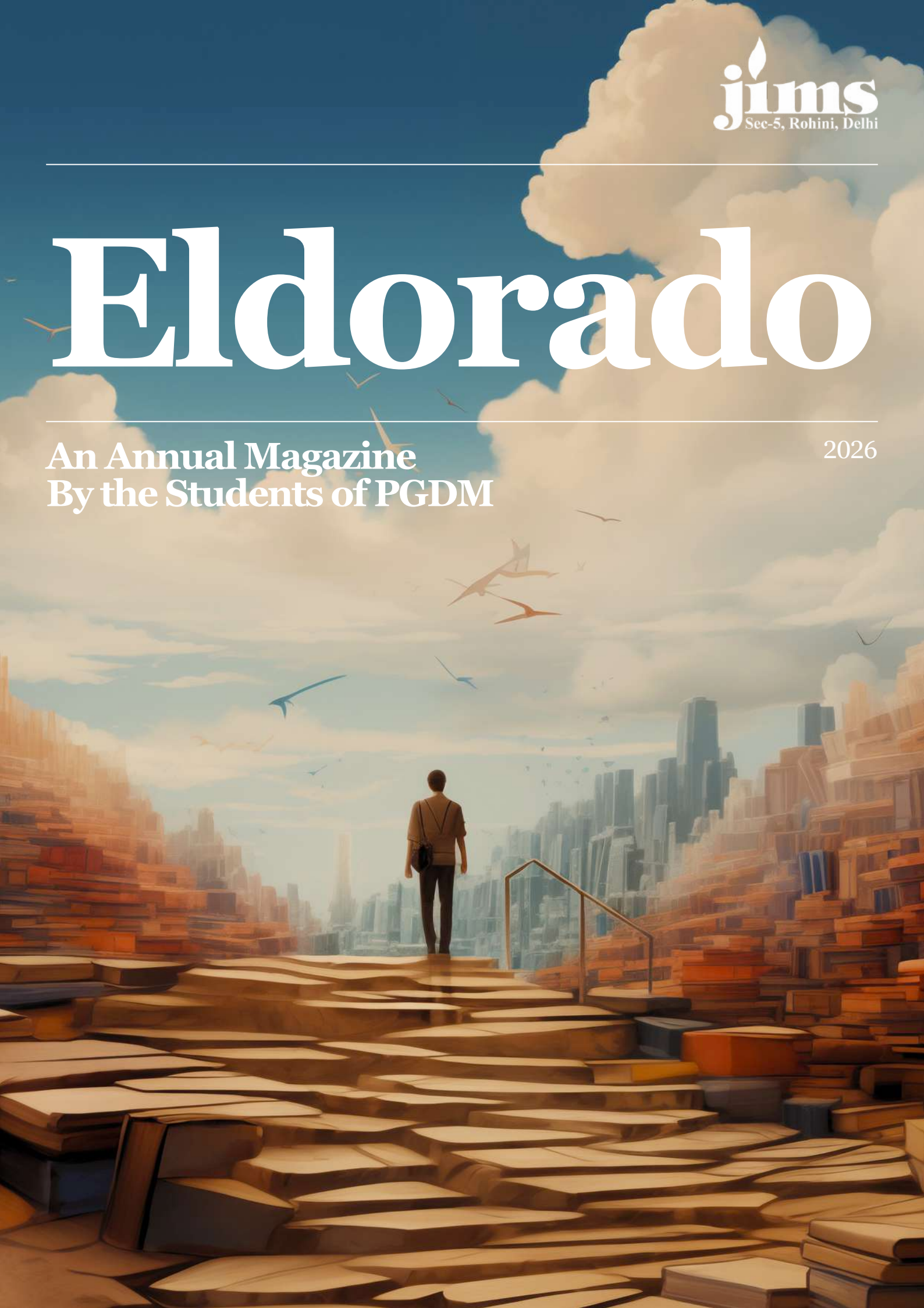


Eldorado

An Annual Magazine
By the Students of PGDM

2026





OUR VISION

To be an Institute of Academic Excellence with total commitment to quality education and research in Management and Information Technology with a holistic concern for better life, environment and society.

OUR MISSION

To serve the society and improve the quality of life by imparting high quality education in management and information technology, providing training and development services, fostering research, giving consultancy services to industry and disseminating knowledge through the publication of books, journals and magazines.

Editorial Board

FACULTY EDITOR

DR. DEEPTI KAKAR

PROFESSOR,
DEPARTMENT OF MANAGEMENT - PGDM

STUDENT SUPPORT

BHAVYA SINGHAL

PGDM (2025-27)

MUSKAN BANSAL

PGDM (2025-27)

GRAPHIC DESIGNER

PRIYANKA GARG

priyanka1.garg@jimsindia.org

Disclaimer: Articles/drawings/pictures in the magazine are compilations/contributions of students. The complete responsibility (moral and legal) and rights for such written and visual content rests with the associated contributing student. The editorial board or the graphic designer or the institute are not responsible for any errors/omissions or any legal/moral issues that may potentially arise.

Editorial

Lack of certainty lies everywhere...immediately around oneself... around the world. But this has always been so. So, what is new? The 'new' about the uncertainty is the unfolding of unimaginable changes that are far from risk and thus predictability. Despite the uncertainty that envelopes us and our surroundings, we continue to work and live as if forever. Interestingly this underlies the fear and charm flip-flopping all forms of life possible on Earth.

The thoughts of the contributors to this year's compilation of Eldorado are more than a hint to the uncertainties surrounding us - a student's continuous predicament to better himself or a woman's life journey.

As the expression in words shrinks with every passing batch of PDGM students, the canvas of pictures and drawings has widened, making this section of Eldorado bulk up. I invite readers to delve into the prose, poetry and pictures in the following pages.

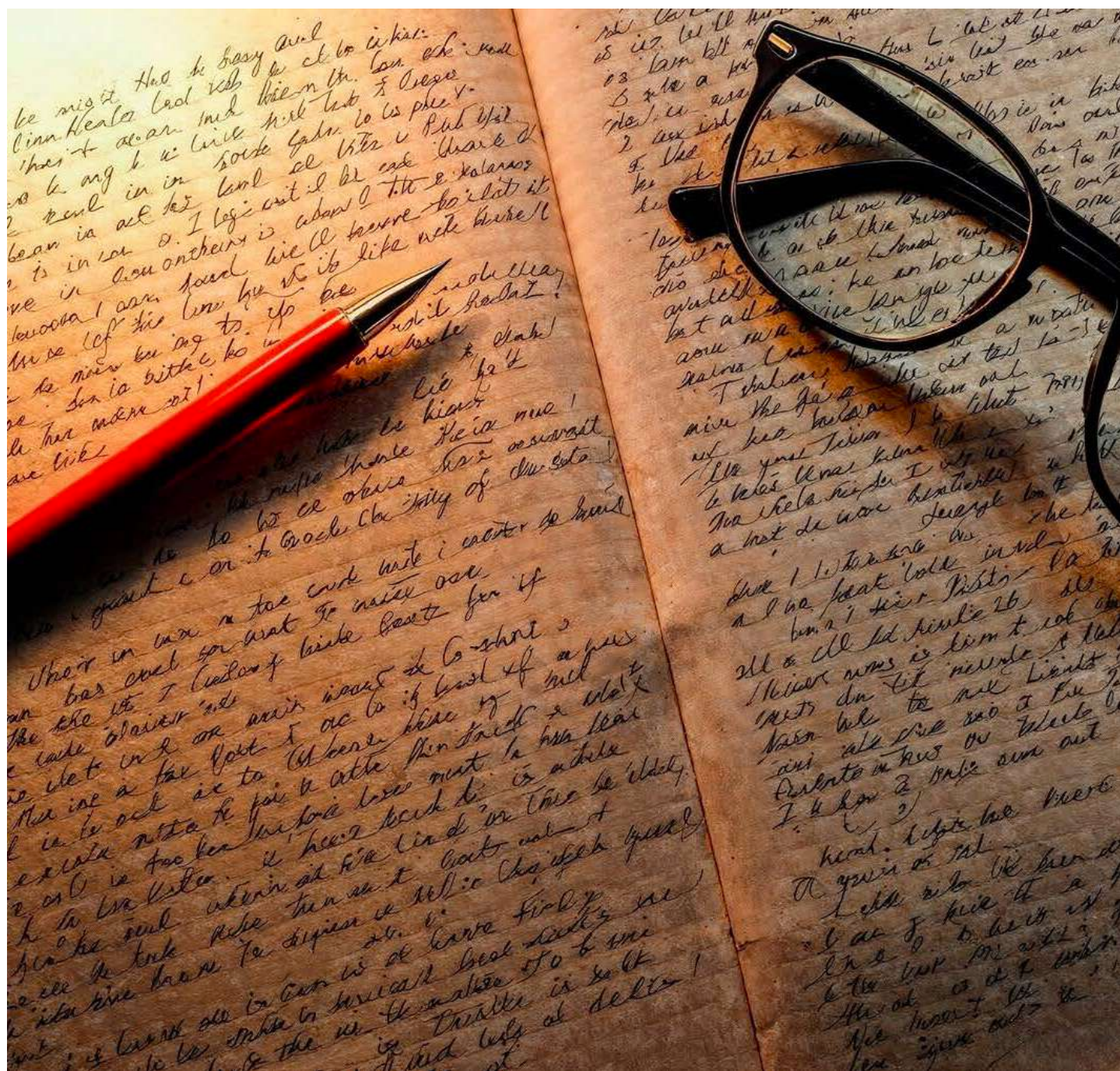
A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Dr. Deepti Kakar". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first letters of each word being capitalized and prominent.

Faculty Editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS

S. NO.	TITLE	Page No.
	Prose	
01	MBA exams are very different from Graduation exams!	07
02	Learning how to unlearn	08
03	A Reflection on my years in college	10
04	The last classroom: a PGDM classroom feels different	12
05	The real work: reflections on what self-growth actually looks like	15
06	Navagunjara: a mirror for the mind and soul	17
	Poetry	
07	The heart wants what it wants	20
08	She!	21
09	The flower that shines	22
10	Path to serenity	23
11	Remember that night	24
12	In the depth of life	24
	Pictures	
13	All around me	26

PROSE



MBA exams are very different from Graduation exams!

GHANSHYAM JHA (PGDM 2025-27)

After completing my B.Sc., stepping into the PGDM program felt like entering a completely new world of learning. The biggest difference I noticed was in the exam approach.

When I recall my graduation days, the tests involved mainly memorization and understanding of concepts taught in class. At the same time the course coverage was limited to basic concepts. On the other hand, here in PGDM, the focus is more on analysis, critical thinking, application of knowledge to problem-solving.

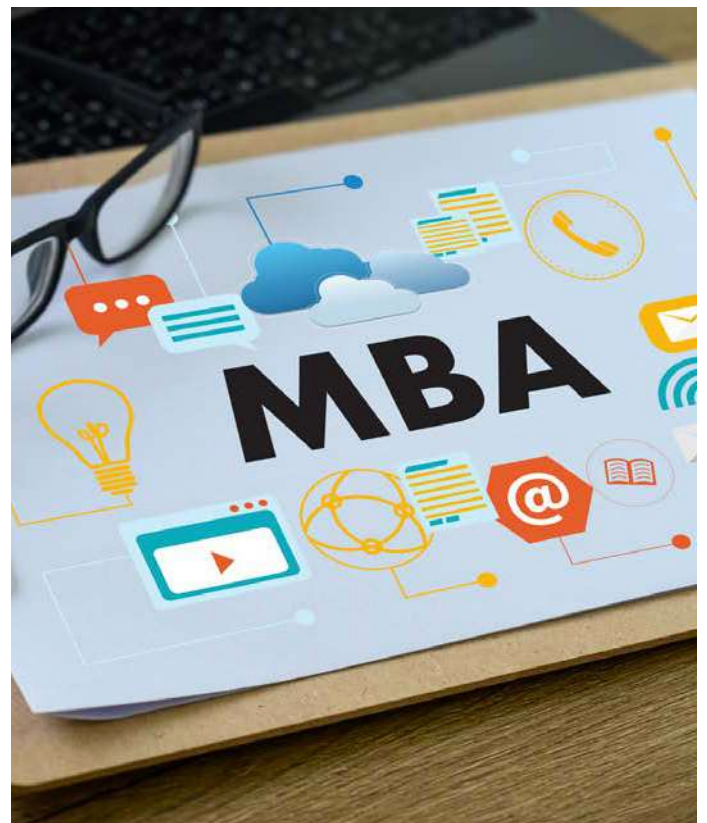
Graduation level studies were mostly foundational and so the questions as a part of our assessment were mostly direct and theoretical - testing how much we remembered from textbooks. It was more about reproducing what we studied rather than applying it. Whereas now I experienced case study questions that were situational and require us to express our own understanding and viewpoints. So to say, MBA/PGDM exams are practically oriented. Most questions revolve around real business situations and data-driven analysis. Instead of asking “What is?” they often ask “How would you handle this situation?” or “Why would you make this decision?”

This shift pushes us to think like managers, not just students.

What makes it even more interesting is that evaluation in PGDM programs goes beyond written exams presentations, group projects, and class participation play a key role. These not only test our knowledge but also build essential skills like teamwork, communication, and problem-solving.

In short: Graduation exams test what we know. PGDM exams test how we apply what we know.

That’s what makes the PGDM journey such a powerful and practical learning experience one that truly prepares us for the professional world beyond classrooms.



Learning how to Unlearn

MUSKAAN BANSAL (PGDM 2025- 2027)



We live in a world that celebrates the act of learning. Since we were kids, we have been rewarded for acquiring knowledge and mastering skills, no matter the field, whether it's something artistic, academic or athletic. Our grades and degrees line our walls as proof of everything we have taken in and learnt over the years. But rarely do we stop to consider the opposite, if ever, something equally vital, which is unlearning.

First of all, it's important that we don't conflate unlearning with other concepts like 'forgetting'. Forgetting is passive, something that happens to us against our will. Unlearning on the other hand is an active, deliberate choice to examine what we believe, question why we believe it, and release it if it no longer serves us. It is one

of the most courageous intellectual acts a person can undertake.

Much of what we learn early in life essentially arrives without our permission. We are a product of our environment- for better and also for worse. Childhood instils beliefs about who we are and what we deserve. Culture through our family quietly scripts our assumptions about success, beauty, and belonging. Habit carves grooves in our thinking so deep that we mistake routine for truth. By the time we reach adulthood, the mind is less a blank slate and more a palimpsest. Layer upon layer of inherited ideas which are half-examined, rarely challenged & just regurgitated from what we hear from others. The problem with outdated habits is that they don't announce themselves.

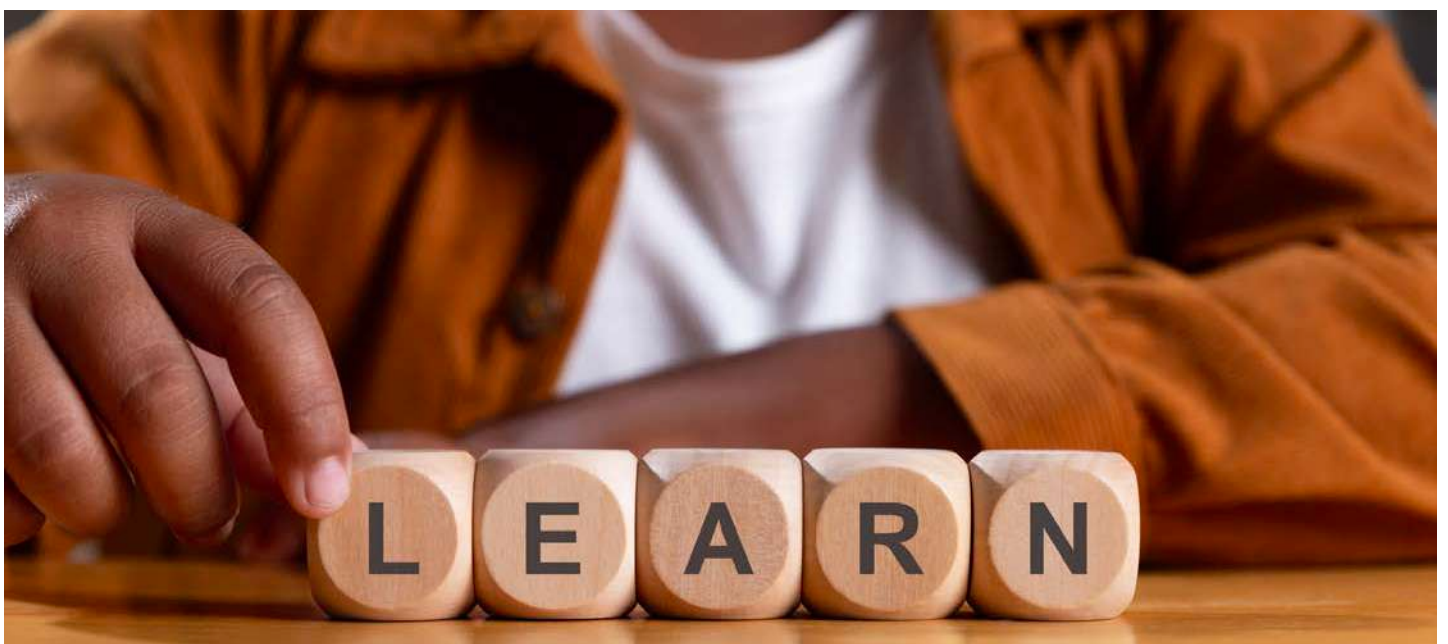
They hide in plain sight, disguised as common sense, as instinct, as ‘just the way things are.’ For e.g., the person who learned early that vulnerability is weakness will carry that lesson into every relationship, long after it has stopped protecting them. The professional who learned one way to solve a problem will keep solving it that way, even as the world changes around them. We don’t suffer from ignorance alone! we often suffer from the wrong kind of knowledge, held too tightly for too long especially when we let it stop us from seeing something for what it truly is.

This is why unlearning demands humility. It asks us to sit with the uncomfortable possibility that something we were certain about MAY VERY WELL BE simply wrong. That the map we have been using does not match the territory. That maybe after all, our compass needle is faulty. In a culture that prizes confidence and rewards expertise, admitting that our mental model needs an overhaul feels like weakness. In reality, it is the mark of a deeply mature mind.

The process of unlearning begins with awareness, like something as simple as noticing the assumptions beneath our reactions, the beliefs behind our choices. It continues with curiosity rather than judgment, asking why do I think this? and is it still true? before asking what should I think instead? And it requires equal parts efforts and patience, because minds don’t just surrender old patterns easily. Neural pathways worn smooth by years of repetition do not reroute overnight.

But the rewards are profound. Unlearning creates space for new perspectives, deeper empathy, and more honest relationships. It is what allows a scientist to revise a theory, a leader to change course, a person to grow beyond the story they were told about themselves or others.

In the end, the most educated among us may not be those who have learned the most, but those who have remained willing to unlearn... those who hold their knowledge lightly, reflect on it honestly, and let it evolve. Those, perhaps are the wisest in the word’s truest form.



A Reflection on my years in college

NAMRITA GOYAL (PGDM-RM 2025- 2027)

College life has been said to be the most unforgettable stage of a student life but the real appreciation comes when a student reflects back and sees the great value attached to the life. Other than lectures, assignments and examinations, college is a place where individuals engage in emotional, social and mental development. In retrospect of my college life, I find that all the best lessons were not taught in books but they were created in daily life.

The first day in college was very exciting and also a nightmare. It all was new, the setting, the demands, and the task of time management on their own. At first, the attention was paid only to the academic

performance: taking classes, writing submissions, and learning exams. As time went round though it was apparent that college was educating a lot more than what was being taught in subjects. It was instructing in flexibility. Training to adapt to new schedules, new teaching styles, new types of peer groups, etc. slowly instilled confidence and self-reliance.

A valuable learning outcome of my college experience is connected with the interpersonal learning. The interactions in the classroom, group work & joint responsibilities exposed me to different perspectives. These experiences demonstrated the value of compromise & effective communication in collaborating. With time, the focus on teamwork became less individualistic achievement & rather a group achievement, which brought about mutual respect & cooperation.

The life in college was inseparably connected with academic problems, and the stress of exams and assignments tried the patience and endurance of the student. Not all of these efforts were successful and difficult to accept such consequences. Nevertheless, such circumstances were used to self-reflect and not to get disappointed. Little by little, the emphasis on the fear of making mistakes was replaced by the view on progress as a process.





In addition to the academics, college life taught me to be disciplined with the day to day chores. Attendance, meeting various deadlines, personal & academic requirements demanded order & structure. These routines might have appeared ordinary but they helped build up time management and accountability to a great extent.

The other worthwhile lesson was through independence. College provided the opportunity to make freedom of choice, whether in academics or personal life, but also demanded being responsible in making such a choice. Making small mistakes would help in becoming more mature and self conscious. This freedom of choice helped to identify personal strengths and define what should be improved.



When reflecting on the experience I had in college, my time was not marked by any outstanding occurrences but one of gradual growth and self-awareness. The acquired insights were not limited to academic knowledge, but affected everyday life and self-consciousness. Hence, college is not only a foundation of education but it is also a location of forming of opinions, strength and thoughtfulness - skills that continue beyond college.

Navagunjara: A Mirror for the Mind and Soul

KAJAL PATRA (PGDM-IB 2025-27)

Imagine a divine creature with the head of a rooster, the neck of a peacock, the hump of a bull, the waist of a lion, and limbs drawn from different animals — all united into one mysterious form. This extraordinary being is Navagunjara, a unique manifestation of Lord Krishna described in Odia literature. At first glance, it seems almost impossible — even unsettling. How can nine different creatures merge into one sacred body? Yet in the spiritual imagination of Odisha, this form is not strange; it is symbolic, profound, and deeply philosophical. Navagunjara is not merely a mythical curiosity. It is a message.

The Literary Origin: A Gift from Odisha

Navagunjara is a creation unique to the Odia retelling of the Mahabharata by the celebrated 15th-century poet Sarala Das, often hailed as the Adikabi or first poet of Odisha. Unlike the classical Sanskrit Mahabharata, which focuses mainly on human and divine conflicts, Sarala Das's version introduces several unique elements to illustrate spiritual lessons and local devotion. Among them, the encounter between Arjuna and Navagunjara stands out as one of the most vivid and symbolic episodes.



According to Sarala Das, Arjuna, the brave Pandava warrior, was wandering alone in a forest during his period of exile. Deep in the wilderness, he encounters an astonishing creature — Navagunjara — composed of nine different animals, with one human arm holding a lotus. At first, Arjuna, guided by his warrior instinct, prepares to fight, thinking it is some unnatural demon or threat. Yet, as he observes the being more closely, he notices divine symbols, the calm presence, and the lotus — a sign of purity and truth. In that moment, Arjuna realizes that this is not an ordinary creature, but a divine manifestation of Lord Krishna himself.

This encounter is significant for multiple reasons. It is not just a test of courage but a test of perception, devotion, and the ability to see beyond appearances. Arjuna's realization highlights a profound philosophical lesson: the divine may appear in forms beyond human comprehension, and true wisdom comes from seeing with the eyes of insight rather than judgment. Historically, scholars note that this episode reflects Odia spiritual thought, emphasizing inner vision, reverence, and the recognition of divine unity in multiplicity — ideas central to Odisha's devotional and literary heritage.

The Nine Elements: More Than Just Anatomy

The name “Navagunjara” literally means “nine forms.” Traditional descriptions include the head of a rooster, the neck of a peacock, the hump of a bull, the waist of a lion, three legs from different animals (often elephant, tiger, and deer), one human arm holding a lotus, and the tail of a serpent. Each component carries

symbolic meaning. The lion represents courage, the bull symbolizes strength and stability, the peacock reflects beauty and grace, and the serpent suggests eternity and transformation. Together, they do not create confusion — they create completeness. Navagunjara teaches that the divine is not limited to a single identity. It exists in multiple forms simultaneously.

A Reflection of the Jagannath Philosophy

The idea of divine multiplicity is deeply rooted in Odisha's spiritual culture, especially in the traditions surrounding the sacred Jagannath Temple. Lord Jagannath himself is worshipped as a universal deity — beyond rigid definitions or conventional physical perfection. The wooden idols, distinct from classical sculptural norms, symbolize that divinity cannot be confined to aesthetic expectations. In a similar way, Navagunjara breaks visual boundaries. It challenges the idea that God must appear in a predictable or symmetrical form. Instead, it embraces diversity — suggesting that every creature carries a fragment of the divine. Scholars of Odia literature often observe that Sarala Das did not simply translate the epic tradition; he reshaped it according to regional spiritual sensibilities. By introducing Navagunjara, he enriched the epic with a distinctly Odia theological vision.

Beyond mythology, Navagunjara speaks to our present world. In a society often divided by differences — religion, language, culture, identity — this composite form becomes a powerful metaphor. It represents unity within diversity, strength within contrast, and harmony within complexity.

For Arjuna, recognizing Navagunjara required faith beyond appearances. For us, the lesson remains similar: true understanding demands deeper perception. Navagunjara reminds us that diversity is not disorder — it is design.

Why Navagunjara Still Fascinates Us

Perhaps the reason Navagunjara continues to captivate scholars, artists, and devotees is because it refuses to fit into a simple explanation. It is mysterious yet meaningful, strange yet sacred. It expands our imagination of divinity. In one extraordinary form, we see the animal and the human, the fierce and the gentle, the earthly and the cosmic — all united. And maybe that is the ultimate message Navagunjara offers: the divine is everywhere — in every form, every being, and every difference. We only need the vision to recognize it.

Seeing Beyond the Surface: Life Lessons from Navagunjara

Navagunjara teaches us that transformation begins with perception. Just as Arjuna learned to recognize divinity beyond the unfamiliar and the strange, we too can learn to see the deeper meaning behind challenges, differences, and uncertainties in our own lives. The lesson is clear: growth begins the moment we shift our vision from surface appearances to deeper understanding.

As the Bhagavad Gita beautifully remind us:

“He who sees Me everywhere and sees everything in Me, I am never lost to him, nor is he ever lost to Me.”

In the same way, Navagunjara urges us to look beyond what is immediately visible.

When we embrace diversity, understand complexity, and seek the unity hidden in differences, we do more than learn about mythology — we learn about life itself. Its composite form becomes a mirror of our world, teaching that true insight is born when we see with awareness, reflect with compassion, and act with wisdom.



The Last Classroom: A PGDM classroom feels different

DHARVI BHATIA (PGDM-RM 2025-27)



Maybe it's because, for many of us, this will be the last time we sit in a classroom as students. The last time our growth is measured in semesters before it is measured in salaries. The last time mistakes cost marks instead of real consequences. After this, the world won't give us internal assessments. It will give us responsibilities. Somewhere between case studies, presentations, certifications, and constant placement conversations we meet people who unknowingly become our mirrors. A PGDM is intense. Everyone is ambitious. Everyone is building something a resume, a network, a future. You sit beside someone who seems confident and certain, someone who speaks about analytics and strategies with ease. And quietly, a thought crosses your mind:

Am I enough to be here?

But then that same person nudges you before a presentation and says, "You explain it better, you start." And suddenly, you see yourself differently. Our friendships here are built under pressure deadlines that steal sleep, group discussions that test patience, interviews that test confidence. I travel almost one and a half hours every day to reach college. Some mornings begin before the sun feels ready. Long metro rides become thinking spaces replaying presentations in my head, planning submissions, sometimes questioning myself. By the time I reach campus, the day has already felt long.

After college, I return home to familiarity and comfort. But some of my friends return to hostel rooms and PGs small spaces away from home, learning independence in ways that aren't always visible. Yet the next morning, they show up smiling, prepared, and determined.

Different journeys. Same classroom.

They see when my "I'm fine" actually means "I'm overwhelmed." I see when their laughter hides homesickness. They tell me, "You're overthinking again." I remind them, "You're stronger than you realise." In a course designed to prepare us for leadership, it's ironic how much we rely on each other to stay emotionally steady. We borrow confidence before interviews. We rehearse answers together. We celebrate shortlist mails like collective victories. We sit quietly beside each other when outcomes don't go our way. Slowly, without dramatic announcements, we grow. A PGDM doesn't just teach strategy, marketing, or analytics. It reveals who we are under pressure. Are we collaborative? Defensive? Resilient? Patient? Often, we recognise these traits only when someone else reflects them back to us.

For many of us, this will be the last academic chapter of our lives. One day, without realising it, we will attend our final lecture. We will sit in the same seats, complain about deadlines, discuss placements unaware that we are experiencing something for the last time.

Soon, we will introduce ourselves not as students, but as professionals. The classroom noise will be replaced by office conversations. Group projects will turn into team meetings. Case studies will turn into real consequences.



But when we walk into that world, we won't walk in alone.

We will carry the metro rides that taught patience.

The hostel corridors that witnessed late-night fears.

The group discussions that tested our confidence.

The friends who saw us at our most doubtful and still called us capable.

Years from now, when someone asks where we learned resilience, we might mention our PGDM. But quietly, we will know it was in the friend who said, "You've got this," when we were one rejection away from giving up.

Maybe reflection isn't just about looking into a mirror.

Maybe it's about remembering a classroom full of ambitious, anxious, hopeful students and realizing that in trying to build careers, we were also building each other.

Degrees will give us titles.

But the people who sat beside us?

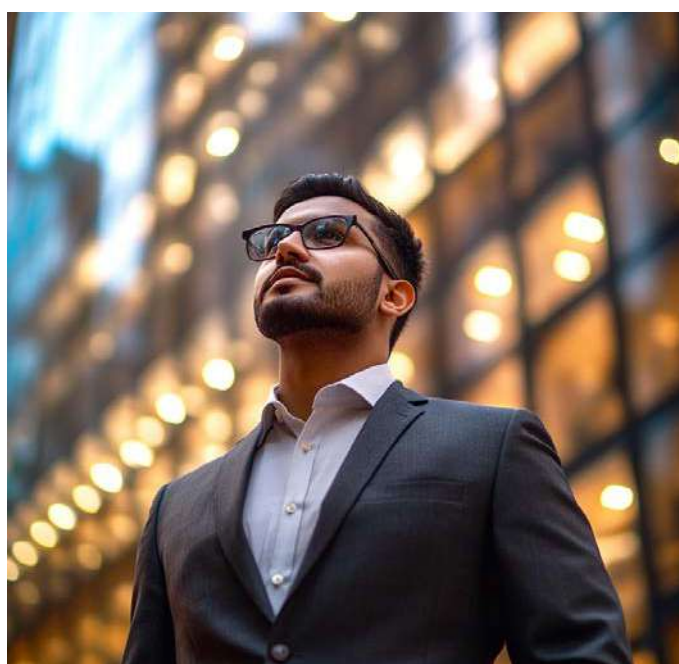
They gave us belief.

And long after this classroom becomes a memory,

The Real Work: Reflections on What Self-Growth Actually Looks Like

PRATHAM RASTOGI (PGDM 2025-27)

When we talk about “growth” in college, we usually mean our resumes. We think about getting better grades, landing an internship, or becoming the head of a club. But as we think about this edition’s theme of Reflections, it’s worth looking at growth from a different angle. Real self-growth isn’t just about the things you can list on a LinkedIn profile. It is the behind-the-scenes work of figuring out who you are, making mistakes, and learning how to get back up. It’s a messy, lifelong process of becoming a better version of yourself.



Learning from the Messy Parts:

The first step of growing up is being honest with yourself. In the middle of a busy semester, we rarely stop to think about why we feel stressed or what we actually want out of life. Reflection is basically holding up a mirror to your own habits. We often try to hide our failures, but those are actually the moments where we grow the most. Think of it like a bone that breaks and heals back stronger. When you fail a test or mess up a friendship, it’s an opportunity to look at what

happened and change your approach. If we never failed, we would never have a reason to improve. Growing means moving away from the idea that you have to be perfect and realizing that being “under construction” is a good thing.

Leaving the Comfort Zone:

One of the hardest truths to accept is that you can’t grow if you only do things you’re already good at. It’s easy to stick to the same group of friends or the same routine because it feels safe. However, the most important changes happen when you’re uncomfortable. This might mean joining a debate when you’re shy, traveling to a new city alone, or just talking to someone whose life is totally different from yours. This “stretching” of your personality can feel awkward at first, but it is necessary. If you look back at your first day of college compared to now, the moments you felt the most nervous were probably the moments that changed you the most.

Being Kind to Yourself:

A big mistake people make when trying to “grow” is being too hard on themselves. We treat our lives like a project that needs to be



But real growth needs self-pity and patience. You can’t criticize yourself into becoming a better person. You have to accept the version of yourself that struggled today just as much as the version that succeeded yesterday. Sustainable growth is about small wins—changing a bad habit or learning to say “no” when you’re overwhelmed. It’s about realizing that you don’t have to change everything overnight.

Conclusion:



As we get closer to graduation and the “real world,” we should remember that our most important job is working on ourselves. Self-growth is the ultimate reflection of who we are. It is a commitment to keep learning, even after we leave the classroom. By embracing our mistakes, trying new things, and being patient with our progress, we turn our college experience into something much bigger than just a degree. We turn it into a foundation for the rest of our lives.



POETRY

The Heart Wants What It Wants

NIYATI BAJAJ (PGDM 2025-27), UTPAL RANJAN (PGDM 2025-27)

As the day breaks and the mind knows it is time to rise for our ablutions,
the heart whispers, "Let us pause today,"
yet we refuse to listen.

A quiet ache lingers within,
for the heart wants what it wants.

Walking down the streets, watching children play chase,
the mind reminds us not to stain the clothes meant for work.
But the heart murmurs, "Let us feel that joy, just once."
We ignore it and move ahead with a strange heaviness,
because the heart wants what it wants.

In broad daylight, as squirrels scurry along tree trunks,
the mind warns that we might get late.
The heart asks for a stolen day in nature's lap.
Still, we drag ourselves forward, dull and unwilling,
for the heart wants what it wants.

Passing a vendor selling ice-lollies,
the mind recalls winter chills and sore throats.
Yet the heart longs for that simple delight.
We walk away, even discarding the half-finished cup of coffee,
because the heart wants what it wants.

Back home, as the laptop screen lights up,
the mind urges us to finish the pending assignment.
But the heart softly says, "Let's watch an episode of Tarak Mehta Ka Ooltah Chashma, it's been long."
We ignore both, and end up doing neither,
because the heart wants what it wants.

As night falls, the mind tells us not to give in again.
But the heart pleads for one small message to our beloved.
We lie awake in silence,
welcoming another sleepless night,
because the heart wants what it wants.

She!

RAMA GAUR (PGDM 2025-27)

She is just an innocent girl in the world full of astute
With her unwavering passion to do every crazy thing in this world
She has a precious heart, in the world full of disputes

She is delicate, trying her best to control her laughter and tears
With every single person who asks about her wellbeing
She is impassioned, hiding all of her deepest fears

She is a bird, with her will to fly high
With every restriction, trying to cage her up
She is shackling all the expectations that makes her cry.

She says she is fine and doing absolutely perfect
Withstanding every stressful night of overthinking.
She is still managing to revive and endure, even after being completely wrecked

She is beautiful, yet insecure about all her scars
With every unparalleled beauty standard of this society
She is trying to prove that it is okay,
not to shine like moon but twinkle like stars.

The flower that shines!

KAJAL PATRA (PGDM-IB 2025-27)

The rain has whispered its farewell, leaving tiny droplets
clinging to the curve of a trembling petal.
Each drop holds a universe—a shard of sky, a spark of light,
a fleeting mirror of what has passed and what is yet to come.
The flower bows gently, learning to carry both weight and wonder,
reminding me that growth is quiet, patient, and never hurried.
Sunlight dances across the wet surface, turning each drop into a prism—
a soft celebration of resilience, proof that even storms leave beauty behind.
In every shimmer, I see life's truth: our struggles refine us,
our doubts shape us, and every challenge is a reflection
of the strength we carry within.
To be wet from the rain is not to be weakened—
it is to shine with earned brilliance, to bend without breaking,
to rise toward the sun, again and again.
For every storm pass, and every droplet teaches:
“Even in fragments, you hold light; even in endings, there is a beginning;
and every step, no matter how small, moves you forward.”
The flower does not demand perfection—it grows, it learns, it reflects.
And so must we—carrying the weight of our past,
embracing the present, and stepping toward tomorrow
with courage, wisdom, and faith in our journey.

Path to serenity

BHAVYA SINGHAL (PGDM 2025-27)

When panic grips my heart and binds my mind,
A tempest rage, leaving calm behind.
The world distorts in fear's relentless gale,
Each breath a struggle, each thought a fragile sail.

In this storm of dread, I seek a sacred shore,
A realm where peace can flourish, fears no more.
It's not just my struggle, but a shared plight,
As humanity drowns in anxiety's night.

We seek our escapes, our secret, hidden doors,
To realms where joy and peace again restore.
A reader's haven, fiction's tender embrace,
Where words weave magic, creating a safe space.

For a boxer, it's the ring where they find their ground,
Each punch, each move, a rhythmic, soothing sound.
An explorer hears the mountains' ancient call,
Their grandeur and silence, a balm over all.

A backpacker hears the ocean's gentle call,
Waves casting glimmers of warmth in their sprawl.
Draping the sky in hues of pink and purple light,
Creating a twilight, a memory so bright.

A selenophile speaks to the moon, high and bright,
Confiding dreams and fears in the tranquil night.
Each escape is unique, a personal, sacred retreat,
Paths to serenity where heart and soul meet.

Don't let panic and anxiety pull you low,
With strength and belief, you'll rise and grow.
Embrace the calm amidst the storm,
Find your center, transform and reform.

Though panic's grip may clutch with fierce demand,
We find our strength in the escapes we've planned.
For in these moments, when we dare to roam,
We build within our hearts a tranquil, steadfast home.

Remember That Night

NANDINI AGARWAL (PGDM 2025-27)

Remember that night
It was just yesterday
Full of hopes,
Like it was Sunday.
Sitting on the rooftop
Thinking of your dreams
Making it up delusional
Feeling the breeze ...
Talking to the stars,
They are too far
Dreaming of future
With a bundle of past scars
Aren't we all humans,
What to be scared of,
Just a holiday to be paid off
Remember that night

In The Depth of Life

NANDINI AGARWAL (PGDM 2025-27)

In the depth of life
Some untold stories lie
It was her who holds onto those memories alive,
For the change of her future
she started ones again with a new life
But nothing changed in just a midnight
All left to herself
outburst and sad cries
Hard to live

Harder to survive
She bled on the door
Standing up right
No one cared
No one bothered for her life
Yet she still survived...
In the depth of life!



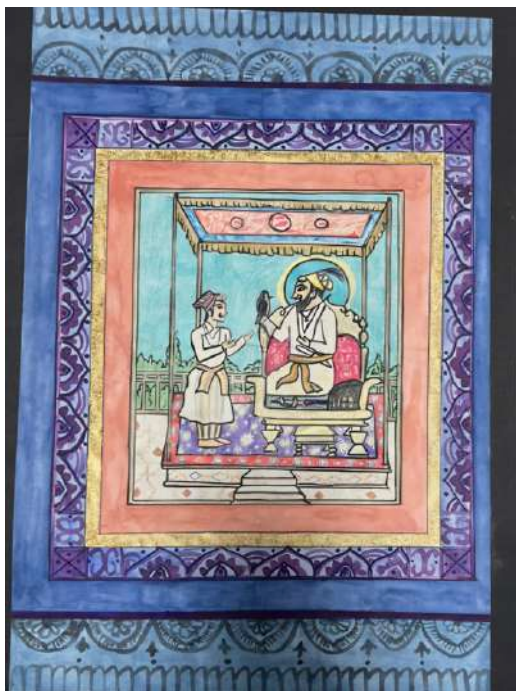
PICTURES



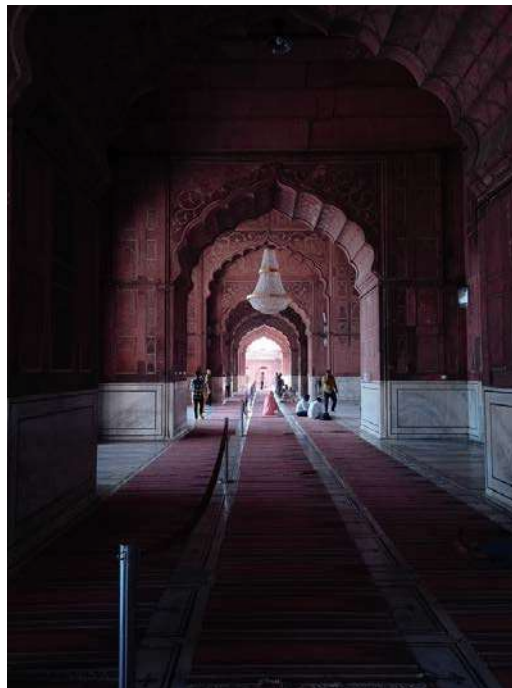
Astha Raghav



Gayatri Jha

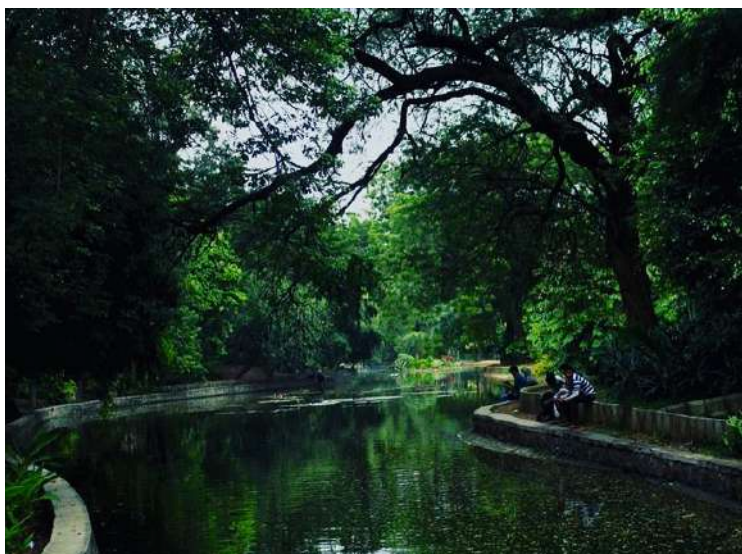


Ishika Goel

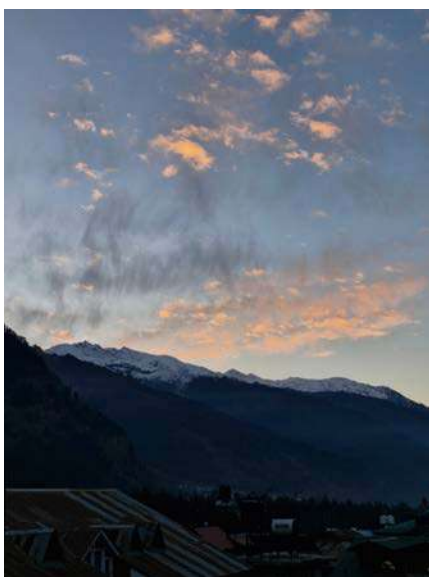


Md Huzaifa



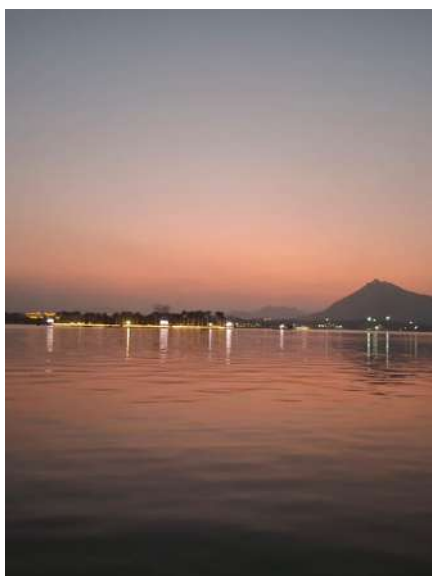


Tanya Rastogi





Nandini Agarwal



Ridhima Grover





A person with dark hair, wearing a dark quilted jacket and a brown backpack, is seen from behind, looking out over a city skyline at night. The city lights are blurred, and mountains are visible in the background under a cloudy sky.

Eldorado: Editorial Office

3, Institutional Area, Sector-5, Rohini,
Delhi-110085

YOUR FEEDBACK & ARTICLES ARE WELCOME AT:

jims@vsnl.com
or deeptikakar@jimsindia.org

www.jimsindia.org