



**CHRIST**  
(DEEMED TO BE UNIVERSITY)  
BANGALORE · INDIA

# MARCHING TOWARDS INCLUSIVENESS

**14-18 NOVEMBER, 2022**  
**GARDEN STREET, CENTRAL CAMPUS**

**STALLS**

**FLASH  
MOB**



**GAMES**

**& MORE!**

**HURRY!**

**LAST DATE OF SUBMISSION FOR  
POETRY AND POSTER COMPETITION  
THURSDAY 17 NOVEMBER**



**CLICK HERE**

**FOR MORE DETAILS**



**SCAN HERE**

# THE ILLUSION OF WANTS

*She wants to feel the mountain breeze kiss her cheeks,  
though she may not see the snowcapped peaks.*

*She wants to hear the whistle of the  
chugging train on an inclement day,  
though she may not see the lack of colour in the drops of  
rain.*

*She wants to reach her classroom  
on the upper floors as her classes have begun,  
but the lifts operating are too many  
and the braille stickers to guide, none.*

*She wants to soak in the saffron-hued sunset,  
though she won't be able to let out a scream of awe.  
She may not hear the bark or meow of her favourite pet,  
but she definitely loves the comfort of its paw.  
She wants to join in the conversation and laughter club too,  
but her sign language will be either understood  
by no one or a mere few.*

*How she loves to jostle with the hoi polloi  
in the bustling streets, lanes and buses!  
But Alas! She has been thrust aside only to see them hustle  
while she holds on to those crutches.  
He wants to gaze at the arabesque walls,  
engraved pillars and baroque domes,*

*But the path to the marvel is rugged and staired,  
well looks like he will have to be wheelchaired back home.  
He saw the videos of her little sister jumping in joy  
over the serenading waves on the beach,  
While he struggled to imagine the smell of the sea  
and the caress of the receding waters  
which was way beyond his reach.*

*He wants to board the plane  
and see the tufts of clouds up and close,  
but the airline thinks he is "unstable"  
and needs to walk back to the boarding doors.  
He wants to try rolling on the slide, go high up in the swing  
and lie lazily on the grass,  
but he can't decipher why his delirium and demeanour  
are laughed upon by anyone who happens to pass.*

*It's not us and them. They are a part of us too.  
Unique, craving love and learning, the way we all do.  
The sympathy, neglect, stares, and exclusion have not  
really contributed to bring all of us at par,  
We could rather do with more helping hands, ramps, bridges,  
braille stickers, kindness and accessible spaces, wide and far.*

*Call us special? Or somewhat different?  
But then, who isn't?*

*A.S.Gopica*

Reg No: 2257321 1 MAIS  
Dept of International Studies, Political Science and History

# तू बढे चल

ना टूटे ख्वाब हैं,  
ना अधूरे मंज़िल हैं,  
तेरे लिए कुछ नहीं न हासिल है

तू उठ ज़ोर शोर से,  
गरज अरावथ सि शोर से  
तू होगा विकलांग यह सत्य है,  
पर न कोई जंजीर तेरे भुजाओं में है

तू ज़िद कर, नित्य कर,  
ओलम्पिक में जीत कर  
न कोई पक्ष तेरे,  
तू खुद पर अहंकार कर

खुद में न सोच तू,  
लोगों में अवगत पढ़  
एकलव्य स शौर्य बन,  
जीवन के महाभारत में वीर बन

न सोच तू इस समाज का,  
जागरुक तेरे साथ खड़े  
तू उठ तो सही, लड़ तो सही,  
तेरे हाथों कि लकीरें भी तुझसे डरें

ना टूटे ख्वाब हैं,  
ना अधूरे मंज़िल हैं,  
तेरे लिए कुछ नहीं न हासिल है



*Anubhav Kumar Das*

1 BA LLB C

reg. no. 2250306

# A Sweeter Place

I have a life that you get after a million  
questionable years,

Faithful mind and a heart filled with echoes  
of my eulogies,

Hopeful eyes that can count the marks of a  
million stars,

And my fairy plants a hoax of a beautiful  
life.

It's a wonderland where I can be anyone that  
I want to be,

Nobody screams in my mind, when I reflect  
on my bygone lives,

The one that I have now in my hands, is the  
best one I have ever had,

I wake up in the morning, to face a beautiful  
life.

~Arya Shukla

1 CEP B

2230205

# **INCLUSION, A BROKEN PLEA**

SANJANA GURUPRASAD  
1PSECO reg. no. 2230541

I am bound  
But not as the doctor intended  
Not even as nature dictated  
I am bound, but you see me  
You know about me  
You look at me with those same eyes  
The ones that talk in hushed whispers  
Eyes dancing, first at me and immediately away  
You see not me but my stump  
My inability  
My disability  
You've heard about me. You know me  
You see me. Or do you?

You talk to me as a normal human being  
And perhaps I am deaf to the compassion  
But it is hard to pay attention  
To anything but pity  
For that is how you gaze at me  
I may not be able to see as well as I used to  
But I know when you're staring  
The retort is on the tip of my tongue  
But I resign myself  
To a life of solitude  
For no matter how human I am  
I am broken.

Not in the way the doctor proclaimed  
Not in the way nature deemed  
But in the way you know me.

The way you see me.  
The way you treat me.

I am a prop to show your compassion.  
To show your righteousness, your generosity  
I am the politician's favorite subject  
He clicks his photos with me, showering me with presents  
But there are gifts I won't receive  
Places I cannot go  
Things I am not allowed to do  
Not because the doctor said so  
Not because nature felt so.  
But because of you. The one who sees but won't include.

# UNDER THE SPOTLIGHT

The world outside glows,  
In the transcending hues human eyes can allure.

But, for me...

For me the world shuts its grandeur,  
Apart from the tiny spotlight under which I stand.

When the spotlight shines,

I can't decipher the world around.

Sometimes it feels like I'm drifting aimlessly in the sea,  
At the mercy of winds to which I surrender,  
Knowing neither my destination nor my journey.

When the spotlight shines,

My body feels weightless, ready for flight,

But my heart....

My heart is weighed down by mountain of obscurity,  
That anchors myself back into the abyss of darkness.

When the spotlight shines,

My body goes limp.

Mundane tasks seem gigantic as mountains.

World around seems to be moving about,

And I stand gazing over them in my frozen snow-globe.

But occasionally, when my lighthouse shines,  
My darkness seems to fade into nothingness.

Now I am....

I am no longer under the spotlight,

But together with the crowd I call my world.

But once the light dims,

My blues get darker and overtakes my world.

Draining out the colors so that nothing remains,

Until I am left all alone.

Under the spotlight.

*Daise Maria S Thomas*

# SHOE-SHINE WORKER

She sits at the Cross-Road  
The Road-name board and the Tree  
With tattered Polythene cover over them  
form his Canopy.

An idle dog sits by her side  
Biting the tit-bits of leather and rubber.  
Whether rain or shine she plies her trade there.

Man or Women

Boy or Girl-

they stretch their legs.

She removes their slippers or shoes,  
Mends them or polishes them;  
And slips them into the stretched legs  
with deftness and devotion.

A nickel or two is thrown on her broken mat  
the diluted and devalued nickel-  
Not the silver or copper of yesteryears.

She collects these coins  
And goes home to light her hearth  
This is her daily chore  
None to mend her ways  
None to give some polish to her life



**PRAKALYA NARAYANA**

3EPS reg. no. 2130744



# INCLUSION IS THE CELEBRATION OF DIVERSITY IN ACTION



## ELEMENTS OF INCLUSION

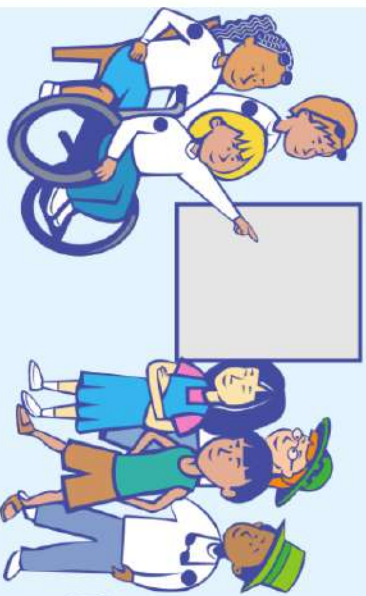
**1. ACTIVE, MEANINGFUL PARTICIPATION IN THE MAINSTREAM.**



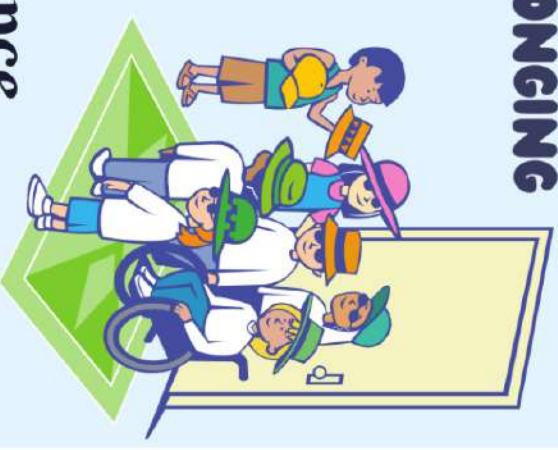
**2. SENSE OF BELONGING**



**3. SHARED OWNERSHIP AMONG FACULTY**



**INSTRUCTIONAL STRATEGIES  
FOCUS ON BIG IDEAS  
USE DIFFERENT LEARNING ACTIVITIES.**



**Inclusion is not tolerance, it's unquestioned acceptance**

**Name: Alvia Brenda Fernandes**

**Class: 4B.ED**

**Register No: 2131809**



ROBIN RONALD  
3JPENG 2131304

# A DIVINE BOON

*Addressing them as disabled;  
Is not a virtue of humanitarianism  
I see them as differently-abled  
For they, visualise the world distinctly and beautifully*

*What's different between us?  
They might have a mental concern  
They might have, by birth, deformities;  
But what's foremost is that they possess;  
The same rejuvenating heart and soul like us  
God has created them with such love and care that  
They are the purest souls of all creation  
Their gestures bring a smile in me  
Their happiness, a sense of satisfaction*

*These precious ores created by divine means;  
Are embedded in mother earth, with concerns  
But, it's our duty to bring these boons up,  
Refine them to give them real existence*

*A helping hand! Is what's required  
To make these gems shine bright  
The day we accomplish this, we will enjoy  
oneness and celebrate harmony  
For, that is the community dreamt by many  
A community dreamt by many...*

*S. B. Purushothama*

1 HEP reg. No. 2230982