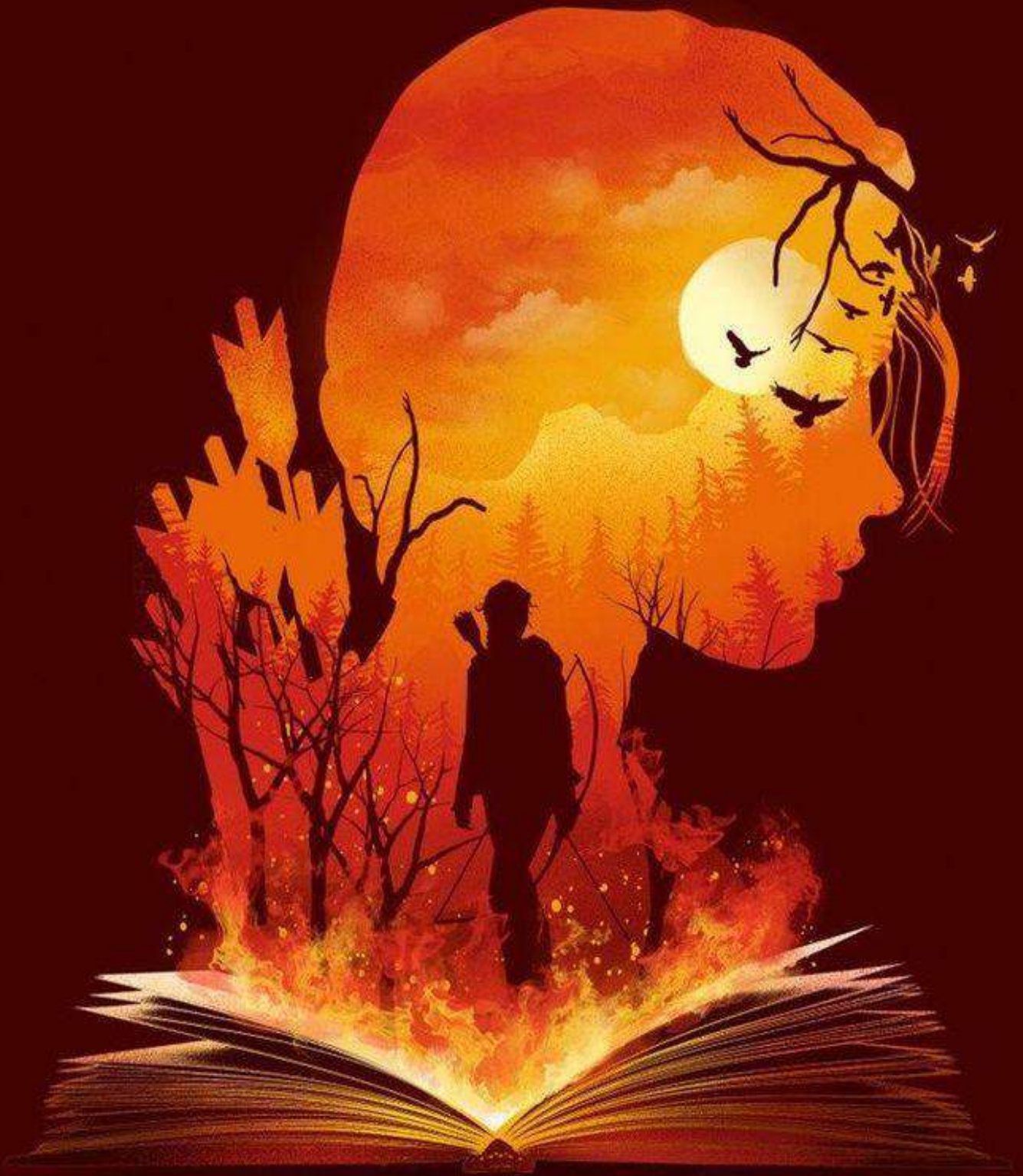


2nd Edition

THE QUEST



ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE, SIMDEGA

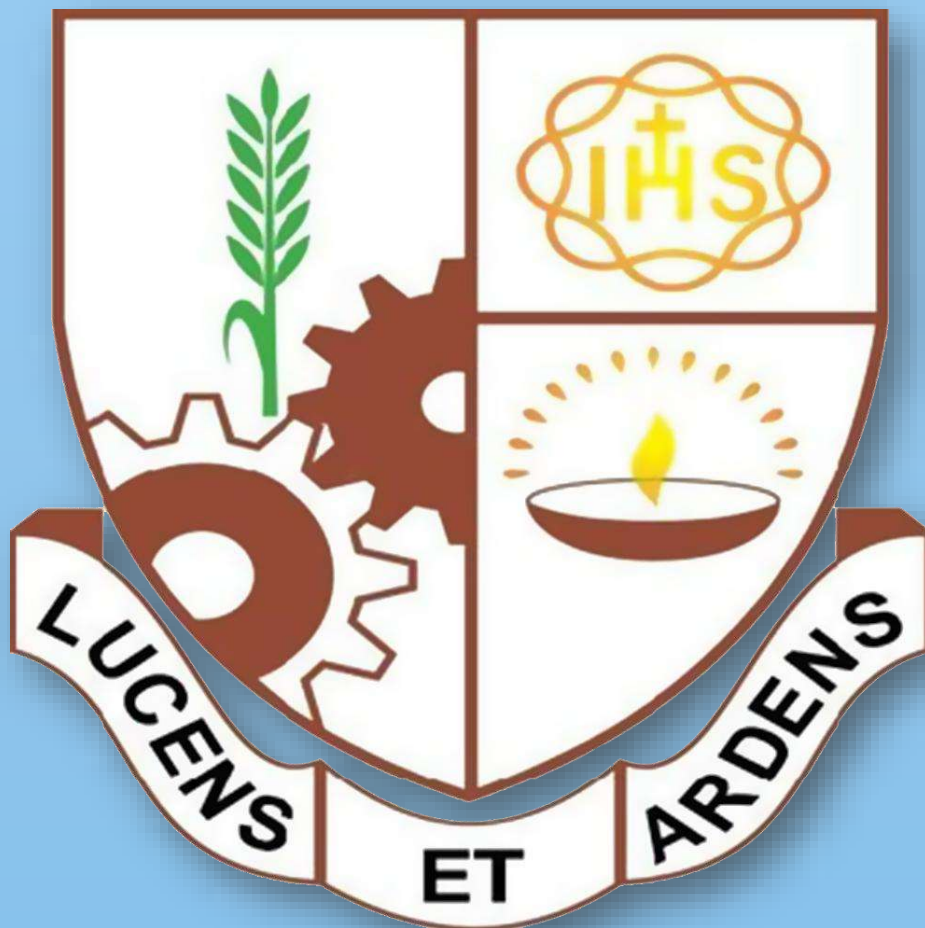


Savitribai Phule, India's First Female Teacher.

3 January 1831 – 10 March 1897

Savitribai Phule (3 January 1831 – 10 March 1897) was an Indian educator, social reformer, and poet, widely regarded as the first female teacher of modern India. Along with her husband, Jyotiba Phule, she played a pivotal role in advancing women's rights and education in Maharashtra, leaving a legacy that continues to influence social reform movements across India. She is also considered a front runner of India's feminist movement. She worked to abolish discrimination and the unfair treatment of people based on caste and gender. Savitribai Phule and her husband were trailblazers in women's education in India. In 1848, they established their first school for girls at the residence of Tatyasaheb Bhide, known as Bhide Wada in Pune. Later, she co-founded the Satyashodhak Samaj ('Society of Truth Seekers') in 1873 and led its women's wing.

ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE, SIMDEGA



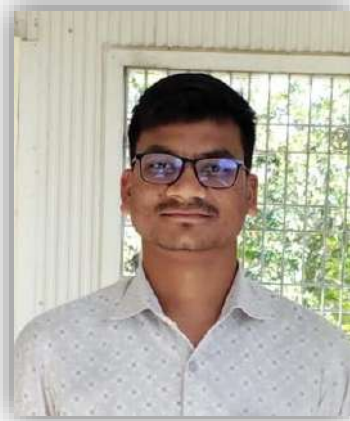
“LUCENS ET ARDENS”

“LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE”

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THE QUEST

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Message



Asst. Prof. Lipica Subir
Chief Editor

Dear Readers, Thank you for your positive remarks regarding the inaugural edition of Quest. Your love and support have compelled us to release this current edition. While our last edition featured a wide and rich collection of stories based on various themes, the theme of this edition revolves around women's empowerment. Recent times have been devastating for women. Every other day, we come across heinous crimes against them. In this modern era, we have advanced technically, but we are detaching from our roots. We belong to a land where women were generally respected. Even in Hindu belief God is regarded as ARDH NARISHWAR (Half men and Half women). But today, the other half of society is often objectified and mistreated. On one hand, women are excelling in many fields, on the other hand; they are silently suffering. However, if we want to build a society where everyone can live peacefully, we should empower women. Because when we empower women, we empower ourselves, and in turn, we empower society and the nation as well. Our society has witnessed so many powerful women in history— from fighting on the battlefield to traveling in space. They just need to acknowledge their true strength. Our students have curated beautiful and inspiring stories about women. I hope this edition of Quest will enlighten us with their voices, rediscover our shared heritage, and commit to a brighter, more equitable future.

Message



Fr. Roshan Baa S.J.
Principal

Students have been continually, participative, joyful and disciplined in their growth. The Quest has given them an opportunity to make an inner journey with self-awareness and openness to the Spirit. I witness their sense of belonging to their academics. The Participants in Quest have been growing in their critical thinking, serious analysis and creative learning. The creative expression of an Individual is full of joy. Students have been busy discovering their God-given talents and polish them, because God in the human being is expressively if one discovers God playing with an individual to create a special story. Dancing, playing, painting, acting are the arts hidden within an individual that need to be expressed. The expression needs to be accepted and appreciated for better growth of the petals to touch the sky.

I would request the writers to grow deeper and deeper into the inner being of oneself to experience the divine embedded from where the energy of life begins to inspire a person to bloom. Extravaganza should not be the block point to reach the inner being of life.

Dear readers, kindly know the journey of all the writers accompanied by God Himself. All the writers and readers of the Quest are led by the Spirit to discover the meaning of life and to cherish it, so that The Creator of creation may begin to dance with the creation. Let us learn to appreciate the words by reading and writing because wisdom is hidden in the words expressed by the human beings.

Message



Dr. Jayant Kumar Kashyap
Coordinator, IQAC (Internal
Quality Assurance Cell)

It gives me immense pleasure to pen a message for 'The Quest'. There are several key reasons for this. Firstly, this is a special issue dedicated to women, and the need for women's empowerment in society remains just as pressing today as it was in the past. Secondly, by virtue of being a special women's issue, this magazine features exclusive articles and discussions focusing on the status of women in the Simdega district of Jharkhand.

It is noteworthy that Simdega district is particularly remarkable for a unique characteristic of its own. Statistics indicate that the state of education in Simdega district is not very good, and the dropout rate among students—particularly in higher education—is at a significantly high level. Despite this, the number of girls studying at St. Xavier's College, Simdega, exceeds that of boys by 30 to 40 percent. In certain subjects, this disparity is even more pronounced. This stands as a silent yet powerful testament to women's awareness and empowerment.

Simdega is a working-class society. Within this working class, women outnumber men. Women here are actively participating—and excelling—in both the fields of education and politics. At the rural level as well, numerous women's groups are active, playing an outstanding role in systemic and social development alongside fostering economic self-reliance.

We celebrate 'Women's Day' in India on February 13th—marking the birth anniversary of Sarojini Naidu—and 'International Women's Day' globally on March 8th, as a celebration of women's social, economic, cultural, and political achievements. In this context, and in light of the months of February and March, the 'Women's Special Issue' of 'The Quest' holds particular significance.

I believe that the fundamental basis for the significance of 'Women's Day'—across the entire nation, including Jharkhand—should revolve around these questions: "Who are we, as women? What has been our history? And what must we do moving forward?" The threads of a true understanding of all these questions are inextricably linked to education and awareness. In this context, 'The Quest' bears a significant responsibility to kindle the flame of education and awareness. I do not merely hope, but have absolute confidence, that this special Women's Issue of 'The Quest' will prove to be a milestone in this endeavor.

I extend my heartfelt congratulations and commendations to the magazine's Editor, the Editorial Board, as well as the designers, photo editors, and all contributors, for making such a laudable effort to lead the charge in driving society forward.

Message



Dr. Animesh Roy
Assistant Professor of English,
Research Coordinator & Reachrs
Representative
St. Xavier's College, Simdega
Jharkhand, India

The word 'empowerment' has often been so grossly used that it has risked becoming a comfortable abstraction. Empowerment, in its most profound sense, should ideally signify the reclamation of the 'Self' from the structures of 'Othering'. While the long history of women's resistance has led to a critique of patriarchy to ensure the right to their freedom—of body, a room of their own, and intellectual franchise—empowerment can hardly be regarded as a monolithic import. Rather, true empowerment lies in accommodating the polyphony of many voices: in recognizing strategic essentialism without blurring individual diversities.

This issue of *Quest* on Women Empowerment provides a space for diverse writers to explore the plurality of voices and the concept of agency—not merely as something allowed by the state or society, but as an inherent 'becoming,' instead.

The essays, poems, and critiques in this issue, I hope, would serve as a mirror to the desires, aspirations, struggles, and resistance within the lived experiences of all women—both heard and unheard of.

In solidarity and enquiry!

Message



Fr. Bruno Toppo

Vice-Principal cum Bursar

True progress of a society happens when both men and women walk together with equality, dignity, and respect. You educate a man; you educate a man. You educate a woman; you educate a generation. It is widely used as a modern advocacy slogan in education and gender equality campaigns, especially by most of women organizations. This slogan is totally correct because when a woman is educated she not only transforms her own life but also uplifts her family, strengthens her community and shapes the future of the nation. The theme of this issue of Quest invites each of us to introspect and reflect on the role we are playing in building a society rooted and grounded in equality, dignity and respect within our villages and communities. Empowerment of women is not merely a theme for the magazine; it is a mission and responsibility for each student.

In the backward district like Simdega, where many women continue to face challenges such as migration, unemployment, illiteracy, poverty and limited access to education, the question of empowerment becomes extremely meaningful and urgent. Students of St. Xavier's College, Simdega must go beyond being learners and become change makers who shape a better society. Women need to be empowered by ensuring equal access to opportunities, education and decision making in families and communities. By having equal access to education and decision making they can change their vision into reality. When girls are given opportunities to learn and grow, they become leaders, innovators and agents of positive transformation.

May this edition inspire students' thoughts, ignite dialogue, and encourage actions. When women rise communities flourish and the future of a community becomes brighter for all. Let us continue to quest not just for knowledge and information but for justice and equality which empowers. By reflecting and writing about vital issues like; women empowerment helps students to excel in critical thinking, self-awareness and personal growth. Our writing becomes a mirror of the mind where thoughts become clear and meaningful. A thoughtful pen nurtures a thoughtful mind, empowering students to think deeply and act wisely. I sincerely thank the editorial team whose creativity, dedication and tireless efforts brought this magazine to life.

Message



Dr. Fr. Samir Bhanwra S.J.

Vice principal

Dear readers and the well-wishers,

On 8th March of each year, the world observes International Women's Day; tall promises of woman empowerment vanish in the air with passage of event. The news of brutal torture, and even murder for the sake of dowry, family honour, witchcraft, human trafficking, foeticide and infanticide, eve teasing is often highlighted in the both print and electronic media in this 21st century. Beside these, here are still many dos and don'ts for women in India society.

Amid, such obstacles and challenges, education is one of the best means to empower women. Besides education participation in employment, politics, economics, science and technology can build their confidence and bring awareness among of their self-worth. Women Empowerment is a multi-dimensional approach, it takes place within sociological, psychological and economic spheres; it takes place at individual, and community level; it also challenges the established assumptions and status quo; challenges relationships and redefines relationships. The menfolk also need the awareness for respecting women, so that there is no crime against women.

The foundation of equality is that the Ultimate Being has created man and woman equal; by essence and divinely the man and woman are equal. They can attain the highest spiritual realization. Both of them are created in the image and likeness of God, therefore, both of them have equal dignity, will power, wisdom. Beyond any caste, class and creed they are equal in the eyes of the divine. Therefore, women are not at all inferior in anyway. The College expect that after getting good education, and job, the college expect that each one should be able to help other women also to reach higher ladder of life. Each student of St. Xavier's College Simdega should contribute in empowerment of women.

Message



Dr. Fr. Nabor Lakra S.J.
Science Coordinator

The idea of rights and responsibilities often appears in social media discussions and everyday conversations. Many people demand their privileges, but in a social system such demands can sometimes create obstacles. Every society has challenges, and people must find ways to overcome them. One important step is the empowerment of weaker sections of society. In this context, women's empowerment deserves special attention so that society can ensure a fair sharing of duties, opportunities, and resources.

However, certain outdated attitudes toward women still exist. Therefore, a collective effort is needed to bring about a change in both mindset and action. Women's empowerment means recognizing that women are equally capable of performing the tasks that men do. Since the beginning of civilization, men and women have played important roles in shaping society.

Social change is gradual and requires continuous awareness and commitment, especially regarding women's rights and dignity. Education is one of the most powerful tools to bring positive change. Today, women are contributing in almost every field, and it is time that they receive equal respect and opportunities.

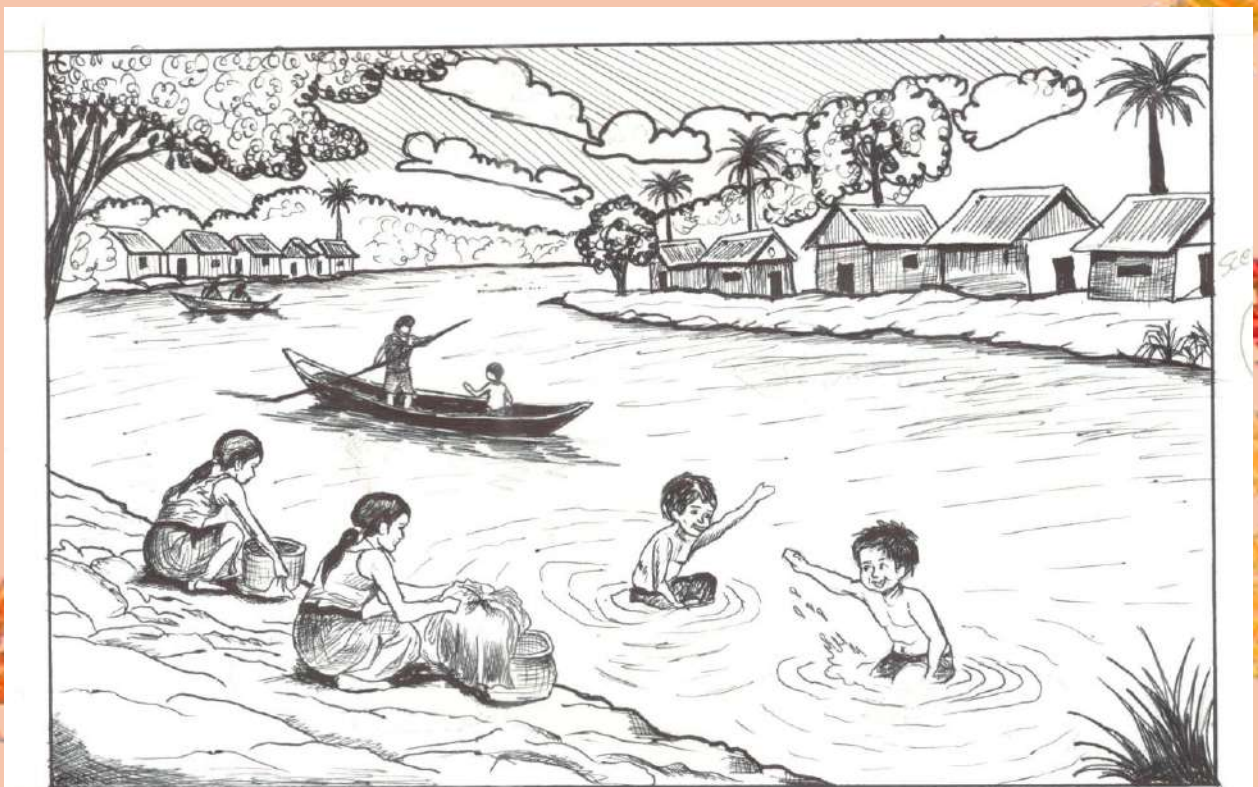
As the biblical idea reminds us, God created human beings in His own image—male and female He created them. Let this divine design flourish and make the world a better place to live. Women's empowerment is a path that can transform society.

THE MAN EATER



Robin Barwa
ENG, SEM- VI

There was an old village named Majhuli located beside a wide river. The villagers were highly dependent on the river for irrigation, bathing, washing clothes, fishing, and crossing to the town to reach schools and hospitals. The river was the heart of the village. But the village also had an old mindset of male dominance. The role of women was limited to the household, and women were rarely allowed to speak in public meetings.



Sketch by Robin Barwa

One day, news spread across the village: a man who had gone fishing at night, had disappeared. When the villagers searched, no body was found. Only his torn, blood-stained clothes were lying near the river. Fear slowly entered the village.

Soon, the same thing happened again and again. Anyone who went near the river after dark—man or woman—never returned. No screams, no bodies, only blood and torn clothes. The villagers believed a monster lived in the river. They called it "The Man Eater."

Slowly, fear took control of the village. People stopped going near the river, even during the day. Crops began to dry because irrigation stopped. Children could not cross the river to go to school.

Damodar, an old man who considered himself the head of the village, declared a rule that women and girls could not step outside their homes after sunset. Many men followed this rule and did not allow their wives or daughters to step outside after sunset. No one dared to oppose Damodar, except Savitri.



Sketch by Robin Barwa

Savitri was a widow. She was a teacher and the only educated woman in the village. She believed fear should not rule their lives. She said, “We cannot lock ourselves inside forever. If there is danger, it is our duty to face it.”

But the men ignored her. They did not allow their wives to step out freely. Many women had already lost husbands, brothers, and sons, yet they were forced to stay silent.

As the problem grew serious, the village gathered for a meeting. The men decided to capture the monster. They did not allow any woman’s involvement, not even Savitri.

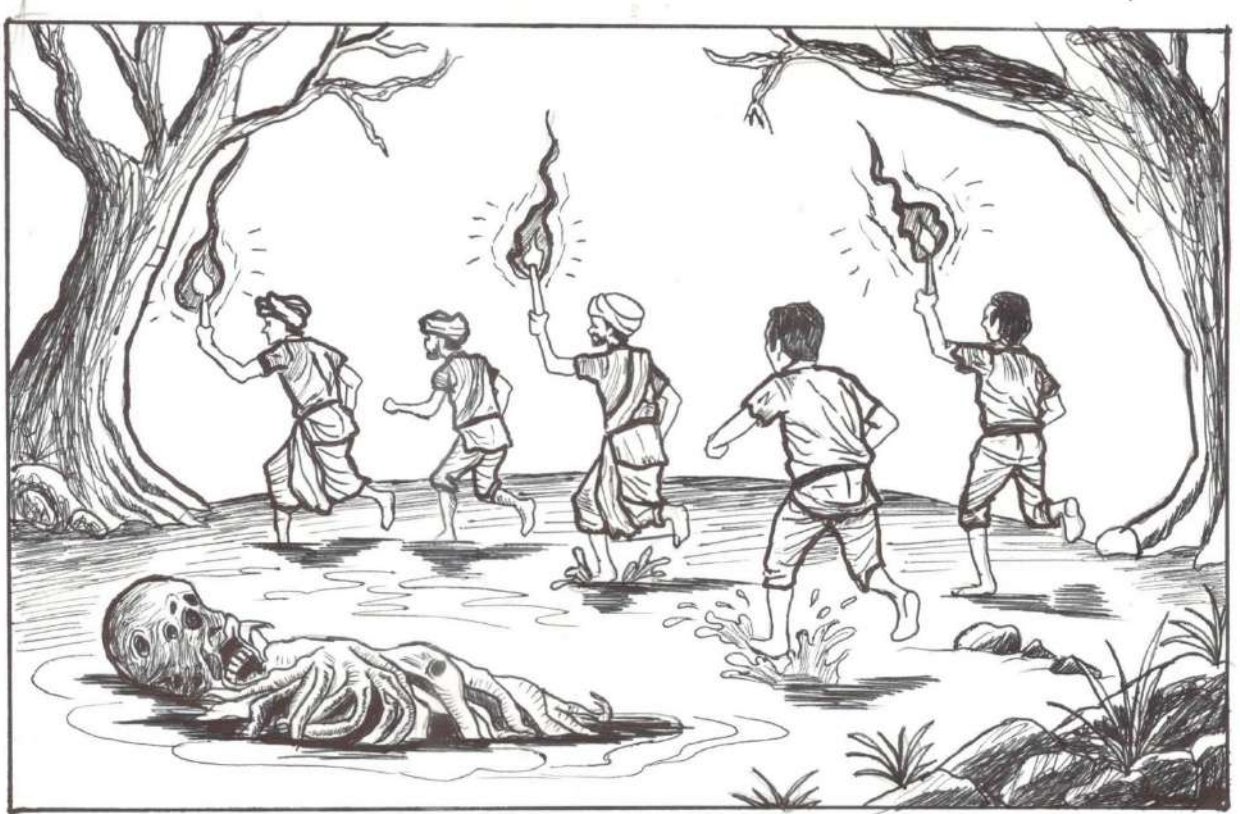
That evening, they set a trap. They hung a large piece of goat meat near the river and hid in bushes and trees. They waited for hours, but there was no sign of any monster.

Then suddenly, something was seen floating in the water.

“It’s the monster!” someone whispered.

Everyone panicked. The men attacked it with fire and axes. When they brought torches and looked closely, they froze in horror.

It was the half-eaten body of the man who had disappeared earlier. The sight was so terrifying that every man ran back to the village in fear.



Sketch by Robin Barwa

The next day, Damodar spread a rumor: “The monster knew about our trap. It sent the body as a warning.” The men were too afraid to try again.

But Savitri did not believe the rumor. She went from house to house, gathering women and motivating them. “Are we so weak,” she asked, “that we will live in fear forever?”

Many women were stopped by their husbands, but some—especially those who had lost loved ones—stood with Savitri. There were only five women in total.

Damodar and some men laughed at them. They mocked them. They warned them. But Savitri did not step back.

Their plan was simple.

They would go at midnight. Instead of meat, they would fill a sack with paddy straw and shape it like a human body, like a scarecrow. Damodar secretly overheard their plan and followed them that night, hiding to watch.

All the women set the trap and hid in the bushes. After some time, there was movement in the tall grass near the water. A dark figure appeared. It was dragging something heavy. The women watched carefully.

The thing looked like a dead body.

The figure dropped the dead body near the water, splashed water over it, and began chopping it. The figure was separating flesh from bone.

All the women, filled with fear and anger, attacked at once. They beat him and tied him tightly. His face was covered in mud. They all cheered as they had captured the "Man Eater."

Seeing this, Damodar was shocked.

Hearing the shouting, the villagers rushed toward the river. Seeing them, Damodar grabbed the opportunity and ran forward.

"I helped them capture the monster!" he shouted proudly.

The villagers arrived and saw the captured "monster." Since only five women were there, the villagers assumed that Damodar had done the real work.

They praised Damodar for his bravery. When they washed the captive's face, everyone was shocked.

It was Raghav, the village fish seller.

People shouted angrily, "Punish him!"

Damodar yelled,

"You are the man-eater! You killed people!"

Raghav looked confused.

"Why have you tied me up? What are you talking about?"

They checked the body he had been cutting. It was not human. It was a large fish.

Damodar stepped back in embarrassment. He quickly changed his tone and blamed the women. They had thought they had finally caught the monster, but it turned out to be Raghav. He said, "They caught the wrong man!"

Though the villagers had seen the women's effort, most of the men ignored their bravery. Instead, they forced the women to apologize to Raghav.

Savitri had no choice but to apologize. Raghav was warned not to fish at night out of greed for big fish.

After that, everyone returned home, but Savitri and the four women stayed behind. They still wanted to wait for the monster.

The next morning, the villagers saw Raghav tied up again. People shouted angrily at Savitri.

But she spoke firmly. She said, "There is no monster. The real man-eater is not in the river."

She told everyone that last night, when everyone, including Raghav, went back home, Raghav left the big fish behind. We examined the fish. When we opened its mouth, we found something horrible — a cut piece of a human hand.

She showed them the human hand found inside the fish. The village fell silent.

Savitri explained:

Raghav went fishing at night because big fish rise to the surface after dark. He needed strong bait. One night, he used goat flesh as bait and caught a large fish. He made a good profit from it. Then he came up with a plan. He decided to kill villagers and use their flesh as bait because he could not afford goat flesh regularly. He thought killing people would be more profitable. This way, his profit increased. Greed took over him.

To keep the villagers away from the river, he created the fear of the Man-Eater. He left torn, blood-soaked clothes to strengthen the myth.



Sketch by Robin Barwa

That courage has no gender.

That wisdom is true strength.

And when women stand together, truth always rises.



AN INSPIRING WOMAN



Neha Smita Rawat
Sem-1 (English)

A woman blooms like a lotus
In the strongest mud,
Free and fearless,
She sings her song.
“True leadership” is the quality
To which all women belong.
With every step forward,
She breaks each chain—
A warrior, a leader,
Where kindness and strength remain.
In quiet grace she comes
And wins every heart,
Just like cherry blossoms
Blooming in the park.
Her flawless nature, filled with humanity,
Turns her soul into pure fire.
A woman empowered with love—
She rises, she dreams, she aspires.



THE VOICE THAT WOULDN'T FADE



Tripti Khichingia
ENG, SEM I

It was a bright morning in November, after two years of marriage Nidhi and Suresh welcomed a baby. The nurse smiled and said "It's a baby girl" ...Some people were happy and they congratulated the couple whereas some people stayed silent. Many people believe that, giraffes are born while certain limitation and cannot excel in life.

Since childhood, Anisha noticed that she and her brother were treated differently. Her brother was sent to English medium school whereas she was sent to Hindi medium school. Private tutor was arranged for his brother, whereas she was left on her own effort alone. This discrimination always made Anisha uncomfortable. She often questioned her parent's decision but she was told to shut up. Her brother was told to be brave while she was told to be careful, he was encouraged to lead, and she was reminded to behave. From the moment she could walk the world tried to shrink her, "Sit Properly ", Don't Laugh Loudly ", "Don't dream too big", Dreams, apparently were dangerous things for girls. But Anisha had wildfire in her veins.

At sixteen, she topped her district in matriculation exam; People appreciated her performance and clapped for her.

At the age seventeen, she told her parents that she wanted to go for higher studies. People frowned, "at Night classes? In the city? Alone? "Who will marry a girl who studies alone in big city". What will happen if something terrible happens with her?

The question hurt the most that how can educating a girl can be so burdensome for some people. Why women's success is some threatening for people. For a moment, doubt entered Anisha's heart that she would not be able to pursue her dreams.



One Night, her mother, a woman who once gave up on her dreams placed her hand on Anisha's head and said Just one word "Go". It was not loud, a silent affirmation that choose oneself over society. It was powerful enough to break generation of silence College was not easy, she was the only girl in her classroom. But she didn't give up. During those years only few girls choose to study law. Years, later, Anisha became a human rights lawyer, standing fearlessly in courtroom, defending women who had been silenced for years. Every case she fought was more than a legal barrel; it was a statement. She was not fighting cases against men. She was fighting mindsets and slowly, that mindset begins to crack.



WOMEN EMPOWERMENT



Archi Agrwal
B. COM SEM-II

Women Empowerment is not about being louder, it's about being heard. It is not about proving strength, it's about recognizing it. It's not about replacing one's power with another; it's about balance, dignity and equal opportunity.

Anisha was never the weak one, she often questions, society was afraid to answer, the change people resisted, the mirror reflecting their unfairness. And once a woman discovers her worth truly and deeply, she doesn't wait for permission and recognition to rise. She rises anyway; when a woman stands up for herself, she stands for entire generation.

Empowerment means giving the power, authority, confidence and ability to make decisions and take control of one's own life. It's about making people realize their potential and act independently.

Women empowerment refers to giving women the power resources opportunities, authority, confidence, to make decisions, and participate equally in work, education, society, and politics. It is about making women strong, giving them a chance to achieve their dreams, and be equal in all aspects of life.

In the past, women were not given equal importance. They faced discrimination and injustice. They were not allowed to study, work and were kept away from decision making discussions. But now, as our country became Modern, these types of societal norms and stereotypes are coming to an end. Women are now excelling in every field from becoming doctors, teachers, Pilots, and even politicians proving that they are capable of achieving greatness in every field. For example, Indira Gandhi became the first women Prime Minister of India. Mary Kom made India feel proud by winning medals in boxing. Savitribai Phule, and Kalpana Chawla also showed that women are strong and capable of achieving everything in any field. It just requires them to realize their true strength.

Education is the first step towards women empowerment. An educated woman becomes Independent, confident, and is aware of her rights. She can earn a livelihood, support her family financially, and contribute to Society. When girls go to school, they gain the power to write their future and break the cycle of poverty and discrimination. As there is a saying "If you educate a man, you educate an Individual, but if you educate a woman, you educate a family."

Some Schemes like Beti Bachao Beti Padhao also encourage society to value and educate girl child.

Financial Independence is another step towards empowerment. When women become literate, they are able to manage their financial life independently, take decisions and lead a successful life.

Today, Women are achieving success in every field, whether it is arts, sports, Technology and even in Politics. Successful women entrepreneurs like Nancy Tyagi, Parul Gulati Falguni Sharma, Vineeta Singh, Shradha Sharma set an example for us.

From reaching into space to running small- Self Help groups (SHG) in villages, Women are proving that talent has no gender.

Women Empowerment is not only Women's issue- it's a human Issue. Men must support women at home and also at the work place. They should make an environment, where women feel safe and secure, where they can trust every man of their country and work late night.

Families should encourage daughters to pursue their dreams just like sons. Therefore, it is the responsibility of every citizen to support and promote gender equality.

Therefore, Women Empowerment is a broad term, which is necessary for the foundation of a progressive nation. It is about giving wings to the dreams and strength to voices, that were once quiet. Empowered Women are not just Individuals – they are the light that removes the darkness of Inequality.

When Women rises, Family & Society rises, that lead to the rise of an economy.

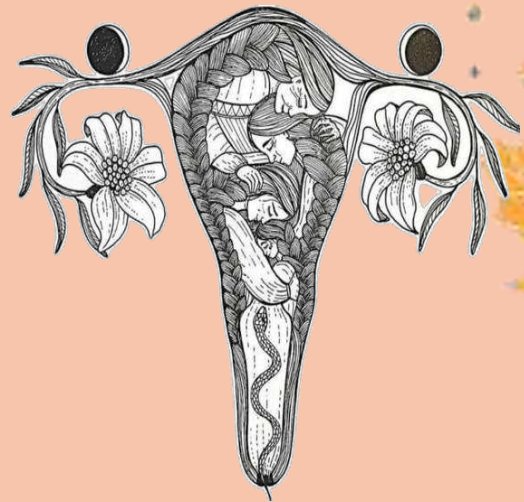
True empowerment begins where every woman can say with confidence that, 'I am free to determine, Free to dream, and Free to Achieve.'

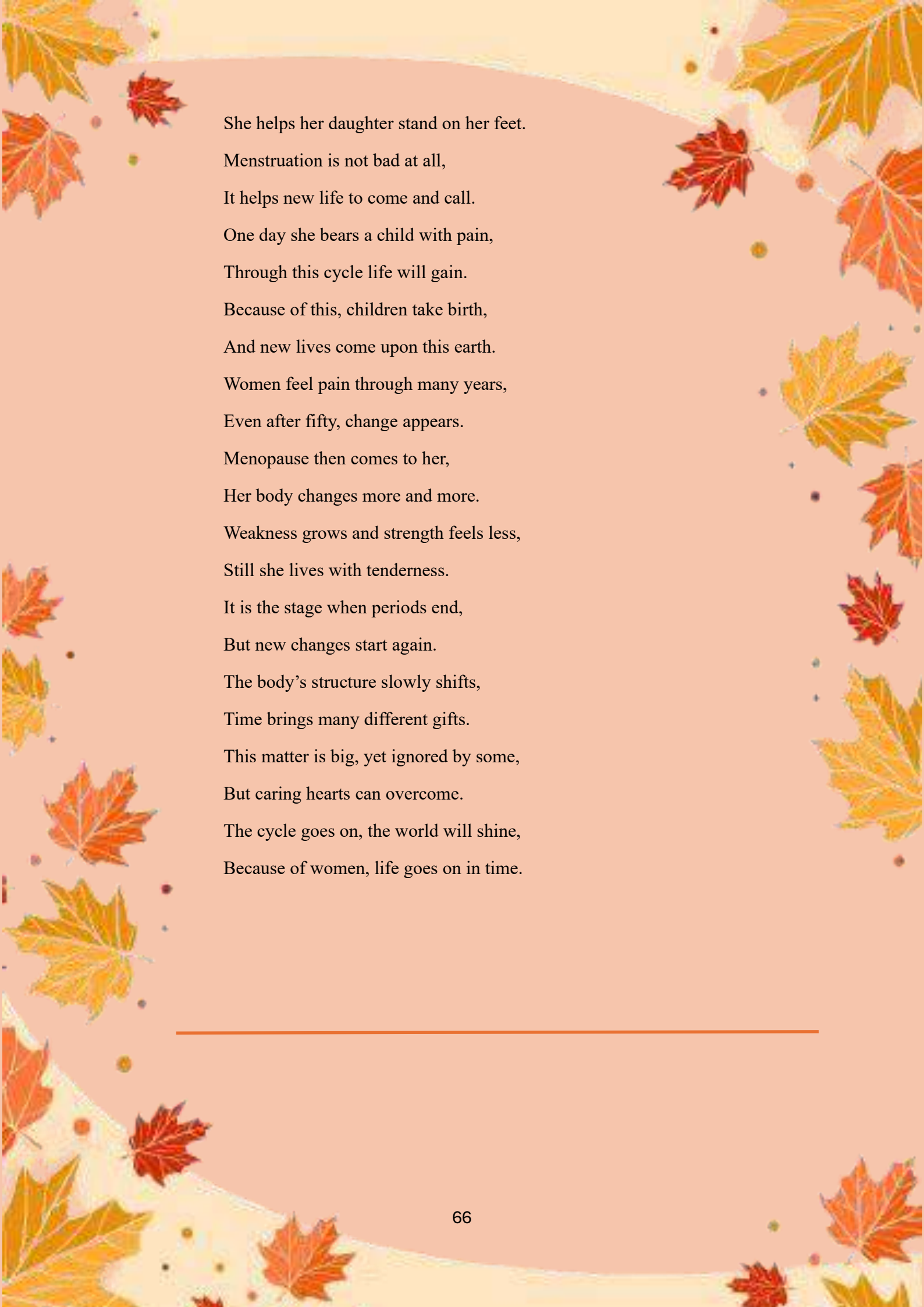
THE MENSTRUAL CYCLE



AFRIN RUKSAR
M.A.ENG. SEM- II

A girl's life can be difficult,
She often needs a doctor's consult.
Compared with men, people say
Her blood level is low each day.
Father and son sometimes tell her,
"We are first and second, you are third."
Some say that ladies are weak,
They say women are always sick.
But where does their power go?
She falls, yet stands again, you know.
When she reaches the age of twelve,
She faces pain she cannot shelve.
Because of bleeding every month,
The blood may flow for days and days,
Yet she bears it in silent ways.
At that time she faces this phase,
It is called menstruation days.
For seven days the bleeding stays,
Sometimes it makes her body weak.
Pain in hand, head, back, and feet,
Still she stands strong and complete.
She feels tired and sometimes low,
But to her family she does not show.
She smiles and works, again repeat,
Her mother knows her pain so deep.
A mother's care is always sweet,





She helps her daughter stand on her feet.
Menstruation is not bad at all,
It helps new life to come and call.
One day she bears a child with pain,
Through this cycle life will gain.
Because of this, children take birth,
And new lives come upon this earth.
Women feel pain through many years,
Even after fifty, change appears.
Menopause then comes to her,
Her body changes more and more.
Weakness grows and strength feels less,
Still she lives with tenderness.
It is the stage when periods end,
But new changes start again.
The body's structure slowly shifts,
Time brings many different gifts.
This matter is big, yet ignored by some,
But caring hearts can overcome.
The cycle goes on, the world will shine,
Because of women, life goes on in time.

A Step toward Healing

“It’s been a while since we have talked,” a message popped up on Anu’s phone. It was a busy Sunday for her; she was working on her presentation. Anu was a Zonal Head in a well-known FMCG company. When she saw the message, countless memories resurfaced, and she was taken aback. She replied, “Yes, it’s been a while. How are you doing?”

Another notification popped up: “I am fine, Didi, and I really miss you. Everyone in the family wants to see you,” replied Rahul.

Rahul was Anu’s younger brother. Anu was surprised to read that everyone in the family wanted to see her. It had been ten long years since Anu left her maternal home—a home that was supposed to give mental peace and a sense of security, where one can feel free to be oneself. A family should stand by you when you need emotional support and clarity. But that was not the case with Anu; her parents were toxic and non-supportive.

It was a bright morning in 1986 when Anu was born to Ramesh and Radha. Half of the family was unhappy because she was a baby girl. Only her father, Ramesh, was happy to hold his little princess, as he believed he had been blessed with Maa Laxmi. Time flew, and four years later, Rahul, Anu’s younger brother, was born. After that, everything changed in her life. She became an elder sister. She was very happy to have a little brother in her life and used to take care of him whenever her mother was busy with household chores. She felt proud when she was able to handle her crying brother. Years passed in the blink of an eye, and Rahul joined Anu at school. She would visit his classroom during breaks to check if he was doing well.

As Anu reached adolescence, she experienced many mental and physical changes. The bond between Anu and her mother was never healthy. Her mother never pampered her or showed affection. She was never emotionally available for Anu. Every day, Anu waited for her father to come home, as he was the only one who



cared for her. But her mother did not like Anu being pampered by her father. Every evening, after serving tea, she would complain to Ramesh about how careless Anu was and how she did not help with household chores. Slowly, her father's behavior changed, and Anu was left alone. The emotional unavailability of her parents left deep scars on her mental health. She developed a coping mechanism by not showing any emotion and indulging herself in studies. She was always a good student but never a confident one. She completed her schooling with 87% and secured the second position in the district.

When she turned 18, her relatives started persuading her parents that she was old enough to get married. Despite being cold toward Anu, her father was of the opinion that she was too young to marry. Anu took admission in college and, along with her studies, started tutoring school children. One day, when Anu bought a suit for herself with her hard-earned money, her mother scolded her for spending money and told her that she did not understand its value. Anu was shocked. It was her own money, yet she did not even have the freedom to spend it.



Anu's father was a bank officer, yet she was never given pocket money or anything beyond her basic needs. She was frustrated with the everyday drama.

One fine day, she decided to break free from the cage and live for herself. She gathered all the courage and money she had and left the home that was never truly hers.

"Mom, see what I have painted!" little Aarohi said.

Anu regained her focus and smiled.

"It's so beautiful, betu. Mumma loves it," she said, gently kissing Aarohi's cheek.

"Didi, lunch is ready," Neelam called out.

Aditya joined Aarohi and Anu. He was Anu's husband, a man who had always been there for her and made her believe that love truly exists.

Later that afternoon, Aditya received a call. He seemed anxious and stressed. After dinner, he sat quietly on the balcony. Anu noticed and asked what was wrong.

Aditya took a deep breath and said, “Maa is not okay. We should visit her.”

Anu replied, “I spoke to her this afternoon. She didn’t tell me about her illness.”

Aditya clarified, “My mother is fine. Radha Maa is not doing well, Anu. We should visit her once. I know it’s not easy for you to forget what happened, but if we don’t go, we may regret it forever.”

Anu stared at the sky full of stars and murmured, “Being kind is a choice, and I don’t feel like choosing it this time.”

Aditya held her hand and said, “They are family, Anu. No matter how angry you are, we should stand by them during difficult times. They need our support. Aarohi will also get a chance to meet her Nana and Nani.”

Anu said softly, “A part of me wants to see them, but how can I forget the pain and agony they made me go through?”

Aditya replied, “It’s not the time to discuss the past. Let’s focus on improving the relationship now that we have a chance to take a step.”

Anu took a deep breath and said, “Let’s go.”

Anu, Aditya, and Aarohi boarded a flight and reached Vadodara in the late evening. The city had changed a lot in a decade. Navigating through the crowded roads, they finally reached Anu’s home. All the memories came rushing back as she entered the lobby. Slowly, she gathered the courage and called out, “Rahul.”

A tall young man came running and hugged her tightly. “I really missed you, Didi.”

He escorted her to Radha Maa’s room. Anu saw her mother; she looked old and weak, and her eyes were filled with tears.

Radha held Anu’s hand, kissed it, and said, “I am so sorry for everything. I should have loved you more. You have achieved so much in your life. I am so proud of you. Every other day, I read articles about you in the newspaper, and I feel so blessed to be your mother.” Anu said gently, “Maa, calm down. I know you love me. I am here for you. Just relax.”



Anu met everyone in the family, and a decade-long distance was finally broken. They stayed for a week. Aarohi got the chance to meet her Nana and Nani. Radha Maa slowly began recovering.

Finally, Anu felt happy that her family was with her.

BE PROUD OF YOURSELF FOR SURVIVING ALL THE SILENT BATTLE.



CHANDNI KUMARI
B.COM SEM- VII

“THE VOICE THAT WILL NOT BE SILENCED”

She was told to lower her eyes,
To hush her words, to shrink her skies,
To fold her dreams, to stay confined
To live unseen, unheard, unsigned.

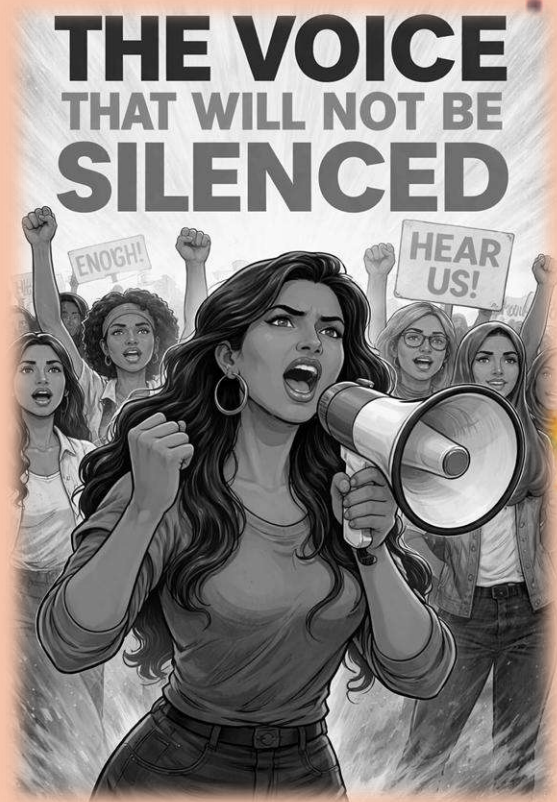
But in her heart, there burned a spark,
A quiet flame against the dark.
Not born to bow, not meant to hide,
She carried strength in every stride.

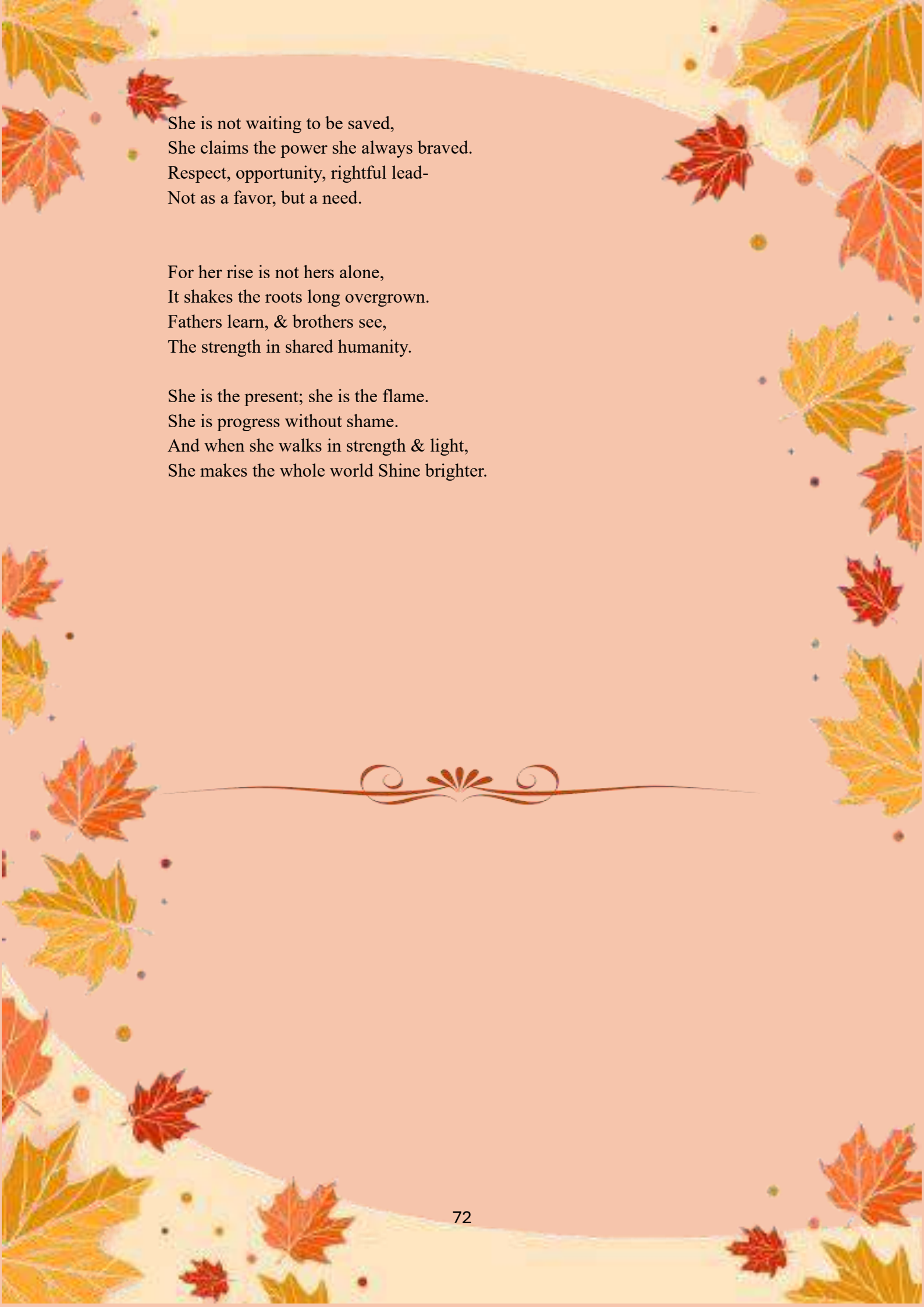
She is not weak, she is not less,
She is calm power is gentleness.
With educated mind and fearless heart,
She breaks the oldest chains apart.

In classrooms bright, in field of grains,
In offices, labs, on roads & trains,
In courts of law, her voice rings proud
She stands unbroken in the crowd.

• Empowerment is not a gift,
It's justice that begins to lift.
Equal pay, an equal say,
The right to choose her path, her way.

It's safety in the darkest night,
It's standing firm to claim her night.
It's daughters rising bold & free,
And sons raised in equality.





She is not waiting to be saved,
She claims the power she always braved.
Respect, opportunity, rightful lead-
Not as a favor, but a need.

For her rise is not hers alone,
It shakes the roots long overgrown.
Fathers learn, & brothers see,
The strength in shared humanity.

She is the present; she is the flame.
She is progress without shame.
And when she walks in strength & light,
She makes the whole world Shine brighter.





Arvind Lakra
B. COM..SEM-VII

A DAUGHTER'S DREAM: FROM STRUGGLE TO SUCCESS

Nancy Tyagi was born in a small village in Uttar Pradesh in a simple, lower. Middle- class family. Her lifestyle was not luxurious. Their income was limited, life was about survival, not comfort. Nancy's father has lived separately from the family. Her mother raised the children mostly on her own. Financial conditions were difficult. Nancy has a younger brother. She wanted to build a better future not only for her mother but also for her brother.



Her mother worked in a brick kiln- under the burning sun, lifting heavy bricks every day. Because of constant exposure to heat and dust, her skin would turn dark from the sun. Her hands were once badly burned while working, and after that she could not work properly.

Imagine watching your mother suffer like that !

That struggle became Nancy's motivation. She decided in her heart. She will not let her mother live this life forever. Sometimes poverty does not break you- it builds you. Nancy grew up in a family where no one come from a fashion

background. No designer relatives, No Fashion degree, No English-speaking environment.

In fact, her English was weak. She was not fluent, many people judge talent based on language. But talent does not depend on English.

“Your skill is your real language.”

As a child, Nancy started stitching clothes for her dolls. That small hobby became her hidden training without knowing it. She was preparing for something bigger. Nancy moved to Delhi later while preparing for competitive exams and during the lockdown she started her fashion journey.

Later, she began making fashion videos on social media. She stitched her own dress from affordable fabrics and recreated celebrity outfits. But success does not come easily. When she started making videos, some relatives and people in society did not support her. In fact, some stopped talking to her family. They thought fashion and social media were not “respectable” careers.

It was painful but she chose courage over criticism.

One day her videos went viral. Millions of people were amazed by her creativity. They would not believe that a self-taught girl from a small village could stitch such detailed gowns on her own.



And then came the historic moment.

In 2024, Nancy Tyagi walked the red Carpet at the Cannes Film Festival.

She wore a gown designed and stitched by herself.

No big brand.

No International designer.

Just her talent.

When she introduced herself at Cannes, she spoke in Hindi. She proudly said that she made the dress herself. Her English may not have been perfect. But her confidence was her facial expressions, her simplicity, her honesty- they said everything.

The movement was not just about fashion.

It was about dignity.

It was about hard work.

It was about a daughter fulfilling her responsibility. The same relatives who once stopped calling her family.

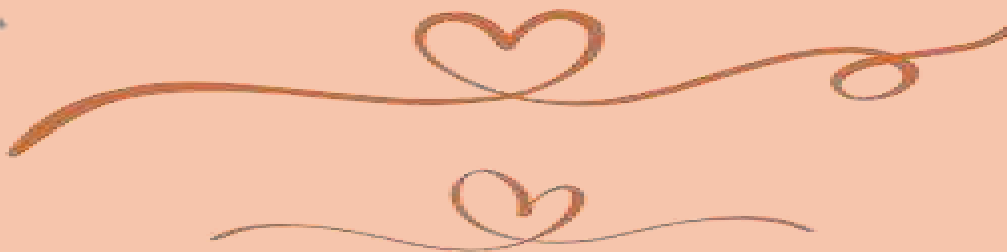
Today, they proudly talk about her. That is Success.

Success is the best answer to silence your critics.

Nancy's story teaches us that women empowerment is not about fighting the world- it is about rising above it.

She turned:

- Poverty into power
- Criticism into confidence
- Weak English into strong identity.
- A brick kiln story into a red-carpet story.



SHE CHOOSES HER OWN SKY.

She is a storm
Raised to live in silence.
They told her voice had limits.
They told her the kitchen was her first classroom.
They told her dreams had a deadline—
Graduate fast, settle faster.
They told her love would be chosen for her,
As if her heart required permission.

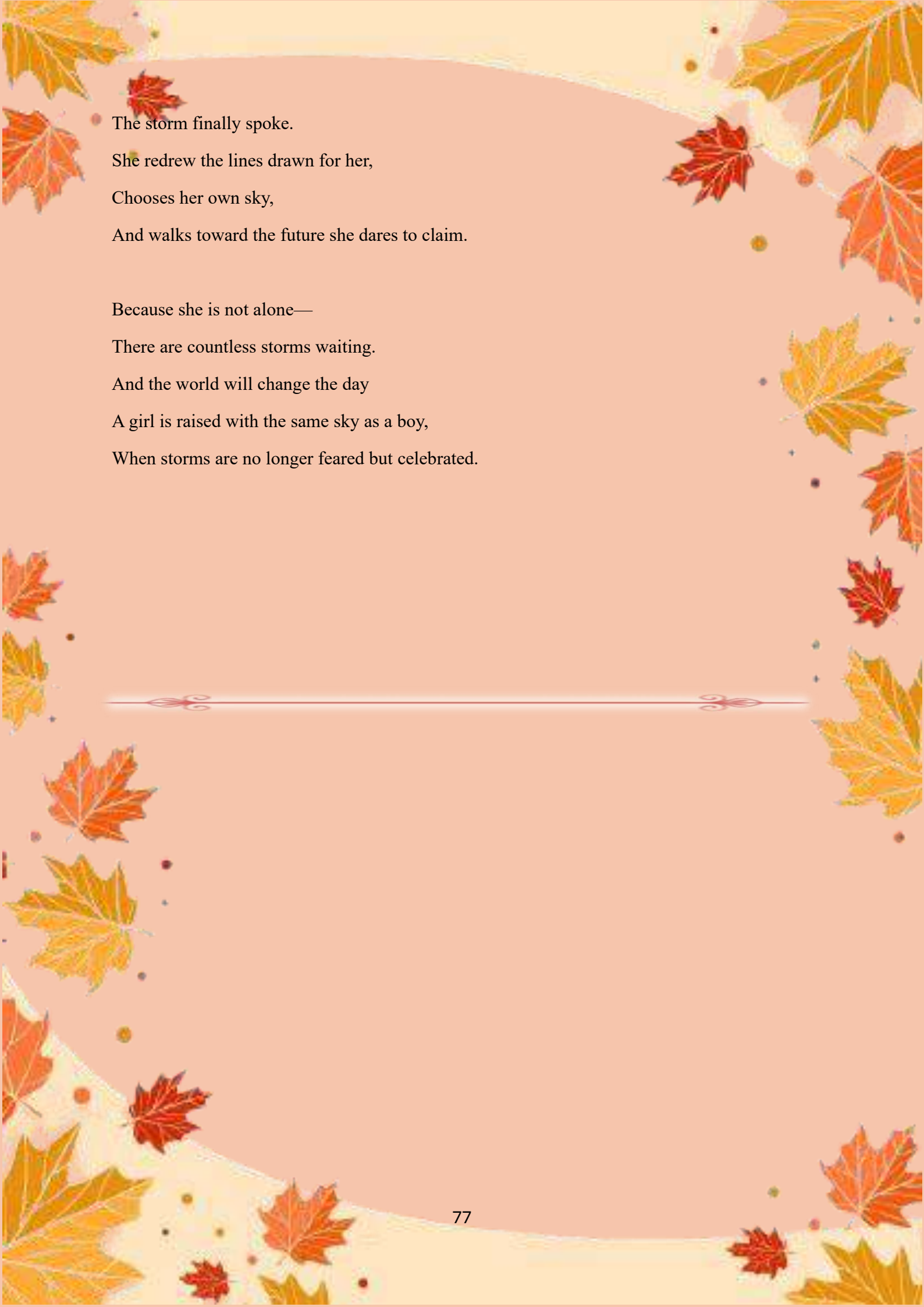
So she mastered quiet obedience.
She softened her laughter,
Hid her dreams between textbooks,
And let midnight lamps guard her ambitions
While sink water carried away unspoken tears.
She grew up learning to hesitate
Before wanting anything deeply,
Mistaking expectations for destiny
And silence for acceptance.

Yet somewhere within her,
A quiet thunder kept growing.
One day she understood dreams are not mistakes,
Love is not a crime,
A life is not a deadline.



Neelam Kumari
Eng Sem-III





The storm finally spoke.
She redrew the lines drawn for her,
Chooses her own sky,
And walks toward the future she dares to claim.

Because she is not alone—
There are countless storms waiting.
And the world will change the day
A girl is raised with the same sky as a boy,
When storms are no longer feared but celebrated.



INNER STRENGTH



Rani Pareya
B.com Sem-I

My name is Gayatri. As I stand here today, I remember the first day I came to school. That day is still fresh in my mind. At that time, I neither knew English nor Hindi properly, and I did not have any friends. I felt shy and afraid. Our principal was very strict about discipline, but the teachers were very kind. Their guidance and encouragement slowly shaped me into what I am today. They supported me, taught me patiently, and helped me grow with confidence.

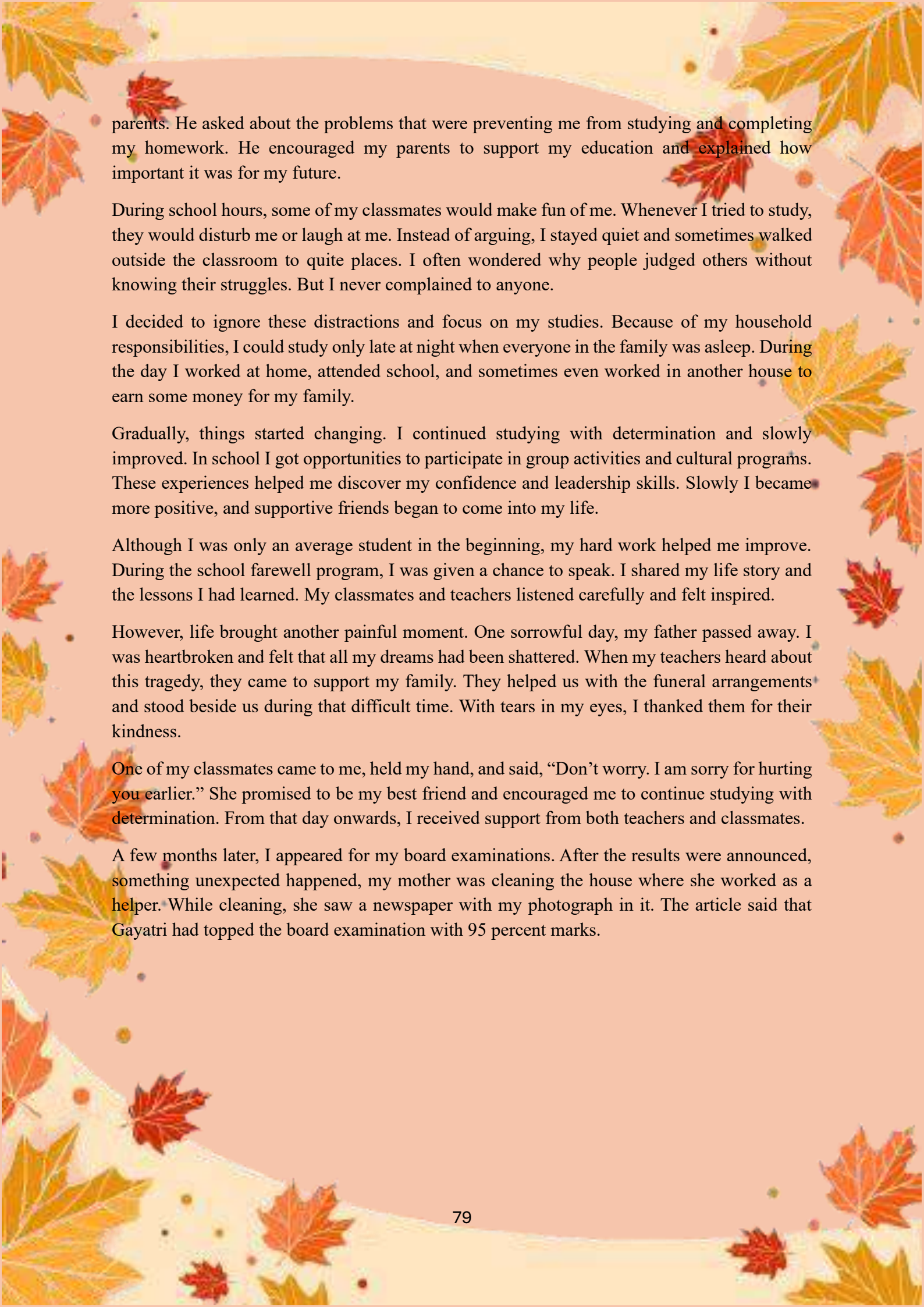
I belong to a poor family. My parents were daily wage laborers, and my younger brother was four years younger than me. When I was only ten years old, I had many responsibilities at home. Early in the morning, my parents would leave the house to search for work.



During that time, I had to take care of the house, cook simple food, clean the house, and look after my younger brother. Because of these duties, I was often unable to go to school regularly.

Even though life was difficult, I always tried to help my family. Sometimes there was very little food at home, but whatever we had, we ate happily together. I felt proud that I could do something for my family.

One day, a teacher at my school noticed that I was not attending classes regularly. He became concerned and decided to help me. One afternoon he visited my house and spoke with my



parents. He asked about the problems that were preventing me from studying and completing my homework. He encouraged my parents to support my education and explained how important it was for my future.

During school hours, some of my classmates would make fun of me. Whenever I tried to study, they would disturb me or laugh at me. Instead of arguing, I stayed quiet and sometimes walked outside the classroom to quiet places. I often wondered why people judged others without knowing their struggles. But I never complained to anyone.

I decided to ignore these distractions and focus on my studies. Because of my household responsibilities, I could study only late at night when everyone in the family was asleep. During the day I worked at home, attended school, and sometimes even worked in another house to earn some money for my family.

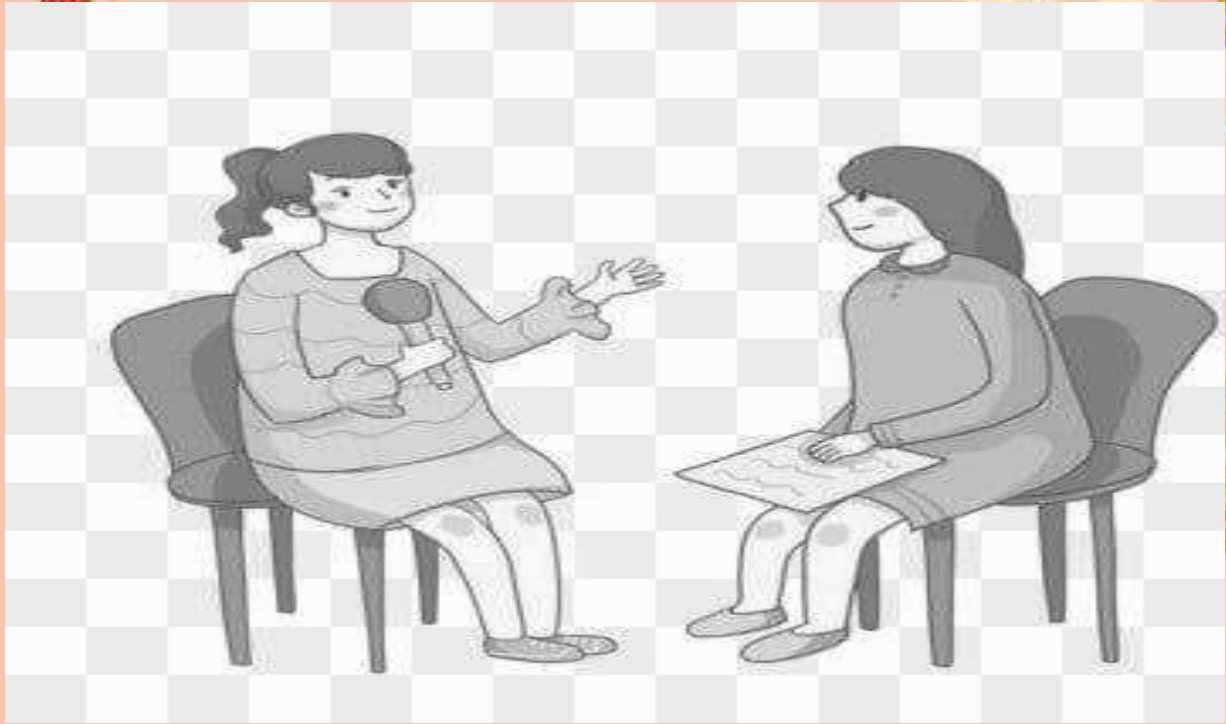
Gradually, things started changing. I continued studying with determination and slowly improved. In school I got opportunities to participate in group activities and cultural programs. These experiences helped me discover my confidence and leadership skills. Slowly I became more positive, and supportive friends began to come into my life.

Although I was only an average student in the beginning, my hard work helped me improve. During the school farewell program, I was given a chance to speak. I shared my life story and the lessons I had learned. My classmates and teachers listened carefully and felt inspired.

However, life brought another painful moment. One sorrowful day, my father passed away. I was heartbroken and felt that all my dreams had been shattered. When my teachers heard about this tragedy, they came to support my family. They helped us with the funeral arrangements and stood beside us during that difficult time. With tears in my eyes, I thanked them for their kindness.

One of my classmates came to me, held my hand, and said, "Don't worry. I am sorry for hurting you earlier." She promised to be my best friend and encouraged me to continue studying with determination. From that day onwards, I received support from both teachers and classmates.

A few months later, I appeared for my board examinations. After the results were announced, something unexpected happened, my mother was cleaning the house where she worked as a helper. While cleaning, she saw a newspaper with my photograph in it. The article said that Gayatri had topped the board examination with 95 percent marks.



My mother could not believe her eyes. When she returned home, she saw reporters and teachers waiting outside to congratulate me. She was overwhelmed with happiness and pride.

My friends said, “Gayatri is our real hero. She is the hidden pearl among us.” Their words filled my heart with gratitude.



*A Queen will always turn pain
into power.*

BEYOND THE VISIBLE

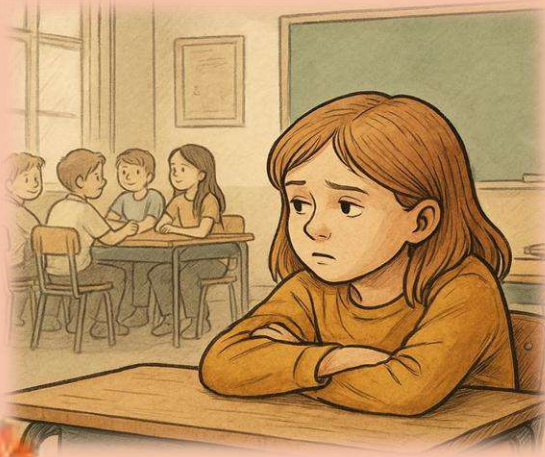


Neelam Kumari
Eng. Sem-III

Nancy learned early that the world loves light.

Not the light of intellect or integrity—but the kind that rested on skin.

She was twenty, brown-skinned, sharp-eyed, and observant in ways that made silence her first language. The lesson did not come in one dramatic moment. It arrived slowly—in classrooms, at family gatherings, in corridors humming with comparison.



In school, teachers often paused a little longer when praising the fair girl in the front row. The compliments were generous, almost instinctive. “Such a bright child,” they would say, even when her answers wandered uncertainly. Nancy, who had spent nights revising, who carried footnotes in her memory and arguments in her spine, received nods instead of applause.

At weddings, relatives performed their ritual assessment. Their eyes skimmed over Nancy thoughtfully, then settled elsewhere. “She studies well,” they would murmur, as if that were compensation—as if diligence were a polite apology for melanin. Even at home, comparisons floated casually in the air—never cruel enough to protest against, yet sharp enough to wound.

At weddings, relatives performed their ritual assessment. Their eyes skimmed over Nancy thoughtfully, then settled elsewhere. “She studies well,” they would murmur, as if that were compensation—as if diligence were a polite apology for melanin. Even at home, comparisons floated casually in the air—never cruel enough to protest against, yet sharp enough to wound.

Nancy began to notice a pattern. Fairness was treated as promise. Brownness was treated as effort. One was assumed; the other had to prove itself.

It was not hatred she felt. It was anger—disciplined and private, the kind that sits in the chest like a quiet flame.

There was a day in college when the pattern sharpened into clarity. An irregular student—admired for her pale, luminous beauty—was praised publicly for overall excellence. Nancy stood among the audience having full attendance, consistent grades, active participation; applause circled the other girl like a halo.

Nancy’s hands stiffened, but her face remained composed. That evening, she opened her books not with despair but with decision.

If the world insisted on reading surfaces, she would cultivate depth.

She studied with intensity—not merely to score, but to understand. Concepts did not remain on paper; they settled into her thinking. Her fluency grew fluid and assured. When she spoke, her sentences carried structure and clarity that no complexion could imitate.

Gradually, something shifted within her. She realized she had been witnessing a quiet logical error—a fallacy woven into daily life. People were judging the whole by one visible part. Skin tone had become a summary, as though pigment could predict intelligence, capability, or worth. It was an illusion—persistent, socially inherited, rarely questioned.

And yet, Nancy also understood something uncomfortable: Her insecurity grew when she neglected herself. On days she did not study, when discipline slipped, their shallow judgments echoed louder. But when she worked—truly worked—confidence returned like muscle memory.

Effort became her antidote. She no longer competed with the fairness of others. She competed with her own self. The mirror ceased to be her evaluator; mastery did.

The world did not transform overnight. Compliments still gravitated toward lighter faces. Preferences still followed familiar patterns. But Nancy had altered the equation within herself.

Now, She knew that complexion is merely visible geography—a surface readers often mistake for the entire map.

Intelligence, however, is architecture. It is built brick by brick, through hard work, curiosity, and resilience. And architecture endures longer than paint.

Nancy remained brown. She remained beautiful—though she no longer needed the adjective. More importantly, she remained informed, articulated, and grounded in knowledge that could not be bleached or dimmed.

The world may continue its careless arithmetic.

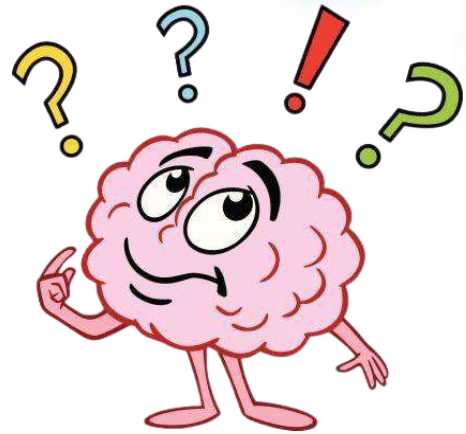
But Nancy had learned a different mathematics:

A single trait can never equal a whole person.

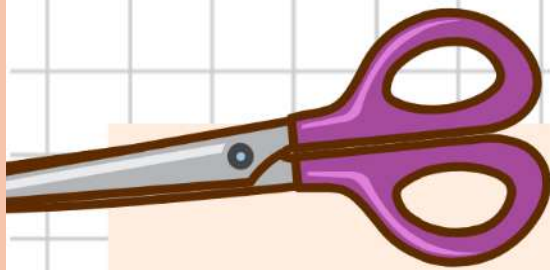
And depth, once cultivated, outshines every shade.



RIDDLES



- **What has to be broken before you can use it?**
An egg
- **What month of the year has 28 days?**
All of them
- **What is full of holes but still holds water?**
A sponge
- **What can you break, even if you never pick it up or touch it?**
A promise
- **What goes up but ever comes down?**
Your age
- **I have branches, but no fruit, trunk or leaves What am I?**
A bank
- **What can't talk but will reply when spoken to?**
An echo
- **The more of this there is, the less you see. What is it?**
Darkness
- **What has many keys but can't open a single lock?**
A piano
- **What is black when it's clean. and white when it's dirty?**
A blackboard
- **What gets bigger when more is taken away?**
A hole



FRUITS AND NUTS

Can you find all the words hidden in the grid?

P	D	E	E	R	A	E	P	X	S	A	C	C	P	U	P	H	M
E	P	N	P	R	U	N	E	A	P	G	C	I	C	O	C	J	Y
A	W	I	T	Y	W	O	T	R	R	R	S	Q	M	A	G	I	F
N	B	R	N	T	Q	S	I	A	A	T	N	E	E	A	X	N	C
U	L	A	O	E	U	C	P	N	A	I	G	P	G	U	A	V	A
T	A	T	M	M	O	E	B	C	S	R	B	R	A	Z	I	L	S
M	C	C	A	T	C	E	H	I	A	C	N	O	M	E	L	P	H
E	K	E	E	H	R	I	A	N	A	A	O	R	A	N	G	E	E
L	C	N	E	R	O	R	A	Y	Y	N	D	U	M	Q	U	T	W
O	U	R	Y	U	Q	T	J	A	R	H	A	Z	E	L	N	U	T
N	R	Y	R	R	E	B	P	S	A	R	T	N	J	N	N	N	A
Y	R	R	E	B	W	A	R	T	S	F	E	O	A	S	A	T	N
Z	A	T	G	A	P	M	A	N	G	O	T	B	R	B	C	S	G
E	N	O	B	L	A	C	K	B	E	R	R	Y	E	O	E	E	E
M	T	M	G	M	P	N	I	R	A	D	N	A	M	S	P	H	L
I	W	A	Y	O	P	E	N	I	R	E	G	N	A	T	O	C	O
L	R	T	U	N	L	A	W	G	Z	N	M	U	L	P	Z	O	I
B	M	O	M	D	E	V	I	L	O	A	N	A	T	L	U	S	G

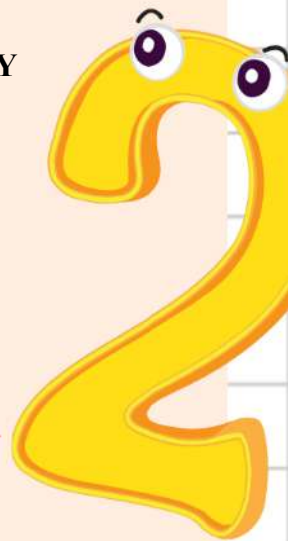


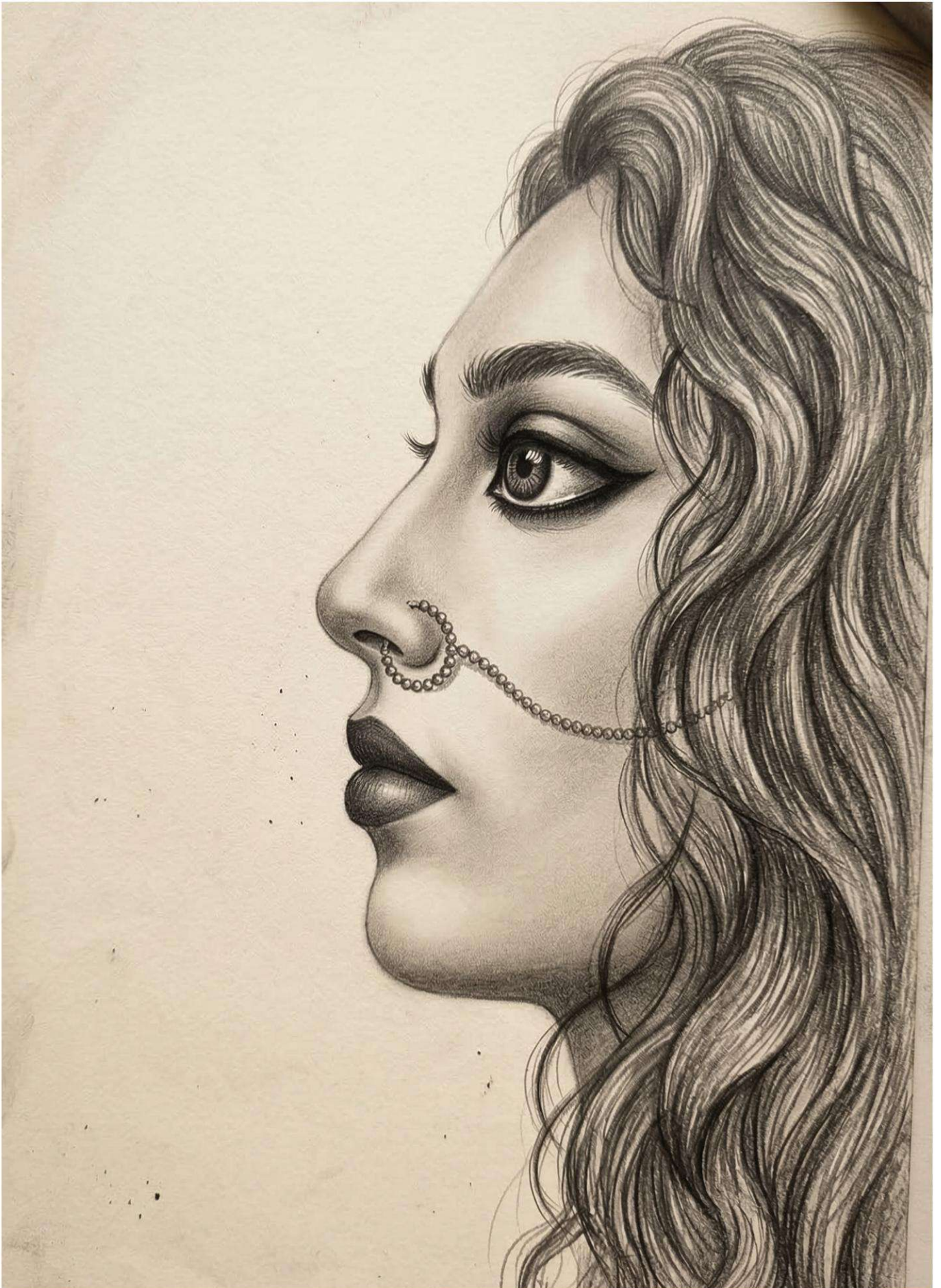
- | | | | |
|--------------|------------|-----------|-------------|
| ALMOND | FIG | NECTARINE | POMEGRANATE |
| DATE | GOOSEBERRY | OLIVE | PRUNE |
| APPLE | GRAPE | ORANGE | RAISIN |
| APRICOT | GUAVA | PAPAYA | RASPBERRY |
| BANANA | PEACH | PEANUT | SATSUMA |
| BLACKBERRY | HAZELNUT | PEAR | STRAWBERRY |
| BLACKCURRANT | LEMON | PECAN | SULTANA |
| BRAZIL | LIME | PINE | TANGERINE |
| CASHEW | MANDARIN | PISTACHIO | CHERRY |
| CHESTNUT | MANGO | TOMATO | TANGELO |
| CRANBERRY | MELON | PLUM | WALNUT |

Note: The first three responders will be featured in the next edition. (Send your response to the given email-

Sxcsimdega2016@gmail.com)

The End





Sketch by Tripti kumari

OUR NEW CAMPUS



OUR CURRENT CAMPUS



ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE, SIMDEGA

