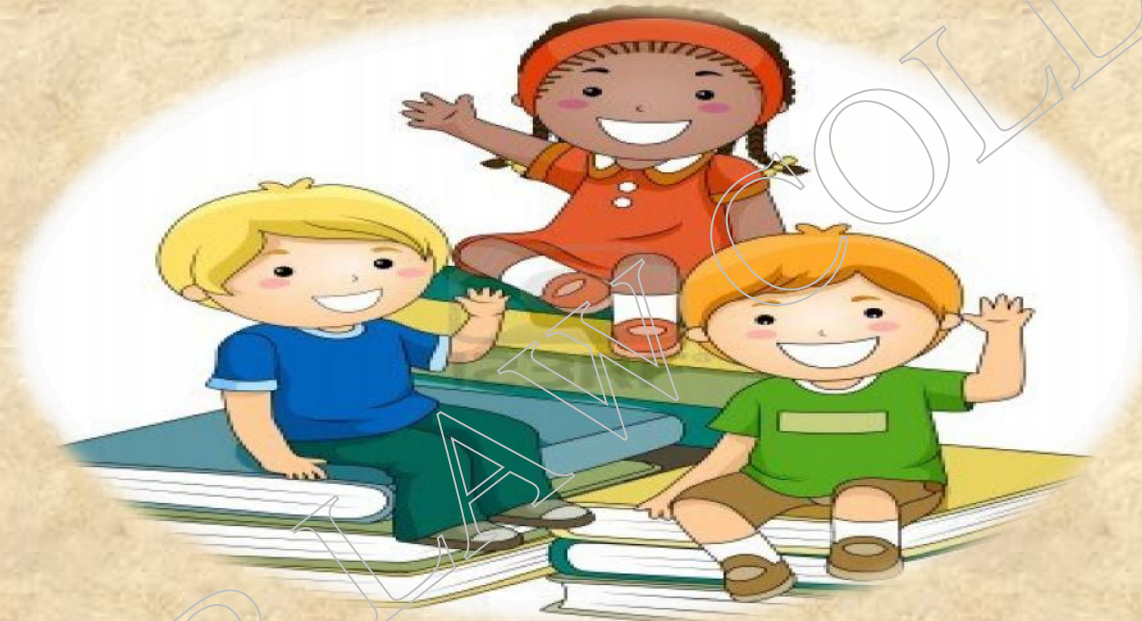


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