

THE UDAYYANS

A bimonthly newspaper written wholeheartedly by young people living in children's homes • Volume 2, Apr-May 2015

If you got your hand on the very first issue of The Udayans then welcome back. If not, we invite you to step into the stories, imaginations, dreams, thoughts and experiences of the children who live in Udayan homes. Their rich experiences give them the ability to write about ideas and things some can hardly fathom. Enjoy reading. Please tell us your thoughts and reactions after.

Contributors

Gurmeet, 21 years – Features Writer
Muskan, 15 years – Literary Editor
Komal, 19 years – Review Writer
Sheetal, 15 years – Fiction Writer
Pooja, 21 years – Features Writer
Sheela, 19 years – Artist



A family here

From unwanted to beloved by Pooja

Su* is a teen studying in a Hindi medium school. She is a bit weak in her studies, unable to put all her effort into school as her past keeps circling around her and disturbs her often. She is from a village called Durgesh, outside of Delhi. When her mother died, her father brought her to Delhi where he remarried. Now there were many siblings but she was not accepted as one and was asked to leave. An elderly neighbour took her to work as a maid in her daughter's house. This lady was also unkind and shortly asked Su to leave. It was winter when Su left and was forced to wander the Delhi streets until an honest man found her and took her to the police station. She ultimately came to Udayan Care where she is very happy after receiving everything she desired for herself. Su is finally able to call this place and the people here her real family.

Unique but not very different

Gurmeet writes a monologue that demands respect for the parentless

Hello everyone. I'm yet another kid who doesn't have parents or yes I am an "Orphan" as the world puts it! But honestly what differs me from the children of my kind (kids with no parents) is that I have a family called Udayan Care, that I had the advantage of going to the best school in the capital of our nation, that I had the opportunity to get enrolled in further education and do a course as expensive as Mass Media, and that I enjoy the right to see dreams and have hopes that they will come true one day.

Many times when I watch films like Besharam or meet new people at college, in the workplace or at social gatherings, what upsets me is the sympathy that they have in their eyes for me when they find out about my family background (not that I don't make sure it vanishes in a few seconds of them interacting with me)! It really makes me wonder, am I really different from a so called "normal child"? Honestly, physically we all are just the same, right? Yeah, apart from the big fat nose that I have been gifted with.

I agree, I don't have a family name and, yes, the very sense of belonging and that's the challenge of my life, exactly how everyone has to face different challenges in their life. So then why am I seen as different?

I was about 10 when I lost both my parents. Ever since then Udayan has been a family to me but when I turned 18, as per the JJ Act, I had to physically leave my Udayan family and start an independent life. I may not have a place to belong to anymore but somewhere at the back of my mind I'm still sure that no matter what, if I ever fall, my family will extend both their hands to not only pick me up but to inspire me to walk again.

Without getting much into the depth of my life, the bottom line of the story is that it's high time the world realizes that, yes, kids like me may not have parents but we aren't "different" from a "normal child" either. Infact, if given an opportunity, we may prove to be better than most of the kids with parents and every opportunity at their doorstep. Put us to the test, and we'll surely surprise you!

A brutal reminder of a horrific crime

A review of the notorious documentary, India's Daughter by Komal

India's Daughter is a documentary film directed by Leslee Udwin which depicts the Delhi gang rape of December 16, 2012. That night a 23-year-old female physiotherapy intern, Jyoti Singh Pandey, was going to watch Life of Pi with her close male friend, Awintra Pratap Pandey. It was late when the movie ended and they took a private bus home. When they boarded the bus there were already six men on it including the bus driver. Jyoti was assaulted and gang raped by those six men; her male friend who tried to help her was also physically assaulted during this awful incident. After all of this, both of them were thrown onto the road mercilessly. Her clothes were torn; actually she was almost naked and not a single person who passed by cared enough to stop and cover her with something. All they cared about was to stand and stare. She received emergency treatment including several surgeries in India but she was hurt so badly internally there was no chance that doctors could save her. The incident received widespread media coverage as thousands of students and the public came onto the roads to protest and fight for innocent Jyoti Singh. People and the media came together and criticized the Indian government for hardly doing anything for women's safety in India. This news rapidly went worldwide and India was ashamed of this action of their people. This documentary, aired over two years later, reminds us all how far we are from where we need to be – from an India where women are safe and respected.

Fiction: The Darkest Hour

A story of things in books coming to life by Sheetal

It was midnight hour. I was feeling sleep deprived. I was sweating and the glass on my bedside table was covered in droplets. My whole room was a dark and freaky forest because my unique and funky decorations were hanging from the ceiling. The only source of light was the moonbeam through my window. It was the darkest hour, everything was silent. I could even hear the sound of silence.

Suddenly I heard footsteps on the road. I thought who could be awake at that time. Then the wind started blowing. The curtains of my room were howling with the wind and they were creating an irritating sound. First I thought it would stop but when it didn't I got up from bed and started walking towards my window. From there I could see my beautiful name, Kelly Edward Spencer, written in beautiful flashy silver letters on my bed. Then I heard a frightening shout full of terror. I turned back to the window and faced a reality that I even could not have thought of in my nightmares.

I saw a gorgeous boy standing beneath the lamp post. His skin was white as the snow. He was tall with a muscular and lean body. He was so very handsome but in the blink of an eye he was running towards Mr Alex Smith's bakery shop. Mr Alex was just closing the shop, probably working late on his finances as usual. He was a busy man these days because of the festive season. Suddenly that handsome boy was on him and his white, sharp fangs came out and penetrated the blue veins on Mr Alex's neck. Blood was spilling on the pavement and the boy was feeding hungrily on it. I wanted to shout but my voice stuck in my throat. I didn't even recognise when tears came out of my eyes and started flowing like a river. The most terrible moment of my life happened next.

The boy turned towards me and in a second he was standing beside the lamp post and gave me a smile of 32 volts, his fangs dripping pure red blood. I was terrified by his beauty. I quickly came out of my stupor and realised he was truly a vampire. I was fascinated by vampires but never knew they actually existed.

I collapsed on the floor and don't remember what happened after that but when I woke up I was not in my room. I was flying with the wind, over the mountains of Atlanta and knew that I would confront more of the creatures I read about in books.

Hey, listen to this... [our favourite songs]

1. Jyoti (I) loves Heartbeat by Enrique Iglesias
2. Suman loves Hum Mar Jayenge by Tulsi Kumar
3. Shruti loves What Makes Your Beautiful by One Direction
4. Jyoti (II) loves Yar Na Miley by Yo Yo Honey Singh
5. Priyanka loves Zaroori Tha by Rahat Fatahi Khan
6. Kajal loves Chahu Main Ya Na by Arijit Singh
7. Shuchita loves A Year Without Rain by Selena Gomez

If you are a young person living in institutional care and would like to contribute to this newspaper or have any suggestions please email us now at the_ udayans@udayancare.org