

HOSTEL MAGAZINE

RESONANCE



UNIVERSITY OF KASHMIR, SRINAGAR



Vol. 1, Issue 1

May, 2025

Blue Light Dreams : The Illusion of Digital World

By:- Umar Rashid Magray

In The Palm Of Our Hands We Stare At Tiny Screens Chasing Blue Light Dreams - A Thousands Of Friends Online , Yet No One Reaches When The Signal Dies. This Is The New Loneliness , Crowded Rooms Where Everyone's Alone. Even With So Much Noise, So Many Voices Something Feels Missing.

We're Always Talking , But Are We Ever Really Heard? Always Surrounded By People. But Why We Still Feel Lonely?

The Illusion of Flawlessness

In The Digital World, Social Media Has Become A Curated Gallery Of Idealized Moments - A Continuous Flow Of Refined Images And Meticulously Crafted Captions. Users Chase Social Approval , Emotional Appeal Prioritizing Visual Perfection Over Personal Truth. People Focus More On Looks Rather Than Being Real. "Quality Over Quantity" Now Means Making Things Look Perfect Rather Than Not Showing What Truly Matters. This Constant Exhibition Of Happiness, Beauty, And Success Creates An Illusion That Perfection Is Not Only Possible—But expected . Identity Is No Longer Something Privately Explored, But Publicly Constructed .

What Emerges Is A Widening Rift Between One's Internal Reality and External Image— A Silent Struggle Masked By The Appearance Of Ease. In This Space, One Become Split Into The Real, Imperfect Person Versus The Idealized Digital Persona. Between This Space , Many Feel Lost, Disconnected - Not Only From Others , But Even Who They Truly Are.

A Shallow Sense Of Connection

In Today's Digital World, Youth Increasingly Rely On Validations For Virtual Interactions But Often Lacks The Depth Of Real Conversation . They Find Themselves Feeling Unseen In The Real World . Despite Being Constantly "Connected" The Absence Of Being Meaningful, Face To Face Communication Leaves A Sense Of Emotional Isolation.

It's A Paradox - Constantly Engaged Online , Yet Feeling More Alone Than Ever

We've Turned Intimacy Into A Spectator Sport - Applauding From The Stands But Never Stepping Onto The Field.

The Cruel Math Of Modern Life:

We Divide Our Attention,

Multiply Shallow Connections,

Subtract Vulnerability—

And End Up With A Quiet Ache

That Lives Just Under Our Bones

Connected, But Crumbling

Social Media Doesn't Only Shape Our Sense Of Self; It Deeply Impacts Our Mental Well-being. The Constant Fear Of Missing Out (FOMO), The Pressure To Project A Flawless Image, And The Quiet Game Of Comparison All Leave Their Mark, The Pressure To Look Perfect Online, And Constantly Compare Ourselves To Others Can Cause Stress And Anxiety.

Studies Have Shown That Spending Too Much Time On Social Media Is Linked To Higher Rates Of Anxiety, Depression, And Lower Self-Esteem, Especially Among Young People. What May Seem Like Popularity or Success On Someone's Profile Often Hides Feelings Of Insecurity And Self-Doubt Underneath.

Reawakening Genuine Ties

So, How Can We Break The Cycle? The First Step Is Awareness—Understanding That Online Attention Isn't The Same As Real Connection. Young People Need To Be Encouraged To Build Real Friendships, Have Face-to-Face Conversations, And Do Activities That Don't Involve A Screen.

Parents, Teachers, Religious Leaders, And The Community All Have An Important Role. By Creating Safe, Supportive Spaces—Whether in College, Homes, Or Places Of Worship—They Can Encourage Open Conversations and Emotional Expression. These Environments Help Young People Feel Truly Heard, Without Needing To Perform, Pretend, Or Hide Who They Really Are.

SIDEBAR: Signs a Young Person May Be Struggling with Digital Anxiety

- Constant Checking Of Social Media
- Mood Changes Based On Online Feedback
- Comparing Themselves To Others Often
- Avoiding Real-life Interactions
- Losing Interest In Offline Hobbies

Final Thoughts

The Digital World Isn't The Enemy—it's Just A Tool. And Like Any Tool, What Matters Is How We Use It. Social Media Can Connect Us, Inspire Us, And Inform Us. But It Can't Replace Real Moments, Real Feelings, or Real People.

The Real Challenge For Youth Today Is To Remember:

Likes Don't Equal Love,

And Connection Means More Than Comments.

True Belonging Happens Offline,

In Spaces Where You're Seen For Who You Are—Not What You Express

Bonds, Rooms, and Dreams

"Within These Walls"

by Muneeb Ahmad Dar

Department of Tourism (MTTM)

Within these walls, we laugh and grow-
Where memories bloom and friendships glow.
Each corner whispers its own tale,
Of shared dreams that quietly set sail.
The late-night talks, the morning rush,
The quiet moments, the hallway hush.
We came from places far and wide,
But here, we stand side by side.
The mess food jokes, the rooftop skies,
The tears, the hopes, the heartfelt tries.
These hostel walls have seen it all,
Our rise, our stumbles, every fall.
So write your truth, don't hold it in-
A thought, a line, a place you've been.
Because every story, every voice,
Adds life and meaning to this choice.
And when we part and go our way,
Bonds, Rooms, and Dreams
These days will in our hearts stay.
So let's pen down what made us whole,
What touched our hearts, what stirred our soul.

- Muneeb Ahmad Dar

Department of Tourism (MTTM)

ابھی بھی کچھ سناتے ہیں محبت پیار کے قہے
تو لکھنے پر اُتر آئے ہیں ہم تلوار کے قہے

نہ پوچھو مجھ سے ماضی کی کبھی بیتی ہوئی باتیں
میں اپنے پاس رکھتا ہوں کئی انکار کے قہے

نہ کوئی جیت پاتا ہے نہ کوئی ہارتا ہے اب
یہ بس زندہ رہیں گے خاک پر تہوار کے قہے

ہنر یہ بھی سکھایا ہے ہمیں میدانِ جٹوں نے
کہ کیسے پھین لیتے ہیں کسی فنکار کے قہے

مرے بچوں کو سکھلاؤ نہ نفرت کی زباں ہرگز
کہ پھر منسوب ان سے ہوتے ہیں سنگسار کے قہے

جلے تھے گاؤں دونوں سمت چینچیں گونجتی تھیں جب
ابھی ہے خون میں لت پت کئی گھر بار کے قہے

جو بہتا خون اپنے بھائیوں کا دیکھتے ہیں میر
یہ کب تک ہم سنائیں گے ستم ہر بار کے قہے
میرِ منزل

The Fragile Earth: Reflections for Earth Day 2025

“The ones who don’t know each other will not understand each other”. This proverb fits well with our relationship with the earth. The planet Earth has a long history of evolution beginning with the Big Bang and traversing through some intricate geological processes such as accretion, compaction, and density separation which finally chiselled its spherical shape. Next, over the countless eons of sculpturing its various spheres, namely the hydrosphere, lithosphere, biosphere, cryosphere, and atmosphere, the extinction and evolution of some biota, paved a substratum for the arrival and survival of human beings. The working of these spheres does not stop there but continues to interact and evolve making human survival and accompanying biota possible, in an otherwise erratic environment. However, following the law of nature, the working of these spheres keeps changing, that too to eat the harmful effects, balance the things, and meet the needs of the living organisms. It is here the deep understanding of the intricate balance of these earth spheres crops up that humans need to understand.

Unfortunately, humans, for whom the earth has spread its substratum have intervened in the natural functioning of the earth's spheres. The reckless use of energy sources and unsustainable exploitation of natural resources have outpaced the ability of the earth to absorb and to render the emissions harmless. As a result, the harmful emissions linger in the atmosphere, hydrosphere, or other spheres thus hampering their natural functioning. This tinkering of the natural spheres has triggered a counterattack from nature in the forms of devastating floods, landslides, cloudbursts, glacier recessions, heat waves, forest fires, etc., the world over.

The Kashmir valley, in the lap of the Himalayas, is one example where the delicate interaction of various earth spheres has carved a beautiful landscape for humans to live and cherish. However, the impacts of interfering with the normal functioning of the various earth spheres have resulted in an increase in natural hazards in recent decades. The recent forest fires have devastated vast swathes of the green gold of the Kashmir Valley. These losses will have inevitable consequences in the form of more soil erosion, flash floods, loss of biodiversity, and disruption of the ecological balance of the valley. The glaciers that once blanketed the upper reaches of the surrounding mountain ranges have now receded and only vestiges are found in the Pir Panjal Range, not many in the Kazinag and Harmukh ranges, and only a handful in the Greater Himalayan Range. These huge ice resources on one hand moderating the climate of the valley, used to make the water taps of the valley perennial. Today, the bottom sand of the river beds, the walls of the spring conduits, and even the deepest glacier caves are seeing sunlight. The signs, therefore, are clear (though still not as loud as to shake our collective awareness) and are going to be worse in the coming years or decades which will push us to a point where we can’t revert the changes.

Each year, Earth Day on April 22 brings the world together to think on various environmental issues of the Earth's Spheres that sustain life. The 2025 theme, "Our Power, Our Planet", calls for collective global action to triple clean energy and preserved the harmony of lithosphere, hydrosphere, biosphere, cryosphere and atmosphere. In India, the Earth Day Network India Trust, launched in 2010, has spearheaded initiatives from grassroots to policy level. Campaigns like #Trees4Earth, has facilitated the planting of over 900 million trees, and Climate Literacy for Youth, are empowering future climate stewards. From clean-up drives and tree-planting to school campaigns and policy dialogues, the Earth Day unites people across geography and generations. Earth Day is not just a date-it is a global movement that demands we readjust our activities with the natural workings of the Earth’s spheres, commit to sustainability, and shield this fragile planet for those yet to come.

The first Earth Day in 1970, initiated by U.S. Senator Gaylord Nelson and activist Denis Hayes, marked a watershed moment in the environmental movement. What began as a nationwide teach-in has evolved into a global movement involving over 190 countries.

Dr Malik Zubair and Dr Reyaz A Dar, Assistant Professors Department of Earth Sciences, University of Kashmir

Extract of prologue from book named as “From A Victim To A Lawyer”.

Suhail Farooq Department of Law

Syed Meerak Shah Hostel Zakura Campus

The boy stood at the edge of the bustling marketplace in Srinagar, his heart pounding with a mix of fear and excitement. The city was alive with the sounds of haggling vendors, the clatter of horse-drawn carriages, and the hum of countless conversations weaving through the air. It was a stark contrast to the quiet, desolate streets of his home village, where the weight of tradition and economic hardship had choked the life out of his parents and, nearly, out of him. Amaan had always been a quiet boy, his thoughts deep and his words few. The villagers saw him as a peculiar child, too absorbed in his own world to conform to the rigid expectations of their small community. But his parents had seen something else: a spark of intelligence and curiosity that set him apart. They nurtured this spark as best they could, even as the grip of poverty tightened around their throats. His father, Abdul Wahab Sehri, had been a simple man, working tirelessly in the fields from dawn till dusk. His mother, Sarwa Bano, had managed their meager household with grace and determination, always finding ways to stretch their scant resources a little further. Despite their struggles, there was a warmth in their home, a sense of love and support that kept them going. But the village was unforgiving. The whispers of neighbors, the judgments cast from behind curtained windows, and the relentless pressure to conform to outdated traditions bore down on Amaan's family. Overthinking and anxiety became constant companions to his parents, sapping their strength and clouding their judgment. The weight of economic hardship was the final blow, pushing them to the brink.

Amaan watched helplessly as his father succumbed to illness, worn down by years of hard labor and worry. His mother followed soon after, her spirit broken by the relentless struggle to provide for her son in a world that offered little mercy. Alone and desperate, Amaan made a decision that would change his life forever. He packed his few belongings and left the village, leaving behind the memories of his parents and the suffocating grip of his past.

The journey to Srinagar was long and arduous. Amaan traveled by foot, hitching rides when he could, sleeping in barns and under the stars. He arrived in the city with nothing but the clothes on his back and a burning desire to escape the fate that had claimed his parents. Srinagar was a city of opportunities, but also of dangers, and Amaan quickly learned that survival required more than just determination.

He found refuge in the bustling market district, where he blended into the crowd, observing the ebb and flow of city life. He took odd jobs, working for shopkeepers and street vendors, learning the ways of the city for years at the age of 16. But beneath his quiet demeanor, a storm was brewing. The desperation that had driven him from his village had not abated; it had only grown more intense. Amaan was determined to succeed, no matter the cost.

It was in the labyrinthine alleys of Srinagar that Amaan's path crossed with a group of petty criminals. They were a ragtag bunch, living on the fringes of society, eking out a living through theft and deception. To Amaan, they represented both danger and opportunity. He watched them carefully, studying their methods, and slowly earned their trust. It wasn't long before he was participating in their schemes, using his intelligence and cunning to outwit their targets.

But Amaan's ambitions were greater than those of his companions. He had no intention of spending his life as a petty thief. He dreamed of something more, something that would lift him out of the shadows and into the light of respectability and power. It was this ambition that led him to the jewelry shop on that fateful night at the age of 21.

The plan was simple: break into the shop, steal as much as they could carry, and disappear into the night. Amaan and his companions had spent weeks planning the heist, studying the shop's layout, its security measures, and the habits of its owner. They knew the risks, but the potential rewards were too great to ignore.

As the moon rose high in the sky, casting an eerie glow over the city, Amaan and his crew made their move. They approached the shop under the cover of darkness, their footsteps silent on the cobblestone streets. Amaan's heart raced as he picked the lock on the back door, his hands steady despite the adrenaline coursing through his veins. The door swung open, and they slipped inside, their eyes adjusting to the dim light.

The interior of the shop was filled with glittering treasures: gold necklaces, diamond rings, and precious gemstones displayed in glass cases. Amaan's breath caught in his throat as he imagined the wealth that could be theirs. They moved quickly, smashing the glass and stuffing their bags with jewelry. But as they worked, a noise from the front of the shop froze them in their tracks.

Someone else was in the shop.

Panic surged through Amaan as he realized the gravity of their situation. The plan had not accounted for this. He glanced at his companions, their faces pale in the faint light. They had to move fast. Amaan crept towards the source of the noise, his senses heightened. As he rounded the corner, he came face to face with another figure, equally startled.

What happened next was a blur. In the chaos and confusion, Amaan's survival instincts took over. There was a struggle, a flash of steel, and then silence. The other figure crumpled to the floor, and Amaan stood over them, his breath coming in ragged gasps. His mind raced, grappling with the reality of what had just occurred. But there was no time to dwell on it. He had to get out. They fled the shop, their bags heavy with stolen goods, and disappeared into the night. Amaan's heart pounded in his chest as they made their way back to their hideout. The realization of what he had done weighed heavily on him, but he pushed it aside. There would be time to think later. For now, they had to focus on their escape.

Back in the safety of their hideout, Amaan's companions celebrated their success, oblivious to the dark turn the night had taken. They counted their spoils, laughing and congratulating each other. But Amaan remained silent, his thoughts consumed by the events in the shop. He had crossed a line, and there was no going back. The path he had chosen was fraught with danger and moral ambiguity, but it was the only one available to him.

Days turned into weeks, and the memory of that night lingered at the edges of Amaan's consciousness. He carried on with his life, using the stolen wealth to carve out a new existence in Srinagar. He distanced himself from his old companions, seeking out new opportunities and alliances. His intelligence and cunning served him well, and he quickly rose through the ranks of the city's underworld. But the past had a way of catching up. The robbery and the murder in the jewelry shop had not gone unnoticed, and the city's authorities were determined to bring the culprits to justice. Amaan knew he had to be careful, to cover his tracks and outwit those who sought to bring him down. It was a constant game of cat and mouse, with the stakes

growing higher each day. As he navigated this treacherous new world, Amaan couldn't help but reflect on the journey that had brought him here. From the quiet village where his parents had fought and lost their battle against tradition and poverty, to the bustling streets of Srinagar where he had found a new life, albeit one steeped in crime and deception. His story was one of survival, of doing whatever it took to escape the fate that had claimed his parents.

But deep down, Amaan knew that his actions had consequences. The weight of his decisions, the lives he had affected, and the moral compromises he had made gnawed at him. He was a survivor, but at what cost? As he looked out over the city that had become his home, he wondered if he could ever truly escape the shadows of his past. The legal system, with its promises of justice and retribution, loomed large in Amaan's mind. He had seen firsthand how it could be both a weapon and a shield, used to protect the powerful and oppress the weak. He had navigated its murky waters, using his wits to stay one step ahead. But he knew that in the end, it was only a matter of time before the scales of justice would demand their due.

For now, Amaan continued to move forward, driven by the same determination that had brought him to Srinagar. He knew that the road ahead would be fraught with challenges and dangers, but he was prepared to face them. His journey was far from over, and the city of Srinagar had many more secrets to reveal. Amaan was ready to uncover them, even as he grappled with the weight of his own.

As the sun set over the ancient city, casting long shadows over its winding streets, Amaan steeled himself for the battles yet to come. He was a survivor, a fighter, and above all, a boy who had been shaped by the harsh realities of life. His story was just beginning, and he was determined to write it on his own terms.

Here is a polished and slightly more vivid version of your piece, tailored for a hostel magazine. I've enhanced the language to make it more engaging and reflective, while keeping the original spirit intact:

A Journey Beyond Walls: My Hostel Chronicles

Stepping into the hostel for the first time, I was engulfed by a whirlwind of emotion—anticipation, anxiety, and a hint of uncertainty. I was embarking on a brand-new chapter, far from the familiarity of home, surrounded by unfamiliar faces.

The hostel itself was a vibrant labyrinth of endless corridors, compact yet cozy rooms, and a lively dining hall that echoed with chatter and clinking cutlery. My new address was Room 505 on the fifth floor in Syed Meerak Shah Hostel, shared with three fellow students.

At first, we treaded cautiously around each other, each carrying our own world of thoughts. But as days blurred into weeks, those strangers turned into brothers. We confided in one another, shared laughter, and stood by each other through every high and low.

Our hostel was a true cultural mosaic of students from every corner of the states. I mean from different areas—like we have different accents in language—like we say *kupwood* instead of *kupwor*; they say the same word. They brought their traditions, dialects, and delicacies. We lit diyas, burst crackers, shared sweets, danced to regional tunes, and taught each other phrases from our mother tongues.

Beyond just a roof over our heads, the hostel became a dynamic learning ground. We uncovered hidden talents, picked up new hobbies, and pursued passions we hadn't even known existed. There were squabbles and pranks, late-night whispers and bursts of mischief—but above all, there was camaraderie. We didn't just live together; we grew together.

Looking back, hostel life gifted me lessons no classroom ever could—independence, compassion, and resilience. It molded me, challenged me, and taught me to thrive in the chaos.

Though I've moved forward in life, the memories of those years linger—late-night debates, shared dreams, endless cups of tea, and bonds that defy time and distance.

Life in the hostel wasn't always easy, but it was always enriching. It was a transformative journey—of self-discovery, lifelong friendships, and unforgettable experiences. And for that, I'll forever be thankful.

Regards

Mubashir khursheed pirzada

B Tech mechanical engineering

Room no 505 (sms hostel)

M.A.K. Hostel Boarders Revolutionize Campus Living with Smart Management App

University of Kashmir, Srinagar: In a groundbreaking move toward digital transformation, a group of enterprising students from the Maulana Anwar Shah (M.A.K.) Boys (P.G.) Hostel at the University of Kashmir has developed a cutting-edge Hostel Management Mobile Application. This student-driven initiative promises to modernize hostel operations, enhance efficiency, and provide both students and hostel authorities with a more transparent, convenient, and paperless system.

A Leap into the Future: The Dual-System Innovation

The newly developed system consists of two key components:

- An Android Application for Students
- A Windows-Based Admin Portal for Hostel Authorities

These two elements together form a comprehensive, digital solution that aims to simplify day-to-day hostel management processes. By integrating technology into the hostel's administration, this project marks a significant step towards achieving greater efficiency and minimizing the reliance on outdated manual records.

Core Objectives: Streamlining Operations for a Smarter Hostel

The development of this app is driven by several core objectives that aim to make hostel life more seamless:

- **Paperless Administration:** With the digitization of daily operations, this system will replace paper-based records, making the entire process more efficient and reducing the risk of human error.
- **Billing & Audit Efficiency:** The app allows for easy tracking of student balances, mess expenditures, and rebate records, ensuring quick and accurate financial operations.
- **Transparency and Real-Time Updates:** Students and staff will have access to real-time information, including mess schedules, hostel announcements, and status updates, making the hostel environment more transparent.
- **Grievance Redressal and Rebate Management:** A structured process for rebate applications and grievance redressal ensures fairness and accountability in hostel operations.

Key Features of the Hostel Management App

The application offers several features that will significantly improve the hostel experience:

- **Student Dashboard:** Students can easily view their profile, check balances, access mess schedules, and apply for leave or rebates.
- **Admin Portal:** Hostel staff can manage student records, approve rebate applications, and send notifications for important updates or announcements.

- **Grievance System:** A dedicated space where students can submit complaints, either through text or images, ensuring transparency and timely resolution of issues.
- **Emergency Access:** Students can instantly contact wardens in case of emergencies and access essential hostel guidelines.
- **Real-Time Notifications:** The app ensures that all stakeholders, including students and hostel authorities, remain informed about critical updates at all times.

A Robust Technical Framework

The app is built on a modern and scalable technical infrastructure to ensure a smooth user experience:

- **Frontend:** The mobile app is developed using Flutter or React Native, ensuring compatibility across various devices.
- **Backend:** Powered by Firebase and Node.js, the system ensures speed, scalability, and real-time updates.
- **Database:** The app uses MongoDB or MySQL for secure and efficient data storage.
- **Authentication:** The authentication system is handled by Firebase Auth, ensuring secure logins for all users.

This robust technical framework guarantees that the app can handle the growing needs of students while maintaining high levels of performance and data security.

Institutional Support & Future Prospects

The Hostel Management App was recently presented to the Hon'ble Vice Chancellor of the University of Kashmir during her visit to the M.A.K. Hostel. The app received verbal approval for deployment, and collaboration with the university's IT & SS Department is currently underway to host the backend infrastructure on the university's secure server.

While the app was initially developed for the M.A.K. Hostel, its potential is far-reaching. The system could be scaled across all university hostels, unifying hostel management across the campus and further simplifying administrative tasks.

A Step Toward Smart Campus Living

This initiative represents not just a technological advancement but also a shining example of the innovative spirit and technical expertise of the students at the University of Kashmir. With the backing of the university's administration, the Hostel Management App has the potential to redefine hostel operations, improving the living experience for students while making the job of hostel staff more manageable.

The project's success also highlights the importance of student-led initiatives in driving institutional change and technological innovation. By embracing digital solutions, Kashmir University is setting the stage for a smarter and more connected campus life.

Contributors Behind the Innovation

The brilliant minds behind this initiative are:

Muzamil Khwaja (Department of IT & SS, Walrama Handwara)



Baasit Rehman (Department of IT & SS, Kanispora Baramulla)



Mubashir Hussain Shah (Department of IT & SS, Boniyar Baramulla)



Parvaiz Lone (Department of IT & SS, Zalloora Sopore)



These students have demonstrated that with creativity and dedication, even the smallest of ideas can lead to impactful change

By embracing innovation, the University of Kashmir continues to move toward a digital future, where the integration of technology enhances both student life and administrative operations. The Hostel Management App is just the beginning of a smarter, more efficient campus experience.

Mushahid Manzoor

Bpharm 4th sem

Department of pharmaceutical sciences,

University of Kashmir, Hazratbal Srinagar

Border at Syed Meerak Shah Hostel, Zakura Campus

How Hostel Life Shapes a Student's Personality

Magazine Topic: Resonance

Article Title: How Hostel Life Shapes a Student's Personality

How Hostel Life Shapes a Student's Personality

Hostel life plays a significant and unforgettable role in a student's journey. It is often the first experience of living away from home, bringing a mix of excitement and nervousness.

However, this phase gradually becomes one of the most important periods for personal growth. In the hostel, students learn to become independent as they manage everything on their own—from waking up on time, attending classes, and managing studies to doing laundry and handling their finances. This experience teaches them responsibility and selfdiscipline,

which are essential life skills.

Living in a hostel also helps students develop time management skills. With a set routine for meals, classes, and study hours, students begin to understand the value of time and how to use it efficiently. Moreover, hostel life exposes them to people from different backgrounds, cultures, and regions, allowing them to broaden their perspectives, become more tolerant, and learn to adjust in a diverse environment.

Friendships made in hostels are often deep and long-lasting. Students support each other through both good and bad times, creating bonds that feel like a second family. They share their daily experiences, joys, and struggles, which makes hostel life emotionally rich and socially fulfilling.

In short, hostel life is not just about sharing a room; it is a life lesson in disguise. It helps students grow emotionally, socially, and mentally, preparing them for future challenges.

A brief glimpse into hostel life offers valuable lessons. Here, a student learns to live independently for the first time, far from the comfort of home. Independence is not just about living alone but also about making decisions, learning from mistakes, and correcting them.

Hostel life offers freedom, but it also brings responsibilities. Missing meals, power outages at night, or small disagreements with friends—these everyday challenges mentally strengthen a student. It is a world where every day brings new challenges, and overcoming them adds to one's experience.

Positive Impact of Hostel Life

Hostel life has a profoundly positive effect on students, enhancing various aspects of their lives. First and foremost, it fosters self-discipline and a sense of responsibility. Living away from home requires students to manage their daily routines and essential tasks independently, helping them take control of their lives. Taking care of oneself encourages thoughtful decision-making and strengthens one's ability to make sound choices. Additionally, dealing with minor issues—such as misunderstandings with roommates or daily challenges—helps develop problem-solving skills.

Hostel life greatly improves students' social skills. It is a place where students from diverse backgrounds live together, offering opportunities to understand others' thoughts and cultures. This experience not only creates lasting friendships but also develops teamwork, communication, and empathy. Such social exposure helps students succeed both personally and professionally.

Another important aspect gained through hostel life is adaptability and flexibility. Living with people who have different habits and routines teaches students how to adjust themselves accordingly. This quality proves valuable in various situations, whether in professional life or personal challenges.

Time management is another major benefit of hostel life. With a fixed schedule for waking up, meals, study, and rest, students learn the importance of using time wisely. This habit improves academic performance and helps students manage their lives efficiently.

In this way, hostel life is not just about living in a shared space; it is a school of life that nurtures self-reliance, discipline, social skills, and mental strength. It lays a strong foundation for students to face any difficulty confidently in the future.

Challenges of Hostel Life and Their Effects

While living in a hostel, students face several challenges that deeply affect their personality and life. The primary challenge is living away from family, which can cause emotional stress due to the absence of parental love and support. This often leads to feelings of loneliness and homesickness, impacting mental health.

Another challenge is managing daily life independently. Tasks like washing clothes, arranging meals, waking up on time, and studying can be overwhelming initially. This forces students to develop self-discipline; otherwise, both their academic and personal lives may suffer.

Adjusting to roommates is another significant challenge. Different habits, routines, and personalities sometimes lead to conflicts or misunderstandings. Patience, tolerance, and communication are necessary to resolve these issues; otherwise, tensions may increase stress. Academic pressure and distractions also pose challenges. Hostel social life can become so busy that focusing on studies becomes difficult, causing time management problems that may affect performance negatively.

Despite these challenges, hostel life teaches mental toughness, problem-solving skills, and adaptability. Successfully facing these issues boosts confidence and fosters self-reliance. Thus, hostel life challenges become valuable learning experiences contributing to personal growth.

Life Lessons Learned from Hostel Life

Hostel life offers students numerous valuable lessons crucial for their future. The first lesson is self-dependence—learning to manage one's life without relying on others. Solving problems independently, organizing routines, and making decisions are all part of hostel life, skills that remain useful throughout life.

Discipline and time management are other key lessons. The structured schedule in hostels teaches students to value time and fulfill their responsibilities promptly. This habit benefits both academic and professional life.

Living in a hostel also teaches adaptability and flexibility, as every individual has different ways of living, studying, and thinking. Learning to adjust in diverse environments prepares students for future challenges.

Most importantly, hostel life helps develop friendships, teamwork, and communication skills. These qualities are essential for success in both personal and professional spheres.

Collaborating with others, expressing and understanding emotions, and resolving conflicts are learned skills here.

Accumulating these small lessons is the true benefit of hostel life, shaping students into strong, confident, and responsible individuals ready to face the world.

Conclusion

Hostel life is not merely a place to stay but a journey that teaches students independence, discipline, and social skills. It nurtures responsibility, adaptability, and problem-solving abilities, which are invaluable in both personal and professional life. The challenges and experiences of hostel life build mental strength and accelerate growth. Therefore, hostel life remains an invaluable experience that significantly enriches a student's life.

My name is ARIF HUSSAIN TANTRY from lolan kupwara, department of disaster management I'm going to leave the hostel.“

Now at last I want to contribute to the hostel by giving this writing in the form of poem which is entitled as (*Echoes of Our Second Home*

By Arif Hussain Tantry)

Kindly include this in your upcoming magazine if the S A hostel Zakura.

The poem starts from below

#Echoes of Our Second Home#

Beyond the gate where silence falls,
Stands proud our hostel's hallowed walls.
Not just a place of rest and stay,
But where our hearts were shaped each day.

Of bricks and beams, with iron clad,
A place that made us smile and sad.
Each painted wall, each dusty pane,
Still holds our laughter, love, and pain.

The windows opened to the sky,
Where dreams took wings and dared to fly.
Each door we crossed with eager feet,
Led us to moments pure and sweet.

The corridors that stretched so wide,
Were more than paths we walked beside.
They echoed voices, plans, and cheers,
And held the stories of our years.

We ran through halls with wild delight,
Played cricket there by fading light.
With tennis balls and stumps so worn,

Our leisure into joy was born.

And in the dining hall so vast,
We'd meet when all the lectures passed.
We broke our bread, we spilled our tea,
And shared our minds in harmony.

From spicy meals to jokes and tales,
We sailed through life like humble sails.
Each late-night feast, each laughing spell,
Is etched in time, we know too well.

At night when stars began to gleam,
We'd sit and talk, or chase a dream.
Some stayed awake with books in hand,
While others dreamt of distant land.

Some wept alone on beds so still,
Some penned down poems, dreams, and will.
Some stared at ceilings lost in thought,
While hostel life its lessons taught.

The trees outside in quiet grace,
Embraced our home in green embrace.
The breeze would sing a gentle hymn,
Of memories stored on every whim.

No classroom could have taught us more,
Than what we learned behind that door.
We found our strength, we shaped our voice,
We learned to fall, then to rejoice.

And then came days we couldn't stop—
The final nights, the farewell drop.
We hugged our mates with teary eyes,
Beneath the starlit hostel skies.

We clicked our photos, wrote our names,
And promised we'd return to frames.
We whispered, "May this bond not end,"
And walked away from every friend.

The room, the bed, the cracked old wall,
Became our past, our rise, our fall.
A part of us forever stays,
Inside those golden hostel days.

And now wherever we may be,
Those echoes live in memory.
No matter how far we may roam,
Hostel will be our second home.

It taught us how to fight, to care,
To push beyond, to always dare.
To love, to lose, to grow and shine—
This place has drawn a sacred line.

So let this Resonance begin,
To hold the fire we hold within.
A tribute to the days we own—
The hostel days that built our throne.

Resonance Beyond Structures

In the world of chemistry, resonance is the silent symphony of possibilities; when a single Lewis structure fails to represent the reality of a molecule, resonance steps in. It tells us that truth doesn't always lie in one form but rather in the harmony of several contributing structures.

As a student of chemistry and a member of this diverse hostel community, I've found an uncanny reflection of this idea in our everyday lives.

Just like molecules, we students are complex, carrying layers of experiences, backgrounds, beliefs and dreams. No single story can define who we are. It is only when we come together—sharing our voices, ideas, creativity—that a real, richer picture of campus life emerges. Like in resonance, each of us contributes to a collective identity, one that is more stable and meaningful than any of us alone.

Resonance in chemistry also involves delocalization—the electrons are not confined to one atom or bond, but move freely across the structure. This movement gives the molecule strength, stability and character.

In the same way, our hostel life is marked by fluid connections, shared spaces, late-night conversations, group studies, the enchanting echoing of music from rooms, stories traded over cups of chai—we are not isolated, rather delocalized in the best sense—connected, collaborative, and constantly influencing one another.

There is also beauty in the idea that resonance can't be drawn fully on paper; it's an abstract truth, felt more than seen. Isn't that what community is? A feeling of belonging, a shared understanding that isn't always visible but deeply real.

The magazine, aptly named Resonance, covers the multidimensional aspects of lives; it captures the multifaceted nature of student life—our expressions, our experiments, our equations with one another.

In chemistry, resonance makes a molecule stronger, and in life, resonance makes us human.

Sartaj Shah

Boarder of S.A Hostel Block A

M.Sc Chemistry (IV Semester)

Department of Chemistry

Email ID: shahsartaj11@gmail.com

Room 312: Where Resonance Found Its Voice By: Peerzada Muntazir | Room 312, Block C (Syed Meerak Shah)

When I first entered Zakura Hostel, I didn't know I was stepping into a chapter of my life that would shape me so deeply. Among all the experiences studies, exams, shared meals, sleepless nights what has stayed with me most is the bond I built with my roommates, who eventually became my brothers.

My roommate and batchmate Mir Tahir Nazir, from Kupwara, and I connected from the very first day. There was something effortless about our understanding perhaps because we both came with open hearts and similar dreams. From spontaneous trips to Duck Park on Foreshore Road for barbeques to walking down to Nishat for a simple cup of tea, we've shared more than just plans we've shared visions of the future, laughter, and even silences that spoke volumes.

When it came to choosing a third roommate, I took my time. I wanted someone who would truly blend into the space we had built. Then came Raja Waseem, our junior from Anantnag. He didn't just move into the room he became part of our little family. Together, the three of us built something rare: a bond that went beyond university and hostel life.

From playing volleyball and cricket with other blocks to enjoying late-night discussions, every day in Zakura brought a new memory.

Among the people who made this journey even more special is my batchmate Shoaib Malik from Banihal. Shoaib felt like a hometown buddy our humor matched, and we often found ourselves making light-hearted jokes just to lift each other's spirits. We had a unique routine: every evening after dinner, he would come to my room, pick up my water bottle, and we'd head out for a walk. Our destination? A tree under which we had placed a bench our personal corner of calm. There, we'd sit and talk about the day, laugh, reflect, and just be. Whether it was summer, winter, rain, or storm this walk never stopped. And as a fun twist, we often spoke in English, just to improve our fluency and challenge each other.

In my time here, I've made friends across batches and even among the working staff. Maybe it's because I believe in kindness not as a choice but as a way of being. But friendship is one thing. What I found in Tahir, Waseem, and Shoaib was something far deeper brotherhood.

Room 312, Block C (Syed Meerak Shah) has become more than an address it's where memories were made, lessons were learned, and bonds were forged that will last far beyond hostel life.

Zakura Hostel has taught me many things resilience, patience, the value of late-night tea talks, and the comfort of knowing someone's got your back even when words fall short. It's not just a hostel; it's a garden of stories, a place where strangers become companions and companions become family.

As I write this, I carry with me not just memories, but gratitude for the room that welcomed me, the people who stayed, and the moments that made me.

To all the boarders who will walk through the corridors of Zakura Hostel after us. May you find

not just a place to stay, but a space where friendships are born, hearts connect, and memories resonate for a lifetime. May your room become your comfort zone, your roommates become your brothers, and your days here become stories you'll carry forever.

ن اب زلر، وگ آ اور رواں۔ ”یہہگچنملسجبتای“

– Majrooh Sultanpuri

Songs No Longer Silent: Like a bridge, Ismail Ashna's poetry blend past with present

Writing in Urdu, Kashmiri and English, Professor Ashna's verses transcend linguistic borders, creating poetry that speaks in many tongues but carries one powerful human truth.

Mohammad Tajamul Hussain Shah

4th sem

Department of islamic studies

I shall make the waves dance

In the courtyard of the sea

By stimulating the fish

To tear the age old nets

And like woodpecker

Shall I announce

From over the tree tops

Through islands

Bewitched by frosty mists

The arrival of spring.

This is an excerpt from Professor Ismail Ashna's poem "I Shall Take Birth At Countless Times".

Some poets write with ink, and some with fire. Ismail Aashna writes with the pulse of history itself, blending past and present into something timeless. His poetry does not merely belong to him, it belongs to generations before him and those yet to come. It carries the weight of tradition while breathing the air of modern sensibility, making him a bridge between eras.

Hailing from Bandipora, Professor Ismail Ashna is a literary force whose verses transcend mere poetry to become instruments of social change. A master wordsmith in Urdu, English, and Kashmiri, Ashna has crafted a unique literary identity that bridges cultures while giving voice to the voiceless. His work uses metaphor and imagery to illuminate the struggles of marginalized communities and challenge political injustice.

What sets Ashna apart is not just his command of multiple languages, but how he harnesses each one's distinct rhythms and cultural resonances to amplify his message. His English poetry carries the mystical undertones of Kashmiri tradition, while his Urdu verses blend classical forms with contemporary social commentary.

Professor Ismail Ashna's literary contributions have been recognised both nationally and internationally. He was recently honoured by the Sahitya Akademi, New Delhi, through their

Kavi Sandhi program. His poetry has been featured in reputed journals such as Muse India and The Criterion, which awarded him a certificate of appreciation for his poem “The Blue Spot”. A stanza from the poem reads:

Like a blue spot
In the midst of clouds
Am I
Behold me immediately
Or I will vanish
But oh!
The wind has risen
The clouds around me
Have caught fire
Like a blue spot
In the midst of clouds
Am I.

For Aashna, poetry is not just an art; it is a sacred act. It must remain pure—untainted, like gold in its purest form or honey untouched by anything artificial. His words are woven with such sincerity that beauty and truth become inseparable, each reinforcing the other.

He’s a poet rooted In tradition, yet he’s unmistakably modern. In the introduction to his first collection of Kashmiri poetry, “Asi-Tug-Na-Dazun,” Aashna writes about his poetic vision with clarity.

“I have always stayed close to the rich tradition of poetry and literature, diving deep into its essence. As a result, modern ideas have naturally blended with tradition in my work. I’ve tried to explore the hidden layers of our shared memories and take in the lessons of many generations. My poetry connects the past with the present, and it’s up to my readers to decide how well I’ve built that connection,” Professor Aashna says.

This is what makes Aashna’s poetry unique. He does not see tradition as something to be abandoned or merely admired from a distance. Instead, he treats it as something alive—something that grows and evolves while retaining its essence. His poetry is not stuck in time; it moves with it.

He is, thus, not just a poet of the individual—he is a poet of the collective soul. His poetry does not isolate personal experiences but merges them with the voices of countless ancestors. He brings to life the echoes of the past, making them part of the present.

Reputed scholar and writer, Prof. G.R Malik writes about him, “Aashna’s poetry vibrates with the metaphorical use of language that never appears to be laboured. A reading of the poems amply justifies his confidence, in that tradition runs like life blood in his poetry.”

“Aashna is a poet and knows how to swallow fire and turn it into gold through artistic Alchemy. All his poems including the ones with the social import, lead on the enigmatic and mysterious. And when poetry establishes a contact with the mysterious, it is on threshold of greatness, of classic grandeur. Such poetry as this tends to develop towards symbolism.”

“I have a feeling that the young poet promises to develop in this direction. Already there are certain images which repeat themselves and go on gathering new layers of signification around them.”

Ismail Ashna’s poetry is truly modern and relevant. As a contemporary poet, he is fully aware of his responsibilities.

“Poetry should be pure like honey. No kind of adulteration is acceptable, it is like 24-carat gold,” said Ismail Ashna.

While speaking to the Kashmir Times about his journey, he reveals, “I grew up in Watapora Bandipora, surrounded by paddy fields, and started my education at the village school. Later, I attended NM Boys Higher Secondary School in Kaloosa, where my passion for poetry began in the 9th class.”

“While studying at the Government Degree College Sopore, I found a literary environment and first recited my poetry at a mushaira. It was there that I truly discovered myself as a poet. Then I pursued my master’s degree at Kashmir University, where its beauty and inspiring atmosphere further nurtured my poetic journey,” he tells.

His notable works include “The Unheard Songs,” a collection of poems published in 2018, another English collection titled “From the Depth of Pain” (2023), and “Heart’s Avenues”. He has also published three poetry collections in the Kashmiri language: “Ase Toug ne Dazun” and “Jegriken Ghlyen Wanann Manz.”

This is a masterpiece from his poetry collection “Unheard Songs”.

The Unheard Songs

Descend

From your shining heights

Into the dark depths

Of my forlorn soul

And hear the unheard songs

Of my loneliness

Before they are washed away

By the seas of silence.

The Bus Fare

Most of the time, at this hour, he would be thinking, of... Today, he was restless as ever. His dream had put him into uneasiness and dilemma. His dreams always had a connection with reality. The reality of his daily life. Mostly his dreams will provide him a hint about his upcoming day. Today's dream also had something in it, which terrified him. Possibly it happened because something had bothered him from yesterday evening till he fell asleep. So, his last thought of the day had appeared in his dream too and now seemed unavoidable for the rest of the day as well. He woke up at 6 O'clock in the morning and rubbing his red, sleep-ridden eyes, went to prepare for the coming hours. Nervous, shivering in the cold, he kept waiting at the bus stop at Zawoorra to catch his first bus. It was 7 in the morning and he had been there for half an hour now. Finally, sitting at the back of a load-carrier, he reached his next stop. The sign of relief was yet to be seen on his grave face. The restlessness and the nervousness wouldn't find its way out. Focused straight on his target, he went straight to the ATM. The hopelessness was quite evident from his posture. This restlessness and nervousness came from his worry about the 500 rupees note that was in his pocket. But why this worry and uneasiness? He barely kept his hand out of his pocket. He would steadily keep feeling the crispness on the note on his palm. The note kept giving him a touch of hard reality i.e. he had no small note or 'change' for the bus conductor and had to catch 2 buses from here to reach the University on time. But when the bus conductor would ask for the bus fare, what was he going to do? Was he going to show him the 500 rupees note and get slammed in response or was he going to find some miracle and get a 100 or 200 rupees note from the ATM? Did he really need to be so worried and nervous about it? How could he find the answers amidst such a hurry? The reason was apparent though, "Experience". Who would come to his rescue, whisper in his ear or hold his hand and guide him through? The Nervousness still danced on his face and the question still remained, "to be or not to be?"

The addition to his worry came from his knowledge about this particular ATM i.e. it rarely had any small notes. He went in and put his ATM card into the machine. Just when he tried to press the button, the machine played its role, "This ATM is currently out of service." What now? What to do? He stood outside the ATM for a minute, looking here and there, trying to have an outer look at his miseries. Just when he was done, he thought of returning back to the bus-stop but just then something struck him. Somebody whispered in his ear to; wait, think, pray and hope for... And then he heard a voice within; "Is there any other ATM around?" With all his recalling power, he thought of something and his posture straightened. Quiet, rushing, he went straight to the other ATM, his "last" hope. On reaching there, pale as before, looking full of hopelessness with a "little" hope left somewhere within his activity (coming to this ATM). No man on earth, no heavenly powers could've stopped him from entering that ATM. He rushed through the door and hurriedly straightaway put his ATM card into the machine.

What was going on in his mind at that time, only he knew. He was calling all the heavenly powers and, only faith had kept him a "little" hopeful.

He did his thing, now the last button needed to be pressed but suddenly his hand felt chained to something by someone. He somehow managed to press the button, one last time. What the first machine was expected to do, did this one. "Please enter the nominations of 500 only." As he read, he felt deceived, again. The machine too deceived him, just like his own luck had, since he Woke up. The machine was motionless yet laughing at his face, and adding more to his worries. What was to be done now? He tried to look here and there but the only answer he heard was; "Nothing to be done."

He looked around, took a few steps, and found himself outside the ATM. He looked up. But this look which ended in the blink of an eye, had many things in it. It was full of questions, disappointments, and a "little Hope". His gaze, when it was done with the heavenly powers, fell straight on to a man standing right next to him. For a minute, it seemed that they both knew each other. No, it wasn't his face that caught his eye, rather the man's smile which had something in it. What was this 'something'? Why was the man smiling at him? So many questions, yet so much more to think about. But he couldn't think of anything else because the other person's smile wouldn't end. As a result, he had to do the same, and the smiles got exchanged. But were both the smiles artificial? He couldn't care less as something within him lightened. When both were done smiling, the hopeless creature tried to go back (to the bus-stop), as apparently there was no hope for any miracle today. Something brought him back into a conscious state and it was the man, who was saying something. The boy had to forget about everything else for now and listen to him. So, he did as the situation demanded. What was the man saying to him, at this early hour? The boy turned all his attention towards the man and tried to read the widened lips.

Man: Does it work?

Boy: Yes, it does.

Man: You got the money?

Boy: No, I couldn't. It only has 500 rupees notes but I need a smaller one. I've already got a 500 note.

Man: I needed to withdraw some money.

Boy: It does work. You could, easily.

Man: But I don't know how to use the machine.

The boy thought for a second, concerned. He couldn't think of anything. If he could've, he wouldn't do what he did. Because sometimes by not helping others, you save yourself (Experience).

Something unintentionally split out of his mouth; "Let me help you."

Was he actually willing to help? If not, why so? Experience? Was it him, who was offering the help to the man? What was going on? Where were the heavenly powers?

The man hesitated for a second but couldn't resist the offered help on insisting. Both got in and the man got his work done, even though it took more time than the boy had expected. Both parted their ways.

While coming back to the bus stop, something hit the boy's mind. He looked up, again, this time with a smile. But why was he smiling when his work was yet to be done? He dare not challenge the heavenly power! In a Jiffy, the smile faded away, and his eyes fell back on the target i.e. the bus he was about to get into. He, with a little sigh, muttered; "this is the way of the world". Little did that man have the time to thank him. At this moment, his blood rushed through his body very fastly, taking away his stress for a moment and something in him lit the flame within him and his lips widened and eyes got watery on the poles, and yet again another look at the sky but this time without any guilt, stress, worry and all. He rubbed his hands, put a mask on his face (that he wore everyday while leaving home), widened his lips more and got into the bus.

He took his seat, felt uncomfortable there (prevalent nervousness), got onto another seat at the back of the bus. The Bus left the stop and each passing second, added to his nervousness. This time, he wasn't calling any powers to come and help him. He was dejected. He was sitting there with no hope left. Something from the outside caught his eye or was he pretending to do so, nobody could tell. The latter made more sense though. Because from the corner of the eye, he had seen the bus-conductor heading towards...? In a minute he knew that his luck was in deep slumber that day. The bus conductor was standing right next to him, waiting for the bus fare, 20 rupees note. The boy was left with no choice except handing over the only note in his pocket. While his hand was searching for the note, his widened lips uttered something.

"Did you too have to come straightaway to me today?"

Little did the bus conductor had any idea about what he was saying. Still he responded with; "I sensed it."

This little exchange of words eased the tension a little and the boy succeeded in getting the note out and showing it to the bus conductor. The conductor said nothing, took two steps backwards and asked another passenger for the fare.

A sigh of relief!

On the way, he kept thinking about how to pay the fare. His thoughts went here and there, and till he could come to the conclusion, his destined stop arrived. He got up, fixed his eyes on the bus conductor and instead of the door, went towards him. The bus conductor was mute with no concern about the unpaid fare. He must have forgotten till now or hasn't he? Nobody could've guessed. The boy went straight to him, said something in a confident tone this time. He cared very little about the sudden wave of confidence that struck him.

Boy: You still haven't got any change?"

Conductor: No. You could pay online though.

Sigh of relief! But how come he took a sigh of relief? If this was one of the solutions, how come he didn't come up with it earlier? With this unfinished sigh, nervousness hit again. Was there anything in his bank account? If yes, was there enough money to pay the fare?

(The reader might get confused here that if he had no money in his bank account, how could then he have got a note out of the ATM earlier. All of us must remember in such types of situations that "a mind is in its own place and can make a hell of heaven a heaven of hell".)

Nothing could be done with a mind overloaded with tension. The only option left was; to think less and act more. So, he thought very little, took his phone in shivering hands, hoped for a miracle and so did it happen. He paid the 20 rupee fare. He got out of the bus, crossed the road and walked towards another stop to catch the last bus. This one was supposed to drop him at his ultimate destination. But something still bothered him because he too belonged to the human race. What had just happened? How was he here? How did he manage to pay the fare with so much ease? Where did all the worries go? Who held his hand and guided him through, when he had very less hopes from the heavenly powers? Who was with him? So many questions and yet so much more to worry about.

While un-answered questions kept striking him, he found himself at the last stop, besides the bus which he was supposed to get into. He was halfway there to his destination and only this "last-stage" was to be conquered. But he was motionless as ever and thoughtless as usual. What to do now? Was there any possibility for the help from anybody? Will he find any anonymous help, as he had done earlier? Where were the powers that had helped the man? Where were the

Heavenly Powers the boy had been trying to invoke? This time he cared very less about the Powers. He didn't look up either. Was he careless "now"? Were the human traits playing their role? Was he taking the powers for granted? Or was there anything else?

So many questions, yet so much more to be done.

He took a few steps, looked here and there, and found his target, the bus conductor. Was he directly gonna tell him about his worry? Where was his confident self? Right now he had no time to think of what to say. He addressed the bus conductor and asked with the same widened lips;

"Is there any ATM around?"

But why didn't he directly ask the question that he wanted to ask?

"Experience".

Conductor: "I don't know. (A little pause). Maybe you could find one around."

The later part of the response lightened half of the boy's worries. Not because he could find the ATM but because the bus conductor seemed approachable and unorthodox. Was this the boy's real intention? To know the nature of the bus conductor? Who could tell, when the subject is the "Human Race".

After a little pause, the boy began;

"Actually I've got no change. So I was thinking maybe I could get a smaller note from the ATM."

No response from the other end. Did the boy misjudge him? Did he need to worry more, again? He thought of almost nothing and began, again, with the intention to finish his task (to either put an end to his worries or multiply them). Was it possible though, who could tell?

"Do you accept the online payment?"

This brought the bus conductor's attention back to the boy and he took the quick up & down look of the boy, like a typical bus conductor. This didn't concern the boy. "Experience". But what surprised him was that the bus conductor responded in a different way than he was expected to.

"Ask the driver. He could tell you."

The boy thanked him in a jiffy and got into the empty-bus with only the driver (a bonus) sitting at his seat. There was no one to give the boy a pity look, if the driver slammed him. Experience.

He headed directly to the driver's seat, greeted him and began testing his luck (one last time?). He didn't hesitate this time (perhaps because of the receiver's gesture 'smile' or maybe because of the "one last time" thing circulating in his mind) and composed his rare-confident self once again and said in a confident, hopeful tone without taking a pause;

"Is there a way to pay the bus-fare online? I have got no smaller notes but 500 one and there are no ATMs around."

Was he hoping for a miracle? In such situations, one rarely has any time to pray for the miracles and they usually take time to happen. Was there any hope left for the boy? What answer was he expecting now? Soon, everything was put to an end when he found Driver's lips separating from each other and some voice caught his attention. The Bus Driver was speaking. What he

spoke, mattered least. What mattered the most was his tone (high or low?). The boy brought all his hearing powers together and it eased him. The Bus Driver was talking in a low tone which was non-typical of him. It seemed as if the world was a better place with no worries at all. But this joy soon ended when he remembered that he had got less money in his account than he was supposed to pay for the fare. Another issue now?! Who will help him now but his own self. He tried one last time and addressed the issue to the Driver. The response he got, wasn't different from what he had expected. Experience.

He began doing the online payment and the Universe was yet to be done. The payment failed 2 times. He took a sigh which contained (unconsciously) a "little hope"; hope for a miracle, for heavenly powers to assemble and help him, for the Universe to guide him through, and everything. He went for one last try and...

He held his phone in the hand, looked at the Driver with widened lips (unforceably).

In a minute, he found himself sitting in the back seat of the bus. Why was he at the back? Was he comfortable there? How did he come here? Why were his lips still widened? Why have they remained in the same state for more than a minute now? What was the reason? Was it something earthly? Was it the Human Race? Was it the Powers he was known to? What was it?

But one thing was clear that Powers usually chose to come to the rescue in an indirect way (Experience). But life is all about questions with no direct answers, and at times, with no answers at all. So, it was better for the boy to stop looking for the answers and stop thinking about the questions.

Yet he was left with so many questions. Yet he had so much more to think and worry about.

The Silent Roommate: How Technology is Changing Hostel Life

By SHEIKH UMAR

MSC-IT - batch 2025 Rome no.: 402

Introduction: A New Kind of Roommate

In every hostel, we expect certain things — shared rooms, late-night chats, instant noodles, and someone always borrowing our charger. But today, there's a new kind of roommate that's with us 24/7. It doesn't snore, doesn't eat our snacks, but it's always present:

Technology.

From our morning alarms to late-night Netflix marathons, technology is now an inseparable part of hostel life.

Wi-Fi is the New Lifeline

Let's be honest — what's the first thing we ask after entering any new hostel room?

“What's the Wi-Fi password?”

Whether it's for online classes, watching reels, or ordering food, hostel life today runs on Wi-Fi. No signal? That's a real hostel emergency!

From Notebooks to Notebooks (Laptops!)

Gone are the days when students carried piles of books. Now it's all digital. Notes are shared over WhatsApp, assignments are submitted on Google Classroom, and group studies happen over Zoom.

Laptops, tablets, and smartphones have replaced pen and paper — and even excuses have gone digital.

Maggi and Mobile Orders

Hostel food can be... let's say, “creative.” So students turn to Swiggy, Zomato, and Blinkit for survival. Midnight hunger pangs? Just a few clicks and food is at the gate.

Even hostel canteens are going digital — QR codes, UPI payments, and online menus are becoming common.

Tech for Mind and Mood

Technology also helps students relax and stay sane. Meditation apps, fitness trackers, online games, and music apps are part of daily hostel life.

Miss home? One video call with family and it feels better. Feeling low? YouTube and Spotify got you covered.

But Wait — Is Too Much Tech Good?

While technology makes life easy, it can also disconnect us from people around us. Everyone's in their own world — earphones in, heads down.

So it's important to remember that hostel life is about real connections too. A face-to-face talk, a walk in the corridor, or just laughing together over silly things — that's what creates memories.

Conclusion: Tech is a Tool, Not a Substitute

Technology is like that helpful roommate — always there, always useful. But real friendships, shared experiences, and hostel fun still matter most.

So let tech help you — but don't let it replace the joy of being truly present.

Final Thought:

In the hostel of life, let technology be your lamp, not your lock.

The Symphony of Hostel Life at University of Kashmir Srinagar.

By : Khalid Maqbool

Law Student

A New Chapter Begins

Stepping into the university hostel for the first time, suitcase in hand and dreams in heart, I never imagined how deeply this space would shape me—not only as a law student but as a human being. The hostel, a melting pot of cultures, stories, and aspirations, has become more than just a place to live; it is where I have found friendship, understanding, resilience, and a sense of home. As I pursue my law degree, surrounded by peers from every corner of Jammu & Kashmir—and beyond—I find myself part of a vibrant community that lives with empathy and grows together through shared experiences. In this article, I share the beautiful tapestry of hostel life, as seen through my eyes and felt in the rhythm of daily living.

A World Within Walls : The Hostel as a Living Community

Unlike any typical residence, Kashmir university hostel is a dynamic ecosystem. It wakes up before dawn with the rustle of pages, echoes with laughter at midnight, and breathes life through the shared joys and struggles of students. Here, boundaries of language, religion, and region dissolve in the common pursuit of knowledge and growth. My hostel mates come from different parts of Jammu & Kashmir and Ladakh and beyond. Each brings stories from home, food that carries the flavor of family traditions, and languages that dance like music in the air. What binds us is not where we come from, but where we are heading—and the path we walk together.

The Daily Rhythm : Between Books and Bonds

Life in the hostel follows a rhythm that is both structured and spontaneous. Mornings begin with hurried showers and clattering cups of tea before lectures. Afternoons melt into quiet study sessions or heated group discussions about legal theory. By evening, the hostel courtyard becomes a ground of debates, cricket matches and bursts of laughter. Despite the academic load, especially in law—with case studies, moot court preparations, and heavy reading lists—we find time to connect. These interactions outside the classroom teach lessons that no textbook ever could: negotiation, empathy, compromise, leadership, and the power of collective support.

Cultural Mosaic : Celebrating Differences

Festivals in the hostel are unlike any celebration I've ever known. Eid, Diwali, Holi—we celebrate them all, often on the same corridor, in the glow of fairy lights and shared meals. These shared celebrations not only bridge our differences but also deepen our understanding of one another. I've learned that true diversity is not about tolerating differences—it is about celebrating them, learning from them, and being enriched by them.

Lessons Beyond the Syllabus

While the law curriculum teaches us the structure of justice, hostel life teaches us the practice of fairness in real time. Conflicts are inevitable when people share space—but resolution comes with patience, listening, and compromise. The room cleaning rota may lead to a debate more heated than any moot court, but in resolving it, we practice what we learn. Late-night conversations—about dreams, fears, politics, or purpose—often hold more depth than any

lecture hall. These are the spaces where young minds grapple with identity and ambition. The hostel becomes not just a shelter but a mirror, a forge, and sometimes, a battlefield of ideas.

Friendships That Transcend Time

Some friendships forged in the hostel are unlike any other. They are born not of convenience, but of shared soup during illness, borrowed notes during exams, and shoulders offered in silence during heartbreak. These friends become family—people who see us at our worst and stand by us nonetheless. As we walk through the hostel corridors—barefoot, in slippers, in shorts, sometimes in formal robes just returning from court practice—we carry with us not only books but stories. Stories of friendship, of mischief, of sleepless nights and fulfilled dreams.

Challenges and Growth

Hostel life is not without its challenges. There are times of homesickness, moments of loneliness, and the pressure of juggling studies and responsibilities. Power cuts, shared bathrooms, and midnight hunger pangs are part of the reality. But in facing them, we grow. We become more adaptable, more resourceful, more mature. Learning to live with others—with respect and understanding—is a lesson that prepares us for the wider world. In a profession like law, where interpersonal skills are vital, these everyday negotiations in hostel life become invaluable.

The Law and Life Connection

As law students, we often analyze justice in theory. But in hostel life, we practice it every day. From democratic decisions on event planning to forming committees to address issues like mess menu, noise, hygiene, we are actively applying what we learn. Some of the best discussions on constitutional rights, gender equality, or freedom of speech and expression happen not in classrooms, but over chai in the hostel canteen. In these moments, we see law not as abstract theory but as a living, breathing force shaping our lives.

Leaving a Legacy

As seniors graduate and juniors take their place, hostel life continues like a river—always moving, always shaping new shores. What remains are the memories, traditions, and bonds left behind. We pass on stories, notes, advice, and sometimes, the lucky chair in the reading room. I hope to leave not just academic success, but a spirit of togetherness and friendship behind. One that reflects the true essence of hostel life—a place where young minds learn to live, love, and lead.

Conclusion : A Home in Every Heartbeat

As I walk through the hostel gates each morning, on my way to class or the library, I know I am carrying more than books. I carry pieces of a life being lived in full color—vivid, messy, beautiful. The university hostel is not just a place—it is an experience. An experience of growth, unity, resilience, and joy. It is where I've learned that education is not just about degrees, but about becoming the kind of person who can change the world—with empathy, courage, and a heart full of resonance

“Echoes of Our Second Home”

(By Arif Hussain Tantry)

Beyond the gate where silence falls,
Stands proud our hostel's hallowed walls.
Not just a place of rest and stay,
But where our hearts were shaped each day.

Of bricks and beams, with iron clad,
A place that made us smile and sad.
Each painted wall, each dusty pane,
Still holds our laughter, love, and pain.

The windows opened to the sky,
Where dreams took wings and dared to fly.
Each door we crossed with eager feet,
Led us to moments pure and sweet.

The corridors that stretched so wide,
Were more than paths we walked beside.
They echoed voices, plans, and cheers,
And held the stories of our years.

We ran through halls with wild delight,
Played cricket there by fading light.
With tennis balls and stumps so worn,
Our leisure into joy was born.

And in the dining hall so vast,
We'd meet when all the lectures passed.
We broke our bread, we spilled our tea,
And shared our minds in harmony.

From spicy meals to jokes and tales,
We sailed through life like humble sails.
Each late-night feast, each laughing spell,
Is etched in time, we know too well.

At night when stars began to gleam,
We'd sit and talk, or chase a dream.
Some stayed awake with books in hand,
While others dreamt of distant land.

Some wept alone on beds so still,
Some penned down poems, dreams, and will.
Some stared at ceilings lost in thought,
While hostel life its lessons taught.

The trees outside in quiet grace,
Embraced our home in green embrace.
The breeze would sing a gentle hymn,
Of memories stored on every whim.

No classroom could have taught us more,
Than what we learned behind that door.
We found our strength, we shaped our voice,
We learned to fall, then to rejoice.

And then came days we couldn't stop—
The final nights, the farewell drop.
We hugged our mates with teary eyes,
Beneath the starlit hostel skies.

We clicked our photos, wrote our names,

And promised we'd return to frames.
We whispered, "May this bond not end,"
And walked away from every friend.

The room, the bed, the cracked old wall,
Became our past, our rise, our fall.
A part of us forever stays,
Inside those golden hostel days.

And now wherever we may be,
Those echoes live in memory.
No matter how far we may roam,
Hostel will be our second home.

It taught us how to fight, to care,
To push beyond, to always dare.
To love, to lose, to grow and shine—
This place has drawn a sacred line.

So let this Resonance begin,
To hold the fire we hold within.
A tribute to the days we own—
The hostel days that built our throne.

غزل نمبر ۱۔

اس نے جب سے وصال کو تاروں کے نام کر دیا
میں نے بھی نومِ صواد کو خود پہ حرام کر دیا

اترنا ہی تیری زلفوں کا ماتھے پر قیامت تھا
بٹائی پھر ادا سے تو نے تو کام تمام کر دیا

میرے مہ رو تجھ سے تو مرا نام نہ ہوسکا بر زبان
ہم نے تمام خوابوں کو تمہارے نام کر دیا۔

اُس نے کہا ہوا میں گزرے تو مانو ہجر ہے
ہم نے قیامِ مے کعدہ فقط ایک جام کر دیا

وصلِ تمنا کے ہم لکھ چکے تھے سارے منظران
عُزُرِ ستمگراں نے تو طمعِ خام کر دیا۔

میں نے اضطراب کا تجھ سے کوئی گلہ کیا
تم نے ہنسا تو ٹھیک تھا تم نے تو عام کر دیا

ہم کو نیش و لحاظ کا خمار کچھ دوا ہوا
اس نے گرا کے مقتنعہ مجھ کو غلام کر دیا

اس کا بھی مرے عشق پر اب مان باقی رہا نہ تھا
ہم نے بھی مر کے اس کے نام پیارا سا شام کر دیا

غزل نمبر ۲۔

محبت کرنے والے بھی بہت نادان ہوتے ہیں

وفا میں بے مروت پر سدا قربان ہوتے ہیں

شکستہ دل یہ کہتا ہے توقع اب نہیں کچھ بھی
اسے الہام ہوتے ہیں ترے بہتان ہوتے ہیں

وہ دل جو بے وفا سے بھی تعلق رد نہیں کرتے
بھروسہ کرتے کرتے وہ نہاں زندان ہوتے ہیں

خزان آنے کی افویہیں وہاں کس کو ستائیں گی
بہاروں سے بھی جس محفل میں میں دل ویران ہوتے ہیں

وہ پروانے بھی غافل ہیں جُھلس جاتے ہیں بن سوچے
کتابِ عشق میں اُن کے فقط عنوان ہوتے ہیں

قضا تسلیم کر کے میں صنم کو بھول جاتا ہوں
مکرر یاد کرنے کو لُٹے ارمان ہوتے ہیں

فدا کاری سی ہوتی ہے نظر کو امتحانوں میں
کہ بزمِ حسن میں بیٹھے صنم حیران ہوتے ہیں

مسافر راکھ کے ہیں یہ تپش کی جستجو میں ہے
ستمگر شمع سا ہو تو سفر آسان ہوتے ہیں

اجازت بے نہیں مجھ کو اُسے بے پیر بن دیکھو
نرالے اس صنم کے بھی عجب فرمان ہوتے ہیں

دلِ معصوم کے گاہک نوازش تک کو پہنچے ہیں
مُروٹ کے یہ پروانے اٹل ایمان ہوتے ہیں

محبت حق پہ آئی تو ملے صدمے زمانے سے
أصولِ عشق ہے توحید ڈرنا کیوں زمانے سے

دبکتی آگ پر چلنا مجھے تسلیم ہے جانم
اگر تم کو یقین ہو گا مجھے یوں آزمانے سے

ہمارے عشق کا معیار اُفق شاہیں سا لگتا تھا
جھلس جاتے زمانے جب ہمارے حق جتانے سے

توکل وصل کا میں نے کیا ہے ان چراغوں پر
نہیں چاہت تو آکے فیصلہ کر لے بجھانے سے

محبت میں ستم کرنا کروں آئین میں شامل
مسرت تم کو ملتی ہے اگر مجھ کو ستانے سے

رعونت ساز مرتے ہیں مگر واپس نہیں آتے
ولے تم حق ادا کرنا مجھے ہر دم بُلانے سے

اجازت چاہیے معصوم کو تم کو بھلانے کی
سکون قلب ہوگا اب تجھے دل سے مٹانے سے

A sorrowful heart beats within me today,
As I recall the image that won't fade away
A woman sits beside her beloved's lifeless form,
Dreams of joy and laughter now but a distant storm

Her thoughts, once filled with promise and delight,
Now shattered by the cruel hand of fate's dark night
In Kashmir or Palestine, the pain's the same,
Unjust death, a grave sin, bears no name

May justice soon prevail, may truth unfold,
May the killer face the weight of their cold
May Allah bring solace to the heartbroken soul,
And may justice be served, making whole.

Name: Majid Nazir

