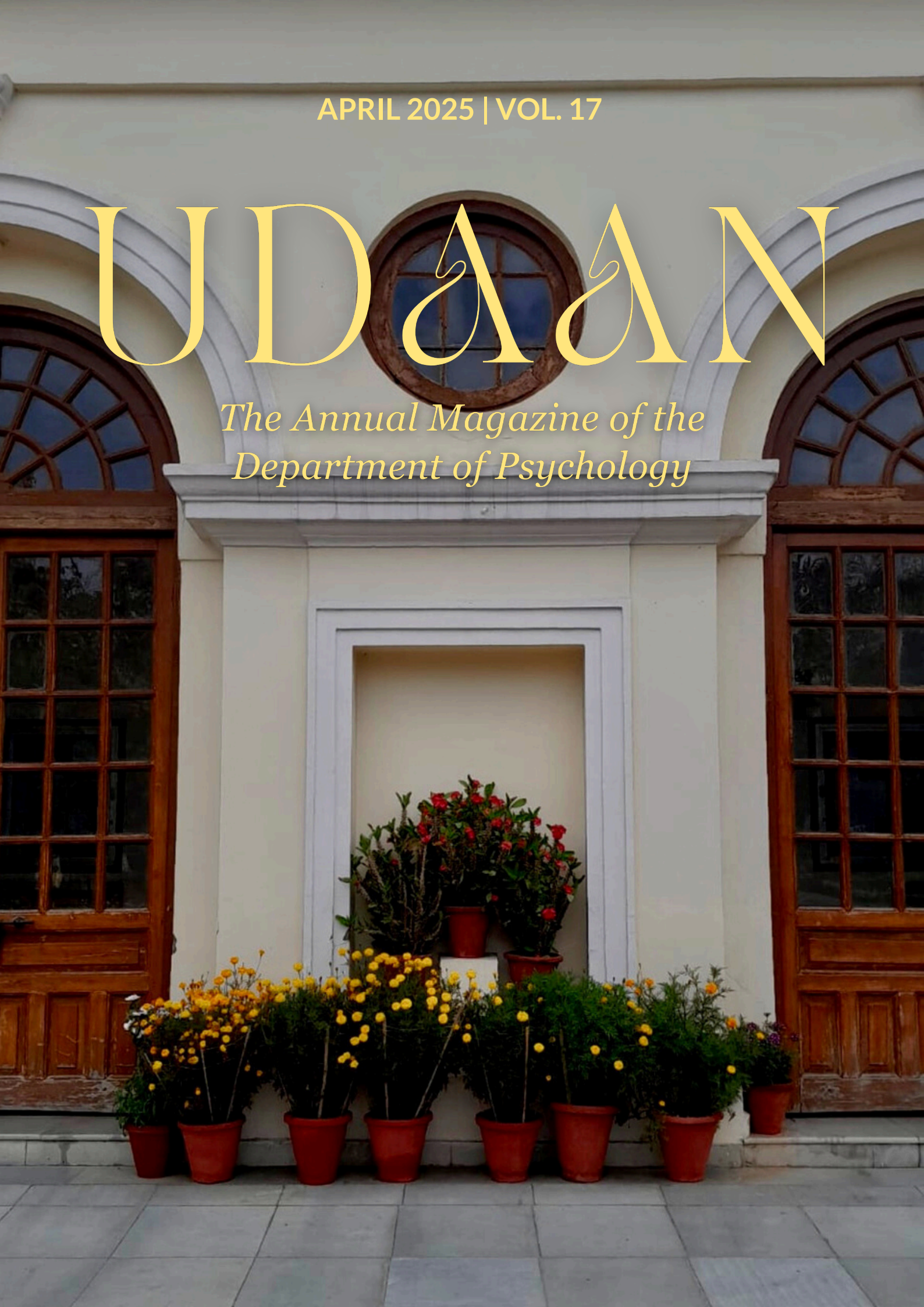


APRIL 2025 | VOL. 17

# UDĀAN

*The Annual Magazine of the  
Department of Psychology*



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# **From the Desk of the** *Editor-in-Chief*



It is with great joy and a heart full of gratitude that I present to you the 17th edition of Udaan—a witness of all the voices, dreams, and boundless creativity that thrives within the halls of our beloved department. Like the turning of pages in a well-loved book, each year adds a new chapter to this enduring legacy built by the students, for the students, and of the students.

In an era where our attention is fractured across screens and notifications, where algorithms dictate what we see and how we think, the act of creating—truly creating—becomes radically crucial.

Each submission we received was a small act of resistance: a refusal to let the depth of human experience be flattened into bite-sized content. These pages hold more than words; they contain the weight of vulnerability, the spark of epiphany, the ache of growing up. May the stories here ignite that quiet curiosity within you, the kind that lingers long after the last line is read.

None of this would exist without the hearts that poured themselves into its making. To Dr. Siddharth Sagar and to my fellow editors, whose dedication breathed life into these pages—thank you. To every contributor who trusted us with their thoughts, and to every reader who lends these words meaning—this magazine exists because of you.

With love and care,

*Kritvi Dutta*

Editor-in-Chief, *Udaan*

# Editor's Note



As they say

As the white walls confirm

As the students prove

As the professors carry forward

The Psychology Department of IPCW, with its *Udaan*, continues to take *Udaan* with its century-old history, legacy and consistent faith in every dweller of the institution.

With immense excitement and joy, I present to you the 17th issue of *Udaan*. *Udaan*... as I say it in my head, is not just the chosen name of the Psychology Department's magazine. It's giving wings to every student with a fleeting desire and a hope to express themselves to their fellow mates.

And maybe, to come home running and say, “Look, whose work got published!” Or, to have someone running to you and tell, “I told you, your work will DEFINITELY get published!!”

This year, *Udaan* has hoped to weave all of you together, with its thread of a “homely feeling”. From the pages of poetry and prose, where words have finally found the courage to tell what home is to *you*, to sharing visuals that are representative of someone, or something like home— I have had the pleasure of reading every feeling and emotion. The screening process felt no less than being confided in to read a dear diary full of honesty and innocence.

I’d like to extend my heartfelt gratitude and congratulations to my co-editors, Kritvi, Smriti, and Suhani, for being supportive of each other at every step and for bursting every bubble of confusion. I’d also like to thank our Psychology Association Advisor, Dr. Siddharth Sagar, for his unwavering support and for providing me with this opportunity.

I hope you find comfort and are soothed by each word and visual, as much as I did.

With love,

Rajita Chopra

# Editor's Note



Exploration of any kind requires a safe harbour from which to begin the journey, a shore that you can always return to should the waves get too treacherous. For years, the Department of Psychology has acted as that haven for its students, and this year's edition of *Udaan* is yet another testament to their capacity to soar.

As you flip through these pages, you will begin to see the outlines of bright, intelligent women finding their footing in a period of transformation. What emerges is an intimate portrayal of uncertainty, confusion, hope, and courage.

The works in this volume have made me reflect on all the people and moments that have grounded me, and provided me the warmth of a home as I navigate a formative period of my life. It is here, with these people, that I have begun to build a foundation for what I hope to become. I hope you are able to take away a similar sense of comfort and support from these pages.

I take this moment to extend my gratitude to my fellow editors, Kritvi, Rajita, and Suhani. My thanks also to Dr. Siddharth Sagar for his guidance. Most of all, thank you to all the contributors for sharing their deeply insightful work with us, so that we may celebrate it together.

With love,

*Smriti Anand*

# Editor's Note



Starting something new often comes with uncertainty. Whether it's a new environment, meeting new people, or navigating a different chapter, it's easy to feel lost at first. College life can be especially overwhelming. In the beginning, it's hard to know how to find your way. You look for something familiar, a piece of home amidst the change.

But over time, things start to fall into place. You find comforting moments, those quiet spots on campus, a society which feels like family, or those little routines that start to make you feel settled.

This edition's theme, *Home: Comfort Beyond Words*, captures this journey. I would like to thank Dr. Siddharth Sagar and my fellow editors, whose dedication brought these pages to life.

The entries submitted for this edition have been nothing short of inspiring, and we're proud to feature a wide range of perspectives. From personal stories to creative pieces, each submission captures the essence of comfort beyond words, reminding us that it's often found in the little things.

As you read through this edition, I hope you find something that reminds you that comfort isn't always something you can put into words.

Signing off,

Suhani Bansal

# Design Team



**Apoorva  
Yadav**



**Kritvi  
Dutta**

# PHOTOVOICE EXHIBITION

*Social Psychology in Applied Contexts*

The Department of Psychology at Indraprastha College for Women organized a Photovoice exhibition titled 'Navigating Life in a Metropolitan City' on **February 19, 2025**, in the college's front lawn. The event provided a platform for students to present their photographic narratives on urban experiences, focusing on themes such as physical health, joy of little things, women's empowerment, and many more.



The exhibition began with an engaging introduction to Photovoice and Participatory Method. Visitors then explored student boards, where 2-3 group members elaborated on their visuals, themes, and discussions from the practical. The event successfully created an engaging space for dialogue about urban living, encouraging both students and visitors to reflect on the diverse experiences that shape life in a metropolitan city.



THEME 2025

# Home

*comfort beyond walls*

what is a home? the ever-changing idea of what 'home' means, as a physical space, as a person, moment, feeling, the absence of it, and feeling homeless emotionally. this theme invites you to explore what home means when it's not just about location – it is about belonging and longing, about finding a home in unexpected places, or realizing that sometimes, home is not a place at all.



# PERSONAL ESSAY

# Hug Your Home

**Akaisha Chadha**

Home ? I had long ago rejected the idea of home being a place, a roof overhead, four quiet walls. It has always been people. It will always be arms, laughter, memories, despair, and longing.

And the places we call home today? They, too, will fade. So if you can, hold them close. Keep them pressed against the softest part of your heart. People who built a place inside you and never warned you that one day they'd leave it empty.

Life at its core becomes becomes a series of letting go—

Quietly, painfully, inevitably. One name at a time. One goodbye after another. Because when they go—when time steals them, or silence thickens between you, or life moves them out of reach—the house stays. The house always stays. But home... it breaks.

The ache of home is not in losing it, but in having loved it so deeply you never truly leave. So go— kiss your homes, hold your homes, remind your homes that they are your home. That they lived in you as much as you lived in them. Go, Hug your home.

# Home: A Wanderer's Perspective

**Apoorva Chugh**

From childhood to adulthood, we have come across multiple definitions of what a “home” is. The most basic definitions were, “Home is where your parents are” or “Home is where you live”. Growing older, we were told that “A house is not a home” and “Home is where you feel safe”. An old proverb too comes to our mind, “Home is where the heart is”. Despite all these definitions, one word that is extensively used to define home is “permanent”. But I don't believe in any of this.

Because our homes? They are ever-changing.

A girl who spends the first 25 or 30 years of her life with her parents, under their care, getting pampered, is suddenly expected to turn into a young woman and build her own “home”. She is expected to address a random couple as her ‘mother’ and ‘father’. Her home changes. Reflecting on this notion of home, I realize that Homes are ever changing, just like life. And someone has truly said, “change is the only constant”.

Wherever you'll be, your home will be there. Because if your home is all about some walls, those walls are going to crumble down. If your home is all about some person, that person will eventually leave. And if your home is all about an emotional connection, that connection is going to change.

It's crazy how we learn about the temporariness of life since the day we set foot in this world. The way we lose a number of personal belongings, and how we slowly lose people and beloved friendships clearly demonstrates the transience of life. It seems as if we are perpetually wandering and searching for a sense of belongingness.

So, if the most logical definition of Home is all about the word “permanent”, while this world is all about impermanence, can we ever even have a home?

Maybe then, our ‘true’ Home lies beyond this physical world. Maybe, it lies somewhere in the boundless universe, because at the end, we all are souls. Souls that are immortal in these mortal bodies. In this world, you and I are just wanderers (बंजारे). And I'm slowly falling in love with this बंजारापन.

# Between Here and There: Finding Home

**Kamalina Gogoi**

As I wandered alone through the familiar streets of Civil Lines, craving a chicken roll, I wondered—what is home? Is it a place, a person or a feeling? I don't know. I plan on figuring it out as I jot down my thoughts.

I read a few articles to try and understand what home means to others, and I've realized it's more than just a place. But for the longest time, my idea of home had a strict definition. To me, home meant belonging to a place—a place I could truly call my own. Perhaps this was because, for most of my life, that was the one thing I felt deprived of. Every other definition of home that I came across in these articles—family, love, comfort, house and security—existed in my life. I had a family I love (still do), a decent friend group, beautiful houses, and a satisfactory life. But despite all of that, I always struggled with one question: “Where are you from?” or worse, “Where is your home?”

My answer was never simple. I'd start with, “I was born in this place, stayed there for four years, then moved to that place, then there, and now we're here.” A long answer for a question that usually expects a one-word response. Technically, the place where I was born and where my parents belonged to should've been my home, or so I thought at the time. But the meaning I had assigned to home—a place of love, belonging, and comfort—didn't quite fit the place that was supposed to be my home. I had lived there only till the age of 4. Sure, those were carefree, happy years, but over time, that place became too unfamiliar to provide the comfort and security I associated with home. I felt loved, cared for, and comfortable. Yet, there was always something missing—a sense of belonging to a place.

Somewhere between the past and present, between the places I have lived and the places I have left behind, I realised something. The home that I was searching for wasn't tied to any geographical location. It wasn't out there in the world waiting to be found. It was right here, within and around us. It was within the walls of every rented house we had lived in, within the embrace of my parents, and in the spaces we filled with laughter and love. Every time I faced difficulties at school, I wanted to go home—not to a distant birthplace, but to the warmth of my family's presence. Those houses weren't technically ours, but they were where we made our fondest memories. Looking back, I had been focusing on the wrong things. I used to say, “This isn't our house, it's the owner's.” And sure, that was true. But the feelings attached to those spaces? Those were entirely ours. The safety, comfort, and happiness we felt within those walls were all that mattered.

So, every time I returned home to clear my mind, I wasn't just going back to a physical space—I was returning to my real home. The one built with my parents' love and support. The one my mother decorated to make it feel warm and familiar. The one filled with my sister's and my childhood toys, the lawns my mom tended to with care, and the bed I always slept in with my favourite blanket. Coming this far, I realize that home is definitely not just a place, it is more than that.

Having said that, I should also mention my “second home”—nine crazily amazing bunch of people who have become my family in Delhi. They bring out the best in me and, in their own way, have filled the physical absence of my real family. Being an outstation student in Delhi, with its harsh climate and inevitable homesickness, was tough at first. But having them around has made everything easier. Whether I'm happy, sad or lonely, all I need is the, they have indeed become my “home away from home”.

But as I sat by the sidewalk, silently eating my roll, a strange feeling crept in. The hostel corridors that once felt cozy now seemed endless. My room, once a space of creativity, now felt stifling. With my friends away for the mid-semester break, I realized that it was not the places themselves that provided comfort, but the people who filled them with warmth. The spaces that once felt like home now seemed hollow in their absence. The warmth and comfort I associated with these places were never about the places themselves but the people I shared them with—Pavlov would call it Classical conditioning.

So I come back to the question—what is home? Is it a feeling? A person? An identity? I think, at its core, home is a feeling—a feeling of safety, comfort, and belonging, attached to tangible things like a house or a person that gives you a sense of security. It is a state of mind, triggered by external elements that provide solace. A shield against the chaos of the world. That's why, sometimes, I feel at home among the mountains—because home is simply where things feel right, where you believe, even in the most unlikely situations, that everything broken will be fixed. The source of home can be different for different people. It can be a place, a country, a person, a thing, or even culture. However the feelings attached to it will always be the same, that of comfort, safety, love and belonging.

I also believe that our sense of home shapes our identity. The emotions tied to home provide us with stability, shaping who we are and how we navigate the world. But what happens when that home is disrupted? What if, one day, the people who define our home are no longer there? The truth is, home is not a static concept—it evolves. Old homes may fade, and new ones emerge. While the feelings associated with home endure, the source of that feeling called home may change.

Perhaps, in the end, home is not something we find—it is something we create. It exists in the spaces we cherish, the people we hold dear, and the memories that make us feel whole. This is what home means to me.

# My home from yesterday.

**Kritvi Dutta**

home is not always a place — sometimes it is a feeling, a fragile constellation of moments and people who once were but are no longer the same. grief, i have learned, becomes a quiet companion to home, mourning not just what was lost but what has shifted and what has disappeared without a sound. it is the ache of remembering the walls of our shared room, once scarred with pencil marks tracing our heights — an evidence of growing up side by side — are now painted over, a fresh coat trying to convince me that the past can be buried beneath color. it is in watching time slowly carve its way into the faces of those i love, realizing that even though they are still here, the versions of them i once knew have slipped away like smoke curling through an open window.

but grief is not just about others — it is about the person i used to be, the versions of myself i shed like old skin. i stand in the same familiar room, but the air feels heavier. my mattress dips at the center, a quiet, cruel reminder of all the years i spent lying there — reading, crying, dreaming — an imprint of a life i used to live.

this grief doesn't scream — it hums softly, like a familiar song you can't quite remember the lyrics to. it settles into familiar spaces, creeps into the sound of a door creaking open and slips into the way i almost say something the way i used to but stop myself. it turns home into a strange, bittersweet place — both a sanctuary and a silent graveyard for all my past selves. the walls have not moved, but they feel further away, layered with old laughter that once stitched my sense of home together. yet, there is a tenderness to this grief where every conversation feels like a bridge between who we are now and who we were then — a nod to all the selves we have inhabited and abandoned.

my home is a palimpsest of every version of everyone who has ever belonged there, including me. the real sorrow is knowing that even as i build new homes in the present, the old ones still live inside me, untouched by time, forever haunted by the people we used to be. and in this way, grief does not distance me from home — it ties me to it, making me the keeper of the selves i have been, the homes i have lost, and the memories that will always, always shape me.

The word "HOME" is written in a large, elegant, cursive script. The letters are interconnected, with the 'H' and 'O' being particularly prominent. The ink is black and the background is a soft, warm-toned bokeh of light colors.

**Iram Khan**

As a kid, I always considered my family my home—the people who raised me, nurtured me and made me feel safe. But as I grew older and moved away for my studies, I realized that the meaning of home was shifting, becoming something far more profound.

The 16-year-old me was proud of the decision I made at 18 but the fear crept in when the time finally came. I had always believed there was more time to stay home, to hold on just a little longer but time has a way of slipping through our fingers. It took me a while to realize that home was never just a place nor was it solely the people I left behind. Home had always been her—the little girl within me, the one who carried my dreams before I even knew what they were.

She was the dreamer, the fearless believer. She held me together when the present version of me stumbled, doubted and felt lost. And even now, when I feel like giving up, I look back at her to remind myself that I owe it to her—the girl who once dreamed fearlessly, who saw the world with wide-eyed wonder and I refuse to let her down.

Because at the end of the day, home is not a place—it's a feeling, a promise to the girl I used to be. And no matter where life takes me, I know she will always be there, waiting for me with open arms, reminding me of who I am, who I was, and who I am meant to be.

*She is home.* ( And I have never truly left)

# Through Love and Loss

**Manasvi Pradhan**

I had a fairly happy childhood. A father who danced with me on Sundays while blasting the radio, a mother who played puzzles with me every afternoon, an elder brother who adored me like a third parent, and a domestic help who was always more like a brother, and who, I must confess, spoiled me rotten and loved me to bits.



What one needs to know about my father is that he's a tough man (or at least tries to act like he is), he's extroverted to a level that should be criminal, and he has a lot of love to give and not many easily understandable ways to express it. You need to know my father up close to be able to see the love he has- he will never say "I love you", but you hear it deafeningly loud in the echoes of "I bought these

brownies for you on my way back home because you loved them as a child." He's incredibly smart and has built the life we have today from absolute scratch. He may not be the most expressive, but if I look closely, I can see the sacrifice in waking up at 6 am every single day of my school life, whether there be hail, winter, storm, or summer, just to drop me off at my bus stop. If I look closely, I can see his eyes glimmer with pride when my brother and I go up on stage to collect scholar badges and awards. If I looked closely, I could see the loving worry behind "You'll no longer go to the park to play" every time I got injured while playing as a child. And, of course, I could see the love when he'd muster all his strength and send me back to play the very next evening.

The first word that comes to mind when I think of my mother is "strong". She's resilient, without ever losing her will to be kind. She's optimistic, without ever losing hope and faith, come what may. She's an incredibly loving and warm mother and wife. She's the one person I cry to every time something goes south, and even when I don't, she can just tell that I'm upset when I am. My mother is the brand ambassador of all the love languages in the world, because perhaps that's just how much love she has to give. Her hugs make all my worries melt into a pool at my feet. Her encouraging words straighten all tightening spirals in my head.



The food she makes at the end of every tiring work day fills not just my stomach with satiation, but also my heart with love. I still look to hold on to the corner of her dupatta when I'm scared of getting separated in a crowd. I still seek the comfort of her lap to rest my head on when it gets too heavy with thoughts. I think of all the love. I think of how it overflows still when I sit on the kitchen countertop yapping away- "you won't believe what happened today, mai"- only for it to be a silly, largely uninteresting anecdote from my day. I think of it when I take lazy summer afternoon naps with her, when I sometimes, as a reflex, still grab her hand for a sense of security when crossing the road. I think of it, and feel it in every inch of me, as my throat tightens and eyes well up while writing this.

My brother has now moved out of the house, and I feel his presence now even more than I did when he actually slept under the same roof as me every single night. I think of him when I see the jar of Nutella on the confectionery shelf, just sitting there, waiting to garnish a pancake or two. But Nutella doesn't taste the same without him stealing a spoonful from the dollop on my plate. I would, of course, deliberately not rush into the process of spreading it evenly, so he could steal his spoonful easily, and so I could throw a tantrum and get fake-annoyed with him. I think of him when I watch the Fast and Furious movies, a series I absolutely hated as a child, but now watch repeatedly, perhaps only because it makes me think of him. I see little us in jars of



old, soggy Bournvita, waiting to be stolen from the kitchen while our mother takes a nap. I see little us in water balloons on Holi, waiting to threaten passersby. I think of the teen us in the room we built together for the two of us to share, and how the beautiful fairy lights don't feel the same in a room without him. I think that I'm willing to put his phone on charging day and night, I'm willing to fetch him a glass of water every thirty minutes, I'm willing to go to his room from all the way across the hall just to switch off the light for him, if it means I get to be a silly little girl with him again, carefree because I knew that if I'd fall, he'd be there to pick me up every single time.

I've been a blessed individual because I've not just found love at home, I've also created a home full of love in terms of the friends I've made along the way. It's easy to feel unloved, forgettable and forgotten in this world. But my friends, with the random "just because" flowers they get me, with them tying my shoelaces every time they come undone, with them being with me while I break down on call at 3 am, with their hugs as they climb me like a monkey and wrap their legs around me, with their silly jokes and heartfelt love notes, they make that easy so hard, and for that I'm eternally grateful. It's hard to feel unloved when your friend remembers you needed a specific eyeliner and brings it for you from her trip abroad. It's hard to feel unloved when your friend takes a step back to walk with you, the fourth friend, as you walk alone, because the sidewalk only fits three people. It's hard to feel forgettable when your friend texts you "I miss you" whenever you take a off from college.

It's hard to feel forgettable when your friend is more excited for your birthday than her own. It's hard to feel forgotten when your friend remembers your favourite colour and sends you a photo of every pretty pink thing she sees, saying, "This made me think of you." It's hard to feel forgotten when your friends make all 'hards' easy, except this one easy, the ease of feeling unloved, forgettable and forgotten in this world, which they make incredibly hard.



And that has been my home. There has indeed been a lot of loss- a lot of grief, pain, death, heartbreak, struggle, fights and tears. Loss that I haven't mentioned here. I choose to omit the loss, not because I'm trying to paint a one-sided, sunny picture of my life, but because when I look back upon the life I've led, all I can see is all the love I wrote about. The loss, when it was happening, seemed never-ending. The darkness seemed to engulf me, and seemed to consume me whole. But I swam through the loss, and in retrospect, it turns out, I was able to swim through it only because I've been drowning in all the love all along.

# Built of People Not Places

**Shreya Tatarway**

Growing up, I have shifted more houses than I could count, and every time, it left me with a bitter feeling. I felt like I was starting my life all over again. Making new friends, meeting new people became exhausting, and I craved settling in one place, one house, one home. But the older I grew, the more I realised that 'home' was never the place for me. The comfort I craved was never in the place, but in the people. For me, 'home' was the feeling of belonging. It was the feeling of being loved in a place beyond its physical form. It was the feeling of being chosen over and over again and is ever-present in the people who chose to love me regardless of my flaws. Hence, I would say that 'home' for me was my belongingness to a lot of people—not places, but the people.

I belong to my mother, who saves a spot in the bed for me during her afternoon nap, knowing full well I won't reach home on time. I belong to my father, who waits to wave me goodbye at the metro station every day. I belong to my brother, whose first thought after seeing anything is, "Should I buy this for Didi?" I belong to the childhood friend who moved to another state but still stays up until midnight just to be the first to wish me happy birthday. I belong to the friend who stays an extra hour after classes to travel home together. I belong to the friend who reaches college early during exams, just to be with me in the morning. I belong to the friend who holds a seat for me wherever they go. I belong to the friend who buys something just because it reminded them of me—and to countless others whose love helps me breathe.

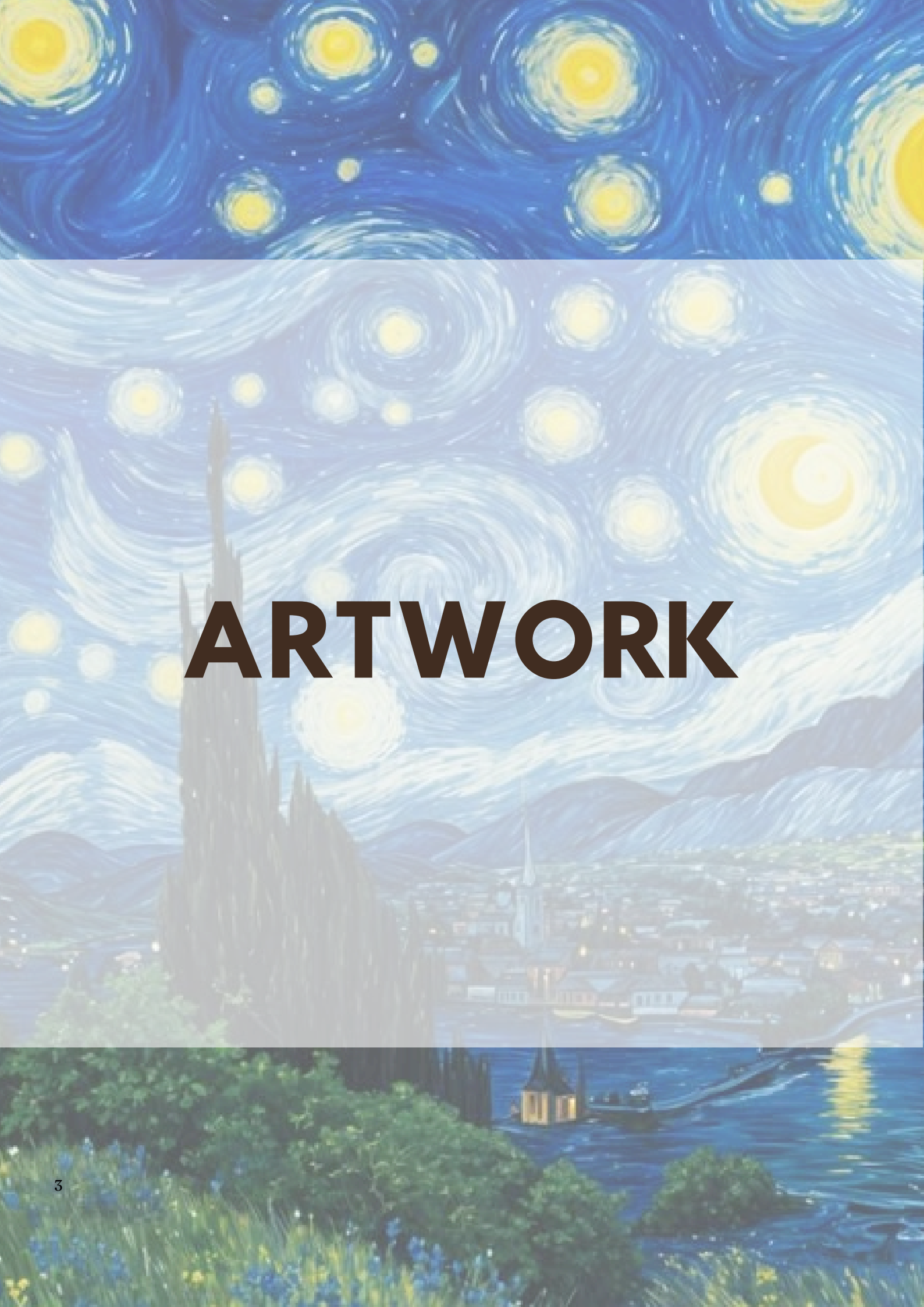
‘These moments are so ordinary that you almost miss them—almost. Until one day, you are sitting on your bed, flipping through your phone’s gallery, and the memories flood in. But it doesn’t bring you regret for the time that passed by. Instead, it brings you comfort and a sense of belonging to the time you spent.

‘Home’ was never the café where I celebrated my 19th birthday—but the friends who showed up to surprise me. It wasn’t the houses I lived in, but the friend’s who still introduce me as family even after we’ve moved away. It wasn’t the school I went to, but the teacher who loved me like her own. ‘Home’ was never just the place. It was always the people.

And the truth is, my home will always exist in these people, no matter how far they go or how much time passes by. So even if life pulls us apart or we grow distant, I know a version of me will always live within them—and a version of them in me.

That is possibly why this is one of the greatest blessings of being a human. The ability to build a ‘home’ with someone is a choice that most people don’t get. It’s a place you find for yourself by just walking down the street. It’s the place you find by just being “you,” which is also why we humans crave that feeling of comfort more than anything in the world. It’s a privilege that a few are able to achieve, and those who do are the richest people in my eyes.

So, if you do build a ‘home,’ shape it with your soul. And even if you lose it someday, remember that a version of you still exists in that ‘home’. And that is a ‘home’ that time can never take away. Because in the end, ‘home’ was never the place. It was always the people.



# ARTWORK

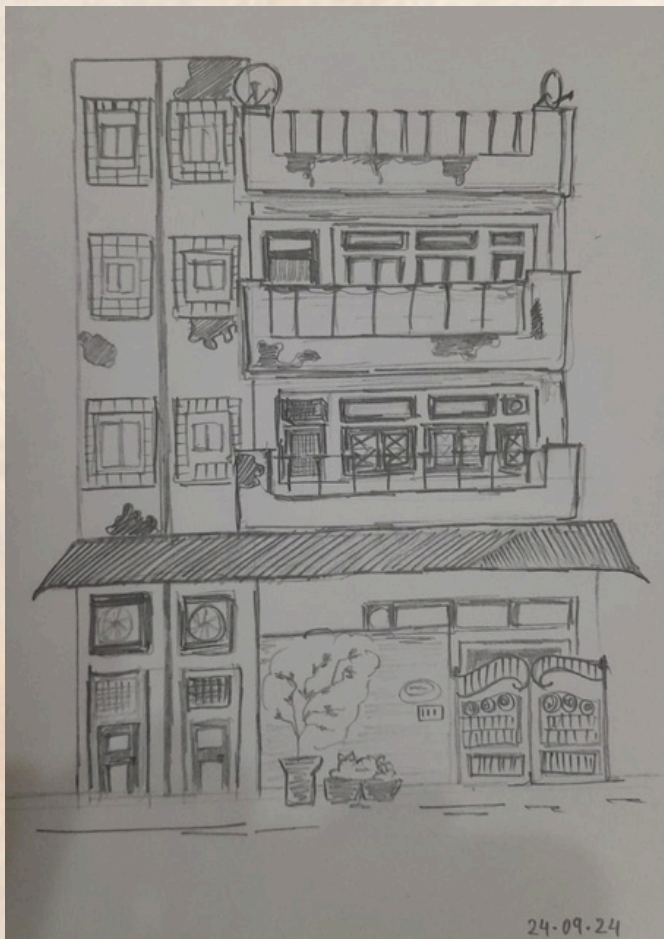
## The red house



Siya Kanchhik



Disha Raina



Drawn not just with pencil  
but with the comfort of a  
thousand returned evenings,  
my nani's home.



We were small, the world was  
kind, and he was never far

Kritvi Dutta



# PROSE & POETRY



# Alchemist

-Yashaswi Chaudhary

I didn't know my body could change from XS to M,  
Or that I'd stop caring about the shade of my skin,  
I stopped wondering if i looked sweet enough to please,  
Or if others indulged in my pain with ease.

I didn't know when rage for my father and grief for my mother,  
Turned into flames that refused to smother.  
I didn't notice when I detached from the "home" I adored,  
Or when leaving halfway became the path I explored.

A heart marked by scars still yearns for light,  
Not today, but perhaps some night.  
One day, it'll all make sense, I pray.  
As the pieces align in their own chemtrail way.

# Whispers of Home

-Srishti Sati

As i walk through the barren roads,  
I feel caressed by the cold winds.

While my eyes wander,  
through the red *Buransh*  
hanging from the trees.

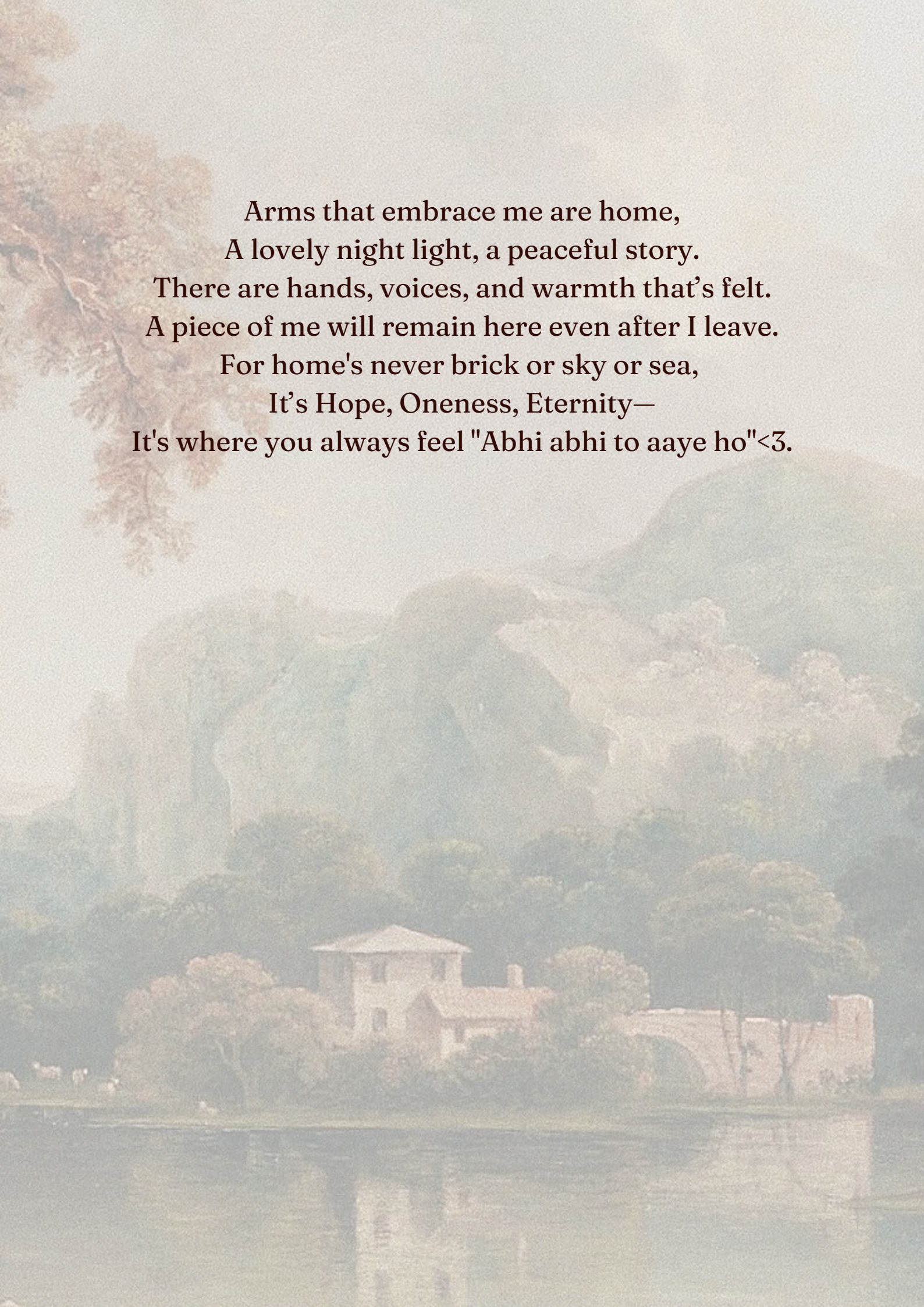
For they reflect,  
the blood running down my veins  
searching for my home  
and then,

I hear the pines whispering,  
in a low monotonous voice  
As if they were trying to lead me,  
to the fynolis shimmering  
with love.

A love that kept me walking  
walking,  
until i saw the flame of familiarity  
burning high,  
Toned with shared laughter  
and stories,  
Wrapped in the blanket of affection.

The cows stand near the wooden gate,  
soft-eyed, gentle, and never late.

When I call their names, they turn to face me, and a tune that welcomes  
me home rings on their bells.

A soft-focus landscape painting. In the foreground, a calm body of water reflects the scene. A two-story house with a gabled roof and a chimney sits on the shore, surrounded by trees. In the background, large, misty mountains rise against a pale sky. The overall mood is peaceful and nostalgic.

Arms that embrace me are home,  
A lovely night light, a peaceful story.  
There are hands, voices, and warmth that's felt.  
A piece of me will remain here even after I leave.  
For home's never brick or sky or sea,  
It's Hope, Oneness, Eternity—  
It's where you always feel "Abhi abhi to aaye ho"<3.

# The Theory of Home

## (A Psychological Inquiry)

-Sonanya Shrivastava

### Chapter 1: The Hypothesis

What is home? A structure, a scent, a sound?  
Or the echo of footsteps on long-forgotten ground?  
Is it the house where I learned my name,  
Or the ache I feel when I hear it the same?

Freud would smirk—"Home? Ah, it's childhood's ghost."  
A place we return to, but never quite close.  
The id, the ego, the superego's fight,  
A longing for safety wrapped too tight.

Jung whispers—"No, home is wholeness inside."  
The self we seek, the masks we hide.  
A dance of the shadow, the anima's grace,  
A quest to embrace what we once misplaced.

Maslow is practical, sketches a chart—  
"Home is security, the base of the heart."  
Shelter, safety, a space to unwind,  
Before we chase meaning, before we find our mind.

But I wonder—if home is just a need, just the past,  
Then why do I find it in things that don't last?  
A stranger's smile, a melody's hum,  
A silent moment when the world feels numb.

So tell me, dear thinker, what do you see?  
Is home a place, or is home being free?

## Chapter 2: The Experiment

Let's break this down—analyze, define,  
Where does home exist in this brain of mine?  
Is it in neurons that fire for love?  
Or the way my pulse slows with a familiar touch?

Bowlby steps in—"Attachment is key."  
Home is connection, the hand that holds me.  
Secure, anxious, avoidant, afraid—  
The way we were loved is the home that we made.

Erikson nods—"But look how you grow."  
From trust to doubt, from self to soul.  
Each stage a home, a phase, a place,  
We build and break, but never erase.

Piaget suggests—"It's all in the mind."  
Home is the schemas, the patterns we find.  
What we expect, what we believe,  
The lens through which we learn to perceive.

So if home is memory, shaped and stored,  
Why does it feel like something more?  
Why does it move, evolve, transform?  
Why does absence still keep it warm?

Maybe home is not where we begin,  
But where we are allowed to belong within.

Wherever I Go... I Dwell in a Home!

-Jayati Jaiswal

Fluidity in its essence,  
The paths converge  
The minds, once diverse  
Now find solace in shared words.  
To vent out felt surreal  
But now, it sprouts among those  
Who were once completely unknown.

Well, not defined by the glamour,  
As projected on the handles.  
Just the dimmed light,  
And the meaningful insight  
Not the number that counts,  
Just the quality being paramount.

With the commonalities and differentialities  
The space fills  
Marking the end of a lasting dichotomy  
So as to think and reflect  
Why not call home the place  
Where presence feels effortless.

Here,  
The cosmos explains—  
Regardless of the conventional space,  
Wherever you go  
When empathy lays the foundation  
Then a home finds its nesters.

# I Am Building a Home

-Ramya Singhal

I am building a home.  
I have no land, no money,  
No labor, no floor plan.  
Yet still, I build.

I scrape together whatever I can find—  
Any pieces, any fragments.  
I arrange, I admire my beautiful mosaic.  
And then I tear them down—they don't fit.

Maybe something else will.  
Something stronger, something brighter,  
Something that glows with warmth.

I look again, every morning, noon, and night.  
For years now, I've built my home.  
Everyone I meet, I ask for a piece—  
A word, a moment, a fragment of something real.

And ever so slowly, it begins to come together.  
Until it falls again.  
And I start from the beginning.  
Piece by piece, I build my home.

"Where?" you ask.  
Here.  
Within myself.  
The only home I will ever truly know.

# A Longing to Be Home

-Aanya Sharma

The city lights are shining,  
Blinking brightly as I drive by.  
They take me back to the night  
I lay down watching stars, with you by my side

The coffee shops are bustling with people,  
The restaurant menus are filled with dishes that I can't  
pronounce.  
In my cushioned seat, I recall eating hot dogs with you  
Sitting by the curb on the road leading to our house.

My house is big enough to get lost in,  
My bed sinks as soon as I sit on it.  
When I close my eyes to sleep at night,  
I can still feel your arm on my waist,  
Sleeping in the cot we made when we were nine.

The parties, the fake smiles, the expensive way I have to  
dress  
Makes me miss the mismatched clothes that we wore  
When we were just ourselves.

It never made sense to me how these people found a place  
in such a big city,  
Calling it their home, their place of comfort,  
Until I saw them laughing with their friends, lovers or  
family.

A certain longing began tugging at my heart,  
Of reliving those moments dancing in the rain and  
running in the empty streets,  
Of hot chocolates by the fire and a blanket covering our  
knees.

A longing to be home,  
Because there's no home without you.

# इस घर से उस घर

-Sunisha Sinha

अपने-अपने घरों की चार दीवारी से बाहर निकल कर,  
थोड़ा हँसकर तो कभी थोड़ा रो कर...  
बस यूँ ही बसा लिया करते हैं अनजान शहर में हम अपना नया घर।

शुरुआत में तो होता न कोई हाथ थामने को,  
फिर बनते हैं कुछ दोस्त जो व्याकुल रहते हैं हमारे साथ घूमने जाने को...  
बस यूँ ही मिल जाते हैं लोग हाथ थामने और साथ निभाने को।

कॉलेज का वो पहला दिन कौन ही है भूल पाता??  
जहाँ अजनबियों को देख कर हर कोई यूँ ही मुस्कुरा जाता...  
हम सोचते कोई तो होगा इनमें से अपना पर उस अपने को ढूँढने में, हम सब को काफ़ी  
वक़्त है लग जाता।

दूसरी दफ़ा अपने क्लासमेट्स से मिल कर, मन करता कि काश हम सब से बात करते,  
सबके साथ हँसते और नई शुरुआत करते...  
फिर यूँ ही ये सब सोचकर, हम सब थोड़ा शांत हो जाते पर हमारी नज़रें सबसे हँसकर  
मुलाकात करते।

मन में तो होती काफ़ी उलझन,  
न जाने कब दुख जाए हमारे किसी प्रोफ़ेसर का मन...  
और भी कई तरह की बातें सोच कर यूँ ही घबरा जाता हमारा मन।

लौट कर कॉलेज से हम अपने नए घर को हैं जाते,  
न जाने क्यों बार-बार पुरानी यादों से यूँ ही टकरा जाते...  
थोड़ा सहम कर आगे बढ़ने को फिर से हम कदम उठाते और बस चलते जाते।

होता तो हमारा कॉलेज भी है हमारे घर का अहम हिस्सा,  
सुनाया जो है हमने कॉलेज की दीवारों पे अड़ के दोस्तों को अपना किस्सा...  
कुछ इसी क़दर बाँटा था हमने अपने-अपने ग़मों का हिस्सा।

बात करें हम हॉस्टलर्स की तो हमारी भी अलग कहानी है, बात-बात पे मस्ती और आपस में हमारी लड़ाई हो ही जानी है...

कुछ दिन आपस में रूठे रह कर फिर तो इक-दूजे को देख कर चेहरे पे मुस्कुराहट आ ही जानी है।

हम सब की नए शहर में अपना नया घर बसाने की कुछ ऐसी ही कहानी है,  
क्योंकि बड़े होने के बाद हम सबकी दुनिया बदल सी जानी है...  
सबके साथ हँस कर और खुश होकर कहीं चुपके से अपनी आँसू बहानी है।

इस सफर में मिल जाए अगर कोई अपना,  
तो हो जाता पूरा किसी के साथ होने का सपना...  
और उनके साथ बैठकर रवा देते हम सब दुख अपना-अपना।

आसान तो नहीं होता कहीं भी नया घर बसाना,  
बचपन से जिस घर में रहे, वहाँ से निकल कर कहीं और मुस्कुराना...  
पर फिर भी हम ठान चुके होते हैं कि चाहे जो हो जाए हमें तो है हँसना और लोगों  
को हँसाना।

बस चलता जाता है यूँ ही जीवन का फ़साना,  
साथ ही जलते रहता है हमारे दिलों में शमा और परवाना...  
किन्तु हम खुद को समझाते - "जो कुछ भी हमने था सोचा, हमें तो है कर जाना"।

चलो ना अब कुछ और बात करते हैं,  
ग़म की बातें ज़्यादा न हो जाए इसलिए थोड़ा हँस लेते हैं...  
यही तो है तरीका हमारा जिसके सहारे हम सब जीते हैं।

नए घर में बोर न हो जाएँ इसलिए हम सब काफ़ी खुराफ़ात करते हैं,  
कभी पुराने तो कभी नई चीज़ों की तलाश करते हैं...  
साथ ही दूर से भी अपने घर वालों से डरते हैं।

घर का असल मतलब तो घर से दूर जाकर है समझ आता,  
जब हमारा मन, घर बनाने और घर बसाने के बीच का अंतर है जान पाता...  
बस ये सब एहसास यूँ ही हमारी आँखों को नम कर जाता।

जब 'इस घर से उस घर' को जाने की बारी है आती,  
तब जाकर हमें सारी दुनियादारी समझ आ जाती...

फिर हम सोचते हैं कि काश घर जाने की छुट्टियाँ जल्दी आ पाती।

और नए घर से पुराने घर को लौट कर जो सुकून की साँस हैं हम लेते,  
माँ के हाथों का खाना, हमारा पेट और मन दोनों भर देते...  
बाकी तो हम यूँ ही भाई-बहनों के साथ मस्ती और लड़ाई कर लिया करते।

न जाने कैसे बीत जाता छुट्टियों का ये सुनहरा पल,  
अपनों से दूर जाने के वक़्त मच रहा होता दिलों-दिमाग़ में हलचल...  
पर सपने कहते हमें अंदर ही अंदर कि... "वक़्त आ चला, अब चल"।

फिर से आ गए होते हम अपने नए घर में,  
लेकर पुराने घर की यादें अपने मन में...  
और लग जाते अपना और अपनों के सपने पूरे करने की कोशिश में।

कई बार हम गिरते और कई बार हैं संभलते,  
ऐसे ही अपने नए घर में हम बसने की कोशिश करते...  
फिर एक दिन इस नए घर की यादें भी हमें रुला जाते।

खुद को संभालते हुए हम खुद से बस इतना कह पाते...  
आओ चलो घर चलते हैं,  
थोड़ी मस्ती, थोड़ी शरारत करते हैं...  
और फिर अपने-अपने सपनों की उड़ान भरते हैं;  
अपने सपनों की उड़ान भरते हैं!!

# A Roof, Not a Home

Yashaswi Chaudhary

Home;  
A place, person, or thing  
I don't know of.  
Always stayed at inns—  
How'd I know the warmth of love?  
The smell of home, the safety of a womb—  
How'd I know  
When inns are the only places I have rested so far?  
No matter.  
I screamed internally.  
People around me didn't care or acknowledge.  
How should I consider that a home?  
When home is supposed to feel safe?  
They were my enemies.  
Their coldness sent me hunting for warmth—  
A crusade set to fail,  
A heart, oh so frail.

# What is my home?

-Harjot Jaswal

They say  
Home is not a place  
It's an emotion  
A feeling  
An attachment  
But I disagree  
I will show you

Who's to say that the green curry pata in my verandah isn't my home?

That it doesn't bring me a sense of safety

Neither does the frail wooden door that looks a hundred years old  
Nor the ancient TV set that sparkles with the remains of my childhood

The kitchen doesn't either

It doesn't remind me of the most delicious meals that I have ever eaten

It doesn't also remind me

Of the countless conversations I have had with my mother

About anything and everything

In this safe place

In my home

And here you can see

My bedroom door that holds the key to my memories

Where my brother and father hung our family photograph

Would these empty spaces mean anything when these people aren't there?

They will, I know

But it will complete only with their presence

Of these special ones

That is when I'll say

This is it

This is my home

Maybe it's an emotion after all

Please come in and have a seat

This is my home

# As Long

-Keya Jadav

The smell of cherries and vanilla  
Creaks and crystal mains  
The sticks of grass, high up  
Bows and waves to the gaze

The cotton balls shape  
To hearts and planes and as you wish  
Till the time, sun kisses low  
If you ask me, I'll stay-  
Stay as long as what time takes.

I've seen the tallest of peaks  
And the rivers that ricochet  
The glittering snow, the cloudy bow  
She smiled softly and said,  
'You belong there'  
If you'll ask me, I'll say-  
Home is where she stays.

# Map of My Soul: Map of My Home

Urvi Prakash

Home isn't made of walls or bricks.

It's made of presence.

Of voices that soothe you when the world is loud.

Of words that reach parts of you, even though you didn't know  
needed healing.

It's a feeling that tells you:

"You're safe. You're understood. You're not alone."

Home is a song you return to when your heart is tired.

Sometimes, it's a melody that finds you on a night when you're  
holding back tears.

Sometimes, it's a lyric that says what your heart has been trying to  
whisper for years.

And sometimes, home is a group of people you've never met,  
yet somehow feel like they've been with you all your life.

It's laughter that feels like sunlight.

It's stories that hold your pain with care,  
and remind you that even broken things shine.

It's a place you carry inside you,  
even when everything else changes.

It reminds you who you are when you forget.

It sees the parts of you that others overlook.

It tells you: "You are enough."

Home is the bond that doesn't need to be spoken to be felt.

It's growth, healing, tears, and joy—all tied together in something  
unexplainable,  
yet deeply known.

I have found home in laughter– in inside jokes,  
in dad jokes that don't land  
yet somehow make me laugh harder than any punchline ever  
could.

In chaotic cooking times,  
in late-night Facetimes,  
in mini concerts under the ceiling fan.

I've found home in healing–  
in seven voices that reminded me to love myself,  
to hold on through the dark days,  
to embrace my flaws like they're part of a beautiful, growing  
garden.

Home is where I learned  
that soft doesn't mean weak,  
that crying doesn't mean broken,  
that loving deeply doesn't make you foolish–  
it makes you brave.

This is what home feels like.  
Not a place on the map,  
but a moment in your soul.

It's where I found myself.  
I felt home.

So when they ask me what home is...  
I don't talk about walls.  
I talk about warmth,  
I talk about nights I didn't give up  
because someone reminded me that I shouldn't.

I talk about purple—not just a color,  
but a promise.

I talk about laughter.  
About healing.  
About feeling held,  
even when I'm falling apart.

And if they still don't understand,  
that's okay.

Because the ones who do, already know:  
Home is not a place.  
It's a feeling.

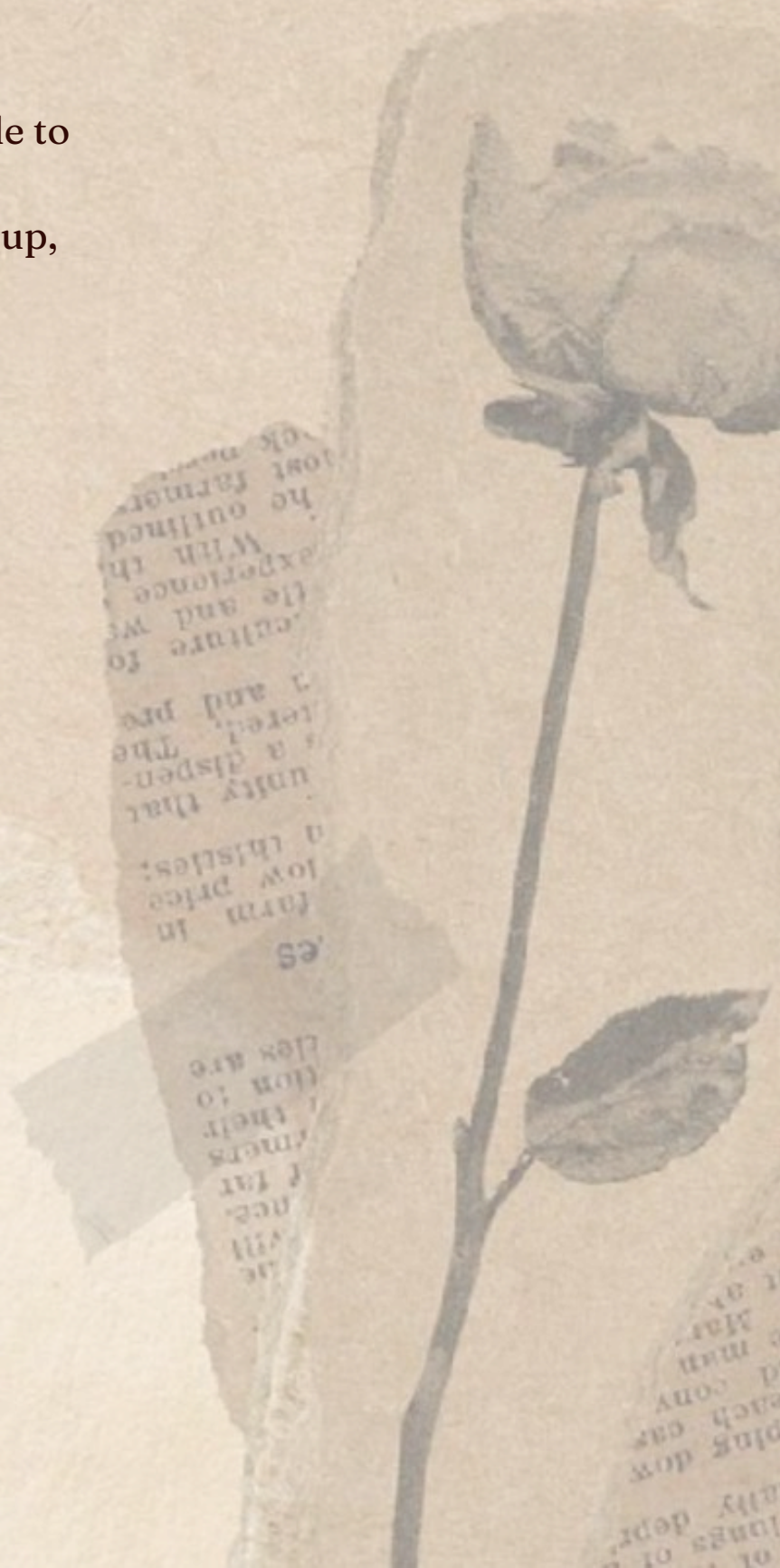
And I've found it—  
in my chaotic family,  
where I belong,  
without ever trying to fit in.

And now,  
I carry it with me,  
wherever I go.

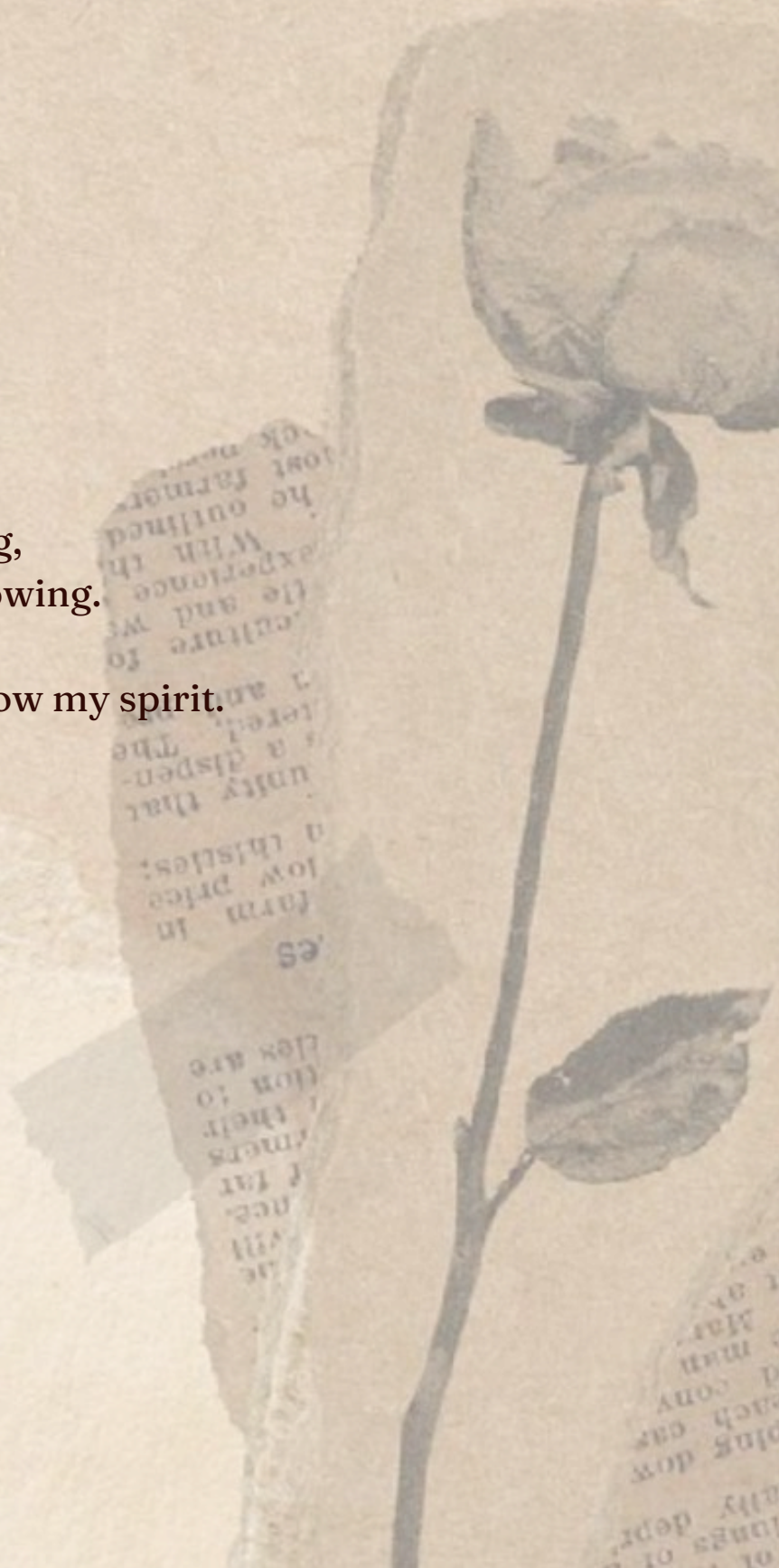
# You vs Them

Smaira Gandhi

They look at me,  
and have their minds dwindle to  
an unyielding, sour, but  
loud lady, with her heart set up,  
to be untouched,  
by the ice or the ashes.  
unaware of the tears,  
that easily make their way  
to find solace in her eyes,  
but never escaping.  
but you weep the tears,  
that i hold the cage to,  
to remember the girl  
with her head always down,  
but eyes never closed.  
you look at me,  
you see shin chan,  
and his million keychains,  
but you get me taylor swift,  
on my birthday.  
they think of me,  
they think of sadness,  
and i think of you,  
how you called me blue,  
and i pictured the ocean,  
the drowning of the waves,  
leaving in solitude.



now, you don't remember the time,  
my face wasn't hidden  
behind the glass,  
that now shields me away  
from my unwavering disgusting look.  
but i remember how i cried,  
when i first tried them,  
and how we laughed,  
when you got them too.  
they look at me,  
they see the incongruity,  
of who i resembled to be  
and who i turned out to be.  
but you look at me,  
you think of the girl,  
you don't remember meeting,  
but always remembered knowing.  
i look at them,  
a world of possibilities shadow my spirit.  
but i look at you,  
and i see home.



# Home that Woman's own

Akarsha Singh

In this and every era where home often shift for her  
A girl's sanctuary taken in a blink  
From her father's name to husband claim  
Her sense of self are always forced to shrink

Her home is not a gift to be passed on from one's name to others  
claim

It's not a tile to be taken away  
She must build her own space where she can rise, boldly claim  
her own.

Girls,  
Don't allow someone else to say where your home should stand,  
In this era and coming era,  
Stand tall, claim your home, your life and your shine.

Be the architect of your own home  
Let the door opens to your dream  
Let the walls be yours to mold  
Build your home by your command  
It will be the place that you'll choose, not  
a family heirloom that never truly belonged to you.  
In its space you became whole, you became who you are  
It can be anywhere you feel at peace  
Where love and understanding never cease



# Photography



Siya Kaushik

## The house i made

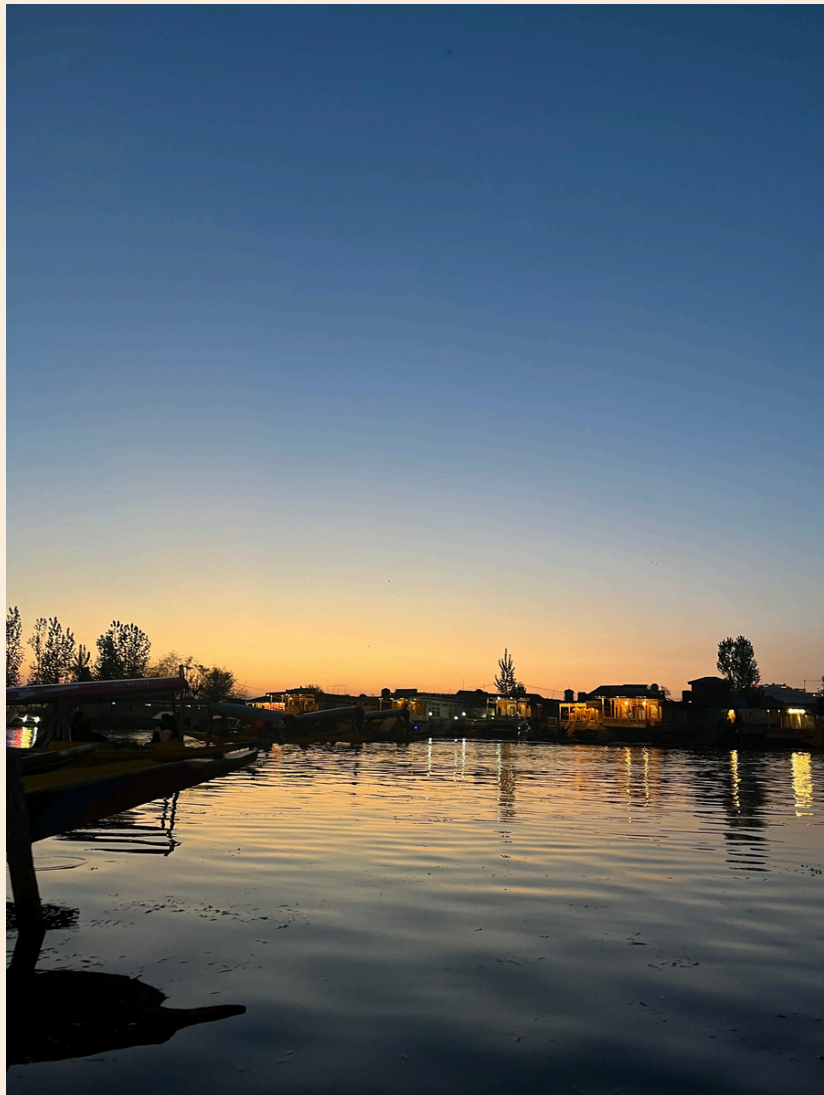
While the house I made lies vacant, I choose to view the world from the window of my world. This tree that settles me in its shadow today provides a home to the man I could've become, the man I should've become.

## Chukh in Delhi

Chukh is a homemade Pahadi fresh snack made of pahadi lemon and dhungcha (spices hand crushed on a silpatta), mixed with sugar, and sometimes it's mixed with oranges to ease the bitter taste. It's spicy, tangy, and tasty, so much that one of my earliest memory of eating chuke with my brother and sister is filled with our eyes watering, our nose running, yet still eating it till we licked our bowls clean. It's something that I associate with home and my childhood. To me, it translates to 'Home, in Delhi'.

Yashasvi Gunjyal





Suhani

# UDAAN

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