


KIRTI

ANNUAL UNIVERSITY WOMEN'S MAGAZINE 2020





Art of Giving

Giving education to the deprived is like giving sight to the blind - Achyuta Samanta

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KANYA KIRAN

Kanya Kiran is a program to stop violence against women and girl children, which spearheaded in 2018 by Dr. Achyuta Samanta, Founder of KIIT & KISS. It has strived to spread awareness on social evils of violence against women and girl children especially in the rural parts of Odisha.

KALINGA INSTITUTE OF
INDUSTRIAL TECHNOLOGY
Deemed to be University
(Established 1975 for UGC Act, 1956)
Bhubaneswar, Odisha, India



KIRTI

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Annual Women's Magazine



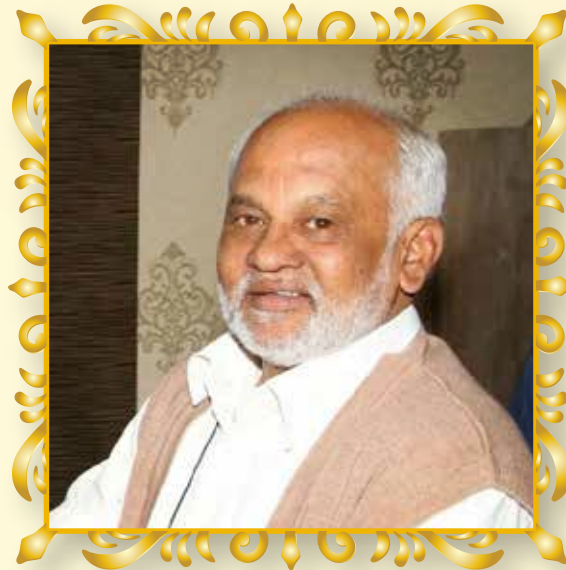
Dr. Achyuta Samanta (Founder, KIIT & KISS)

It gives me immense pleasure to know that students of KIIT Deemed to be University are bringing out the 2020 edition of the Annual University Women's Magazine, 'Kirti'.

In the words of Mahatma Gandhi - "Woman is the companion of man, gifted with equal mental capacity". Without contributions from women, a society can go forward with only half its capacity. We are lucky to live in a society where women have equal opportunity to contribute to economic and social progress. They are inspiring the country by their achievements in all walks of life – as scientists, entrepreneurs, business leaders, stateswomen, sportswomen, etc. Since its inception, KIIT Deemed to be University has been placing special importance to provide an ambience and all support to women students to enable them to do their best. They have achieved big in all fields and made us proud all the time.

'Kirti 2020' is a commendable initiative that captures the dreams and aspirations of our students. I congratulate Team Kirti 2020 for their hard work in bringing out the publication and wish the students all the best for their future endeavours.





Prof. Hrushikesh Mohanty (Vice-Chancellor, KIIT)

I am delighted to learn that Kalinga Institute of Industrial Technology, Bhubaneswar is celebrating International Women's Day and bringing out the 7th edition of its Annual Women's Magazine 'KIRTI 2020' to mark the occasion. 'KIRTI' has been nurturing women development and empowerment since its inception.

It is a commendable effort of the students to sensitize the community on the role of women in our society through art and literature. I am confident that the literary and artistic talent will be reflected through this magazine.

I congratulate the members of the editorial board and all the contributors for their efforts.





Prof. Sasmita Samanta (Pro-Vice Chancellor, KIIT)

It is undeniably a great pleasure to know that the students of KIIT are bringing out "KIRTI", a Annual University Women's Magazine. Our student authors have put across some amazing pieces of writing displaying their creative thinking and writing skills.

The works included in this edition are simple but will surely provide an opportunity to peep into to a student's thought process and his or her axiomatic creative thinking. It is a lovely experience to see these enthusiastic writers voicing their feelings through stories, poems and initiating an adult role through various eye opening discussions.

On this occasion, I convey my good wishes to all the contributors and the editorial board a greater success in the future.





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Dr. Jnyana Ranjan Mohanty (Registrar, KIIT)

I have great pleasure in conveying my best wishes to the Team for publishing Annual University Women's Magazine 'KIRTI 2020'. It fills me with immense pleasure to see all the young minds of KIIT putting their efforts and shared the joy of participation in co-curricular and extracurricular activities along with their commitment to curriculum. The entire purpose of education is not to restrict itself to imparting bookish knowledge only but inculcate humanitarian values like wisdom, compassion, courage, humility, integrity and reliability in a student. This magazine gives an insight into the range and scope of the imagination and creativity of the students.

My best wishes and message for all of you : Believe in yourself. You can do more than you think. Take the chance. Do what you want. Dare to be more ambitious.

I congratulate the team for their co-ordination and efforts to bring out this issue. I also take this opportunity to congratulate the magazine team for their successful publication of the magazine.





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Dr. Shyam Sundar Behura (Dy. Director, Student Services, KIIT Student Activity Centre)

An equal world is an enabled world and it's our responsibility to create a Generation Equality. Our individual actions, conversations, behaviour and mindsets to create a gender equal world can have an impact on our larger society. Collectively, we can make this change happen. At KIIT, we all work to bring together people of every gender, age and country to drive actions that will create the gender-equal world we all deserve. Kirti is one such contribution by the students and alumni of KIIT to womanhood. I congratulate the entire editorial team of Kirti for bringing out this marvelous work.



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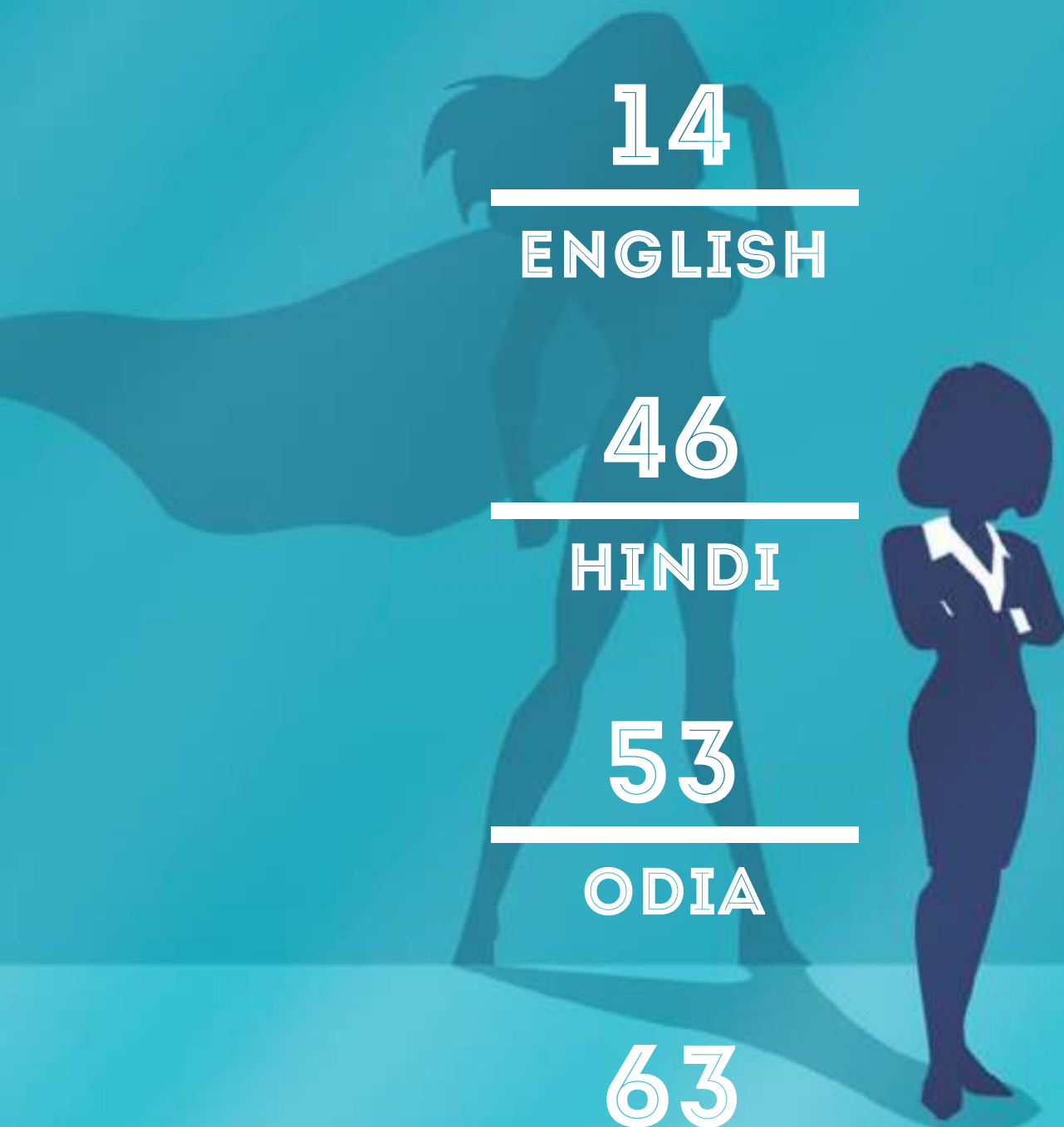
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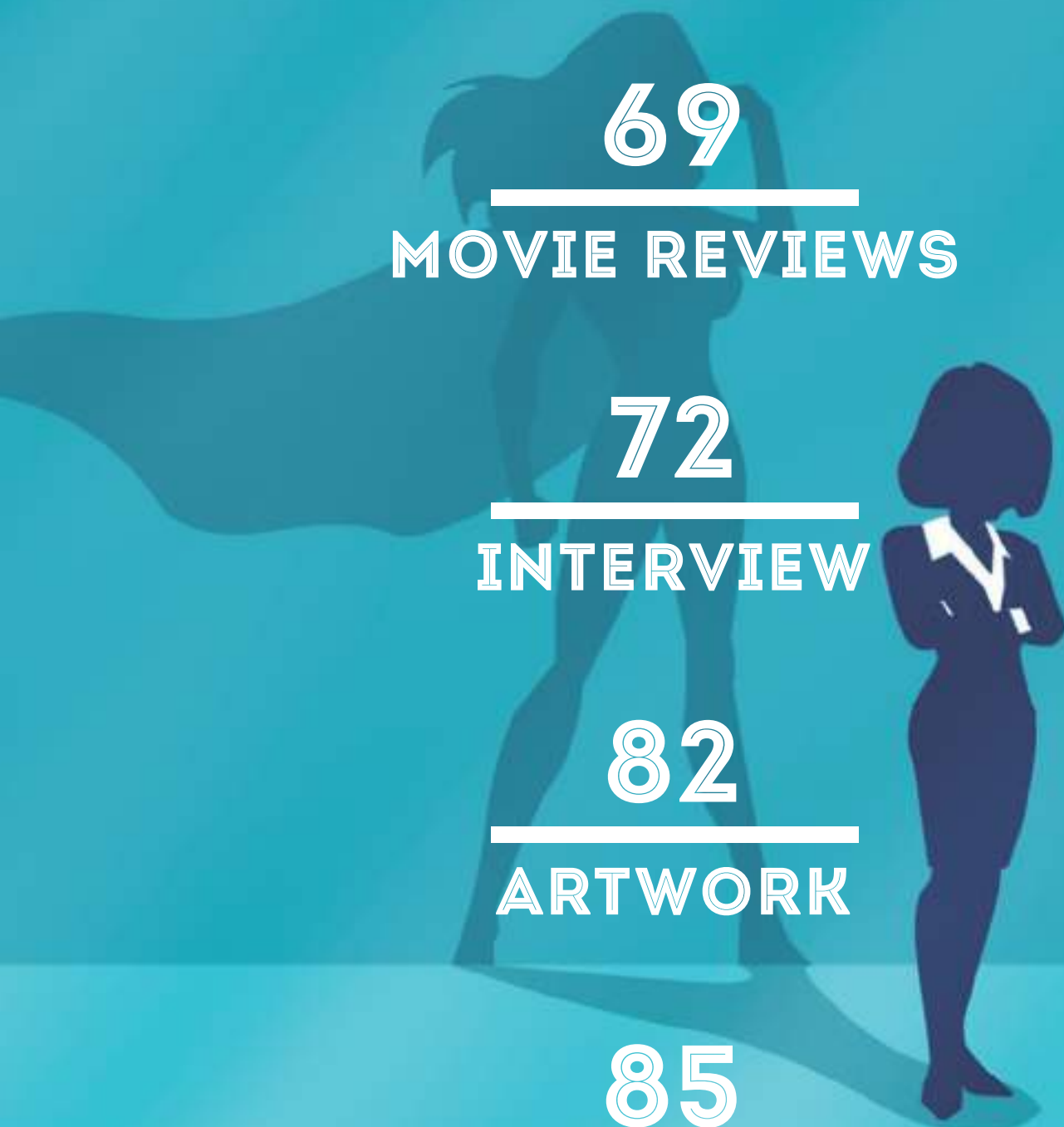
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ENGLISH



A Girl and A Woman

Garima Saluja, 1st Year, MBBS

A girl desires attention, a woman necessitates respect.

A girl throws tantrums, a woman handles its effects.

A girl steps clumsily, with poise a woman walks,

A girl speaks carelessly, with elegance a woman talks.

A girl wants someone to hold her hand,

A woman will alone strongly stand.

A girl cries, shouts and screams,

A woman calmly fights for her rights and her dreams.

A girl counts stars in the night sky,

Even in the dark, a woman flies high!

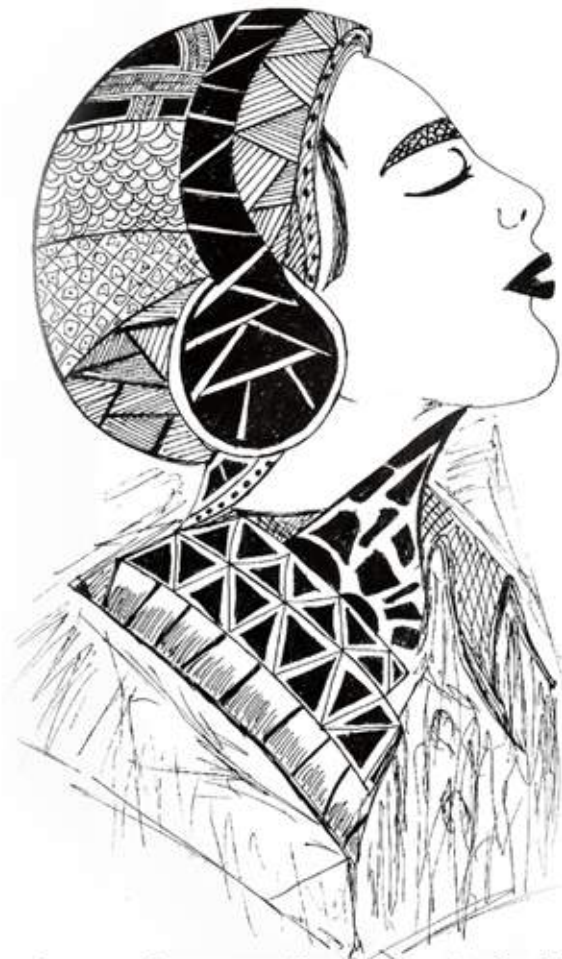


Image Courtesy: Prajookta Dash, MBBS

Abuse

Trisrota Bose, 2nd Year

Meera draped her saree and reapplied some sindoor before coming out of her bedroom. Her engagement ring felt really tight yet she wasn't allowed to remove it. Rajesh complimented her look just like everyday and promised he would come in time to attend the party. Rajesh and Meera were celebrating their fourth wedding anniversary that night and she had worked tirelessly to organise it. She had to quit her job after marriage because they relocated and since then she had kept herself busy with household chores. Everyone said that they were a match made in heaven.

Rajesh came home drunk that night and on being confronted, began insulting her. Thinking it was the first time, she overlooked his behaviour. Eventually, it became a regular affair so much that she slept on wet pillows every night. Finally, when it became unbearable, she consulted her friends who told her it could have been worse and that it was not violence till he hit her. She had nowhere to go, her parents wouldn't have her back and there was no steady income she could survive on.

This happened for an entire year. Rajesh got promoted. Happy, he gifted Meera a new saree. Her in laws invited them for lunch the next day and the audience gave Meera the opportunity to flaunt her gift. She hadn't worn her engagement ring because it hurt so much. Her mother in law upon noticing it, sharply asked Rajesh to buy her a new one.

That night, he came home drunk. Again. "Where's our engagement ring?" He demanded.

"It had gotten tight so I couldn't wear it." Before Meera could explain the reasons any further, he hit her, right on her nose, unleashing the wrath, he so long contained within himself, since the evening.

She bled.

So much that she couldn't recognise him

Finally, mustering courage, Meera consulted her friends.

"He adores you. It was only that because he was drunk, that he had no control. You agree to this, right? One night shouldn't motivate you to break five years of marriage." her friends advised.

It hit her hard. "An abuser is an abuser even when he is not abusing." she tried to counter. But her voice fell into deaf ears. Next evening he gave her a new diamond ring, just like the one he gave her during engagement. He apologised profusely, and in fact took her out for a lavish dinner. But nothing that day really pleased Meera. She couldn't feel herself anymore in this marriage, as if she had ceased to exist ever. She decided to leave. For good. But then, since she had nowhere to go so she started staying with her friend. She sold her wedding jewellery and started a small tuition centre. It was hard moving on but her work kept her busy. Her lifestyle hit a low ebb. She felt lonely and the society's judgemental looks bothered her. But then she was free. Free from being abused on a daily basis. Free from being a caged bird. And so, Meera didn't regret her decision. For whatsoever, in the end reigning over self worth and peace made everything else worth it.



Image Courtesy: Sudeshna Bhuiya,
CSSE, 2nd Year

An Ode To You

Pratik Ghosh, EE, 4th Year

Hey, Magnificent,
This is an ode to you
And to the lives that you touch,
When they look at you.

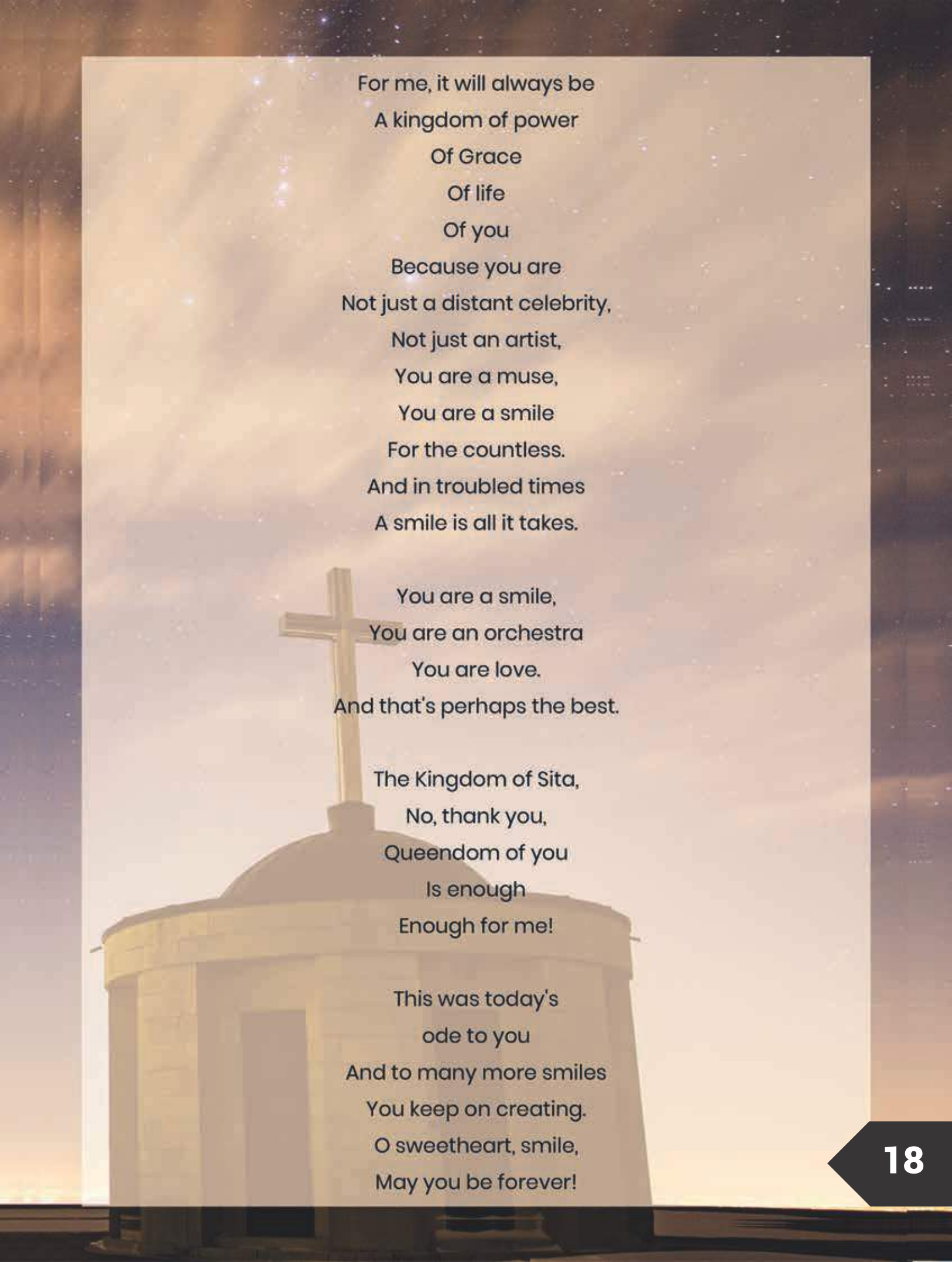
When I first looked into your eyes,
My heart skipped a beat.
When I first saw you smile,
My soul smiled a million times.
And when I saw you cry
Old tears of childhood lost, came crashing by.

When I saw you take a stand,
The world made sense again.
When I felt your voice,
My life was a symphony waiting to burst.

When I saw you giggle,
My veins had a gush of life
When I felt the wind in your hair,
I felt my wings grow back.
I feel the need to let go
Let go
Of the past.

When I see you be you,
The past never haunts
And I feel alive

In Marathi,
Your name means
The kingdom of Sita

A white monument with a cross on top, set against a sunset sky. The monument is a circular structure with a central doorway and a cross on top. The sky is a mix of orange, yellow, and blue, with some clouds. The overall mood is peaceful and reflective.

For me, it will always be
A kingdom of power
Of Grace
Of life
Of you
Because you are
Not just a distant celebrity,
Not just an artist,
You are a muse,
You are a smile
For the countless.
And in troubled times
A smile is all it takes.

You are a smile,
You are an orchestra
You are love.
And that's perhaps the best.

The Kingdom of Sita,
No, thank you,
Queendom of you
Is enough
Enough for me!

This was today's
ode to you
And to many more smiles
You keep on creating.
O sweetheart, smile,
May you be forever!

Burn It Down

Gaurav Ambasta, IT, First year

Grey skies , leafless trees

A moment of quietness

Remembering Spring

Poetry

plain written words

blooming within the writer's mind

a gate to their souls

Words read,

thought and felt

a thousandfold driven

Your hunger grows

a flame fanned

by desire

An insatiable voice

in your head

No sleep, restless

Never present,

running to stay a few

steps ahead

The more you see, you know

the praise is cheap

it does not translate

But now you've begun.

They are watching

Prove it! Prove it!

Burn it down.



Art Courtesy: *Manish Ranjan Behera,*
2nd year, CSSE

Feminism

Shambhavi Agrawal CSE 3rd year

Feminism is not about highlighting a woman as a strong soul,
But to change the perspective with which the world sees her as a whole.
Involve the men in housework, making them realize their part to behold,
And as a woman, join your hands in earning for the household.
Let's join our hands together to make the house a happy home.

Let's start treating both men and women as individuals,
Keeping aside the physical difference which is visual.
Keep your expectations from a soul,
Rather than expecting from her because she is a woman by God's goal.

The difference for sure can't vanish,
But they can be diminished.
Being a man doesn't symbolise that you are bold,
And being a woman doesn't make it necessary that your heart is made of gold.



Image Courtesy: Prajookta Dash, MBBS

Heroine

Aishwarya Roy, Bio Tech, 3rd Year

She leans over the earth from the windows of the sunset.

A rogue page of yesterday's newspaper,
Stained with the blood of some girl's violation,
Is chased by the wind, like a pigeon
With wings fluttering with feathers of rhetoric,
And melodrama.

The houses are paintings,
Cold in their rendered realism,
Merging on a horizon rapidly shrinking.

She lives alone
In a house across the street
That always looks a little unkempt,
Despite the absence of any visible clutter.

Sunlight settles slow
Like a paste of Haldi on her cheeks.
She wears your lips on her face
Like fresh mangos-teen.

She seldom looks complete without a piece of rectangular cloth;
Sometimes yellow, even blue, often red.

She is told to speak mellow;
She often senses the need to scream,
But rarely makes any noise.

You bring her a pair of anklets,
Hoping that they would weigh down her gipsy soul.

You press your tired trembling words
In her tired trembling hands
And tell her,

You can make it rain
If she stays.

But hers is stubborn isolation.
Back in the immodest hush of her house
She holds carefully her words,
Along with sweat

In the creases of her palms,
Like a slow shattering henna pattern.

Her feet do not resemble the heroine
who walks on her man's arm bridge to cross the water.

She walks barefoot
Through the ponds and puddles of her existence,
With sand and soil buried in the edges of nails,
Flaunting them ugly and scarred.

She tells you,
If they judge a warrior by his coated palms,
She would tell them to judge her
By the meandering marks on her feet.

The walls do not scare her anymore
For she has painted her soul with charcoal
Of silence,
And the weeds of colours inside her are fighting a war
Against darkness.

She is no roses and lilies and carnations
She is the wild-flower found only in fields shrouded
In the purple tones of a sunset,

Day after day.

Forgive her,

For she is no Jane Austen heroine

Or Nabokov's Lolita.

But watch her in the moonlight —

She is the mother;

Dancing around a tribal bonfire with the wolves,

And breastfeeding her children in public.



**Image Courtesy:
Prajookta Dash, MBBS**

Historical Hindrance

Sayak Chatterjee, Editor, Kirti, 3rd Year, ETC

Storming out
For a better hope
Came they
In masses
When bullets were strained at them
To jail them
The society didn't consider
An act of cowardice,
But noble equated to Solomon.

It was suffrage
Suffering at home
They came to the streets
For rights—
Those count them as citizens
And not weaved intricately
Around voices asking them loyalty
As sisters, wives and daughters
Manipulating them down
To knees, for a man's honour
Until they all crumble
When it is time to stand
For the honour
They deserved as human beings.
The err got down to mishaps
Reported
By the zealots of yellow journalism



Hope

Anonymous

Memories rolling down the cheeks,
Unfit to fade those adamant blots.
Blemished past hounds the heart,
Confuses the mind and blurs the sight.
Fierce fight between wrong and right;
Mazed paths swell the unknown fright.

Is that a flicker of light behind the smog?
The benevolent aid sought for long,
Ardent prayers answered of late,
Lingered relief showered through fate.
The bliss of the ray can now be felt,
Cleansed soul basked with divine grace.

Image Courtesy:
Subhrajyoti Payra, IT, 2nd Year

Humanism

Aakrity Kalhansh, IT, 1st Year

I the humanism,
standing on the hill,
hoping for my own hopes,
to be fulfilled.
The mind pollutants
are leading up the mankind,
far and far away from
clear reasoning
where I stand.
I want to become sight
for those
who lost their power to
see what is right.
I want to become hope of light
for those
whose hopeful days became
hopeless nights.
I am sure, I will,
I should, I can,
I
I the humanism,

Photograph Courtesy:
Rohit Raj

Let It Be Known

Ria Dash IT 4th Year

The world tells you to be a proper lady.
They want you to be soft-willed, submissive and silent.
They want you to keep your opinions to yourself,
To not be so loud on public places
And not be expressive in private spaces.
They want you to wear clothes that hide
The beautiful mess that you are
And tell you that nobody would marry you
If your skin isn't healthy.
As if this hypocrisy was not enough:
They want you to pour water on your fire
And tell you not to fan those flames of desire.
They want you to sit cross-legged
Because spreading them would be, oh, so offensive.
They want you to have a thigh gap
While they still struggle with an age-old generation gap.
They do not want you to make noises when you eat,
And eat so less that you are far from fit-
Oh boy, do they know the difference between a zero and an O.
And they want you to get rid of everything:
Your family, your aspirations, your perception, your body hair;
While they fail to lose even an iota
Of their own.
You tell yourself, maybe this is how it works;
Maybe, this is how it should work.
But wakey, wakey, little birdie!
Not everything Bollywood teaches you is ultrapractical.
You, my dear, is power incarnate:
You are the Mother of Dragons and the Dragonslayer
You harbour the strength to destroy what you created
You are the infinite
You cling to strife because the colonizing worm is deep within you,
But little do they know that your strife is your talisman
You draw energy from that which makes you weak
The mitochondria of humanity- how's that?
You, woman, are a flower
A snowflake, a butterfly, a rainbow,
A cup of coffee on a cold, rainy evening,
A mother, a sister, a daughter, a friend, a confidante,
A sailor, a cab-driver, a pilot, a teacher,
A doctor, an artist, a model, an entrepreneur,
An oasis in the drab desert of mankind.
You are the creator, the preserver and the destroyer.
You put the 'Shakti' in 'Aadishakti',
The 'man' in 'woman'.
Let them hear you, judge you, criticize you,
You are tough like a lioness,
Disobey and be proud about it.
Wear that short dress to tonight's party,
Keep it natural,
Flaunt your scars like injuries you survived on a battlefield.
Be a good girl, be a bad girl, be a wild girl
And the next time they want something out of you
Crush that chauvinistic, misogynistic ideology and tell them,
"Don't you dare!"

Meridian Moon

Sayak Chatterjee, Editor, Kirti, 3rd Year, ETC



Splitting apart
To gaze the art
That nature brings forth
With eyes moist
Mist behind.

The good old days
Form the avenues to daze
To remember,
Much against it, though
And silence pierced
The night sky
'long my chest.

The warmth of smile
Ungrateful of its presence
Ah! To your Kaiser,
All the while
For sensibility be drowned
In some lake of remorse.

Thy yew shall
Frost my coffin
Hijacking the view
From the trespassers

Their dues lost
To nothing, but
My night ahead.

For, stirred dreams
Aren't for fantasy
For boisterous Anubis
To lead the boat
Guiding your Arthur to the other
side.

My Unharmmed Peace

Nupur Pandey MBBS 2nd Year

As I lay tonight, alone under my sheets
Requiring no more sleep,
I rest, not wanting to impress.
Not ashamed of my flawed face,
sagging chest or undersized breasts,
My slouching belly and torn feet,
Are not meant for your bait meat.
Not here for a trial of patriarchy,
is not a crime being undermined by your chauvinist choice.
My Man or Woman or Both, if comes, will revere what I have-
Will not stand to protect,
but to revivify me after I am done battling for my life.
I will seek no affirmation
For what I deserve.
You aren't an architect and I am not refurbished
Trying to remold me,
You have lost constantly.
I have found peace within me!
But how will you sleep?

Image Courtesy: Anulipi Samanta MBBS 2nd Year



Pale Fragrance

Gourav Roy

The fullness of the half-bloomed trees,
standing by the street,

The dew on the leaves,
swinging in the shivering night,

The clicks of feet, shoes and heels,

Whispers that sound like cries,
of pain and passion;

The empty, heavy hearts ache in the cold,
the souls are sore.

And a few voices that take flight,
pale fragrances that promise,

Once more I look at you, once more I look away.

Where is that flight of voices, that fill the air with chimes?

Where are those throaty swearing, that speaks of passion?

Where is that throb that pounds within when I stare at you?

The love is still in the air, but the fog disperses.

The heart has died, the soul shall wake, and the journey shall begin.

Though the leaves still shiver, dew still stay, but the death of hearts

Mark the dawn that rises out of the choking fog.



Art Courtesy: *Prajookta Dash,*
MBBS 2019 Batch

She Says

Priyal Rajan Thakur, 4th year, E&I

She transforms because for her every day is difficult,
She adores because she knows she has been broken,
She touches because it will comfort them,
She agrees because it was really hard to say no,
She smiles because words fail when you feel everything,
She fears because she has been lost,
She dares because she has lain,
She hopes because she was never wrong,
She cures because she was never cured.
She shines, she hides, she climbs.
She ignites because the fire within her absorbs the whole world.
And thus, she burns.



Art Courtesy: *Sudeshna Bhuiya,*

2nd year, CSSE

She

Aishwarya Roy Bio Tech 3rd Year

36-24-36.

A perfectly carved hourglass body,
Like that of two-dimensional photoshopped models,
Gracing any billboard or magazine cover.
Lips carefully tinted red.
Skin fair and flawless.
Wearing a form-fitting dress
Of lacy hot pink.

Well, she has none.

She is a mess of burning chaos.
She stumbles on stars,
And wears the prettiest scars.
She has every freckle you hate,
And every scar you feel ashamed of.
She collapses,
And crumbles,
Marking not her destruction,
But her birth.
She wears her flaws,
Like a pair of
Six inch high stilettos.
They hurt,
But she would make the pain look beautiful.

A perfectly put together mess she is.

She is synonymous with war.
Her hair reeks
Of rebellious streaks.
There's ash
Caked beneath her fingernails.
She is at war.
There is no army more fierce than womanhood.
No breastplate, more unfathomable than a woman's love.

She is a woman. With a notepad.
Scribbling battles onto paper.

Her brown skin matches with your favorite coffee.
She talks about stars and the night sky,
And gets high on liquid sunsets.
You take trips down her body,
And talk about the shape of her lips,
The outline of her clavicle,
But do you see beyond?
Her pupils dilate seeing racing cars.
Her earthy eyes
Hold all wilderness.
Her overwhelming presence
Sends chills down your spine,

Trickling all the way down
Into your deep waters,
And make tides rise.

She is not intimidating.
But you are intimidated.
There is a difference.

She is a girl,
Not made of sugar, spice
And everything nice,
But with pieces of light, love,
History, stars-glued together with
Touches, smells, music and words.
A girl
Made of love,
And every fracture caused by
The lack of it.

But because of them,
She doubts her own liberation.
Questions her own limitations.
She dresses herself up in their guilt,
And pretend that it looks
Rather good on her.
Her opinions are like that old satin dress,
In a dark corner of your wardrobe.
Wrinkled, so far gone.
Never talked about.

Skinned knees,
Broken heels.
She wears a little-black-dress,
And tells that the bruises on her skin
Are because she slipped and fell.
Her voice is like music under a summer breeze,
Almost lost against the noise
Of the Monday morning traffic.
An outsider in her own country,
She seeks justice from a woman
Who wears a blindfold,
And turns a blind eye.

But she slays her own dragons,
And walks through fire.
She burns in stamps and labels, and
Her whole body goes up like a pyre.
She isn't just strong enough to withstand the storm.
She IS the storm.

She is art,
That does no't need metaphors or abstract lines.

She is war,
Mess,
Madness,
And everything chaotic you see.

She has been you.
She has been me.



Image Courtesy:
Prajookta Das, MBBS

Step up

Aakrity Kalhansh, IT, 1st Year

I step up
for the first stair of my success
all things seem to be strange,
when Sundays become
nightmare day,
I was broken, my will power fought,
I was lost, my inner call sought.
I stood up again,
walked ahead,
with mind determined
and hope by side
I was at top
here came a chance
By which my life can be
enhanced,



I took up the risk,
Tossed my achieves,
but what left was failure which I
receive
I was broken, my will power fought,
I was lost, my inner call sought.
I build up again for remaining
with basic unit
this time my luck shined
I was ahead, with my failure behind.

STRANGER

-Swaapnil Tripathi

Fine morning it was, oh shit late again
Shirt check, bag check, notebook check
Entering the campus, running through the corridor
Suddenly eyes met, time stopped
Just a look and my heart dropped
Thought of missing the attendance was way gone.

Last day of the exam, friends already started to plan
Others decided to take rest, but I wanted to attend the fest.
The place was aesthetic, alluring the eyes
Lights in the corner, colours in the sky.
In the exact moment, I saw a glimpse of a girl
Suddenly eyes met, time stopped
Just a look and my heart dropped
Thought of attending the fest was way gone

On the notice board, charts were prepared
Occasion? The results were declared.
Horde was already gathered around
Unable to see what's written in the background
Suddenly eyes met, time stopped
Just a look and my heart dropped
Thought of seeing the result was way gone.

As soon as he saw
My pal started giving me lectures on the love danger
I smiled and said
Bro, she is just a stranger.

The Cherry Blossoms

Saswat Dash, Biotechnology

Cherry Blossoms
the flower of the spring
a time of birth and death
the recurring fragility of life
from sapling to a tree
only to shine brightly
once a year.

The flower of
power and strength
love and compassion
as the white petals
flutter across the sky
like the fleeting nature
of life.

In two weeks
the flower blooms
at its most beautiful
and descend down
from the heavens.
Like a flowing canvas
of colours across
the sky
both beautiful yet sad
Life is overwhelmingly
beautiful
but at the same time
tragically short.

THE FRAGRANCE OF FORBIDDEN FLOWER

Prakruti Raneer Rout, 3rd Year, ETC

"दुपट्टा दखिा दो या चोली, उसमे में अपना आशीर्वाद दूंगी", she said. And I cannot ignore my eyes from marking the strange stare of strangers, ironically. They stared at me as if I had done something wrong or I am the omen of something sinister. The hammering sound of the labour already depicted that and I already understood the profusion of hatred people are growing in themselves nowadays.

It all started one year ago when I went for a haircut. All of a sudden many transgenders came into the beauty parlour. There was a lady who said, "Give them a ten rupees note. And take one rupee from them. It's a kinda blessings." For the very first time I realised that some people care and this unknown act of concern towards someone's existence really amazed me.

I remember encountering such groups of people at Khandagiri square. Many people ignore them, some scold and some act kind. My mother says they are very sacred in our mythologies. They are treated as legends. In Mahabharata, when princess Amba died she promised that she would be the reason for the destruction of Bhishma. And later she reincarnated as a transgender known as Shikhandi. And she was also the reason behind Bhishma's सरसज्य.

I face a level-crossing while going to my college, where I once witnessed a group of them. We took two coins from one of them last time. However when I returned home there was one button instead of a coin.

Today is the second time I'm asking for that blessing from her. She is very beautiful and a little shy. Her life isn't easy. She says, "It's not easy to face

hatred and disapproval for something you choose because that's your reality. People judge and still consider us as inferior. Each morning we wake up and smile at ourselves. And remind us that it's gonna be a very nice day!"

Section 377 of the Indian Penal Code is a section of the Indian Penal Code introduced in 1861 during the British rule of India. Modeled on the Buggery Act of 1533, it makes sexual activities "against the order of nature" illegal. Abolition of this section, acted as a ray of hope from the camouflaged sun. "One day I will have a family and a loving husband. If God permits, also children.", She wished.

Imagine how ignorant the world is of the truth. They veil the facts and their reality just because they are afraid to be vulnerable. Whereas vulnerability is the real beauty, cause you have nothing to lose. And the nomad heart will be set free.

I asked her if I could take a picture of her. She denied and said, "Look around, these people already started judging you cause you are talking with me. My blessings are with you!" It was already dusk, so she warned me about my safety and left.

THE MAIDEN

Priyal Rajan Thakur, 4th Year, E&I

4th October 1943

Berlin, Germany

Darling David,

It has been 26 weeks since I have not seen you standing in front of my porch with your old red Mustang, all dressed up in the US Military uniform. I remember you peeking through my window, through Nana's old grey curtains to just take a look. I did the same. Nana always hated it, but now she often draws the curtains wide open and looks around the cutting down to the Haver Road, looking for you in every Mustang which passes the street. I tell her to look for a red one, she promptly refuses my advice saying that maybe you have had it repainted. And I laugh. It is very uncanny but it is true, even Nana fell for your innocent stubbornness.

Ruby told me last week, that she came to know that Todd, your roommate went back to America but he never said goodbye because you were out for a quest. And by the time he came back, you were gone. Then the platoon did wait for a fortnight before assigning your room to a new comrade. She definitely has a serious wire network inside your camp. I still wonder how could she ever pass for a proper German lady with that blizzard country accent. She has started working in a fancy bakery and wears a pin-stripe dress every day to work, and sometimes Todd drives her there. She looks so happy and just smiles, waves, talks but mostly pities whenever she sees me, and most of the time I am alone. Todd smiles too, but barely, as if he is trying to say something but cannot. His eyes always grow sad when he meets me, I try to understand his patterns but tend not to. What if he tells me another story of your drunk nights when you tried to barge in through our main door to tell me that you love my brown curls and the hazel in my eyes?

He did tell me that they were looking for you, near the borders where someone named Gerbard saw you last. I guess he was a spy. But wasn't he German or Russian? I had asked Todd, he refused to answer me, saying that he may adore Ruby, but that doesn't mean that he will tell any Military secrets to laymen.

I am so glad to take English as my first language in high school and later in college. I knew that one day I definitely would be able to publish a detailed thesis in Shakespeare but writing you a letter was never in my bucket list. Alas! You had promised to never leave me. The roses you gave me every Sunday are lying in every one of my many journals. I do write about you in them, hoping you'd come and read them just for once, one last time. But the day you left, Ruby had already told me the reason. Sadly, they are looking for you, when all they need to do is declare you dead.

I know it is very harsh, but I had absorbed the truth long ago. Gerbard shot you right into your heart when you had tried to escape him. Even if Todd doesn't tell me, I knew. I knew Gerbard was a spy, what can I say, he was my lover. And so were you, but I love Gerbard and my motherland more. I am sorry David, I did betray you, letting you fall in love with me, manipulating you into believing that I will go to America with you. Ruby knows about me and Gerbard too. We have been working together for the German forces as spies for the last five years. And this mission was important. I told Gerbard to kill you. You found out our truth seeing me with him outside the camp. I didn't really meet him there, but that day it was necessary. As you see, I am pregnant with his child. I am also sorry that I told you that it was yours.

David, I know I deceived you but I had to, for my love and my country. But I have become very sad now, guilty and it is getting in my head. I am leaving for the mental hospital today David, it is odd but I see you every time. You walk with me down the streets, across the halls and sleep with me in my bed. I have even started talking to you and we laugh and then cry. Nana and Gerbard think that I am crazy, but how can they be right? You talk to them too. I see that. you are so real. Remember the day we went to the doctor for the baby, we named her also. Bella.

There is only one thing, that I can never understand, why do you always wear the same shirt you got shot in with a bloodstain? Will you accompany me to the mental hospital too? And, what do you meant when you said that you'll take me and Bella together with you to some other land?

Don't confuse me, I can't even eat these days. And Gerbard just cries seeing me. Let's take him along too. You never broke your promise David, you never left me.

Yours,
Agatha

THE RED LIGHT

Moinak Bose, 2nd Year, E&CS

The flight left the runway as Emily closed her laptop finalising the draft and photos of the assignment, the cause for which she was there for the last three days, blending herself in the City of Joy. Freelancing with BQ has given her a chance to roam all around the world within a year of her contract. From lavishing Las Vegas to dried Nairobi, she has covered a lot. Emily always had that flame for journalism, for representing others, to be the voice of the unheard and thus passion became profession. Yet, this small venture of three days has left her heart churned. Like all her previous assignments, she came prepared with her introductory research to face the actual site, yet what she experienced left her with more questions than she came with.

Emily was accustomed to the city due to a previous visit when she came here to cover an heritage walk. It was for a blog covering the topic of " Evident effects English left in their colonised areas." Kolkata being the capital of this country at that time was a must visit. So, she didn't feel her usual thrill when she came out of Netaji Subhash Chandra Bose Airport at the start of this weekend. She had her crystal clear day plan worked out in her mind as what to cover and what not. GQ being a lifestyle brand has come up with the project of covering interesting grass-root level lifestyles all around the world. This place was not even under their radar, but as the sudden horror of "Nirbhaya" occurred in India, this area received a limelight from a report as the inhabitants of this place came up with their own version of protest. They decided to provide their service free of cost as a protest for a week. The Infamous Red Light Area of Kolkata. The biggest in the subcontinent, protesting in unison.

Although their stand was not of much importance to all, yet that did attract Emily and here she was adding a new bit to her assignment. The first day was pretty well planned mainly with a heavy photo shooting schedule. Just after a pretty good Indian lunch, rather a Bengali one, she reached her destination at the area which is also known to be named as "Sovabazar".

A brief trip to the age-old palace of Sovabazar, Emily with her crew was good to go. As they penetrated the outer locality and entered the deeper alleys and lanes of the area, nearly a differently designed city opened in front them. It was like Diagon Alley coming to live only with the strong tinge of reality and economic hazard. Unlike her vague

imagination, Emily found the area to be quite normal. Just like any other poor localities as she has covered in other parts of India, this too was nearly same. The only thing that was different was an excessive amount of government sex awareness posters all around the area.

It was awkward at first, approaching anyone for the bit, but soon the thing clicked. It was new for the crew but not for the localites. In fact, some turned to be quite experienced in poses and expressions. Since the first day was meant to be mainly on photographs and ice-breaking, Emily was safe from testing her guts. Even after being quite a sorted one of her kind, the faces and the surrounding around her made her quite uncomfortable. The faces were of all ages, Emily herself being middle-aged, found women both nearly as of her mother's age as well as of her daughter's age, if she had one. What tormented her more was those smiles on that face. They had a tinge of innocence, which can't be expected of. She doesn't know why but still she can't accept those gleeful faces and that's what kept her disturbed the whole day.

Giving up to the moment was never Emily's persona and she guessed it right that finding her own cause of uncomfot would bring up the reason of attraction that brought her there.

The second day was much for that cause. Buildings were marked to be covered as a story along with the owners and inhabitants of that building. "Somlata", quite a heavy name to come across in such areas, was their first piece of interview. Self-aware, sharp and respectful, just a perfect character Emily was looking for to cover. From the history of the place to political influence in the area, they covered it all. Facts came up from being quite shocking to quite surprising. It was quite a blow for Emily to know that the first clay for sculpting the idol for the grandest festival of the city is destined to be taken from there. Further digging brought up mythological references to the respect that the influential part of the city showed to that place from time immemorial. Although, not getting the clear cut image and understanding due to factors like social barriers and others. Yet, she was definitely able to paint an image of the importance that place held for the city that has grown up around it. At the end of day, Emily found solace. It was like she ultimately understood what every place has a story to tell meant. Her uncomfotness was gone. From all the interviews and interactions, everytime a urge of self-pity came up. On evening coverage form the customers, although the initial response was about raw physicality, yet from somewhere a tone of desperation, depression and loss always showed its face. The area was as if the epicenter of pain for

the city. Subliming itself with all the city's loss, making the city true to its name, "The City of Joy".

From stories of heartbreak and love to stories of leaving their homeland just for the sake of a better living and ending up here, Emily found a whole treasure of experiences and socio-images to delve in. The depictions were so local yet so valid to all levels of society. Emily realised, Kolkata has made a bond with her that was not going to break easily in near future as the flight rushed towards States through the clouds coloured with the rays of the day's dusk. The clouds around the aeroplane just depicted the colour of rawness left in us. Blunt red, running through these veins up and down our body.

Tumultuous

Shrestha Mishra, 3rd Year, CSCE

Tough times,
Inspire rhymes.
Broken heart,
Needs a start.
So much harm,
Now desires calm.

This way I stay,
Miles away,
From my inner self,
Without any help.
Praying since years,
To all the dears,
To give some support,
And heal the hurt.

Confused state,
Worried about fate.
No roads found,
For a wandering hound.
Disturbed it is,
And seeks for ease.

Dangerous fears,
And heavy tears,
I constantly hide,

While facing aside.
This happy life I live,
No one would believe,
Does shine,
But it isn't mine.



Art Cortesy: *Prajookta Dash*
MBBS, 2019 Batch

Was it shallow?

Swaapnil Tripathi

Was it?

Still thinking,

A soul hollow?

Still thinking,

Was it shallow?

Deep breath, a still sigh

One year just passed aside,

Don't you think awhile,

Nothing matters but a half stretched smile.

Still thinking,

A soul hollow?

Still thinking

Was it shallow?

The feelings I had were to be confessed,

The better part was when you said yes.

"Move on", everyone said.

You tell me,

how it is possible with a heavy head.

Still thinking,

A soul hollow?

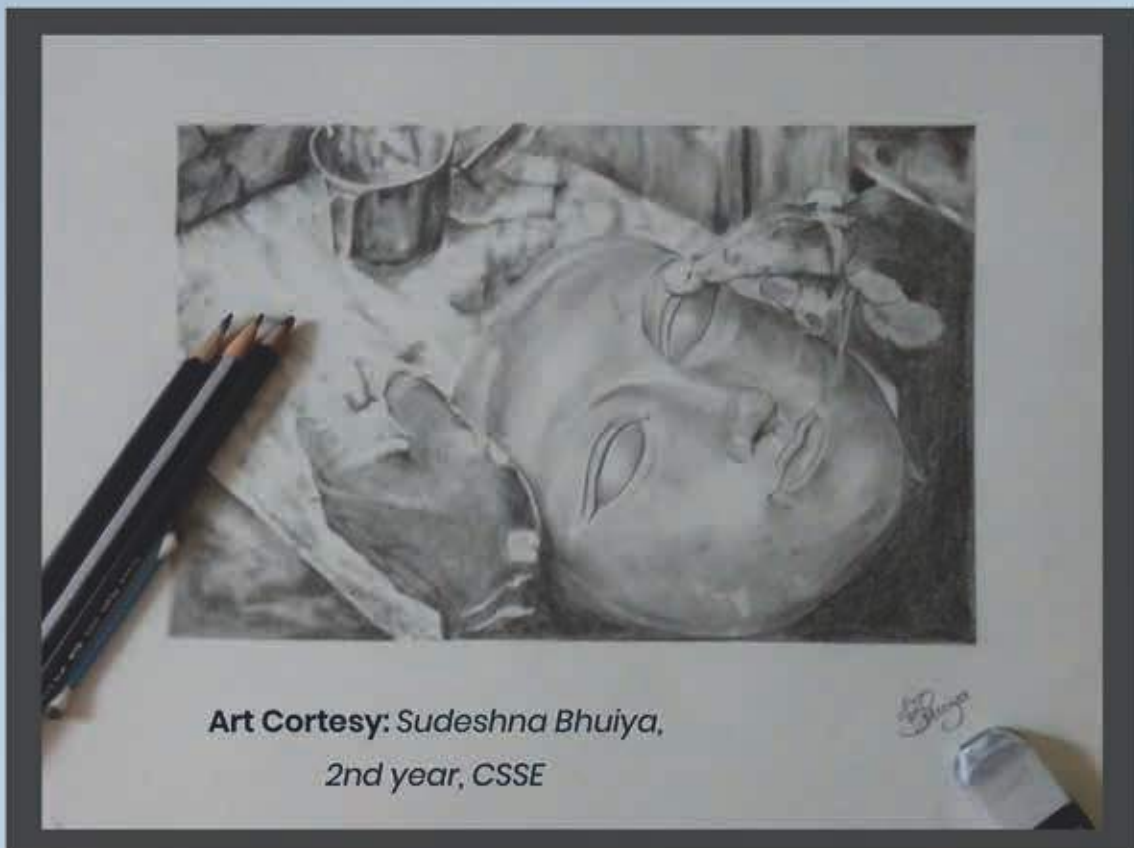
Still thinking

Was it shallow?

There are emotions you can't feel,

But the heart you broke,

can you heal?
I begged for the day out,
You decided to just throw me out.
Still thinking,
A soul hollow?
Still thinking
Was it shallow?
An ocean of thousand words,
Keep asking me a bitter truth.
Help me! Help me get me out,
Before anyone can shut my mouth.
Year passed, seasons changed
But the question remains still the same.
Still thinking
A soul hollow?
Still thinking
Was it shallow?



Art Cortesy: *Sudeshna Bhuiya.*

2nd year, CSSE

HINDI



आदत नहीं

प्रियंका ठाकुर, चतुर्थ वर्ष, इलेक्ट्रॉनिक्स

सच बोलकर भले ही दूसरों को दुख पहुँचा दूँ
पर झूठ बोलने की मुझे आदत नहीं।

गुस्से में भले ही लोग मुझे कुछ भी कह दें,
पर पलट कर जवाब देने की मुझे आदत नहीं।

अगर कोई चीज़ में मैं दूसरो से अच्छी हूँ,
तो दूसरों को नीचा दिखाने की मुझे आदत नहीं।

मेहनत करके अगर मुझे कुछ हासिल ना हो,
तो दूसरों की सफलता से जलने की मुझे आदत नहीं।

करती हूँ मैं वो काम जो मन करता है मेरा,
दूसरो के हिसाब से जिन्दगी जीने की मुझे आदत नहीं।

जिंदगी जीती हूँ बिना फिक्र के मैं,
नासमझ को समझाना मेरी आदत नहीं।

दूसरो की खुशी का कारण बनना चाहती हूँ,
किसी को गलती से भी रुलाना मेरी आदत नहीं।

दोस्ती करती हूँ, तो निभाना भी जानती हूँ,
जबरदस्ती दोस्त बनाना मेरी आदत नहीं।

जिंदगी के हर मोड़ पर कुछ सीखना चाहती हूँ,
खाली बैठ कर समय व्यर्थ करना मेरी आदत नहीं।

मेहनत करके मंज़िल हासिल करना चाहती हूँ,
हार कर हौसला खोना मेरी आदत नहीं।

ग़ज़ल

अभिनव भास्कर, तृतीय वर्ष, कम्प्युटर साइन्स

मोहब्बत के खज़ाने वक़्त के पर्दों में रहते हैं,
हज़ारों ख़्वाब इन भीगी हुई पलकों में रहते हैं।

जो अहले इल्म थे सब हो गए गोशा नशी यारों,
हमारे शहर के ना इल्म अब चर्चे में रहते हैं।

दिए जाते रहे जिनके हवाले हक की बातों में,
वो कागज़ घर के बोसीदा से कुछ बस्तों में रहते हैं।

जिसे पाकर वो इतरा रहा है इस ज़माने में,
अरे ऐसे हज़ारों ताज इन कदमों में रहते हैं।

वह बूढ़ी सिर्फ़ इतना सोच कर ही सब्र करती है,
बड़े घर के ही बच्चे आजकल शहरों में रहते हैं।



हौसला रख ।

अंकिता चक्रवर्ती, द्वितीय वर्ष, बी.डी.एस

कितने दिनों बाद मिले हम
तू वही है ? अब लगता नहीं !
इन आँखों ने जाग कर कई सपनें देखे थे न,
क्यों कोई सपना अब आँखों में दिखता नहीं?

वो तो कल भी कहते थे,
वो तो कल भी कहते ही रहेंगे,
तू तय कर खुद अपनी मंज़िल,
वह ज़रूर तुझसे पीछे ही रहेंगे।

तू जो सोचता है वो समझेंगे नहीं
तुझे लगता है वो कभी समझे थे?
जिनसे दिल की बातें सारी कह दी
तुझे लगता है वो तेरे अपने थे?

ना टूटेंगे कभी अरमान तेरे
ना तेरे पर कभी जलके राख होंगे
खुदको कुछ इस तरह तराश ले तू
उलझनें सारे एक दिन ताख होंगे।

माना आसां नहीं है सफ़र
पर तू भी तो रूई से बना नहीं,
पत्थर तोड़ने की भी है मजाल तुझमें
बस अब तक तूने दिल में ठाना नहीं।

जो ठान ले तू तो सब मुमकिन है
हौसला रख और बढ़ तू आगे,
इक दिन हासिल होगी तुझे वो मंज़िल तेरी
कायनात झुकेगी तेरी कामयाबी के आगे ।

मृग-नयन

देवव्रत सोमवंशी, चतुर्थ वर्ष, इलेक्ट्रॉनिक्स एंड कंप्यूटर साइंस

तारों की आभा के जैसे ,
तुम्हें सभी समझते थे ,
पर तुम चंदा के माफ़िक , सिर्फ़
मेरे दिल में बसती थी।

जीवन के घाटों में मैंने,
तुमको नीर ही माना है ,
सफल कहानी में तुमको ही ,
अपना कथानक जाना है।

इस मन की परिभाषा में तुम ,
एक अलग सी भाषा थी ,
अक्षर अक्षर मैं ठहरा तुम ,
एक कहानी जैसी थी।

बातों बातों में कह दो तुम ,
जाने कितनी बातें , ये
बात नहीं आंखों की पर ,
मृगनयनों की बोली है।



Photo Courtesy:
Shambhavi Agrawal
CSE, 3rd Year

नारी

प्रियल राजन ठाकुर, चतुर्थ वर्ष, इलेक्ट्रॉनिक्स एवं इंस्ट्रूमेंटेशन

नारी का मन, सोम का घर-बार,
देखें दर्पण में तो करे श्रिंगार,
और सहे नीतियों का हर वार,
केश उसके जैसे कोई राग मलहार,
छोटे-छोटे पत्थरों से बनाए वो पहाड़,
और साहस उसमे जो तोड़ न पाये कोई अपार,
लेकर चलें साथ वो सब को,
फ़िर हम क्यों तोड़े पल-पल उसको,
जाने अंजाने उसके सपनों को तोड़े सब मिलकर,
फ़िर भी वो मुस्कुराए अपने सारे गम छोड़कर,
नारी का मन, सोम का घर-बार,
देखें दर्पण में तो करे श्रिंगार,
और सहे समाज का हर वार,
फ़िर भी,
यह ममता की मूरत, तृप्त की आकृति,
कभी न माने हार,
नारी का मन सोम का घर-बार ।

Photo Courtesy:
Aishwarya Roy
Biotech, 3rd Year

विवाहिता

अदिति, CSE, 2nd Year

शादी हो गयी! अब मांग-टिका लगाया करो,
नित साज श्रृंगार से खुद को यूँ सजाया करो,
बन जो गयी हो आप साजन की सजनी अब,
ऐसे खुलकर सबके साथ न मुस्कुराया करो,
चूड़ी पहनों, पहना करो मंगलसूत्र,
माथे पर सिंदूर डाल मांग भी भरा करो,
निशानी रखो सुहाग की कुछ, विवाहिता हो,
ऐसे उन्मुक्त होकर पर-पुरूषों से न बतियाया करो,
क्यों हर बार स्त्री ही प्रमाण दे,
है साहस तो नर तुम भी निशानी बताया करो,
चाहत को उसकी न ज़रूरत किसी आभा की,
दूषित मानसिकता वाले मर्दानगी न दिखाया करो।

Photo Courtesy:
Subhrajyoti Payra
IT, 2nd year

ODIA



ଭାରତୀୟ ସଂସ୍କୃତି ଓ ଇତିହାସ

ପ୍ରମିତ କୁମାର ସାହୁ ଇ.ଇ.ଇ, ଚତୁର୍ଥ ବର୍ଷ

ବିବିଧ ସଂସ୍କୃତିକୁ ନେଇ ସମୃଦ୍ଧ ଆମର ଏ ଦେଶ ଭାରତ । କଥାରେ ଅଛି, "ନାନା ମୁନିଙ୍କ ନାନା ମତ, ସେ ମତେ ଗଲେ ଏ ଜଗତ ।" ଠିକ୍ ସେହିପରି ବିବିଧ ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ଆଧାରରେ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତିତ ଭାରତବର୍ଷର ଏକ ସ୍ୱନାମଧେୟ ଇତିହାସ ରହିଛି । ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ସଜ୍ଞା ନିରୂପଣ କରିବାକୁ ଗଲେ ଏହା ବଧେୟ ହେବ ଯେ, "ବ୍ୟବହାର କରିବାର ଢଙ୍ଗ, ବିଚାର ଅନୁସରଣୀୟ ପ୍ରଥା, କଳା, ହସ୍ତଶିଳ୍ପ, ଧର୍ମ, ଖାଦ୍ୟପେୟ, ଉତ୍ସବ, ସଙ୍ଗୀତ ତଥା ନୃତ୍ୟାଦିକୁ ଏକତ୍ର କରି ସଂସ୍କୃତି କୁହାଯାଇପାରେ ।" ଭାରତୀୟ ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ଏକ ଗୌରବାଦ୍ୱିତ ଇତିହାସ ରହିଛି, ଯାହା ଐତିହାସିକ ତଥ୍ୟାବଳୀରୁ ପ୍ରମାଣିତ । ପୌରାଣିକ ଗାଥା ହେଉ, କିମ୍ବା ଆଧୁନିକ ଯୁଗର ପ୍ରବାହ ହେଉ, ଭାରତୀୟ ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ହାତ-ଯୋଡ଼ି ନମସ୍କାର କରିବା ପ୍ରକ୍ରିୟା ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିର ହୃଦୟସ୍ପର୍ଶୀ ଅଟେ । କବିବର ରାଧାନାଥ ରାୟଙ୍କ କଲମରୁ, "ସୁନ୍ଦର ତୃପ୍ତିର ଅବସାଦ ନାହିଁ, ଯେତେ ଦେଖୁଥିଲେ ନୂଆ ଦିଶୁଥାଉ ।"



ସମୟର ପ୍ରବାହ ଇତିହାସକୁ ସମୃଦ୍ଧ, ସଂସ୍କୃତିକୁ ପରିଚୟ ତଥା ସଭ୍ୟତାକୁ ରୂପରେଖ ପ୍ରଦାନ କରିଥାଏ । ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ଗଭୀରତା କବିଙ୍କର ଏହି ପଂକ୍ତି ସହ ତୁଳନାଯୋଗ୍ୟ । ଭାରତୀୟ ସଂସ୍କୃତିରେ ସମୃଦ୍ଧିତ ହିନ୍ଦୁ ଓ ବୌଦ୍ଧ ଧର୍ମ ସାରା ବିଶ୍ୱରେ ଯଥାକ୍ରମେ ୩ୟ ଓ ୪ର୍ଥ ସ୍ଥାନ ଅଧିକାର କରିଛି । ନିଜର ପ୍ରଭାବ ତଥା ଅନୁସରଣକାରୀଙ୍କୁ ସଂଖ୍ୟାରେ ନେଇ ଭାରତୀୟ ବସ୍ତ୍ର ଶାଢ଼ୀ ପ୍ରତି ଅନେକ ବିଦେଶିନୀ ଆକର୍ଷିତ । ଅଧୁନା ହଲିଉଡ୍ ଜଗତର ମହାନ ଅଭିନେତ୍ରୀଗଣ ମଧ୍ୟ ଏହାକୁ ପରିଧାରଣ କରିବାକୁ ଆଗ୍ରହ ପ୍ରକାଶ କରିଛନ୍ତି ।

ଇତିହାସର ପୃଷ୍ଠାକୁ ନଜରକୁ ଆଣିଲେ ଏହା ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣମାତ୍ରାରେ ପ୍ରମାଣିତ ଯେ, ଭାରତକୁ ଆକ୍ରମଣ କରିଥିବା ପ୍ରତିଟି ଶକ୍ତି ଭାରତର ସମୃଦ୍ଧ ସଂସ୍କୃତି ଦ୍ୱାରା ଆକର୍ଷିତ । ପ୍ରାଚୀନ ମହାରାଜା ନେପୋଲିୟନ ମଧ୍ୟ ଭାରତ ବିଷୟରେ ଜାଣିବାକୁ ଚିପ୍ପୁ ସୁଲତାନଙ୍କୁ ଚିଠି ପଠାଇଥିଲେ । ଯାହାକି କୌଣସି କାରଣବଶତଃ ଚିପ୍ପୁ ସୁଲତାନଙ୍କ ନିକଟରେ ପହଞ୍ଚି ନଥିଲା କିନ୍ତୁ ତାହା ଭାରତ ପ୍ରତି ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ଆକର୍ଷଣକୁ ଦର୍ଶାଉଛି ।

ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ବର୍ଣ୍ଣନା ଏକ ଅବିରାମ ଧାରା ଭଳି, ଯାହାକି ପୃଷ୍ଠାରେ ରଖି ହୁଏନା । ଏହି ଭାରତୀୟ ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ଚିରସ୍ରୋତ ଧାରାକୁ କେବଳ ଇତିହାସ ହିଁ ପ୍ରକାଶ କରିପାରେ ।

-- ଜୟ ହିନ୍ଦ୍--

ଭାରତବାସୀ ଆମେ

ସୌଭାଗ୍ୟ ରଞ୍ଜନ କର
ବି.ଡ଼ି.ଏସ, ଚତୁର୍ଥ ବର୍ଷ

କୋଟି କୋଟି ଆମେ ଭାରତବାସୀ ଯେ

ଗୋଟିଏ ଆମର କଥା,

ଶାନ୍ତି, ମୈତ୍ରୀ ଭାବ ହୃଦୟେ ବହିଣୀ

ଲଭିଛୁ ଗୌରବ ଗାଥା ।

ନାନା ଜାତି ଲୋକ ବସବାସ କରି

ରହିଅଛୁ କେଉଁକାନ୍ତ,

ତଳଣି ଆମର ଅଲଗା ହେଲେ ବି

ମିଳିମିଶି ଆମେ ତଳୁ ।

ସବୁରି ଧର୍ମକୁ ସନମାନ ଦେଉ

ପ୍ରଚାରି ଅହିଂସା ବାଣୀ,

ସତ୍ୟ, ଧର୍ମ, ନ୍ୟାୟ, ସେବା, ତ୍ୟାଗ ବଳେ

ପାରିଛୁ ଜଗତ ଜିଣି ।



କଳି, ଗୋଳମାଳ ପସନ୍ଦ କରୁନା

ବନ୍ଧୁତା ଆମର ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ,

ଏ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ପଥରେ ଅଗ୍ରସର ହୋଇ

ରଖୁଛୁ ଭାରତ ଚେକ ।

ଫୁଲ ପରି ଆମ ହୃଦୟ କୋମଳ

ପବିତ୍ର ଯେ ମନ, ପ୍ରାଣ,

ମୁକାବିଲା ବେଳେ ବଳ୍ତ୍ର ଠାରୁ ବଳି

ସଙ୍ଗେ ସଙ୍ଗେ ହୁଏ ଟାଣା ।

ଭିନ-ଭିନ ଜାତି-ଧର୍ମର ହୋଇ ବି

ମନୋଭାବ ଆମର ଏକ,

ଏ ଦେଶ ସତରେ କେତେ ଯେ ମହାନ

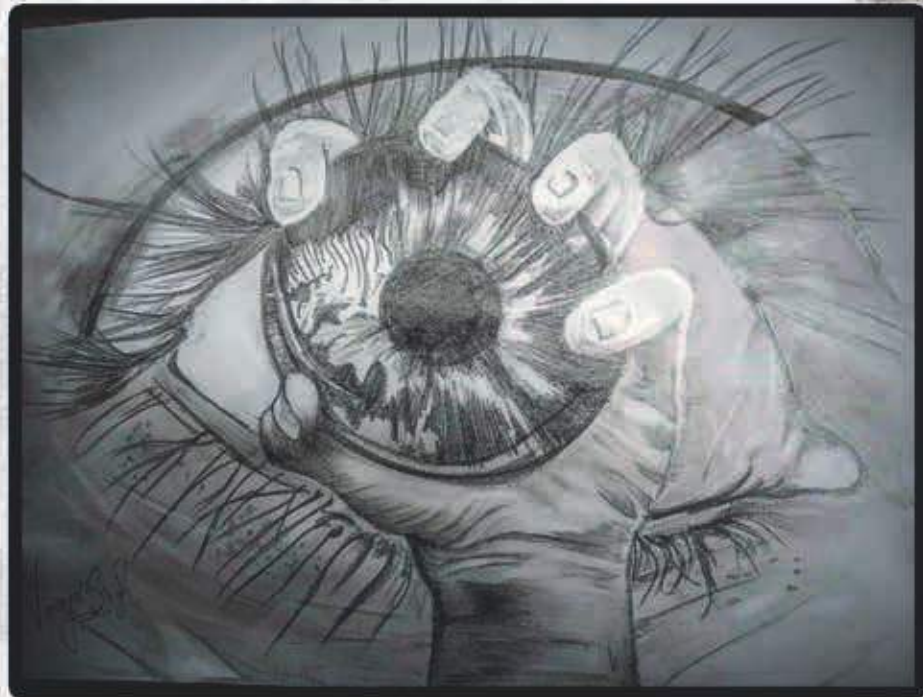
କାହାକୁ ମଣ୍ଡନା ତୁଚ୍ଛ ।



ଦୁର୍ଲଭ ଜନ୍ମ

ପ୍ରତ୍ୟକ୍ଷ ମହାନ୍ତି ବି.ଡି.ଏସ, ଚତୁର୍ଥ ବର୍ଷ

ସବୁଠାରୁ ବଡ଼ ମନୁଷ୍ୟ ଜନ୍ମ
ସବୁଠାରୁ ବଡ଼ ଅଟେ ଜୀବନ ।
ସବୁଠାରୁ ବଡ଼ ଅଟଇ ମନ
ସବୁଠାରୁ ବଡ଼ ବିଦ୍ୟା ଅର୍ଜନ ।
ସବୁଠାରୁ ବଡ଼ ଥିଲେଟି ଜ୍ଞାନ
ସବୁଠାରୁ ବଡ଼ ଗୁରୁ ବଚନ ।
ସବୁଠାରୁ ବଡ଼ ଥିଲେଟି ମନ
ସବୁଠାରୁ ବଡ଼ ମହତ ଜନ ।
ସବୁଠାରୁ ବଡ଼ ଅଟେ ସମ୍ମାନ
ସବୁଠାରୁ ବଡ଼ ବୁଦ୍ଧି ଓ ଜ୍ଞାନ ।
ସବୁଠାରୁ ବଡ଼ ବୁଝିବା ମନ
ସବୁଠାରୁ ବଡ଼ ଭକତ ଜନ ।
ସବୁଠାରୁ ବଡ଼ ପ୍ରଭୁଙ୍କ ଧ୍ୟାନ
ସବୁଠାରୁ ବଡ଼ କରିଲେ ପୁଣ୍ୟ ।
ସବୁଠାରୁ ବଡ଼ ସହିବା ଜନ
ସବୁଠାରୁ ବଡ଼ ତୀର୍ଥ ଦର୍ଶନ ।
ସବୁଠାରୁ ଧନ୍ୟ ମନୁଷ୍ୟ ଜନ୍ମ ॥



Sketch Courtesy:
Vinayak Singh

ନାରାୟଣୀ

ପ୍ରୀତିଦୀପା ଜେନା ଏମ.ବି.ବି.ଏସ, ବ୍ରିତାନା ବର୍ଷ

କେମିତି କହିବି ମୁଁ ଗୋଲାପତେ ତୁମ ବଗିଚାର
କେମିତି କହିବି ମୁଁ ରଜତ ରଞ୍ଜିତ 'ପରା'
ସୁନାଝରା ଜହ୍ନଭିଜା ଅଗଣାର,
ନିତି ଯହିଁ ଝରି ପଡେ ରେଣୁ ରେଣୁ
ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟାଲୋକ ଦେଖିବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ
ଅପୁତା କଅଁଳ କଳି
ସାରା ସାରା ଲଲାକା ତ' ପୂତିମୟ କନ୍ୟାଭୂଷା
ସୃଷ୍ଟି ତାର ଭୂମିରେ ଲୋଟିବ
ଝରା ଶେଫାଳୀ ।

ଛାତିର ନିବୁଜ କୋଣେ ସ୍ମୃତିର ସବୁଜ ଫୁଲ
କେବେ ଥିଲି ପ୍ରେମିକାତେ ହୃଦୟ କଦମ୍ବତୁଲ
ସତ କରି କୁହ ।
ତୁଲ ଗୋଟି ଶବ୍ଦ ଲେଖା ଅଭିଧାନେ ତୁମ
ପ୍ରତିଶ୍ରୁତି ପ୍ରଚାରଣା ପ୍ରୀତିର ଅନ୍ୟନାମ
ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ରାଜକ ପରା କାକରର ନଈ ଏଠି
ଅତୀତକ ପ୍ରେମିକାତି ଧର୍ଷିତା ପାଲଟି ଯାଏ
ଅନ୍ଧାର ଆଦରି ନିଏ ତୁହାକୁ ତୁହା କୋହ ।

ସଂସାରେ ସୁନ୍ଦର ସିନା ବିଦାୟ ସବାରୀ
ଶଂଖା ଆଉ ସିନ୍ଦୂରରେ ନଈ ଆଉ ନାଉରିଆ
କରେ ଦସ୍ତଖତ
ପ୍ରେତ ହୋଇ ନିଜ ଛାଇ ନିଜକୁ ଗୋଡାଏ
ହସ ଆଉ ଲୁହ କେବେ ମିଛ କେବେ ଲାଗେ ସତ ।
କାଲି ର ସଜ ମେହେଦି ଆଜି ହୁଏ ରଙ୍ଗଛତା
ମନ ଏଠି ଚାବିଦିଆ, ଲଜ୍ଜା ପୁଣି ତୁଣ୍ଡିବନ୍ଧା ଘୋଡ଼ା
ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ବୁଝି ଯାଏ ରାଜବାଟି ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଆଦବ କାଳଦା
ବଂଶ ବୃଦ୍ଧି ପାଇଁ ଖାଲି ଏଠି ନାରୀଟିଏ ଲୋଡ଼ା ।

ନିଜେ ନିଜେ ଲତୁଛି ମୁଁ ନିଜପାଇଁ ଲତୁଥିବି ଯୁଗେ ଯୁଗେ
ମହିଷାମର୍ଦିନୀରୁ ରାଣୀ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀବାଇ
ମୁଁ ନିରାହା, ମୁଁ ନିଷ୍ଠେସିତା, ନିର୍ଯ୍ୟାତିତା
ତୁମରି ଲାଞ୍ଜନାର ଅତଳ ସାଗରେ
ମୁଁ ବି ନାରାୟଣୀ ତୁମପାଇଁ
ତୁମରି ମାନଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ।

ମୋ ମା'

ସଂକଳ୍ପ ଘଡ଼େଇ ବି.ଡି.ଏସ, ଚତୁର୍ଥ ବର୍ଷ

ଭୂଇଁଠୁ ସରଳ, କଇଁଠୁ କୋମଳ
ଗଙ୍ଗାଠୁ ପବିତ୍ର ଆହା, ନଇଁଠୁ ଉଦାର
ଛାଇଁଠୁ ନିଜର, ସେଇ ପରା ମୋର ମା'.....

ମା' ତୁମେ ମମତାର ସୀମାହୀନ ସାଗର
ମା' ତୁମେ ମୋ ପାଇଁ ତ୍ୟାଗର ମନ୍ଦିର
ତୁମେ ପରା ଭରିଛ ମୋ ହୃଦୟରେ ସ୍ୱପନ
ତୁମରି ସେବାରେ ମା' ସରୁ ମୋ ଏ ଜୀବନ.....

ମା' ତୁମେ ମୋ ପାଇଁ ପୁନେଇଁର ଜହ୍ନ
ଶ୍ରୀବତ୍ସା ବରଷା ଅବା ବସନ୍ତର ମଳୟ ପବନ
ତୁମ ସ୍ୱର୍ଣ୍ଣେ ଜୀବନ ମୋର ହୋଇଛି ଧନ୍ୟ
ତୁମରି ପଣତ ତଳେ ଅରଜିବି ପୁଣ୍ୟ.....

ରକତରେ ଦୀପଶିଖା ସେ ଜାଳି
ଅନ୍ଧାରରେ ଦେଖାଇଛି ବାଟ
ମା' ସିଏ ମୋର ଜୀବନ୍ତ ଠାକୁର
ଶିଖାଇଛି ଯିଏ ପ୍ରଥମ ପାଠ.....

ମା' ପରି କେହି ଜଗତେ ନାହିଁ
ସିଏ ତ' କଲ୍ୟାଣମୟୀ
ଧନ୍ୟ ହୋଇବା ଜୀବନ ମୋହରି
ତାଙ୍କରି ଆଶିଷ ପାଇ.....



ଗାଁ ମାଟି

ରୋନିତ ଦାସ ଇ.ଟି.ସି, ଚତୁର୍ଥ ବର୍ଷ

ମୋର ଗାଁ ମାଟି ମୋ ପାଇଁ ଭଲ
କେହି ହେବେ ନାହିଁ ତା' ସମତୁଲ ।

ମାଟି ନୁହେଁ ସେ ମୋ ମା' ସମାନ ।ମ ।
କରିଛି ସେ ମୋ ପାଇଁ କେତେ ଯେ କା

ଶିକ୍ଷା ସଂସ୍କାର ସେ ଦେଇଛି ମୋତେ
ଲଭୁଛି ଆନନ୍ଦ ମୋ ହୃଦୟ ଚିତ୍ତେ ।

ତା' ପାଣି ପବନେ ମୋ ଦେହ ଗଢା
ତା' ମୂଳଦୁଆରେ ମୋ ପାଠ ପଢା ।

ଉପଯୁକ୍ତ ଶିକ୍ଷା ପାଇଛି ସେଠୁ
ତା' ପାଦ ପଦ୍ମରେ ଜୀବନ ଲୋଟୁ ।

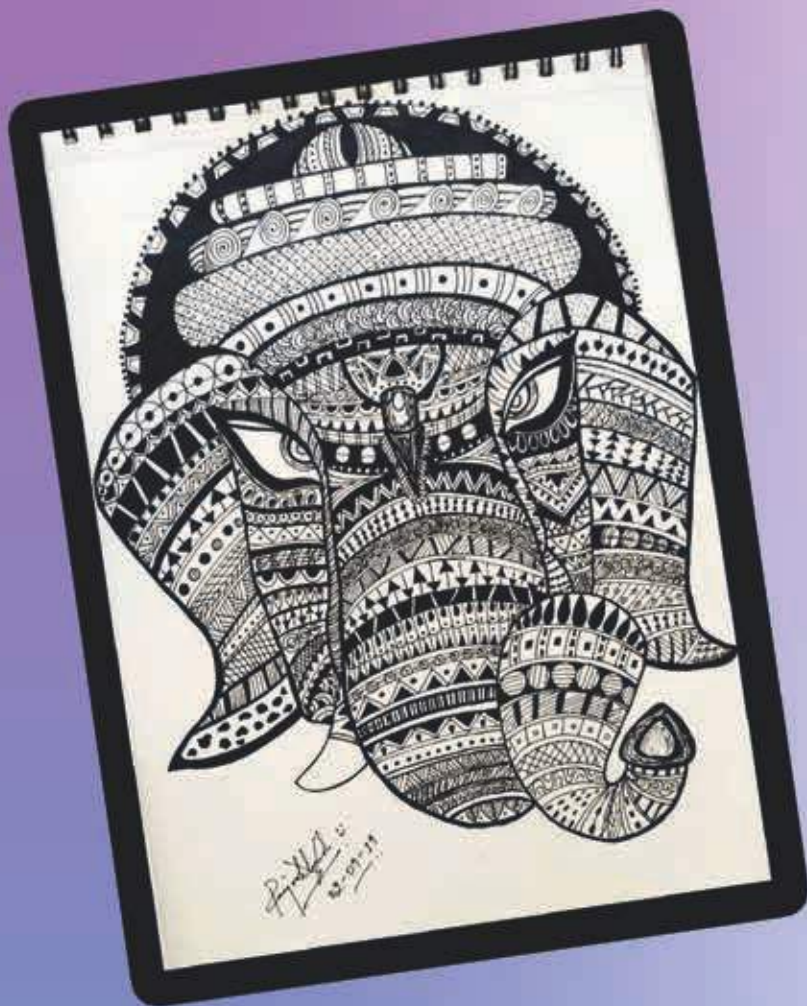
ମୋ ଗୁରୁଜୀ ସବୁ ଦେବ ସମାନ
ଦେଇଛନ୍ତି ଯାହା ଅମୂଲ୍ୟ ଧନ ।

ଜ୍ଞାନରେ ଅଚଳି ଖଣି ସମାନ
ତାଙ୍କ ସେବାରେ ଯାଉ ମୋ ଦିନ ।

ଏ ଜୀବନ ଯେଉଁ ଲଭେ ଆନନ୍ଦ
ସେ ସବୁ ଅଟଇ ତାଙ୍କ ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ ।

କରିଦିଅ ମୋତେ ପ୍ରଭୁ

ଅଭିଷେକ ତ୍ରିପାଠୀ
ଇ.ଟି.ସି, ଚତୁର୍ଥ ବର୍ଷ



Sketch Courtesy:
Prajookta Dash, MBBS

ଦୀପଟିଏ ମୋତେ କରିଦିଅ ପ୍ରଭୁ
ଜଳିବି ହୋଇ ସଳିତା
କବିଟିଏ ମୋତେ କରିଦିଅ ପ୍ରଭୁ
ଲେଖିବି ତୁମ କବିତା ।

ପାଠ ନାହିଁ ମୋର ବିଦ୍ୟା ନାହିଁ ମୋର
କି' ଛାର ଜୀବନ ମୋର
କାହାକୁ କହିବି କିଏ ବା' ଶୁଣିବ
ଦୁଃଖୀ ଜୀବନ ମୋହର ।

ପକ୍ଷୀଟିଏ ମୋତେ କରିଦିଅ ପ୍ରଭୁ
ରହିବି ତୁମ ମନ୍ଦିରରେ
ତୁମ ମନ୍ଦିରରେ ତୁମ ଆଶ୍ରୟରେ
ଗାଇବୀ ଛାୟ ଗୀତିରେ ।

ଫୁଲଟିଏ ମୋତେ କରିଦିଅ ପ୍ରଭୁ
ପାଇବି ଶୋଭା ମସ୍ତକେ
ତୁଳୀଟିଏ ମୋତେ କରିଦିଅ ପ୍ରଭୁ
ନ' ରହୁ ଦୁଃଖ ଜାତକେ ।

ସଞ୍ଜ ସଳିତା

ନତାଶା ସାହୁ ବି.ଡ଼ି.ଏସ, ତୃତୀୟ ବର୍ଷ

ସଞ୍ଜ ସଳିତା ମୁଁ ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାର ଶେଷ
ଶିହରଣଟିଏ ହୋଇ
ଅନଳ ଶିଖା ମୁଁ ଅଜାଡ଼ି ଦେଇଛି
କାହା ହାତ ଛୁଆଁ ପାଇ ।

ଖାଲି ଦେବତାର ପାଦେ ମୁଁ ଲୋଟିଛି
ପୁଣ୍ୟ ଲଭିବା ପାଇଁ
ପତଙ୍ଗ ପରି ମୁଁ ପ୍ରେମରେ ପଡ଼ିଛି
ମିଳନର ଆଶା ନେଇ ।

ଭୋଗିବାର ଅଛି ଯେତକ ଯାତନା
ଅଦେଖା ନିୟତି ମୋର
ଜଳି ଜଳି ନିଜେ ସାଉଣ୍ଡିଛି ଦୁଃଖ
ସୁଖ ପାଇଁ ଆଉ କା'ର ।

ସର ସର ଯାଏ ନୀଳ ଅନ୍ଧାରେ ମୁଁ
ସଜାଡ଼ି ହାତେ ମୋ ଜୁଇ
ସଞ୍ଜ ସଳିତା ମୁଁ ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାର ଶେଷ
ଶିହରଣଟିଏ ହୋଇ ।

ALUMNI CORNER



वेश्या की व्यथा

अनुराग एम.बी.बी.एस (2014 बैच)

एक बेरोजगार लड़की निकलती है नौकरी की तलाश में,
रोजमर्रा की जरूरतों को पूरा करने वाले पैसे की आस में।

पर उसे मिलते हैं ऐसे इंसान

जो उसकी काया को पाने के लिए तरसते हैं,

उसकी होशियारी को परे कर,

पैसों से उसके जमीर का सौदा करते हैं।

उस लड़की की आँखों में उन पैसों की भूख नहीं,

उनकी जरूरत झलकती है,

पर पैसे देने वाले को उसकी काया खिलौने जैसी जँचती है।

अपने हवस को मिटाने के लिए वह लोग खेलते हैं उसकी भावनाओं से,

और अगर लड़की राजी ना हुई

तो उसके चरित्र को भर देते हैं अवहेलनाओं से।

फिर समाज भी बिना मजबूरी जाने तिरस्कार करता है,

इस तरह मरे हुए इंसानियत का व्यापार बढ़ता है।

वह बेबस लड़की इसी को अपना मुकद्दर मान लेती है,

अकेले समाज से लड़ना मुश्किल है,

इसलिए जिंदा इंसान के मृत इंसानियत पर

पैसों के लिए अपना जमीर कुर्बान देती है।

KONERU HUMPY, THE ARMAGEDDON QUEEN

-ARIJIT SAHA (Civil Engineering 2018 batch)



It was the 30th of August 2020. Most parts of the world including India were locked up in their homes as the dark cloud of corona virus was busy covering the fortunes of humanity. People at their homes were trying to keep themselves busy with online movies, TV shows and e-sports. As a result, the very ambitious International Chess Tournament-the FIDE Chess Olympiad, scheduled to take place in Moscow, Russia was conducted online as FIDE Online Chess Olympiad 2020. On the same 30th August 2020, it was the day for the semi finals between India and Poland, winner of which was to proceed to the finals. The match started at 4:30 pm and in few minutes we see India trailing with a heavy 2-4 in the first round. Polish Grandmasters

Jan-Krzysztof Duda and Radek Wojtaszek scored full points each, defeating Indian Chess legend Grandmaster Viswanathan Anand and Captain of Indian Chess team, Grandmaster Vidit Gujrathi. Women Grandmasters Koneru Humpy and Harika Dronavalli drew on the third and fourth boards with youngster Nihal Sarin, winning on the fifth board with Divya Deshmukh despite having a good positional advantage.

In the 2nd round, India fought back with Viswanathan Anand winning against Duda and Captain Vidit Gujrathi defeating Gajewski. Humpy and Harika both won on their respective boards leading India to win 4.5-1.5 leveling the game. Then comes the tie breaker, the super-over, the penalty shootout, in Chess called Armageddon. The Armageddon is the final decisive clincher with white and black getting 5 minutes and 4 minutes respectively, but a draw would suffice for the latter. Lots were drawn to pick which of the categories would contest the

Armageddon among men, women and junior and as it came out, it was the women. India's No.1 Women Grandmaster Koneru Humpy was asked to fight the decider. Mother of a 2 year old, the World No.2 and India No.1 in Women's category, Humpy sitting in front of her computer screen at her home in Vijayawada, Andhra Pradesh prepared to take on the Polish Monica Socko for a tie breaker Armageddon. Monica Socko had a recent Armageddon win against Azerbaijan in the quarter finals so she was evenly pumped for the decider. Until move 35 or 36, things were pretty even, when a slight tripling from Socko and Humpy counter attacking led to her checkmating Socko, led India to the finals which India eventually tied with Russia, thus becoming joint Gold Medallist.

Koneru Humpy, the winner of Women's World Rapid Championship 2019, which she again won by tie breaker Armageddon, beating Tan Zhongyi of China has done it again in the FIDE Online Chess Olympiad 2020 semi finals and this time this led her national team of India qualify for the finals.

Women Grandmaster Koneru Humpy, the 33 year old legend is an inspiration for every Indian.

(Acknowledgements: The Indian Express, Chessbase India.)



एक वेश्या की आपबीती

नाम: अनुभव श्रीवास्ताव बी.टेक 2015-19

नमस्कार,

मैं एक वेश्या हूँ। जी हाँ, एक वेश्या। चॉकिए मत! मैं कोई जानवर नहीं हूँ, बल्कि आपकी ही तरह एक मनुष्य हूँ। पर वो क्या है ना, मुझ जैसे इंसान को यह समाज वो इज़्ज़त नहीं देता जो उसे देनी चाहिए। आखिर क्यों? आखिर, मैंने गुनाह क्या किया है? क्या मेरा एक वेश्या होना समाज में अपवित्र है? या फिर, क्या मेरा वेश्या होना समाज के लोगों के लिए हानिकारक है? आपके पास देने के लिए कोई जवाब नहीं है और होगा भी कैसे!! आखिर, यह सवाल भी तो ऐसा है जिसका जवाब शायद ही किसी के पास हो।

अब मैं आपको एक बात बताती हूँ। एक ऐसी बात जो आपको मेरे बारे में जानने में मददगार साबित होगी। मेरे वेश्या बनने के पीछे की कहानी। शायद बहुत लोग यह जानते होंगे, परन्तु मैं अपनी कहानी फिर से दोहराना चाहूँगी। मेरा एक वेश्या बनना कोई पसंद या निजी फायदा नहीं है, बल्कि एक मजबूरी है। अपने परिवार के खाने-पीने के लिए पैसे इकट्ठा करने की मजबूरी; उनके चेहरे पर मुस्कराहट लाने की मजबूरी; बच्चों को पढ़ाने-लिखाने की मजबूरी। अब आप बोलेंगे कि पैसे कमाने के और भी ज़रिये हैं तो मैं यह काम क्यों चुनी। वो क्या है ना कि मुझे जैसी अनपढ़-गवार औरत को कोई काम देने के लिए तैयार नहीं था, तो मेरे पास एक वेश्या बनकर पैसे कमाने के अलावा और कोई विकल्प नहीं बचा।

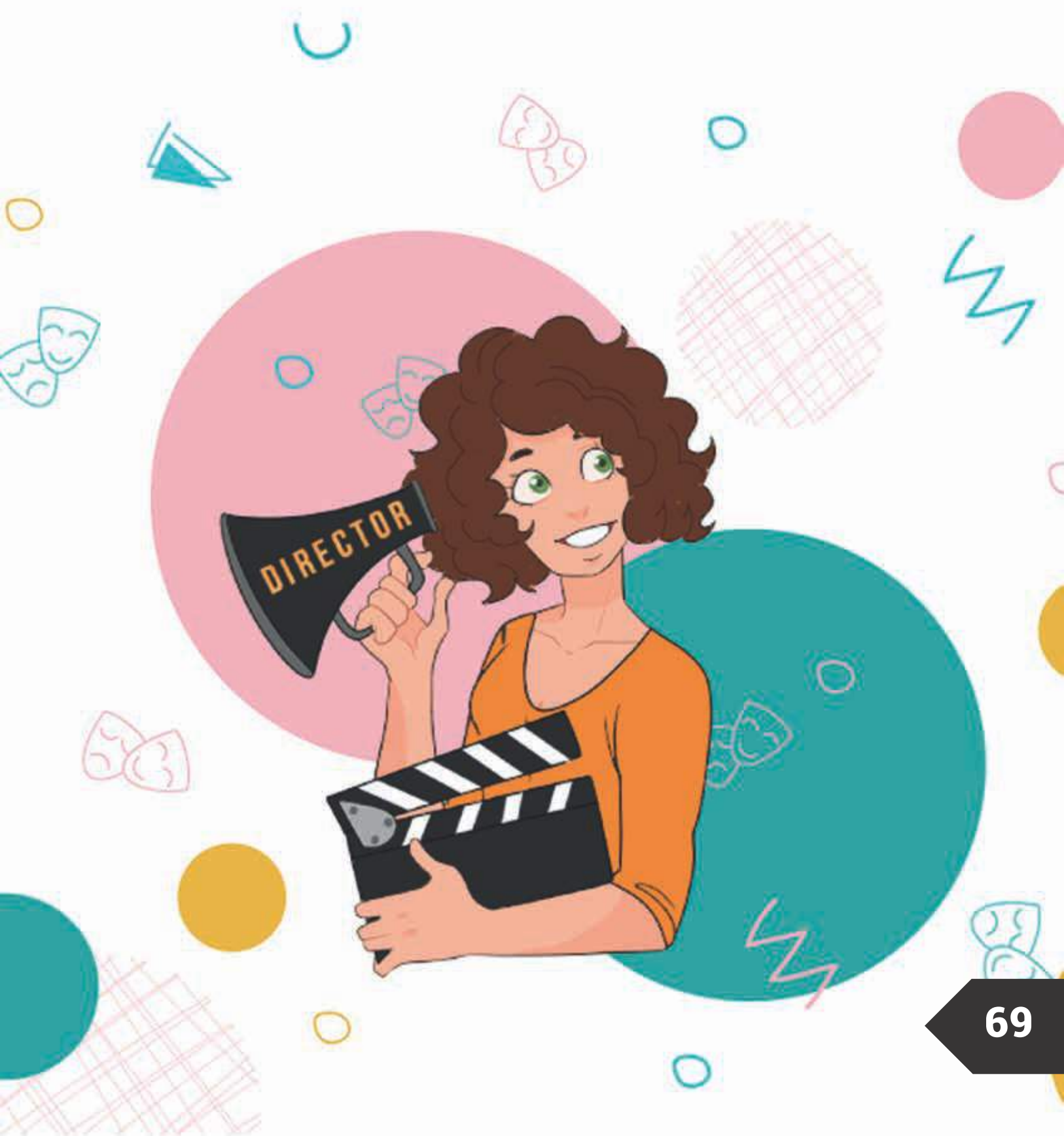
पर जब मुझे मुंबई लाया गया, तब मुझे मालूम चला कि एक वेश्या की ज़िंदगी कितनी जहन्नुम है। कैसे उसे एक-एक पैसे के लिए तड़पाया जाता है और फिर भी उसे उसके हक के पैसे से कम पैसे दिए जाते हैं। इन सबके बावजूद हम वेश्याएँ अपना काम पूरी ईमानदारी से करती हैं। हमें

अपने जिस्म को समाज के कुछ रसूखदार लोगों के सामने रखना पड़ता है, उनके मनोरंजन और ऐय्याशी के लिए। बदले में केवल थोड़ी इज़्जत और साथ की आशा रखते हैं।

समाज में युवा वर्ग बहुत उन्नति कर रहा है और काफी आधुनिक हो गया है, लेकिन शायद उनमें से कइयों का दिमाग अभी भी पुराने ख्यालात लिए घूम रहा है। मैं यह इसलिए कह रही हूँ क्योंकि मैंने कई बार युवाओं को राह-चलती लड़की पर कटाक्ष करते सुना और देखा है। वे बड़ी आसानी से किसी भी लड़की को वेश्या के पर्यायवाची शब्द का तमगा पहना देते हैं। नहीं समझो! चलिए यह भी बता देती हूँ कि उस पर्यायवाची शब्द का प्रारम्भ "र" से होता है। अब तो समझ ही गए होंगे!! दरअसल, यह "र" से शुरू होने वाले शब्द का मतलब ही कुछ और है जबकि युवा इसे जाने-अनजाने कैसे भी किसी के लिए भी इस्तेमाल करते हैं। यह गलत है तथा मुझे यह सब देखकर बहुत चोट पहुँचती है, रोना भी आता है परन्तु मैं कुछ नहीं कर सकती। सिर्फ प्रार्थना कर सकती हूँ कि लोगों में सदबुद्धि आए और लोग हमारे जैसे लोगों के प्रति थोड़ी दया की भावना रखें एवं हमें इज़्जत से देखें। एक और प्रार्थना है कि समाज में हमारे खिलाफ होने वाले जुर्म बंद हों और हमें भी शांति के साथ रहने का अवसर मिले।

अलविदा! इस उम्मीद के साथ कि यह पत्र पढ़ने के बाद आप में थोड़ी सद्भावना आएगी और आपके दिमाग में हमारे प्रति थोड़ी इज़्जत पनपेगी।

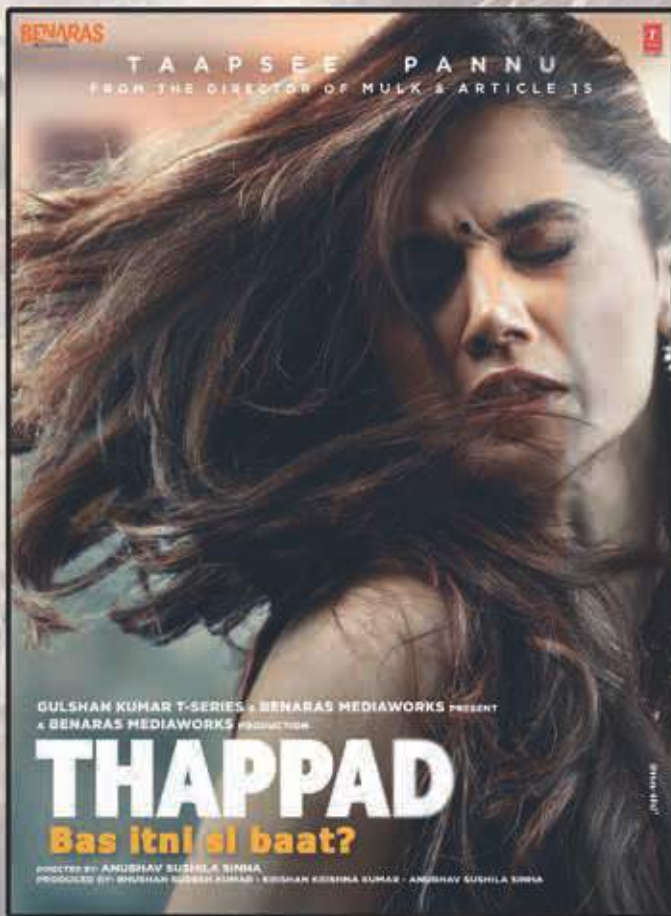
MOVIE REVIEWS



T A A P S E E P A N N U
FROM THE DIRECTOR OF MULK & ARTICLE 15

THAPPAD

“Kya sach mein bas itni si baat hai?”



Thappad, directed by Anubhav Sinha is a story of a single slap where he brings to light the inherent patriarchy that is deep rooted in our society.

Halfway through during the interval, I could hear women discussing that, “its just a slap, that too in a heat of the moment reaction and in life people should let go and compromise. Its not a huge deal.” I wonder, is it just the women’s role to compromise. It is this patriarchy within our society that this film tries to bring to light.

As I said before, this is a movie about patriarchy more than a movie about domestic abuse. Its a film about those small moments of life which are patriarchal and are a male privilege but is so normal that men and women don’t even realize the difference. This patriarchy is so deep rooted that even the most good natured and evolved men don’t see it. This is seamlessly portrayed in one of the best scenes shared by Ratna Pathak Shah and Kumud Mishra who play the mother and father of Amrita, played by a brilliant Taapsee Pannu.

The success of this film lies in the writing by Anubhav Sinha and Mrunmayee Lagoo Waikul. They tread the

fine line between demonizing males and faults of the society with utmost control. They never make Amrita’s husband, Vikram played by Pavail Gulati, the villain of the story. He is just the everyday average entitled man. He is caring, loves his wife, brings her gifts and mirrors most of the “normal” men we live around. You only see glimpses of his patriarchal mindset in certain scenes like in the road where he comments on women drivers or when he sees his successful neighbour driving in her posh Mercedes and he says, “Ye kya karti hai?” The answer to the latter, Taapsee snuggly replies, “Mehnat” is a greatly satisfying moment.

The film doesn’t make this husband wife relationship, an abusive one. Amrita chose the housewife role. If the suffering would have been greater it wouldn’t have been a film about society and its patriarchy. It would have been against a bad individual. Then the advices of compromises would be stupid. She being a part of an educated and understanding upper middle class household, would easily be able to file for divorce without raising eyebrows. An option her housemaid, who is facing domestic abuse everyday doesn’t really have. Instead, for Amrita, its just one slap. So the questions arise. The advices that women should compromise and to let go since its a one off episode are showered. The answer comes in a beautifully handled aarti sequence where Taapsee replies, “I happily chose this marriage life and this housewife role and all I ever asked was for respect”. The respect which was slapped out of her life with that one faithful blow to the cheeks. The slap, which is one of the most pivotal scenes in the film, is staged with perfection. The sound of the slaps rings right through the

silent frame. You can feel that it awoke Amrita out of her slumber. Its a scene of technical brilliance played to perfection by the leads.

With that slap, Amrita understood that even in her own house she is a second class citizen that she can get slapped and be asked to forget about it and especially underlined by the fact that the nameplate in the maingate of the house reads, "Vikram's."

And if I am not mistaken, most homes have similar nameplates. Its in these small moments in not just Amrita's life but in all of the different couples showcased, that the film actually drives home the point.

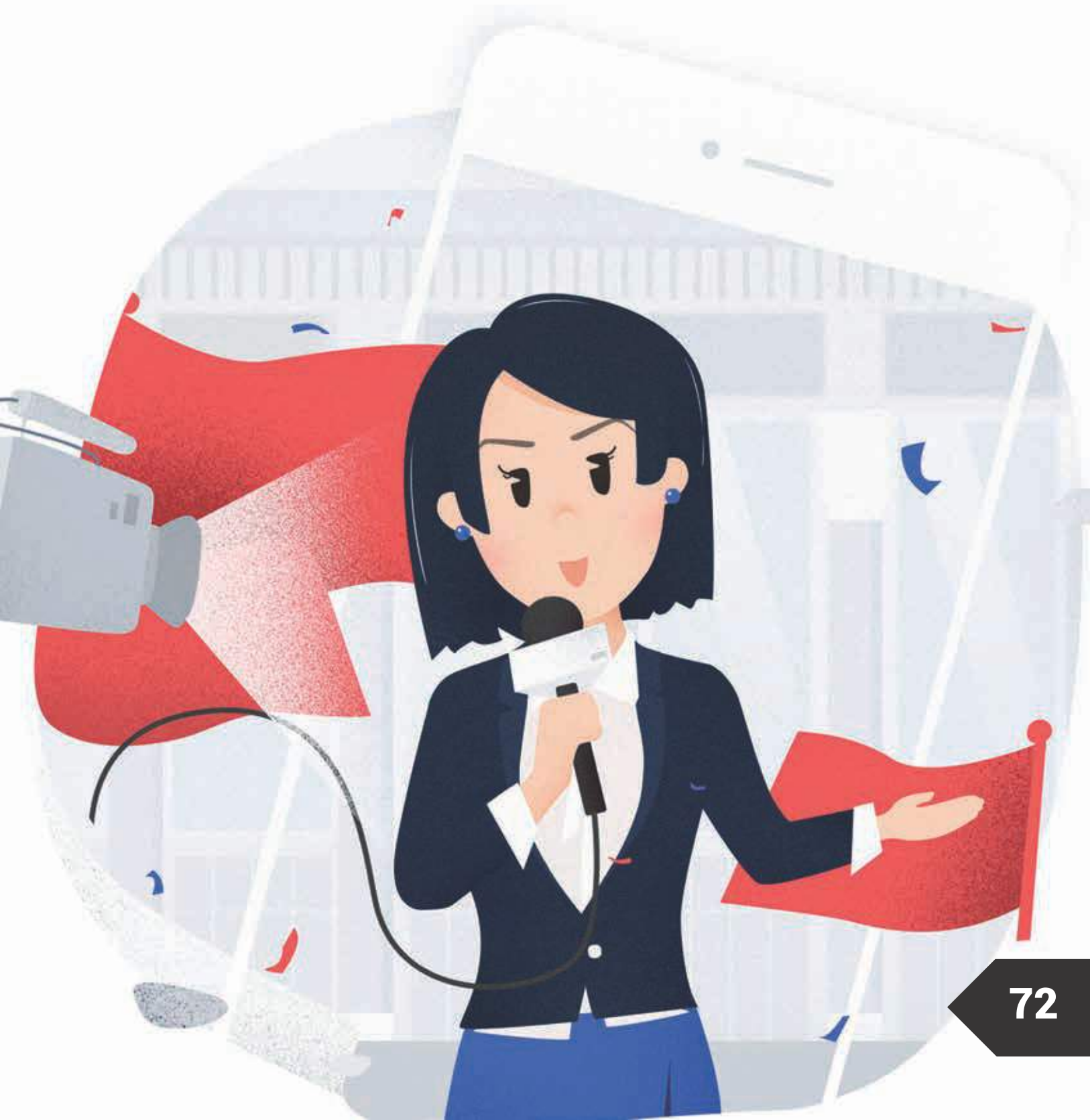
Perhaps, the real success of the film can be measured by the fact that as I was leaving the theatre, I was thinking of all the small moments that me being a man would have reacted to in a way that would be patriarchal or an outcome of my priviledge as a man!

Thappad is one of the most important films of our times and should be watched to open your eyes to the inherent patriarchy of our society and to be a medium of discussions as to where we are and what we want from our society!

By Pratik Ghosh, EE, 4th Year



INTERVIEW



Devapriya Roy

The Vague Woman



A CHAT WITH THE "VAGUE" WOMAN

- Interviewed by Team Kirti

Devapriya Roy, noted author, columnist and traveler, writer of the bestseller "The Vague Woman's Handbook" and the one of its kind, dynamic travelogue "The Heat and Dust Project", was present in the extravaganza that is the Odisha Literary Festival 2018. The warm and lovely personality that she is, was delighted to share her insights and words of wisdom with us, for the readers of KIRTI.

Team Kirti: Apart from being a writer and a traveller, who actually is Devapriya Roy?

A: A vague woman(laughs). That's the title of my book, "The Vague Woman's Handbook", and I am a vague woman. That's who I am (she says with the cutest smirk). And what do I do? I read all the time and I buy more books than my writing career allows me too.

Team Kirti: "The Vague Woman's Handbook" was a delightful read. It was so refreshing to see well etched out and not so mainstream female characters in a mainstream novel. So, what goes behind in creating a character like Sharmila or Indira?

A: Yeah, its still one of my favourites. I have written other books but...(awkwardly pauses, vaguely, as we say). You know, a writer writes his inspiration. So, you have to listen more, spend time with people, seek out interesting people to spend time with. And inspiration is everywhere. I think the difficulty of a writer's job is to shaping it into a narrative. Before that the best thing is to read a lot. If you read other novels, unconsciously you are learning how to write better.

Team Kirti: So, why in mainstream media or in the popular novels, we don't find these kinds of characters?

A: Thank you. That's a compliment(with that same thrilling smile). I am glad to hear that. That's a difficult question to answer. You have to question the mainstream norms. So, when I was writing the book, I wrote about people like me, because I wanted to read about these characters, because I didn't find them in other books. So even though "The Vague Woman's Handbook" is a popular novel, a chic book as they say, I thought lets begin the story where other stories end. They fell in love and got married, but what happened after that? And my other point was that I always hated the fact that usually in popular fiction the hero is always shown as somebody who is rich. So what if our hero is heroic but not rich?

Team Kirti: Do you think the other women writers in our country have done enough to change the status of women in mainstream media?

A: I think its not just the job of women to change the position of women. Its everyone's job and I think its happening now. As in we are asking the right questions. It will take time. We are a young country, so I am hopeful that at least your generation will be different(with a hopeful look and a thoughtful grin).

Team Kirti: So, ma'am how tough or how easy has it been for the female writers in our country to get their works published?

A: I think as far as the publishing industry is concerned, women writers are doing quite well. But, what happens mostly is that they are read by women rather than by everyone. So, sometimes it so happens that males come up to female writers and say, "Oh! My mother loves reading your stuff" or "My wife loves your books." Never, "I love your books." But, that is also changing. In fact I would say it is less of a problem in India than in the west where certain genres are very very gender dominated. I think it is not so serious here.

Team Kirti: Ma'am, do you think there is a difference in creating male characters than in creating female ones?

A: When you are a writer, its not about male or female. Its about the kind of a person he/she is. Suppose you have a best friend. You know your best friend quite well. You know your parents quite well. Your characters are like that. You know them in that way. Its not a gender-based approach, unless you are making a social or political commentary. So I think good writers write both their men and women better than not so good writers (with that shrug that says "you know").

Team Kirti: Suppose a female writer, or any writer is willing to change the norms and is writing something against popular opinion, do the publishers get in the way of them in doing so?

A: Well, I think there are still very good editors, very sensible editors who continue to publish good books, even though the market is not there (in a thoughtful voice and an insightful look). But you know, things like poetry and all has unfortunately been at the receiving end of market forces. Good editors, good publishers exist who support experimentation. The market, not so much. Maybe the sales people within the publishing house might go, "Oh God! Another book which wont sell." (and that regular smirk again) Its a battle. A battle within the publishing market. That's how it is.

Team Kirti: Ma'am, who has been your inspiration? Starting out, who inspired you to write?

A: All the books that I read. If I had to pick a favourite writer, it has to be Vikram Seth. Read "A Suitable Boy". Its a really really large novel. Really fat(joking away). But if you read it, its really uplifting.

Team Kirti: And whats your message for all the young writers out there?

A: Read. Read widely. Go beyond the bestseller shelves. Go into the nooks of the bookstore. Lookout for recommendations that writers give about other writers. If you want to write, read. And also read to understand language. Its one of the magnificent creations of mankind.

(And thus a end to one of the best conversations but -

Team Kirti : I think we recommend to start with A vague woman's Handbook !)

MAMTA SINGH

(RADIOSAKHI)



ममता सिंह जी का साक्षात्कार

टीम कीर्ति :- रेडियो के जगत में आपका सफर या आना (शुरू) कैसे हुआ ?

उत्तर:- मेरी कोई पूर्व योजना नहीं थी आवाज़ की दुनिया में आने की। आर्ट्स में स्नातक करने के दौरान, मेरे एक मित्र ने मुझे इलाहाबाद आकाशवाणी के एक कार्यक्रम, 'उदयाचल' में सहभाग करने का प्रस्ताव दिया था। मैं अपनी बहन और एक सहेली के साथ वहाँ पहुँच गयी कार्यक्रम का हिस्सा बनने। वहाँ से मेरा सिलसिला चालू हो गया और मैं आकाशवाणी से जुड़ गयी और नियमित रूप से 'युवानी' में कार्यक्रम करने लगी। कुछ दिनों के पश्चात, 'आकस्मिक उद्घोष' के लिए मैंने एक श्रवण दिया और परीक्षा के बाद मेरा चयन हो गया। मैंने कुछ समय के लिए उस पद पर काम किया और फिर मैं मुंबई आगयी, जहा पत्रकारिता की पढ़ाई करने के बाद मैं पूर्ण रूप से 'विविध भारती' का हिस्सा बन गयी और इस प्रकार मैंने आवाज़ की दुनिया में कदम रखा और मेरी आवाज़ को एक नयी पहचान मिल गयी।

टीम कीर्ति :- आपके मन में रेडियो के लिए काम करने का ख्याल पहली बार कब आया ?

उत्तर :- मैंने कभी नहीं सोचा था कि मैं एक दिन रेडियो के लिए काम करूँगी। इलाहाबाद में पढ़ाई करने के दौरान, मैं रेडियो पर विभिन्न प्रकार के आवाज़ों को सुनकर उनका अनुकरण करने का प्रयास करती थी। परिणाम स्वरूप, मेरा रुझान नाटकों के तरफ बढ़ गया और मैंने उसके लिए भी श्रवण दिए, जहा मेरा चयन हुआ और मैंने कहीं सारे नाटक किए, मूल रूप से संस्कृत नाटक। कौन जानता था कि मैं एक दिन रेडियो का हिस्सा बन जाऊँगी और मेरी आवाज़ को लोग इतना पसंद करने लगेंगे।

टीम कीर्ति :-आपकी आवाज़ modulation की प्रशिक्षण कैसे और किस प्रकार हुई ? आप कैसे लोगों को उनकी आवाज़ के लहज़े से पहचान लेती/जाती हैं ?

उत्तर :- जो भी जिस क्षेत्र से ताल्लुक़ात रखता है, उसे नेर्वेस टटोल कर समस्या का अंदाज़ा या अनुमान हो जाता है। चाहे वह एक इंजीनियर हो या एक रेडियो उद्घोषक। हमें इंसान के बोलने के लहज़े से पता लग जाता है कि, वह उस काम के लिए सही है कि नहीं। यह पता लगाना इस क्षेत्र में सरल है क्योंकि श्रोता, वक्ता के एक वाक्य से उसके लियाक़त का अनुमान लगा लेता है। इस पूरी प्रक्रिया में वक्ता के सन्दर्भ और उससे विकीर्ण होने वाली भावनाओं पर ख़ासा ध्यान दिया जाता है। लोगों का ऐसा मानना है कि साँसों की रफ़्तार से अक्सर वक्ता का पता लग जाता है।

टीम कीर्ति :-आज के ज़माने में जहा सोशल मीडिया इतना आगे बढ़ गया है, क्या युवकों को आज भी उतने ही मौके मिल पा रहे जितना पहले मिला करते थे इस रेडियो की दुनिया में ?

उत्तर :- जहा तक सोशल मीडिया का सवाल है, उसके प्रभाव हर जगह आपको देखने को मिल जाएँगे, चाहे वह सकारात्मक हो या नकारात्मक। पहले के मुताबिक, आज हर क्षेत्र में भीड़ बढ़ गयी है और भीड़ के साथ-साथ प्रतिस्पर्धा भी बढ़ गयी है। फलस्वरूप, हर इंसान अपने आप को साबित करना चाहता है और कम समय में लोक-प्रसिद्धि हासिल करना चाहता है। प्रतिस्पर्धा के साथ-साथ नयी चुनौतियाँ का भी सामना लोगों को करना पड़ रहा है। इन चुनौतियों की वजह से युवकों को उतने मौके नहीं मिल पा रहे हैं, जितने पहले मिला करते थे और अगर मिलते हैं तो अपने हुनर साबित करना अब मुश्किल हो गया है। सोशल मीडिया आज बिजली की भाँति तेज़ हो गयी है, वहाँ हर ख़बर पहले पहुँच जाती है। वह लोगों की आलोचना का कारण भी बनती है और उनकी प्रशंसा का माध्यम भी।

टीम कीर्ति :- आप आज कहीं लोगों के लिए प्रेणास्तोत बन चुकी हैं, तो आप आज के नव युवकों और नव युवतियों को क्या सुझाव या सलाह देना चाहेंगी, जो आवाज़ की इस दुनिया का हिस्सा बनना चाहते हैं ?

उत्तर :- आज के ज़माने में प्रतिस्पर्धा अपने चरम सीमा पर पहुँच चुकी हैं, जिसके चलते लोगों को विभिन्न चुनौतियों का सामना करना पड़ रहा है। परिणामस्वरूप, लोगों के पास विकल्प भी बहुत ज़्यादा हैं जिसका सही रूप से अगर वह उपयोग करे तो वह बहुत आगे बढ़ सकते हैं किसी भी क्षेत्र में। आवाज़ की दुनिया में आने से पहले, लोगों को भरपूर तैयारी करनी चाहिए, आवाज़ के उतार-चढ़ाव की और साथ ही साथ उन्हें संगीत, साहित्य, कला और संस्कृति की भी पूरी जानकारी होनी चाहिए।

टीम कीर्ति :- साहित्य की ओर आपका रुझान कब और किस प्रकार (कैसे) हुआ ?

उत्तर :- साहित्य की ओर मेरा रुझान बचपन से ही था, मैंने साहित्य का हाथ बचपन में थामा था। मेरे भाई साहित्य प्रेमी हैं और उन्होंने हिंदी में पोस्ट ग्रेजुएशन किया है। उन्हें नयी किताबें खरीदना का बहुत शौक था और वह उन्हें बड़े चाव से पढ़ा करते थे। मुझे नयी किताबों की महक बहुत पसंद थी और इसके चलते मैंने उन्हें पढ़ना शुरू कर दिया और उनका गहरा अधन करने लगी। मैंने बचपन में ही जय शंकर प्रसाद, चकोव और प्रेमचंद जी द्वारा लिखी कहीं किताबें पढ़ डाली।

टीम कीर्ति :- डिजिटिकरण ने किस प्रकार साहित्य और उसके चाहने वालों को प्रभावित किया है ?

उत्तर :- साहित्य पर नहीं लेकिन उसके चाहने वालों पर इसका नकारात्मक प्रभाव पड़ा है। लोग हर चीज़ आजकल कंप्यूटर, मोबाइल फ़ोन और इंटरनेट पर पढ़ना चाहते या पसंद करते हैं। इस आदत के चलते लोगों की स्मरण शक्ति पर इसका काफी प्रभाव पड़ा है और वह कमज़ोर होगयी हैं। डॉक्टरों का कहना है कि, अगर इंसान अपनी इस आदत से बाज़ नहीं आया तो उनके स्वास्थ्य पर इसका नकारात्मक प्रभाव पड़ेगा। मेरे अनुसार जो मज़ा किताबों को खरीदार पढ़ने में हैं और उनकी महक में हैं, वह किसी और पढ़ने के साधन में नहीं हैं।

टीम कीर्ति :- आपको कौन सी साहित्य विधा पसंद है ?

उत्तर :- मुझे कहानी पढ़ना बहुत पसंद है और उसके साथ कविताएँ और लेख में भी मेरी रूचि है। मैं स्वयं कहानीकार हूँ और कहानियाँ लिखती हूँ।

टीम कीर्ति :- अपने अंदर के लेखक को किस तरह (या प्रकार) हम पहचान सकते या आकलन कर सकते हैं ?

उत्तर :- जब हम कोई विषय पर लिखने बैठते हैं और अगर हमारी कलम और कल्पनाशीलता दोनों एक साथ चलती हैं, तब हमें यह समझ लेना चाहिए कि हम में लिखने की काबिलियत है और उसे प्रोत्साहन देना चाहिए। लिखने के लिए रूचि का होना सबसे ज़्यादा आवश्यक है। लिखने से पहले पढ़ने को प्राथमिकता देनी होगी, तब ही हम लिखने में सक्षम हो पाएंगे और निपुणता हासिल कर पाएंगे पढ़ने से कल्पनाशीलता बढ़ती है, जिसका प्रभाव हमारे लेख में साफ़ झलकता है और लिखने में कोई समस्या भी नहीं आती है।

टीम कीर्ति :- आप हमारे विश्वविद्यालय के नव युवकों और नव युवतियों को क्या सन्देश देना चाहेंगी ?

उत्तर :- आप सभी नयी-नयी तकनीक की खोज करे और हम सभी गौरवान्वित; आपके विश्वविद्यालय ने जो संगीत, कला और साहित्य को प्रोत्साहन दिया और जिस तरह से बच्चों को इससे जोड़कर रखा है, वह काबिलिये तारीफ़ है। मैं चाहूँगी कि आप सभी ज़्यादा से ज़्यादा छात्रों को इस मुहिम से जोड़े। उबाऊ और हृदय की शून्यता के समय यही सब चीज़े इंसान को सहारा देती हैं और सुकून की अनुभूति कराती हैं।

ଶ୍ରୀୟଙ୍କା ସଡ଼ଙ୍ଗୀ

ଜନ୍ମ ତାଙ୍କର ଜାନୁଆରୀ ୧୦ ୧୯୯୫ ମସିହାରେ । ମାତ୍ର ୧୧ ବର୍ଷ ବୟସରେ ଦିଲ୍ଲୀ ଓପନ ଶୁଟିଂ ଚାମ୍ପିୟନଶିପରେ ବ୍ରୋଞ୍ଜ ପଦକ ଜିତିବା ପରେ ସେ ଆଉ ପଛକୁ ଫେରି ନାହାନ୍ତି । ୨୦୧୨ ମସିହାରେ ଭାରତୀୟ ଶୁଟିଂ ଦଳରେ ସାମିଲ ହେବା ପରେ ଅନେକ ସଫଳତା ଅର୍ଜନ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ଶୁଟିଂ ବିଶ୍ୱକପ ତଥା ଦକ୍ଷିଣ-ଏସୀୟ କ୍ରୀଡ଼ାରେ ଭାରତ ପାଇଁ ସେ ଅନେକ ପଦକ ଜିତିଛନ୍ତି । ୨୦୧୯ ମସିହାରେ ଆନ୍ତର୍ଜାତୀୟ ଶୁଟର ଗଗନ ନାରଙ୍ଗଙ୍କ ସହ ଜର୍ମାନୀର ହାନୋଭରରେ ୧୦ ମିଟର ଏୟାର ରାଇଫଲ ମିଶ୍ଟ୍ରରେ ସେ ସ୍ୱର୍ଣ୍ଣ ପଦକ ହାସଲ କରିଥିଲେ । କ୍ରୀଡ଼ା କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ ସଫଳତା ପାଇଁ ୨୦୧୩ ମସିହାରେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଏକଲବ୍ୟ ପୁରସ୍କାରରେ ସମ୍ମାନିତ କରା ଯାଇଥିଲା । ସେ ହେଉଛନ୍ତି ପ୍ରଖ୍ୟାତ ଶୁଟର, ଶ୍ରୀୟଙ୍କା ସଡ଼ଙ୍ଗୀ । ନିକଟରେ କୀର୍ତ୍ତିର ସମ୍ପାଦକମାନଙ୍କୁ ତାଙ୍କ ସହ ଆଲୋଚନା କରିବାର ସୁଯୋଗ ମିଳିଥିଲା । ସେହି ଆଲୋଚନାର କିଛି ଅଂଶ.....



ପ୍ର- ଗୋଟେ ବାକ୍ୟରେ କହିବେ ଆମ ପାଠକମାନଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ.. ଶ୍ରୀୟଙ୍କା ସଡ଼ଙ୍ଗୀ ଯିଏ ଭାରତର ଜଣେ ପ୍ରଖ୍ୟାତ ଶୁଟର, ବାସ୍ତବ ଜୀବନରେ କିଏ ?

ଉ- କହିବାକୁ ଗଲେ ମୁଁ ଜଣେ ଖୁସି ମିଜାଜର ମଣିଷ । ଆଜି ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଯାହା ବି କରିଛି, ନିଜ ମନରୁ ସଜୋଟ ଭାବରେ କରିଛି । ପାଠ ହେଉ ବା ଶୁଟିଂ, ସବୁ ଜାଗାରେ ନିଜର ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ପ୍ରଦର୍ଶନ ଦେବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରିଛି ।

ପ୍ର- ଜଣେ ଶୁଟର ହେବା ପାଇଁ ଆପଣ କାହିଁକି ଇଚ୍ଛା କରିଲେ ? ଏହା ପଛରେ ଆପଣଙ୍କ ପ୍ରେରଣା କିଏ ?

ଉ- ମୁଁ ଛୋଟ ଥିଲା ବେଳେ ମୋ ବାପା ପଞ୍ଜାବର ଅବୋହରରେ ସ୍ଥାପିତ ଥିଲେ । ମୁଁ ସେଠାରେ ଆର୍ମି ସ୍କୁଲରେ ପଢୁଥିଲି । ସେତେବେଳେ ସମର କ୍ୟାମ୍ପରେ ଶୁଟିଂ ଶିଖିବା ପାଇଁ ମୋର ଅଧିକାଂଶ ସାଙ୍ଗ ମନ କରିଥିଲେ ଏବଂ ସୌଭାଗ୍ୟବଶତଃ ମୁଁ ଶୁଟିଂରେ ଭଲ କରିଥିଲି । କର୍ଣ୍ଣେଲ ରାଜ୍ୟବର୍ଦ୍ଧନ ସିଂହ ରାଠୋର ୨୦୦୪ ଅଲିମ୍ପିକ୍ସରେ ରୌପ୍ୟ ପଦକ ଜିତିବା ପରେ ଏକ ନୂଆ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମ ଆରମ୍ଭ ହୋଇଥିଲା ଯେଉଁଥିରେ ସାରା ଦେଶରୁ ସେନାବାହିନୀରେ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟରତ ଅଧିକାରୀମାନଙ୍କ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କୁ ଗ୍ରାଏଲରେ ନିଆ ଯାଇଥିଲା ଯେଉଁଥିରେ ଶୁଟିଂ ମଧ୍ୟ ଥିଲା । ଏହା ଛଡ଼ା ମୋ ବାପା ଓଡ଼ିଶା ତଥା ସର୍ଭସେସ ପାଇଁ ରଣଜୀ ଚୁଫି ମଧ୍ୟ ଖେଳିଛନ୍ତି । ତେଣୁ ସମସ୍ତେ ମଧ୍ୟ ମୋତେ ଶୁଟିଂରେ ଯିବାକୁ ସହମତି ଦେଲେ । ମୋ ପାଇଁ ଶୁଟିଂରେ ସବୁଠୁ ବଡ଼ ପ୍ରେରଣା କର୍ଣ୍ଣେଲ ରାଜ୍ୟବର୍ଦ୍ଧନ ସିଂହ ରାଠୋର କାରଣ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖି ମୁଁ ଶୁଟିଂ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରିଥିଲି ।

ପ୍ର- ଛୋଟ ବେଳର ଗୋଟେ ଅଭୁଲ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ ବିଷୟରେ କହିବେ ?

ଉ- ଛୋଟ ଥିଲା ବେଳେ ମୁଁ ମୋ ସାନ ଭାଇକୁ ସବୁବେଳେ ତରେଇବାକୁ ପସନ୍ଦ କରୁଥିଲି । ମା-ବାପା ଘରେ ନଥିଲା ବେଳେ ମୁଁ ମୋ ସାନ ଭାଇକୁ ବହୁତ ହଇରାଣ କରୁଥିଲି । ଦିନେ ତା'କୁ ଏମିତି ତରେଇଥିଲି ଯେ ସେ ମା'ଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ କହି ଦେଇଥିଲା ଓ ଏହା ପାଇଁ ମୁଁ ବହୁତ ଗାଳି ଶୁଣିଥିଲି । କହିବାକୁ ଗଲେ ମୁଁ ପିଲାବେଳେ ବହୁତ ଦୁଷ୍ଟ ଥିଲି ।

ପ୍ର- ଯଦି ଆପଣ ଶୁଟର ହୋଇନ'ଆଡ଼େ, ତେବେ କେଉଁ କ୍ରୀଡ଼ାକୁ ଆପଣ ବାଛିଥା'ଡ଼େ ?

ଉ- ଟେନିସ । କାରଣ ମୋ ବଡ଼ବାପା ଜଣେ ଟେନିସ କୋଚ ଓ ସାନ ଭାଇ ମଧ୍ୟ ଜାତୀୟ ସ୍ତରରେ ଟେନିସ ଖେଳିଛନ୍ତି । ତେଣୁ ଶୁଟିଂ ନ' ହୋଇଥିଲେ ମୁଁ ଟେନିସ ଖେଳାଳି ହୋଇଥା'ଡ଼ି । (ହସି ହସି)

ପ୍ର- ଶୁଟିଂରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ତଥା ଭାରତ ପାଇଁ ଆପଣଙ୍କ କ'ଣ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ରହିଛି ?

ଉ- ଗତ ୧-୨ ବର୍ଷ ହେବ ଭାରତୀୟ ଶୁଟିଂ ଦଳ ବହୁତ ଭଲ ପ୍ରଦର୍ଶନ କରିଛି । ଏହା ମଧ୍ୟ କହିପାରିବି ଯେ ଭାରତୀୟ ଶୁଟିଂ ଦଳ ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ବିଶ୍ୱର ଅନ୍ୟତମ ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ଦଳ । ଓଡ଼ିଶା ତଥା ଭାରତରେ ଶୁଟିଂ ପାଇଁ ଅନେକ ସୁଯୋଗ ରହିଛି । ପର୍ଯ୍ୟାପ୍ତ ସୁବିଧା-ସୁଯୋଗ ମିଳିଲେ ଅନେକ ଖେଳାଳି ଆସିବେ । ମୋ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ସବୁବେଳେ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ତଥା ଭାରତ ପାଇଁ ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ପ୍ରଦର୍ଶନ କରିବା ଏବଂ ପଦକ ଜିତି ରାଜ୍ୟ ତଥା ଦେଶକୁ ଗୌରବାଦ୍ୱିତ କରିବା ।

ପ୍ର- ଶୁଚିଂରେ ଏହି ସ୍ତରକୁ ଆସିବା ପାଇଁ ଆପଣ କେତେ ପରିଶ୍ରମ ତଥା ବାଧା-ବିଘ୍ନର ସାମ୍ନା କରିଛନ୍ତି ?

ଉ- ଜଣେ ଖେଳାଳି ଜୀବନରେ ଅନେକ ବାଧା-ବିଘ୍ନ ଆସେ । ମୋ ପାଇଁ ସବୁଠୁ ବଡ଼ ଚ୍ୟାଲେଞ୍ଜ ଥିଲା ପାଠ ସହିତ ଖେଳ- ଦୁଇଟି କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ ଏକ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ଭଲ ପ୍ରଦର୍ଶନ କରିବା । ଏମିତି ମଧ୍ୟ ହୋଇଛି ଯେ ପରୀକ୍ଷା ପୂର୍ବ ଦିନ ମୁଁ ପ୍ରତିଯୋଗିତାରେ ଥାଏ ଓ ପରୀକ୍ଷା ଦିନ ସକାଳେ ପହଞ୍ଚି ଦ୍ଵିପ୍ରହରରେ ମୁଁ ପରୀକ୍ଷା ଦେଇଛି । ଦ୍ଵାଦଶ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ ପରୀକ୍ଷା ଚାଲିଥିଲା ବେଳେ ମୁଁ ଦିଲ୍ଲୀରେ ଶୁଚିଂ ବିଶ୍ଵକପ ପାଇଁ ଟ୍ରାଏଲ ଦେଉଥିଲି । ତା'ଛଡ଼ା ଶୁଚିଂ ଏକ ଏପରି ଖେଳ, ଯେଉଁଥିରେ ଆପଣଙ୍କୁ ଶାନ୍ତ ଓ ଏକାଗ୍ର ରହିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ । ମୁଁ ପିଲାବେଳୁ ତଞ୍ଜଳ ସ୍ଵଭାବର । ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ନିଜକୁ ଦେଖିଲେ ମୋର ମନେ ହୁଏ, ଶୁଚିଂ ଯୋଗୁଁ ମୁଁ ଶାନ୍ତ ତଥା ଏକାଗ୍ର ରହିବା ଶିଖିଛି ।

ପ୍ର- ଆପଣଙ୍କ ଭବିଷ୍ୟତର ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ କ'ଣ ରହିଛି ?

ଉ- ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ଏପ୍ରିଲ ମାସରେ ଟୋକିଓ ଅଲିମ୍ପିକ୍ସ ପାଇଁ ଭାରତୀୟ ଦଳ ଘୋଷଣା ହେବାର ଅଛି । ଯଦି ମୁଁ ଦଳରେ ସ୍ଥାନ ପାଏ, ତେବେ ଭାରତ ପାଇଁ ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ପ୍ରଦର୍ଶନ କରି ପଦକ ଜିତିବାକୁ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରିବି ।

ପ୍ର- ଆଗାମୀ ପ୍ରତିଯୋଗିତା ମାନଙ୍କରେ ଭାରତ ପାଇଁ ପଦକ ଜିତିବାକୁ ଆପଣଙ୍କ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତି କିପରି ଚାଲିଛି ?

ଉ- ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତି ଭଲ ଚାଲିଛି । ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ମୁଁ ଦିଲ୍ଲୀରେ ଦୀପାଳି ଦେଶପାଣ୍ଡେଙ୍କ ଅଧୀନରେ ଟ୍ରେନିଂ ନେଉଛି । ତା'ଛଡ଼ା ରୁଷିଆର ଯୁରି ମିଖାଲକିନଙ୍କ ଅଧୀନରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ମୁଁ ଅଭ୍ୟାସ କରୁଛି । ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନର ଭାରତୀୟ ଦଳ ସହିତ ଅଭ୍ୟାସ କରିଲେ ନିଜର ଆତ୍ମବିଶ୍ଵାସ ଅନେକ ବଢ଼ିଯାଉଛି ତଥା ଜିତିବାର ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ମଧ୍ୟ ଅଧିକ ହୋଇ ଯାଇଛି ।

ପ୍ର- ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଯୁବପିଢ଼ିକୁ ଆପଣ କ'ଣ ବାର୍ତ୍ତା ଦେବାକୁ ଚାହଁବେ ?

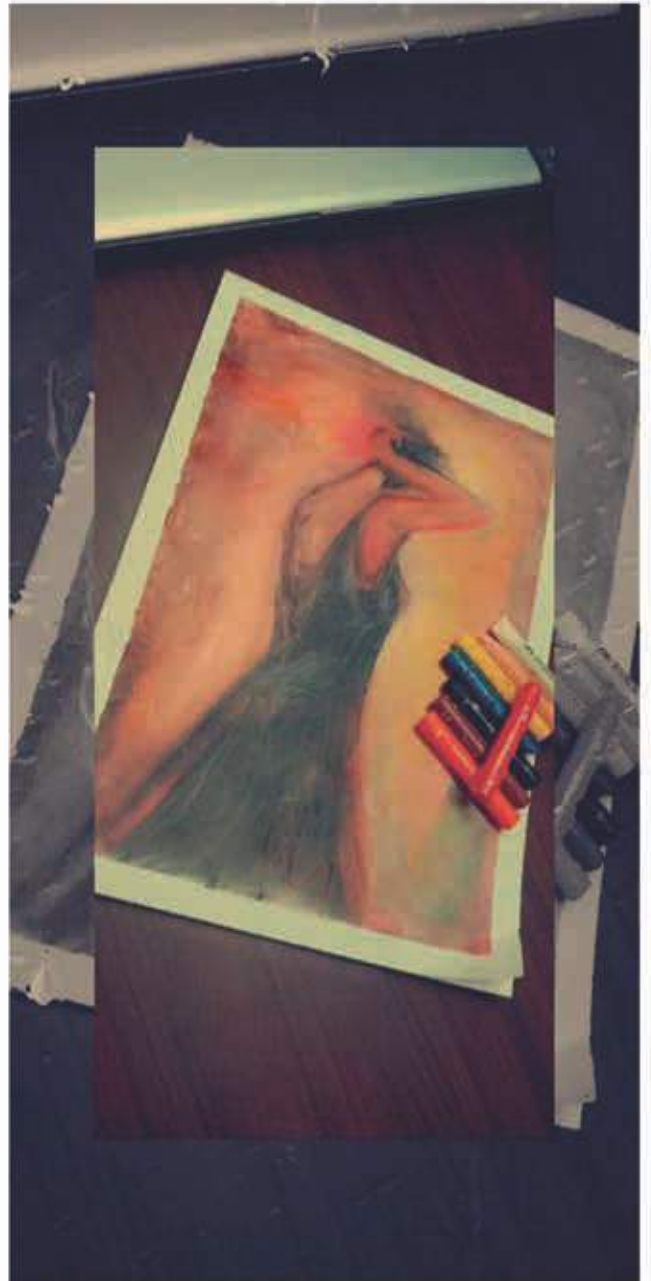
ଉ- ଏତିକି କହିବି ଯେ, ନିଜର ସ୍ଵପ୍ନକୁ ଅନୁସରଣ କରନ୍ତୁ । ଯାହା ବି କରନ୍ତୁ, ସଚ୍ଚୋଟତାର ସହିତ କରନ୍ତୁ । ବିଫଳ ହେଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ନିଜକୁ ଆତ୍ମସନ୍ତୋଷ ମିଳିବ ଯାହା ଭବିଷ୍ୟତରେ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ସଫଳତା ହାସଲ କରିବାରେ ସହାୟକ ହେବ ।

ARTWORK





Manish Ranjan Behera
CSSE



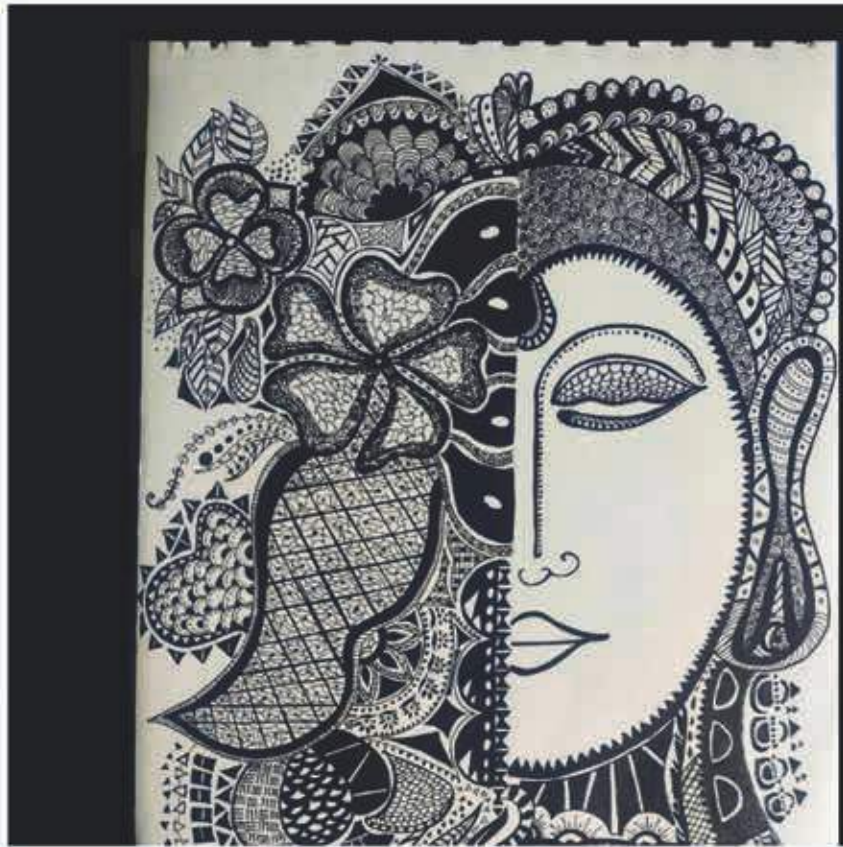
Chandana Mukherjee



Prajookta Dash, MBBS



Prajookta Dash, MBBS



Prajookta Dash, MBBS

TEAM





Manaswita Saha

Popularly known amongst her companions as 'Mother of Canines', 'The Doer' and 'Boss Lady', she is extremely hardworking and a pro-problem solver. She is the Phoebe Buffay of team Kritika- confident, cute, vivacious, focussed and a strict leader who is always ready to help. She can sing beautifully, too.

Anmol Mishra

A renowned name in the genre of Hindi poetry, Anmol is extremely talented, reliable, helpful and is a great leader. He pours his heart and soul in everything he writes and is rightly known within the inner circle as a 'Taskmaster'. In a world where the love for Hindi verses and couplets is dwindling, Anmol is one of our only hopes.



Ria Dash

The team calls her an Erudite for a reason. Ria is a lover of all things aesthetic. She is dominant, eloquent, diligent and resolute. A social butterfly, an epicure and a 'Writer Extraordinaire', you will either find her correcting your grammatical errors, using pop-culture references in most conversations or being a tad bit arrogant version of Luna Lovegood.





Priyal Rajan Thakur

Priyal is a voracious reader and aspires to be an author someday. A happy-go-lucky lady with a gracious smile, she is simply flamboyant and loves to go by the name, 'Lady Portrait'. She is a retro bohemian procrastinator and a huge junk-jewellery enthusiast.

Arijeet Das

If you are looking for someone who can indulge you in any topic under the sky, Arijeet is the one. A literal warehouse of knowledge, he knows everything about everything- from politics to cinema to history to literature and art. You name it, he knows it. He is an adept writer and a prolific editor.



Sankalp Ghadei

Sankalp is the coolest Odia editor you can ever come across. He is helpful and supportive towards his juniors and we often call him the Edward Scissorhands of Kritika or the personification of John Green's tumblr. He is a living, breathing encyclopedia of the Hindi dubbed Marvel Cinematic Universe and the Harry Potter Wizarding World.





Zahra Qaiser

Drop the age-old notion about doctors who do not know how computers work. Zahra is a designer par excellence. She is humble, friendly and truly gifted. She is a 'Sorcerer', as we call her. Zahra is a true visionary and a good writer. She is, to be precise, the Thomas Shelby of team Kritika.

Pratyush Muduli

Pratyush is an extrovert, he is dedicated and extremely talented, He has abilities that keep all deadlines at bay, always. He finds beauty in creativity, and in the Mechanical department, his humble beginnings.



Sayak Chatterjee

Sayak started with poems as an attempt to explore himself, and has ended up having over 500 creations under his belt now. He loves to read across the lines of history, mythology and politics. He is our Golden Goose for a reason.





Asmita Deb

Tiny yet powerful, Asmita is unbelievably cute. She is reliable, helpful, hardworking and encouraging enough to bring out the best in everyone around her. The Doraemon to our Nobita, Asmita is an ardent bibliophile, a sleepyhead and is a real team-player.

Shubhadip Mondal

An exceptionally gifted designer, Shubhadip is a hard-working and serene personality, with a vast knowledge that forms the backdrop of the smooth and adorable pages of our magazines.



Abhinav Bhaskar

Abhinav is sensitive, emotional, poetic and very good with expressing his thoughts via poetry. He has proved his mettle in the arena of Hindi poetry and an emerging celebrity in the same.





Abhishek Ayush

A jolly individual, Abhishek is furnished with wit and humor placed one over the other to make a strong personality.



Aditi

Much like her favorite character, Hermione Granger, Aditi too finds solace in books. For her, literature ushers in a sense of universality and belonging. She believes that writing can help combat mental health issues.



Dipansu Ruwatia

Dipansu is an energetic kid who hopes to achieve a lot in little time. He is punctual and laborious and feels strongly about poetry and its elements. He enjoys anchoring, too.



Devavrat Somvanshi

A chai-premi and a storyteller at heart, Devavrat is one of the best editors we have got. He is chivalrous and dedicated and is always ready to take the magazine onto the next level.

Moinak Bose

He can be mostly found immersed in storybooks, writing or painting. The intricacies of life thrill him the most, so Khaled Hosseini's "The Kite Runner" and Salman Rushdie's "Midnight's Children" intrigue him. Mind-boggling movies like "Shutter Island" and "The Zodiac" remains his all time favourite.



Ambar Bishun

A crafty digital marketing strategist, Ambar is helpful and funny. He can crack jokes even in the most depressing situations and believes that one day, he will write his way to glory.





Prakruti Rane Rout

A huge collector of everything meme-worthy and a brilliant writer and speaker, Prakruti possesses an enormous knowledge of both English and Odia literature. She is creative, skeptical and sardonic and all she needs is a cup of espresso to unleash her inner ink-monster.

Priti Dipa Jena

An author of many novels at Wattpad and a zealous reader, Priti always has a soft corner for Odisha and Odias in her heart. She strives to make her presence felt in every place that fights for the rights and freedom of women.



Richa Kumari

Expressive and sensible, literature impacts her immensely, empowering her and freeing her beyond the boundaries of mere consciousness. Avid and kind, Richa is a gem to us.



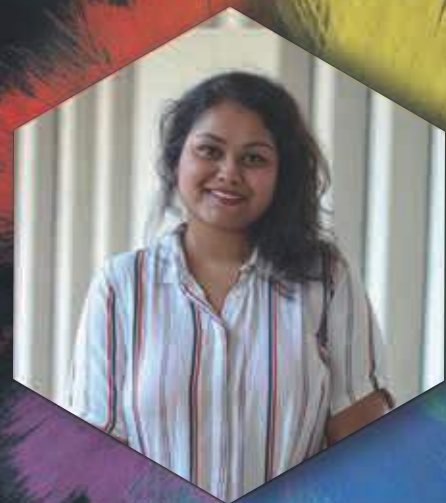


Shubham Mandal

A medico in love with words and a bit of a perfectionist, Shubham is a firm believer in staying young till he is too old to die young.

Swagata Ghosh

Swagata is a musicophile who is fervently trying to overcome her fears and reach greater heights. The stars and the moon are her constant companions. She wants to spread happiness and stay humble for the rest of her life.



Subhodeep Sinha

Subhodeep is a happy, tiny and positive human. Whenever free, he tries to expand his knowledge, across multiple platforms. He is often found with his laptop, building strategies in PC games.





Siddhartha Sinha

Siddhartha is an engineer turned photographer due to a naive confusion that love for super-cars and bikes have nothing to do with engineering.

Anik Datta

Anik believes that photography is his passion. Knowledge, emotion and hope springs out of him; he has the ability to bend the worst of the situations to the very best for growth and advancement.



Akshat Deepansh

A photographer by nature, Akshat has been trying his hand in portrait shots for some time. He plans on capturing his "Walk to Remember " and cherishing it "Always" as stories held in frames.

DECLARATION

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I, hereby, declare that the above statements are true to the best of my knowledge and belief. The authors reserve the sole responsibility for their contributions, and shall solely be held responsible in case any article is found to be plagiarized. The editorial board shall in no way be held responsible for any liability arising from any contribution in the magazine. In spite of our best and sincere efforts, we regret any kind of mistakes which might have crept it.





The Team Of
KIRTI 2020

ART OF GIVING



Giving education to the deprived is like giving sight to the blind. -Achyuta Samanta

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*I have seen rock bottom.
I have cried myself to sleep
I have wiped my own tears
I have faced my own fears
I wish not for a knight
But for a sword in the dark
I raise my voice I take the step
I conquer I cherish
I am Kirti*