



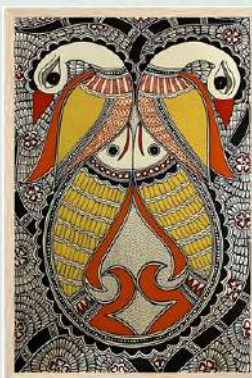
KSHITIJ

First Edition
2025-2026

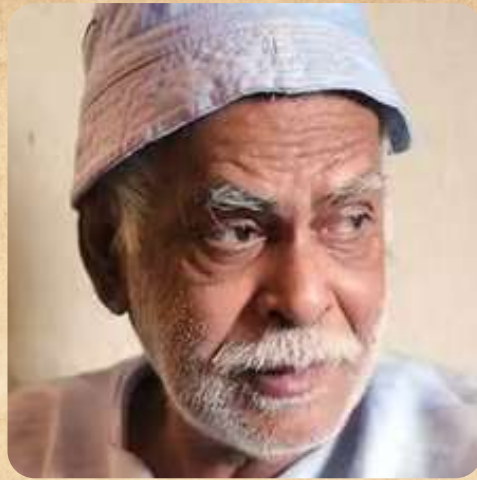
क्षितिज

प्रथम संस्करण (2025-2026)

LAND OF MONASTERIES



DEDICATED TO DR. VASHISHTHA NARAYAN SINGH



Dr. Vashishtha Narayan Singh (1942–2019)

A mind ahead of his time - the genius who walked silently but thought louder than the universe. Dr. Vashishtha Narayan Singh was born on April 2, 1942, in Basantpur, Bhojpur, Bihar. From an ordinary family came an extraordinary intellect. At Netarhat Residential School, he didn't just study - he excelled effortlessly, leaving teachers and classmates astonished by his natural command over numbers.

His legend took shape at Patna Science College. In a packed classroom, young Vashishtha corrected his mathematics professor and presented multiple precise solutions. The incident became academic folklore. Recognizing his brilliance, the college granted him a rare privilege: he appeared for the final-year B.Sc. examination while still in his first year, and he topped the university. He finished his M.Sc. in one year with distinction, a record unmatched.

His talent soon reached global academia. During a visit to India, Professor John L. Kelley from UC Berkeley recognized Singh's rare genius and invited him to the United States. There, he earned his Ph.D. in 1969 on Reproducing Kernels and Operators with a Cyclic Vector, a field understood by only the most advanced mathematicians.

One moment defined his global reputation: during NASA's Apollo program, when 31 computers malfunctioned simultaneously, Dr. Singh continued calculating the spacecraft's trajectory manually. When the systems recovered, his handwritten numbers matched perfectly. In an age of machines, he proved the supremacy of the human mind.

He later taught at the University of Washington and was celebrated as one of the brightest mathematical minds of his era.

But genius often walks close to fragility. In 1972, driven by patriotism, he returned to India. Soon after, he was diagnosed with schizophrenia. His life began to fall apart, his career halted, his marriage ended, and eventually, he vanished from public view.

Years later, in 1989, he was found in a remote village, frail, forgotten, yet still scribbling equations. The mind that once stunned NASA remained restless and searching.

Dr. Singh spent his final years in Patna, quiet, humble, and largely overlooked by the world he once amazed. He passed away on November 14, 2019.

PROLOGUE

Step into the vibrant pages of Kshitij, the annual magazine of Bihar College of Pharmacy, Patna - a creative horizon where words, colors, and emotions come together to celebrate our collective spirit. Symbolizing sunrise, growth, infinite ideas, and new beginnings, Kshitij reflects the very soul of our dynamic campus community.

On this auspicious occasion of National Pharmacy Education Day, we proudly honor the Father of Indian Pharmacy, Prof. M. L. Schroff. Marking this celebration of knowledge and legacy, we are delighted to officially launch this year's edition of Kshitij. More than a magazine, it is a beacon of inspiration, illuminating our path with its tapestry of stories, poems, artwork, experiences, and cherished memories.

“Kshitij” - meaning horizon - evokes the first light of dawn, renewal, and boundless possibility. In that spirit, this magazine is a sanctuary for creativity - a space where the voices of our students, faculty, and staff come alive. Each page captures moments of joy, reflection, hope, imagination, and the vibrant energy of our academic family.

We extend heartfelt gratitude to every contributor whose dedication and creativity have breathed life into these pages. A special thanks to the institute for its unwavering support and encouragement, making Kshitij truly magical.

May this edition inspire you, uplift your spirit, and fill you with pride.

Welcome to Kshitij
where words come alive, and dreams take flight.

EDITORIAL BOARD



It is with immense joy and proud anticipation that we unveil Kshitij 2025–2026, the annual magazine of BCP, Patna, a vibrant mirror of our institution’s vision, vitality, and voice. Kshitij is not merely a publication; it is a celebration of ideas, a testament to achievement, and a creative confluence where knowledge and imagination meet. These pages bring together a compelling blend of scientific insight, literary expression, and artistic brilliance, capturing the passion, curiosity, and dedication that define our students and faculty.

We extend our deepest appreciation to the Editorial Team, whose creativity, perseverance, and attention to detail have transformed this vision into reality. Their tireless efforts in curating, designing, and refining every element have given Kshitij 2026 its distinctive identity. Our heartfelt thanks also go to all contributors and supporters whose ideas, talents, and encouragement enriched this journey.

As we celebrate National Pharmacy Day 2026, may this edition inspire innovation, strengthen collaboration, and ignite creative excellence. We hope Kshitij resonates with you, informing, inspiring, and instilling a deep sense of pride in the BCP family.

Happy reading

Warm regards,
Dr. Mamta Dhingra and Nitish Nirala
Editor-in-Chief
Kshitij Magazine

ABOUT BCP PATNA

For over four decades, Bihar College of Pharmacy (BCP) has been a distinguished center of excellence in pharmaceutical education, research, and professional training. Established in 1979, the institution has played a pivotal role in shaping skilled, ethical, and socially responsible pharmacy professionals who contribute meaningfully to healthcare and society. Guided by its vision “to serve as a leading world-class institute in the areas of pharmaceutical education and research,” BCP is committed to delivering value-based quality education, fostering innovative research, and strengthening industry–academia collaboration to support the development of affordable and high-quality medicines.

Bihar College of Pharmacy is permanently affiliated to Magadh University, Bodh Gaya, and is duly approved and recognized by all major statutory and regulatory bodies, including the University Grants Commission (UGC) under Sections 2(f) and 12(B) of the UGC Act, 1956, Pharmacy Council of India (PCI), All India Council for Technical Education (AICTE), Ministry of Education, Government of India, Department of Health, Government of Bihar, and the Bihar University of Health Sciences, Patna - underscoring its academic credibility and institutional integrity.

With a forward-looking approach, the college continues to strengthen its academic ecosystem through modern infrastructure, state-of-the-art laboratories, advanced research facilities, and exposure to emerging domains of pharmaceutical sciences. Emphasis is placed on adopting new technologies, encouraging innovation, and fostering national and international collaborations to broaden global perspectives and institutional growth.

BCP offers a comprehensive portfolio of academic programs aligned with the evolving needs of the pharmaceutical profession: Diploma in Pharmacy (D. Pharm - 2 years, 60 seats), Bachelor of Pharmacy (B. Pharm - 4 years, 100 seats), B. Pharm (Lateral Entry - 3 years, 10 seats), and Master of Pharmacy (M. Pharm - 2 years, 15 seats) with specializations in Pharmaceutics and Pharmaceutical Chemistry.

Rooted in academic rigor, innovation, ethical values, and social commitment, Bihar College of Pharmacy continues to stand as a beacon of excellence, leadership, and service, shaping the future of pharmaceutical education and advancing healthcare for the nation.



INSIGHTS FROM THE CHAIRMAN

It is with immense pride and great enthusiasm that I extend my warm greetings to all readers on the occasion of the first edition of our institute's magazine. This publication is not merely a record of accomplishments; it is a celebration of the dedication, creativity, and relentless pursuit of excellence demonstrated by our students, faculty, and staff.

At our institute, we believe that education transcends the boundaries of textbooks and classrooms. It is a dynamic process of fostering innovation, nurturing critical thinking, and shaping individuals who are prepared to contribute meaningfully to society. Through a strong foundation of research, academic rigor, and enriching co-curricular engagement, we remain steadfast in our mission to empower young minds and cultivate the leaders of tomorrow.

This magazine stands as a powerful testament to the vibrant intellectual and cultural ecosystem that flourishes within our institution. It highlights not only our academic progress and research endeavors but also the diverse talents, ideas, and perspectives that collectively define our community.

As we move forward, let us reaffirm our commitment to the core values of integrity, perseverance, and innovation. Together, with unity of purpose and clarity of vision, we will continue to scale new heights and strengthen the legacy of our institute.

I extend my heartfelt appreciation to the editorial team, contributors, and all those whose tireless efforts have brought this magazine to life. May these pages inspire reflection, ignite curiosity, and encourage excellence.

I wish you all continued success, growth, and fulfillment in every endeavor.



Dr. Prateek Soni

Chairman
BCP Patna

INSIGHTS FROM THE MANAGEMENT

I am truly delighted to mark the forthcoming release of the first edition of our Annual Magazine, Kshitij, a milestone that reflects vision, dedication, and collective excellence. This achievement stands as a proud testament to the tireless efforts of Team Kshitij, whose passion and perseverance have transformed an idea into a meaningful and enduring platform. Kshitij emerges as a vibrant canvas for creativity and a voice for thoughtful reflection, showcasing the rich intellectual and artistic expressions of our dynamic academic community.



I extend my heartfelt congratulations to the Organizing Committee for nurturing this cherished initiative and to the entire Kshitij team for their unwavering commitment to quality. Their enthusiasm, innovation, and attention to detail have shaped this inaugural edition into a publication that not only informs and inspires, but also strengthens our shared sense of identity and belonging. I also commend our students for their remarkable talents and ever-growing participation in sports and cultural activities. Their energy and enthusiasm, especially during celebrations such as National Pharmacy Week (NPW), highlight the true spirit of holistic education, fostering teamwork, camaraderie, leadership, and unity beyond the classroom.

I am confident that Kshitij will continue to flourish as a source of knowledge, creativity, and motivation for all, inspiring generations to explore, innovate, and excel.

With pride and optimism, I look forward to our continued journey of growth, excellence, and shared success.

Best wishes,
Manoj Singh
Management Team

INSIGHTS FROM THE PRINCIPAL

It is with immense pleasure that I extend my warm greetings on the occasion of the first edition of Kshitij, our institute's magazine. This publication is far more than a compilation of words and images; it is a powerful reflection of the creativity, passion, and unwavering dedication of our talented students.

The name Kshitij, meaning horizon, symbolizes the first light of dawn, renewal, growth, and boundless possibility. It represents new beginnings, infinite ideas, and the expanding aspirations of our vibrant campus community. True to its name, Kshitij captures the very essence of our institution, where learning flourishes and creativity knows no boundaries.

This magazine serves as a dynamic platform where imagination meets expression, ideas find their voice, and the spirit of learning comes alive. I extend my heartfelt appreciation to all the writers, artists, editors, and contributors who have poured their time, talent, and passion into this endeavor. Your commitment has transformed blank pages into a rich tapestry of stories, poetry, artwork, and insights, creating a lasting testament to your creativity and hard work.

In closing, I extend my best wishes to all members of the BCP family for a future filled with success, growth, and ever-expanding horizons.



Best regards,
Dr. Mamta Dhingra
Principal
BCP Patna

HIGHLIGHTS OF NATIONAL PHARMACY EDUCATION DAY 2025



COMMEMORATIONS AND OBSERVANCES: HIGHLIGHTS OF 2025



International Women's Day



International Yoga Day



World Diabetes Day



Independence Day



National Pharmacovigilance Week



World Pharmacist Day



Global Handwashing Day



Anti-Ragging Awareness Seminar



CPR Training



International Volunteer Day



Sarsawati Puja



Republic Day

PILLARS OF BCP PATNA





Between rippling waters and an endless sky, a small boat carries not just people, but moments of faith, curiosity, and quiet wonder. Amidst fluttering birds and distant shores, the river becomes a living corridor where journeys pause, breathe, and continue unhurried, timeless, and deeply human

Vivek kumar

B Pharm (First Semester)

Swarnagiri Venkateswara Swamy Temple

Where stone breathes devotion and water holds memory, faith gathers in quiet circles. Beneath towering temple walls, reflections ripple gently, mirroring centuries of belief, ritual, and reverence. In this sacred embrace of architecture and soul, time slows, allowing devotion to flow as endlessly as the water itself.

Jyoti Kumari

B Pharm (First Semester)



The city wakes up riding on his tired shoulders. Each pedal turn costs sweat, silence, and sacrifice. He carries strangers, yet remains unseen. No applause follows him, only survival. Progress moves faster because he never rests. This is not labor; this is dignity in motion.

Rishav Kumar

B Pharm (First Semester)



Seated between stillness and strength, Lord Shiva rises against the open sky, an eternal symbol of balance. With calm in His gaze and power in His presence, He reminds us that true divinity lies in harmony: creation and destruction, silence and sound, faith and fearlessness.

Vivek kumar
B Pharm (First Semester)

Frozen in motion yet alive with rhythm, the cosmic dancer moves within a circle of fire, where creation begins, destruction dissolves, and balance is reborn.

In every lifted foot and outstretched hand, the universe finds its pulse, reminding us that stillness and movement are, at heart, one.

Navnit Kumar Nirdosh
B Pharm (First Semester)



Rising gently above a sea of green, the white dome stands as a quiet guardian of peace. Framed by drifting clouds and whispering trees, it reflects a timeless truth, that serenity is not found in distance, but in stillness, where earth and sky meet in silent harmony

Mannat Kumar
B Pharm (First Semester)

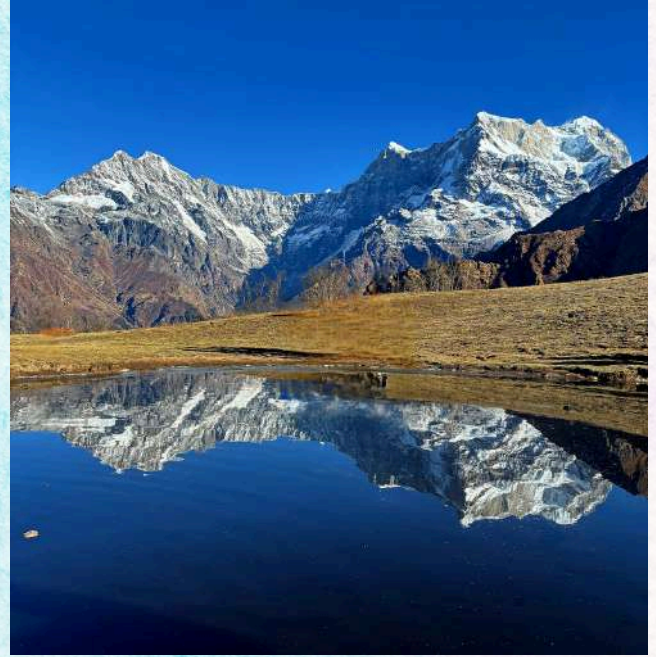




PIXELS & PROSE



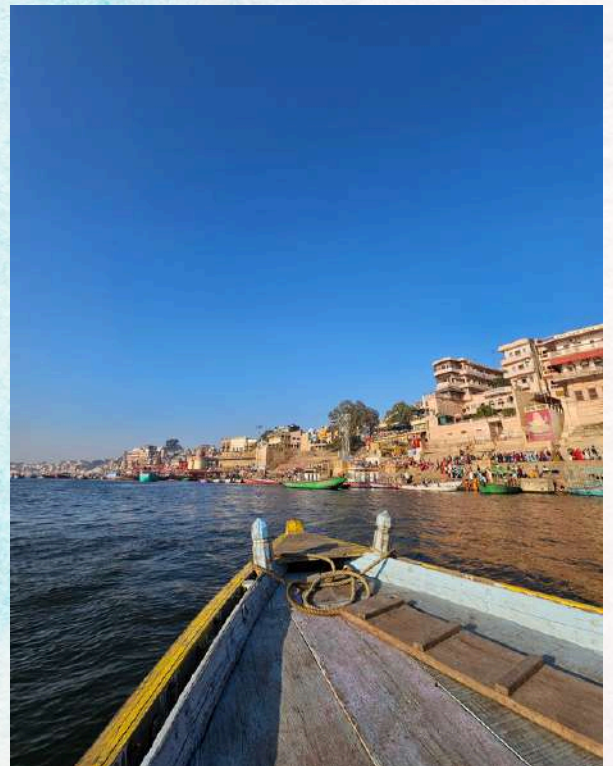
Rishav Kumar
B Pharm (First Semester)



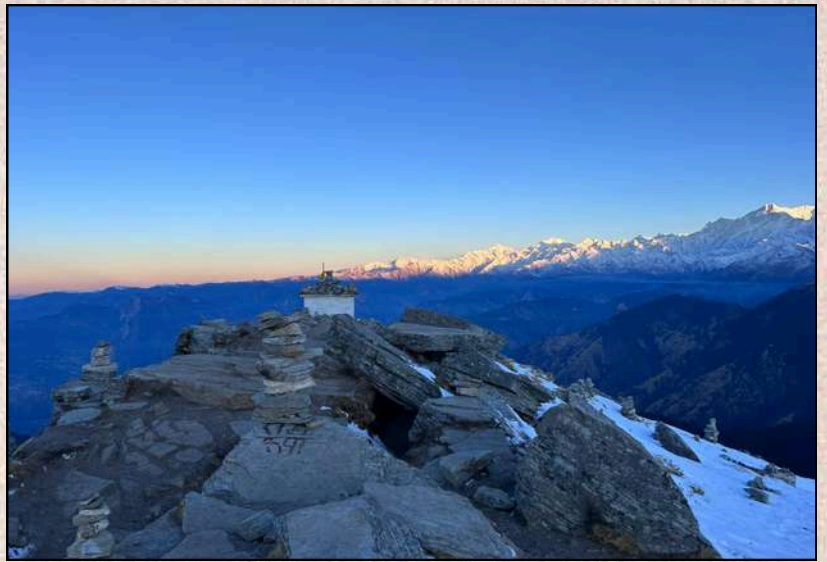
Saroj Yaduvanshi
B Pharm (First Semester)



Aradhana Kumari
B Pharm (First Semester)



Mannat Kumar
B Pharm (First Semester)



At the edge of the world, where stone meets sky, silence speaks the loudest. As dawn brushes the distant peaks with gold, this solitary perch reminds us that some journeys are not about reaching a place but about finding clarity in the vastness that surrounds us.

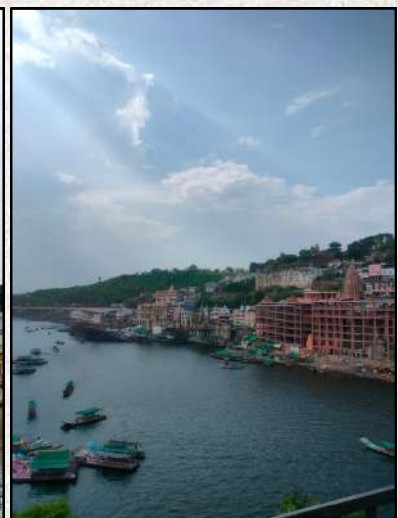
Navnit Kumar Nirdosh
B Pharm (First Semester)



Sandeep Kumar
B Pharm (First Semester)

Raman Thaku
B Pharm (First Semester)

Riya sinha
B Pharm (First Semester)



Abhigyan Pratap Singh
B Pharm (First Semester)



Jyoti Kumari

B Pharm (First Semester)

A Man

He wakes each day with yesterday still heavy,
With questions, no one ever taught him how to ask.

He learns early how to keep going,
Even when the heart grows tired before the body
does.

He doesn't speak much of his fears.

Not because they're small,
But because he was taught

That carrying them quietly is part of the job.

He gives more than he names.
Time. Strength. Pieces of himself.
Sometimes love is the only thing
He allows himself to feel fully.

When no one is watching,
He pauses longer than he should.

He thinks of what he's lost,
And of what he still hopes to become.

A man is not perfect.

He stumbles, he doubts, he breaks.

But he shows up anyway
For work, for family, for love, for tomorrow.

His strength isn't loud.
It's in staying kind when life hardens him,

In choosing patience over anger,
In standing again after falling.

He is human before anything else.

And that quietly, deeply
Is what makes him strong.

Omkar Kumar Kuwar

Assistant Professor
Department of Pharmacology

STRANGERS ONCE, INSEPARABLE NOW

Come, let me introduce you to a group of people
who think alike and act alike.

This story begins at a very familiar place college.

Yes, the place where we first met as complete
strangers. But as the saying goes, people with
similar mindsets connect and blend together very
quickly. Now, you might be wondering similar in
what way?

Listen closely.

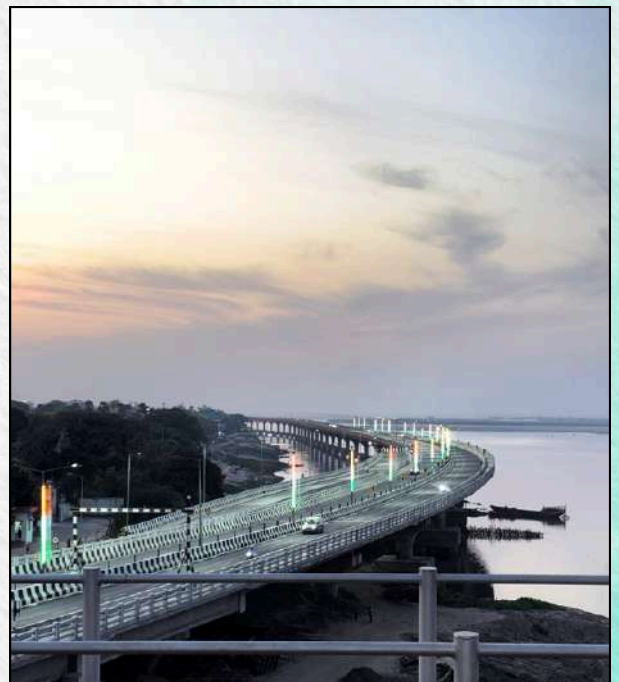
We are those people who, along with studying,
know exactly how to have unlimited fun.

We somehow manage to fit ten people into a
single small four-wheeler. There is only one thing
we truly do from the heart fun, fun, and more fun.
Many times, the entire batch ends up laughing at
our antics, because that's just the way we are. If
you go looking for one of us, you'll inevitably find
all of us together.

Such is our happy-go-lucky group.

Ayush Raj

B Pharm (First Semester)



Ankit Kumar

B Pharm (First Semester)

College Life

We traced the campus paths with hopeful hearts,
Friendships born in borrowed nights.
Laughter echoed through empty halls,
Memories clinging like autumn's last call.
Professors sowed their seeds of thought,
Dreams awakened where lessons were taught.
Between canteen chaos and library light,
We lived our days, reckless and bright.
Time drifted by like pages turned,
Every fall stumbled, every triumph earned.
Halls of learning gave minds their flight,
Stories shared that softened the night.
At dawn, the lawns held whispered schemes,
Friendships flowing with time's quiet streams.
The tide rolled years so gently away,
Leaving moments we'd forever stay.
Now tears fall soft as roads divide,
Yet memories stand, our constant guide.
Those were the days we learned to breathe
College life,
A treasure no goodbye can ever retrieve.

Sawroop Sarkar
B Pharm (2nd Year)



Ankita Singh
Assistant Professor
Department of Pharmacognosy

WHERE SILENCE BECOMES SACRED

An 8,400-km Learning Journey Across India

Travel is among life's greatest teachers, and my recent 20-day road journey across India affirmed this truth in the most profound way. Beginning in Patna, the route unfolded along the East Coast through Puri and Visakhapatnam, before leading me to some of the nation's most revered spiritual centers, Srisailem, Tirupati, Rameshwaram, Madurai, and Kanyakumari. Along the way, I immersed myself in the serene landscapes of Varkala, Alleppey, Kochi, Munnar, and Kodaikanal, where nature offered moments of reflection and renewal.

The journey continued through the vibrant cities of Coimbatore, Mysuru, Bengaluru, and Hyderabad, followed by a passage through central India via Nagpur and Jabalpur, finally returning home through the sacred cities of Prayagraj and Varanasi.

Spanning nearly 8,400 kilometers by road, this expedition revealed the remarkable cultural, geographical, and social diversity of India. As a pharmacy student, I gained firsthand insight into regional disparities in healthcare infrastructure, medicine accessibility, and public health awareness. These observations reinforced a vital realization: effective healthcare practice demands an understanding of society that extends far beyond textbooks and laboratories.

More than a road trip, this journey became a lesson in discipline, adaptability, and responsibility qualities essential to both personal growth and professional integrity. Ultimately, it was a transformative experience of learning, self-discovery, and national integration, one that continues to shape my perspective as a future healthcare professional.

Nayan Raj
B Pharm (Final Semester)

TRUTH PILLS

MYTH: All inflammation is harmful!

FACT: Acute inflammation is a protective immune response essential for healing. Chronic inflammation disrupts cellular signaling and tissue homeostasis. It contributes to insulin resistance, neurodegeneration, and atherosclerosis. Regulation of inflammation is critical for disease prevention.



MYTH: Antibiotics cure viral infections !

FACT: Antibiotics target bacterial structures, not viruses. Viral infections require antiviral agents or immune clearance. Misuse of antibiotics promotes antimicrobial resistance. Rational antibiotic use is essential for public health.



MYTH: Microwaves destroy nutrients.

FACT: Microwave cooking uses shorter heating times. This preserves heat-sensitive vitamins. Nutrient loss is often lower than boiling or frying. Cooking method matters more than the appliance.



MYTH: Sweating removes toxins !

FACT: Detoxification occurs primarily in the liver and kidneys. Sweat mainly contains water and electrolytes. Toxin removal via sweat is minimal. Hydration supports metabolic clearance.



MYTH: Drinking water during meals impairs digestion!

FACT: Water does not dilute digestive enzymes. The body maintains optimal digestive conditions. Hydration aids nutrient absorption. Normal water intake is harmless.



MYTH: Cholesterol in food directly causes heart disease.

FACT: Endogenous cholesterol synthesis contributes more than dietary intake. Cardiovascular risk depends on LDL, HDL, and inflammation. Metabolic health plays a major role. Diet quality matters more than cholesterol alone.



Nayansi Raj
B Pharm (First Semester)

The Keeper of Dreams

Jude learned early that sleep was not a mercy. Other children spoke of dreams as passing things soft, weightless, gone by morning. Jude's dreams had gravity. They pressed on her chest, tugged at her bones. Night did not bring rest. It summoned her. She was five years old the first time she vanished. Her bed was found cold, untouched, the blankets folded with unsettling precision. Her parents searched the house, the street, and the neighbors' yards. Panic spread until the world itself seemed to tilt. Then Jude was simply back. She lay where she should have been all along, breathing evenly, her face calm in a way waking life never allowed. When she spoke, she described towering spires, endless bells, and shadows that bowed as she passed. Her parents did not ask questions. They already understood too much. From then on, they watched her like people living beneath a gathering storm. Doors were locked. Lights burned through the night. Prayers were whispered over her sleeping body. They called it imagination because the alternative was unbearable. But imagination does not remove a child from her bed. As Jude grew, the dreams deepened vast, precise, terrible in their beauty. Sleep carried her into the Realm of Dreams, a cathedral-world trapped in eternal dusk. Bone-white towers pierced a bruised sky. Stained constellations shifted overhead. Bells tolled without pause, not for time, but for memory and loss. The realm knew her. Shadows parted. Stone remembered her footsteps. Doors breathed her name. Jude did not know why she belonged there. Only that she did. In the waking world, reality began to fray. Bells rang in empty classrooms. Reflections moved on their own. Candles burned low, their flames blackened. Sometimes the world leaned, just enough for Jude to feel the dream pressing against it, waiting. She stopped sleeping. Exhaustion hollowed her. Fear settled deep. Jude began to wonder if madness had chosen her as its home. They told her the truth when she was seventeen. They spoke of dreamwalkers, of bloodlines and broken stories, of those who crossed too far and never returned. And finally, they spoke a name spoken only in dread.

Cynthia had been a dreamwalker once, devoted, powerful. She believed the realm needed a ruler. The realm did not. It wanted a witness. When Cynthia claimed a throne never meant for her, the realm did not punish her. It claimed her. "She never left," Jude's father said. "She became part of it." That night, Jude slept. The Realm of Dreams opened to her like a wound. The bells rang louder than ever. The air tasted of iron and incense. Jude felt it then, not fear, not wonder, but belonging. Cynthia appeared, pale and crowned in shadow, her eyes worn hollow by centuries. "You feel it now," she said. "The truth." "I won't become you," Jude said. Cynthia smiled, aching and sad. "Every dreamwalker believes that." She led Jude through cities of silence and seas reflecting dead stars, past sealed doors heavy with forgotten names. "This realm does not need to be ruled," Cynthia said. "It needs someone who stays." The truth settled like a slow, deliberate weight. Dreamwalkers were not travelers. They were anchors. At the heart of the realm stood the throne. Stone crept over Jude's feet. Shadow threaded through her veins. She thought of her parents. Of sunlight. Of mornings that would never come. "I won't stay," she whispered. Cynthia stepped away, and for the first time, she looked free. "You already are." She faded. The bells fell silent. In the waking world, Jude's bed was found cold once more. Days passed. Then weeks. Her name thinned into memory. But the Realm of Dreams endured. Some dream of a silent figure seated upon a throne of thorns, watching the fragile border between sleep and waking. Others wake certain that something ancient and patient has turned them back from the edge. Whether Jude is a guardian or a captive, a queen or a sacrifice, no one knows.

Only this is certain:

The bells still toll.

The realm remains.

And somewhere between dreaming and dawn, Jude remembers a world that once called her daughter.

Khadija Anjum

B Pharm (First Semester)

Pandubba: The Call from the Ganga

Along the banks of the Ganga in rural Bihar, evening is not just a change of light; it is a boundary. This incident involves a man from my village, told and retold not as a ghost story, but as a warning. After a death in the family, the mourners gathered at the riverbank for the cremation. The rites were conducted with dignity and care, the flames rising as prayers dissolved into the wind. As tradition dictates, the body returned to the river that has witnessed generations of life and death. Among those present was a man known in the village for his struggle with alcohol. Even on a day of mourning, he had been drinking, not as part of any ritual, but out of habit. As the cremation drew to a close and dusk settled over the river, the workers at the ghat quietly approached him. Their warning was brief and serious.

“Leave before sunset.

After dark, do not go near the river.

If someone calls you, someone you recognize-do not respond. It will not be real.”

He ignored them.

As darkness thickened, the Ganga lost its familiar form. The water appeared still, almost watchful. Then, suddenly, he saw movement.

A man was drowning.

The face was familiar-someone already dead.

Instinct overpowered reason. Believing he was witnessing a real emergency, he stepped toward the river. At that exact moment, something seized his leg from below the water’s surface. The grip was strong, deliberate, and unyielding.

He screamed.

In an instant, the drowning figure disappeared. There were no hands, no disturbance, only the river flowing silently in the dark.

Hearing his cries, a man standing at a distance rushed forward and called for help. Others followed. Together, they pulled him away from the riverbank. He survived, shaken, speechless, but alive.

Some later dismissed the incident as an alcohol-induced hallucination.

But those who live along the river disagree.

They say such incidents have occurred many times. Some people heard a familiar voice asking for a cigarette. Some were asked for a match. Others saw someone drowning. Each time, the voice sounded familiar, like a friend, a relative, someone trusted.

Locals call this presence Pandubba.

Pandubba does not attack openly. It does not threaten. It creates false moments of urgency-calls for help that feel impossible to ignore. Those who respond often never return.

The man from my village was fortunate.

Many others were not.

That is why people who live near the Ganga still say, in hushed voices:

Never respond to a familiar call near the river after sunset.

Some voices belong to the river itself.

Nayansi Raj

B Pharm (First Semester)



निशा कुमारी
बी.फार्मा (प्रथम सेमेस्टर)

एक स्त्री

वह बहुत छोटी उम्र में सीख लेती है
एक साथ बहुत कुछ होना,
कठोर हुए बिना मज़बूत,
कमज़ोर हुए बिना कोमल,
चुप रहते हुए भी अपनी पहचान बनाए रखना।
दुनिया उससे बहुत कुछ माँगती है,
त्याग, धैर्य, सहनशीलता।
और वह हर बार
अपने भीतर से रास्ता खोज लेती है।
उसकी आँखों में कहानियाँ रहती हैं,
कुछ पूरी, कुछ अधूरी।
उसके हाथों में सृजन भी है, सान्त्वना भी,
वे बनाते हैं, सँभालते हैं, थामे रखते हैं।
वह गिरती है, पर मिटती नहीं।
थकती है, पर रुकती नहीं।
थकान के बीच भी
उसके भीतर एक शांत आग जलती रहती है।
स्त्री किसी भूमिका की परिभाषा नहीं,
न ही त्याग की कोई सीमा।
वह अपने बनने की प्रक्रिया है,
हर दिन, हर पल।
वह प्रेम चुनती है,
इसलिए नहीं कि यह आसान है,
बल्कि इसलिए कि
उसका हृदय साहस से भरा है।
वह पहले मनुष्य है।
साधारण में असाधारण।
और दुनिया आगे बढ़ती है,
उसके होने से।

नीतीश निराला

सहायक प्राध्यापक (औषध विज्ञान विभाग)

बचपन एक तूफान है

बचपन एक तूफान है, मस्ती खोरी की खान है
हंसने की कोई वजह नहीं, पर चेहरे पर मुस्कान है |
खाने पीने की फिकर नहीं, सोने का नहीं ठिकाना है
खेलकूद के राजा है यह जहां पढ़े सो जाना है ||

बच्चों का साफ ईमान है हर रूप में ये भगवान है
घर में खुशियां इनसे ही हैं यह नन्हे मेहमान है |
बचपन एक तूफान है मस्ती खोरी की खान है
हंसने की कोई वजह नहीं पर चेहरे पर मुस्कान है ||

बच्चों से ही दुनिया चलती है बच्चे सब की जान हैं
बच्चों से ही दान पुण्य है बच्चों से सम्मान है |
बच्चों का कोई धर्म नहीं, ना इन में झूठी शान है
वो तो अपने मां बाप की इकलौती पहचान है ||

गोद भरी जिसकी भी जग में, वह सबसे धनवान है
मां बाप के दुख का भागी बने वहीं संतान है |
जीवन के पहलू से बचपन तो अनजान हैं
बिगड़ गए शैतान, अगर गढ गए तो भगवान है ||

बचपन एक तूफान है, मस्ती खोरी की खान है
हंसने की कोई वजह नहीं पर चेहरे पर मुस्कान है |

बच्चे तो गंगाजल है, इनमें दुनिया का कल है
कुछ के लिए समस्या है ये, तो कुछ लोगों का हल है |
जीवन यदि प्रेम वृक्ष है तो बच्चे एक मधुर फल है
जीना तो है मृत्यु तक पर बचपन केवल दो पल है ||

आभाष सिंह

सहायक प्राध्यापक (औषध निर्माण विज्ञान विभाग)



- अभिज्ञान प्रताप सिंह

बी.फार्मा (पहला सेमेस्टर)

मौन का अपराध

मौन है यह सारी धरती, मौन में हैं ये गगन,
मौन हैं ये वृक्ष सारे, मौन से बहती पवन।
मौन से बहती नदी, मौन में है सब शिखर,
मौन हैं ये चाँद ओर मोन में है ये दिनकर |
मौन में है सभा सारी, हर महारथी मौन है,
द्रौपदी की इस दशा का एकमात्र कारण मौन है।
कौन है वह पार्थ, कौन है वो गदाधारी,
रक्षा की भीख मांगती जिनसे एक अबला नारी |
कौन हैं वो धर्मराज, जो सब को
सबको दाव लगाते है , सबको दास बनाकर जो खुदको हार
जाते हैं।

मौन है हर कोई वहाँ, बोलती केबल द्रौपदी,
और सुनाई देती सबको कुछ निर्लज्जो की हंसी |
एक पापी वस्त्र खींचे, एक पापी जंघा पीटे,
बाल पकड़कर भरी सभा में द्रौपदी को घसीटे।
हर कोशिश नाकाम हो गई जब द्रौपदी की ,
याद आई फिर उसको वासुदेव कृष्ण की |
वस्त्र खिंचता एक तरफ से बढ़ता है एक तरफ से,
एक तरफ निर्लज्ज दुशासन और नारायण है एक तरफ से |
समय बदला है केवल, हकीकत आज भी वही है,
बस वस्त्र बढ़ाने वाला अब कोई वासुदेव नहीं है।

- आराधना कुमारी

बी.फार्मा (पहला सेमेस्टर)



- संजीत सिंह

सह-प्राध्यापक (औषध निर्माण विज्ञान
विभाग)

कहने को इस दिल में हज़ारों बातें थीं,
मगर हालात ने हर दफ़ा खामोशी चुनवा ली।

लफ़्ज़ों का बोझ ढोते रहे हम तन्हा-तन्हा,
कौन सुनता इस दिल का बोझिल इज़हार, बार-बार।

अपनी ही आवाज़ से थक गया हूँ अब मैं,
खुद को दोहराना भी अच्छा नहीं लगता, बार-बार।

एक ही दास्ताँ है, एक ही चेहरा उसमें,
क्रिस्मत ने उसी का ज़िक्र मुक़र्रर कर दिया, बार-बार।

चाहा था कि चाहत को यहीं थाम लूँ,
मगर वक़्त के साथ वो और गहरी होती गई।

अब खामोशी भी कभी चीख सी लगती है,
जब दिल ही चाहे अपना दर्द न सुनाए, बार-बार।

शायद इसी का नाम मोहब्बत है,
कि छुपा कर भी याद आए वही शख्स, बार-बार।

- मोहम्मद मुनव्वर आज़मी कैफ़ी

बी.फार्मा (पहला सेमेस्टर)

खामोशी..!

बहुत कुछ कहना था, मगर रह गई खामोशी,
दिल के शहर में बस गई गहरी सी खामोशी।
महफ़िलों में भी तन्हा सा नज़र आता रहा,
चेहरों के दरमियान चलती रही खामोशी।
जवाब देने का हौसला कब का टूट चुका था,
हर सवाल के मुक़ाबिल खड़ी थी खामोशी।
रात भर सोच ने सोने न दिया मुझे,
सुबह तक साथ निभाती रही खामोशी।
कुछ दर्द लफ़्ज़ों का बोझ उठा न सके,
इसलिए ज़िंदगी ने चुन ली खामोशी।
जो समझ सके बिना कुछ कहे,
उसके लिए काफ़ी होती है खामोशी।
जब किसी ने समझा ही नहीं,
तो फिर क्या करता मुनव्वर,
इसलिए उसने इख्तियार कर ली खामोशी..!

- मोहम्मद मुनव्वर आज़मी कैफ़ी

बी.फार्मा (पहला सेमेस्टर)



PALETTES & PIXELS



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A big round of applause to all the students who participated with remarkable passion, creativity, and energy. Your active involvement, teamwork, and vibrant spirit truly formed the soul of this celebration, transforming each moment into a memorable experience. We also express our sincere thanks to our esteemed teachers, administrative staff, librarian, and IT team for their constant support, guidance, and cooperation. Your behind-the-scenes efforts played a crucial role in the smooth organization and the event's overall success.

Special appreciation goes to the Magazine Committee for bringing out "Kshitij", a beautiful and thoughtful reflection of our campus life, creativity, and achievements throughout the year. The magazine stood out as a true highlight of the celebration and will be cherished for years to come.

As we fondly cherish the memories of National Pharmacy Day 2026, we eagerly look forward to your continued support, enthusiasm, and participation in the years ahead. Together, let us strive to make every future edition even more meaningful, inspiring, and memorable.

Thank you once again for being an integral part of this wonderful journey.

Warm regards,
Organizing Committee



As we draw the curtains on the very first, truly exhilarating edition of Kshitij, seamlessly intertwined with the vibrant spirit of National Pharmacy Day 2026, we mark not an ending, but the birth of a legacy forged in unity, creativity, and resilience. These pages hold far more than ink and images; they carry the heartbeat of the BCP community. Every carefully chosen word, every fearless brushstroke, and every captured moment stands as a testament to collective brilliance and unshakable spirit. What unfolds within these pages is our shared journey, where ideas were dared, voices were found, talents were unleashed, and memories were immortalized. May these stories rise as beacons of inspiration, lighting paths of hope, purpose, and possibility for all who turn these pages. As we close this inaugural chapter, let us step forward with unwavering confidence and limitless optimism. Let us embrace challenges with courage, transform vision into action, and turn aspiration into achievement. Dream boldly. Create fearlessly. Strive relentlessly. For it is through our shared passion and collective resolve that we shape not only a brighter future, but a powerful one. Until we meet again, may our ambitions soar beyond boundaries, our voices echo with purpose, and our journey continue unyielding, unstoppable, and limitless.



KSHITIJ