

# सिंधन

वर्ष 4 अंक 3

15 अगस्त, 2010



स्टाफ क्लब,  
आई. एच. बी. टी. पालमपुर

# मंथन

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## आमुख

मंथन आपके स्टाफ क्लब की पत्रिका है, इसका 13वां अंक आपके समक्ष प्रस्तुत है। आपके अन्दर विद्यमान वे प्रतिभायें, जिन्हें आप बोलकर या अन्य किसी रूप में व्यक्त नहीं कर सकते आप उन्हें मंथन के माध्यम से लघु लेख व कथा, कलाकृति, रेखाचित्र, कविता व अन्य किसी भी रूप में व्यक्त कर सकते हैं तथा छिपी प्रतिभा को निखार सकते हैं।

“मंथन की भावना है—भावनाओं का मंथन।”

स्टाफ क्लब के सभी सदस्यों एवं उनके परिजनों से निवेदन है कि वे मंथन के आगामी अंकों के लिए प्रविष्टियां देने की कृपा करें ताकि मंथन का अगला अंक समय से निकाला जा सके। भाषा हिन्दी या अंग्रेजी हो सकती है।

इस अंक में प्रविष्टियां देने वालों व सहयोग प्रदान करने वालों का स्टाफ क्लब सदैव आभारी रहेगा।

संपादक

\* \* : विषय सूची : \* \*

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## \* \* : आजादी : \* \*

आजादी का पर्व मनाते  
ये कैसे गुलाम हैं ?  
कराह रही रूह शहीदों की  
यहां स्वयं के लिए जीते सभी  
क्या इन्हीं के लिए हुए शहीद ?

अर्थ ने किया सब अनर्थ  
चारों ओर मचा हाहाकार है  
रिश्तों में आ गये अवसाद कहां से  
क्या इन्हीं के लिए दिये हम प्राण हैं ?

लाया ये क्या रंग बलिदानों के खून का  
आजाद भगत की कुर्बानी  
पूछ रही ये प्रश्न है  
क्या देश स्वतंत्र है ?

फैला चारों ओर भ्रष्टाचार  
छाया हर तरफ आतंक है  
दिलों में बढ़ गयी दीवार नफरत की  
क्या यह तिलक का स्वराज्य हैं ?

संगीता सिंह

## \* \* : OXYDOME : \* \*

18<sup>th</sup> March 2080, a day of joy-my 80<sup>th</sup> birthday. I woke up refreshed from a good night's sleep, had a shave and warmed up my Oxydome at 24° C.

The night temperature had dropped to 6° C even inside the dome, 'it must be freezing outside'- I thought. Even as the dome was warming up- my mind wandered back to my childhood days- the trees and the green fields –the soft breeze that entered me and nourished my soul, the warmth of the morning sun caressing my young cheeks.

Those were the days when we played in the open fields and enjoyed nature's free air and sunshine.

Then as I grew up, the world population boomed, forest have to be downed to make room for human habitations, emissions spiraled out of control, global temperatures rose alarmingly, tidal waves and wind currents ran amok.

The atmosphere became hostile to the invasive human race. Polar ice caps are now a thing of the past. Daytime temperatures reached a maximum of 70° C and night time temperatures dropped to -30° C at the place where I used to play with the trees. Some migrated to planet EOX<sub>2</sub>.

For fifteen years we have been living in small cubical domes supplied with oxygen known as Oxydomes. Large transparent tubes connect these domes which act as passage apart from the essential oxygen supply.

"Oh, what man have become" I thought –'trapped in his own design'.

I braced myself up, today is my birthday not a time to ponder upon man's predicament, but a day to enjoy. I switched on my omnitel network and invited four of my friends by sending synchronized tele image and voice capsules through the network.

I dressed myself up for the occasion and suddenly the door announced an arrival. I opened the door with great expectations only to find two men dressed in black. They flashed their O<sub>2</sub> inspection cards.

I had just paid my O<sub>2</sub> bills, why are they here?

They told me rather coldly that I had exhausted my card limit. "You had been on a contract for fifteen years and today is your last day. The interplanetary teleportation system is also down and the only option is Lethal-D".

I tried to argue with them by telling that I had always paid the bills on time and never overheated during night hours, but even as I spoke, my hopelessness took over since they are known to be unbendable.

Oh I have to die on my birthday! They said they are sorry, ‘the global supply of O<sub>2</sub> is at a record low and the young and the productive has to live and phasing out the old is inevitable,’ ‘cold unbeatable logic’- I surmised.

I collected my gasping breath and sat on a chair. “Make it fast”- I shouted in panic. One of them ushered out a Lethal-D injection module and held my left arm and I felt the final prick –I shook and shuddered.

I woke up soaked in sweat – it was my wife pricking my arm. She told me that I had a nightmare and shouted, “Make it fast”. Oh God I am still alive! I drank a glass of water and ran outside the door and embraced the lone tree in my lawn even as my thumping heart whispered a sincere- “Thank you.”

**Naosekpam Ajit Singh**

\* \* : STUDENT LIFE ! : \* \*

Student life ! Student life !  
Is in its thrilling Style  
We can get just a way,  
To the world that's paved high

The fools will become cool,  
& will be styled high,  
Come and join with me,  
To the most thrilling style.

New wings and new thought,  
New way and new path,  
New things and new laws,  
Will be learnt by the hots,

To get hand of lord  
To get bless of god  
To make enlarged world  
Just like portrait of God

Future is on them  
Lord bless is on them  
But they just need to be  
Abbey & abbes in the life

Student life ! Student life !

**Shivansh Singh**



By Ekta



By Brahmi Uniyal

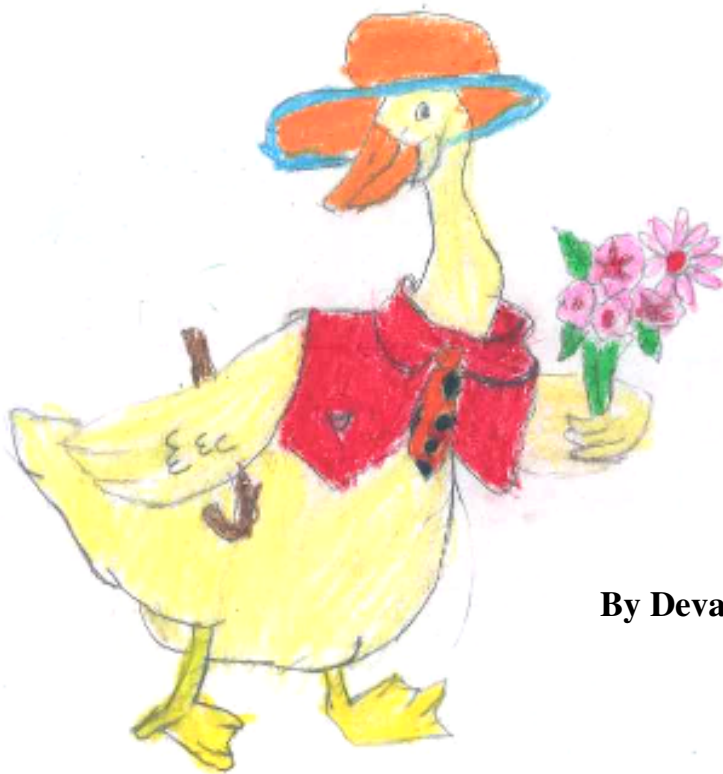




By Abhishek Singh



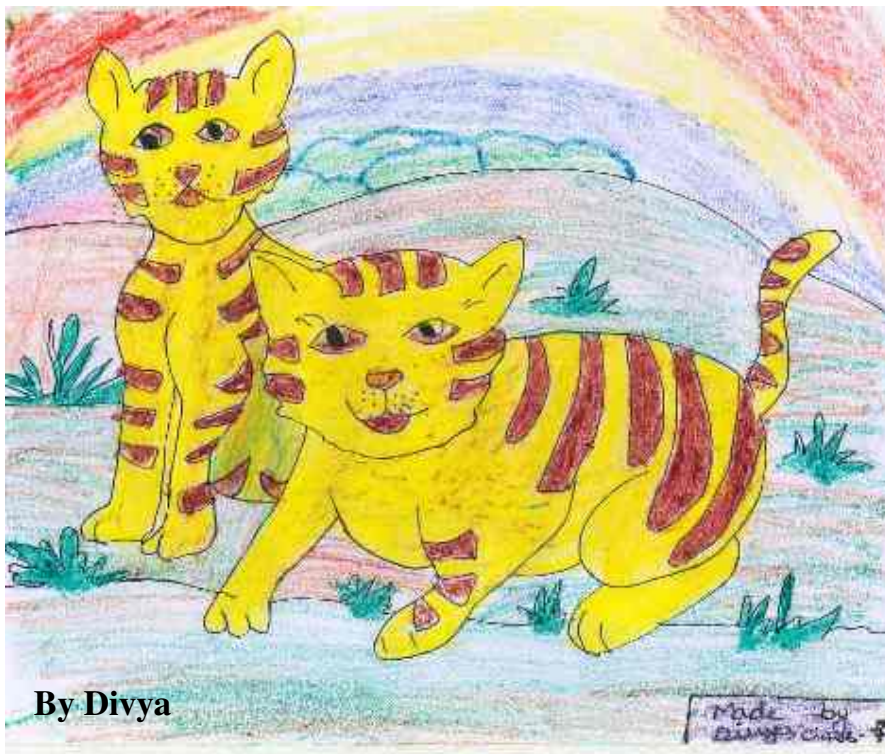
**By Amnish Singh**



**By Devansh Singh**

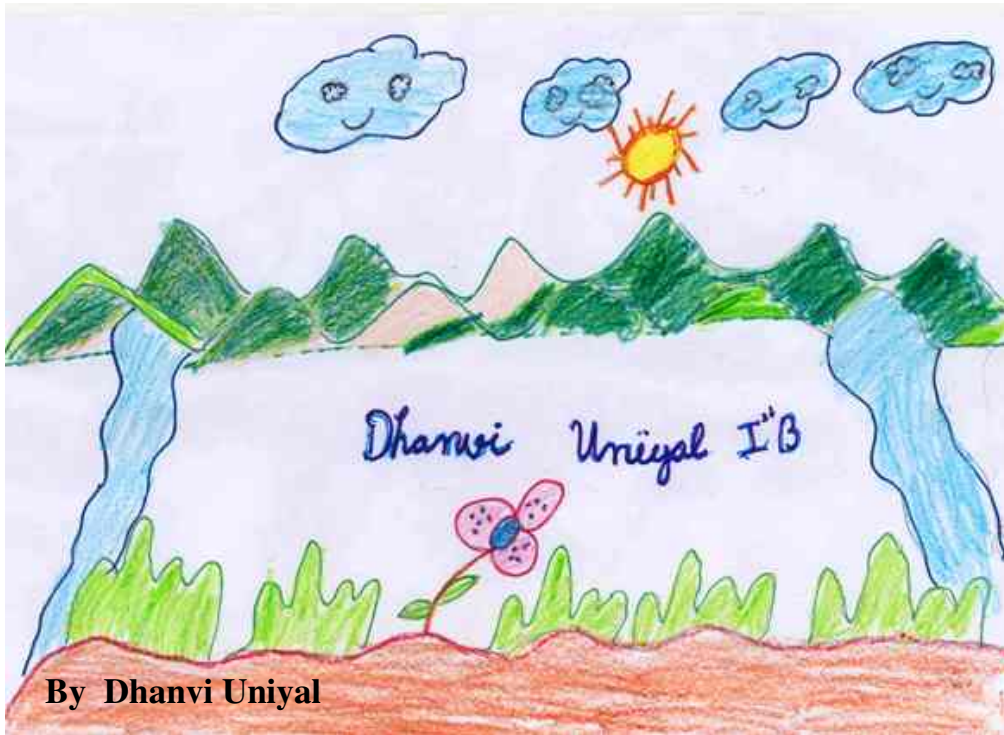


By Tamanna



By Divya

Made by  
Divya

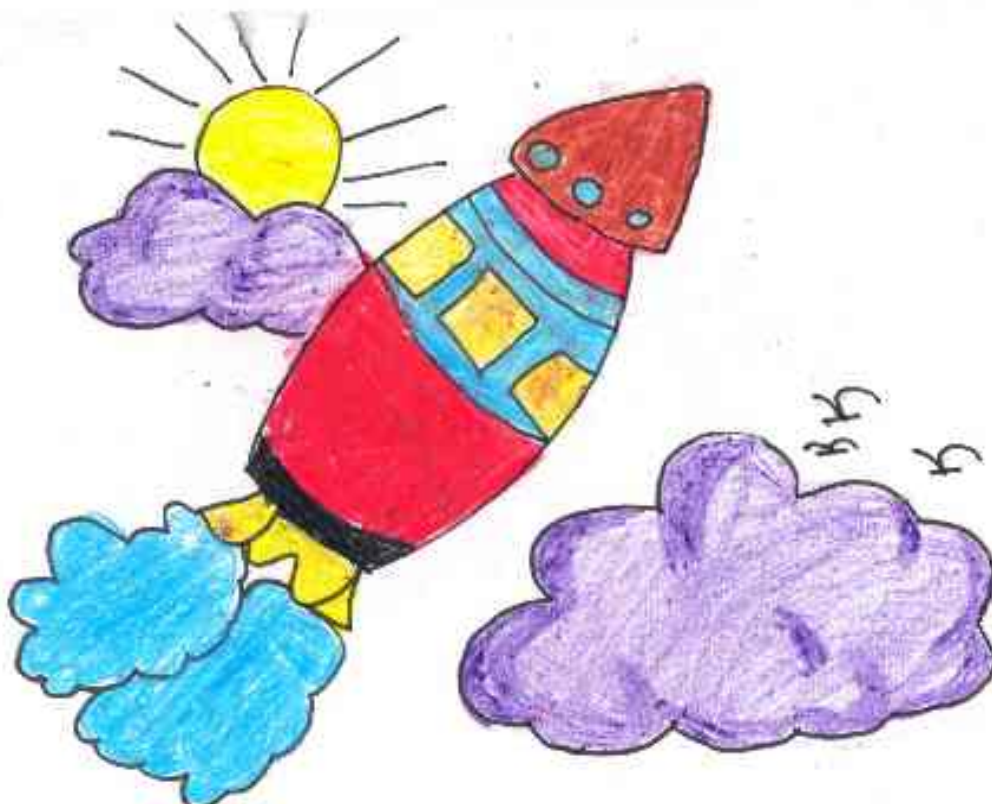
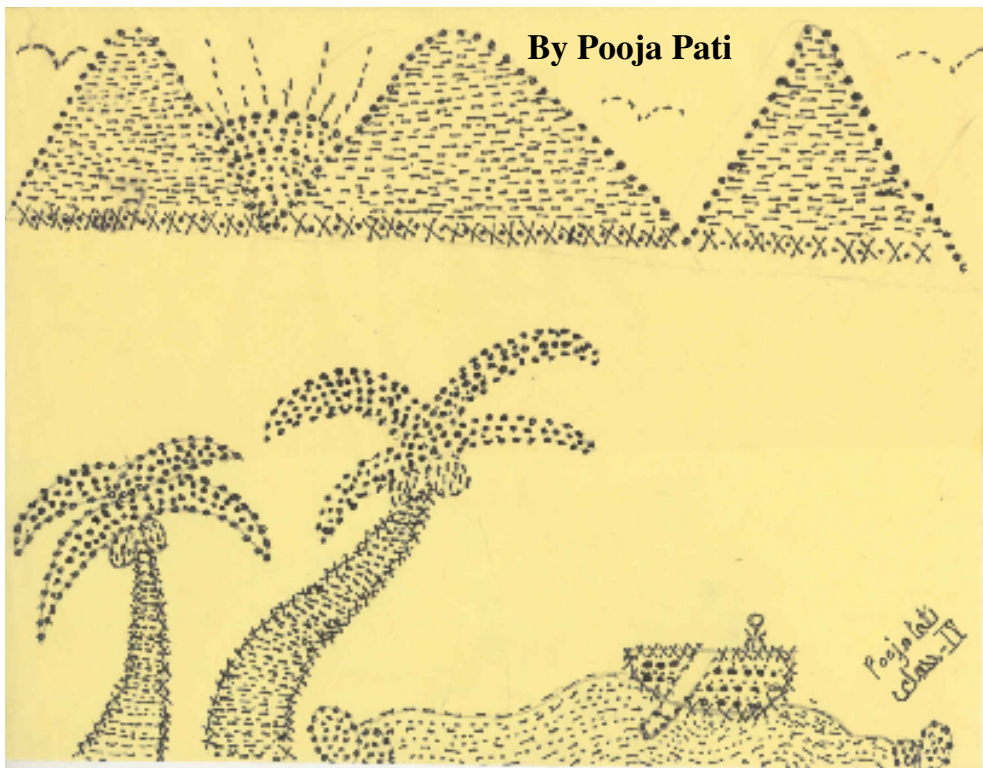


By Dhanvi Uniyal



By Shaivi Uniyal

Shaivi Uniyal  
I<sup>st</sup> B



By Divanshu

Made by  
Divanshu class-3



By Kritin Sood



By Y Hima Sreeja



**By Shailender**