

aakaar

e - magazine dedicated to art and literature

2024-25



Dnyanasadhana, Thane Society's
Satish Pradhan
Dnyanasadhana College, Thane
(Arts, Science and Commerce)

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Aakaar 2024-25, 4th Edition

Life is much like driving a new car. The first experience is always unforgettable – the thrill of something new, the freedom to steer it wherever you desire. Every hill and curve promises a fresh adventure. But everything changes the moment you scratch that pristine vehicle. You're overwhelmed with guilt for damaging your “new baby,” and sleepless nights follow as doubts creep in.

Yet, that intense sorrow doesn't last. The second scratch, the third, the ones that follow – they slowly become part of your journey. You realize that being in the driver's seat, though empowering, also means accepting the inevitable dents along the way. Eventually, you learn that those scratches don't matter as long as the driver and passengers are safe.

Art is just like these small accidents. A line gone awry, a smudge, a color that didn't behave – these too are part of the process. What may begin as a flaw often becomes the most unexpected and beautiful part of the picture. The masterpiece lies not in its perfection but in how every imperfection is embraced and made meaningful.

Life will bring you minor scrapes and major collisions. But if you take them in your stride, you'll discover it's the journey and not the shine of the vehicle that truly matters. And when you stop judging others by the dents on their car or the scratches on their canvas, you begin to see the value of the ride, and the art of living itself.

We are proud to present the Fourth Edition of Aakaar—a heartfelt expression by our talented student and alumni team.

Wishing everyone a smooth and inspiring ride.

Team Aakaar

Warm Regards,

Dr. Runa Shajeev

Chief Editor, Aakaar

aakaar team

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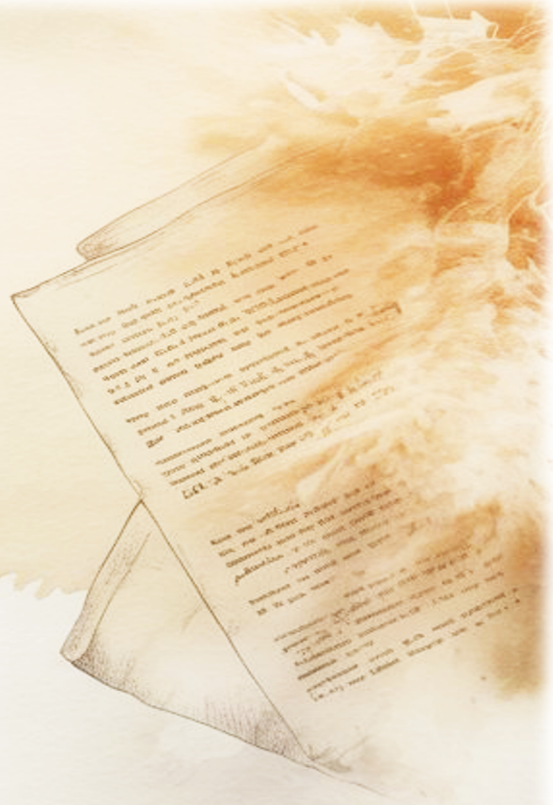
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अश्रू

ना रंग , ना रूप , ना स्वरूप
असा आहे आश्रू मी निरूप ॥१॥

शब्द मनाला लागता डोळ्यातून
राहणारी दिशाहीन नदी आहे मी
जेव्हा दुःख मनात दाटून येत
तेव्हा त्या दुःखाचा सागर आहे मी
जेव्हा आनंद चेहऱ्यावर असतो
तेव्हा संघर्षाचा वादळ आहे मी
तरी का सगळे मला लपवण्याचा प्रयत्न करू पाहतात ?
थांबता ही थांबत नाही
लपवता ही लपत नाही
असं काय आहे जे मनात ते आश्रूवीण दिसत नाही

सारथी माझे बरेच आहेत
सताप , दुःख , त्रास हे खास आहेत .
आयुष्याच्या वळणावर डोळ्यात दाटलेले
आहे पाण्याचा सागर मी .
टचकण दुःखाची टाचणी लागत आहे
वाहणारा पाण्याचा झरा मी .

:- Rutuja Rajendra Salunkhe (TY B.Sc. Chemistry)



अहंकाराची आग

मालाचं सगळं येत मालाचं सगळं कळत हा माझा अहंकार आहे पण तरीही मीच मागे का आहे ?
सगळे मालाचं विचारणार मी कुणाला विचारणार नाही झाले जरी काहीही तरी मी मान खाली घालणार नाही
संधी आहे समोर देखील तरी तिला ओळखत येत नाही ? मनात आहे मी पणा तो जाता ही जात नाही

आई, बाबा , ताई , भाऊ कुणी बोलत नाही माझ्याशी एकटंच राहणं इतक अवडलंय की जमत नाही कुणाशी
सगळे गेले पुढे देखील तरी मी तिथेच आहे अडकलोय असा की , निघता येत नाही .

स्वप्न जे सत्य होत ते खोट झालय अहंकार बरा नव्हेअत्तां कळून चुकलंय

करेन सुरुवात नव्या आयुष्याची अत्तां नाही आहे तो मी पणा दाखवून गेलाय बरच काही

:- Rutuja Rajendra Salunkhe (TY B.Sc. Chemistry)

Intricate designs, amazing artworks Reminder of the splendors of eras gone by

Making one forget that they were weapons Which would have let many people die....

Swords and daggers, weapons in armory Were beautiful no less than jewellery

What a splendid sight it was ! Daggers and swords, knives all Sharpened to inflict wounds and kill

To shiver at the sight of the holder - Handling with finesse and acquired skill

Would have led to loss of many a heroes They would have been killed without remorse

How gory that sight must have been! At the museum as I stopped to admire

I couldn't help but wonder at this co-existence Of beauty one hand and destruction on the other

How could a weapon be made with aesthetic sense? Night and day co-exist, so do failure and victories These weapons are now in museums and galleries What a lovely place to be !

:- Prof Ashvina Paul (Dept of Accountancy)

: - Tanvi Dilip Patil (S.Y.B.SC (IT))



फुल

सुंदर फुल ते नकळत शिकवते जीवनाचे सार ते .

ऊन सोसते दुःखा सारखे कठोर तेने तरी खंबिर असे पण सुंदरता ना कमी दिसे इतके सोसु नही स्वतः च्या सुगंधाशी प्रामाणिक असे

पावसाच्या थेंबानी ते फुल ही सुखावते जसे दिवस ते सुखाचे तरी इतरांना आनंद देण्याचा गुण काही सोडत नाही जगाला सुगंध, पाखरांना मध दिवस जरी सुखाचे आपल्यांची साथ काही सोडत नाही...

फुल तोडून केले जरी वेगळे रोपा पासून तरी सुडाची भावना नाही..जाईल तिथे दरवळण्याची ची त्याची सवय काही सुटत नाही...

वेळ पडली तर आत्मसन्मानासाठी, संरक्षणासाठी काटे घावे लागतात फुलाला कठोर वागावे लागते नाही तर किंमत कमी होते आत्मसमर्पणाची....

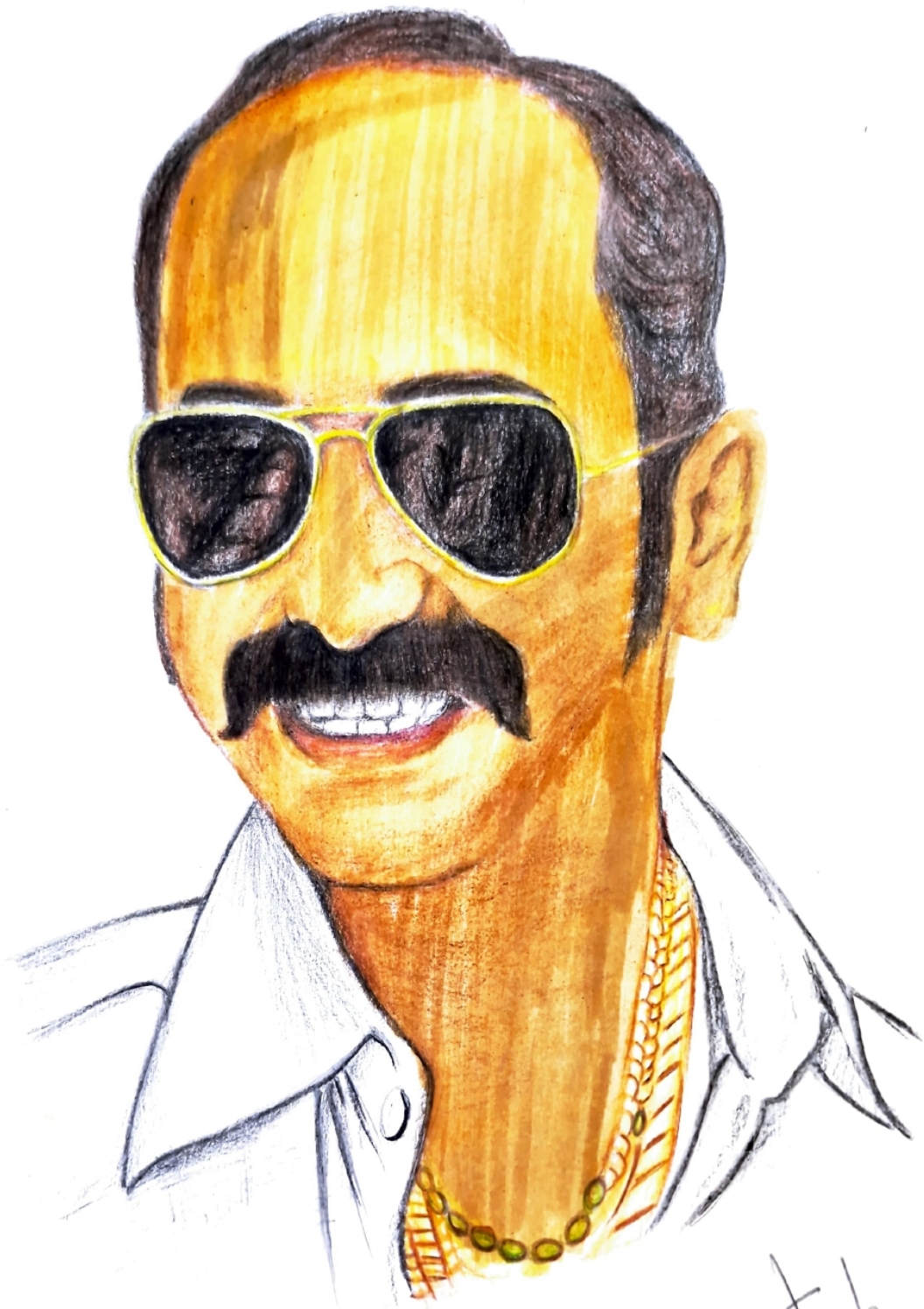
सुगंधाचे वरदान फुलाला जसे माणसाला बुद्धी चे गर्व न फुलाला सुंदरतेचा सुगंध देई चहुकडे भेद नसे त्याचा पाशी जातीचा ना रंगाचा , नाही गरीब,श्रीमंती चा माणसाच्या बुद्धी लाही शरमेने झुकवेल अभिमान असावा अशा फुलांची वृत्तीचा ...

इतके असूनही फुलाला गर्व नाही कशाचा सकाळी उमलणे जसे माहित त्याला तसे मर्यादा ओळखून संध्याकाळी इतरांना देऊन आनंद कोमेजणे ही माहित त्याला... इतरांना आनंद देऊन सुखावणे नाही जमत प्रत्येकाला

हेच जीवनाचे सार नकळत शिकवते ते सुंदर फुल....

:- श्रुती मनोहर देसाई.

: - Harshkumar Chavan (TY B. Com)



शाळेचा शेवटचा दिवस.....

दररोज जाते हसत शाळेत पण आज मात्र डोळे पाणावले आहे.. अचानक आठवलं आज शाळेचा शेवटचा दिवस आहे....

वाटले नव्हते वर्ष इतक्या पटकन सरून जाईल..काल पर्यंत हातात असणारे हात सहज निसटत जातील..

बाईनी दिलेली विचारांची शिदोरी आयुष्यभर संपणार नाही... सरांनी शिकवलेली गणिते आता आयुष्याचा गणिता पेक्षा कठीण राहणार नाही.... आता आपल्या गुणांचे शिक्षकांना सारखं निस्वार्थ कौतुक करणार परत कोणीच भेटणार नाही..

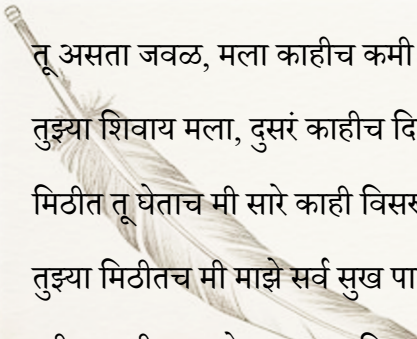
मैत्रीण सोबत घालवलेला वेळ, एकत्र खाल्लेला डब्बा , एकमेकांचा काढलेल्या खोड्या, अनेक गुपिते आठवून कधी तरी डोळ्यात पाणी आणि ओठांवर हसू असणार पण बाहेर चा जगात वावरताना भेटु भेटु म्हणून भेटायला वेळच नाही भेटणार...

शाळेने दिले संस्कार नेहमी सोबत असणार शाळेचे उपकार कधीही नाही फिटणार....आरस्या सारखे लखव आणि खरे प्रतिबिंब दाखवले शाळेने त्याच्याच साहाय्याने निघतेय आज नवीन जागाच्या शोधात ...

आता फक्त उरतील आठवणी ... आज शाळेचा शेवटचा दिवस पण बाहेर चा जगात पहिला दिवस जिथे परिस्थिती होईल शाळा आणि अनुभव गुरू

: - श्रुती मनोहर देसाई.





तू असता जवळ, मला काहीच कमी भासत नाही
तुझ्या शिवाय मला, दुसरं काहीच दिसत नाही
मिठीत तू घेताच मी सारे काही विसरून जातो
तुझ्या मिठीतच मी माझे सर्व सुख पाहतो
परीस तू जीवनात येता, माझ्या जिबनाचं सोनं केलस
गुण अवगुण न पाहता, या अपूर्ण ला तू पूर्ण केलस
तूच माझे सर्वस्व, तूच आहेस आनंद माझा
आनंदाच्या ही पलिकडला, तूच आहेस परमानंद माझा
तू प्रेमाचा निर्मळ झरा, जणू या झऱ्यात वाहून जावं
प्रत्येक वेळी प्रत्येक क्षणी, तुझ्यावर नव्याने प्रेम व्हावं
बस आता काहीच नको, तू...तुझं प्रेम खूप आहे
तुझं प्रेम जवळ असता, अजून मला काय हवं.

:- Mokesh Jadhav



: - Harshkumar Chavan (TY B. Com)



We are a-whistle ready!

Welcome to the picturesque village of Bhendekon, Khardi, district Shahpur. Welcome to the 30th Rural camp of our NSS unit. 19th December through 29th December.

The Advance Camp saw us set up many things. Boy's enclosure (Mandap), boy's toilet (where the girls had sneaked in to put up a board titled "Thukratwadi, 3 star) a kitchen and a Sabhagruh aptly named "Anandashram" and electrical connections et al.

Digambar took charge of water. He had to ride over this tough tide - negotiating with the authorities, managing the demands of the NSS volunteers and convincing me from time to time. Everybody had to live through the chaos. Even the cook was not spared Some girls had used up his salt for Rangoli. The highlight of the camp was the street play. Shivrati was inviting the Goddesses for Gondhal. There was a swirl of colourful Nauvaris and Akshay's Nachya transformed the ambience into heartwarming Marathi folklore. The theme was "Balirajachi Atmahatya". The street play received overwhelming response from the tribal people. Zanje Sir's poetry session was memorable. Some of the poets were my students. Their poetry made me both laugh and cry at the same time. I realized Dnyanasadhana was a treasure house of poets.

The camp left me with some fleeting memories. Pratibha reciting some funny lines for the children and making them repeat in various moods. Siddesh calling himself as Babu and acting like one of them. Akhilesh as Santa Claus having a good time but scaring the little ones away. Lele Sir asking us to forget "Cha chi Barakhadi", Harshal quietly and diligently working with his camera.

We the NSS volunteers are ready at a whistle but sometimes we are distracted- by the stories of the tribals 'left behind', a fourteen year old girl leaving with a large tumor on her neck, by the faces of the children who walk barefoot to the municipal school. We are distracted by the idea of leaving this near perfect world of camping where we live by a certain code. We pack our bags knowing that we will live under the same sky and yet live in a world that runs parallel to theirs. One of my NSS volunteers expressed a very beautiful thought. Time will go on for us- in terms of advanced versions of i-phones but for these tribals of Bhendekon, Time has just stopped in its tracks.

:- Sonali Kokane



सुख – दुःख

प्रत्येकालाच आपलं दुःख खूप मोठं वाटतं
पण त्याच बरोबरीने मिळालेलं सुख कधी दिसतं ?

आपल्याला जे मिळालं नाही तेच कायम बघतो
न मागताच मिळालेल्या गोष्टीसाठी कधी आभार मानतो ?

एखादी गोष्ट मनासारखी मिळाली नाही की घर डोक्यावर घेतो
हजार वेळा मन मारून आई बाबांनी आणलेली एक गोष्ट लक्षात कोण घेतं?

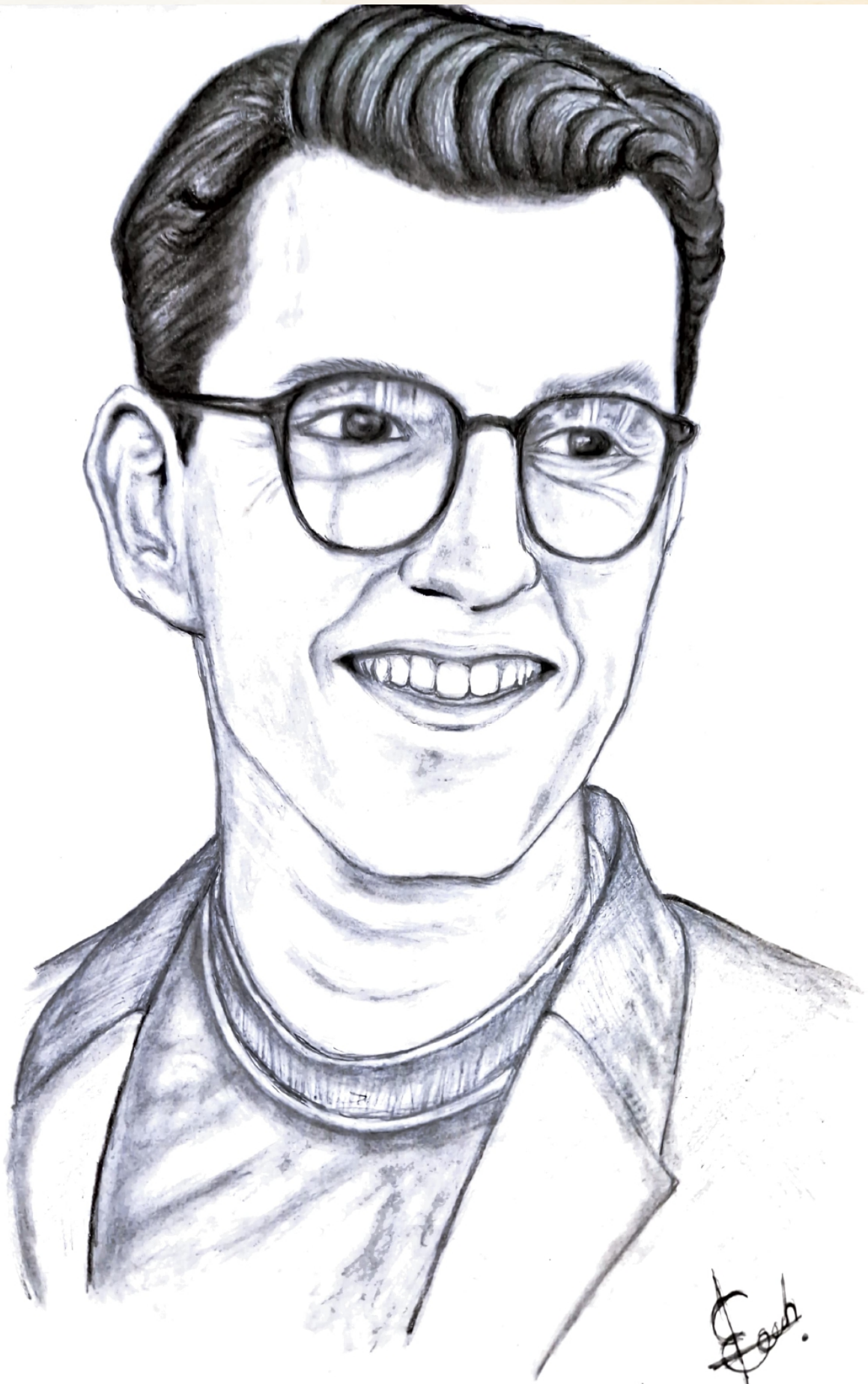
नसलेल्या गोष्टीचे दुःख कायम कुरवाळत बसतो
असलेल्या गोष्टींचा किती वेळा आनंद व्यक्त करतो ?

क्षणभंगुर आयुष्याला अनेक दोष देतो
मिळालेल्या सुंदर जीवनाची
कधी दखल घेतो ?

भल्या मोठ्या रांगा लावून
देवाच्या दर्शनाची वाट बघतो
तुमच्या आमच्या माणसातलं
देवपण
कधी शोधून बघतो ?

:- ऋतू

: - Harshkumar Chavan (TY B. Com)



Lessons in Love

Twenty-three years ago, I was in the maternity ward, awaiting the birth of my first daughter. The woman in the next bed was a new mother, openly breastfeeding her baby. I remember feeling mildly shocked—perhaps even a bit judgmental—at how unselfconscious she was.

But the very next morning, when they brought my daughter to me, instinct took over. I held her close and fed her without a second thought, completely oblivious to the world around me. My sense of modesty had vanished—replaced by something far deeper and more beautiful. That moment taught me a lasting lesson: never be quick to judge what you haven't lived yourself.

That same feeling came rushing back just a few days ago.

I had always been a little skeptical of pet owners and the fuss they made. Sure, pets looked cute—but the daily care, the messes, the routines—especially at this stage in life—seemed far too demanding. With both of us working full-time, having a pet just never seemed realistic.

But then, our elder daughter—finally home after four gruelling years in a hostel—had one simple request: a pet cat. With her younger sibling joining the campaign, the two of them managed to convince us. After some research and a lot of back and forth, we brought home a 3-month-old kitten.

Enter Koshi

No prizes for guessing—Koshi is now the apple of our eyes. We rush home from work just to spend time with this fluffy bundle of joy. Every morning before we're even awake, Koshi is waiting to be fed, cuddled, and played with. The day revolves around cat food, vitamins, toys, and Koshi's moods.

The same children who have to be reminded to eat their meals on time now fight over who gets to feed the kitten!

It's like bringing home a new baby. Nothing is the same. The cup of life is brimming—with laughter, affection, and unexpected joy.

Life has a funny way of correcting you. Today, I understand why pets bring such profound meaning to people's lives.

Just like that new mother I once quietly judged, I now flaunt my love for Koshi—unabashed and full of pride—wondering what kept me away from these innocent beings all my life.


Better late than never.

: - Runa Shajeev

: - Harshkumar Chavan (TY B. Com)



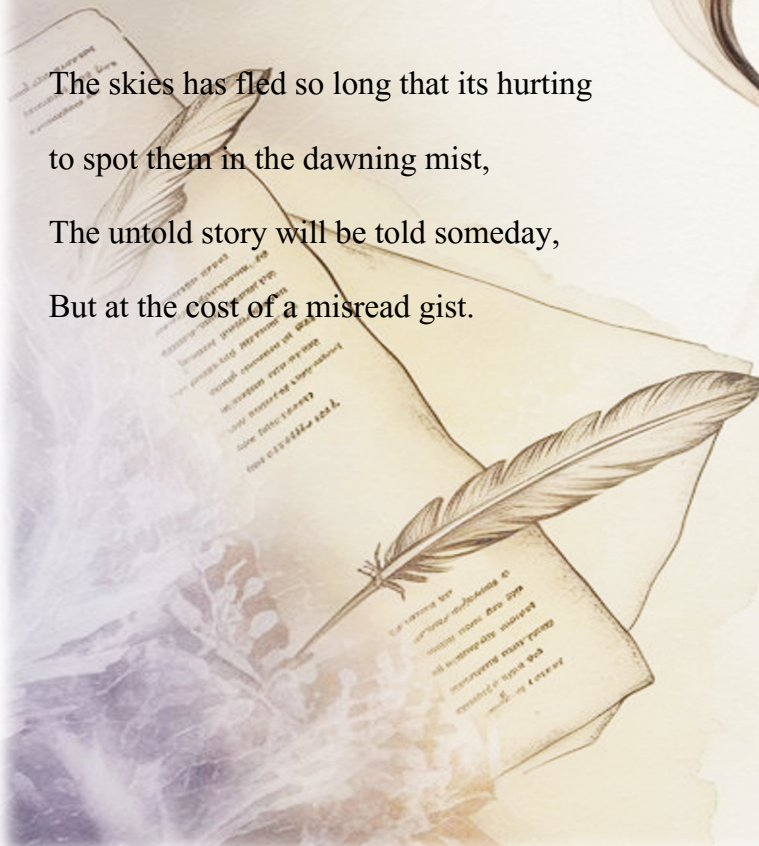
Tat Midnight Skies



Once upon a bright star shone so bright,
Feeding the blues it went out of sight,
Desperate to hold onto peace a little bit more,
Eventually, it faded away from the crashing shore.

Somewhere away in the dusk,
Someplace so honeyed,
Where the sky flies being so lusk,
Carrying a sweet scent of stalks to someplace so uneyed.

Staring up above at the dark all the time,
Reminiscing the past lives lived so fine,
Sooner or later, I am gonna visit that place,
To look for a lost voyager; I will not leave any trace.



The skies has fled so long that its hurting
to spot them in the dawning mist,
The untold story will be told someday,
But at the cost of a misread gist.



:- Nishie FYIT



Being a Learner

Being a learner feels like a shipment. To carry the good of knowledge is a thing of an honour, traveling overseas in search for a part of me.

Being a learner feels like an ocean. There are tons of obstacles that I want to give up, but I don't do it though, cause sometimes you gotta go against the flow.

The learner within you should never stop, because of some solely hitting clueless rocks.

Being a learner feels like being a pilot. You gotta reach at the highest of your life with a feeling of thrive, no matter how hard it gets you still have to drive.

Being a learner feels like a deal. In essence you want to know something, you have to be the rain in spring.

Being a learner feels like an investor investing in themselves.

Grow within and spread your knowledge throughout the world, cause you're not meant to be just held in the bookshelves.

Being a learner feels like an author; trying to escape reality with their multiple personalities.

Being a learner is a great deed to do, so start learning; what's stopping you?

:- Nishie FYIT







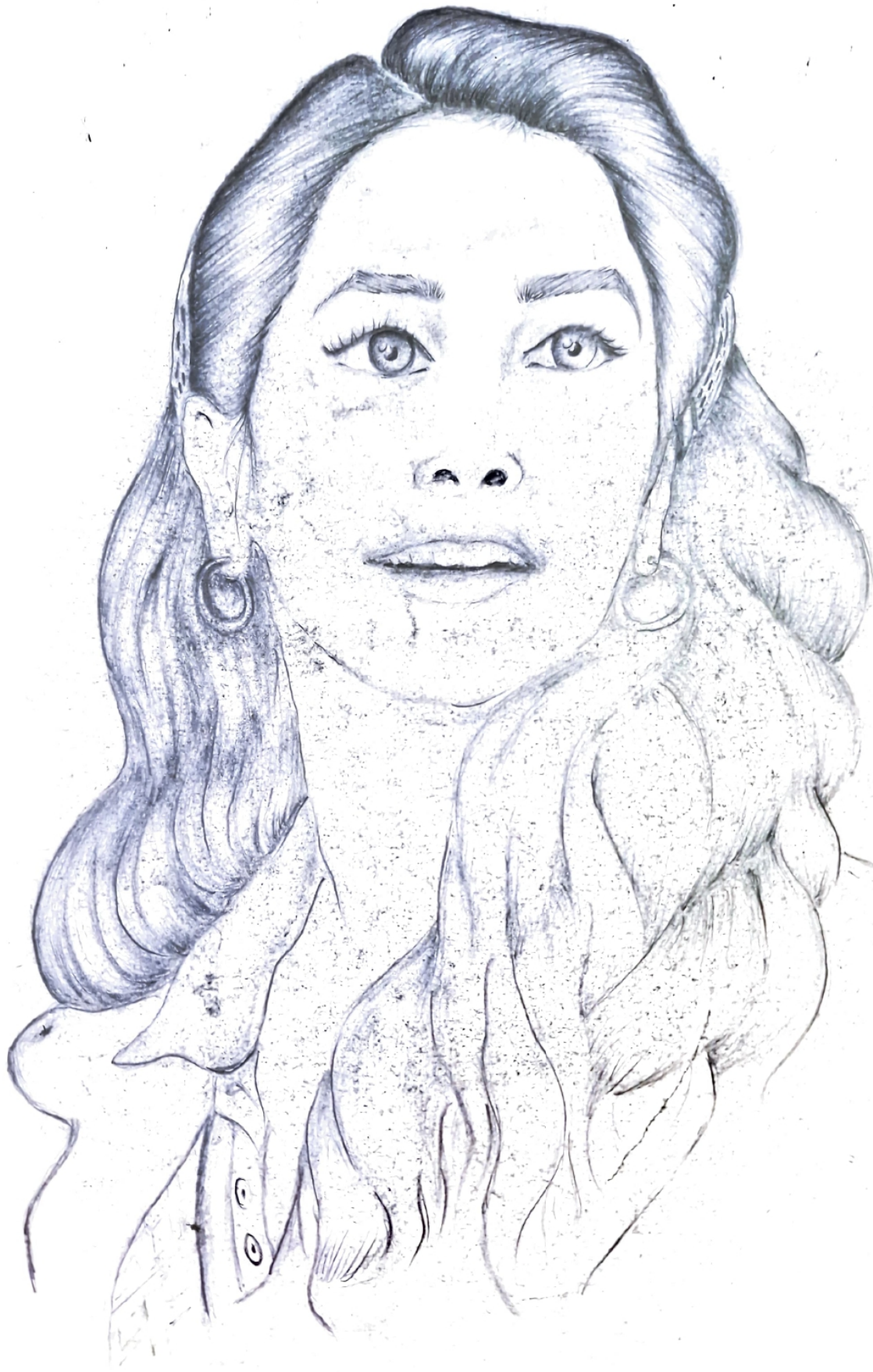




: - Harshkumar Chavan (TY B. Com)



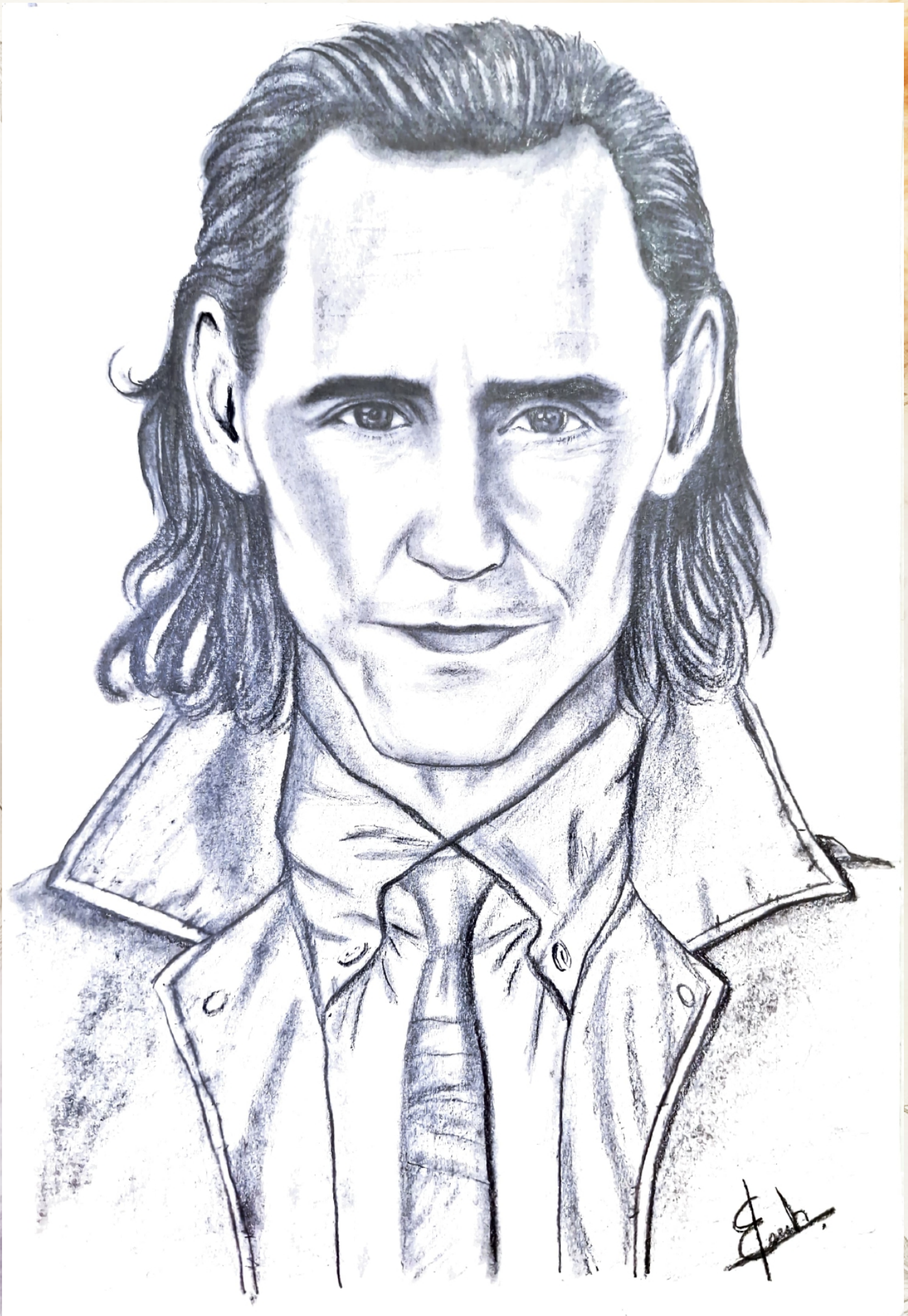






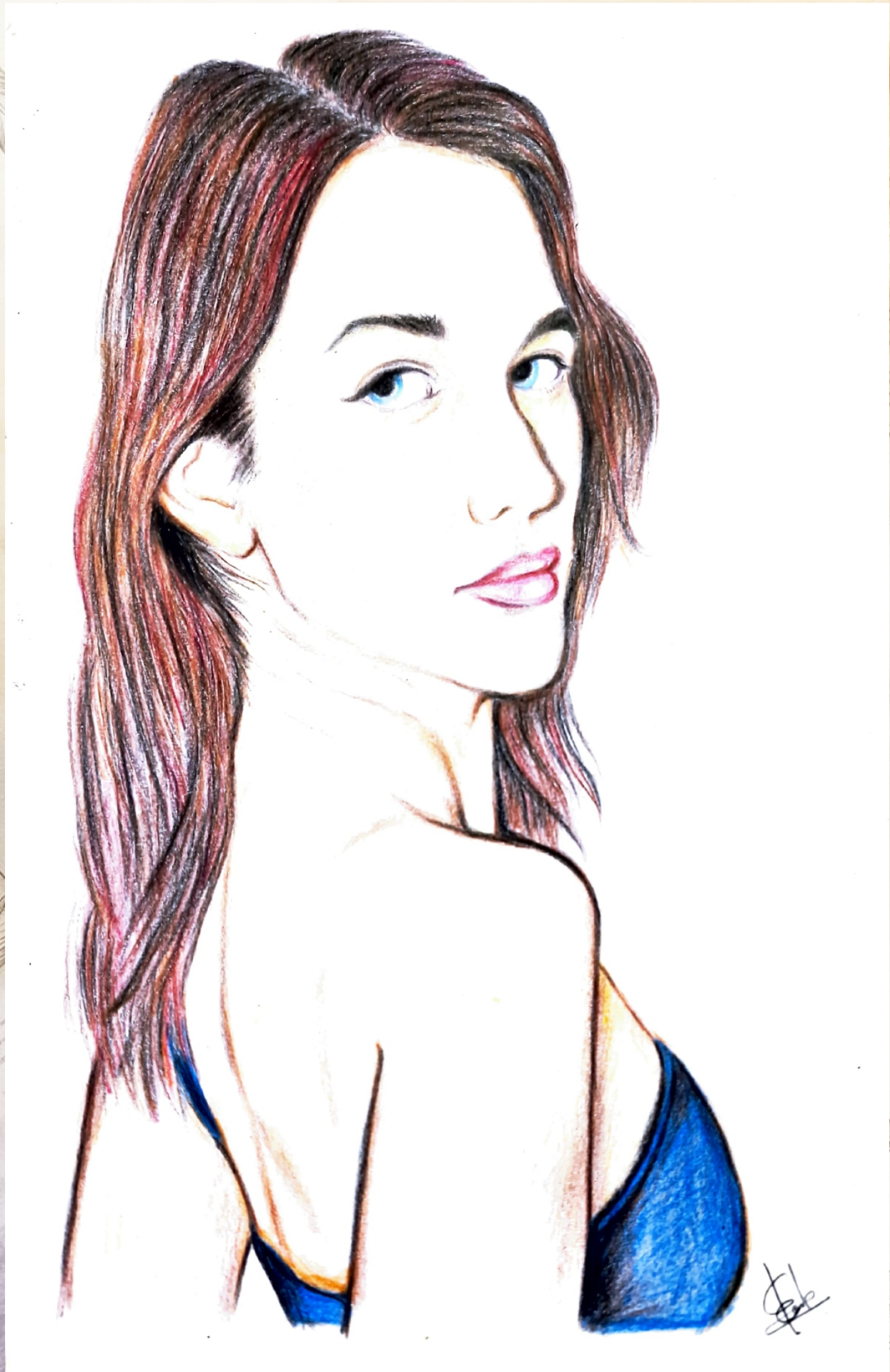


: - Harshkumar Chavan (TY B. Com)



: - Harshkumar Chavan (TY B. Com)





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Instagram ID :- harshkumar_501
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DEADPOOL 3



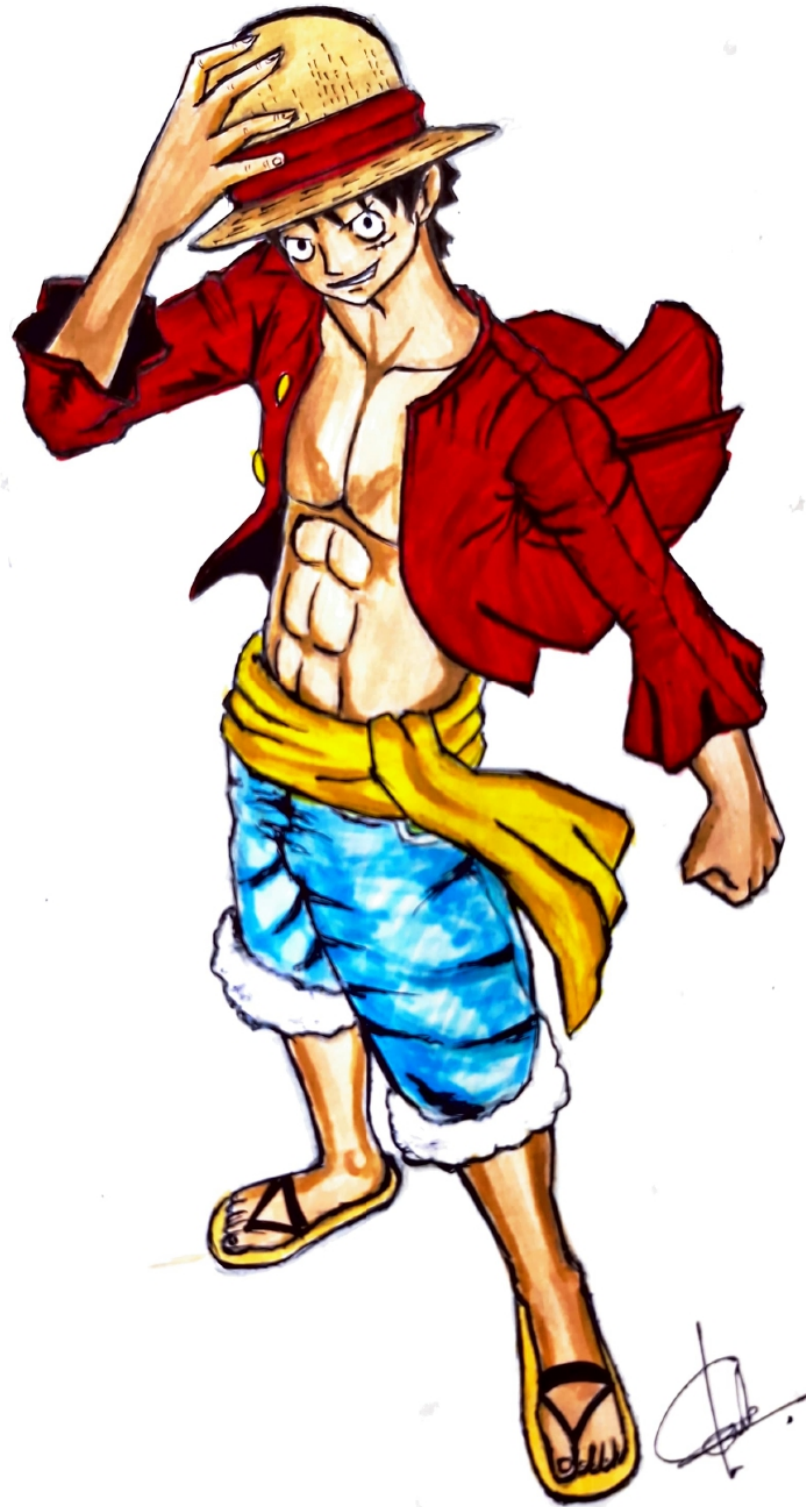
SALAAAR



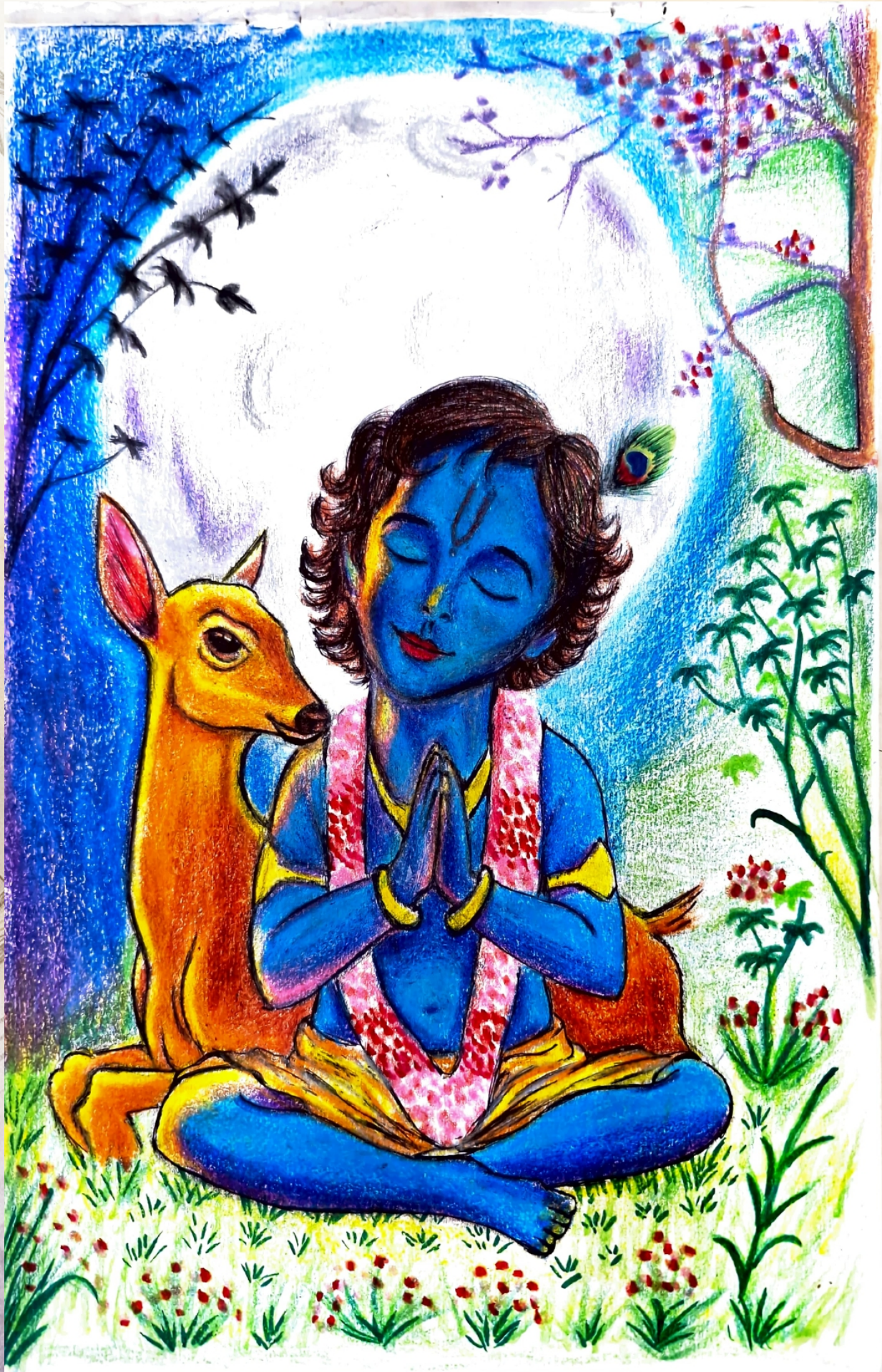
: - Harshkumar Chavan (TY B. Com)





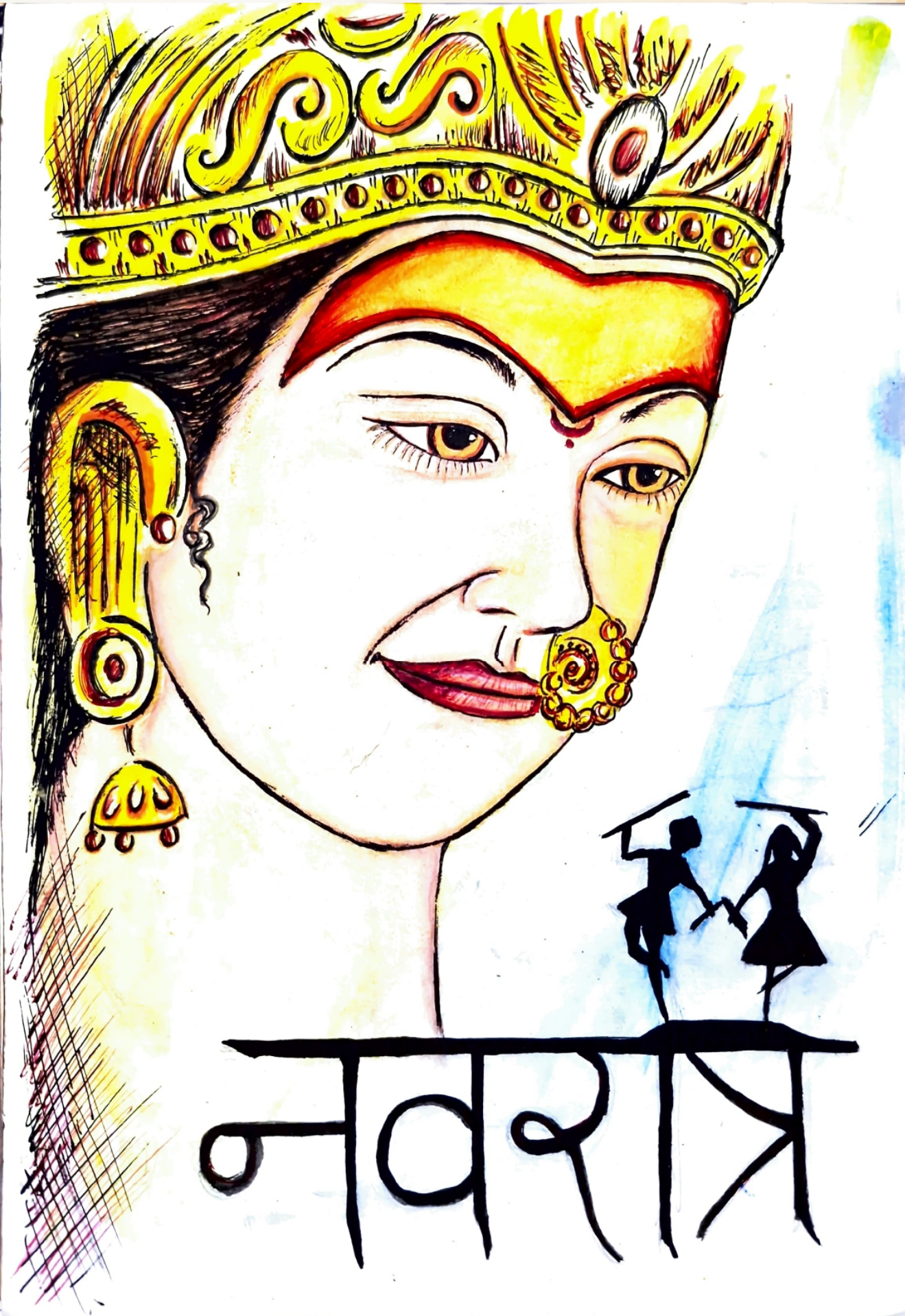




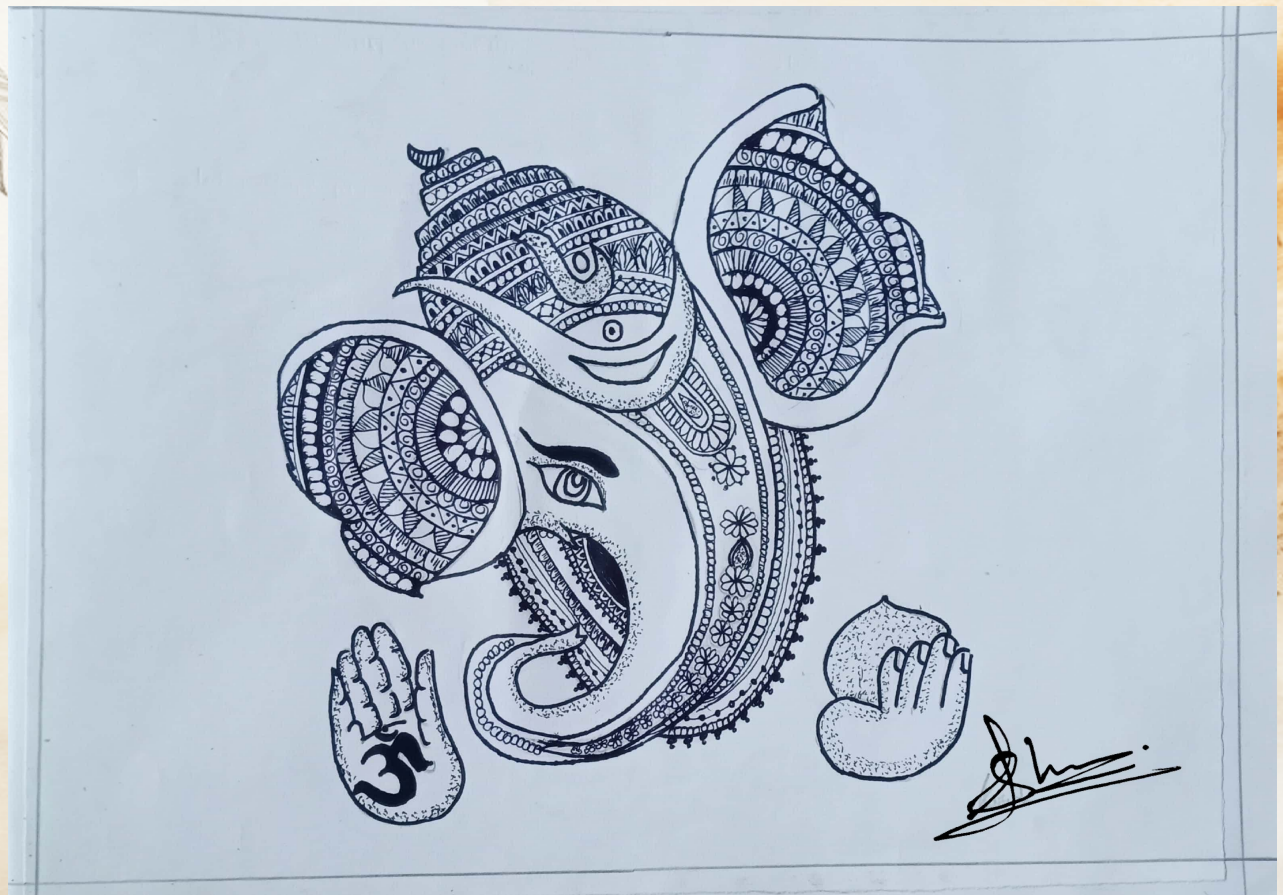


: - Harshkumar Chavan (TY B. Com)



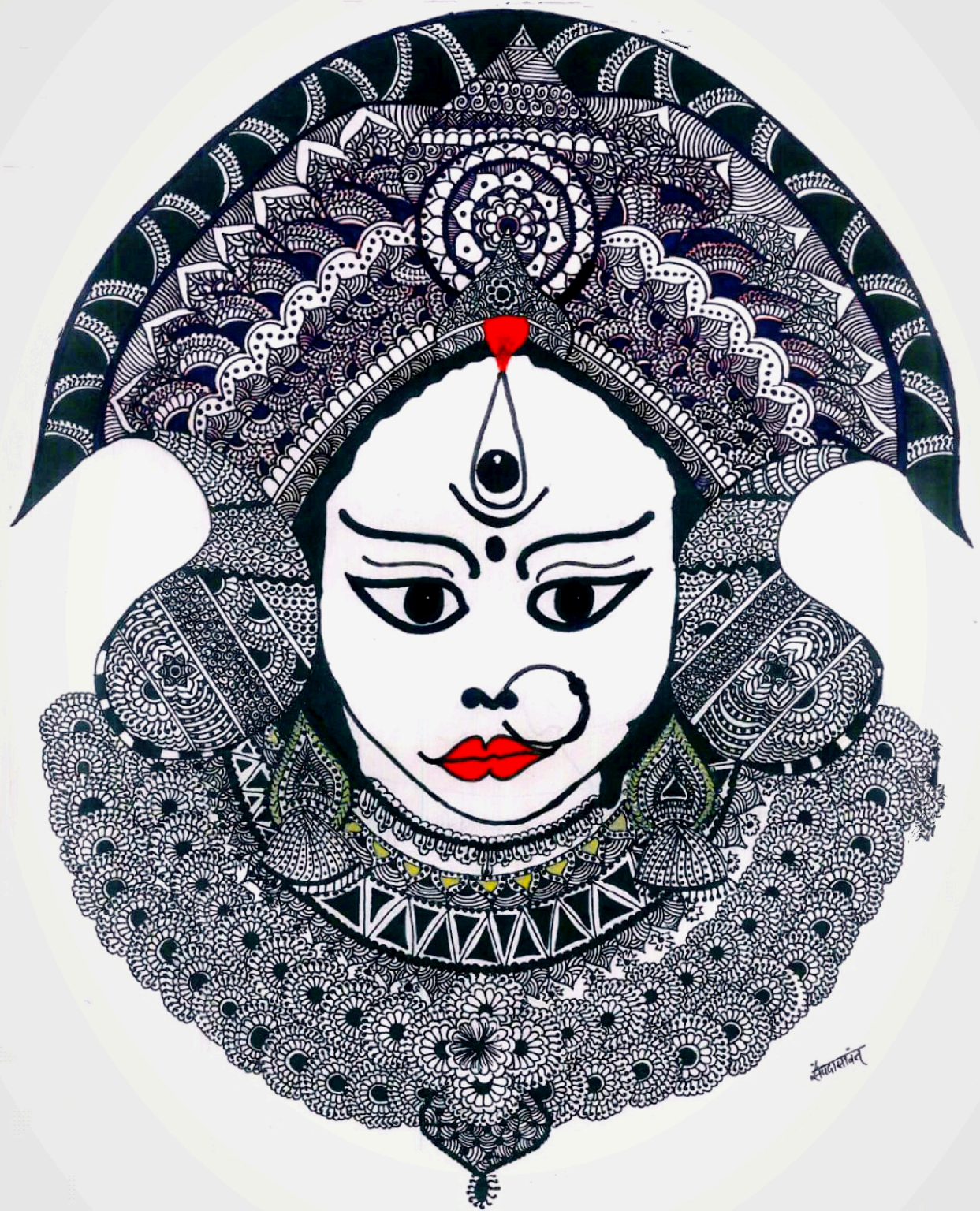












दीपिका रावत

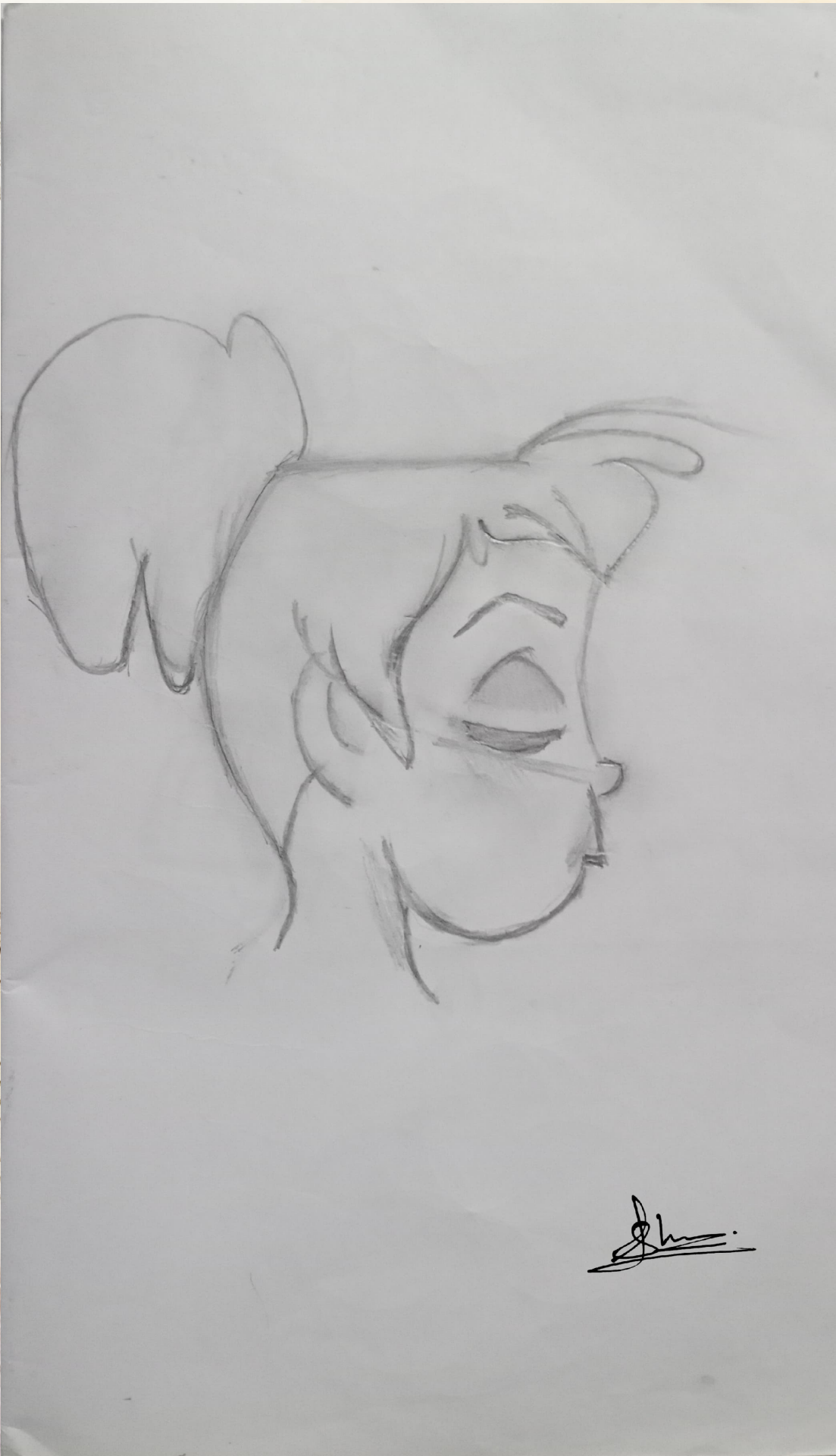


PRATHAMESH MANE
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PRATHAMESH TANAJI MANE (SYBAMMC)



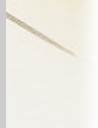


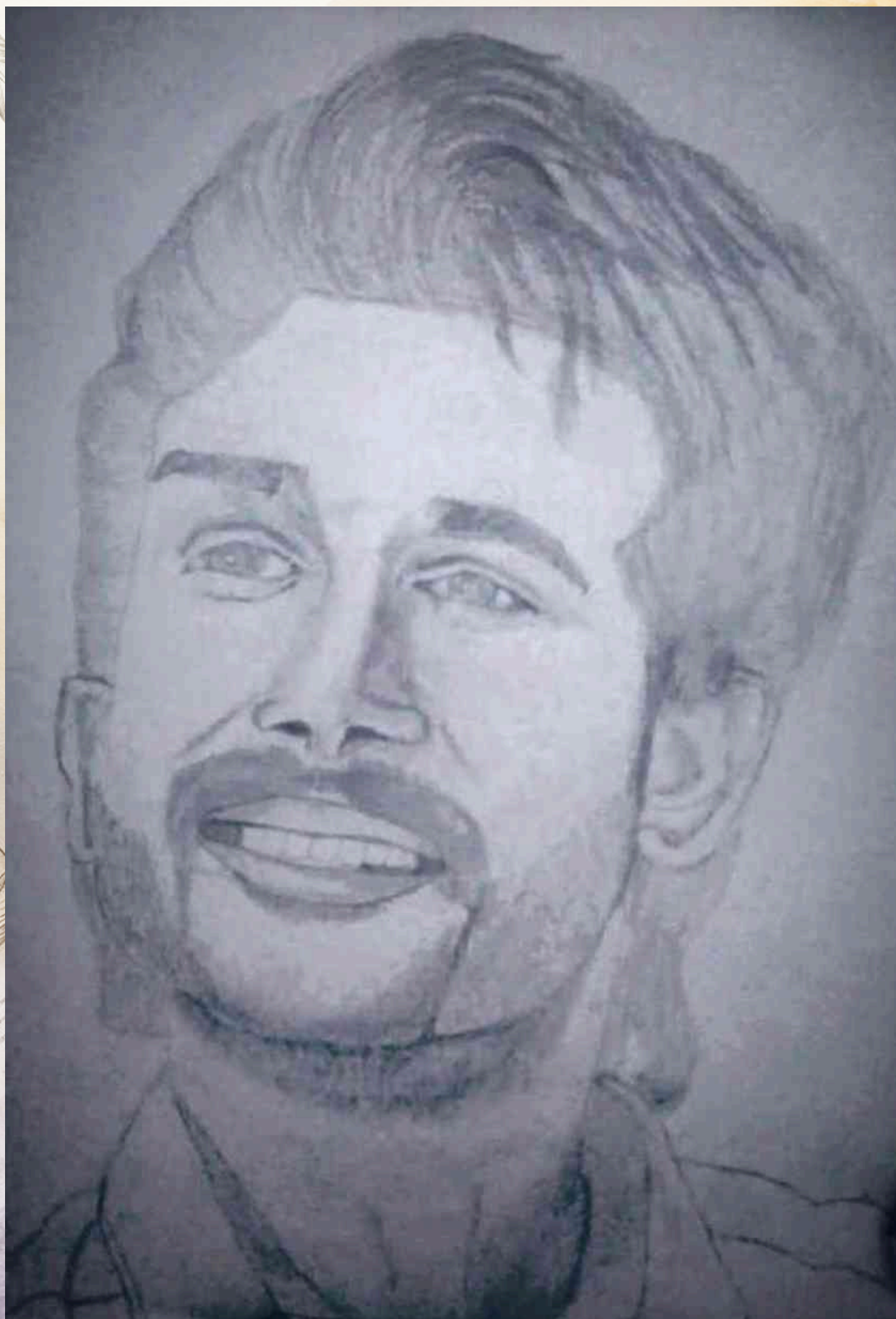




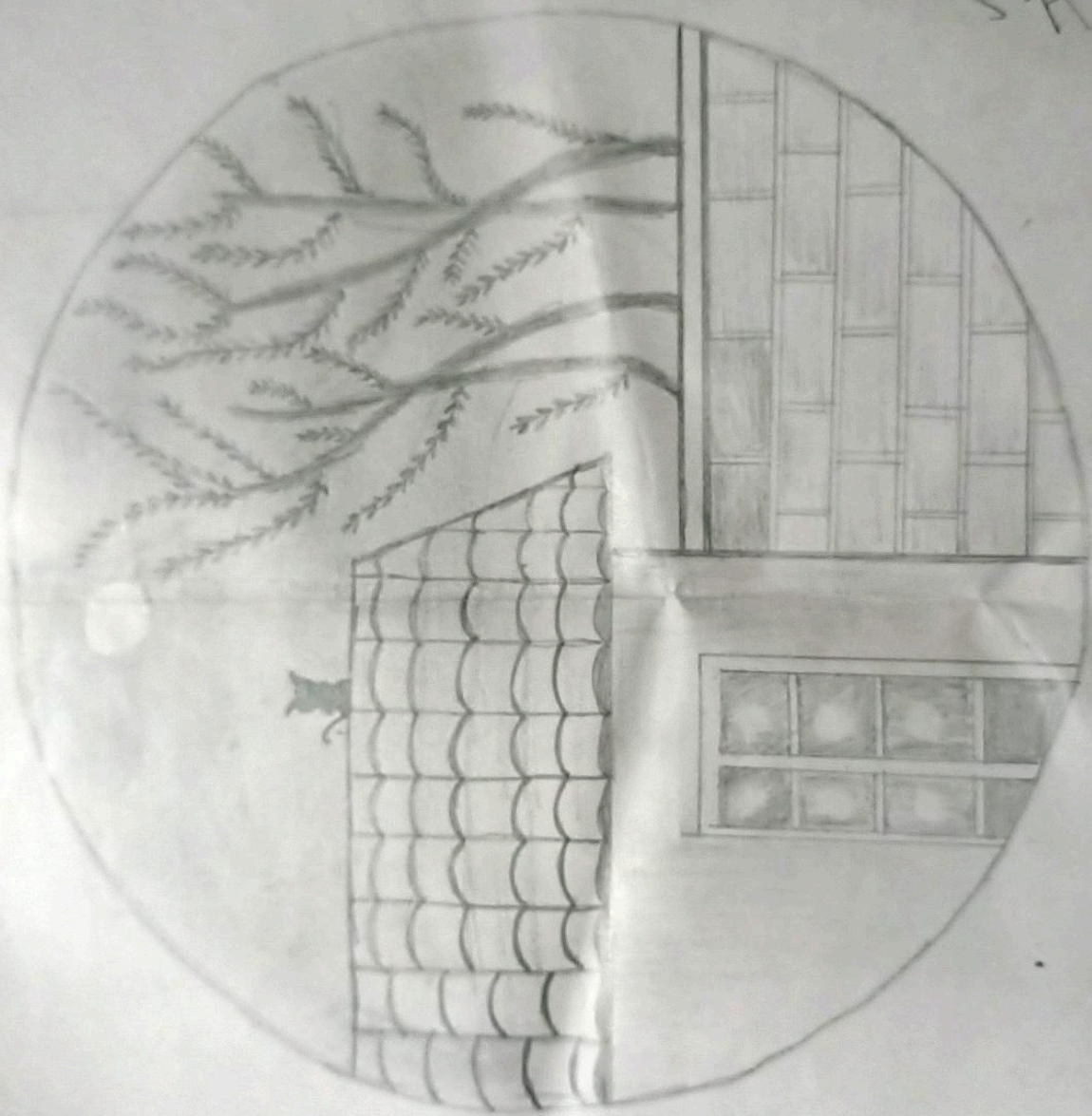
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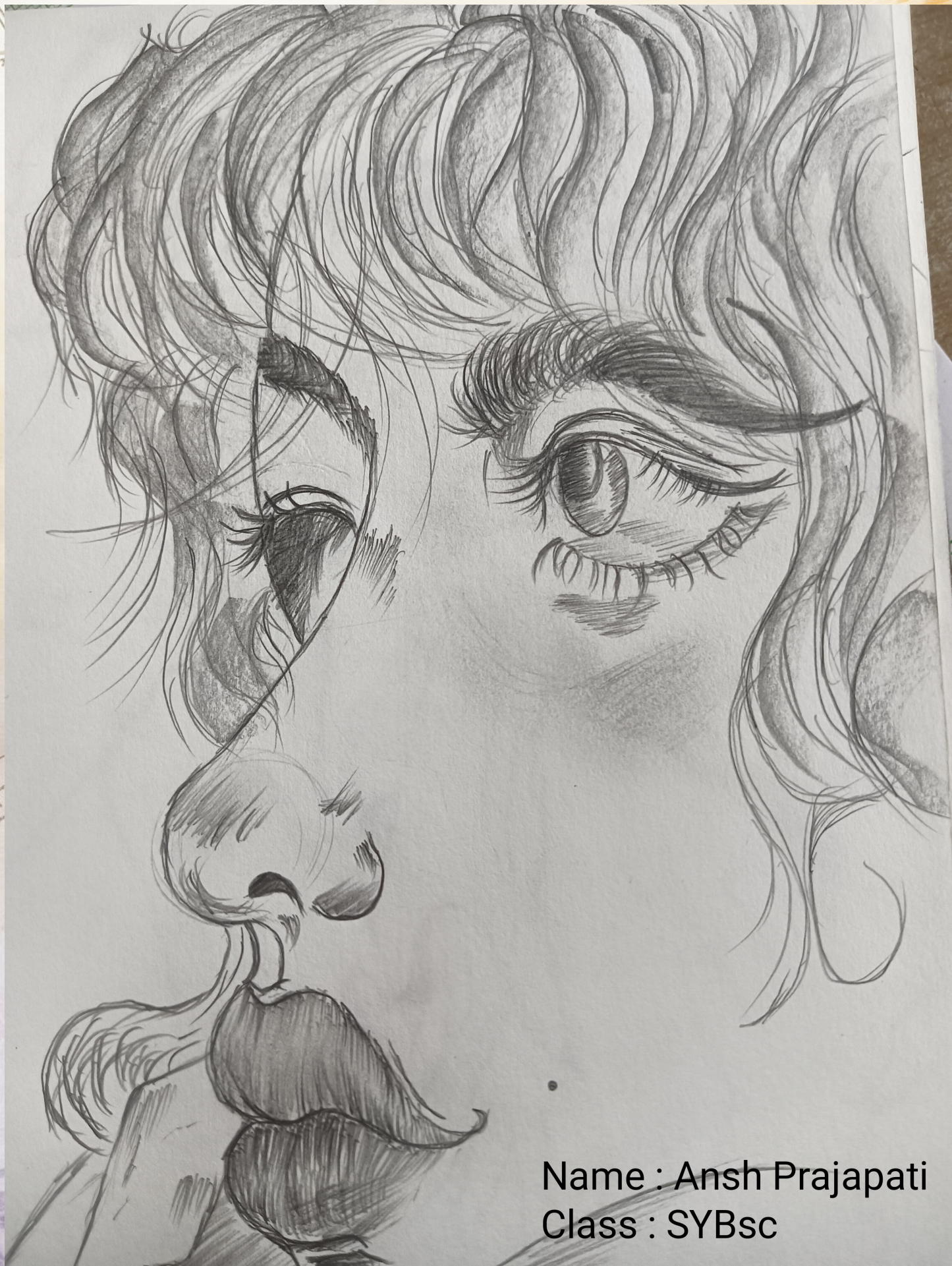


: - Harshkumar Chavan (TY B. Com)

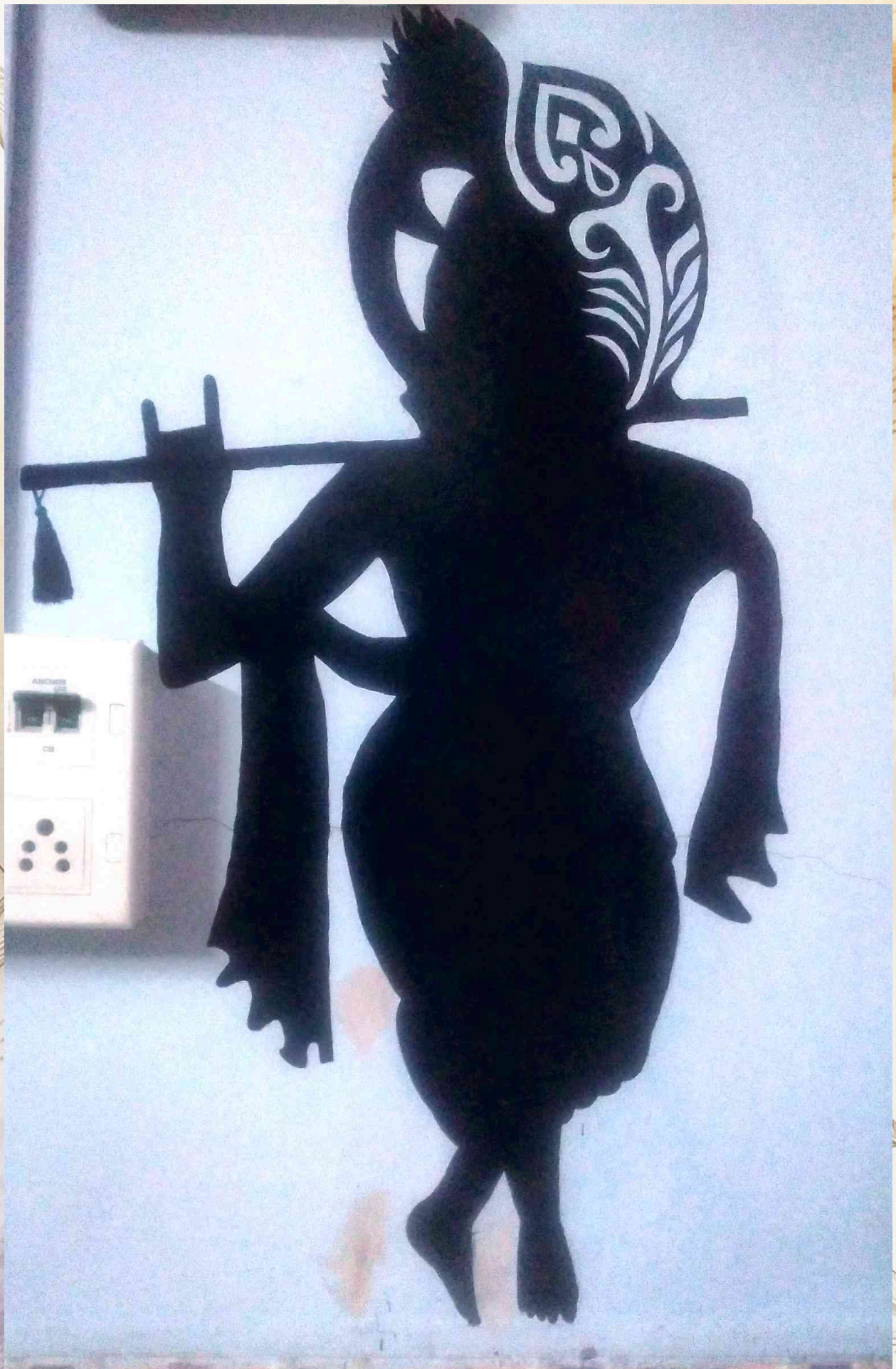








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Class : SYBsc



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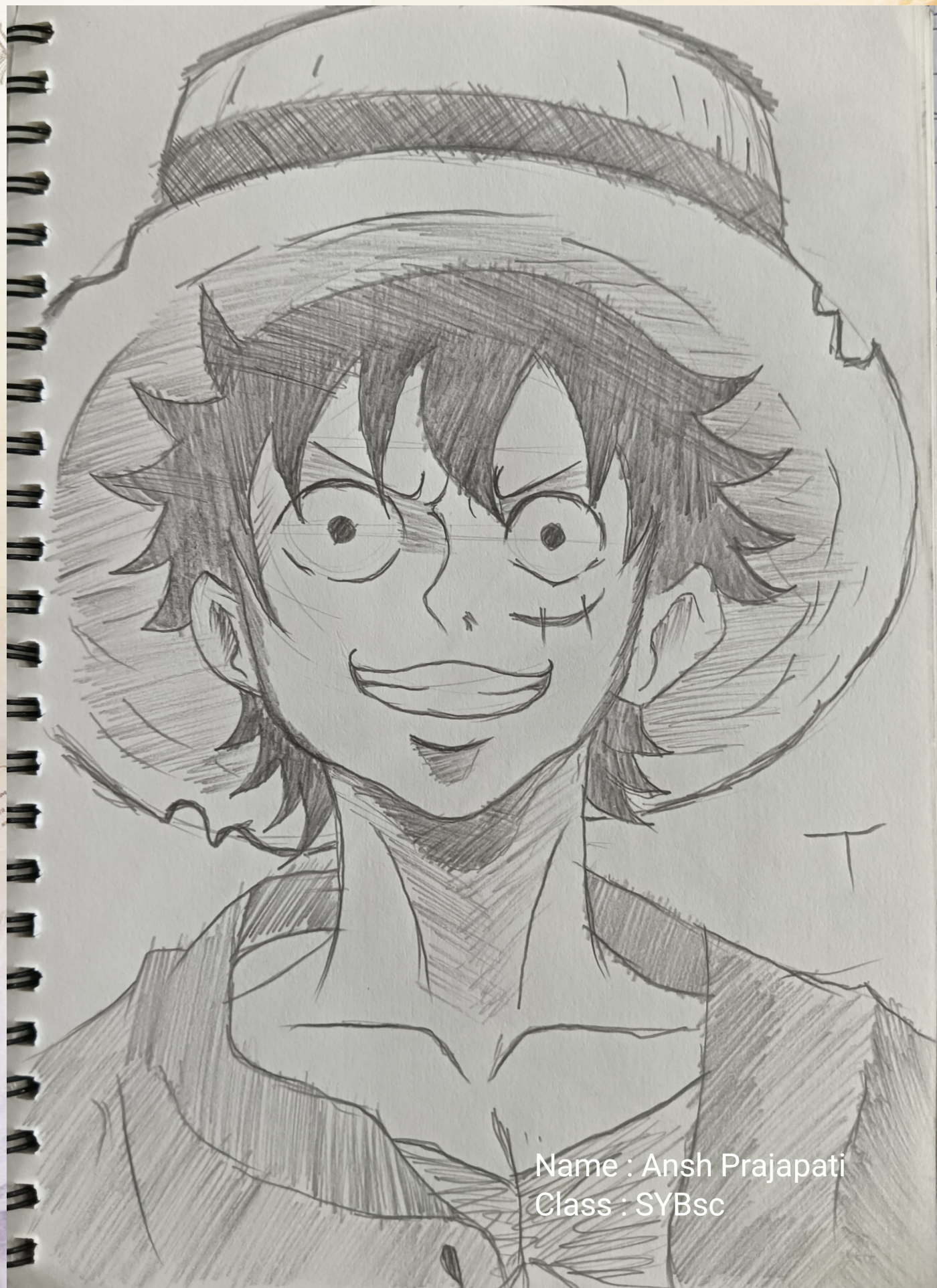
Name : Ansh Prajapati
Class : SYBsc



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Class : SYBsc

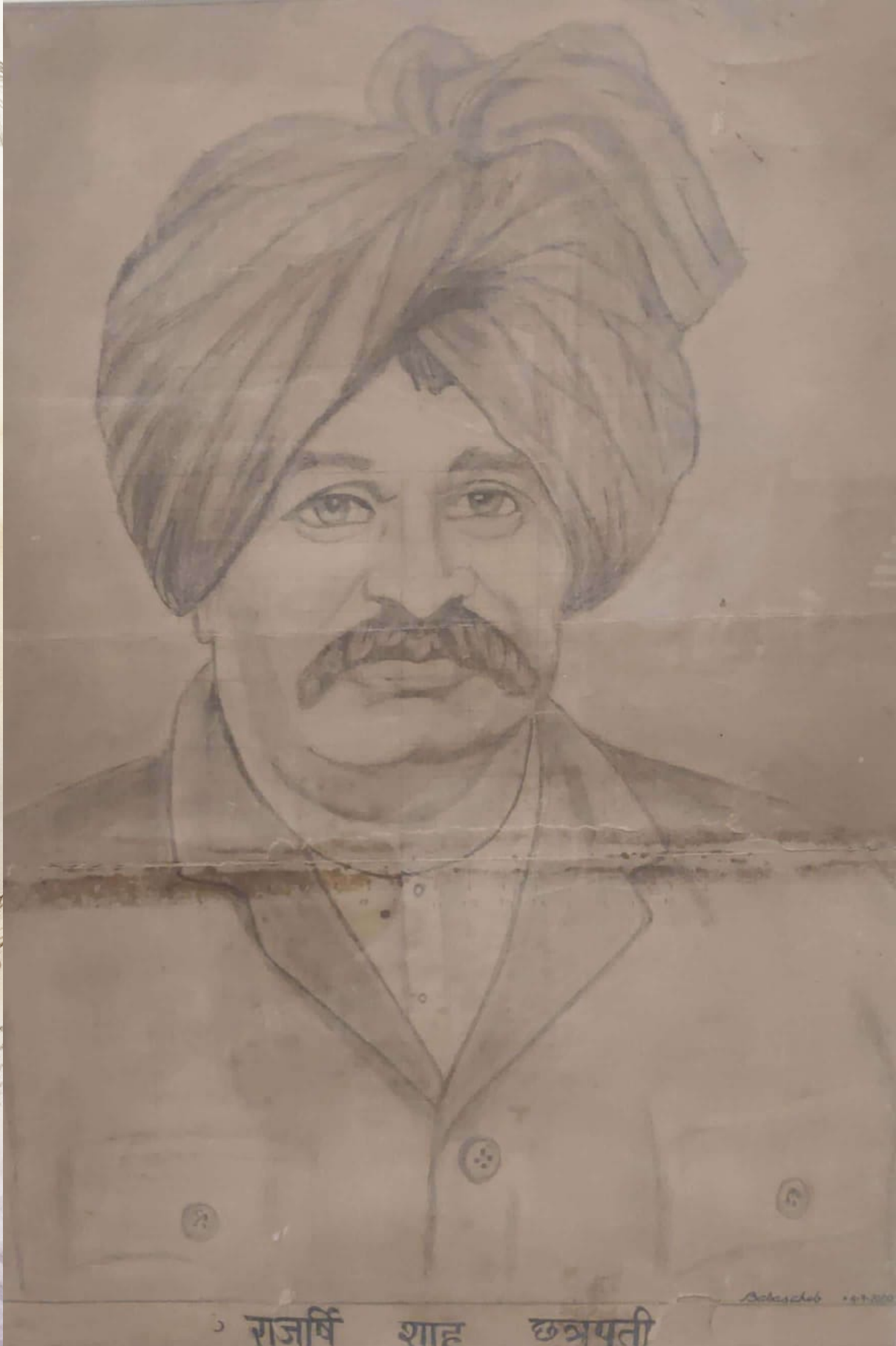


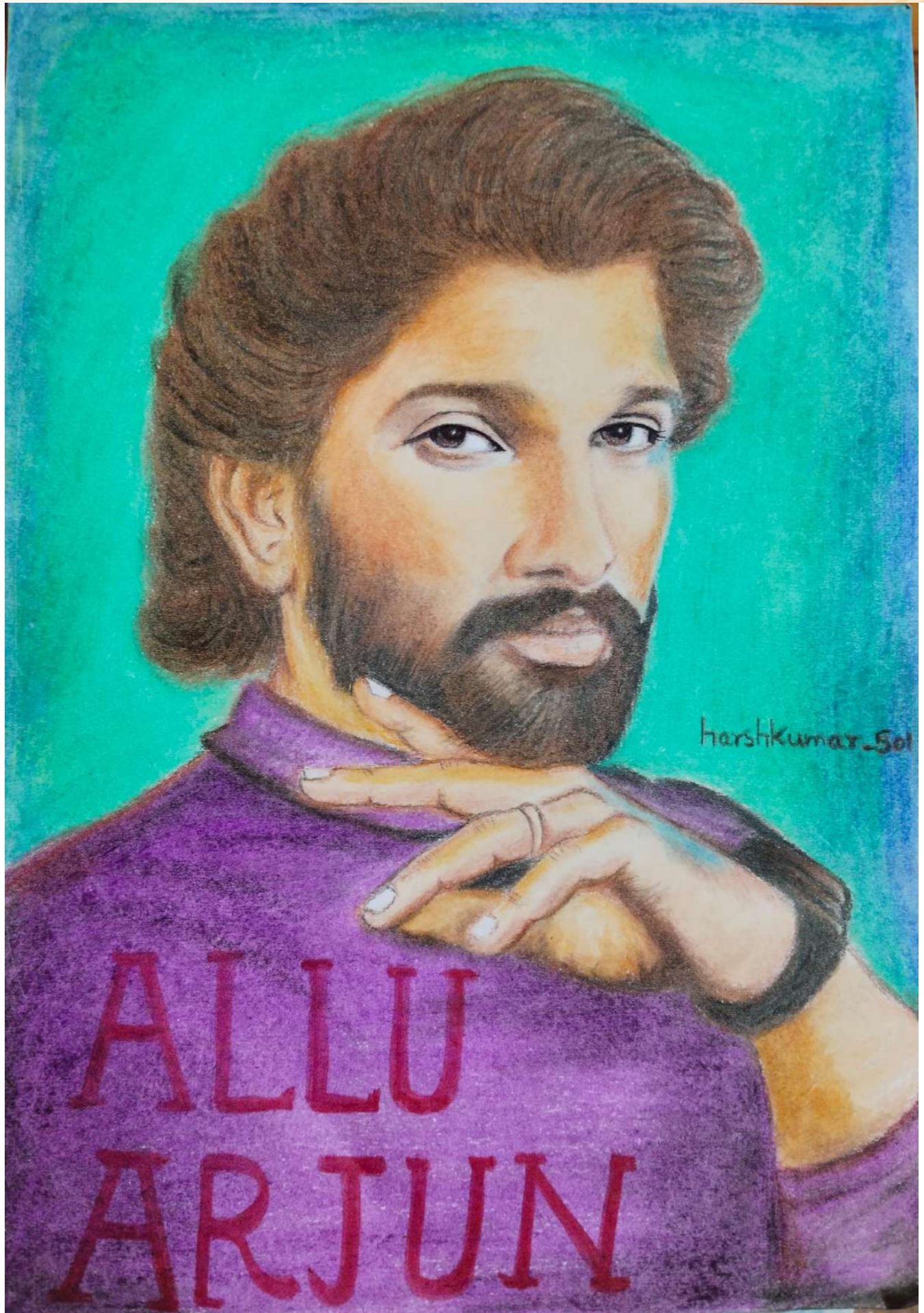
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Class : SYBsc

: - Dr. Babasaheb Kambale (HoD, Dept of History)





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