

#13

 **The
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#Edition 13



THE SECONDS BETWEEN US

by - Vanshita

Little whispers trodding the earth,
stitched into breath by an unseen hand,
each heartbeat a loan
signed in this world by the divine.
What meaning do we leave behind?

Nothing here is truly ours,
not the laughter spilling like sunlight,
not the ache that settles quietly between these ribs.
Borrowed sorrows,
borrowed happiness,
both carried like a sacred debt
we cannot repay, but only feel.

We owe the sky for its endless blue,
owe the dusk for teaching us how to hold on and let go at once,
owe the fleeting warmth of your palms
that slip away too soon.

Time,
a little hair pulled from eternity
wraps around our days,
measured not in hours
but in moments we beg to notice.

So count them
each memory a constellation,
each second a flicker of magic
in the vast, unknowable dark.

Rejoice in the ordinary miracles:

the way light dances on still water,
the way your name trembles on my lips
long after voices fade.

For the clock does not warn,
it only moves
soft, relentless,
a quiet reminder
that we are merely guests here,
passing through a story
we did not write.

And yet
how mystical it is,
for us to exist at all,
to find each other at all,
in this borrowed time.

BORROWED TIME

by - Tanisha

There is always a moment before things fall apart. It is not defined by chaos, violence, or headlines, but by a quiet, almost invisible pause where everything could still be different. History lives within that pause.

We have seen this cycle before, shifting shapes across different eras. In 1947, when borders were drawn faster than hearts could understand them, people believed the worst would pass them by. It did not. Trains arrived full of silence instead of passengers, and homes turned into memories overnight. Along with this, in another part of the world, decisions made in rooms far removed from ordinary lives reduced entire cities to shadows in mere seconds. The nuclear bomb was more than just destruction

it was proof of how far human intelligence can advance when humanity is left behind.

These are not isolated incidents, but echoes of the same failure to act when we still have the chance. Between Partition, war, riots, and discrimination, there is a common thread: the existence of borrowed time. This is that fragile stretch where everything is warning us, but nothing has collapsed yet. Borrowed time is when we call visible tensions "temporary" label injustice as "normal" or convince ourselves that a growing wrong is not our problem.

It is the time where change is still possible, yet uncomfortable, so we delay. We wait for someone louder or more powerful to step in, believing that disasters are sudden and unavoidable. But they are not.

Most tragedies are built slowly, layer by layer and choice by choice. History repeats itself not because it forgets, but because we fail to interrupt it.

The uncomfortable truth is that stopping history from repeating does not require rewriting the past; it requires confronting the present. It requires noticing the early signs: the discrimination that is laughed off, the anger that is normalized, and the systems that fail quietly before they collapse loudly. We must treat borrowed time as the limited resource it is.

One day, the pause ends and the silence breaks. What could have been prevented is suddenly rebranded as "inevitable" but it never truly was. Even now, we are living in borrowed time through unfinished conversations, debated injustices, and growing divisions.



The question is not whether history will repeat itself, but what we will do when it does. Will we recognize the pattern while it is still forming? Will we speak while it is still safe?

Or will we wait until the damage is done, searching the past for the exact moment where things could have been different? That moment always exists, and it is always brief.

Whether borrowed time becomes a chapter of regret or a turning point has never depended on history. It has always depended on us.

THE MATCH THEY ALMOST DIDN'T GET TO PLAY

by - Ayushi Darsh

Some matches are lost before the first ball is even bowled. Not because of poor performance, but because the players are never allowed to step onto the field.

For the players of the Afghanistan women's national cricket team, this was not a metaphor, but a reality. Cricket, for them, was more than a sport. It was a space where they could express themselves, build confidence, and imagine a future that extended beyond the limitations placed around them.

Before their journey was disrupted, they trained like any other team. They practiced on modest grounds, worked on their skills, and shared a common dream of representing their country. These moments may have seemed ordinary, but they carried a deeper significance. In a society where opportunities for women in sports were already limited, simply playing cricket was an act of determination.

However, political changes in Afghanistan brought these aspirations to an abrupt halt. With restrictions placed on women's participation in sports, the team was effectively disbanded. Unlike many sporting careers that fade gradually, theirs

ended suddenly. There was no final match, no closure, just an immediate and forced pause.

Many players were compelled to leave the country, not in search of better opportunities, but in search of safety and the freedom to continue their lives.

In this context, cricket was no longer just a game. It became a symbol of identity, independence, and resilience.

During this time, international figures within the cricketing community stepped forward to support them. Among them was Mel Jones, a former Australian cricketer and a prominent advocate for women's cricket. She played a significant role in bringing global attention to the situation of the Afghan women players.

Through her position and influence, including her association with Cricket Australia, Mel Jones helped push for support systems to assist these players. She was involved in efforts to help relocate several members of the team to Australia, where they could find safety and rebuild aspects of their lives. More importantly, she worked to ensure that their connection to cricket was not

entirely lost. Her efforts reflected a larger responsibility within the global cricketing community to stand for inclusivity and equal opportunity. By advocating for these players, she helped ensure that their story was not forgotten and that their struggle became part of a broader conversation about women's rights in sports.

Despite these interventions, the uncertainty surrounding the future of Afghan women's cricket remains. While some players have been able to continue training and engaging with the sport abroad, the opportunity to represent their country at an international level is still out of reach.

This situation highlights a recurring pattern in the history of women's sports. Progress is often uneven and fragile. While there have been significant advancements in visibility, investment and recognition, these gains are not always secure. For many women athletes around the world, opportunities still depend on social and political conditions beyond their control. Their experience illustrates how history continues to repeat itself, with women athletes repeatedly facing barriers to participation and recognition.



Yet, their story is not solely defined by loss. It is also a story of resilience and solidarity. Through international support and their own determination, these players have managed to hold onto their connection with cricket, even if in altered circumstances.

Ultimately, this is not just a story about a team that couldn't play. It is about the deeper meaning of sport as a space for identity, freedom and expression. It is about how easily such spaces can be taken away and how important it is to protect them. For the Afghanistan women's

a national cricket team, the match they almost didn't get to play represents more than a missed opportunity. It represents a moment where time, identity and hope were all placed on uncertain ground and where the loss of one meant the loss of much more.

WHEN TIME WAS NEVER OURS

by - Samiya

There are occasions when you simply can't prepare yourself for them; they come out of nowhere and leave behind such an overwhelming sense of silence that you will never be able to forget them. A missed phone call that wasn't returned, leaving you in a limbo. On average it's time to say goodbye. That turned out to be the last goodbye. A fleeting moment, just one second of time that if it had happened differently then everything would have changed in the blink of an eye. And it's the fragile, almost unnoticeable fissures of space and time that will help you to grasp what it really means to live on borrowed time. Borrowed time is something you hardly ever notice until something goes wrong. Therefore, you won't realize that you're using borrowed time from the moment you wake until the moment you go to sleep. But, it's when we experience the obvious, yet quiet periods of time such as sitting in the hospital waiting room filled with anticipation or the void of stillness after experiencing what we thought was a close encounter, that we recognize what had almost happened but didn't happen... therefore causing us to have all these "what if" thoughts long after that moment.

Living with the awareness that we are living on borrowed time creates a strange, aching

sentiment inside you. The realization that you exist now was and is a gift, there was never any promise of your continuing to exist.

As we go on, having received this gift of being alive, something within ourselves begins to transform. The world becomes more vivid; colors appear more intense; everything begins to have meaning, even the small moments. Even things you never noticed before such as sunlight flowing through the window at the beginning of the day, someone's tone when they speak, the way laughter sounds when they laugh regularly are all things you remember with additional intensity. They are not extraordinary events or achievements; however, the weight and value of having something to hold onto become evident at times when you experience the possibility of losing it. But there is a simple truth that we continually deny: we all live on borrowed time. You do not have to have a near-death experience to experience such hardships. All of us are moving through time on a path that we did not create and was provided to us with no guarantee of destination. The future you wish to have, but you do not have a claim on, only a desire for what it could be, thus it could be easier than living in the reality of your past, present and future.

Many things are put off until they can happen again; things that hold great value to us personally. Like waiting for "the right time" to pursue one's goals, to share love with those close, to fix what has been broken, etc.. We often trick ourselves into believing that there will always be an opportunity, chance, or a day to revisit what we didn't have the courage to pursue before. Life does not guarantee us that same opportunity twice. Life continues to move on, and as it does so, it carries away with it many of the moments that we had, and in turn, will give us back only the experience of those moments and sometimes the feeling of missed opportunity. It can be very sad to discover just how much we have taken something that is as precious as time for granted. It's easy to lose those very important experiences while being distracted by the things that will not be important in the end. We hold on to anger far longer than we need to, and when we don't speak when we should, or hesitate when we should let go, time remains relentless and will never stop moving. Therefore leaving us with nothing but thoughts that missed out on what could have been.

Living on borrowed time allows everyone to have the possibility of a new beginning when it does finally end. The idea of living on borrowed time allows a person to realize they are not just going to



still exist but will live every single moment to the fullest. This can allow someone to be able to show themselves love and let people know how much they actually matter to you. You will be encouraged to express your feelings to the people closest to you without feeling any fear of rejection.

When you do take a chance (not because you think you will be successful) but You may end up regretting not the risks you took, but the life you never truly allowed yourself to live out of fear of taking a chance.

You will see that the only thing required is being fully present and that is far more important than being perfect. There is a

unique kind of beauty that exists with living life as if it was on borrowed time, as you start treasuring it. Every second will be seen as sacred. Every one of your memories will then become something that you truly want to keep. Even though you have experienced pain, hardship, heartache, etc...these experiences will all mean something to you; they will not just give you proof of your lifespan. They also remind you that you are alive; you are still living; and your story is still being told.

And maybe that is the greatest gift of all. To live, knowing that nothing is permanent, yet choosing to embrace it anyway. To wake up each day not with certainty, but with gratitude. To

understand that life's fragility is not something to fear, but something that gives it value. In the end, borrowed time is not about counting how much is left. It is about making what you have count. It is about filling your days with moments that matter, with connections that are real, with choices that reflect who you truly are. Because one day, whether we are ready or not, time will no longer be borrowed. And when that moment comes, the question will not be how long we lived but how profoundly we lived within the time we were given.

So live now. Love now. Speak now. Because this moment, this very breath you are taking is borrowed. And that is what makes it so incredibly, heartbreakingly beautiful.

THE TREATY OF YESTERDAY

by - Riddhima Rawat

When the industrial revolution stops feeding power into the factories, when the colonials stop ruling not just people but also trade, and when countries finally shake off the war dust as they shake hands, will it form utopia or will it be the end of the world? You see, a world without all its faults and all its patterns doesn't seem like a world at all, no matter how ideal it then becomes.

Does history need to slither itself in the halls of your world again and again to convince you that all doors lead back to the same exit? Do your hands not prove it to you when they make the same beats every day while you're in class? I'm sure, at some time in the 2nd grade, your fingers accidentally tapped the same rhythm two days in a row and haven't forgotten it ever since. It isn't that easy to get rid of that tune now.

"Change is the only constant." Oh, but nothing ever truly changes.

Someone still eats from the local diner at the back of the alley, crossing ten new cafes on the way because their chai has settled on his tongue.

Someone still wears the left shoe first. Ever since she broke her right leg, her hands have moved towards the other leg first.

Someone still says they are 18 years old when, in fact, they have not been 18 in a long time.

But time has passed and you have grown so much. You would think all these years of experience have changed you and, made you better.

You would think you do not yell when you're angry anymore. But oh well.

You would think you do not cry when you're overwhelmed anymore. But oh well.

You would think you can finally tell them no. But oh well.

You would think you can now control which habits to retain and which to stifle; choosing for your tendency of striking the same pose for every click to continue

being a fun fact about you and hoping that the anxiety-ridden leg ceases to fidget with time. But oh well.

"Change is the only constant." Oh, it actually might be.

The pen lays bare your blood, and in that puddle are the ripples that your life has created. The red ink always writes the same words, carries the same essence, but

I swear on this very life of mine, it always sings a different melody.

You can never change who you are, but you can always change how you are. The Treaty of Versailles was dared not to be changed on paper; its core was never displaced. But several plans came up and gave Germany a chance to change, and with it, changed the world.

It is only when you find yourself yelling again that you realise history always repeats itself.

But when you take that step forward to now apologise, you understand that the good thing about history is that it evolves.



THE GENERAL COMPARTMENT OF 'NEXT'

by - Mridul Malik

Walk into the classroom in the middle of class, and you will see them. Students buried under mountains of notes, their sleepy eyes, fueled by caffeine and anxiety. If you ask them how they are doing, the answer is always a variation of the same narrative: "I just need to get through this semester. Life will finally begin once I graduate and land that dream job."

We have collectively fallen into a dangerous trap. We treat these three years of college as a crowded, uncomfortable "General Compartment" train ride. It is a grueling phase we feel we must simply survive to reach

the pristine platform of corporate success. In this desperate rush to reach the next station, we put our happiness on pause. We view our present reality not as a life to be lived, but as a hurdle to jump over. But look closer at the journey you are trying so hard to escape. The spontaneous, late-night chai runs in the freezing cold. The uncontrollable laughter over terrible food in the hostel canteen. The shared panic before a tough submission, and the deep conversations that stretch until late nights. We fail to realize that these chaotic, imperfect moments are not just the foundation to our lives. They are our lives.

Decades from now, when you are sitting in a quiet, air-conditioned office, these noisy college days are exactly what you will look back on as the "good old days". The bitter truth of the destination delusion is that the finish line always moves. Once you reach that dream job, you will immediately start looking for the next promotion, the next hike, the next milestone. If you do not learn to appreciate the messy, beautiful journey right now, you will spend your entire life waiting to live. Stop rushing. Look around. The magic is happening right now, hidden in the very journey you are so desperate to leave behind.

PASSING CONNECTIONS

by - Gunita

Every day, you pass by hundreds of people. Be it in metro stations, malls, or even college corridors. Most of them remain strangers, fading into the background of your routine as you move through life. Yet, a few encounters break through this pattern. Certain people leave a lasting imprint, quietly reshaping how you see the world.

It all begins with something small. A brief conversation on the metro,

a passing interaction in a hallway, or a shared moment with someone you were never meant to meet. In those instances, people stop being background characters and reveal themselves as individuals with lived experiences, emotions and stories.

For a moment, your life intersects with theirs, and your perspective expands. You begin to see how deeply interconnected the world truly is. One simple conversation can make you realise that a stranger might know someone from your own life.

Someone who once seemed distant or accomplished may, up close, feel familiar and human.

And yet, most of the time, we let these moments pass.

Headphones

on, eyes fixed on our screens, avoiding eye contact, we choose silence without even realising it. We move through shared spaces without truly experiencing the people around us, missing out on conversations that could have shifted something within us.

The metro, in particular, creates a



unique space for this. It removes labels and hierarchies. No one is defined by their achievements, status, or identity. Everyone is simply a passenger, moving from one place to another. In that shared environment, barriers soften, and conversations flow more naturally. The temporary nature of the setting, combined with physical proximity, often allows for openness that even close relationships may not offer. There is a certain honesty that comes with speaking to someone you may never meet again.

Consider a conversation between a college student and a startup founder. On the surface, it may seem like an odd and unlikely pairing. Yet both gain something meaningful. The student gains insight and experience, while the founder learns

about emerging perspectives, trends, and the mindset of a younger generation. These exchanges are not just conversations, they are opportunities to understand different realities. Even simple gestures, like sharing a screen to someone sitting next to you to watch a show together, can spark a connection. A bond built on shared interests which are harder to form organically. A single moment can unfold into a chain of thoughts, ideas and shared understanding.

These mere passing connections can become a pivotal point of your journey. Those random metro conversations could turn

into a job offer, the sharing of your phone screen could lead to a best friend for life. These connections manifest in your life by becoming your best friend, investor, or personal supporter. The next time you step into a metro, don't see it as just a means to reach your destination. See it as a space filled with untapped perspectives and possibilities. Beyond that brief hesitation lies the chance to discover stories, ideas and connections that might quietly change the way you experience the world. Some of the most meaningful conversations of your life might be sitting just one seat away, waiting beyond a moment of hesitation.

कर्मा

by - Parth Raut

कर्मों का चक्र चलता,
इतिहास का पन्ना पलटा,
और चारों ओर हुआ अंधेरा,
और हम खड़े उसे युद्ध में,
जिसमें-

एक तरफ है पृथा पुत्र पार्थ,
क्षत्रिय जो वर्ण से,
बड़ा बलशाली।
दूसरी तरफ राधेय पुत्र कर्ण,
दानवीर जो धर्म से।

दोनों का पलड़ा भारी था...
पर सत्य का बोझ और भी गहरा था।
क्योंकि यह युद्ध केवल तलवारों का

नहीं,
नीयत और नियति का पहरा था।
एक जन्म से उच्च, पर प्रश्नों से घिरा,
एक जन्म से निम्न, पर अपमान से
जला।
एक को मिला सब बिना मांगे,
एक ने दिया सब बिना थके।

और फिर वही प्रश्न उभरता है-
कौन सही? कौन गलत?
जब धर्म भी अपना रूप बदलता है,
और न्याय भी समय के साथ ढलता है।

समय बीता... युग बदला,
मगर बस रूप बदला रहा वही सार।
तलवारें मौन, पर रण जीवित है,
अब हर निर्णय भी एक युद्ध है।

और देखो-
अब राजा का पुत्र ही राजा कहलाता है,
वंश ही वीरता का माप बन जाता है।
न परख होती है धर्म की, न कर्म की
पुकार,
केवल नाम ही दे देता है सिंहासन का
अधिकार।

फिर भी कहीं, कहानी रुकती नहीं-
हर युग में एक कर्ण फिर उठता है,
और एक पार्थ स्वयं से लड़ता है।

चेहरे बदलते हैं, दौर नया आता है,
पर कर्मों का चक्र फिर वही लौट आता
है,
और इतिहास चुपके से... फिर दोहराता
है।



THANK YOU NOTE

-Preeti Wadhwan

I landed in CBS Post without ever knowing that it would give me another family.

What I thought would be just another college society soon became a place that shaped me in the most beautiful ways. From calling my seniors bhaiya and didi to hearing my juniors call me didi, somewhere along the way, this society became home.

A special thank to my coordinators and our President. Thank you for believing in me before I fully believed in myself. Thank you for trusting me with responsibilities and giving me the opportunity to serve this incredible family as the Vice President. Every opportunity you gave me helped me grow not just as a leader, but as a person.

To batch mates, thank you for being my biggest support system, for every laugh, every brainstorming session, every deadline, and every memory we created together. And to my pretty little babies [juniors], thank you for making this journey even more meaningful. Watching you learn, grow, and create has been one of the most rewarding parts of my time here.

CBS Post has never been just about cameras, content, or coverage. It has been about people. It has been about friendships that felt like family, conversations that stayed with me, with us, moments of chaos that turned into unforgettable memories, and a place that always felt safe to come back to.

As I leave, I carry countless memories, invaluable lessons, and a heart full of gratitude. Thank you for trusting me, teaching me, challenging me, and loving me. No matter where life takes me, a part of me will always belong to CBS Post.

Thank you for being my second family. I'll always be proud to call myself a Postie.

-Sumit Dagar

"History repeats itself." If I try to fit my experiences at The CBS Post in this mould, I find myself chuckling and reminiscing about the time when we published our 10th Edition, and I asked our President to share her thoughts on this journey so far. And a few days back, I was asked to do something similar.

"Our college, though renowned in the corporate world, still didn't quite sit right with the "culture" of a typical DU college." These were the words of The President of my time, and looking back, I feel delighted that I saw efforts made to nurture a unique 'culture' that CBS has created over the years and we, at The CBS Post, did our part to not limit the spirit of our college to just the corporate world. We read, we wrote, we created spaces for discussions. And not to forget, that we held the mic to voice even those issues which were often overlooked and labelled as unimportant.

Talking about my experience at 'Post,' I'll restate it here as well, that the best of CBS for me was always Post. Whether those who trusted me and made me a part of it, or those who kept the momentum with me, every person enriched me with memories and learnings which elevated my experience in CBS.

In the end, I wish that our future batches will perpetuate this culture, and offer at least one thing worth remembering to every student who'll walk on the grounds of SSCBS.





And the best of CBS for me, will
always be 'POST!' Whether those who
trusted me and made me a part of it, or
those who made it memorable for me...
for each one of you, I am gratified
beyond words.

The very flavour of fun in CBS came
from Post, how is it that it had all the
ingredients in just the right amount?
It was wonderful for me!! thank you
POST!!

