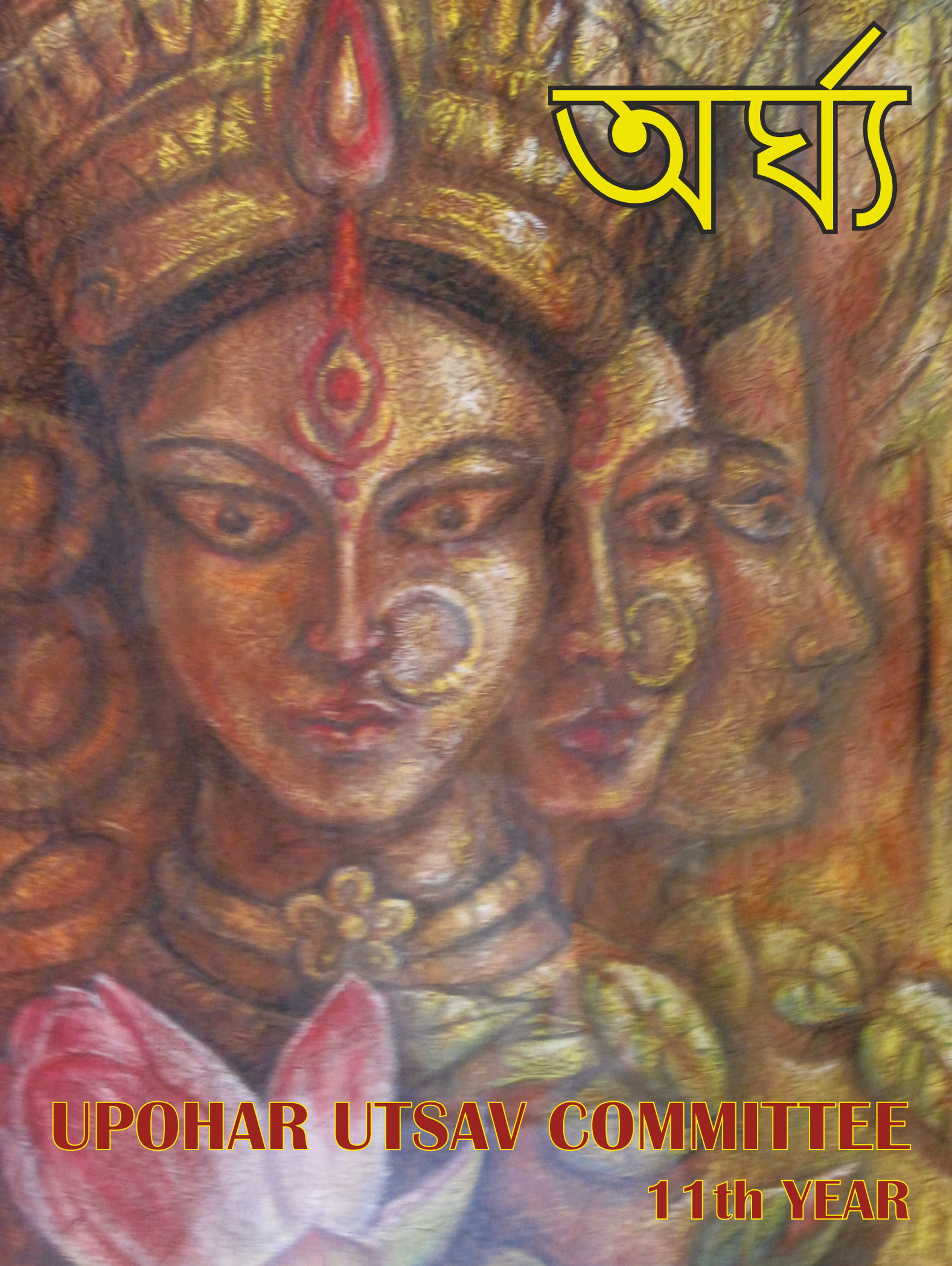

অর্ঘ্য

UPOHAR UTSAV COMMITTEE

11th YEAR

With Best Wishes
From

Well Wisher
New Delhi

President's Message

With the arrival of autumn the people of Bengal gear up to celebrate a series of festivities for which they wait for the whole year! The festivities begin, of course, with the colourful "Durga Puja" which celebrates the homecoming of Goddess Durga with her four children, then festive spirit continues with the Lakshmi Puja and finally it ends with the Kali Puja, bearing us with the reminiscence of the time that we the Upoharians have spent in togetherness.

Due to Govt. restrictions towards Pandemic situation, this year we got very little time to prepare ourselves for this high voltage event. However, finally we were able to overcome all the challenges by the hard work and dedication of a new team of UUC. The team maintained all the safety protocols. The heavy unseasonal rain that descended just before the Puja could not dampen the Puja spirit and enthusiasm of the team.

Due to the neo normal situation, we used the digital platform as much as possible. All the Puja events, including all cultural programmes & competitions were arranged and shown virtually. It reached out to everyone's drawing room of all Upoharians, not only to those who are at Upohar but also to those who are spread across the globe.

On behalf of Upohar Utsav Committee, we express our sincerest gratitude to each and everyone who had contributed in making our 11th Puja celebrations such a prodigious success. We take this opportunity to thank the Owners' Association, the residents, participants, donors, advertisers, sponsors, volunteers and FM team of Upohar Luxury. We hope you render your support for the festivities that are yet to come.

Thank you once again and looking forward to 2022 .....

Dr. Subir K Basak
President
Upohar Utsav Committee 2021-22

Joint Secretary`s Message

We thank all the members of UUC and the residents of Upohar Luxury Complex for their vivid participation in this year's Durga Puja. But, all was not well when we had taken over the committee on the last week of August. The threat of the third wave, the crippling economy and industry, the short timeline, everything made our work more challenging and yet, the team carried on. Like every project has a vision and a mission, we also worked with a vision to organise a Puja that would involve all. We tried to keep things simple, we tried to make things subtle. We, on purpose, avoided the flamboyance of lights and looks as the vacuum of losing our near and dear ones in the second wave of Covid were fresh in our memories. And in the end, all went well. MA Durga's eternal blessings ensured that there were no rains, no covid and no other disruptions. Sheuli, Kash Dhak, Mantra, all lifted the spirit and reassured us that life will bounce back to normal sooner or later. Eternal Mother gave us hope.

We would like to thank ULAOA for the support that they rendered to UUC throughout the Puja.

We would like to thank the securities, the housekeeping and all the other support staff here in Upohar, without whose selfless contribution this puja would not have happened.

Stay Well, Stay Safe.

Ms. Sumana Halder
Mr. Rajib Roy
Jt. Secretaries
Upohar Utsav Committee 2021-22

Sharadotsav 2021

UPOHAR UTSAV COMMITTEE: 2021-22

President	:	Dr. Subir K Basak
Vice-President	:	Dr. Jagadish Kundu
Jt. Secretaries	:	Mrs. Sumana Halder, Mr. Rajib Roy
Treasurer	:	Mr. Vikas Singla
Executive Committee	:	Mrs. Rinky Ray, Mrs. Shrabani Boral, Mr. Dipak Singh, Mr. Subrata Sen, Dr. Jaya Chaudhury, Mrs. Luna Chatterjee Dr Bhaskar Roy Choudhury, Dr. Madhumita Saha Prof Soumen Sarkar
Pandal, Pratima, Decoration	:	Mr. Rajib Roy, Mrs. Rinki Ray, Mrs. Chandrima Karmakar, Mrs. Archita Pal
Puja	:	Dr. Sanjukta Basak, Mrs. Paramita Kundu, Mrs. Tanima Roy, Mrs. Arpita Sen, Mrs. Ananya Banerjee, Mrs. Luna Chatterjee, Mrs. Pratima Mahapatra, Dr. Madhumita Saha
Cultural & Online Streaming	:	Dr. Jagadish Kundu, Dr. Madhumita Saha, Prof. Soumen Sarkar
Food	:	Dr. Bhaskar Roychowdhury, Mr. Subrata Sen
Souvenir	:	Mrs. Shrabani Boral, Mrs. Luna Chatterjee
Finance (Fund Raising)	:	Mr. Dipak Singh
Medical	:	Dr. Jaya Chowdhury
Website	:	Mrs. Shrabani Boral

Tower Representatives

Tower 1	:	Mrs. Luna Chatterjee, Mrs. Sarita Chokhani	**Tower 6**	:	Mrs. Shrabani Boral, Mrs. Devosree Roy
Tower 2	:	Mr. Rajib Roy	**Tower 7**	:	Mrs. Nandita Ghosh
Tower 3	:	Mrs. Tripat Singh, Mrs. Ananya Banerjee	**Tower 8**	:	Mrs. Chandrima Karmakar, Mrs. Debalina Banerjee
Tower 4	:	Mr. Parijat Biswas, Mrs. Rina Dariyanani, Mrs. Rinki Ray	**Tower 9**	:	Mr. Subrata Sen
			Tower 10	:	Prof Soumen Sarkar, Mr. Vikas Singla
Tower 5	:	Dr Madhumita Saha	**Tower 11**	:	Dr Jaya Chaudhury

Volunteers : Alokita Chatterjee, Rajeswari Roy, Praha Chakraborty, Prisha Sanyal, Arya Pratim Sen, Prisha Paul

WITH BEST COMPLIMENTS

FROM

M/s John Wesly Golusula

PUJA SPONSORS & DONORS

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Mr. Rana Udayan Lahiri
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Mr. Suman Sengupta
Mr. Sumana Halder
Mr. Sumaysh Agrrawal
Mr. Sunil Kumar
Mr. Umang Bothra

We are Thankful to:

- Mrs. Rita Mitra for contributing her painting for Souvenir cover page
- All Residents / Members of Upohar Luxury
- All Sponsors, Donors and Advertisers
- Owners' Association
- FM Team of Upohar Luxury
- Local Administration

VIRTUAL CULTURAL PROGRAMMES & CONTESTS 2021

MAHA PANCHAMI (10.10.2021)

Contest : **Shankha Badan**

Karaoke

Anandamela

MAHA SHASTHI (11.10.2021)

Programme :

Invocation to Goddess – 'Apaduddharka Stotram' by Dr. Madhumita Saha.

Agomoni Song - by Mr. Rajat Mitra

'Durga Vandana' - A Dance presentation by Ms. Alokita Chatterjee

Contest :

Rangoli / Alpana

MAHA SAPTAMI (12.10.2021)

Programme :

'Namo Durge' - A Dance Presentation by Ms. Anushka Saha

Musical Presentation by : Mr. Samir Maity

Recitation by : Ms. Alokita Chatterjee

Musical Presentation by : Mr. Rajat Mitra

Dance Performance by : Ms. Rupali Barua

Musical Presentation by : Ms. Ilina Udani

'Aparajito' – Song & Dance Performance by Utsha

Contest :

Sit & Draw ("Bose Anko")

Best Out of Waste

MAHA ASHTAMI (13.10.2021)

Programme :

Dance Performance by : Ms. Yoshita Banerjee

Recitation by : Master Budhaditya Biswas

Musical Presentation by : Ms. Mantaz Ali

Dance Performance by : Ms. Rupali Barua

Musical Presentation by : Ms. Komoli Barua

Recitation by : Ms. Alokita Chatterjee

Musical Presentation by : Ms. Ilina Udani

'Uportala Nichertala' – A humorous Shruti Natak by Rasayan

Contest :

Go As You Like ("Chadmobeshi")

Traditional Attires of India

MAHA NABAMI (14.10.2021)

Programme :

Recitation by : Master Budhaditya Biswas

Musical Presentation by : Ms. Mantaz Ali

Duet Recitation by : Ms. Alokita Chatterjee & Ms. Ilina Udani

Musical Presentation by : Ms. Ilina Udani

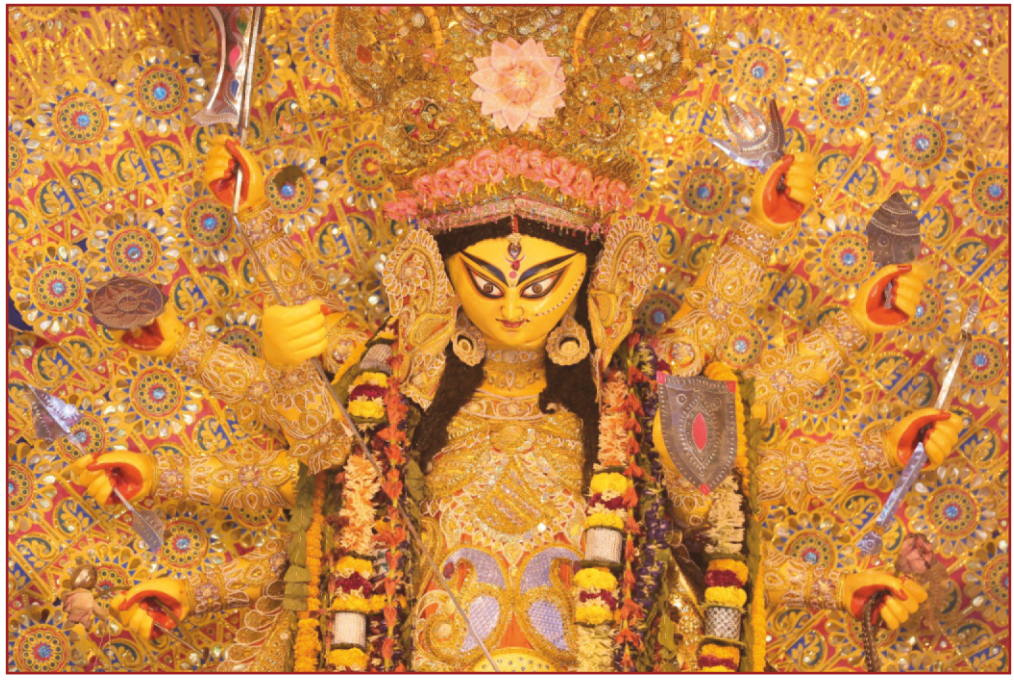
Musical Presentation by : Dr. Madhumita Saha

Musical Presentation by : Mr. Soumen Sarkar

Contest :

Antakshari

Talent Hunt/ 2 Min to Fame



PUJA RITUALS

Basic puja rituals means to get ready mentally and physically to be away from the mundane chores of daily life for a short while. It is time to sit quietly and start worship and prayer to the Almighty.

Most of the Hindu homes have an alter at a fixed spot with ones own chosen
Deity installed. This helps the mind to be accustomed to pray at the same place every day at a particular time. Concentration is the key word. Hence the proper ambience is very important.

Firstly one has to have a clean bath and wear clean clothes before starting the worship. Five sense organs have to be quietened and pacified to keep the restless mind steady.
The most powerful sense organs are Ears, Eyes and Nose. We ring the bell, light a lamp and burn incense stick. This helps the mind to be attentive. Then with all five elements Earth, water, Fire, Air and space are to be symbolically represented and offered to the Deity. All the objects for the puja have to be sanctified before offerings. Flowers, Tulsi leaves, Bel leaves and fruits sweets are offered.

Whole Mother Nature is symbolised with the Universal Consciousness.
With all reverence chant the mantras and invite the Deity and request to be seated. Offer water, flowers and fruits. Blowing the Conch shell, showing the oil lamp and bow down. This is in short is the daily rituals at Hindu Homes.

India being an agrarian society, all festivals begin during the harvest time.
Ganesh puja, followed by Vishwakarma puja and finally the biggest festival of Bengal the Durga Puja also called the Dussera Laxmi Puja, Kali Puja, Jagatdhatri Puja and the Deepawali, all across India.
The whole economic activities get boost in all products. Some earn their livelihood for the year, like the clay idol makers, those who make ornaments for idols, special clothes and the drummers, caterers with their cooks. Poor and rich all wear new clothes, exchange of gifts for Puja. Markets are filled with decorative stuffs. Mostly the villagers do them and earn at this time of the year.

Now let us see how Durga Puja rituals are performed.
Once the idols are brought to the decorated pandals, the finishing touches with lights and sound getting fixed. The designated priest on the 6th day that is on Shashthi, welcome the deities, the invocations starts with chanting of mantras. The Mother Nature is the creator, sustainer and the destroyer. these three aspects of Mother Nature is personified and given form and name for the sake of devotees to see and pray to the Primordial Power.

Brahma and Saraswati, representing creative force, Vishnu and Laxmi for sustenance, and Shiva and Parvati/Durga for destruction.

It is very interesting how we reflect our own ideas of family in Mother Durga.

She visits her parents with Her children on this mortal earth. Her two daughters, Laxmi and Saraswati, two sons Ganesh and Kartik. Permission has to be sought from Maheshwar who is none other than Lord Shiva. Hence a symbolic Bilwa or Bell tree is kept in a corner where the priest worships Shiva. Then Ganesha is invoked and Nava Patrika or Nava SashyaVadhu (bride) is created with nine serial crops bundled up in a new sari which is wrapped around small banana tree known as Kala Bou. (Bride) representing Mother Earth.

OM is chanted before starting any Mantra as it is believed to be the sound of the Cosmic vibrations. Also the word Shanti (peace) is chanted three times after every Mantra, may peace be there the terrestrial world, may peace be there in all around us and finally may peace be there within us.

An importance of the pitcher or Mangal Ghat filled with water with pieces of gold, silver, copper etc. symbolising the Mother Earth. and on the top of it a tender coconut is kept representing the foetus with amniotic fluid inside. The four corners of the Mangal Ghat is fenced with thread to keep away from contamination as a protective measure for the sacred life force being invoked.

The Mangal Ghat is then worshipped chanting the appropriate mantras for the life force to be awakened through this in all the clay idols. This is an important ritual called PranPratishthha. Then ChakshuDaan (eyes painted to see) chanting the Gayatri mantra. The idols were Mrinmoyee (made of clay). Now they are Chinmayee - (full of consciousness).

All the idols now have become live Gods and Goddesses and can see all the devotees who all have assembled to worship them. It is no more a clay idols for the devotees to pray.

The mantras are chanted from Devi Mahatmyam or popularly known as Chandi in Bengal. The essence of the mantras are eulogising the Devi Shakti. 'Mother you are all pervading, your consciousness and energy is seen all over the universe. You are the creator, sustainer, and also annihilator. You reside in all creatures as energy, creative force, as intelligence, strength, memory, kindness, hunger, sleep, and so on. We salute you again and again. This invocatory mantras chanted repeatedly by the priest. Floral garlands are offered everyday of the five day festival. Fruits and sweets, also especially cooked food is offered with reverence and love. Each one of them are sanctified before any offerings are made. The Goddesses accept them and return them with blessings. Goddess has become Prasanna (pleased). Then SHE gives us back as Prasadam. The devotees partake with reverence.

Pushpanjali, offering the flowers to the Deity by all assembled. For this there are separate mantra chanted by the priest and everyone repeats after him. It says give us devotion, fame, give us victory, money, sons and daughters also destroy our enemies within (lust, anger, greed, envy and jealousy, that is the Mahisasura in us).

Each day of the puja these offerings are made three times a day to all the Deities. Durga here is worshipped as Mahishasur Mardini, who is demonic evil force whom she destroys to bring peace and joy for all mortals.

Last Day is called Vijaya Dashami. This 10th day this demon is annihilated.

It is a day of victory, day to rejoice, day of peace.

It is time to say goodbye sadly though. The last ritual after the puja is Visarjan or immersion. The mantra says Mother from wherever you came to us

You will now go there. Please bless us all be with us as shadow. Then the fence with thread is severed, and the Ghat is shaken to release the life force. All the Gods and Goddesses are given a little shake to bid good bye.We bow down to you with all our heart. If we did anything wrong Mother you will forgive us. We will wait for you to come again next year. Then the deities become clay idols. All can go to Her and touch Her feet. so long it was all under the priest. He takes the Mangal Ghat and Shanti Jal (water) is sprinkled from the Mangal Ghat all around, reverberating peace ,love and joy to one and all. Priest finishes his final ritual, takes his leave.

Goddesses all taken in procession for immersion with blowing of conch, sounds of drum. Arati which is done twice every day. This is final salutation.

Jai Ma Durga.

After the immersion all greet each other with saying Shubha Vijaya. First thing all have to bow down to their own mother, father and other elders. Sweets are offered to all. Good will reverberates everywhere. Festivals bring people together.

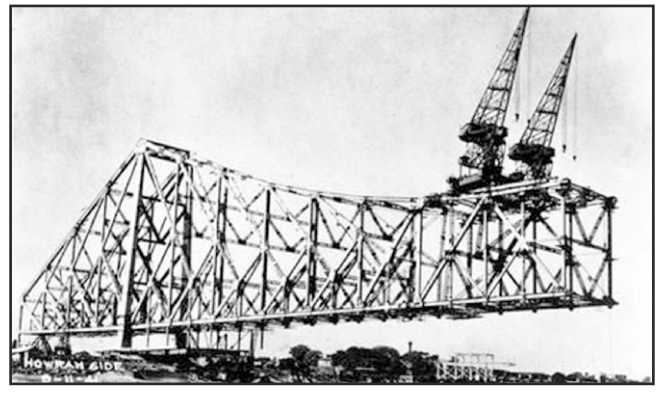
Bani Bal
Sasthi 304

A GLIMPSE OF OUR BELOVED CITY OF YORE.....
CHILDHOOD MEMORIES OF CALCUTTA—THE 1940'S DECADE

My father by dint of his occupation as an Army Surgeon during those tumultuous World War II days of 1940's had been posted at various small and midsized towns in India after his return from a petrifying three-year stint at the Middle East theatre of war. However, Calcutta, my place of birth, as well as my parents', was never far from our thoughts and action as the transitional period between transfers invariably enabled my mom to seize the opportunity to spend a few days, or even a couple of months with her parents there. Arriving from those dull, nondescript, colourless towns, Calcutta appeared to my child's eyes a fairyland of dreams with its palatial mansions, wide gleaming roads, myriads of vehicular traffic plying unceasingly, resplendent entertainment and recreational halls, glittering array of shops and commercial establishments and the seemingly unending flow of people on the streets. The din and bustle of the majestic city as soon as we alighted from the steam Engine hauled train at the Howrah Station simply took my breath away with excitement, exhilaration and joy rising to a crescendo, especially with the pleasurable anticipation of meeting my numerous cousins and friends and the no-holds barred play, fun, frolic and excursions with them.

A Second Class carriage

As we exited the Station building, hordes of coachmen of horse carriages or gharries were frantically beckoning us for fare. Very few taxis were in sight and all of them had been booked up already by bearers or khansamas of Sahibs or other affluent families awaiting their masters' arrival. The carriages were categorized in three classes, the First class being luxurious, freshly painted with cushioned seats and their shuttered windows furnished with colourful curtains. Their horses were spirited and lively, raring to go, neighing impatiently at their inactivity. The Second class carriages were also fairly clean and acceptable but the Third class with its shabby interiors and derelict look with resigned famished horses drew passengers looking only for the cheapest variety, oblivious of comfort or looks. We hired a First Class coach and our luggage comprising trunks, suitcases and the large rolled-up hold-all.....the folding bag to carry pillows, blankets and linens, an almost ineluctable companion for passengers as no beddings were provided by the Railways those days.....were neatly placed on the roof of the carriage with ropes securely holding them in place.



The New Howrah Bridge under construction

Horse carriages and taxis waiting for fare at Howrah Station

Our carriage proceeded on the newly commissioned bridge over the river at a leisurely pace, respectfully keeping clear of the tram tracks over which trams were moving at frequent intervals. This bridge, spectacularly dazzling

The stretch of road alongside the river was silk- in its silver paint, was the pride of Calcutta. It was the largest double cantilever bridge in India those days, an engineering marvel. It had replaced the pontoon bridge just a couple of years back in 1942, relieving traffic from immense delays in crossing the river, often waiting for an hour or so to let a ship pass when the bridge had to be dismantled partially to make way for the ship, and then reassembled to allow vehicular passage.

The carriage enters Strand Road. Its roughly cobbled surface to withstand the rigours of traffic, horses, carriages, cars, hand carts, bullock carts, lorries and army trucks passing incessantly over it as the wholesale commercial centre Burrabazaar was in its vicinity, the road being the only getaway from the bridge towards the city, gave us a bone-shattering ride but we were soon relieved when that stretch entered the Strand proper. We were proceeding towards Bhowanipore and the carriage moved straight ahead beside the river as Red Road was out of bounds for public those

WWII days, when the military fully assumed control of the road and its surroundings to provide an unhindered runway for small fighter planes rolling right up to the doorsteps of Fort William.

The stretch of road alongside the river was silk smooth and our carriage picked up pace. It was autumn in Calcutta, the loveliest season of the year, with a deep azure sky and specks of snow white clouds floating lazily by, the air pristine, cleansed of all filth and contaminants after the monsoon, the temperate weather providing an aura of ethereal contentment and peace, and the feeling was....God's in His heaven, all's right with the World!

Now we see the race-course with its freshly painted fence and the sight of dome of Victoria memorial gives us the familiar feeling of joy of being truly at home. A white serpentine tram is moving fast along its track amidst the trees and the verdant greenery of the Maidan, its gong-like bell ringing sporadically to caution straying cattle on its path. Then we take a turn to the right along Harish Mukherjee Road and my father explains the mammoth building on the right is the famous Presidency General hospital , one of the two largest hospitals not only in Calcutta but over the entire Eastern region. Following immediately after is the Sikh shrine, and then Harish Park . Soon after comes the lane off the main road and our destination, the massive residence of my maternal grandfather standing in its sprawling premises of nearly two acres of land.

The Gas Lighter

Those days the streets of Calcutta were illuminated by Gas lights barring the main arterial roads which had electric lamps. A square glass lantern placed on a cast iron post and the Corporation worker arriving with a ladder on his shoulders and lighting up the burner was a coveted sight for us children in the evenings. The light would flicker timidly at first, picking up intensity within an hour and emitting a bright glow with a greenish tinge subsequently. At the crack of dawn, the man would reappear, climb up the post and extinguish the lamp by turning its key off. It was a very efficient piped Gas supply in the town, and many affluent and aristocratic families living in large residences had gas connections for their kitchens.

The old pre-1942 Pontoon Bridge over Ganges

In those days all main streets used to be washed twice daily in the morning and in the evening by Corporation staff. They would come with long canvas pipes coiled on their shoulders, attach them to hydrants of unfiltered river water installed at regular intervals and wash the roads with jets of water streaming at tremendous force. They would also fill up large cast iron tubs spaced intermittently to quench the thirst of the horses of carriages. This arrangement originated in the nineteenth century in consideration of the horses hauling heavy tram cars, when electricity was non-existent. In all, the system ran like a well-oiled machine.

As dusk fell, the evening hawkers made their appearance, selling their wares, from the favourite Topshey Maach of Bengalis during the season , the fish a heavenly delicacy, marinated and deep fried, or coconut and palm-jaggery confectionery home –made by village belles, or cakes and mutton patties in a tin trunk from the kitchens of the Anglo-Indian areas. Summer evenings witnessed the arrival of flower sellers…garlands of jasmine and lilies in summer, roses in winter, their enchanting fragrance saturating the air, and as the evening progressed, at the sight of our impatiently coveted hawker...the coolfi seller, with a large earthen pitcher wrapped in a red cloth over his head, the delight of children surpassed all bounds!

Fighter Plane on Red Road

(If readers so desire, we can continue the tale of our beloved city in this vein next year too!)

Protip Kumar Bhattacharjee
Ashtami 1702

We hope Maa gives us courage and strength
to face all the odds in life and
showers our life with unlimited happiness

Happy Durga Puja

URBAN GYPSY RETAIL INDIA PVT LTD

6 Dover Lane, 1st Floor, Kolkata-700029

বহুরুপী সুকুমার

হাস্যরসে সিক্ত,
তবু কৌতুক নয় মুখ্য,
জীবন গাথার গভীর কথা,
বয়ান অতি সূক্ষ্ম।

আমোদ আছে, রঙ্গ আছে,
আছে হাসির ছররা
আবোল তাবোল নামেই তো মাত,
আজগুবীর এ পশরা।

মিষ্টে থাকে উহ্য তিক্ত,
অম্ল থাকে সুপ্ত
বিচিত্র এ ধাঁধার খেলা
সত্য যেথা গুপ্ত।

কোথায় সে ঐ বড়বাবু
গোঁফ গেলো যার চুরি ?
শান্ত মানুষ উঠলো ক্ষেপে,
এ কোন জারীজুরী ?

হাঁস আর সজারুতে
মিলে মিশে একাকার,
দেখতে সে বড় খাসা,
হাঁসজারু নাম তার।

আছে সাথে 'কচ্ছপ'
হাতিমি, আর কত কি
কার সাথে কে যে মেলে,
বিচিত্র এ গায়কী।

তালিকাটি সুবিশাল,
হিসাব কে রাখবে ?
আবোল তাবোল মিশে
এক সাথে থাকবে।

আহ্লাদী, কাঠবুড়ো,
ডানপিটে, কাঁদুনে
আরো শত হাবিজাবি
গুণে গেঁথে রাখি নে।

সৃষ্টিছাড়া, বাঁধনহারার
বেঠিক খ্যাপার এ তানগান,
এই বেসুরে সুর মিলালে
বদলে যাবে সবার প্রাণ।

উদ্ভট আর নিয়মহারা,
আজব ধারার সৃষ্টি যার,
বিশেষ তিনি
অনন্য এক ইতিহাসের রুপকার।

হৈমন্তী ভট্টাচার্য্য
ষষ্ঠী ১৮০২

মনের আকাশ

এ আকাশ যেন এক মন,
তারি নীলে মিশে,
মেখে ভেসে ভেসে
দেখে সে কত স্বপন।

এ মনে সাতরঙা
রামধনু জাগে,
রুপে-রঙে
কতশত রাগে।

প্রাণ ভরিয়ে, তৃষা হরিয়ে,
আরো, আরও প্রানেরই আশে,
সবুজ পাতায় আর
ভোরের শিশির ভেজা ঘাসে,

কোন অধরা মাধুরী
সে যে খুঁজে খুঁজে ফেরে
হেথা, হোথা, অন্য কোথা
শতেক দুয়ারে বারে বারে।

সূর্য্যমুখীর মত
আলোর আশায়,
বিন্দু বিন্দু সুখ
আর ভালোবাসায়
প্রতি পলে, প্রতি ক্ষনে
প্রাণে, প্রাণে, মনে মনে,
জীবনের জয় গান গায়।

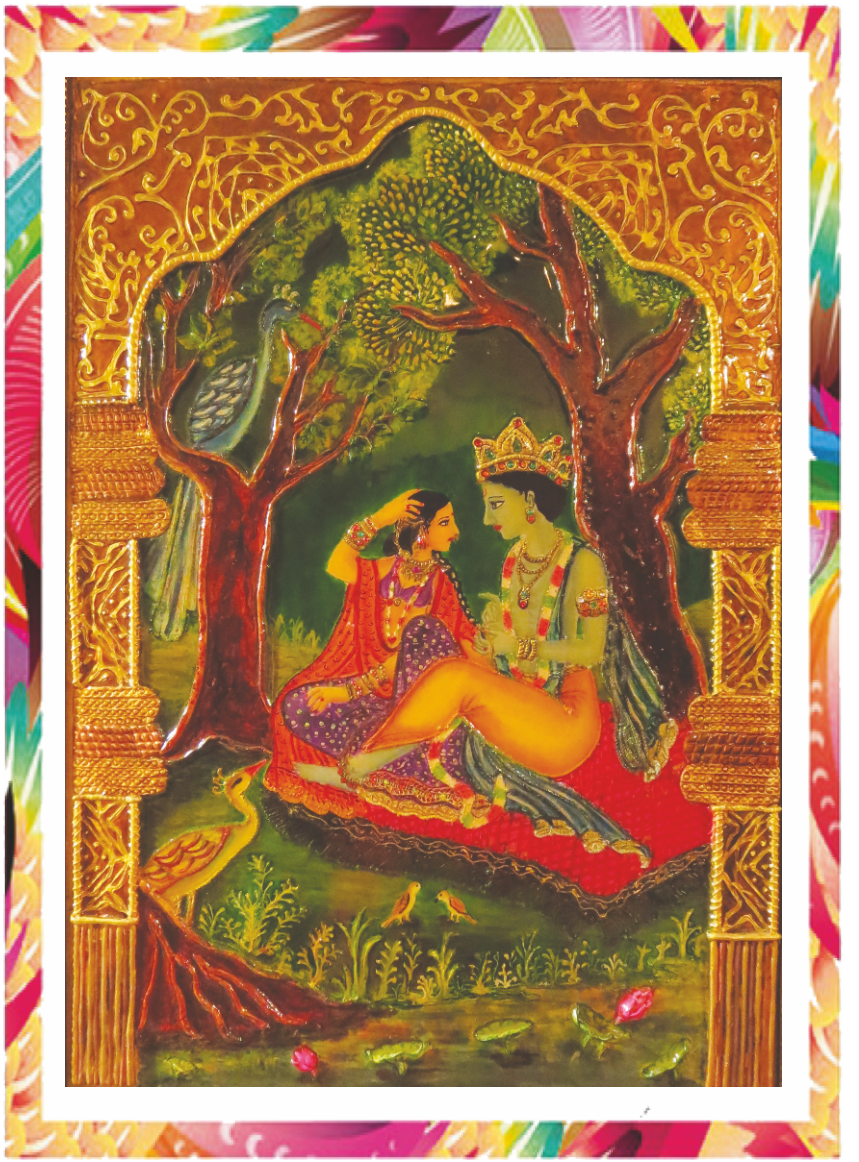
আকাশ অশেষ হোক্
হোক্ সে অপার,
আমার এ মন
আর উন্মুখ এ প্রাণ,
স্পর্শে তার জাগুক্,
জীবন - হোক্ দুর্জ্জয়, দুর্ব্বার।

হৈমন্তী ভট্টাচার্য্য
ষষ্ঠী ১৮০২

Rita Mitra
Ashtami 604

Sakshi Chokhani
Prathama 402

Atralita Saha
Panchami 1602



Alokita Majumdar
Panchami 201

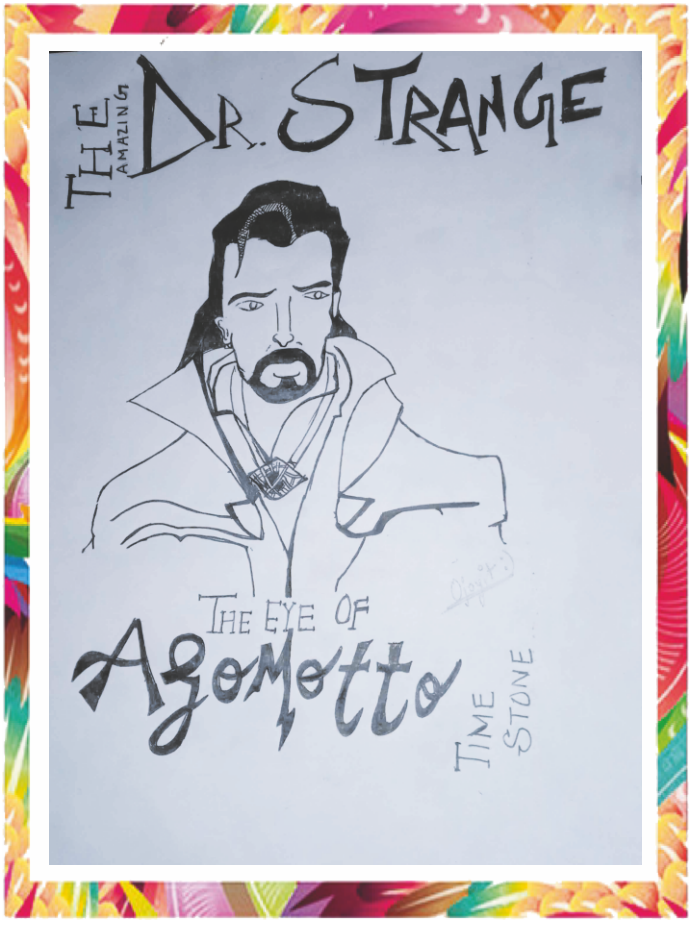
Haimanti Bhattacharjee
Sasthi 1802

Atralita Saha
Panchami 1602

PAINTING SECTION

Chandrima Karmakar
Ashtami 1102

Prhais Sanyal
Ditiya 1203



Ojoyit Nayak
Sasthi 1301

Aanya Srivastava
Saptami 202

Budhaditya Biswas
Prathama 1301

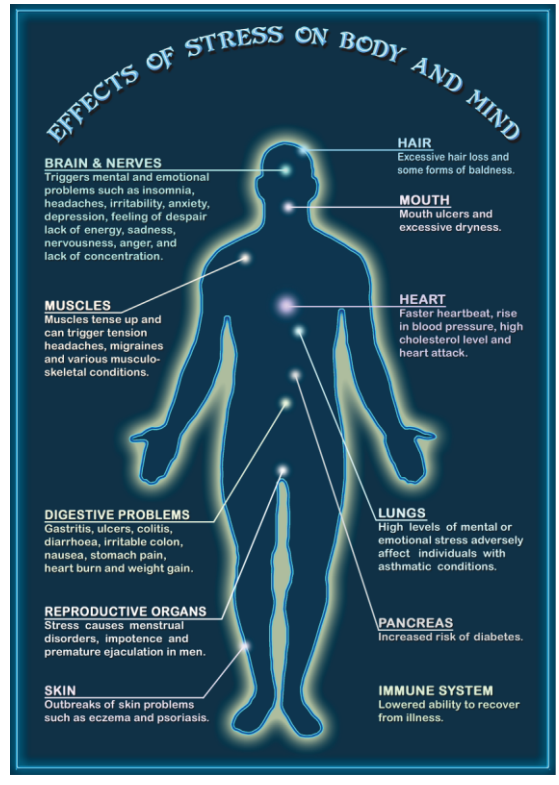
Awpar Ghosh
Prathama 803

WITH BEST COMPLIMENTS FROM

CALIBER MERCANTILE PRIVATE LTD

YOGA FOR GOOD HEALTH AND PEACE OF MIND

The yoga that we are talking today is neither a religion nor a philosophy. It is a science whose practical application can make one more tranquil, focused and energetic. Today science has already proved that, Human Mind consists of different kind of waves, waves, like alpha, beta, theta etc., out of which, the maximisation of alpha waves create a positive state of mind. Science by now has conducted pre yoga and post yoga tests of brain conditions, and substantial increase in the alpha waves, were found after the Yoga Practice, thereby creating a much more positive state of mind. In Life, situations and circumstances do change from time to time and a person with a positive state of mind is undeterred, and is able to take life as it comes and progress increasingly.



Yoga for Executives and Professionals:

Decision making capacity, to absorb the impact of frequent irregular time schedules, inexhaustible energy for long hours of work and vision, are some of the basic requirements in the life of an executive, businessman or a professional. Life for them is fraught with ample stress and tension and success lies in consistent hard work coupled with a high level of endurance. Statistics show that over the decades stress related diseases like hypertension, diabetes, asthma, insomnia, heart problems and psychiatric problems have increased and people now a days are caught into these ailments at a much younger age. Yoga provides a drugless way to de-stress oneself and easily save oneself from these health problems.

Yoga for children:

Normally, a child starts experiencing some hormonal changes from the age of eight. Due to these hormonal changes, the child becomes very sensitive and restless, and the process of puberty begins. Because of this emotional sensitivity and restlessness, the behaviour of the child changes with the parents and the teachers.It is very important to watch the external stimuli which are fed to the mind of the child, and since the external stimuli in today's society tend to hasten the process of puberty, a child's personality is saddled with the responsibility of becoming a GROWN UP much before his physiological and psychological conditions are ready to carry out those responsibilities.Yoga delays these release of hormones, thereby giving a child more time to grow strong physiologically, psychologically and emotionally during the period of puberty and thus his basic foundation of personality is strengthened before the onset of puberty and at the very beginning of his life.

Yoga and today's woman

Women today face a multitude of problems such as endocrinal and emotional imbalances, lack of energy, obesity, etc. A Yogic programme can provide a solution to all imbalances, painless deliveries, post-natal care and other therapeutic remedies, thereby providing her with the strength to become the loving and life giving part of God's Beautiful Universe. Some practices of yoga can provide one, of many more extra hours of creative thinking and working. It provides clarity, one can prioritise one's responsibilities and is awarded with mental strength to be able to take difficult decisions avoiding procrastination. The world humanity as well as the medical fraternity has recognised by now the need of yoga in our lives as much as an **International Yoga Day** is celebrated all over the world where we can see thousands of peoples practising yoga. A video on the subject “Stress Management and Immunity Building by Yoga” has been made and is available on Youtube (link**:** http://youtube/ffTAp5yZCZw). One can start, before breakfast or before dinner, even for ten minutes and can gradually increase comfortably to the full length.

P. C. Rateria
Ekadashi 1102

আমার সময়

সময় সফেন সাগর
খেলা করে সারাদিন
আমাকে নিয়ে অবহেলে।

ওঠাপড়া করে সারাদিন
আমার কথা একেবারে
না ভেবে না জানিয়ে।

যখন আধো জলে
বালি সরে সরে যায়
তখন যে দাঁড়িয়ে থাকে
সেই কি আমি নাকি
যে বালি পা ঢেকে
গহীন করে ডাকে
সেই আমি নাকি
আকাশ অথবা আলো
জল নয় বালি নয়
যে ভুলে গেছে সব
তার কোলে আবার
জন্ম নেবো আমি।।

জয়ন্ত চট্টোপ্যাধ্যায়
তৃতীয়া, ২০২

আমাকে দেখছি আমি

যে সব না পাওয়ার লুপ্ত তৃষ্ণা
আমার অন্তরঙ্গে আছে সুপ্ত
তাদের স্পর্শেই অংকুর বেদনা
জীবন আকাংখা করে ভিন্ন
জীবনে তৃপ্ত হবার কামনা।
রঞ্জন নয় নন্দিনী আশাহতা
ক্রুর মানুষের জটিলতা নয়,
আমার আকাংখার অন্য নাম
দুঃখ - জ্বরে পুড়ে যাওয়া গহন।
ভূলতে গেলে ফিরে আসে
ফিরে ফিরে ফিরে আসে,
তাই না পাওয়ার মন খারাপ
শিমুল বীজের মত অনন্ত
বাতাসে যদি ভাসাতে পারি
যদি লীন হয়ে প্রকাশ পায়
আমার আমি তুরীয় তুমিতে
তবেই-কি বিলীন হবে আমার
মন খারাপের অস্থির অহমিকা!

জয়ন্ত চট্টোপ্যাধ্যায়
তৃতীয়া ২০২

বিফল নির্মাণ

ফেরাবে বলেই বাড়িয়েছিলেম পা
যেয়ো না বলে ডাকলে না তো তুমি
হৃদয় তোমার বেদনা খননরত
সম্ভাবনার দোরে কে দেয় ঘা।

সকাল ভ্রমনে গেটের মাধবীলতা
মনে করায় প্রথম কলির গান
টবের মাটিতে শুধু যে কাগজফুল
গন্ধবিহীন রঙেতে করায় স্নান।

ফাগের গুলাল আকাশেই শুধু ওড়ে
মনে বা শরীরে কোথাও লাগে না এসে
শিহরণ আসে দূরের জানালা থেকে
বিষন্নতায় আমার গান যে ভাসে।

ছাদের মাদুর বড্ড একলা আজ
গল্প শোনে বা শোনায় কেউ তো নেই
একা হয়ে তারা নিজের নিজের ঘরে
হাত দূরভাষে, জ্ঞানের আলাপেই।

পারমিতা কুন্ডু
প্রথমা ৬০২

WITH BEST COMPLIMENTS

FROM

WANI AREA

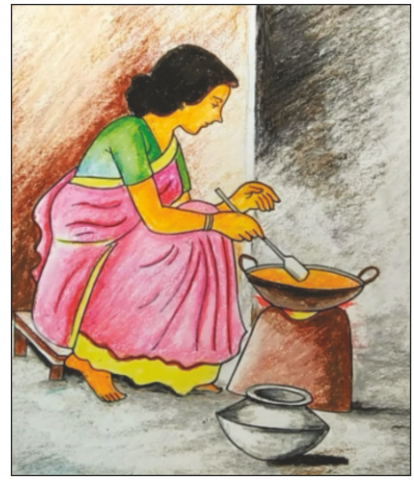
জীবন থেকে নেওয়া

জীবনকে আঁকতে রঙ, তার লিখতে বিষয়ের অভাব নেই। যাঁদের লেখা পড়ে আমরা সমৃদ্ধ হই, এটা তাঁদেরই কারো কথা, আমার মনে গেঁথে আছে। বিষয়ের অভাবই যখন নেই তখন আবার মণি কেন ? হ্যাঁ, একথা ঠিক মণিকে নিয়ে আমি আগেও লিখেছি। খন্ডচিত্র কখনই সমগ্রের পরিচয় নয় তাই আবার। মণিকে আমরা আজও ভালোবাসি। ঠিক কবে মণি ও মামার আশ্রয়ে এসেছিল আমার জানা নেই, ওর সঙ্গে আমার পরিচয় ক্লাস টু এ। ক্লাস ফাইভে ফেল করে মণি পড়া ছেড়ে দিয়েছিল।

এগল্পে কোনো পালিশ নেই, কারণ জীবতো নিখুঁত নয়, তাই এ গল্পে পালিশ দিয়ে খুঁত ঢাকতে চাইনি। অভাবের সংসারে জ্ঞানের চেয়ে কান্ডজ্ঞানের দরকার অনেক বেশী। চেয়েছি সত্য প্রকাশিত হোক, জীবনের ধূসর দিকগুলোও পাঠকের কাছে পৌঁছে যাক। শিক্ষিত, অভিজাত পরিবারের বড় হতে থাকা আমি একটা যত্নভরা ভালোবাসা নিয়ে মণির পাশে থাকতাম। আমরা পরীক্ষার সময় মণিকে খাতা দেখাতাম যাতে মণি পাস করে। শিক্ষকরাও সব দেখে না দেখার ভান করতেন। কি উচ্চস্তরের হৃদয় ছিল তাঁদের। পাশ - ফেল যে মানুষ মাপার একমাত্র চাবিকাঠি নয়, তাঁদের থেকেই শিখেছি। আজ বুঝতে পারি যে নিয়ম সেদিন আমরা ভেঙ্গেছিলাম তাতে কেন শিক্ষকরা আমাদের বাধা দেননি। নিয়ম শাসনের বাইরে সেই মানবিক ভূমিতে এক হেরে যাওয়া গ্রাম্য মেয়ের গেরস্তের সংসারে, ভারতের মানচিত্রে কোন শহরের কোথায় অবস্থান তা না জানলেও চলবে, সেটা তারা বুঝতেন। সেবার আমার মাধ্যমিক, আমাদের বাড়ির শ্রী শ্রী লক্ষ্মীজনার্দনের জন্মাষ্টমীর পুজোতে মণি এসেছিলো। খুব বকাবকি করে গেলো, দেখ তপু, এবার খুব মন দিয়ে পড়াশোনা কর। আমি জানি তুই খুব ভালো রেজাল্ট করবি।

একদিন হয়তো ওদের বাড়ি গেছি, সন্ধ্যে হলেই বলতো, এবার বাড়ি যা তপু, তোর পড়া নেই ?

সৌখিন ড্রইংরুম চর্চায় মণিরা চিরকালই প্রাসঙ্গিক। তাদের নিয়ে আলোচনা হয়, আমরা লেখালিখি করি, তাতে মণিদের অবস্থা তেমন বদলায় না। শ্রেনী বৈষম্যর কথা আমি বলছি না, সে বৌদ্ধিক বিষয়টা বিরাট। আমি এমন একজনের কথা বলছি যে জানেই না, কি তার অধিকার আর কতটুকুই বা ছিল তার প্রাপ্য। না পাওয়ার বৈরাগ্যে এমন উদাসীন হতে আমি কাউকে দেখিনি। কলেজে আমরা যখন চিত্রাঙ্গদা চরিত্রের বিশ্লেষণ শুনতাম মণি তখন ভাতের ফেন ঝড়াতো। আমরা যখন রঙ-তুলি নিয়ে ছবি আঁকতাম মণি তখন ঘুঁটে দিত। আমরা যখন দক্ষিণের মাঠে গল্প করতাম তখন মণি বিকেলের রান্নার শুকনো কাঠ জড় করতো। মণি এসেছিলো আমাদের দক্ষিণের মাঠের বৈকালিক আড্ডায় ওর বিয়ের খবর দিতে। হবু স্বামীর মৃতা প্রথমা স্ত্রীর বারো বছরের ছেলেকে পাশে নিয়ে একদিন মণির বিয়ে হয়ে গেলো। জানিনা মনির জীবনে কোন স্বপ্ন ছিল কিনা, থাকলেও তারা কোনো ঠিকানা খুঁজে পেয়েছিল কিনা । ছেলেকে 1st ডিভিসনে পাস করিয়ে এক বারই আলো করা হাসি দেখেছিলাম মণির মুখে। স্কুলিং এর বাইরে মণি ছিল স্বশিক্ষিত মেয়ে। ধৈর্য্য, ক্ষমা, ভালোবাসা নিয়ে দারিদ্রেরও যে একটা আভিজাত্ব থাকে, তা আমি মণিকে দেখে শিখেছিলাম। মণি ক্ষত ঢাকতে শিখেছিলো, আমরাও শিখেছিলাম ক্ষত ভুলতে। সে কি মনকে হারিয়ে দিয়ে মস্তিষ্কের দাপট ? তপু তোকে ভোলেনি মণি।



।। একদিন আমরা কজন একই গাঁয়ে ছিলাম।।

পত্রলেখা বিশ্বাস
ষষ্ঠী ৪০১

(Translated Poems of Shri Sunil Gangopadhyay)

A Truth bound sentiment (satyabaddha abhimaan)

This hand has touched Neera's face,
could I use this hand to commit a sin
ever again?
In the late evening glow
swathing the hanging balcony,
a 'daring' light had fallen on her face,
and like a telegram,
had instantly-revealed Neera's grace!
A hint of a smile had merged
on her brows and eyes,
or was it the shine of mica-fines?
At such times,
I so long to call that lady just a 'babe'.
I raise my right hand
and with my muscles flexed-
I whisper to myself-
'be worthy of her, be
worthy and rise'.
I touch Neera's chin.
This hand has touched Neera's facecould
I use this hand to commit a sin,
ever again?
These lips have told Neera …once,
'I love you"
could a deceit play on these lips
ever again?
Coming down the steps,
I remember all of a sudden,
those golden words were yet
un-said!
A breeze from the alien shores
would one day soon
carry this lady away
as nimble and graceful as a swan!
And the stairs would all give way
to the surge of a sudden quake!
I stop,
and look deep into Neera's eyes....
I realize…
love is such an ardent pledge, a
deep emotional bondage, a
sentiment bound in truth. My eyes
begin to burn... Standing on these
steps,
these lips had told Neera once,
'I love you",
could a deceit play on these lips ,
ever again?

Sheila Sengupta
Ashtami 601

For Poetry alone (Shudhu kobita'r jonyo)

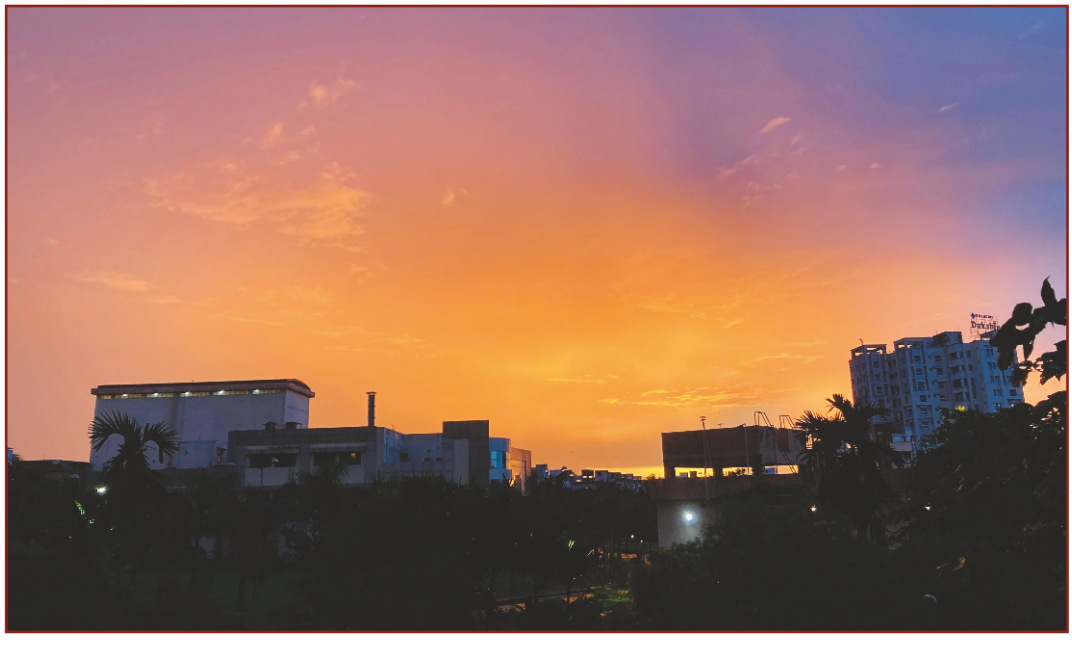
For poetry alone this birth,
For poetry alone this playfulness,
For poetry alone this solitary voyage
in the twilight hours on winter days.
For poetry alone, sudden moments of peace
emnating from a beautiful face,
For poetry alone you are woman,
For poetry alone- such bloodshed
and monsoon clouds over the gangetic bed,
For poetry alone, this desire to live longer
that painful life-which mortals live,
For poetry alone, I have shunned immortality.

Sheila Sengupta
Ashtami 601

“If Stones could speak”
Shamik Mozumder Panchami 401

“Posing for Snap”
Shamik Mozumder Panchami 401

“Miles to go before I sleep”
Kalyani Saha Prathama 701



“Waking up with the Sun”
Rishabh Sinha Dashami 103

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Bengal's Bakharkhani

It is not easy to call it by the simple name of the 'Bangladeshi Cuisine'. The basic ingredients and the basic dal-bhat-mach-mangsho meals might seem common, but there is no single pattern of making things out of it, to name it one cuisine. A small country like Bangladesh has such diverse techniques and notions of cooking, pairing, dining area-wise; that like in China, it is important to call by the regional cuisine names. Better we say; a Noakhali Cuisine, A Barisali one, A Chatgaiya one & on & on.

Such one cuisine we have, is the 'Dhakaiyas' Cuisine'. The scope here is not broad enough to be chatty on the entire cuisine, neither is our span of attention. So, with that in mind, I pick to share here, a story of a bread, the fascinating Dhakaiyas once, not only baked, but also cooked up a legend of a story out of the mereness. Wait…Wait…please do not drop off interest yet! Neither the story, nor the bread in context is stale but delectable. So, brace yourself to gorge in.

Dhakaiyas are a present-day very closed-off, minority community, living in the older parts of Dhaka for ages; carrying with an intriguing history & lineage. The time was the 16th Century, India being ruled by the Mughal. Bengal was growing popular for harvesting huge amount of rice varieties. And the Dhakai Nawabs Dinesty started flourishing too. Muslim workers to serve the Nawabs, like darbans, bawarchis, khansamas, gariwalas, and the traders of crops were migrating from around Bengal, from the Northern India; mostly from the Urdu speaking part of Bihar, from Kashmir, even from the Middle East. As these different ethnic groups mingled, a unique Urdu mixed Bengali dialect, a new community, culture as well as a cuisine evolved and the community was being called the Dhakaiyas (Imagine India's Parsi community for a close resemblance). Now, Dhakaiyas' most precious original heirloom food is their bread, Bakharkhani.

This bread Bakharkhani was named after a Dhakaiya protagonist named Aga Bakhar Khan & his love interest Khani Begum, back in the mid of the 16th Century. The guy was very influential, the adopted son of Nawab Murshid Quli Khan & an admiral in position. Now, like a film's, the story has a notorious villain in it. Another son, of some Wazir, who too was eyeing the same woman, plotted against the duo. For along period, Aga Bakhar went through a series of stunts, as the legend says. He fought a tiger in a cage, came out victorious, then fought a duel, then escaped & roamed around the places anonymous for some time. But unfortunately the great love of his stayed unrequited, since Khani Begum got killed in the end, after long scenes of climax. Now, the hero they say, was a passionate & talented chef too. Guess what he did in mourning, for his lost love?!He made bread. This bread, the local bakers named Bakhar-Khani, to keep their names alive, while they started selling it commercially in an area named LalBagh in Old Dhaka, for the first time, by a Century later.

Now, you must walk past the narrowest and crowded alleys of old Dhaka today, to reach LalBagh or Becharam Deuri or to say, the birthplace of Bakharkhani. If you can reach finally, the bakers will bring out a stack of it for you, in batches, fragrant, fresh from the fuming tandoor. While you bite on a Bakharkhani, unlike other bread in category, you will find a flaky, crusty biscuit-like texture first in your mouth. But the palate changes in moments. A buttery, melt-in-mouth experience follows soon after. Now, while with these transformations, you are in utterly awe already; the fine clever bakers will start telling you this out of the blue story of Aga Bakhar and his Bakharkhani, to make you fall even more for it. That's a trick to assure your going back for the taste of duo, the bread and the story, again & again. How they treasure the recipe for centuries!How they keep the legend of the story by telling & repeating for that long!

As colourful as the story is, as delicious is the bread, Bakharkhani means more, not only to the Dhakaiyas, but also to the entire Bengal's culinary history. Utsa Roy, an eminent culinary historian says in his paper, 'Bakharkhani is the pride of the gastronomic culture of Dhaka.' Records ensure, there is no trace of any bread found in history, like Bakharkhani before Aga Bakhar Khan's time. So, though places like, Kashmir, Bihar, even Middle East have their versions of Bakharkhani, but are speculated to be evolved by the local traders, travelers who visited Bengal back then & took home inspiration as well as the name.

Though Bakharkhani is a tandoor bread, the good news is, it can be made in microwave too. Here is a recipe that can be replicated. Not too easy, not too hard, to try at home.

Here is what you'll need:

Plain flour/Maida 1 cup
Salt 1/2 tsp
Cooking oil 1 tablespoon
Cooking oil 1/2 cup
Butter 1/4 cup

Instructions:

1. Make dough with flour, salt, and oil. Add the water little by little, about a tablespoonful at a time to make a stretchy dough (approx 1/2 cup).
2. Grease oil on top of the dough and cover with a wet cloth for at least 30 minutes.
3. On a separate bowl mix 1/2 cup of oil with 1/4 cup of butter.
4. After 30 min, roll the dough as thin as possible. (you can use some flour on the board).
5. Take some oil mixture and spread over the rolled dough.
6. Sprinkle some flour over the oil so spreading the flour dries out the oil.
7. Apply the oil mixture again and repeat the same process as shown in the video.
8. Make five cuts with a knife for each piece.
9. Bake 22-25 minutes or until it is light brown.

Dhakaiyas would wake up and break their fasts daily with Bakharkhani, Nehari & Milk-Tea. But this Nehari of theirs is different too. It hardly has many spices, or a thick gravy. Rather, an overnight slow cooked stew it is, of right proportions of fat & meat & bones, of the hind leg of cows or goats, with very little spices in it, just to infuse a heavenly complex aroma. A dip of crusty Bakharkhani, in the mellowing soul soup Nehari- and it's all too sensuous, every morsel, till gone inside. Some other day, with time, will share the tales of this Nehari, with recipes, images& stories, of the founding legends as well as of the current mavericks. Not only how the Dhakaiya chefs cook it differently is intriguing to ponder, but also is fun to realize, how & why they eat it ritually for breakfast almost every morning; all summer & winter, year after year, sons after sons; as they leave for work or to open the rows of the tinsel shutters of the bustling business town of Dhaka, the once Mughal's business capital, an older one than even the City of Joy, yet perpetually pristine, offering priceless experiences on every visit.

Smita Ghosh
Prathama 803

ভালোবাসার নতুন স্বাদ

পটল ও টমেটো কেচাপ বাহারী

উপকরন ঃ- ফ্রেস পটল ৫০০ গ্রাম, টমেটো কেচাপ ১/২ কাপ, জিরেগুড়ো (১ টেবিল চামচ), লঙ্কাগুড়ো ইচ্ছেমত, হলুদগুড়ো সামান্য / নুন স্বাদমত / নারকেল কোড়া বা ধনেপাতা ইচ্ছে অনুযায়ী ও সাদা তেল।

প্রণালী ঃ- প্রথমে পটলের গা ভালোকরে চেঁছে বা ছুলে ফালি কওে কেটে নেবো, তাতে সামান্য নুন ও হলুদ মাখিয়ে ভালো করে ভেজে নেবো।

সামান্য তেলে কালোজিরে, হলুদগুড়ো, জিরেগুড়ো দিয়ে ভালো কওে তাতে টমেটো কেচাপ দেবো, তারপর ভালো করে কষিয়ে তাতে ভাজা পটলগুলো দিয়ে সামান্য জল দিয়ে ভালোকরে আবার কষিয়ে নিয়ে তাতে নারকেল কোড়া বা ধনেপাতা দিয়ে গরম গরম পরিবেশন করবো লুচি, রুটি বা গরম ভাতের সাথে ।

পূজা সিনহা
দশমী ১০৩

Chicken-cheese-vegetable pie

Ingredients:

1. Boneless chicken-300gm 2. Diced carrots/gajor-100gms
3. Diced beans-50 gms 4. Diced babycorn -100gms
5. Green peas/kadaishuti-50 gms
6. Minced garlic-1/2 bowl(small)
7. Diced onions-1bowl(small)
8. Freshly crushed black pepper - 3-4 tablespoons
9. Vinegar-1 tablespoon 10. Fresh cream -1 cup
11. Chicken stock -1cup 12. Grated cheese-250 gms
13. Olive oil-1/3 cup 14. Sugar-1/2teaspoon 15. Salt-to taste

RECIPE

First part

At first boil (half boil)the diced vegetables(except peas)in little water and a pinch of salt and drain the water..keep the vegetables aside..half boil the chicken and take out the pieces to keep aside..keep the chicken stock.In a heated pan put the olive oil..Then add the garlic,onion with a pinch of salt..After little sauté add the green peas and stir for a while..Then add the vegetables and chicken..Add little salt..Sauté for sometime till a light brown colour comes on them..then add the chicken stock,fresh cream,vinegar,pinch of sugar..boil for sometime till oil starts leaving the sides..add the black pepper and stir..turn off the heat.

Second part

In a microwave safe bowl, brush a little oil in its bottom and sides..put a layer of grated cheese..Then pour over the mixture of chicken and vegetables on it..Again put a layer of grated cheese on top of it..You may sprinkle a little black pepper or chilli flakes over it(optional)..Then grill it for 10-15 minutes at medium to high temperature (depends on your oven) till the top layer gets a golden brown crispy colour..if you don't have an oven then you can do this process in a pressure cooker without the lid..Only take an utensil safe for pressure cooker,then do the layers as given above and put it inside the heated pressure cooker safely(put a stand inside)..Put a metal cover over the cooker and keep the gas on a medium flame(towards the end put it on high flame)Check from time to time till the colour is golden on top..be careful not to burn the preparation..

Take the bowl out,cool it a little..roll a knife round the bowl's edge so that it leaves sides..Cut into desired pieces..Serve it hot with bread and enjoy!

As there's a moderate amount of cheese,put low salt in the dish.

Debalina Banerjee
Asthami 1502

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স্কুলবাড়ী একা একা
মুখখানা গম্ভীর-
কেউ সেথা আসে নাতো
করে নাকো কেউ ভিড়।

ক্লাশরুমে বেঞ্চগুলি
সারি দিয়ে দাড়িয়ে
ভাবে শুধু মনে মনে
মজা গেল হারিয়ে।

ছোটদের হুল্লোড়
দাপাদাপি হৈচৈ -
ব্যাগ ছোঁড়া, জল ছোঁড়া
আজ সেতো আর নেই।

করিডর ধূধূ ফাঁকা
কাঁদে শুধু নীরবে ;
বুক পেতে বসে আছি
কবে তার ফিরবে।

সিঁড়িগুলি চুপচাপ
মন ভারাক্রান্ত
হুড়মুড় দুরদার
একেবারে বন্ধ।

কোথা গেল চীৎকার
হাসাহাসি কান্না -
সব কেন নিশ্চুপ
ভেবে কূল পাইনা ।

স্কুলমাঠে ঘাসগুলি
খেলে শুধু দাপিয়ে
ছোট বড় পড়ুয়ারা
গেল কোথা হারিয়ে!!

পড়ুয়ারা সব ছেড়ে
অনলাইন পড়াতে
আনমনে ভেবে চলে
মজা হোত ক্লাশেতে।

বন্ধুর সাথে যত
হোত সব খুনসুটি
হয়ে গেল সবই কি
মধু মাখাস্মৃতিটি ?

লুনা চ্যাটার্জী
প্রথমা ১৫০৩

শারদীয়া চিঠি

শ্রদ্ধেয়া যোগমায়া,
এভাবেও ভালো থাকা যায় উমার সাথে
মহালয়ার লগ্নে।
স্তোত্র পাঠ রেডিও তে শুনে,
সকালে পায়ে হেঁটে,
বাবার সাথে ফুল কুড়ানোর স্মৃতিতে —
আজও ভালো থাকা যায়।
মায়ের হাতে সেলাই করা নতুন
জামার গন্ধে, ভালো থাকা যায়।
ধুনোর ধোঁয়া, ভোগের পবিত্রতায়,
পদ্ম ফোঁটানোর স্পর্শে,
১০৮ প্রদীপের প্রজ্জ্বলতায়
অঞ্জলী, 'ওম্ স্বাহা' উচ্চারণে —
ভালো থাকা যায়।

নতুন প্রজন্মের ছেলেমানুষী তে লুকোচুরী খেলায়, আবদারে,
প্রণাম করতে ভুলে যাওয়ায় —
সত্যি বলি,
নির্ভেজাল ভালো থাকা যায়।
উমা, মা দুর্গা অম্বিকা চন্ডিকা
আমার তুমি মৃন্ময়ী নও —
তুমি চিন্ময়ী।
আত্মশুদ্ধির পথপ্রদর্শক।
ধর্মের অনেক উর্দ্ধে,
ভক্তিতে তুমি,
ক্ষমতায় নয়,
শক্তিতে তুমি।
এভাবেও ভালো থাকা যায়।

পুবালী ভট্টাচার্য
ষষ্ঠী ৩০৩

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Upohar Utsav Committee

খুঁটি পুজো

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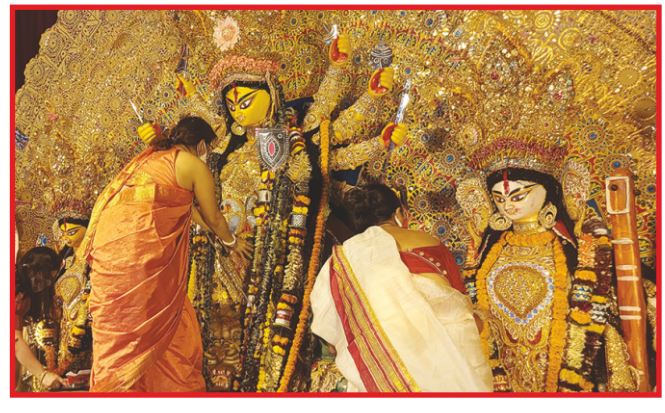

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Unrhyme - A poem on self love

I love you on days you're smart
but more on days when you're not
when you stumble through verbs
of pretty chaos that unfold the rot

I love you on the sunny's when the yellow screams
but more on grey's and its lack of shades
when we play tug and war with the
sirens outdoor ,
let the plague in us roar.

I love you on the delicate touch of arms
but more on calloused burn finger turns
like pinky swears and dusty glares
when unrhymed sinks to crash within.

I love you on days I love me at long
but more on days when I love me not
when I feel the hope leave me quick,
ike the fold of my palms that worry me sick,
you hold it tight when the rush slow peaks
for the hearts of brittle and worthy dreams.

Ishani
Sasthi 1301

An Ode To Grandparents

Grandparents are a child's best friend
They Love, Care and bring Excitement.

When they come visiting,
The kids smile big and wide
Home Rules are bent as the children are always right

Grandpa rules the roost when dad loses his cool
Grandma calms Mom down
When the report card comes from school

Grandma Loves cooking, Grandpa loves directing
Together they orchestrate magical moments

But alas, all good times come to an end
When the trip back home is around the bend
The trip to airport appears awfully short
Air India is on time and boarding is not an afterthought

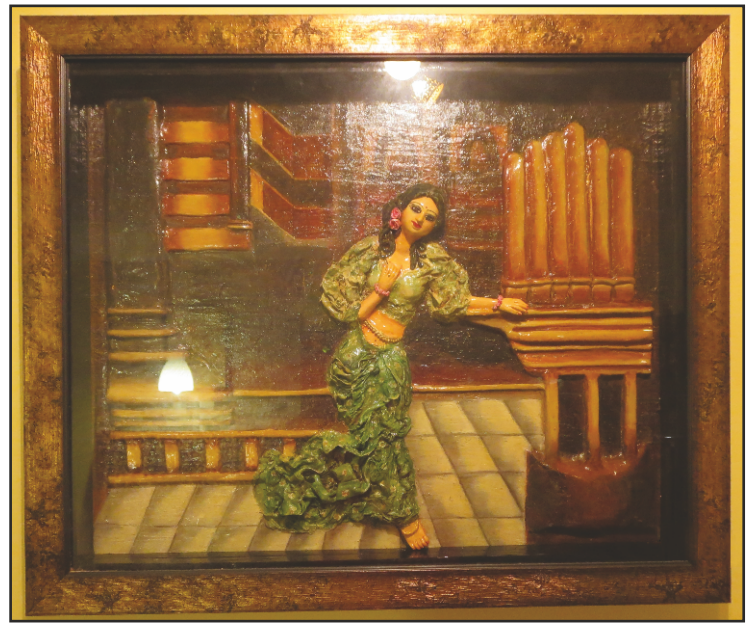
Farewells are difficult and we are an upset lot
Tears are shed and time is blamed for not running per our clock
We eagerly await the next visit, hopefully soon
As we head back home with memories old and new

Arun Roy
Chaturthi 901

3D Clay Mural

Clay mural painting is a beautiful craftwork that anyone can make with a little patience. In this kind of painting clay is placed on a flat supporting surface in such a way that 3D effect is obtained. The painting was done as per the following process:

- Trace the picture on a ply board.
- In the first step, clay is applied on the picture highlighting background area.
- In the second step, clay is applied on the mural figure using clay modeling tool, to give the shape.
- Lastly, the colour is applied after the mural is fully dried up



Alokita Mazumdar
Panchami 201

Emboss Painting on Aluminum Sheet

Emboss painting is basically carving a design on a surface such that it appears to be raised. It can be done on harder surfaces like an aluminum sheet or softer and more flexible surfaces like a cloth. I made this painting with Aluminum sheet as per this following process:-

- Trace the painting on the Aluminum sheet using tracing paper and black marker pen.
- Now the picture will be embossed by pressing with hard object on the back side of the sheet.
- Depending on the picture profile varying pressure will be applied throughout the picture. This will generate a 3D effect.
- After that, Emboss colour will be applied.

Alokita Mazumdar
Panchami 201

MYTHS AND MISCONCEPTIONS IN DIABETES

In my practice as an Endocrinologist both in India and United Kingdom, I have encountered a lot of questions from my patients and their relatives regarding diabetes. Based on this I am enumerating some of the common myths and misconceptions regarding diabetes.

Myth 1: Eating sugar and sweets make you diabetic. I don`t eat sweets so I will not develop diabetes.

In simple terms diabetes means excess sugar in blood. This is due to inability of the body to get rid of sugar from blood. There is no direct evidence that eating sugar causes diabetes. Hence development of diabetes is not dictated by how much sugar a person takes. However taking excess sugar and sweets may cause weight gain and there is clear evidence that diabetes is more common in overweight people. However keeping one`s weight under control has been clearly shown to prevent diabetes. You can objectively determine whether you are overweight or not by calculating your body mass index (BMI).

$$\text{BMI} = \frac{\text{Weight in kilograms}}{\text{Height in metres x height in metres}}$$

BMI 25 – 30 = overweight.

BMI > 30 = Obese.

Myth 2: I don`t have diabetes as I do not have any symptoms and I do not feel unwell.

The symptoms of diabetes include passing excessive amounts of urine, excessive thirst, tiredness, and in some people weight loss. This is due to the excess sugar in blood coming out of the urine dragging water along with it. These symptoms usually occur when the blood sugar is very high. However most of the patients with diabetes may not have very high blood sugar levels (although the blood sugar levels are higher than what it should be) and hence no symptoms. Hence in many cases it becomes difficult to convince patients that they do have diabetes when the tests are done. This is a pity as it is very easy to diagnose diabetes and the earlier diabetes is treated the better is the outcome.

Myth 3: Diabetic patients should not take most fruits as they have too much sugar.

Fruits are a valuable source of naturally occurring vitamins and minerals and are essential for good health. Hence it is extremely unfortunate that diabetic patients are denied fruits just because they may have glucose in it. If one weighs the risks v/s benefits then taking fruits does much more good than harm in diabetic patients and they should take at least 2-3 fruits per day.

Myth 4: Diabetic patients should not take potatoes or vegetables that grow underground

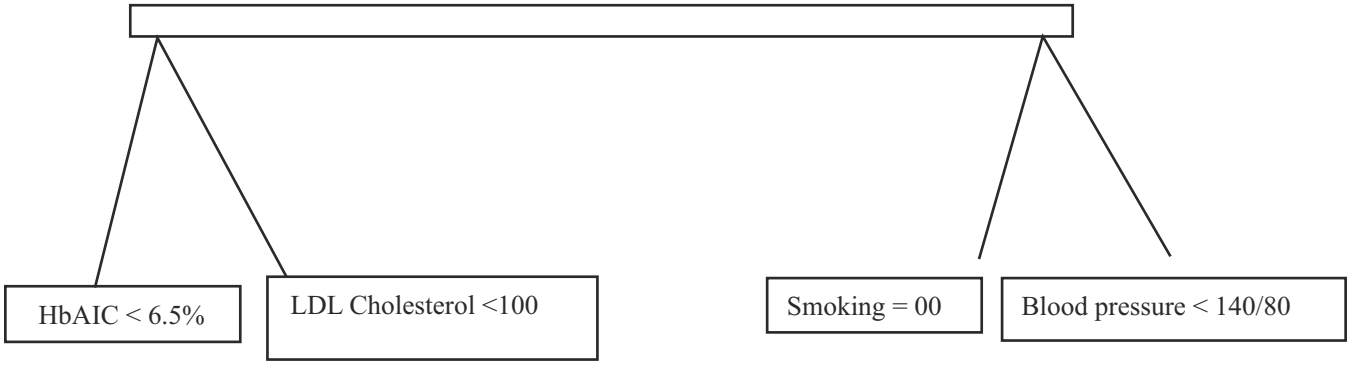
Vegetables are an extremely good source of nutrients, vitamins, minerals and there is absolutely no reason why they should be avoided in diabetes. In fact patients should be encouraged to take more vegetables. There is no need to ban potatoes from the diet. The small amount of potatoes we use while cooking vegetables or fish is allowed.

Myth 5: I am a diabetic. My last PP sugar (blood sample for glucose estimation taken 2 hours after start of food intake) 2 weeks ago was 130 and now it is 160. Why is there such a variation -the laboratory reports must be wrong.

There can be some variation in PP sugar in the same person on the same medications. This may be due to variation in the amount and type of food taken, level of exercise done that particular day etc. Hence nowadays a different sort of test is available to tackle this problem. Our blood consists of red blood cells which has a life span of 3 months. Hence if we can measure how much glucose is attached to theses red cells then we can predict how the diabetes control has been for the previous 2-3 months. This test is called HbA1C. This is a blood test done in all good laboratories and it will not change whether it is taken in an empty stomach or a full stomach. HbA1C < 6.5% indicates good blood glucose control and > 9% indicates very poor control. Hence higher the value worse is the control. This has now become an essential test in assessment of blood glucose control in diabetes.

Myth 6: My sugar is well controlled hence I do not have to worry about development of any diabetes related complications.

Control of blood glucose is only one of the many aspects of diabetes management. In order to prevent diabetes from damaging our body, I often compare our body to a table with four legs. If all the four legs are strong then the table will be stable – in other words diabetes is less likely to damage your body. I have outlined the ideal values needed for each leg to be strong. As you can see only one leg of the table is about blood glucose management – that means that blood glucose control is only one aspect of diabetes management.



Myth 7: Once insulin is started it can never be stopped.

There are many reasons why insulin is started. Oral tablets may be replaced with insulin during and in the immediate period after an operative procedure, in the immediate period after heart attack, stroke, and nasty infections. On occasions if the blood glucose level is extremely high at the time of diagnosis then the patient may initially be started on insulin replacing it with tablets once glucose levels are acceptable. In all the above conditions although insulin is started, it may later be changed to oral antidiabetic tablets. Insulin use will continue only in those patients where maximum oral tablets have failed to improve the glucose levels.

Myth 8: I have had cataract surgery of both my eyes so now diabetes will not damage my eyes.

Cataract occurs when there is clouding of the lens as shown in figure 1. However the main damage to the eyes from diabetes is in the back of the eyes called the retina. In the early stages the patient may not notice any problems with his vision but this can be easily picked up by a simple eye examination which is widely available. This is called diabetic retinopathy. A patient with diabetes should have eye tests once a year for early detection of retinopathy. Many cases of blindness due to diabetic eye disease can be prevented in this way.

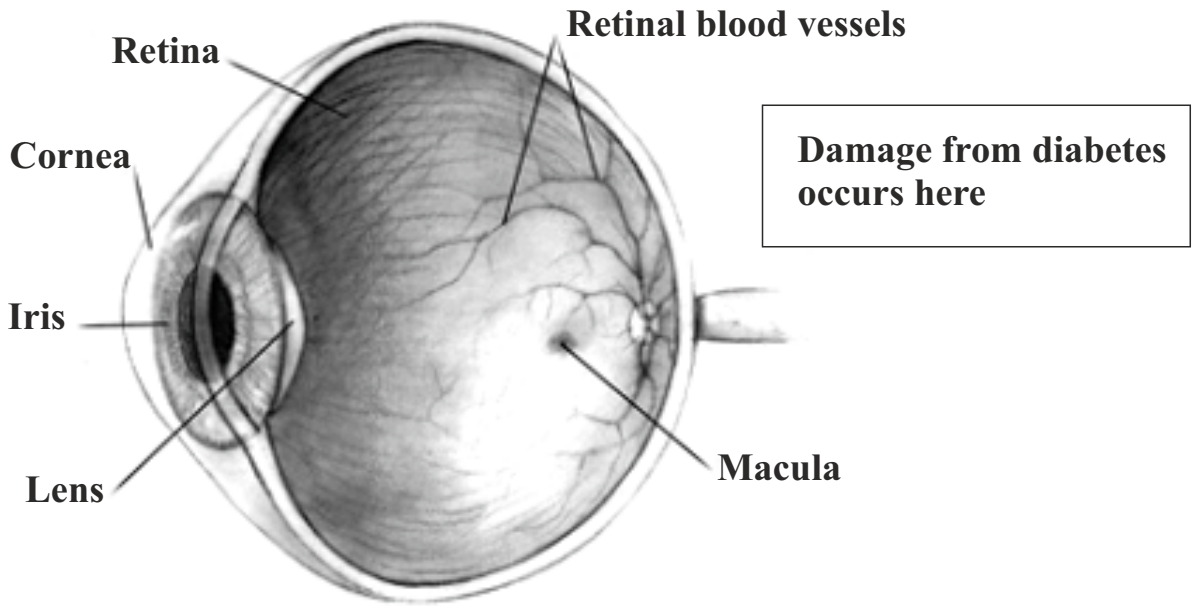
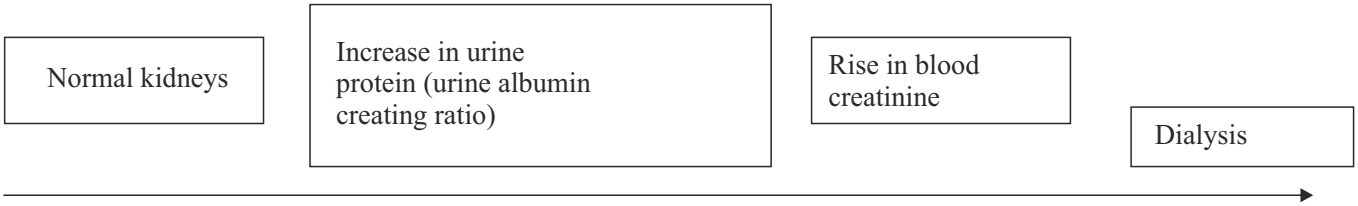


FIGURE 1 Section of human eye

Myth 9: A blood test done to check my kidney function is normal; hence I do not have any kidney damage from diabetes.

The commonly used blood test to check kidney function is called creatinine. This rises when the kidney damage has already started progressing. The figure below charts the journey of kidney damage and the test used to detect the same. As you can see it is possible to detect kidney damage very early in the course of diabetes by a urine test (urine albumin creatinine ratio) which is widely available in most reputed laboratories. By checking this we can start appropriate treatment to halt the progression of kidney damage.Increase in urine protein (urine albumin creatinine ratio) Rise in blood creatinine Normal kidneys Dialysis



Progression of kidney disease in patients with diabetes

I am sure readers will have lots of other questions which I am unable to answer due to lack of space. However it is important to remember that is very much possible for a person with diabetes to lead as normal a life as possible. Regular check up and control of the parameters that I have outlined (HbA1C, cholesterol, blood pressure, urine albumin creatinine ratio, creatinine, eye check) will ensure complication free life in these patients.

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THE INSPIRING IPL JOURNEY OF RUTURAJ GAIKWAD

The young 24-year-old Ruturaj Gaikwad has been grabbing headlines with his fiery batting skills and his ability to bat with surpassing skill and power in the ongoing cash-rich IPL. The youngster from Maharashtra has been a revelation in this Indian Premier League (IPL) season and has been the cynosure of all eyes! But do you know about his inspiring journey? Well, we have you covered as we will be diving deep into the journey of Ruturaj Gaikwad to fame; The man who is ruling the roost with his blazing blade.

Well if you cast your mind back to 2020, then you would recollect that Ruturaj Gaikwad had a very tough time when it came to cricket. As Suresh Raina pulled out of IPL 2020 due to personal reasons, the stage was set for Ruturaj Gaikwad to shine in the yellow-clad jersey.

However, the gruelling wrath of the global Covid-19 pandemic reached him and he contracted the Covid-19 virus along with some Chennai Super Kings (CSK) staff members and Deepak Chahar.

Just imagine, getting all excited for their IPL debut and not being able to play because of Covid-19; Something that is not even in your hand!

But the terrible patch was just the beginning for Gaikwad. In the subsequent matches when he got the opportunity to play after recovering, he got dismissed cheaply in the first two matches he played.

Firstly, against the Rajasthan Royals, he was dismissed for a duck and then against the Mumbai Indians, he was dismissed in the very first over by Trent Boult. It seemed like it was the end of the road for the young prodigy.

By the end of IPL 2020, he shattered a lot of records and his hard work and dedication reaped a lot of benefits. He became the first uncapped player to notch up three back-to-back fifties in the IPL.

Cut to IPL 2021 and he has had a fairy-tale run. There was no stopping the Pune-born youngster and in the 16 matches that he had played in the league stage games, he had amassed 635 runs and bagged the Orange Cap which is awarded for the leading run getter in the IPL. The boy weaved magic in the UAE! A sheer embodiment of resilience and hard work!

From being bought for a meagre 20 lakh rupees sum in the IPL 2019 auction to being the backbone of the CSK franchise, Ruturaj Gaikwad has defied all odds and has cemented his place in the Chennai franchise!

Who knows, he could take up the captaincy mantle of CSK from MS Dhoni after the talismanic skipper and wicket-keeper of CSK draws curtains to his illustrious career!

Sayanta Sengupta
Sasthi 1502

SONG OF THE SILENT MILES

I peeped out of the window of my room, stretching out my vision as much as I could from within the confines of its railings. Miles and miles of silent, deserted roads with red and purple blotches, strained my eyes. The zigzagging lanes and by lanes had neither any sign of humans treading it nor any fidgety vehicle moving along. The hourglass of the neighbourhood around seemed to have turned to a topsy turvy state or had it at last broken unable to endure the undue weight of traffic and humans.

The jingle jangle tings and discordant honking horn alarms of noisy vehicles didn't wake me up today! I had missed the yellow bus today, the one into which children hopped on in the morning and again when the sun climbed over the top of the buildings, it brought them back to the same spot. It was late, past the usual time of it's arrival, as the sun now peeped from the other side of the big Red Tree on the pavement. Had I missed a day? Was I going through a delusional spell? Or was it simply one of those unwarranted blackouts for a period? I wondered. Or was it just one of those days when the bus was on leave? I shifted my gaze to the park with it's nodding and swaying trees. All stood in attention! Not even a welcoming wave from their branches! I made a face at them, even stuck out my tongue, yet, they were unperturbed.

Something was freaky strange indeed today! For the first time, I could declare that not me or my friends but the spectacle out of the window was outlandish and weird.The spectacled Uncle, who sat everyday with the newspaper on the blue bench bellow the Yellow Tree, was missing from the spot. The plump Aunty, who never missed a day of her jogging-hopping rounds, was nowhere in the tracks alongside the flowerbeds. The bunch of oldie granddads who every morning stood round in a circle and threw up their hands in the air, laughing simultaneously, very much like some of my fellow inmates here, had also disappeared from the park all of a sudden.

It was my fault! It was all my fault! I must have kept my eyes shut too long and so they had all disappeared. As had disappeared the man who used to call me gifted and the lady who would never let me be alone. I was special for them. I sometimes spot them in the park or the road or in my dreams but they disappear instantly when I stretch out my hand to hold them, before I blink or even before I can call them out.

I waited the whole day keeping my ears open for sounds of hustle bustle in the roads below. I kept sneaking to the window in between my daily chores for familiar sights but in vain. I was taking my meds regularly and it was one of those spells when I could decipher everything around and see everything as they were without any hallucinations. In these phases I loved looking out of the window here and longed to be out below the open sky. However, the open window was my only companion for passing the time. I didn't enjoy the company of my fellow inmates here. All of them were dumb, half-witted and foolhardy and all were envious of me.

Two or more days had passed in this manner with no sign of traffic and humans. I became desperate to find out the whereabouts of the residents of my locality. My prying eyes ultimately succeeded in locating them, hidden within their own cells, isolated from their next door neighbours, very much like what we already practiced.

A bumblebee from the park nearby should receive much of the credit for guiding my sight to the dens of my neighbourhood folks. It came buzzing towards my window, made a reverse swirl and flew towards the balcony of the building on the opposite side of the road. It was the house where the pale, thin Didi with long plaits stayed for I had often seen her sitting by the window beside the balcony with her books. The fat fair Aunt, who stayed there too, was out on the space near the sink for cleaning utensils. I had seen some other lady usually doing the washing and cleaning there but today the Aunt seemed to have taken her place. Suddenly she started shooting out her hands crazily trying to ward-off some itty-bitty enemy. The teensy attacker, I understood, was the bumblebee. It went on a windy-wiggly spree over her head and around her. She battled for sometime trying to dodge it's sting and drive it away but finally she had to yield and let it be. As soon as she left the balcony and went into the room, the bee flew and settled on the mouth of the tap. The naive Aunt had failed to gauge that the poor little bug was just thirsty and trying to gulp the clinging droplets of water from the tap.

That very day, in the late evening, I chanced to overhear a serious ongoing discussion on the corridor. Through the square hole on the door, I saw two food delivery boys conversing worriedly about the present situation. I listened attentively, trying not to breathe in the whiffs of cigarette smoke, that's what they called those small paper tobacco rolls

they lit. From their chatter I learnt that the ongoing pandemonium was on account of a sudden pandemic. Some virulent virus, they said had gripped the human race with fear of death. The humans were turning into contagious untouchables. However, while eavesdropping, I did inhale the puffs of smoke the boys blew out from their mouths and that irked me a lot and that led to a troublesome episode that I couldn't remember anymore.

I was feeling lonely again and tried to climb up the window to get a better view but couldn't manage, something on my feet restricted my movements. Then I recollected that I had heard some boys talking about a bizarre contagion and that was something very serious and required my immediate attention. The name by which they referred about it reminded me of Karuna Di, the aged maid aunt who used to work in our facility kitchen. She used to set aside and eat away a large share of our meals without serving it to us. She had passed away some years back. Now her ghost seemed to be eating away living people. The ones she touched became zombies who in turn snatched lives of others by their touch. The boys had gone on discussing at length about the haunting in human lands, listening and remembering which I dozed off to sleep at some point of time.

My friend Minnie, elucidated further about the conjuring of the death broker midgets. Minnie often tippy- toed into my room for a share of my fish dish on the non-vegetarian meal days. She was always hungry, sneaking around for some snacking, all day round. She would wriggle in through the railings of my window and mewed persuasively until I gave her a big portion of my meal. I gladly parted with the whole fish, never liked that stinky dish, while Minnie would purr in happiness at it's very sight. That day Minnie told me about a recent bizarre incident confronted by her and her cousin from far away.

Just few weeks back when Minnie was playing in the shade of the big tree she noticed some rodent type creatures hanging upside down from a branch. Instantly her stomach started growling and her mouth started watering. She started climbing the

tree carefully, stealthily creeping up closer towards the creatures. She had just raised her paw to claim her catch when her mother meowed a stern and alarming warning. Startled Minnie lost her grip of the branch, slipped and flipped over from the tree. With a muffled thud she landed on the grassy ground. Her mother soothed her ruffled fur and warned.

'Don't dare touch those fruit bats! Those infectious creatures are no way your food stuff!'

'Why Mom? Why can't I eat those things? Minnie asked. 'They are just tree rats and I am hungry.'

'We the members of the Kingdoms of Animals follow the Rules of Nature. We cannot and do not eat anything and everything we find, like the human folks do. We are not the lowly ones to taste vile snakes or contagious bats! Good, that we adhere to the Laws of Nature , hence, we have managed to survive through difficult times too. Otherwise our plight would have been like the foolish humans who on account of their greed keep on suffering from what not diseases!' Minnie's mom yawned rolled on her back and continued speaking. 'Let me tell you a story, account of a true incident, the news of which have been sent to me by your aunt who lives in the dangerous alleys of the land of the People with Slanting Eyes. Your cousin, Hullo, who resembles you in his over enthusiasm and hyper activeness, had attempted exactly what you were about to do few minutes back. Thankfully, he too was chided by his mother in time. To your cousin's surprise and dismay, those very creatures were after some time captured by a hunter of that land. From other cats of the surrounding areas your aunt came to know that those very bats were instrumental in creating the deadly life snatching disease that now plagues the humans.'

After Minnie had left I pondered over the incident. My deduction was that man was being punished for the commitment of the third and sixth of the Seven Deadly Sins, Gluttony and Greed.

Days passed by, yet, there was no sign of the previously prevailing normal in the roads below. Only the 'Silent Miles' stared back at me. One evening as I was gazing at the window where lived the bookish Didi, for the first time in years she reciprocated by l laying her eyes upon me and smiling back. She quickly again resumed her work but she had made by day already by acknowledging my presence.

Residents of my locality continued being quarantined in their homes as I could manage to get a glimpse of some of them sometimes through the windows of their houses. Unlike us, however, some of them occasionally ventured out

into the streets below in a weird getup. Very much like vigilantes or zombies, the lower part of their faces were concealed by a piece of cloth, a mask.

Another change I perceived was that incidentally my senses had become stronger recently. I could clearly hear the song of the melodious black bird and symphony of the little chirping ones. I often joined them humming a tune of an old song that I had heard before. I could also see clearly upto the far horizon where tall buildings and a bridge stood against the blue sky.

I was awaken from my afternoon nap by the agitated woof-woof of Kookli, the white street mongrel with a black patch over his left eye. Kookli often alerted me about the ongoing interesting incidents out on the streets. I woke up with a start and rushed to the window to find out the cause of his anxiety. To Kookli's dismay as well as mine, I saw some police uncles rounding up some people in a van. Kookli barked loudly informing and correcting them about their mistake. Kookli usually managed to stay hidden behind the garbage vat to evade wrongful capture by the uniformed men who occasionally came to round up stray savages. However, when for three consecutive days he saw them rounding up men instead of stray dogs, Kookli could no longer tolerate the idiocy of those cops. He emerged out from his hiding and tried to alarm and inform the uniformed men about their repetitive mistakes.

Each time the civic vans came now and proceeded with the picking up of stray humans from the streets instead of the stray canines, Kookli would burst out into hysterical protest, now joined by other fellow members of their pack. I would rush to the window every time to relish the amusing spectacle. Gradually, the dogs seemed to have come up to an understanding and accepted the new norm. They even turned into abettors, alerting the cops about trespassers and rule violators who ventured out into the streets just to loiter around.

How many sundowns passed off in this manner I cannot say as I lost track of time. Days were passing by, with the orchestra of singing birds with interludes of beeping police van and ambulance sirens. The sweet fragrance of flowers drifted into my room with the wind. My animal friends hadn't abandoned me yet. Minnie continued coming to my room for her share of my meals. Only now, I couldn't satiate her taste buds as fishes had recently gone missing from our diet.

I was awakened from my sleep early in the morning again by Kookli's excited barking. I couldn't immediately make out whether I was in a dream as familiar cacophony of sounds drowning the sweet chirping of birds drummed into my ears. I threw aside my blanket, jumped out of the bed and rushed towards the window. I was overjoyed to see see the familiar faces out in the open again. The uncle with the newspaper, the oldies laughter group, the exercise freak aunties, were all back in the park. Vehicles of different types and colours were plying on the roads, their discordant honking saturating the surrounding.

I chuckled and stood by the window, clinging onto the railings, waiting eagerly for the yellow bus to arrive. I tried desperately not to be disturbed by the screechy bell that rang irritatingly to remind us about our morning chores.

Kookli, the street dog looked up towards the building with its rows of railed windows. The middle aged women with streaks of grey hair round her temples stood in one of them, chuckling and clapping. Since, he was a pup born in that locality, he had seen pairs of curious eyes, peeping, staring, gazing blankly, out from those little isolated windows, sometimes or the other. However, he had never met any of those residents out in the open roads below. The world had set back its pace to normal again but quarantine and self- isolation was not yet over for those rejected, dejected, non-contagious individuals. Silent Miles spread unendingly before their eyes while they listen to the song of silence amidst their own macabre and mundane lives.

A Signboard on the building read:

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