

kritika

Annual University Students' Magazine





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of
"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.

KRITIKA 2020

ANNUAL UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' MAGAZINE





KALINGA INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL TECHNOLOGY (KIIT)

Deemed to be University U/S 3 of UGC Act, 1956



Dr. Achyuta Samanta (Founder, KIIT & KISS)

Across the world, people are facing situations and scenarios they've never encountered before. The COVID-19 pandemic is forcing us to make sudden, drastic shifts to keep ourselves and our communities healthy and safe. But even in these uncertain times, there are signs of optimism. People from all corners of the globe are carrying out selfless acts in these times of distress.

In these times, literature, writing and creativity provides a beacon of hope. Likewise, 'Kritika', the student led magazine is also an expression of creativity and freeing the inner voice which is the need of the hour. It brings sanity, hope and amidst the crusading tensions of pandemic.

I would like to congratulate the team 'Kritika' for bringing out this 9th edition, amidst the Covid-19 times with a wonderful collection of articles, poems, interview and art on various contemporary issues of relevance. Best wishes to the contributors who have expressed their thoughts in this issue.

All the best, God bless you!



KALINGA INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL TECHNOLOGY (KIIT)

Deemed to be University U/S 3 of UGC Act, 1956



Prof. Hrushikesh Mohanty (Vice-Chancellor, KIIT)

I am delighted to know that Kalinga Institute of Industrial Technology, Bhubaneswar is bringing out its Annual University Students' Magazine 'KRITIKA' for the year 2020.

Each is endowed with an urge to be creative that requires a means to nurture and the KIIT deemed to be University is alert to this need and caters its best to inspire the talents. KRITIKA, I find an expression of budding talents of the university. During this gloom hours due to the pandemic, our students have shown a great deal of resilience and urge to win over odds the mankind faces now. I'm sure the spirit of KIIT will take you all in a great length so you all bloom as beautiful as it could be.

I congratulate the editors for their hard work in bringing out this edition of the magazine. I also appreciate the writers for their literary contributions. Wishing 'KRITIKA-2020' all success.



KALINGA INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL TECHNOLOGY (KIIT)

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

Empowerment of students for their all round development through education is our cherished motto. Today education means much more than merely acquiring knowledge. It is acquisition of knowledge and skills, building character and improving employability of our young talent, the future talent.

"KRITIKA" the Annual Students' Magazine of KIIT exclusively meant for churning out the latent writing talent which bears immense potentiality of sharpening the communication skill as part of students over all personality development.

I congratulate all the contributors and the Editorial Board for bringing out such a beautiful magazine. Wishing you all the best



KALINGA INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL TECHNOLOGY (KIIT)

Deemed to be University U/S 3 of UGC Act, 1956



Dr. Jnyana Ranjan Mohanty (Registrar, KIIT)

I have great pleasure in conveying my best wishes to the Team for publishing Annual University Student's Magazine 'KRITIKA 2020'. I feel 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.

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.



KALINGA INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL TECHNOLOGY (KIIT)

Deemed to be University U/S 3 of UGC Act, 1956



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

Kritika 2020 is a mile stone that marks our growth, unfold our imaginations and gives life to our thoughts. It unleashes a broad spectrum of creative skills of students ranging from writing to editing, art work to photography and in designing the magazine. This issue of Kritika has great collections of articles, poems and interviews. I am sure you are going to love it.

I congratulate the entire editorial team of Kritika 2020 for their hard work and dedication that has resulted in the publication of this University Student's Magazine.

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KIIT NEWS



Achyuta Samanta ✓
@achyuta_samanta

Education is the third eye of a child. God has gifted two eyes to see and experience this beautiful world. But education opens the third eye to learn, know and grasp the world in true sense. 1/2

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"God is the same everywhere"



ENGLISH

SECTION



Leo Tolstoy

20 Years of Fight Club

Ritwik Das CSCE 3rd Year

"By the time you read this, if I go missing, don't come looking for me because by writing this, I am breaking the very first rule of Fight Club and might face consequences."

Tyler Durden with his badass dialogues and devilish charisma is perhaps the idol of the millennium. A person who saw the world very differently. Whose way of life was above others. Tyler wanted people to be free from Materialism. "Advertising has us chase cars and clothes, working jobs we hate so we can buy stuff we don't need."

He wanted us to realize that everyone in this world is equal. No one is entitled or special. "You are not a beautiful and unique snowflake. We are all the same decaying organic matter as everything else. We are all part of the same compost heap..."

But most importantly, Tyler taught us to value life and be free in all senses. His words still ring in my ears, "People do it every day, they talk to themselves. They see themselves as they'd like to be, they don't have the courage you have, to just run with it."

Even after 20 years of its release, this movie still remains relevant. A masterpiece created by David Fincher, Fight Club is the perfect metaphor for life. It gave us an insight on life, showed us that life should not be measured in possessions, "You are not your bank account. You are not the clothes you wear. You are not the contents of your wallet. You are not the car you drive", because sooner or later the things you own end up owning you.



Photograph Courtesy:
Raja Barik BDS 3rd Year

An Ode to Mother Earth

Snigdha Khanna IT 3rd Year

As the storm clouds gathered in the blue sky
And the sudden downpour made the sun shy,
I stood there smiling in the rain,
My nose pressed to the windowpane.

The summer had been long and scalding,
No wonder, Mother Earth was already balding.

Amidst a sunny pause in the welcome shower,
I stood beneath a sun-kissed bower;
And there beneath the aged green,
Her sunlit shadow calls to me—

"Dear one, with feet as many as four,
Come hither and let me tell you some more;
How I grew from under the ground,
A soft young sapling twisting around:

How I poked my head from out the soil,
How my dormant spirit gradually uncoiled
To spread my arms and roots out wide,
To caress the clouds and pause the tide.
To bring you manna from Heavens above,
And start the vicious food chain with love.

O one with a mind of your very own,
Take some time to observe and go slow;
Look about you and see what you leave behind,
As you wipe me off the sands of time.

I will nurture you with gentleness and selfless care,
All I ask you is do your little share."

Photograph Courtesy: Raja Barik BDS 2nd Year

A Eulogy

Swagata Chakraborty
2nd Year

Dear future me,

There were times of bliss, times of melancholy, times of victory and also times of failure. However, there was never any regret in life because all these aspects were needed to be felt in order to grow as a person.

Your soul was slaughtered and you were left devastated. However, you were reincarnated by those who loved you. You will always be a survivor. You were desolate and forlorn but there were also cherishable moments. You were an ambivert but always had few real people in your life to provide rapture and delectation. You never counted the number of your comrades but, you could always count on these people.

The day you read this again, be gratified for the new you and your old soul. You may have primed more for some people, but never expected anything in return because they were never your amigo. You were always individualistic. Feel elated that you have been a healer and never left scars behind your back.

You never believed in destiny and never feared demise. Be thrilled if you have set the seal on all your wishes and goals. If not, then just have faith and set your foot into it.

You savoured a realistic portrayal. You designed your own world and wrote your own destiny. That's what instilled the love of writing in you.

Everyone has a story, so had you.

You were a traveller. You travelled the world of classics, poetries, fantasy, thrillers and also the dystopian future.

You sure have foes who were once your cronies. You have been called names by the people of your own sex. You were and have always been a lover, a hater, a sister and above all, a daughter.

"The world is not always a wish granting factory". You have had many lessons in your life. You were loved unconditionally by the ones who taught you the values and morals of life. You have felt pain and transformed to what you are today, without caring about the people around.

You always wanted changes around and started with yourself. The star in your galaxy of amnesty is shining bright. Always love yourself and speak your heart out.

Always thine

Always mine

Always you

Photograph Courtesy: Swastipada Mandal BDS 2nd Year

Adam's Ale

Through scenic descriptions, our Anonymous writer poetically compares a river called Aqua to Adam's Ale and draws parallels between them both.

Sparkling under the sunlight, a brook of Aqua flows,
A spectacle, perhaps more eminent than the German Rose.
Rippling along her tide, she babbles every night,
A single symphony that does not need to collide.

She is the only scourge that can allure the flames,
Eliminating it as it hisses to its death.
She does fear, but nevertheless,
She leaps with faith, because she knows she is blessed.

Grace seems like just another word when you see her suffuse,
For delightful pink it would have been,
If not for this pleasant blue.
And no matter her sweetness, Aqua will adverse sometimes.
After all, She is Adam's Ale -
It is written in her eyes.



An Unfathomable Infinity

Sushri Jena from IT writes about how losing oneself and regaining their sanity is an endless process and that is exactly what life is composed of.

Blinded by the fabricated bling of love and solace
And through the muddled vision of perpetual sanity,
Did I lose the moon while counting the stars;
Or am I sustaining through the stars to get to the moon?
Did I burn myself to keep others warm,
Or did others light me up to get my warmth?
Does it take strength to plunge into emotions,
Or is it just my weakness oozing out and drenching me?
Nevertheless, when I see myself having enough to give,
To love again, to be vulnerable;
Even after being broken, with such ease,
Either I am God's favourite child, to be replenished by what I lose,
Or maybe I am too unfathomable and huge for the Heavens to consume.

Photograph Credit: Raja Barik BDS 3rd Year

Before The Evening Falls

Simran Arora BDS 2nd Year

Simran Arora of 2nd year, BDS, writes about seizing the simple pleasures out of the small moments in life.

Life is a merry-go-round,
With me on it
Holding the rails
Tight enough not to fall
I can feel the breeze,
And the chill from the windy trees,
Leaving me puzzled
From where the wind blows
Is it from the swaying trees?
The Sun is ready for its evening fall,
Disappearing in its cloak
But it is not dark yet,
So I can still have a walk.

Failure is not a block but stepping stone for success

Shashank Sinha CSE 1st Year

What is failure and why do we have to face it ?

Failure is a process in which a person is unable to perform a desired task within a specific time frame. The main reason of facing failure is not our lack of interest in that task but our lack of patience. Lack of perseverance is the biggest problem along with the obligation to do some work out of one's desire. For instance, parents often decide their children's career and many kids are unable to cope with this burden. The fear of failure ultimately leads to depression.

Depression in children is becoming very common nowadays. According to a survey, children below the age of 13 have the same mental pressure that people with acute depression had in 1950. The suicide rate in children is more than India's GDP which is 7.1% and increasing thereon.

One must know that many great personalities once failed, but it was their perseverance which led them to greater heights in life. Mark Zuckerberg, a college dropout, founded the biggest social networking site, Facebook.

Bill Gates is another example. Few know that despite belonging to a financially sound family, Gates never took their help and after his first company left him bankrupt, he bounced back to open Microsoft .He has been declared as the richest person of the world several times. As H.Ross Perot said, "Most people give up when they are about to achieve success. They quit on the yard line. They give up at the last minute of the game , one foot from winning touchdown." So, the moral of the story is to never give up!

Flame's Soul

-An Anonymous writer muses about the beauty of a burning flame and the turmoil it carries within.

Time burns the darkness by lighting things ablaze,
With the fire that reflects on the darkest of the things to glaze,
Sizzling by nature, the harmonies collide,
The melody you search for has always been in your eyes.

It is white, it is crimson and scarlet in disguise,
Like all the beautiful colours that we have kept inside.
Thus unable to breathe, the flame starts to fade away,
Leaving the soul shattered aloof with no words left to say.

You cannot see the light sputtering inside,
But can just have a touch of your own holy light.





He is Happy With Me!

Sandalee Shrivastav IT 1st Year

Happy he was when you said you have me,
So eager I was,
To call him daddy.

Scheduling an appointment with your doctor.
To know my gender,
I wished to be a boy.

Only then would you not have murdered
But loved the foetus!
How can love for your own blood and flesh
Be this callous?

Like a bolt out of the blue it came,
When he proved me wrong,
Words seemed to fail me,
All I could say was,
I love you so much, my daddy!

Going Places

Swagata Chakraborty

I have been through places
Where no light proclaims
And only darkness prevails.

I have travelled places
Where knives of injustice made scars
And justice turned a blind eye.

I have been through places
Where no knight nor any healer could ever heal me
Because my soul was bleak and abducted by melancholy.

I have travelled places,
Where I lost faith in everything around
Since all my enemies were once my friends.

I have been through places
Where I questioned my existence, lost my door to bliss
And made my woeful way towards the inferno of egotism.

I have travelled places,
When my frame was mauled!
But the child was too innocent to determine the wrong.

I have been through places
Where I was brought back alive by the people who cared.

I have travelled places
When I realised I had splendid memories
Which had to be prolonged till death does me apart!

I have been through places
When I realised the harsh reality
Of the selfish, cruel and yet so beautiful world,
And terminate the dark night of my soul
Let go of my timid, funky self
And retrieve me from me.

**Photograph Courtesy:
Anurag Singh MBBS 2014 Batch**

If I...

Bhavini Kumar ETC, 3rd year

If I shout,
Will you listen to me,
Over the voices of
Clergies and preachers?

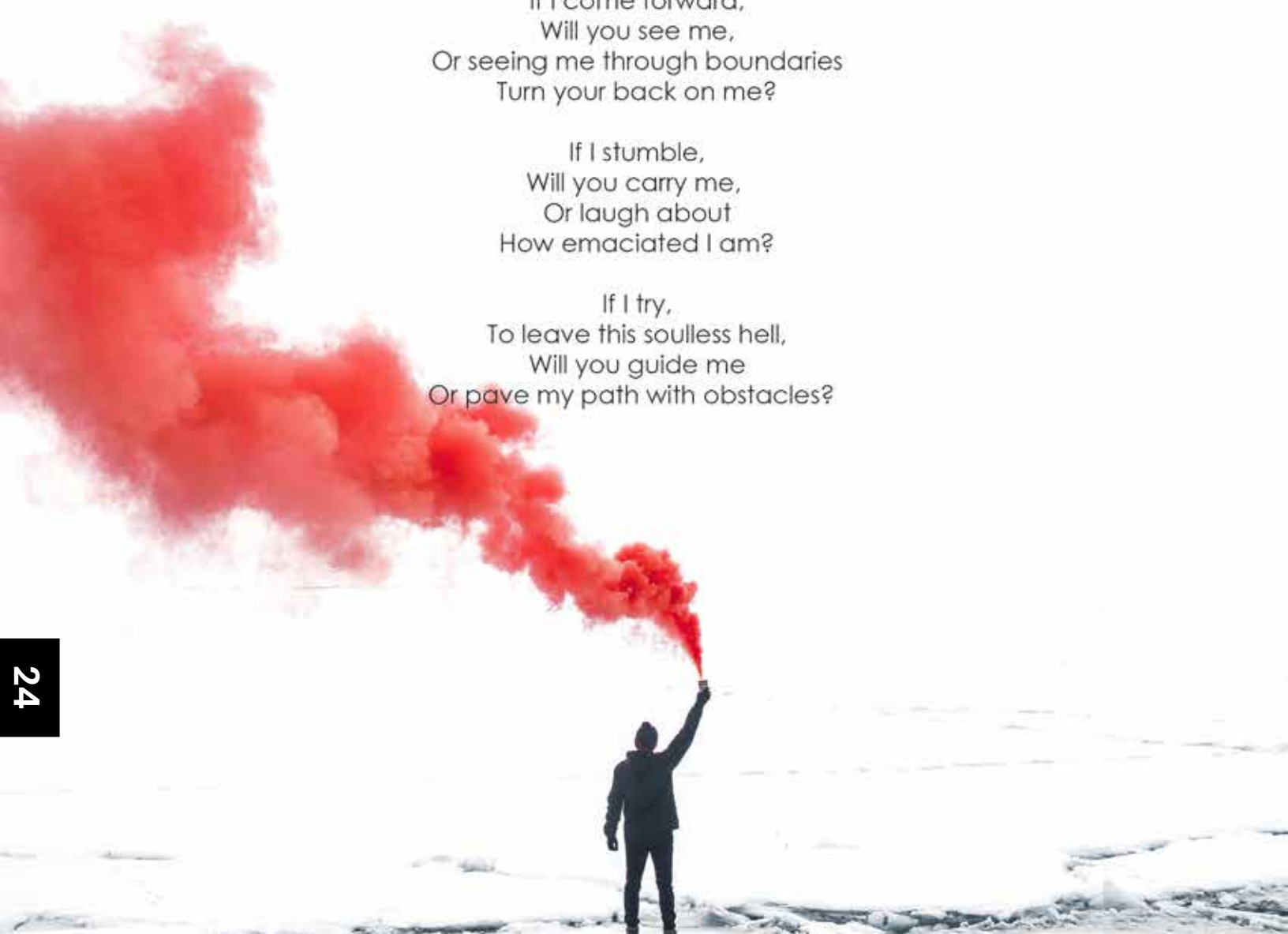
If I cry,
Will you wipe my tears,
Or will my cries be silenced
By the marching of the soldiers?

If I talk ,
Will you hear me,
Over the speeches and debates
Of the bureaucrats?

If I come forward,
Will you see me,
Or seeing me through boundaries
Turn your back on me?

If I stumble,
Will you carry me,
Or laugh about
How emaciated I am?

If I try,
To leave this soulless hell,
Will you guide me
Or pave my path with obstacles?



Broken Tracks

Aashi Singh M.B.B.S. 7th Semester

Is it just me or the world is in turmoil?

What's left unpolluted, the air, water or soil?

A building burnt somewhere and the world came up with donations

While terror and mass murders continue and rattle no nations?

An elite group of elected people handles the global economy

While the poor can't get their daily meals and suffer from agony?

Where are we heading? What's our destination?

It's like we're on a train with broken tracks and no final station.

We all tune into news channels in cyclones, quakes, and floods

But then we tend to ignore when a white coat turns red with blood?

Ain't it hypocrisy on our side? Is our empathy so selective?

Neither this poem nor any article will ever be effective.

'Cause what can be said to beings without souls?

'Till we don't care about each other, we will never be whole.



Ideal Girl

Swagata Chakraborty



Photograph Credit:
Subhasmita Rout
Bio-Tech

A girl who is all-natural,
Not showy and wears makeup!
A girl who is decent,
Not sexy and flashy!
A girl who is reticent,
Not who speaks her mind!
A girl who abides by the society,
Not independent at all!
A girl who is introvert,
Not someone flirty!
A girl who has many peers,
No male friends at all!
A girl who is conservative,
Not in spiffy so-called slutty outfits!
A girl who is a virgin,
Not someone whose hymen had split!
A girl is a human,
Not a pet toy to be picked and played!
A girl is a lover and a hater,
Not an artefact designed by ancestors!
A girl is blessed with hormones,
Not a taboo that upshots sex drive!
A girl can be with many guys,
Not someone who has slept with guys!
A girl can be in makeup, or be natural,
Not be fake, because she is still herself!
A girl can be cute and sexy,
Not to woo, but for self-satisfaction!
A girl may lose her virginity,
Not a whore but out of love for someone special!
A girl can have short hairs and
be, masculine or tomboyish,
But she is still a "she"!
A girl may be apologetic and irritating,
But have the audacity to love them all!
A girl may suppress her feelings,
But can still cry on her mother's lap!
A girl may have disparate girls as allies,
But her foes were once her cronies!
A girl is none's but her own ideal type,
Since she is special and one of a kind!

What The Winter Takes Away

Simran Arora BDS 2nd Year

Simran Arora of 2nd year, BDS writes about what happens when winter comes to an end, and how Nature spends the rest of the year waiting in anticipation for the same.

Gone with the winter
Are the leaves of the trees,
The birds of the cities
Along with them they took
The chill of the breeze.
What is left behind intact
Is the mighty Sun,
Each dusk after the twilight,
Recites in later June,
Winter will be back soon.



In Pursuit of Freedom

Oindrila Ghosh EEE

It was probably the dullest day in the jovial city of Kashmir. The sky was breaking down. It was as though the sky was screaming out its pain as ferocious lightning and deafening thunder. And in the end, when the world failed to hear the agony, it is pouring down its frustration as million drops of rain just like the humans beneath it. So was the life of fifteen year old Siri. Just like the sky above, her little world was falling apart too. The world outside was totally oblivious to it.

Siri was a fifteen year old girl. She belonged to the traditional Pathan family of Srinagar.

A family which took pride in suppressing women and keeping their lives under the clutches of male patriarchy. It was so fierce that when Siri's mother Syeda bibi confessed her wish of not conceiving at the time when her main priority was to start up a small clothing business, she was beaten up by her husband. She was thrashed and scratched until her soul screamed out in despair and her blood swollen lips uttered the words "I will conceive". That was not the end. Almost five months later when Syeda bibi was taken to a local gynaecologist, the doctor diagnosed her to be four months pregnant. And then the doctor uttered the most ominous three words "It's a baby girl". Silence. She knew that the child will not be a witness to the breaking dawn.

Inhuman torture continued. Days and nights passed, without being offered any food or water. She was beaten with a stick as though she was some soiled carpet which was needed to get rid of the dust just as she needed of her will power. In the end, even the stick bowed down to her strength and shattered itself into pieces the last time it touched her body.

Syeda Bibi was a revolution by herself. None of the torture could kill either her will power or her unborn daughter. On the 240th day she succeeded in bringing her little life into this world. The first cry of her daughter was the last thing that she heard before closing her eyes to eternity.

Revolution gave birth to another revolution.

Fifteen long years passed by. Siri was never sent to school nor was she allowed access to anything that would free her from their malicious clutches.

She was kept as a helping hand in the metal factory where her father worked as a labour. She had to do all the odd jobs starting from cutting metals to even melting them with bare hands. She was denied even the basic necessities that was required. Her innocent hands had nothing but burns and blisters.

It was as if she had accepted torture as a way of life. Fifteen long years passed by, yet nothing changed apart from the fact that Siri had now reached the ripe age of puberty. As per the society, it was the time to give her away.

That gloomy day when she returned from the factory all covered with thick smokey charcoal she received the most dreadful news ever. She was being so called "married to a man". A man who was not just double her age but a beast in flesh and blood. Siri was getting married to 'it'.

She had no choice of denial. Cause 'her' every denial will have a consequence. A consequence, brutal enough to leave a scar in the memory of a lifetime.

But as I said earlier, revolution ran in her 'blood'. She would not give in to the societal norms.

Fifteen years ago, just as her mother had uttered the most ominous words, Siri did just the same.

At the dinner table, amidst silence Siri spoke out - "Abba, I don't want to get married. I am not ready yet".

His fists clenched, his jaws tightened up. "Dare to repeat it once again".

"I will not marr-". Words left unfinished, her father thrashed her right across her face with the mightiest of strengths. Her tired body crashed onto the floor. For a moment the world seemed dark to her. Helplessness grasped.

Putting an end to her young life seemed the only way out of this misery. But wait a second, was it to see her little daughter give in to life in this way, that Syeda Bibi gave birth to her bearing all the pain? Was it to see her daughter lying motionless that she nourished her for nine long months in spite of the inhuman torture?

If Siri did not fight for her rights then who will?

Days and nights followed, Siri was kept locked up in the attic. The same attic where she laid every summer night, staring out of the window and counting stars, that same attic had become a prison, a dark dungeon where the only source of warmth was the fire burning in the fireplace.

Nevertheless, this place in a few days would gulp her down if she didn't make a move. Make a move? Well even that seemed far off. She was fed the leftover food that the family ate. Her hands and feet tied up in chains. Her mind being the only part of her that was left free. Left free to wander what had she done wrong to deserve the treatment of an animal. If not worse. She was literally reduced to a skeleton, her skin pale as paper, only the blood in her green veins appeared as narrow lanes that would guide her to freedom.

One night, while staring at the blank dark ceiling, it was as though she was having a flashback of her life in front of her eyes. Time flowing back to when life seemed to be a little better, her childhood days. She saw the days when she worked in the factory where in between those hours she would steal a moment and glance at the snow capped mountains of Kashmir. She would get immersed in its beauty. As if she could see her eternity across the horizon.

Tears rolled down her cheeks and dropped on her palm that rested beneath her head. Something itched in her palm. When she rose up to see what it was, she noticed it to be one of those blisters that resulted from heating those iron pieces bare hand. Remember when I mentioned earlier about her heating those iron chunks with bare hands? Yes, this very thought clicked something within her. Her eyes shone.

She is the same girl who bare handed heated and melted one of the hardest materials on earth and today that same girl is chained up by it?

The iron chain should not have the audacity to take Siri in its captivity. She rose to her feet with great effort, dragged herself to the fireplace. Her eyes stuck to the burning flames. Her eyeballs replicated the flames of the fire in it.

She knew what she had to do. Without any further delay, she thrust the loose end of the chain in the fire. She knew what amount of high temperature was needed to burn it down. It was clear to her that escape was not going to happen overnight. Immense patience was required. And needless to mention, she needed to be very cautious of her every step. One mistake and she'll be ripped off her life.

Every night just after she was offered the regular leftover food, she was left alone. It was at that time of the night when she went on making her move. Every night she did the same with the tied up chain. Yes her plan was to melt down her chain of captivity. She was determined to the extent that even the blaze of the flame that hurt her eyes couldn't make her blink. Such was the fire in her eyes.

Day after day passed by. The same thing continued. Even some parts of her hand had got burnt while putting the chain but that could in no way deter her from her goal.

After thirty two toilsome days, finally the night arrived. It was raining cats and dogs, thunder and lightning came down heavily.

She was busy with her daily escapade, when suddenly she heard a cracking sound. She turned her gaze towards her hands. The iron chain had succumbed to her, not being able to resist her strong will. It lay broken on the floor.

Well, this is it. Nothing could stop her now. Time has tested her to the zenith of patience and endurance. Now it was her time.

Without any further delay, she stealthily moved towards the door. Meanwhile something struck her. She could not escape with her present identity. She dare not do so. She remembered playing with her mother's burkha when she was a kid. And that she kept it hidden in the old cupboard in that very attic. The only way to hide her being was behind that veil. She rushed to the almirah and within a few minutes search her hands laid on her mother's burkha. Next she moved towards the door and grabbed the knob with trembling hands and turned it open. The house was eerily quiet in the middle of the night. She groped her way in the darkness and slowly began to climb down the stairs.

When she crossed her father's room, the door was shut. But there was something that sent a chill down her spine. Suddenly light peeped out of the fine line underneath the door, which meant that her father had just switched on the lamp.

Her father was awake.

Everything would come to an end if this ends badly. Her father would bury her alive if he came across this.

She stood there frozen for a while.

Her trance was broken when the clock struck one.

It dawned on her that she needed to hurry. Without a second thought, she ran down the stairs, across the seating area and finally reaching the exit. Slowly turning on the latch she at last opened the door.

A gush of cold fresh air touched her face. The air had a fragrance of freedom in it. At least she could smell it.

She, burkha in her hand jumped into the darkness of the night. She could not see anything it was pitch dark. There was never a moment when she stopped. She kept running as fast as her worn out body could carry her. Her bare feet touching the cold dew drops on the grass of the meadow.

She started panting, her eye sight grew dim. Her body was giving way.

The last thing she remembered was a faint speck of light. Losing control she bumped onto something. It was a railway track. She was standing in the middle of a railway station which was invisible because of the dark.

She breathed out a sigh of relief because she was far, far away from home.

She quickly put on the burkha and seated herself on a nearby edge which she groped. As soon as she sat down, her body gave way. She fainted.

Slowly dawn crept in. It was light again.

She woke up to the cold breeze that caressed her face. Her eyes glanced across the horizon.

She had finally escaped from hell. The veil that covered her, covered her identity of who she was. She was no longer the adolescent Siri but an individual being. A being who would take pride in its existence. She felt an aura of divinity all around her. She broke through the barriers. Yet she did not know what followed next. She plunged into a venture in pursuit of freedom. But one thing was for sure, she would board a train that would take her to the farthest land across the horizon. She would start a new life, a new beginning. A beginning where there will be no touch of patriarchal dominance. A life full of freedom. Yet the life is anonymous, oblivious. She didn't know what the future holds for her. She just knew one thing that her palms would no longer have burns and blisters but shining rays of hope.

Her life was a revolution. A story of an ordinary human being breaking through the clutches of violence and intolerance.

Siri and her mother had left a legacy, that the future generation would take pride in. Young children hearing superhero stories would no longer believe in those fictional heroes wearing a superhero cape. Because they will know that not all superheroes come in a costume, some heroes wear 'sarees', some wear 'burkhas'.

A man's profile is shown in silhouette on the left side of the page, looking towards the right. The background is a soft, warm glow from a sunset or sunrise, with the sun partially visible as a bright orb behind a hazy horizon. The overall mood is contemplative and serene.

Man of Steel?

Swagata Chakraborty

We can bully men,
We can hit men,
We can brawl men,
We also complain of injustice
Not on men, but women.
A man needs to be strong,
A man should never cry,
A man should bleed for his beloved,
A man should be well inveterate,
A man should fight alone!
A man should respect every woman,
But is every woman worthy of his respect?
A man may be bruised,
But shouldn't cry and express pain.
A man should fight,
But alone.
Voices for feminism are roaring,
But what about injustice against men?
Where is feminism for equality?
Women can't exist without men!
Women conceive and feed a baby,
Whose gender is decided by the man!
A man should remember a girl is someone else's daughter,
But we forget a man is also someone's son!
Nature made our genes in every soul to carry equality,
For we carry half of a mother and a father!
Being a feminist means fighting against vile,
And not promote sadism!
A mother upskills righteousness,
But it's the father who disciplines his child to survive!

My Feminism

Sanskriti Singh, 1st year

Have you ever met my feminism?
Whenever I tell people, "Please don't call me a chick",
I get, "You are not one of those feminist types, are you?"
And I simply say: No. I am not like any kind of feminist you have ever met.
And chick? That is a yellow, baby bird. I am not yellow.
I am the colour of the girl in those 'Fair & Lovely' advertisements before she gets the boy, the job, the life.
My feminism knows appearances matter but that is because she feels fabulous in every colour.
My feminism loves the mirror, vanity is her superpower.
She wears sarees, little black dresses, silver brogues, stars
in her hair, knuckle -dusters and even a diamond solitaire.
She will fight every time you paste a label on her,
And the labels will peel off, the ink will wash off.
My feminism is a flirt, my feminism says "Hello boys",
My feminism actually likes men, of course, they are mostly useless at expressing,
But it is not their fault.
They are just victims of the same system she thrives in.
My feminism has best friends, boyfriends and a best man at her wedding.

But my feminism is not hard
She cries, she cries when rape happens,
She aches in a world that values control over consent.
She shatters over every unheard NO
Against gender, relationship status, sexuality regardless.
She breaks when she sees broken children.
Under-age is a crime, not a sin,
My feminism owns her body and her choices and she does not believe
in slut-shaming or fat-shaming or any kind of shaming,
Because she is shameless, blameless, but not NAMELESS.
So don't call me a chick
Don't call me a lover
Don't call me a girlfriend
Don't call me mother earth or goddess
Call me by the name which I own.
And please let's stop mopping about our weight and saying things like
"Real women have curves"
NO,
"Real women have self-esteem".
My feminism is a cat,
Tigress, wild cat, alley cat, puma, meow.
And guess how often my pretty, funny, flirty feminism lands on her own two feet?
ALWAYS!
I AM AN INDIVIDUAL AND MY FEMINISM?
SHE IS SOMEONE YOU HAVEN'T MET BEFORE !!!



Portrait of a Lady

Sushree Priya BDS 3rd Year

Picked up and dragged through the air of violent twilight,
Crashlanding in a world of pain;
Growing up learning, she told herself,
Red lipstick and yellow dress are not all that she needs to gain.
She doesn't prowl thirty stories and six malls to find the right cocktail dress;
She just runs into the crowd to find fulfilment and wear joy.
She's not a kid, stop giving gifts;
You can't buy her with things.
She doesn't spend hours on the phone simply chatting away;
She needs five minutes for her hair every day.

She's one of those India's hundred shades,
She has a heart that breaks and eyes that speak.
You can't tell her to be silent, she isn't bound,
She has a voice and opinion, you can't mute her sound.
She doesn't run after every guy who comes across;
She's bad at ego, she's not always like a boss.
It's not about the curves and cleavage,
It's about the open hairs revealing, they are not under control always.
She can fly, she can sing, she can dance,
All she needs is a chance.

Starting from Draupadi Vastraharan to Nirbhaya, nothing's new;
Yet, the men she can trust here is only a few.
You don't own her, she is not a doll here,
Stop calling baby, sweetie, honey or dear.
Harassment- a ten letter word runs beneath her veins,
This is where she shrinks herself down again.
She isn't the rose with thorns, waiting for everyone's Love to shower;
She's the valiant sunflower, standing against the sun's heat with all her power.
She's a streak of neon pink in seas of royal blue.
She's phenomenal and yes, it's true!!



Nostalgia

Samarendra

"Sonu Beta? Done with packing yet? We are getting late Beta!"

"Yes Mama!", Bindu shouted, "PACKING!". His voice impatient with frustration. "She knows I still have a lot of things to pack, yet she asks every five minutes, as if it will make me pack faster," he thought.

"Okay! Let's start with the books," he began. 'This one's the HPCA book, this is for DAA, I will be needing both for my GATE preparations. What's this other one? DEC? Might as well keep it in the pile.'" Bindu continued to arrange his selection of books inside the suitcase. However, the Computer Architecture book made him pause a bit.

He recalled that day: Mishra had been sitting on one of the front rows with his phone hanging out of his pocket. A perfect opportunity to grab that phone! Bindu always loved these pranks. Starting from making calls to friends with the voice of a girl to sending them exciting offers over messages (a home theater prank on Subham being the golden one among them), he never left any opening to do a prank. This time, however, it went a bit too far. The Dean standing outside caught Bindu holding the phone. He thought Bindu was simply using the phone in class and seized it. But it was not his phone that he was holding.

Bindu laughed being reminded of that. They had to go through a lot of shenanigans to get that phone back. The adventure ended with a laugh when Saurav grabbed Mishra by his shoulders, turned him to the nearest CCTV camera and told, "You have been pranked! Look

into the camera!"

'Focus,' he murmured to himself while giving slow slaps to his cheeks, 'Lots of packing to do! Okay, what next?' He went for the notebooks. As he began to sort them, his attention was held by two notebook. They were the Mechanics assignments belonging to two of his friends. 'Sailesh Dwivedy' and 'Siddhartha Mohapatra' the notebooks read. 'Hah! They still haven't asked for it yet'. Granted Mechanics was in first year. He remembered the time: bunking classes and sneaking off to the canteen to eat, discussing how Saurav and him would be asked what they had eaten rather than studied in campus interviews as both of them were the skinniest kids in class, and then running back to class after getting a message that one idiot decided to attend the class even after all the discussion in the class Whatsapp group. A big smile came to his face. 'Oh, good old days!'

He got placed in the campus recruitment drive. The training location was in Bangalore, and if he got a job there then he would have to continue in that city. These college days were coming to an end for him.

He always wished these days to stay as they were. Going to classes daily, occupying the first two rows in class. These weren't cliched stories of some backbenchers. All of his friends were great in their respective fields and were one of the striking features of the class. The group was filled with intellectual jokes that only the core members of the group understood. There was a sense of coolness that was always apparent in his group, or

at least that's what he thought. But he began to face the reality in his sixth semester. Fewer and fewer people were attending classes those days. He soon realized these beautiful times also age like humans. They were born on the day of Freshers' Party, and eventually, they will die one day.

He continued to check his shelf. It contained a collection of his drawings. He began drawing when he was eight. He was fairly good at it. When he was in high school he used to draw his favourite superheroes. Later he converted from drawing cartoons to drawing portraits. The YouTube tutorials on shading with pencil had helped him a lot. But then the worry for placements, projects in the final year had killed that little eight-year-old artist in him.

He sat down on the floor. He was not able to continue with the packing. Every shelf was hitting him with a harder dose of Nostalgia. The memories of his college days ran in front of his eyes. Those bunked classes, those movie plans, the birthday treats, attending singing shows of his friend. 'Why?' he asked himself, his voice choking, 'Why do these things have to stop?' If this is how things progress naturally then why did all of it feel so... wrong?

"I don't know what I will do with this kid. It should not take this long! Probably he is checking his phone or just being lazy," his mother exclaimed, exasperated. "Can you go and ask him to hurry up? He never listens to me these days."

"Give him time," his father said tenderly. He had anticipated something like this happening. "It is his moment to come to terms with his feelings. Besides, we still have two hours left. Don't worry. We won't be late for the flight."

Bindu took a deep breath and stood up. His eyes caught the glance of the speaker on his table. It was given to him by his friends on his last birthday. It was unbelievable how in only four years these friends of his had become family. The memories with them, which always ended with a promise, that no matter what happened, they would always keep these bonds strong and unshakable.

"That's it, I guess. You don't try to change the inevitable. Rather you adapt to the situation and continue to strengthen these bonds."

"Sonu! Are you done yet?" It was his mother again.

"Yes, Mama!" Sonu said while placing the pencil set and drawing book in the suitcase. "Packing is done. I am coming." He said while closing the zip.



Photograph Courtesy:
Subhasmita Rout, Biotech

These Glitches

Indivar Mishra

These glitches,
From itches,
Pinching at those old stitches,
Through wires that fire the tyres for genocide,
This is not to be a logical homicide,
It is dwelled well in, feels like emotional suicide,
Bringing thy sword filled with sorrow,
As a reward for the narrow,
From the world that you borrow,
By the horror of the sparrow,
Pride that ride with your witty freedom,
Pity on such psychotic symptoms,
Somewhere in that nowhere,
Seeking the wisdom lost inside your lair.



Some Questions Unanswered

Goonja Bhattacharya, 7th Semester, MBBS

Why is it that I always wear my heart on my sleeves?
Why is it that my heart stings whenever I get my hopes too high?
 Why is it that I cannot let you go?
Why is it that every time my heart beats, it reminds me of you?
 Why is it that I look for you in every crowded room?
 Why is it that I seek for your warmth in every stranger's hug?
 Why is it that it has to be painful whenever I remember you?
Why is it that I cannot get a good night's sleep without you haunting my dreams?
Why is it that when I think of you, my eyes water and the scar in my heart reopen?

Was it too hard for you to say goodbye?
Or was it too easy for you to break my heart?
 Did I come on too strong?
 Or did I let you be unwanted in my life?
 Were you the love of my life?
 Or just another phase to go by?
 Were you meant to be?
 Or just a lesson to be taught?



Stories of the Dark

Maimuna Islam

Maimuna Islam of 2nd year writes about how darkness, which instills fear in most of us, comes with a story of its own.

Darkness is a form of light,
That enables us to see through
Those deep holes
With no ends.

Darkness is a calibrate,
Deep within everyone
Which keeps beckoning to us,
To become the light.

Darkness is a prophecy,
That takes us through the woods,
With bloodshed;
To make us,
Men of Steel.

Darkness is that disposable piece of soul
That can engulf
Our apparent humanity.
Leaving us all without an honest role.

Darkness is the path,
Of thorns in this world of red roses,
Of pungent smells in a world of fragrance,
Of coal in the world of diamonds,
Of scars in a world of smoothness,
Of betrayal in the world of false harmony,
Of poor in a world of rich,
Of love in a world of money,
Of truth in a world of lies,
Of white in a world of grey
And of death in the course of life.

Photograph Courtesy:
Bibhu, MBBS, 2nd Year

Pretend?

Sandalee Shrivastav IT 1st Year

For all those you took the happy girl for granted,
Taking all the love you want,
Bestow some upon her,
Suffice it would be,
Because she doesn't know when it will be her last.

Looking into her eyes,
Unmask the truth behind all her lies,
She wants to tell you,
But she fears.
Even then you couldn't see,
The blankness and tears left un-shed.

Couldn't you see what she has hidden,
Keeping herself numb and secluded?
Couldn't you all see the pain behind the fake smiles,
Scars created but all beautifully veiled?

It means she's spectacular,
When it comes to pretend.
Can't you just hold on and stay there
So she could feel how forever feels like?

Love and trust are gone...
Little voices in her head
Won't just be quiet.
Listen to her silent cry before they're all dead,
Don't cost her, her life and help her out...





Time

The time went away
and I was waiting for you,
Everyone was just moving on
For me the world was you.

I then realized the stars
Which I saw was just a mirage
In deserts and you'll
Never come back.

The moon that showed me light
had brought a life without heart,
The night I wished I was nothing without you
Was a bad dream forgotten by you.

Photograph Courtesy:
Anurag Singh
MBBS, 2014 Batch

To Exist

Maimuna Islam, 2nd Year.

The breath of this air
Looms over our shadows,
In a dark twirl of unfolding mess,
A befuddled new version of a universe
Created by man,
In which our existence is hard!
They cut our shelter.
They burn our livelihood.
And get away with it
Just because we can't broadcast
But we live!
We have lived
Much earlier than them
Ages before.
Their Adam came much later
When we lived in the arms of our Mother Nature.
We lived much happily,
In our regions
In those green trees, caves, savannas,
As a family,
Maybe killing a little, snapping at each other
But we lived.
That is how we live, even today
Because that is how
We were taught to exist.

Two Religions

Arnab Kumar Das

What is the difference between death and life?

A traveller told,

"Life is a colourful bliss, where death is an ominous wave
of shattering Dreams and the terrors of breaking souls"

Then why not fear the life itself.

Maybe then death would be a black canvas
where the only way to write is through blood.

Understanding Things Early

Ankit Kumar Shah, Mechanical, 3rd year

Once four friends went to a bar, three of them were alcoholics but the fourth one was not. It was his first time to a bar, before that he was happy in his hostel room or wandering in the college park and campus area. He was mesmerized by the beauty and decoration of the bar. He had seen such things only in movies.

They sat on a table for four, in a cabin-type room which most bars have. The beers and various other alcoholic drinks were ordered and for the fourth guy a glass of 'Virgin Mojito'. They started drinking and singing to the beats of the songs playing in the theatre of the bar. But the fourth boy, let's call him Harsh, was feeling awkward amid three alcoholic friends. He pretended to be happy nonetheless.

Every few minutes, three of them went for a smoke in the smoking-room and Harsh was alone on the table for a while. Two hours in the bar had already passed but he was drinking that one mojito all along. It was not that he did not like the taste of that drink but he was concerned with the high prices the bar offered written on the menu. Wait, that was not the issue. One of his friends had promised that he would pay his bill. But his self-respect and respect for others' money restricted him from spending recklessly.

Few girls at the nearby table who were high on alcohol joined them and the small party turned into a big one with everyone enjoying their beer or wine. But Harsh was not one of them. Yes, he did want to taste a bit of alcohol, considering it as his first and last time, and enjoy the moment. It was his conscience that kept him on the back foot and reminded him of the hard work put in by his parents to shape him into a good person. He left the bar leaving his friends and those girls.

On the way back to his hostel he was unsure whether he did the right thing or not. However, he felt good about the bold decision he had made and come out of that illusion. But he also believed that going to a bar or a club was not wrong but wearing a mask of falsehood and trying to enjoy with only distress in the heart does not lead you anywhere. Things should be kept real and within relevant limits in such places and anywhere else.

Photograph Courtesy: Raja Barik, BDS, 3rd Year



Undying Nightmares

Swagata Chakraborty

The memories of childhood
Are comprised of innocence,
Filled with delectation
But thronged with remorse,
And bleak, melancholic echo
The touch that was felt
Was filled with sore,
What every girl fancies
Was burdened with shame,
The fantasies which every girl dreamt of,
Were engraved with fear and grudges on me,
The months he spent in the womb,
Augmenting from cells to a human
The aid of a woman he needed,
Feeding through the placenta
Transforming into a soul,
Did he forget, he was part of a woman?
Burdened with remorse and terror,
Unable to determine the vile,
Childhood bliss was shattered!
That phase of paradise,
Became an inferno of hellfire
Death was never a fear
For it was far worse than demise!
Years have passed,
Still haunted by those undying nightmares!



Photograph Courtesy: Swastipada Mandal BDS 2nd Year

Tom's Crew

Fresh was in the air when the Foxtrot ventured off. The bizarre name might confuse many. The Foxtrot is actually a launch, a launch headed by the one captain Thomas Charles Stevenson. It was a shipping boat sailing the waters of the enormous sea, every morning, catching fish. The only major source of income of the people in the village. It was a small one, the village. A fishing village. And each morning the men travelled into the colossal ocean in search of their luck. Well, that was the toughest time of the year. The fishing sites would deplete and the vessels would have to sail further into the ocean, dodging the marauder waves that would lash against the hulls and threaten the wee crafts to topple. The sky would remain cloudy all day long. The winds would howl through the shore, strong enough to knock one off his feet. If it were a city, or even a town, the shipping business would come to a halt for the time being. But if the villagers don't fish, they don't eat. The life in the village is not easy. There is always this challenge of fishing in the sea. Then the fish would have to be taken far inland to the nearest town to sell. The little money that was earned would have to be divided among the whole crew. It was never enough. Well, our story bothers neither the fishing nor the village lifestyle. It revolves around the immense water-body and this small vessel floating on its waves.

The Foxtrot wasn't that old a vessel. Though the toil at the ocean had left its mark. A few rusty spots, a semi-jammed radar, and a grumpy boiler. It was of a middling stature among its breed. It would often reek of the fish it caught, but the captain's strong orders would compel the crew to keep the stench away. If one would ever board the Foxtrot, he would encounter an ever occupied crew. Everybody manning their own posts. Despite the engaging attitude of every man, the atmosphere was ever so jolly. Every man saw to that. Sea shanties, sung in broken voices. Frequent jokes, coming out of nowhere. The only man who would not partake in this leisure

was the captain. He seldom talked. He seldom came out of his chamber. His face donned an ever grave utterance. Though a man might think otherwise, those who knew him would say, Mr. Stevenson was good at heart. Another distinguished feature his face had, was a giant moustache. But he didn't seem to be too affectionate towards it, as it remained quite messy. He wore a sailor's hat at all times. That might have fetched him the name of Captain Hats, but no one ever noticed a hat to be something to name after. Well, almost everybody in a fishing village wears a hat incessantly. So, Tom, he was called. And, we, Tom's crew.

The waves rose higher than usual. But the bright sun upon our heads helped us to look past them. At least we are not threatened by the leaden clouds. I was by the netting post undoing the net, when someone called, "Fish captain!". We all pondered over the rails. A shoal! I hastened. The launch was brought to a halt. The hum of the engine was lulled. Noise, that of the waves dampened the sailors' calls. I saw no seagulls. We were far away from land. At least five miles into the blue.

"Boy, its the boiler. Something's wrong 'bout it," said someone.

I knew I was summoned. I didn't have much knowledge about machines, but it far exceeded those at hand there. I left the fishing nets and climbed down the stairs into the boiler room. It was a nasty place to be. I didn't hate the sea neither did I hate this boat, carrying us. I hated the heart of the vessel. The boiler room. The temperature was always quite high in there and the compact, dark and smelly place could make anyone suffocate. One would have to leave any warm clothes outside, as it posed the threat of fainting.

A dim light added to the ambience of the gloomy atmosphere. I made my way through the jungle of metal pipes and reached the main boiler. A steam pipe was punctured. Beyond my skills. I walked out and went to inform Old Marvin. Old Marvin was second in command. Well, he

was not officially so, but being aware of his age everyone went to him if he couldn't find the captain. "Boiler's broken. We need to go back."

He was sitting near the anchor chain. His age had a drastic effect on his face but had made him wise.

"Ya I'll talk to him," he said. He found a man and asked him to deliver the message.

"The captain looked remarkably angry today," I joked. "He is always angry, lad," he answered. "Why so?" He looked away and sighed. I could feel he was to reveal something about the man I knew so little of.

"The past, lad. The past had changed Tommy. He was a good, happy kid. A revolting one, full of life. His father was a captain to...."

"Of the Foxtrot?" I interrupted.

"No another ship. Tommy was quite young and never wanted to join his father in the family business. His father was a proud man, and like any other father in the village, he too wanted his son to follow in his footsteps. This enfeebled their relation. Having little choice Tommy joined the crew. It was a winter month when the ship went out at sea. The waves were low, and the sun was up. They anchored at a regular spot.

It was around midday when someone ran up to Tommy. He was informed that there was something wrong with the boiler. He was preoccupied and ensured the man that he would pass the message on to the captain soon. He was less experienced back then and could never fathom what a damaged boiler could mean. It exploded."

"But I never heard of this story before, I mean there would have been a lot of work saving all those people," I asked.

Old Marvin continued without looking at me.

"There were only two survivors. Others either burned or had a watery death. No one ever talks much about this."

"Did his father survive?"

"No, it was me who saved Tommy and pulled him out. That v changed him."

A soft hum of the engine was heard. We started to move. By the pace of the old vessel I could make out that the thought of the boiler still haunts our captain. But a minor leak in the steam pipe may not lead to such noxious outcome. Can it? A sudden thunder surprised me.

I looked up. A storm! The clouds were pitch dark. They looked like some ravaging beast who engulfed the sun which gave us hope. The launch quickened. The waves went rouge. With every lash upon the hull, it made the vessel lean. The Foxtrot creaked. The engine wasn't as loud as usual. The roar of the sea and thunder saw to that. Everybody held on to anything he got. I was near the mouth of the ship, looking ahead for land. It was like a wish I was making, never to come true. Then it happened. History repeated. The boiler exploded. The noise was deafening. Well, at least I could hear the screams of the men on fire anymore. They jumped into the sea, a perilous attempt to survive. I never saw them again. The immediate danger was the fire. Though it rained the fire slowly engulfed the launch. I was scared. Somebody came running and held the railing beside me. The captain. I could see the terror in his eyes. He was afraid too. Maybe not because of death, but of the memory of the incident he had encountered before. The pain was reborn. He looked at me. He pushed.

I fell into the cold sea. The waves drowned me. I scuffled. I was cold. I

was weak. Scared. I tried to swim up. I was pushed further underwater by another explosion. Must have been inflammable on the launch. I struggled. I had no strength left. There seemed to be no one alive. I was drowning. I kicked and somehow managed to swim above. I tried to breathe but my lungs hurt. A wave hit and drowned me, again. I was cold. I felt as if I about to die. I swam. Drowned again. The cold water made me numb. I still swam. My head was blank. No thought came to my mind. Not even that of home, my parents, waiting. Another wave hit me. Again, the cold, the pain in my lungs, the numbness, the exhaustion. Then, land.

I saw land! Seemed to be a dream. But still, land. I struggled harder. I was close. I could see figures on the shore. I felt like turning back, to see if someone is alive. But some grave thought had answered that question long ago. I was exhausted. The figures brought something which looked like a boat. They came close. Closer. I was drained of any strength I had. I fainted. I drowned. There was a splash in the water. Then a hand. Not cold. Not that of death. But warm. Friendly.

“...yeh shaant nahi hoga jwala, mein madhushala ki madhubala”



HINDI SECTION

Harivansh Rai Bacchan

आप

नितीश कुमार सोंथलि
१स्ट ईयर, सी.एस.ई

कभी ढाल तो कभी तलवार हैं आप,
कभी परछाई तो कभी मशाल हैं आप ।

मैं चुप हो जाऊँ तो मेरी आवाज़ हैं आप,
गम में हँसा दे वो अंदाज़ हैं आप ।

मेरी शक्ति मेरी ताकत मेरा अभिमान हैं आप,
मेरी हिम्मत मेरा साहस मेरे भगवान हैं आप ।

अगर मैं गिर जाऊँ तो उठा लेना ये कहना गलत
होगा क्योंकि आप मुझे गिरने ही नहीं देंगे,
ये विश्वास हैं आप ।

कभी ढाल तो कभी तलवार हैं आप,
कभी परछाई तो कभी मशाल हैं आप ।

मुझे आज़ाद कर

क्षितिज पांडेय

२ण्ड ईयर , इलेक्ट्रॉनिक्स & इलेक्ट्रिकल

हर रोज़ दुआ करता हूँ खुदा से
कि मेरे अपने कुछ बोलते नहीं मुझसे
उनकी तसल्ली का कुछ तो हिसाब कर
हो सके तो मुझको मुझसे आज़ाद कर

अब रहना कई तकलीफ़ें देता है
मैं रहूँ न रहूँ कोई नहीं होता है
मेरे ना रहने पर तू उनको आबाद कर
या खुदा हो सके तो मुझको मुझसे आज़ाद कर

कई दिन दशक जी लिए
कोई मुझसे खोता नहीं है
मैं कितना भी चाह लूँ
कोई मेरा होता नहीं है
अब उन सब को तू मुझसे आज़ाद कर
या खुदा हो सके तो मुझको मुझसे आज़ाद कर

अब दिन गिनना अच्छा नहीं लगता
कोई सपना सच्चा नहीं लगता
हर्फ़ दर हर्फ़ कुछ रो लिया करता हूँ
मैं न चाह के भी उसका हो लिया करता हूँ
अब मेरी रातें और न बर्बाद कर
हो सके तो मुझको मुझसे आज़ाद कर

मैं अपना घर छोड़ आया हूँ

रवि प्रकाश
द्वितीय वर्ष
मैकेनिकल

पूरा बस्ता समेट कर ,
यादों की लहरों में लेट कर ,
अपनी बसाने कहीं और आया हूँ
मैं अपना घर छोड़ आया हूँ ।

माँ की मुलायम रोटी छोर कर ,
जज्बातों की पोटली मोर कर ,
किसी और के हाथों की रोटी खाने कहीं और आया हूँ ,
मैं अपना घर छोड़ आया हूँ ।

मलमल का वो तकिया छोड़ कर
पाई पाई को जोर कर
कुछ अपनी बनाने कहीं और आया हूँ
मैं अपना घर छोड़ आया हूँ ।

मुहल्ले की शांति को छोड़
सुनने शहर का शोर
मैं कहीं और आया हूँ
मैं अपना घर छोड़ आया हूँ ।

यारों की टोली छोड़ कर
दुनियादारी की बोली बोलने
सुख दुख बांटने कहीं और आया हूँ
यारो
मैं अपना घर छोड़ आया हूँ ।

पता है न राखी है
बहन की ख्वाहिशें बहुत बाकी हैं
उसकी ख्वाहिशें पूरी करने कहीं और आया हूँ
मैं अपना घर छोड़ आया हूँ ।

बहुत खिलाया है पापा ने कंधों पे
कंधे बूढ़े हो गए हैं अब उनके
उनका कंधा बनने कहीं और आया हूँ
मैं अपना घर छोड़ आया हूँ ।

माँ की ख्वाहिशें नहीं है कोई,
वही जो मेरे बीमार होने पे रात भर नहीं सोई
उस माँ का सुकून बनने कहीं और आया हूँ
मैं अपना घर छोड़ आया हूँ ।

कुछ तुम्हारी सुनने
कुछ अपनी सुनाने
ऐ दोस्त , मैं कहीं और आया हूँ
मैं अपना घर

राजनीती

समीक्ष्य सजल श्रद्धा
२ण्ड ईयर, आईटी

राजनीति हो या रणनीति,
पत्ते-पत्ते पर लिखा हैं कूटनीति ।
ईमानदारी की राह दिखलाये तो न माने,
बतलाये तो न सुने,
कुछ ऐसी ही हैं आज की परिस्थिति ।

पीड़ाएं सुनकर भी रहते अनसुने,
अपाहिज लगता हैं रोने,
बलवान समय जब बदलता हैं दिशा,
चौथे साल में बाबू लगता हैं गुनगुनाने ।

सर्प से भी भयंकर सत्ते का खेल,
जो आज हैं वो कल न खाए मेल ।
तुम इसमें रहो न रहो,
इस चक्रव्यूह से हैं तुम्हारे सारे लेन देन ।

ये तुम्हें दे सम्मान,
करे महान,
मगर सदियों से चला आ रहा हैं यह सिंहासन का खेल,
इसके कारण तो याज्ञसेनी भी हैं अपमान ।

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तलाश

नितीश कुमार सौथलि
प्रथम वर्ष CSE

अनजानी राहों पर चल पड़ा था,
अकेला महसूस करता था खुद को,
एक दोस्त पाने की खोज में निकल पड़ा था I
एक सच्चे दोस्त की तलाश थी,
उसे ढूँढने की प्यास थी,
जिसकी ज़िद पे अड़ा था मैं,
अनजानी राहों पर चल पड़ा था मैं I
पर कई मुश्किलों के बाद उम्मीद छोड़ चुका,
अपनी ज़िद तोड़ चुका था मैं I
तभी आगे बढ़ कर एक दोस्त ने मेरी ज़िद को आस दी,
इस दोस्त को एक नई एहसास दी I

क्या हूँ, क्यों हूँ , किस लिए ज़िंदा हूँ?
उसने ये आस दी I
अब बिना किसी खौफ के सब सहने को तैयार हूँ,
ऐ ज़िंदगी(दोस्त) ले चल मुझे,
मैं हमेशा तेरे साथ हूँ I
चाहे आँधी आए या तूफ़ान,
डट कर तेरे साथ खड़ा हूँ I
राहों की मुझे फ़िक्र नहीं,
केवल मंज़िल की तलाश है,
डटकर चलेंगे हम क्योंकि दोस्त हमारे साथ हैं I

यार बेकार हो गए हम

क्षितिज पांडेय

२ण्ड ईयर , इलेक्ट्रॉनिक्स & इलेक्ट्रिकल

यार बेकार हो गए हम
खुद के ही तरफ़दार हो गए हम
उसने तो इश्क़ से इल्ज़ाम लगाया
उस जुर्म के पहले हक़दार हो गए हम
यार बेकार हो गए हम

यार बेकार हो गए हम
ख़ूब लाचार हो गए हम
उसने किया दूर होने का फैसला
जैसे उसके किराएदार हो गए हम
यार बेकार हो गए हम

यार बेकार हो गए हम
खुद गुनहगार हो गए हम
तूने सज़ा ए मौत क्या दी
इश्क़ में ईमानदार हो गए हम
यार बेकार हो गए हम

यार बेकार हो गए हम
इंतेहान इंतज़ार हो गए हम
तूने वक़्त पे वक़्त क्या मांगा
वक़्त के तरफ़दार हो गए हम
यार बेकार हो गए हम

यार बेकार हो गए हम
खुद ला इलाज हो गए हम
तूने इश्क़ मे इन्कार क्या किया
इश्क़ से ख़राब हो गए हम
यार बेकार हो गए हम

यार बेकार हो गए हम
क्षितिज तक वीरान हो गए हम
तूने पत्थर क्या फेका आराम से
आधा ज़मीन आधा आसमान हो गए हम
यार बेकार हो गए हम

यार बेकार हो गए हम
खुद खबरदार हो गए हम
तूने गैरों से नज़दीकियाँ क्या बढ़ाई
खबरी कमलदार हो गए हम
यार बेकार हो गए हम

यार बेकार हो गए हम
ख़ूब समझदार हो गए हम
उन्होने फ़ायदा क्या उठाया
सीमित चौकीदार हो गए हम
यार बेकार हो गए हम

यार बेकार हो गए हम
अजी बहुत बदनाम हो गए हम
आपने लहजे का मज़ाक क्या उड़ाया
कलम से कलाम हो गए हम
यार बेकार हो गए हम

यार बेकार हो गए हम
ख़ूब दिलदार हो गए हम
यार तब भी,
ख़राब हो गए हम
यार बेकार हो गए हम

तोहमत से हक़दार हो गए हम
तू फूल गुलाब का है
काटों का झाड़ हो गए हम
यार बेकार हो गए हम

यार बेकार हो गए हम

बहुत बर्बाद हो गए हम
तू सबा बादमान सी
तिशना तक़सीर हो गए हम
यार बेकार हो गए हम

यार बेकार हो गए हम
यार बेकार हो गए हम

KIIT NEWS



Achyuta Samanta ✓
@achyuta_samanta

KIIT Deemed to be University (@KIITUniversity) tops the charts by securing Rank 1 among the Private HEI (Higher Education Institution/s) in the Atal Ranking of Institutions on Innovation Achievements, an initiative of the @HRDMinistry.

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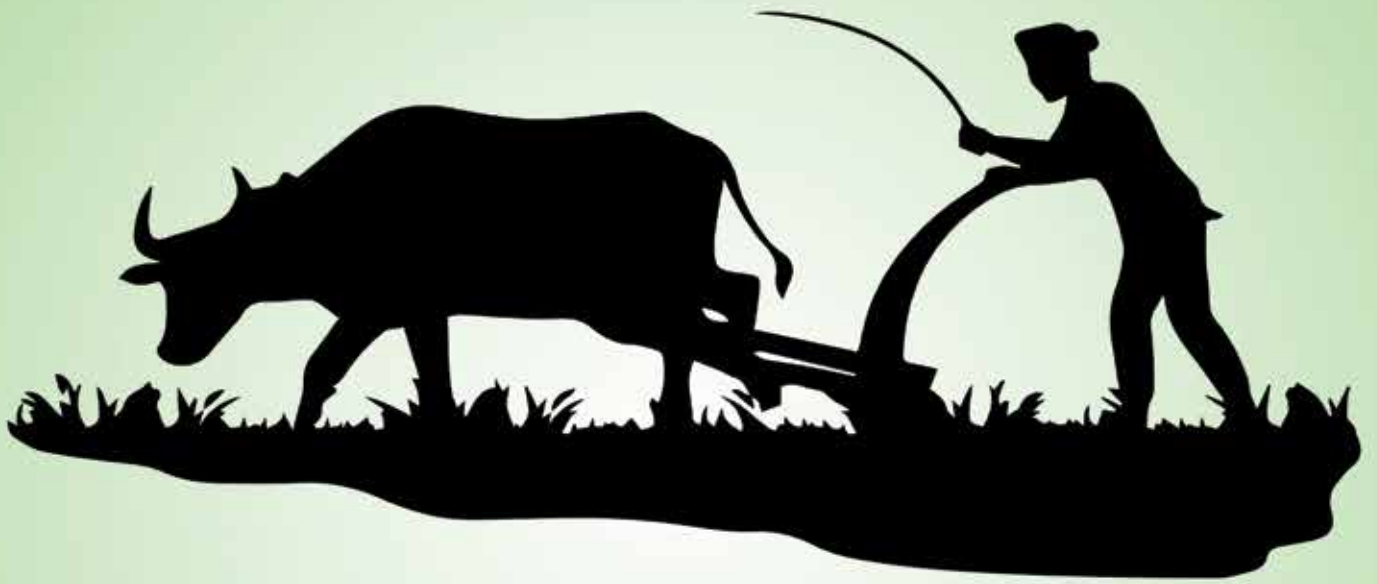
@PIB_India @MIB_India @DDNewslive



1:38 PM · Aug 18, 2020 · Twitter Web App

881 Retweets 208 Quote Tweets 1.6K Likes

"Give me my 6 acres and 3rd, Give me my cow"



ODIA SECTION

Fakir Mohan Senapati

ସୁଖୀ ମନୁଷ୍ୟର ଦୁଃଖ : ଏକ ଅଭୁଲ୍ଲା ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ

ଏ.ଏନ୍ ଭରତ, ବି.ଡି.ଏସ୍, ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ ବର୍ଷ

ଭଗବାନଙ୍କର ଜଣେ ପରମ ଭକ୍ତ ଥିଲେ। ଜପତପ, ଧ୍ୟାନଧ୍ୟାୟ ଥିଲା ତାଙ୍କର ନିତ୍ୟନୈତିକ କର୍ମ । ହେଲେ ସେ ଘୋର ଅଭାବ ଅନଟନ ଭିତରେ ରହି କରୁଥିଲେ। ଦୁଇ ଓଳି ଦୁଇ ମୁଠା ଖାଇବା ଥିଲା ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ। ଭକ୍ତଙ୍କ ମନରେ ଘୋର ଅବଶୋଷ ଥିଲା, ସଦାସର୍ବଦା ଭଗବାନଙ୍କୁ ଏତେ ଡାକୁଛି, ଦିନରାତି ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା କରୁଛି, ହେଲେ ମୋ ଦୁଃଖ କଣ ଭଗବାନ ଦେଖିପାରୁନାହାନ୍ତି, ଗଣ୍ଡେ ଖାଇ ଖଣ୍ଡେ ପିନ୍ଧିବା ମଧ୍ୟ ସମ୍ଭବ ହେଉନାହିଁ।

ଆଷାଢ଼ର ଏକ ବର୍ଷାମୁଖର ରାତି। ଛପର ହୋଇ ନଥିବାରୁ ଘର ବର୍ଷା ପାଣି ରେ ଭାସୁଥାଏ। ମାଟି କାନ୍ଥ ମଧ୍ୟ ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ଧରାଶାୟୀ ହେବାରେ ଲାଗିଥାଏ। ଏଣେ ଭକ୍ତ ଜଣକ ମଧ୍ୟ ଭଗବାନଙ୍କୁ ଗାଳି ଦେବାରେ ଲାଗିଥାନ୍ତି । ଘରର ଗୋଟିଏ କୋଣରେ ଜାକିଜୁକି ହୋଇ ବସିବା ଭିତରେ ତାଙ୍କର ଆଖିପତା ଲାଗିଯାଇଥାଏ। ହଠାତ୍ ଭକ୍ତ ଜଣକ ଏକ ଅବିଶ୍ୱାସନୀୟ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଦେଖନ୍ତି - ଭଗବାନ ସ୍ୱୟଂ ଆବିର୍ଭୂତ ହୋଇ କହୁଛନ୍ତି, "ମତେ ଏଭଳି ଗାଳି ଦେଉଛ ଯେ?" ଅକସ୍ମାତ୍ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରିପାରିନଥିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଭକ୍ତ ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରିଲେ ଓ ଭରସା ହେବାରୁ କହିଲେ ଯେ, "ଯଦି ତୁମେ ମୋର ଆରାଧ୍ୟ ପୁତ୍ର, ତେବେ କୁହ, ଜମିଦାର କୁ କାହିଁକି ଏତେ ସୁଖସମ୍ପଦ ଅଜାଡ଼ି ଦେଉଛ ଯେବେକି ମୁଁ ତୁମ ଭକ୍ତ ହୋଇଥିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ମୋ ପାଖରେ ଦାନାଟିଏ ବି ନାହିଁ। କଣ ଏହି ତୁମ ନ୍ୟାୟ ବିଚାର? "

ପୁତ୍ର ସ୍ମିତହାସ୍ୟ ଦେଇ କହିଲେ, "ତୁମେ ଭାବୁଛ ଯେ ଜମିଦାର ସୁଖସମ୍ପଦ ସହିତ ଖୁସି ରେ ଅଛି, କିନ୍ତୁ ତୁମେ ଜାଣିନାହିଁ ଯେ ସେ ତୁମ ଠାରୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ଦୁଃଖ ରେ ଅଛି। ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ତୁମେ ତା ଠାରୁ ସୁଖରେ ଅଛ ବୋଲି ଜାଣିପାରୁନାହିଁ। ମୁଁ ତୁମକୁ ବିବ୍ୟାଦୃଷ୍ଟି ଦେଉଛି, ସ୍ୱଚକ୍ଷୁରେ ଦେଖ।" ଭକ୍ତ ଦେଖିଲେ ଯେ - ଜମିଦାରଙ୍କର ଏକ ଜନ୍ୟା, ଯାହାକୁ ସେ ସବୁ ସ୍ନେହ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧା ଦେଇଥିଲେ, ସେ ପ୍ରେମିକ ସହିତ ଘରୁ ପଳାଇଯାଇଛି। ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ କନ୍ୟାର ବିବାହ ହୋଇପାରୁନାହିଁ ଏବଂ ଏକମାତ୍ର ପୁତ୍ର ଚଳନ୍ତ ଶକ୍ତି ବିହୀନ- ପଲ୍ଲୀ ତାଙ୍କ ପତ୍ନୀ ମଧ୍ୟ ପୁଅକୁ ଛାଡ଼ି ଚାଲିଯାଇଛନ୍ତି। ଜମିଦାର ଏହି ସବୁ ଚିନ୍ତାରେ ଶୋଇ ମଧ୍ୟ ପାରୁନାହାନ୍ତି । ନିତି ଔଷଧ ଲୋଡ଼ନ୍ତି ନିଦ ପାଇଁ। ବଡ଼ କଷ୍ଟକର ଜୀବନ ଥିଲା। ଏହା ଦେଖିସାରିଲା ପରେ ପୁତ୍ର ପଚାରିଲେ, ତୁମେ ପସନ୍ଦ କରୁଛ କି ଏହିଭଳି ଜୀବନକୁ? ଭକ୍ତ, "ନା" ବୋଲି ଉତ୍ତର ଦିଅନ୍ତେ ହଠାତ୍ ତାଙ୍କ ନିଦ ଭାଙ୍ଗିଗଲା। ତାଙ୍କର ହୃଦବୋଧ ହେଲା ଯେ, ମନର ସ୍ଥିତି ହିଁ ସୁଖଦୁଃଖକୁ ଆମନ୍ତ୍ରଣ କରିଥାଏ। ଅନ୍ୟର ସମ୍ପଦ ନିର୍ବିକାରରେ ଲୁଚ୍ଚନ କରି ଜମିଦାର ନିଜକୁ ଅଭିଶପ୍ତ କରିଦେଇଛି। ତେଣୁ ସେ ସୁଖରେ ରହିବ ବା କିପରି? ଗୋଟିଏ କଥା ଭକ୍ତ ଜାଣିପାରିଲେ ଯେ, ପ୍ରକୃତରେ କର୍ମ ହିଁ ଭଗବାନ। କର୍ମବଳେ ସବୁକିଛି ସମ୍ଭବ। ଆଜି ହୁଏତ ସୁଖ ନଥାଇପାରେ, କିନ୍ତୁ ସୁଖ ଦିନେ ନା ଦିନେ ନିଶ୍ଚିତ ସମ୍ଭବ ହେବ ଏବଂ ସେହି ସୁଖ ଶତଗୁଣ ଅଧିକ ହେବ, ଯାହା ପରିଶ୍ରମ ର ଫଳ ରୂପରେ ଆସିବ । ଭକ୍ତଙ୍କର ସବୁ ସମସ୍ୟାର ସମାଧାନ ହୋଇଯାଇଥିଲା।

ଶୃଙ୍ଗାର ରସେ କେବେ ମାତିବି ନାହିଁ

ଦୀପକ କୁମାର ମିଶ୍ର, ଏମ୍.ବି.ବି.ଏସ୍, ପ୍ରଥମ ବର୍ଷ

ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାର ପରେ ରାତ୍ରି ହେଲା ଆରତ,
ସାବରେ ମହା କଲା ତା'ର ସ୍ମାରତ ।
ସେହି ସମୟେ,
ସାରି ମୋ ଦିନଚର୍ଯ୍ୟା ମୁଁ ଫେରୁଥାଏ ।

ସମୟ କେତେ ଘଡ଼ି ହେବ ନ ଜାଣେ,
ସେଥିକୁ ଧ୍ୟାନ ଦେବି କେଉଁ କାରଣେ ।
ସଙ୍ଗା ତ' ନାହିଁ,
ସମୟ ଦେଖି ବାଟ ଥିବାକୁ ଚାହିଁ ।

ସରିଥିବ ପଥ ବା ଅର୍ଦ୍ଧେକ ମୋର,
ସହସା ହୃଦ ମୋର ହୋଇଲା ଶ୍ଳିର ।
ଶ୍ଳିର ନୟନ,
ଶରୀରୁ ଜିବା ହେଲା ପ୍ରାଣ ହରଣ ।

ସୁନ୍ଦରୀ ନାରୀ ଏକ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରପାତଳି
ଶରୀର ଶୋଭା ସବୁ ଉପମା ବଳି ।
ଶୃଙ୍ଗାର ରସ,
ସକଳ ରସ ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ତା' ମୃଦ୍ୟୁ ହସ ।

ସେ କ୍ଷଣେ ତାରି ଚକ୍ଷୁ ହେଲା ମିଳନ,
ସାଧୁଲା ଶୋଭା ତା'ର ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ସାଧନ ।
ଶ୍ଳିର ମୋର ପାଦ,
ଶରୀର ବଳହୀନ ହେଲା ପ୍ରତୀତ ।

ସେ ଆସି ମୋର କର୍ଣ୍ଣ ପାଶେ ଭାସିଲା,
ଶୁଣି ତା' କଥା ମୋର ହୃଦ କମିଲା ।
ସଧୀରେ ସେହି,
ସୁନ୍ଦରୀ କୁହେ ଧନ ଦିଅ ତୁ ଥୋଇ ।

ଶୁଣି ଯଦି ନ ମାନେ ତା ବଚନ,
ସୁନ୍ଦରୀ ଭୀମ ସ୍ଵରେ ଦେବ ଗର୍ଜନ ।
ସେ ସ୍ଵର ଶୁଣି,
ସକଳ ଜନ ମୋତେ ମାରିବେ ଝୁଣି ।

ସେ ରାତ୍ରି ମୋର କାଳ ରାତ୍ରି ସାଜିଲା,
ସକଳ ଉପାର୍ଜନ ରୂପସୀ ନେଲା ।
ସେ ଶିକ୍ଷା ପାଇ,
ଶୃଙ୍ଗାର ରସେ କେବେ ମାତିବି ନାହିଁ ।



Photo Courtesy- Debasmita Sinha

ସ୍ୱଭାବ ସୁଲଭ ଜୀବନ

କେଦାର ନାଥ, ବି.ଡ଼ି.ଏସ୍, ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ ବର୍ଷ

ଏ ସୃଷ୍ଟିରେ କେବଳ ମନୁଷ୍ୟକୁ ଛାଡ଼ିଦେଲେ ଆଉ କୌଣସି ପ୍ରାଣୀର ଜୀବନରେ ବା ସମାଜରେ ଏତେ ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା କିମ୍ବା ନିୟମ-କାନୁନ ନାହିଁ । ତଥାପି ମଣିଷ ଯେତିକି ଭୁଲ କରେ, ସେତିକି କୌଣସି ପ୍ରାଣୀ କରନ୍ତି ନାହିଁ । ମଣିଷକୁ ଛାଡ଼ିଦେଲେ ଅନ୍ୟ ସମସ୍ତ ପ୍ରାଣୀ ପ୍ରାୟ ଗୋଟିଏ ନିୟମ ମାନି ଚଳନ୍ତି । କିନ୍ତୁ ମଣିଷ ଜୀବନରେ ଅନେକ ନିୟମ, ଯଦ୍ୱାରା ତା' ଜୀବନରେ ଅନେକ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ଆସିଛି । ଏହା ଦ୍ୱାରା ସେ ନିଜ ଜୀବନକୁ ବିପନ୍ନ କରିବା ସଙ୍ଗେ-ସଙ୍ଗେ ପୃଥିବୀ ଉପରକୁ ବିପଦ ଟାଣି ଆଣିଛି ।

ବୃକ୍ଷର ଧର୍ମ ହେଉଛି ଅଜ୍ଞାନକାମ୍ନା ଗ୍ରହଣ କରି ବାୟୁମଣ୍ଡଳକୁ ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ଅମ୍ଳଜାନ ଛାଡ଼ିବା । ବୃକ୍ଷ ନିଜ ଧର୍ମ କେବେ ଛାଡ଼େ ନାହିଁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଏଠାରେ ମଣିଷ ନିଜ ଧର୍ମ ଭୁଲିବାରେ ବିଳମ୍ବ କରେନାହିଁ । ମଣିଷ ତାର ସ୍ୱଭାବକୁ ସର୍ବଦା ଘୋଡ଼ାଇ ରଖେ କିନ୍ତୁ ସମୟ ସୁଅରେ ନିଜ ସ୍ୱଭାବକୁ ବଦଳାଇଥାଏ । ନିଜ ସ୍ୱଭାବ ଦ୍ୱାରା ମଣିଷ ଅନେକ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ କରି ଖୁସି ପାଇଥାଏ କିନ୍ତୁ ସେହି କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଦ୍ୱାରା କେତେ ପ୍ରାଣୀ ଦୁଃଖୀ ହୋଇଥାନ୍ତି, ତାହା ସେ ନିଜେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଜାଣି ନ'ଥାଏ । ସ୍ୱାର୍ଥପରତା, ହୃଦୟହୀନତା କାରଣରୁ ମଣିଷ ଅନେକ ସ୍ୱାଭାବିକ ସୁଖ ଲାଭରୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ବଞ୍ଚିତ ହୁଏ । ମଣିଷକୁ ଭଗବାନ ବୁଝିବା ଶକ୍ତି ଦେଇଛନ୍ତି । କିନ୍ତୁ ମଣିଷ ତା' ସ୍ୱଭାବର ଅପଭ୍ରଂଶ ପତାଇ ବାସ୍ତବିକତାରୁ ଦୂରେଇବାରେ ଲାଗିଛି । ଭଗବାନଙ୍କ ସୃଷ୍ଟିର ସର୍ବୋତ୍କୃଷ୍ଟ ପ୍ରାଣୀ ହୋଇ ମଧ୍ୟ ପାଶବିକ ଆଚରଣର ସମ୍ମୁଖୀନ ହେଉଛି ।

ମଣିଷ ଜୀବନ ହେଉଛି ଦୁର୍ଲଭ ଜୀବନ । ଆସନ୍ତୁ ଏହି ଦୁର୍ଲଭ ଜୀବନକୁ ସମାଜର ମଙ୍ଗଳ ଓ ହିତ ପାଇଁ ଉତ୍ସର୍ଗାକୃତ କରିବା । ଏହି ଦୁର୍ଲଭ ଜୀବନରେ ଏମିତି କିଛି କାମ କରିବା ଯେ କେବେ କାହା କ୍ଷତି, ଦୁଃଖ କିମ୍ବା ନିର୍ଯ୍ୟାତନାର କାରଣ ହେବାନି ।

“ଆମେ ଯଦି କାହା ସୁଖର କାରଣ ହୋଇ ପାରିବାନି,
ଅନ୍ତତଃ କେବେ କାହାକୁ ଦୁଃଖ ଦେବାନି ।”

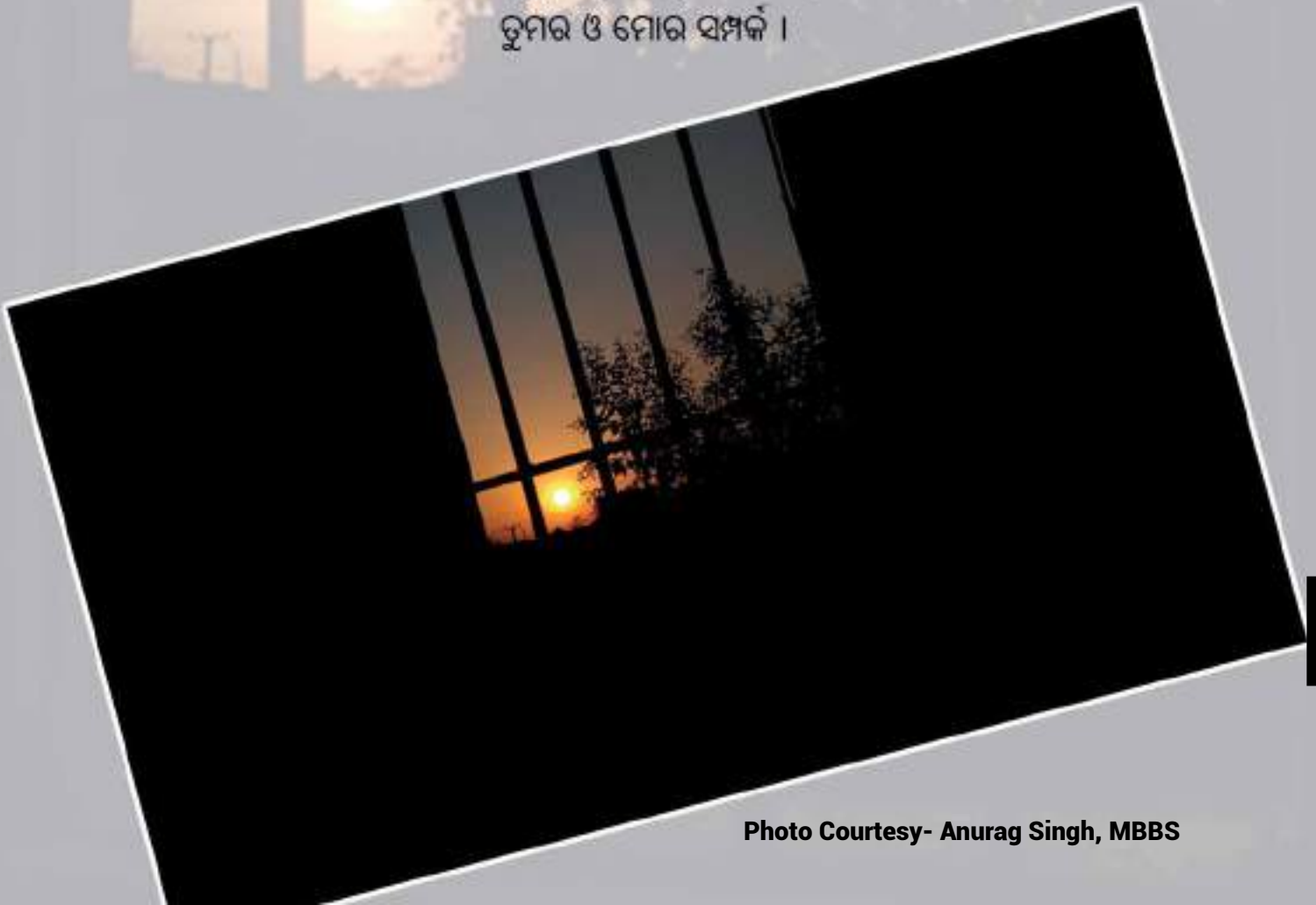
ସୀମାରେଖାର ସେପଟେ

ମନିଃ ମହାପାତ୍ର, ଏମ୍.ବି.ବି.ଏସ୍, ଦ୍ଵିତୀୟ ବର୍ଷ

ପାହାଡ଼ୀ ଝରଣାର ଜଳଠାରୁ
ଆହୁରି ସ୍ଵଚ୍ଛ, କପଟତାଶୂନ୍ୟ ତୁମ ଆଖି ଲୁହ,
ବିଜୁଳି ଆହୁରି ତଡ଼ିତ
ତୁମ ଧାରେ ହସ ।

ଶ୍ରୀବଣର ମେଘଠାରୁ ଆହୁରି ଗଭୀରତମ,
ତୁମ ପ୍ରେମ,
ନିଛାଟିଆ ଦିପହରଠାରୁ ଭୟଙ୍କର
ତୁମ ବିରହ ।

ମୃତ୍ୟୁଠାରୁ ଆହୁରି ମାୟାବା,
ତୁମର ଓ ମୋର ସମ୍ପର୍କ ।



ଅନୁସନ୍ଧ

ପ୍ରୀତିଦୀପା ଜେନା, ଏମ୍.ବି.ବି.ଏସ୍, ଦ୍ଵିତୀୟ ବର୍ଷ

କଞ୍ଚା କାବୁଅରୁ ପଦୁଅଁ ପାଖୁଡ଼ା
ମାଆ ତୋ ପଣତ କେତେ ଯେ ଆପଣା
ନରକ ପଙ୍କରୁ ସାଉଁଟି ଆଣିଛୁ
ନିଜ କଡ଼ ସେ ମାଂସଳ ଅପୁଟା ।

ଶ୍ରୀବଣୀ ଆଜି ଅଶ୍ରୁବ୍ୟ ଲାଗେ
ମଳୟେ ମହଣେ ମୋହ
ଚଲନ୍ତୁ ହରାଏ ଚରିତ୍ର ନିଜ
ଯୌବନକୁ ଯା'ର ପାରିନି ରସାଇ
ପାରିନି ଭିଜାଇ
ରାଣୀରଜିଆ ସେ କାନିତକୁ ତୋର
ପଡ଼ୁଛି ଯେ ସତେ ନବ ପଙ୍କଜେ ଛିନିବୁନ୍ଦା ।

କଳା ମେଘ କଳା ମର୍ତ୍ତ୍ୟ ଦେହି ଭୋଗ
କଳା ସାତ ତାଳ ପଙ୍କ
ପୋତି ଦେବେ ତୋର କଅଁଳ କଡ଼ର
କୁଆଁ-କୁଆଁ ନୁଆ ତାଳ ।

ଘୋଡ଼େଇ ନବୁ କି' ଭୁବନ ମାୟାରୁ
ଆଉ ସ୍ଵର୍ଗେ ପୁଟେଇକୁ ପାଖୁଡ଼ା ପାଖୁଡ଼ା
ମୋ ଜୀବନର ଗୀତ ଗଛ ।



ଆଶାର ଆକାଶ

ଶୈଳେଶ ମହାନ୍ତି ବି.ଡ଼ି.ଏସ୍, ବ୍ରତୀୟ ବର୍ଷ

ଆଶାର ଆକାଶେ ଆଜି
ସାଜିଲାଣି ବରଦ କଜଳ
ବରଷାର ଆଗମନ
ଗାଜଲାଣି ପବନ ଶୀତଳ ।

ପରିଷ୍କାର ଆକାଶରେ
ଏବେ ଆଉ ନାହିଁ ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ୱଳତା
କଜଳ ରଙ୍ଗରେ ଧୀରେ
ହଜିଲାଣି ଆଲୋକର ସଭା ।

ଏମିତିକା ଅବାଞ୍ଚିତ ସମୟରେ
ବାଳେ ତୁମ ପାଦର ନୁପୁର
କାହିଁ କେଉଁ ଦୂର ବନାନୀରୁ
ଆସେ ଭାସି କୋକିଳର ସ୍ଵର ।

ମନର ମୟୂରୀ ନାଚେ
ଶୁଣି ତୁମ ପ୍ରେମ ଆବାହନୀ
ବସନ୍ତ ଅଦିନେ ଆସେ
କୋଳେ ତା'ର ମଳୟକୁ ଘେନି ।

ଅଝଟ ବର୍ଷାରେ କିନ୍ତୁ
ଭିଜିଯାଏ ନିରୀହ ନୟନ
ଅନୁଭବ ଲଭେ ତୁମ
ସୁନିବିଡ଼ ଦୃଢ଼ ଆଲିଙ୍ଗନ ।

ତୁମେ କି ବରଷାକାଳେ
ଭିଜା-ଭିଜା ମାଟିର ମହକ
ତୁମେ କି ଗୋ ବସନ୍ତରେ
ମଳୟର ଆଶ୍ଵର୍ଯ୍ୟ କୁହୁକ ।

ସକଳ ରତୁର ସ୍ଵର୍ଣ୍ଣ
ସକ୍ଷିହିତ ତୁମରି ଭିତରେ
ତୁମେ ଏକ ମରୁଦ୍ୟାନ
ଜୀବନର ମରୁଭୂମିରେ ।

Photo Courtesy- Pritha Dutta Biswas, Biotech

ଉତ୍ତମ ଚରିତ୍ରର ଗଢ଼ଣା

ସମୀକ୍ଷା ସାଜଲ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧା ସି.ଏସ୍.ଇ, ଦ୍ଵିତୀୟ ବର୍ଷ

ଦେଶ ହିତରେ ଦିନ କଟେଇ
କରିଯିବା ଭଲ କାମ ବୁଦ୍ଧି ଖଟେଇ ।

ପିତା-ମାତା ତଥା ଗୁରୁଙ୍କ ଆଜ୍ଞା ସଦା ମାନୁଥିବା
ଜ୍ଞାନ ମହାପୁରୁଷଙ୍କ ପୁତ୍ରଙ୍କ ସଦା ପଢୁଥିବା ।

ନୀତି କର୍ମରେ ଆମେ ସଦା ଚଳୁଥିବା
ନିଜ କ୍ଷମତାରେ ଗରିବଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ କିଛି କରିଯିବା ।

ଉତ୍ତମ ଲୌହ ପରି ଆମ ମନରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଦେଶଭକ୍ତି ଚାଡ଼ିଯାଇ
ଆମ ପରି ଦେଶର ଅନ୍ୟ ନାଗରିକ ମନରେ ସେନାଭାବ ଜାରିଯାଇ ।

ଉତ୍ତମତା ଆମ ଭିତରେ ବାସ କରିଲେ
ମିଳିଯିବ ଗୋଟେ ସାର୍ଥକ ଜୀବନ
ଅଧର୍ମୀ, ଅନିୟମିତ, କୁକର୍ମୀ ହେଲେ ଭୋଗିବାକୁ ପଡ଼େ
ଏହା ହିଁ ବିଧିର ବିଧାନ ।

ଭଲ କାମ କରି ଚାଲ ବଜାଇବା ଆମ ତ୍ରିରଙ୍ଗାର ମାନ
ଭାରତୀୟ ଆମେ, ତ୍ରିରଙ୍ଗା ଆମ ସମ୍ମାନ
ଶୁଣିଯାଅ ଜନଗଣ ।

ଆମ ମନ ସବିତା ପରି ସଦା ତେଜ ରହୁ
ସେପରି ଏହି କବିତା ପଢ଼ି ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ
ମାନବ ଦେଶହିତ ପାଇଁ ସତର୍କ ହେଉ ।

ମା'

ଏ.ବି. ଶୁଭଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ, ଏମ୍.ବି.ବି.ଏସ୍, ପ୍ରଥମ ବର୍ଷ

ତୋ କୋଳ ଛାଡ଼ିବା ପରେ ହିଁ ଦେଖୁଛି
ସତ ମିଛର ଏ ଦୁନିଆକୁ ମା',
ତୋ ହାତ ଛାଡ଼ିବା ପରେ ହିଁ ଜାଣିଛି
ହସ ଲୁହର ଏ ସଂସାରକୁ ମା' ।

ତୋ ପ୍ରେମ ପାଇବା ପରେ ହିଁ ବୁଝିଛି
ତୋ ଠାରୁ ମଧୁର ନାହିଁ କିଛି
ତୋ କରୁଣା ପାଇବା ପରେ ହିଁ ଭାବିଛି
ସେ ଅନୁଭବ ସବୁ କିଛି ।

ତୋ ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ ପାଇବା ପରେ ହିଁ ଜାଣିଛି
କେତେ ମହତ ସେ ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦର
ତୋ ପାଦ ଛୁଇଁବା ପରେ ହିଁ ଜାଣିଛି
ଚଳନ୍ତି ଠାକୁର ଅଟୁ ତୁ ମୋର ।

ତୋ ବିନା ଜୀଇଁବା ମରିବା ସମାନ
ମାନେ ନାହିଁ କିଛି ଜୀବନର
ତୋ ଗୀତ ଲେଖିବା ପରେ ହିଁ ଭାବିଛି
ଶବ୍ଦ ସରିଗଲା ଦୁନିଆର ।

ଅନୁଭବିତ

ସୁଶ୍ରୀ ବିଷ୍ଣୁପ୍ରିୟା ବି.ଡ଼ି.ଏସ୍, ଚତୁର୍ଥ ବର୍ଷ

ସତରେ କି ମୁଁ ସବୁ ଭୁଲି ଯାଇଛି ?

ପିଲାଦିନେ ନିଦ ନ' ଆସିଲେ

ମା ରାତି ସାରା ମୋତେ କାନ୍ଧରେ ଧରି ବୁଲୁଥାଏ ।

ଆଜି ମୁଁ ଶୋଇଥିଲା ବେଳେ ସେ ତାଙ୍କ ପକେଇ ଦେଲେ

ମୁଁ ରାଗରେ ଉଠି ଚିଡ଼ିଯାଏ

ନ'ଚାହିଁକି ବି ତା' ମନରେ କଷ୍ଟ ଦିଏ ।

ସତରେ କି ମୁଁ ସବୁ ଭୁଲି ଯାଇଛି ?

ମୋ ଦେହ ଠିକ ନଥିଲେ

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ଆଜି ତାଙ୍କ ଦେହ କଥା ଜାଣିକି ବି

ତାକୁ ଦେଖା କରିବାକୁ ସମୟ ନାହିଁ ମୋର

ପାଖରେ ଥାଇ ବି ଘର ଲାଗେ ଅନେକ ଦୂର ।

ସତରେ କି ମୁଁ ସବୁ ଭୁଲି ଯାଇଛି ?

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ସେ ଭୁଲିଯାଇଥିଲେ ତାଙ୍କର ନିଜର କ'ଣ ଦରକାର ।

ହେଲେ ଆଜି ତାଙ୍କ ଖୁସି ପୁରା କରିବା ପାଇଁ ବି

ମୋତେ ଭାବିବାକୁ ପଡ଼େ ବାରମ୍ବାର

ତାଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଗୋଟେ ବି ଦିନ କାଟିବା ଲାଗେ କଷ୍ଟକର ।

ସତରେ କି ମୁଁ ସବୁ ଭୁଲି ଯାଇଛି ?

ଆଉ ଅଝଟ କରୁନି ରାତିରେ ଜହ୍ନମାମୁଁ ଦେଖିବାକୁ

ଆଉ ଅଜି କରୁନି ଖରାବେଳେ ଗପଟିଏ ଶୁଣିବାକୁ ।

ଆଉ ରାତିରେ ଜଗି ବସୁନି ବାପାଙ୍କ ଫେରିବା ବାଟକୁ

ରାତି ଅଧରେ ନିଦ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ଗଲେ ଆଉ ଖୋଜୁନି ମା'ର ପଣତକୁ ।

ସତରେ କି ମୁଁ ସବୁ ଭୁଲି ଯାଇଛି ?



08
nidhi
6/9/19

“But how could you live & have no story to tell?”



EDITORIAL SECTION

Fyodor Dostoyevsky

A Fallacy in Colour

Anasua Ghosh
BDS 2nd year.

For when you gaze into a thundercloud in the sky,
through a rose-tinted window;
it does little to give away the storm outside.
Writers are the ones,
Who lie the most.
Deceiving, hypocritical,
They play with perspectives
that cease to exist,
Love that is never received,
And a happy place that is never reached.
They will take you wonderland and beyond
Where the fairy tales and fantasies they weave with
their seductive pen is
nothing but a mirage.
Yet we inhale this foreboding elixir,
Like a moth drawn to a flame
and cry out into the night
in a pain that has no name.

Maybe no one is real enough
a real, that our real truly is,
Maybe a fire burns differently in every charred inside,
flickering against the walls of a heart,
in darkened soots of emptiness.
Maybe that is why writers move away from such inexplicable torment,
Fighting sorrows on sunny days,
Painting words on a broken frame.

Maybe that is why they can pull us into the deep,
To places never heard of before
Into an unfathomable spectrum after them.



An Empty Canvas

Itishaa Rath CSE, 4th Year

Who am I?

A question often asked.

Answer, it never seems clear does it?

Loved by family, adored by friends

Successful, beautiful, but is it always?

Always bright and gay,

The sky never stays.

It fades, it darkens.

As does life.

Push through it.

Trust me, I did.

You are good, you always were.

Change the question, ask what's different.

When your spirit fizzles out,

Everything seems south,

Bounce back, let go of the people who drag you down.

It doesn't matter if you are alone,

Be your own best friend.

Start with a new canvas

This new year

is an empty page,

Live in the new-age.

Photograph by: A N Bharat, 2nd year, BDS

A Path To My Eternal Home

Manaswita Saha ECS, 4th Year

For the moment I feel betrayed by a trusted friend,
Nothing moves me more than the verses of Tagore.

Every moment of love and happiness,

His words remind me of my home.

The lanes of my city have witnessed the growth,

The growth of literature, power of various quotes.

In the times of turmoil, stories have inspired us galore,
In times of merriment, the poems have left us wanting more.

I glance at the books lying in my shelf,

They want to be picked up again.

I have fallen in love with the yellow pages,

I have to stop and give them a read again.

There is a surreal connection between me and the characters,

Or is it just a coincidence?

Am I not like those students in a dead society,

Who await to break free from the clutches of invisible chains?

Am I not like Tarapada, who wishes to roam the entire world?

Am I not like a lost boat in the river, who is drifting ashore now?

Who is joining these invisible dots?

I am feeling weird in my heart.

I am indulging in keeping my mind open and free,

I don't want to be restrained by some laid down laws.

For those who haven't read good literature yet,

Start now, later you will regret.

I will hold on to this immortal piece of literature,

I will read these legendary works again and again.

Photograph by: Oindrilla Ghosh, EEE, 2nd Year

The Birthday Present

Aritra Dasgupta, ETC, 3rd year



Jake's flashing through the newspaper in the morning was interrupted by an eager voice, "Dad, it's just two days to my birthday!"

"Yeah, buddy I had totally forgotten about that," Jake teased and carried on with his newspaper.

Adrian, however, kept looking at him. "So there is nothing else that you are forgetting?"

Jake remembered Sarah telling him that their son had decided his birthday gift on his own. He did not know what it was though.

"What?" he asked.

"My present!" came the prompt reply. "I want the doll set that I had shown Mom that day".

Sarah called her son downstairs as the school bus had arrived. He left, leaving Jake lost in thought.

Jake's memory took him back to his school life. Someone had spotted a bit of nail polish on one of the kid's fingers. It was Sam. The quietest kid in the class. "Oh look at the pretty little lady!" one of the kids screamed and everyone started laughing. Jake had also laughed. It had seemed to be the normal thing to do. How Sam had run away from there hiding his tears disturbed Jake for a while but it was momentary. Things did not become easier for Sam throughout the

years. He had very few friends. He got called disrespectful things behind his back and on his face. In high school, once when Sam had been absent for a couple of days, Jake had heard rumors about Sam getting beaten up by a bully.

Jake became worried about his child's choice of gift. Why didn't he ask for action figures of superheroes or GI Joes? Seeing Jake lost in thought, Sarah intervened. On coming to know about the matter, Sarah did not seem to give too much importance to it. "Hey come home early today, we have to go to the Thanksgiving party of my college friend, remember?" Sarah's friend, Jim had been recently engaged to his colleague Arnold. It was their first Thanksgiving together. While dining, Jake came to know that Jim hadn't been in touch with his family lately as they did not accept his relationship. Jim was glad to have accepted himself and be in love. He was gladder that he had got rid of people who did not accept him for who he was, except for his family. Having to spend the festive season away from his family was heart-breaking for him.

On their way back home, Jake decided to pay a visit to the toy shop to buy Adrian the present he had asked for.

Photograph by: Subhasmita Rout Biotech.

Life As An Indian Teenager...These Days

Nidhi Bhattacharjee CSE 3rd Year

As the storms approached me,
I realized it was not nature's calamity.
But the problems in my life
Ascending in unity.

As I tried to run from them,
I realized that there was no way out,
For they existed within me.

When life does that to you,
It's difficult to cope.
You keep falling down, losing all your
Hope.

Figuring out other people's actions towards me,
What their hate is all about,
Understanding all of that is just so much harder,
When you don't have yourself quite figured out.

What do I want, what is good for me,
Stop asking the first and telling me the second.
Just let me be!

And in between all those conversations,
Some with myself, some with others,
I can't but not mention
The immense frustration
Over this country's system of education.

Putting the pieces back together is not so much fun,
When you don't even know where the pieces are.
This heaviness of my mind is unbearable
Ask my problems, they each weigh a tonne.

And somewhere in there, it's bound to happen
That you realize that all your problems
Don't have to be so tough to handle.
Just accept some things and treat some
As a lesson.

And then you'll have the strength to move on.
Solve all your problems, show the world
You're not a con.

Keep pushing and sometimes just hang in there.
What I see when I look into the mirror
Is all I need to fight all my life's terror
Of that I'll always be aware.

Seashore: The Lost Generation

Soham Rudra Basak MBBS 2016 Batch

This place is not new to me. I was here before. Times were different and the world was changing, giving shape to what it is today. I was a young boy back then. Dressed in my ranger uniform with my M1 garand in my hand covered in plastic to protect from the water, I ran towards the shore. My canteen hung on the left side of my hip and on the right a standard issue shovel. From my torso hung grenades and spare magazines. We were being carried by amphibian vehicles from the ship to the beaches of Normandy. Each had a capacity of thirty-two men. I remember while boarding, I told my friend Martin, a good chap from Texas and my bunk bed partner in camp Fort-Knox "A trip to France sponsored by the US Govt. Ha ha! Ain't that amazing". That was the last thing I said to him before his body was torn to pieces by a direct shell hit. They say brothers in arms are more trustworthy than blood brothers. I lost my buddy that day along with three hundred thousand other men on what would later be known to the world as D-day. On the seashore where once my brothers were slaughtered by German machine guns, I see my granddaughter making sandcastles. She looks so innocent oblivious to the blood spilled on this same land years ago. I remember waking up from a shell shock, my NCO yelling at me to get up before a bullet pierced through his head dropping him dead. I still remember the tune of song he was dancing to by bonfire the night before. I somehow jumped from the side of the vehicle into the water. It had turned into a graveyard of soldiers. All I could see was hundreds of bodies, some floating and some sinking to the bottom of the sea. I moved forward taking shelter behind tattered corpses gulping water mixed with salt and blood with each step. I saw some of my brothers engulfed in flames shooting themselves before burning to death. Who knows what thoughts they had in their final minutes? I remember seeing a soldier running around looking for his hand amidst the bullet storm. To this day I ask myself, what did I do that I lived where my brothers couldn't? I remember the next day there were a lot of new faces and a lot of dog tags. The 'old' they called us. Some of us didn't even cross twenty-five. Post war I tried my best to earn this life. But every time I come to this beach, those horrid images comes rushing back. Sometimes I break down crying, sometimes I scream and sometimes I just go to the seashore and sit still watching the sun set. Time did never wait for no-one. Things have changed now they say. My daughter in law is German and she is nothing like that ones that I met while were invading Berlin. Things have really changed now. The waves have washed away the blood and footprints of the lost generation. The calmness of today could be achieved by the cries of war sixty years ago. The waves were rough back then; the waves are calm now.

Photograph Courtesy: Anurag Singh MBBS 2014 Batch

Manifesto of a Serial Killer

Ria Dash, I.T., 4th Year

So you want to be a serial killer? Great!

You can just go around shooting people with that puny little toy of yours, that revered weapon of mass destruction, and end it once and for all. Bang-bang!

But I have realised that guns, while sometimes the right tool for the job, often leave me dissatisfied. You see, there is a lack of intimacy involved, a lack of passion- when all you have to do is to pull the trigger. You hear the blast and see the carnage, the way your victim's flesh hisses, ruptures and bursts open in an instant- red fluid gushing out of the almost-circular opening; and then it's all over.

Me? I like to mix and match and blend a little. There are so many wonderful and creative ways to kill someone, and I really feel as if I owe it to myself and my cause to make sure that I branch out, bend the oh-so-not-innovative rules and keep it interesting. My friend Ted used to say, "You learn what you need to kill and take care of the details. It's like changing a tire. The first time you're careful. By the thirtieth time, you can't remember where you left the lug wrench." Unlike my cohorts, I do not consider Ted Bundy as a mentor to the serial-killer clan. Each one of us have their unique way of executing their missions, each one of us stand out with our finesse, with the kind of a crowd we target, with the weapon we choose and with what we plan to do after. In a field where every idea is exclusive and valuable, it is hard to assess who inspired whom. And even if circumstances call for a gun, I add a twist to it, a little something ancillary. Sundaes always taste better with a cherry on top. Music always sounds better

when you plug those earphones in. Come on, you cannot stereotype me as one of those murderers who religiously practice cannibalism. I feed on fear. Being a serial killer cannot stop me from relishing the finer essence of life.

That reminds me, I cannot think of a more personal and intimate way of killing somebody than stabbing my victim. The sound that the knife makes when it pierces human skin, the repetitive searing as the blade pushes in and out of the flesh is nothing short of intoxicating. You cannot help yourself but hear it over and over and over. It feels as if the human body is your canvas and you are the artist who can cut, paint, slash and design it however you like. Of course, repeatedly stabbing someone tends to come with its own set of disadvantages like the unnecessary scuffle and all that blood. That is why I like to wear clothes which I can dispose or burn soon after. But if you are on a budget or you're wearing your favourite shirt that day, make sure you get those stains and traces of DNA off you the moment you reach home. Soak the outfit in detergent for an hour or two before washing it off. I recommend a visit to the laundromat soon after.

People have a tremendous will to live, pal. Which is why, some will either struggle till the end while the rest would conveniently give up in the hope of mercy. For an instance, if you're trying to burn someone down, he will resign himself to his fate soon after. What you must be prepared for is investing on a huge amount of gasoline and dealing with that nosey storekeeper who sells the gasoline. He will go on asking you why you need it and where you're staying

and what you're having for dinner and whatnot. At times, you would want to burn him too, and call it collateral damage. But do not, I repeat, do not dare to do that. You do not want those well-fed justice mongers and their pesky little hounds looking for you in every nook and corner of the locality, do you?

That'll be all, I guess. If you have any further queries, I am afraid you need to sort that out yourself. It's not like I have a tollfree helpline number or an e-mail address I can give out on a public forum. I cannot tell you my real name. But lately, the newspapers have taken to calling me the Artist. I like the pseudonym- it's neat, quirky and as girlish as I am deep down. This brings me to pen down my final tip: do not let your gender biases blind you. A female serial killer is as lethal as a male. Google it and you'll know. Your shrink will tell you that people like me are narcissists, sadistic and vindictive, but if that means taking pride in your art and spending hours planning each and every

murder with extreme meticulousness, then I am proud to be whatever your christen me.

Honestly, I give you all that you crave for- a break from your monotony, a chase, the fear-factor which prompts you to live on-the-edge, unsure whether you're the one who is next. I give you reason to reflect on your past, to analyse what went wrong, to calculate the probability of your survival against an injustice you meted out to somebody ten years ago. I trigger all the reparation and regret in you that you have never felt all your life, for things you have not even done. What else are you going to talk about while taking your dogs out for a walk, your kids out in the park to play or while drinking from those trademarked coffee-cups in your corporate cubicle while acting superior to the rest of the world? You want me. You need me. And trust me, with time, you will discover that I am doing nothing less than a huge favour on all of you.

Photo Courtesy: Raja Barik BDS 3rd Year



Memoirs

Anuska Kundu CSE, 3rd Year

I set my cup of coffee down on the table and scan my eyes lazily over the monotony of the newspaper. Thefts, break ins, murders, reports of our impending doom due to global warming, recent government conflicts meet my eyes. I stop, as soon as I catch sight of the title to one of the articles, written in bold, gracing only a small part of the newspaper, "Grace spotted in London with fiance...". It doesn't take me long to realise that the article refers to Grace Kelly, the famous actress, yet the emotions overwhelm me, and I put down the newspaper and lean backwards on the armchair, as I allow the silver threads of memories to do what they do best, haunt me.

25th of December, 1939

We are in the alley behind "Amholm Kuchen", the bakery that Grace likes so much. We are in love. We are happy, or at least, we used to be. I had known Grace since I was 10, we were in the same class. We had played, danced, sang together and had had innumerable fights. I cannot recall the exact moment when I had fallen in love with her, I believe that it was always a part of me. I had professed my feelings for her, under the mistletoe near her Christmas tree, a year earlier, and the past twelve months had been the best time of my life.

However, things had taken a different turn, when our people, the Germans, had killed the Jews on the "Kristalnacht" (night of the broken glass").

"I have some bad news," said Grace, as she squeezed my hand in her little one. I take a deep breath, preparing myself for the blow. The smell of apple strudels waft in my nostrils.

I take a moment to take it all in, the snow covered pine trees, the grey brick walls of the alley, with moss growing in the cracks and Grace's beautiful face. Her nose-tip as red as her trench coat.

"They are forcing the Jews into the ghetto," she said. I cannot bear to look at her. I feel ashamed to admit that I believe in Herr Fuhrer, like every other German, but my love for Grace is too great. It is dangerous for a German to speak against the Nazis, but my ever caring Grace cannot bear to witness the atrocities. "They are safe there.", I say. She smiles wryly. "Don't fight for Germany". I look up to meet her eyes and in that moment, we both know that none of those sentences will be true.

12th of November, 1941

I have become used to seeing death, daily. No, I do not face it, I am merely a harbinger. That is what fate leads you to, when you are young, healthy and capable enough to serve your nation and your Fuhrer. I am a Commandant now. I have people to do the killing for me. I give the order to kill the Jewish men, women and children..hundreds of them, everyday. There are moments when their death haunts me, the image of the child clutching on to the mother before being shot appears before my eyes, but then, I remember the Fuhrer's promise of the Great Fatherland, and my heart fills with faith and glory. I have a particularly bad headache today, owing to the glasses of whiskey that I had drunk down after whipping a Jew numbered 30456 for stealing from the Kanada. I don't think I can deal with

any more poles or Germans today. My assistant, Natasha's knock disrupts my train of thoughts. "Yes?", I ask. "Forgive me, Herr Commandant, but here is a list of names of the prisoners who were brought in today."

"Send them to the crematorium".

"All of them?"

"Yes. We do not have enough food here for every Jew who wants to come in. This is Auschwitz, for God's sake. It is not called Anus Mundi for nothing!"

"Okay, Herr Commandant," she says.

At noon, I go outside to the Officers' club for a smoke. "Leo!", I hear the Rottenfuhrer calling. I smile and walk towards him. "Did you hear about the prisoners who had come in today?", he asks. "Why, yes I did!" I reply. "To think that our own people could be rising against us at such time of need," he sees my confused expression and continues, "Well, I am talking about the spy, of course!" "Whatever are you talking about?", I ask astonished!

The Rottenfuhrer shakes his head and says, "She was a German girl, barely 19. She had been hiding many Jewish orphans in her cellar since the war began. A traitor, that is what she is. Thank God! You had them all killed in the crematorium today, less number of mouths to feed."

"What a shame!", I say, feeling proud of having killed a traitor to the Fatherland.

"Yes.", says the Rottenfuhrer, "What an abomination, indeed! Grace Kohler, that's what she was called... Grace Kohler from Berlin.."

I stagger backwards, my heart racing, my ears ringing and the ground shifting beneath my feet. Grace's beautiful face appears before my eyes, her nose, her red dress and then everything catches fire and the flames engulf her. My love! Oh, my love! What have I done!

1960

I heave a sigh of regret as I pull myself up from the chair. The coffee has gone cold. I throw it away and make myself another cup, mixing the coffee grounds in the water. Then, I pour some milk in it, I pour, I pour, and then I curse myself, for now I have poured in too much milk, and it is too light to resemble her dark brown eyes.

**Photograph Courtesy:
Anurag Singh MBBS,
2014 Batch**



The Gift

Debsmita Roy CSCE 2nd Year.

"This is getting difficult for us, Rahul. I am a working woman and it's not possible for me to take care of him every second. You need to understand that. I have my commitments to work and also I have an office which needs me. We have a daughter who has school and other requirements to be looked after," said his wife in a frustrated manner. "Okay. Let me think of a way," he said in a low voice and went away.

His brother, Ravi was diagnosed with cancer two years back and had to give up his job within a span of 6 months due to his deteriorating health. Within a year all his savings had dried up and he had to fall back upon his younger brother who was just 5 years younger to him. Rahul's wife was considerate in the beginning but soon she started resenting the fact that the responsibility of her brother-in-law fell largely on her. She also resented the money that her husband used to spend on his ailing brother, but she did not tell him anything about that.

Rahul went to his room and sat on the bed pondering upon what to do. He loved his brother but what his wife was saying was also practical. He reminisced about how his brother had done everything to see a smile on his face. They had grown up in very hard conditions. Ravi had always kept his brother before him. He was like a father figure to Rahul. Thinking of all this, tears streamed down his face. The clock struck 1 o'clock in the afternoon. He went up to the kitchen and set the plate for his brother with some boiled vegetables and rice.

"Ravi, it's lunch time. Wake up," he called out to him. Ravi turned around and gave him a weak smile. He sat up slowly, took the plate from his brother's hand and just when Rahul was about to leave, he held his hand and said, "Sit for a while. I get bored in the room alone." Taking his brother's hand, Ravi said, "Rahul, shift me to the hospital," with a meek smile on his pale face. "No. I can't do that. You have done a lot for me since childhood. Now it's my time to do my share. Don't stop me," Rahul said. "Piya was right. I am becoming a burden on your family, I don't want to become a burden on anyone. Rahul, it would be better

better leave me at the hospital," he said while folding his hands. "I am already suffering from this disease because of which I wish to live no more, and in addition to that I don't want to become a burden," he said.

Three days later, Ravi was lying on the bed and staring at the ceiling. He felt no less than the stuttering fan. It seemed as if the fan kept moving with uttermost difficulty: just like him. Besides the fact that he was now away from his so-called family, the pain that came along with his disease kept adding to his woes.

"Sir, please get up and have these," said the nurse extending her hand towards him with a few pills. He shook his head in refusal. The nurse had to convince him a lot before he finally took the medicine. "Sir, if you want to get well, you have to take these. Why do you be like this every day?" - said the nurse. "Don't you get tired of giving me false hopes? I am so fed up with this pain. I cannot take it anymore. Why don't you just give me a wrong medicine and end all this once and for all?" retorted Ravi. The nurse went away as she had no answer to his question. She had been noticing him since the day he came. She felt a strong connection with him, it wasn't a romantic kind of connection, but it definitely was a connection. The next day when she went to give him his pills he took them without a word of protest. Though it surprised her, she said nothing. This continued for a few months. The hospital had become like a second home to him. His condition worsened with each passing day. He had built a strong rapport with the co-patients of the hospital. He had befriended a Christian man, Peter, who was suffering from a type of cancer related to brain and was an impeccable poet. Seeing him, Ravi never felt that this man was going to die. Such a cheerful man he was! He had no fear of his upcoming death. When Ravi has asked him about this, he had replied with his usual broad smile, "I know I am going to die. So, why waste the remaining moments of my life worrying about something that I know is bound to happen. You need to live Ravi, live every moment that God has granted in your life."

One fine day, Ravi woke up and saw Peter's bed was empty. He tried to get up from his bed but he had become very weak to do so. He called for his nurse who came running to him. "Where is Peter?", he inquired. The nurse did not say a word and hung her head down.

Peter's bed was not empty for long. That evening, someone else came to take over his place. Ravi had of course not expected a 12 year old kid to take over Peter's bed. The next morning Ravi woke up to see the nurse feeding the child breakfast. Ravi was too weak to speak or get up on his own. In his shaky voice, trying to strike up a conversation with the child, he said, "What's your name, champ?" The nurse feeding the kid said, "-Sir he would not be able to hear you or speak with you." He observed the kid who was lean like a stick, had become pale probably because of the disease he was suffering from. He had just started his life and here was where he had to end up; in the hospital. Ravi thought at least life was not this unfair to him. He felt pity for the little kid. In all these months, no one from his family came to visit him, not even his brother who he had always loved and protected like a father. He had also accepted his fate. Now, he was just waiting there on the hospital bed for his death to come. He sometimes used to think about the kid that used to lie on the bed next to his like a lifeless body. All these thoughts made his condition miserable.

The nurse monitored his day to day condition. She knew the pain that he was dealing with, but she had rules to abide by. Ravi's eyes used to beg for death from the nurse. She could hardly meet his eyes.

Three days later, there was a lot of hustle-bustle in the ward. Balloons, streamers and gifts were doing the round. The kid seemed to be very happy. It was his 13th birthday after all. Ravi, on a wheelchair sat at a far distance, watching everything with a little smile. He reminisced how he used to celebrate Rahul's birthday every year with whatever little he could, used to gift him something from the money that he used to save. His eyes welled up with tears. "Mr. Ravi, are you alright?", he heard a voice from behind. Looking up he tried to speak but she stopped him. She came and sat beside him. They both sat there silently for a long time. The kid's parents came and gave them a piece of cake each. She very carefully fed it to Ravi. All the celebrations were over and everyone went to their respective beds and were

put to sleep. However, that night Ravi's eyes were devoid of sleep. Lisa also sat beside him patiently not uttering a word.

Ravi stammered, "Do you know that today is my birthday? My brother seems to have forgotten because it is already past 1 o'clock and ...," he stopped. "Everyone gets so many gifts on their birthday, but I have never got one. My life is also about to end, so I have no chance of getting one now," he laughed a little and suddenly choked. Giving him water, Lisa took him to his bed and made him lie down. "Lisa, when will all this end?" "Close your eyes, Mr.Ravi," she said.

Lisa's duty was till 2 o'clock. However, that night she stayed back. The whole hospital was sleeping. The doctors on night shift were in their respective cabins. The corridors were empty with the tube lights being the only representative. She walked to the end of the corridor, climbed up the stairs took the first left turn and reached there. She tip-toed to the bed and slowly turned the knob of the Oxygen cylinder anticlockwise. She saw him gasping for his breath but that was not for more than a minute. She then restored the knob to its original position.

She stood there for a while with a complacent smile on her face. Her lips uttered, "Happy Birthday, Mr. Ravi. I hope you will like my gift."

Photograph Courtesy:
Anurag Singh MBBS
2014 Batch



Photograph Courtesy:
Raja Barik BDS 3rd Year



The Surface of happiness

Atrideb Roy IT 2nd Year

Every day, each and every one of us, we try to do the same thing – live. Live, as much as we can, but, do we always get to reflect on how we are really living? Keeping on a straight happy face for the world to see, just pushing through the harsh reality, we struggle to live a life which is just dictated by social norms. This is our life, this is us.

A child, when born, cries from the pain as the air of this unforgiving world touches his skin. It stays for some moment, but it subsides soon as he adapts to this new life. He learns that if he does not do so, he would not live much longer. A layer builds upon him, shielding him from the enemies he once faced. This is how we grow up, learning to battle ourselves and for ourselves in this reality that we have chosen.

A mother goes through such pain to bring a new life in this world, but the joy that comes after is incomprehensible. Months of struggle and the blinding discomfort after makes her wonder why she has to go through with this. But, the fruit of this labour diffuses those thoughts away. The joy of conceiving brings pain and then, the pain brings along joy.

A working parent sheds blood and sweat to provide for the one they care. It tolls the body and mind to unimaginable heights. The agonising work makes him wonder if he could just give up. That is till he returns home to see the smile of his family, when all his efforts are paid for with a sense of satisfaction.

Everyone has to stand upon their own feet to survive. First, we have to do it physically. Our bodies grow as every bone and muscle in it struggle to help us move. Then the harsher part comes to light. We grow from the inside, building layers to our mental state, educating ourselves about the world that we have come to. We are taught to live in harmony, but somewhere deep in our conscience, we still remember how we have fought to come to this very moment and how we will have to do so to live a better life. We quell our innocence and try to come to peace with the horrors of the world in which we live. Although, we do not realise that we ourselves are part of it. Either we adjust to it or we fall in the pits of darkness, never to rise again.

We feel pity when we see someone deprived of the things that we have so easily, but feel jealous when we see someone having more than us. We think of providing for the ones who need it, but put our own needs ahead when we see that we don't have enough. Need brings sorrow, guilt brings sorrow but accepting what we are brings us satisfaction.

Eventually, we all grow old, our bodies rot away till it can not last anymore. After years of labour and misery, finally we reach a stage where we can not do anymore. We crumble from within, through both mind and body and the time comes along when we have to pass the torch along. This keeps on repeating, generation after generation as we evolve into a different time but still be the same from within.

All of this pain, but still we move on? Growing up, we cover ourselves with layers, joy and sorrow building upon us. Without joy, there could not be any sorrow and without sorrow there could not be joy. But, nothing in this world is perfect. In our happiest moments, we can be sad and in our saddest moments we can feel glimmers of joy. Still, in this world that we have built, we have to fake our own happiness, otherwise we would fall into pits of exclusion. That is the last layer that covers us, completing us with glee and gloom, making us whole in this incomplete world. That layer, for me, is the surface of our soul which we often don't recognize as happiness.

This Time, Love Yourself

Ankita Chakraborty BDS, 2nd Year

What if the clouds today look breathtaking
In shades of orange and pink and blue,
And you look at yourself today
Like you are looking at yourself afresh, anew?

What if your crooked smile seems lovely to you,
And you stop hating the scar on your cheek
You love the way your hair curls about,
And the dark circles of a worthy week.

What if this time, you dress up because you want to
And not because you're told to be a girl,
You flaunt the boyfriend jeans like a pro
Or carry the short skirt with an elegant twirl

So this time, please look at yourself,
Like you look at the girl you admire the best
And maybe you'll notice for the first time,
You are beautiful just the way you are messed!

Photograph by: Dutta Biswas, Biotech, 3rd year

When writers experience, they express

Kritin Sinha IT, 3rd year

Being a part of the college magazine's team requires everyone to be familiar with their work. That is fine. But there is one more aspect to it: comprehending the theme. This is where I was a little worried. This year's magazine theme seemed ineffable to me. John Lennon once quoted-

"The more I see, the less I know for sure."

Correct. And I am experiencing it hands-on.

I am on a road trip with my family right now. We are heading back to our place after the weekend's get-together. The aura in the car is one of boredom. Being a generic human being, I am bored as well. While writing this, I feel like being featured in a montage: staring out of the window, and ideas are popping at an incredible rate. Plus, I am using a laptop to write, so it kind of feels cool. Everything seems perfect, except for the execution.

This year's theme is 'Home Is Where the Heart Is', and what I am writing seems up in the air. To be honest, my 'dreams' are more clear than the idea of a 'home' right now.

Originally, the definition of 'home' for me was 'a place where we feel safe and comfortable.' Well, that sounds better from the mouth of a fourth-grader, but it is true. That is how I view it till date. And I bet most of us would have the same illustration. The problem is, I wanted to prove this fourth-grade definition to be apt, relatable and ubiquitous, so I looked for answers. At least this made me felt like a writer for a while. Personally, the more I ponder over it, the more I realise that 'home' means not one, but two things to me. This is obvious too, but I am required to experience it. That is the beauty of writing-

"When the writers experience, they express."

Exactly at this moment, I am heading 'home' (the one made with bricks and cement). Honestly, I am never thankful for this lovely home. It is where I just am me. But I do not want to reach there now. I find myself at 'home' inside the car, seated with my laptop and hitting letters on the keyboard. The thought about leaving writing in between and stepping out of the car makes me agonized. Why? Maybe because I find a sense of 'home' in writing. There is a deep affection to it. I find myself comfortable and secure, even in the *middle of the highway in a speeding car.*

"Wherever you go becomes a part of you somehow."

I thank Anita Desai for penning down these beautiful words. On introspection, 'home' is something with which we associate our ball game, and it feels extraordinary once we realise that. Now I am one of those who can identify with more than one 'home'.

गज़ल

अभिनव भास्कर
आई.टी
तृतीय वर्ष

लफ़्ज़ों में' नहीं जाओ, महसूस करो भाई,
साहिल से' न समझोगे मँझधार की' गहराई I

इस शह्र के' मिलने के अंदाज़ निराले हैं,
हमदर्द की' सूरत में मिलते हैं' तमाशाई I

चिन्ता है' दिमागों को हर वक़्त नफ़े की, बस
क्या सोच सकें दिल के नुक़सान की' भरपाई I

यूँ साथ मे'रि कोई रहता है' खयालों में,
महसूस नहीं होती तन्हाई' भी' तन्हाई I

हाँ, रात कटी, दिन की शुरुआत हुई, लेकिन,
जिस भोर को' आना था, वो भोर नहीं आई I



माँ

अदिति
द्वितीय वर्ष
सी.एस.ई

हर लम्हा खूबसूरत लगता,
जब तेरा हाथ थामकर चलती थी,
एक गास में ही पेट भर जाता,
जब तेरे हाथ से निवाला खाती थी।
धुप में छांव जैसा, तेरा आंचल सर पर होता था,
पलक झपकते ही नींद आ जाती,
जब लोरी तेरी कानों में घुलती,
मुस्कान चेहरे से जाती न थी,
जब हंसता हुआ तुम्हें देखती।
अब तुमसे दूर रहना पड़ता है,
मुश्किलों से अकेले लड़ना पड़ता है।
भीड़ में भी अकेली हूँ
घर आने को तरसती हूँ,
अब भूख नहीं लगती मुझको,
हर निवाला मुश्किल से निगलती हूँ।
मधुर-मधुर सी हवा भी अब कड़वे बोल सुनाती है,
मौसम की पहली बारिश भी अब सूखा छोड़ जाती है।
कुछ कहना चाहती हूँ, पर सुनने वाला कोई नहीं
अब तो आंसुओं के मोती बुनने वाला कोई नहीं।
अब नींद नहीं आती मुझको,
तेरी याद आते ही, आँखे नम हो जाती हैं,
माँ, देखो आज मंज़र कितना बदल गया।
तुम्हारी लाडो को तुम्हारे बिना रहना पड़ गया।
... अदिति

ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଐତିହାସିକ ଭୂଗୋଳ

ପ୍ରକୃତି ରାଶୀ ରାଉତ ଇ.ଟି.ସି, ତୃତୀୟ ବର୍ଷ

ପ୍ରାଚୀନ କାଳରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ନାମର ପ୍ରଚଳନ ନଥିଲା । ୧୯୩୬ ଏପ୍ରିଲ ୧ ତାରିଖ ପରଠାରୁ ଯେଉଁ କ୍ଷେତ୍ର ଓଡ଼ିଶା ନାମରେ ପ୍ରଚଳିତ, ସେହି କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ ଭିନ୍ନ ଭିନ୍ନ କାଳଖଣ୍ଡରେ 'କଳିଙ୍ଗ', 'ଉତ୍କଳ', 'ଉତ୍ତ୍ର', 'କୋଶଳ', 'ତ୍ରିକଳିଙ୍ଗ' ତଥା 'ତୋଷଳ' ଆଦି ନାମରେ ରାଜ୍ୟମାନ ରହିଥିଲା । ଏହିସବୁ ମଧ୍ୟରୁ କୌଣସି ରାଜ୍ୟର ମୋଟ ଆୟତନ ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନର ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ମୋଟ ଆୟତନ ସହିତ ପୂରାପୂରି ସମାନ ବୋଲି କହିହେବ ନାହିଁ । ଏସବୁ ସତ୍ତ୍ୱେ 'କଳିଙ୍ଗ', 'ଉତ୍କଳ', 'ଉତ୍ତ୍ର' ନାମକୁ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ସମାର୍ଥବୋଧକ ପ୍ରତିଶବ୍ଦ ଭାବରେ ଲୌକିକ ସ୍ତରରେ ବ୍ୟବହାର କରାଯାଏ । ଅର୍ଥାତ୍ ପ୍ରାଚୀନ 'କଳିଙ୍ଗ' ବା 'ଉତ୍କଳ' ହେଉଛି ଆଧୁନିକ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଅନ୍ୟନାମ । ସେହିପରି 'କୋଶଳ' କୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ପଶ୍ଚିମ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ପ୍ରାଚୀନ ନାମ ଭାବରେ ଆଞ୍ଚଳିକ ସ୍ତରରେ ବ୍ୟବହାର କରାଯାଏ । କେତେକ ଐତିହାସିକ 'ଓଡ଼ିଶା' କୁ 'ଓରିଟିସ୍', 'ଉର୍ସିନ୍' ତଥା 'ଉର୍ସିଟିନ୍' ଇତ୍ୟାଦି ନାମର ଅପଭ୍ରଂଶ ବୋଲି ମତ ଦେଇଥାନ୍ତି ।

ନବମ ଓ ଦଶମ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀର ଦୁଇଜଣ ମଧ୍ୟ-ଏସିଆର ଭୌଗୋଳିକ, ଭବନ ଖୁର୍ଦାଦଭି ଓ ହାଦୁଦ୍ ଅଲ୍ ଆଲାନ ଓଡ଼ିଶାକୁ 'ଉର୍ସିନ୍' ବା 'ଉର୍ସିଟିନ୍' ବୋଲି ଉଲ୍ଲେଖ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ଏକାଦଶ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀରେ ଆଲବେରୁନି ତାଙ୍କ ପ୍ରସିଦ୍ଧ ପୁସ୍ତକ 'ଇଣ୍ଡିଆ' ରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାକୁ 'ଉର୍ଦ୍ଧାବିଶାଜ' ବୋଲି ଲେଖିଛନ୍ତି, ଯାହାକୁ ସଂସ୍କୃତ ଶବ୍ଦ 'ଓଡ୍ର ବିଷୟ' ବା 'ଓଡ୍ର ପ୍ରଦେଶ' ର ଅପଭ୍ରଂଶ ଭାବରେ ଗ୍ରହଣ କରାଯାଏ । ସାଧାରଣତଃ ଆଧୁନିକ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଅଧିକାଂଶ ଭାଗ ପ୍ରାଚୀନ କାଳରେ କଳିଙ୍ଗ ରାଜ୍ୟର ଅଂଶ ହୋଇ ରହିଥିଲା । ସେହି ଆଧାରରେ ଆଧୁନିକ ସମୟରେ ମଧ୍ୟ କଳିଙ୍ଗକୁ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଅନ୍ୟ ଏକ ନାମ ବୋଲି ବିବେଚନା କରାଯାଏ । ଏହି କାରଣରୁ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଐତିହାସିକ ଭୂଗୋଳକୁ ନେଇ ବିଚାର କଲାବେଳେ କଳିଙ୍ଗର ଅବତାରଣା ଅପ୍ରାସଙ୍ଗିକ ନୁହେଁ । ଉଭୟ ପ୍ରାଚ୍ୟ ଓ ପାଶ୍ଚାତ୍ୟ କଳିଙ୍ଗକୁ ନେଇ ଅନେକ ଉଲ୍ଲେଖ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ମିଳେ । ମହାଭାରତରେ 'ଅଙ୍ଗ', 'ବଙ୍ଗ', 'କଳିଙ୍ଗ', 'ପୁଷ୍ପ' ଓ 'ସୁମହ' ର ଏକାଧିକ ସ୍ଥାନରେ ସୂଚନା ରହିଛି । ତେଣୁ ଏଥିରୁ, ମହାଭାରତ ରଚନା ସମୟରେ କଳିଙ୍ଗ ରାଜ୍ୟ ରହିଥିଲା ବୋଲି ଧାରଣା କରିହୁଏ । ଏହାର ରାଜଧାନୀ ଥିଲା 'ଦନ୍ତବୁରା' ବା 'ଦନ୍ତପୁର', ଯାହାକୁ ପୁନି 'ଦଣ୍ଡଗୁଳ' ବୋଲି ନାମିତ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ଏଥିରୁ ଐତିହାସିକ ମାନେ ଅନୁମାନ କରନ୍ତି ଯେ, କଳିଙ୍ଗ ସାମ୍ରାଜ୍ୟ ପ୍ରଥମ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀ ବେଳକୁ ଉତ୍ତରରେ ଗଙ୍ଗାନଦୀ ମୁହାଣଠାରୁ ଦକ୍ଷିଣରେ ଗୋଦାବରୀ ସୀମା ଯାଏଁ ବିସ୍ତୃତ ଥିଲା ।

ହାତୀଗୁମ୍ଫା ଶିଳାଲେଖରୁ ଜଣାଯାଏ ଯେ, ମଗଧର ରାଜା ମହାପଦ୍ମନନ୍ଦ ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟପୂର୍ବ ଚତୁର୍ଥ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀରେ କଳିଙ୍ଗ ରାଜ୍ୟର ସମଗ୍ର ତଟବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ଅଞ୍ଚଳକୁ ନିଜ ଅଧିକାରଭୁକ୍ତ କରିଥିଲେ । ଶିଳାଲେଖରେ କଳିଙ୍ଗର ରାଜଧାନୀ ପିଥୁଷ୍ଠ ବୋଲି କୁହାଯାଇଛି । ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟପୂର୍ବ ୨୬୧ରେ ଇତିହାସ ପ୍ରସିଦ୍ଧ 'କଳିଙ୍ଗ ଯୁଦ୍ଧ' ପରେ ଏହି ରାଜ୍ୟ ମୌର୍ଯ୍ୟ ସାମ୍ରାଜ୍ୟରେ ଅନ୍ତର୍ଭୁକ୍ତ ହେଲା । ସମ୍ରାଟ ଅଶୋକ ଏହାକୁ ନିଜ ସାମ୍ରାଜ୍ୟର ଏକ ପ୍ରଦେଶରେ ପରିଣତ କଲେ । ମାନେ ହୁଏ, ପ୍ରଶାସନିକ ସୁବିଧା ନିମନ୍ତେ ଅଶୋକ କଳିଙ୍ଗରେ ଦୁଇଟି ରାଜଧାନୀ ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠା କରିଥିଲେ । ଗୋଟିଏ ହେଲା ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର ନିକଟବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ଶିଶୁପାଳଗଡ଼ ଏବଂ ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ ଥିଲା ଗଞ୍ଜାମ ଜିଲ୍ଲାର ପୁରୁଷୋତ୍ତମପୁର ନିକଟସ୍ଥ ଜଉଗଡ଼ ସହିତ ଚିହିତ କରାଯାଏ ।

ମୋ ଘର

ଶମନୀଶ ଗୌତମ ବି.ଡ଼ି.ଏସ୍, ଦ୍ଵିତୀୟ ବର୍ଷ

ଏଇ ମୋ ଘର ଅତି ସୁନ୍ଦର
ଏଇଠି ରହିଛି ହୃଦୟ ମୋର

ଘରେ ଅଛନ୍ତି ମୋ ବାପା ଓ ମା
ତାଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ମିଳେ ପ୍ରେମଶା ଯାହା
ଆଉ ଅଛନ୍ତି ମୋ ବଡ଼ ଭାଇନା
ଏମାନଙ୍କୁ ଛାଡ଼ି ରହି ହୁଏନା

ଏଇଠି ଆମର ଠାକୁର ଘର
ଅତି ପୁଣ୍ୟ ଆଉ ଅତି ପବିତ୍ର
ଏଇଠାରେ ଆମେ ଅଜାତୁ ଭକ୍ତି
ଏଠୁ ମିଳେ ନୂଆ ଭର୍ଜା ଓ ଶକ୍ତି ।

ଏଠି ଅଛି ଆମ ବୈଠକ ଘର
ସାଜସଜ୍ଜା ଏଠି ଅତି ସୁନ୍ଦର
ଏଇଠାରେ ଆମେ ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାରେ ବସୁ
ସୁଖ ଦୁଃଖ ବାଣ୍ଟୁ, ଏକାଠି ହସୁ ।

ଏଇଠାରେ ଅଛି ରୋଷେଇ ଘର
ଅତି ପରିଷ୍କାର ଅତି ସୁନ୍ଦର
ଏଠି ସ୍ନେହର ତୁଲିରେ ରନ୍ଧା ସୌହାର୍ଦ୍ଦ୍ୟ
ମିଶେ ତିଳେ ପ୍ରେମ ହୁଏ ସୁଖାଦ୍ୟ ।

ଆମ ଘର ଏକ ସୁଖର ସଂସାର
ଘର ନୁହେଁ ଏହା ଅଟେ ମନ୍ଦିର
ତେଣୁ ସର୍ବଦା ମୁଁ ମନେ ରଖିବି
ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ମୁଁ ଏହା କହିବି,
ଏଇ ମୋ ଘର ଅତି ସୁନ୍ଦର
ଏଇଠି ରହିଛି ହୃଦୟ ମୋର ।

ଭାଷା ନେତ୍ରେ ଲୁହ

ସଂଳଗ୍ନ ଗଦେଶ ବି.ଡ଼ି.ଏସ୍, ଚତୁର୍ଥ ବର୍ଷ

ବହୁବାଳ ପୂର୍ବେ ଶୁଭୁଥିଲା ଯା'ର
ଭାଷା ପ୍ରୀତି ଭରା ସ୍ଵର,
ଅନ୍ତରୁ ସିଏ ଅନ୍ତର ହୋଇଲେ
ସର୍ବେ କଲେ ତା'କୁ ପର ।

ଶୁଣିବାକୁ ମିଳେ ମାତୃଭୂମି ମାତୃଭାଷାରେ ମମତା
ଯା' ହୃଦେ ଜନମି ନାହିଁ,
ତାକୁ ଯଦି ଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଗଣରେ ଗଣିବା
ଅଜ୍ଞାନ ରହିବେ ନାହିଁ ।

ଏ ବାକ୍ୟ ରହିଛି ବାକ୍ୟରେ ସାମିତ
ଭାଷା ହୁଏ ଏଠି ତୁଳ୍ଲ,
ପାଶ୍ଚାତ୍ୟ ଭାଷାର ବହୁଳ ପ୍ରୟୋଗେ
ସ୍ଵଭାଷା ସାଜିଛି ମିଛ ।

କଥାଠୁ ପାଟିଲା ସବୁ କହିଲେଣି
ଖଣ୍ଡି ଖଣ୍ଡି ଇଙ୍ଗିଲିସି,
ଓଡ଼ିଆ କି ସତେ ଅପରାଧ କଲା
ଦଳୁଛନ୍ତି ସର୍ବେ ମିଶି ।

ଅଭିମାନଭରା ହୃଦୟ ଅନଳେ
ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଯେ ପ୍ରଜ୍ଞଳିତ,
କହି ସେ ପାରେନି ସହୃଦୟ କୋହ
ବିସ୍ତାଦରେ ଜର୍ଜରିତ ।

ରାଧା, ସଚ୍ଚି, ମଧୁ, ଗୋପବନ୍ଧୁ
ଏଇକି ଅନେକ ଥିଲେ,
ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାର ମାନ ମର୍ଯ୍ୟାଦାକୁ
ଯିଏ ସର୍ବଦା ଚେକି ରଖୁଥିଲେ ।

ଆଜିର ଦିନରେ ଭାଷା ପ୍ରୀତି ଆଉ
ଭାଷାକୁ ଆଦର କାହିଁ,
ମାଟି ଓ ମା'କୁ ଭଲ ପାଉଥିଲେ
ପୂଜ ଭାଷା ନେତ୍ରେ ଲୁହ ଦେଇ ।

Photo Courtesy- Anurag Singh, MBBS

“ The Two Most Important Days In Your Life Are The Day You Are Born And The Day You Find Out Why...”



ALUMNI SECTION

Mark Twain

Upper berth to lower berth

Dr Ansuman Kar, Former Chief Editor, Kritika&Alumni, KIMS,KIIT(2016)

In the train called 'life', we all board with fun
First travelling with people known
To places where they have previously gone
It is fun to be with family in every luncheon,
This is the time, remember....

You first jumped up to the upper berth
As if it was reserved for you since birth,
No matter whose name was it booked
You can share everything with everyone
As the berth was your biggest medallion.

Moving on, you board the train called youth
Here you fight to adjust your growing length,
But given a choice upper berth still fits best
Beyond the material discussion of the rest
You sleep to dream like a bird in its nest,
Slowly you move with friends or alone....

Discovering places of thrilling adventure
Those monuments of ancient architecture
Writing travelogues and taking picture
And then all that matters is a berth to seat.

Now you board the train called 'company'
Travelling places to earn your money
Boarding off you run places to fix deals
Hold meetings moving all round like a wheel
Then when you board the train....
All that you yearn for is lower berth to rest
As climbing up the berth isv a tiring quest.

Life moves on like the schedule of train
We now have our own domestic constrain
From moving carefree we now have duty
Our family waits for going on trip outside
city

The circle begins again.....
Making your families seat comfortably
You are left with the middle berth obviously.

And then comes the phase of knee pains
Life enters the retiring phase
We now move about for spiritual gains
Salvation is our final chase
Again we need a seat to rest our pelvic girth
This time you prefer the lower berth..
Lastly forever!!

Nostalgia

Akanksha MBBS 2016 Batch

I'm sitting by the window sill
Sipping a cup of tea
Gazing disinterestedly towards a yellow leaf
Which is dancing its final dance
While falling softly on the muddy floor.

The last days of autumn are passing,
It will be winter soon
I say to myself,
While getting delighted at the idea
Of having more tea everyday.

Suddenly a distant memory
Of my childhood
from a chilly December
So vague and yet so clear, pops up
I am there in my grandparents' home
Lying on the terrace,
With a few comics beside me
Basking in the winter sun.

Looking up at the clear sky,
I see a jet plane passing miles above me
Leaving behind a trail of smoke
Standing up, I violently wave my hand
Too folly to believe that they can see me.

I am playing with my cousins
One of our self invented games
From the plethora of many,
Running wildly, until my lungs ache for air.

Suddenly the ball springs up
Into the neighbour's house,
Missing the window only slightly
We all are rooted and stunned
Until one of us breaks into laughter
And we all join into the symphony
Of pure, unadulterated happiness.

I am there, taking in all the sunlight,
Too oblivious to understand
That these pious moments
Would not return ever, even if
I had a penny for each second.

The sun is setting now,
While the sky blushes pink
The cold air spreading its wings
Is now tingling us to the bones.

We get a summon from Grandma
To come down instantly
I can smell the Halwa
That she has fondly cooked for us
I look at the sinking sun, one last time
Unwilling to leave
But, I must go
I must go,
I must let go.

जेबकतरा

अनुराग
एम.बी.बी.एस
(2014 Batch)

मैं जेबकतरा हूँ तुम्हारी जज्बातों का,
कभी दूसरों की खुशी में खुश हुई,
तो कभी अपनी खुशी न जता पाने वाली,
सर्द चादर में लिपटी बेज़ार रातों का।
पर इस पेशे में आने से पहले
मैंने भी कई रातें ऐसी गुज़ारी हैं,
कभी खुशियों का जादुई पिटारा हाथ लगा,
तो कभी पलक झपकते हीं
टूटे ख्वाबों की की अनगिनत सवारी है।
में उन जज्बातों को लूटता हूँ,
जिसका एहसास दिल के सबसे करीब
और ज़िक्र बहुत ही दूर हो,
जैसे की स्मृति में बसा कोई इंसान,
जिसकी एक धुंधली आकृति बी दूर हो।
पर भरी जज्बातों की टोकरी को बेचने में बाज़ार नहीं जाता हूँ,
में तो बीएस उन्हें शब्दों में पिरो कर, नज़्म का औज़ार बनता हूँ,
ताकि हमारे बीते कीमती लम्हे ताउम्र हयात रहें
और व्यस्त जीवन में भी उन नज़्मों को पढ़कर
कुछ पल के लिए अनुराग वाली बात रहे।

खुली किताब

अनुराग
एम.बी.बी.एस
(2014 Batch)

सिरहाने एक खुली किताब रखी थी मैंने,
जो बंद हो चुकी है हवा के थपेड़ों से टकराकर।
उसके कुछ पन्ने बिखरे पड़े हैं फर्श पे,
एक धूल की चादर भी चढ़ी है ऊपर।
बंद होने से पहले कोशिश बहुत की होगी उसने
कि उसके पन्नों के पर,
जो हवा के मिलन से आजादी का जश्न मना रहे होंगे
फड़फड़ा कर,
वो रुके नहीं।

कोई बीच का रास्ता मिले जिसपे वो हवा के साथ उड़ना सीखे
अपने ज्ञान को उसके वेग से जोड़कर,
और हो आए हिमाचल के पहाड़ों से,
ब्रिस्बेन की ऊँची मीनारों से,
जहाँ दोनों का सुकून बसता है।
पर हवा को शायद खुद ही जाने की जल्दी होगी,
या सागर ने बुला लिया होगा उसे डांटकर,
पता नहीं!

वो जितना धीरे समाया होगा किताब के अंतर्मन में,
उसके विपरीत वेग से अलविदा कह गया होगा,
बेचारा उधड़ा किताब इसे अपना मुकद्दर समझकर,
धूल की चादर ओढ़े सिमटकर रह गया होगा...

सिरहाने एक खुली किताब रखी थी मैंने
जो अब बंद हो चुकी है चोट खाकर।

क्या लिखूँ?

अनुराग
एम.बी.बी.एस
(2014 Batch)

एक कोरा कागज और कलम लिए खड़ा हूँ चौराहे पर,
और सोच रहा हूँ क्या लिखूँ?

गाड़ियों की लंबी कतार लिखूँ,
लोगों का व्यवहार लिखूँ,
जाती-धर्म की दीवार लिखूँ,
राजनेताओं के सियासी व्यापार लिखूँ,
या दिल्ली शहर का सारा मीना बाजार लिखूँ?

दाता का दरबार लिखूँ,
माँ की ममता और लाड़ लिखूँ,
हर गलती पर मिले पापा की झाड़ लिखूँ,
या नानी के हाथ का मसालेदार आचार लिखूँ?

तेजी से बीतते वक्रत की रफ्तार लिखूँ,
मुश्किलों में किए अनगिनत काविश-ए-फ़नकार लिखूँ,
अधूरे ख्वाहिशों के चकनाचूर आकार लिखूँ,
या कुछ हुए सपने साकार लिखूँ?

अपने जीवन का सार लिखूँ,
अपना आधार लिखूँ,
अपने अंदर का कलाकार लिखूँ,
या अपना समाचार लिखूँ?

तुम्हारे पायल की झंकार लिखूँ,
फ़ोन पर हुए बात के मिनट साढ़े चार लिखूँ,
उनमें छुपे अनकहे शब्दों के भाव बेशुमार लिखूँ,
तुम्हारा अनुराग लिखूँ,
या तुम्हारे लिए अपने अनुराग का इजहार लिखूँ?
क्या लिखूँ मैं?

भारतीय सेना के नाम एक खत

अनुभव श्रीवास्तव
बीटेक (मैकेनिकल)
2015 बैच

सेवा में,
भारतीय सेना (वायुसेना+थलसेना+नौसेना),
सर,

इस पत्र के माध्यम से मैं, आपका तहे-दिल से धन्यवाद और आभार व्यक्त करना चाहता हूँ तथा आप सभी की हौसला-अफज़ाई करना चाहता हूँ (जो कि शायद मुझ जैसे आम नौजवान के लिए बहुत छोटी बात होगी क्योंकि आप लोगों को किसी भी तरह की प्रेरणा की ज़रूरत नहीं है; आप खुद हम सभी के लिए एक प्रेरणास्रोत हैं)। यहाँ सच्चे मन से सभी भाव व्यक्त किए गए हैं और मैं इन सभी बातों का अपने रोज़ाना के जीवन में अनुसरण भी करता हूँ। सेना हर देश का गुरु होती है। हमारे सैनिक और जांबाज़ अफसर पूरे देश की सुरक्षा की बागडोर सम्भालते हैं। वे अपना पूरा दमखम लगाकर देश की रक्षा करते हैं। एक देश के लिए जितनी ज़रूरी उसकी अंदरूनी एकता है, उतनी ही ज़रूरी है उसकी सेना में एकता है। आज अगर हम देशवासी सुरक्षित महसूस कर पाते हैं तो वह सिर्फ और सिर्फ आप सबकी बहादुरी की वजह से है। आप दिन-रात कठिन-से-कठिन परिस्थितियों में रहकर देश की सुरक्षा करते हैं; खतरनाक हमलों से हमारे देश को बचाते हैं, फिर चाहे वह हमले समुद्री रास्तों के ज़रिये किए गए हों, आकाशीय हमले या फिर ज़मीनी हमले। आप हर हमले का मुँह-तोड़ जवाब देते हैं। आप अपने प्राण न्यौछावर करने को भी तैयार रहते हैं। आप अपने घर-परिवार से दूर रहकर पूरे देश की रक्षा करते हैं। हम तो बड़े खुशकिस्मत हैं कि हमें त्योहार और पर्व अपने परिवार के साथ मनाने का मौका मिलता है, पर आप तो होली, दिवाली, लोहड़ी, ईद आदि सारे त्योहार परिवार से दूर रहकर मनाने को मजबूर हैं। क्या करें! इन्हीं सब मौकों पर तो असली चुनौती रहती है क्योंकि ज़्यादातर हमले और खतरे इन्हीं त्योहारों पर उमड़ पड़ते हैं और इनसे निपटने के लिए आपको काफी पहले से तैयार और सतर्क होना पड़ता है। आपको तो घर जाने के लिए छुट्टियाँ भी बड़ी मुश्किल से मिलती हैं। थक-हारकर आप बस कुछ चिट्ठियों और तस्वीरों से ही काम चला लेते हैं। एक देशप्रेमी तथा भारतीय सेना का बहुत बड़ा प्रशंसक होने के नाते यह देखकर बुरा लगता है कि आजकल हालत यहाँ तक पहुँच गयी है कि अब विपक्ष और सत्ता से दूर राजनेता सेना की कारवाइ पर भी शक करने लगे हैं। यह बहुत ही दुर्भाग्यपूर्ण है कि अपने ही देशवासियों से आप लोगों को यह सब कुछ सहना पड़ रहा है।



कुछ साल पहले उरी में हुए आतंकी हमले के बाद सेना द्वारा की गयी जवाबी कारवाई पर भी राजनीति की गयी जो कि बहुत दुखद है। यह भी अक्सर देखा गया है कि आजकल नौजवानों को इंजीनियर/डॉक्टर बनने के लिए उनके परिवार वाले तो खूब प्रेरित करेंगे, परन्तु कोई भी उन्हें सेना में भर्ती होने के लिए नहीं कहेगा। आजकल आप लोगों की वीर गाथाएँ केवल 2-3 दिन तक सिमट कर रह गयी हैं। लोग आपको केवल स्वतंत्रता दिवस, गणतंत्र दिवस तथा इसके अलावा 1-2 दिन और, ही याद करते हैं। इन खास मौकों को भी आज लोग छुट्टियों के रूप में इस्तेमाल कर रहे हैं जबकि उन्हें यह नहीं पता कि जिन खास मौकों को वह आराम करने और मौज करने के लिए उपयोग में ला रहे हैं, उन मौकों पर भी थलसेना, वायुसेना और नौसेना लगातार हमारी सुरक्षा में लगी हुई है। भले ही कुछ लोग आपकी हौसला-अफ़ज़ाई करने के बजाए आपके कार्यों पर शक करते हों और आपकी छींटाकशी करने से बाज़ नहीं आते हों, लेकिन आप यह जान लीजिये कि हिन्दुस्तान में आज भी ऐसे लाखों लोग हैं जिन्हें आप जवानों पर गर्व है और हम हमेशा से आपके साथ रहे हैं और हमेशा आपके साथ रहेंगे।

आपका प्रशंसक,
एक हिन्दुस्तानी

सूक्ष्म कथाएँ

अनुराग
एम.बी.बी.एस
(2014 बैच)

गरीब काफ़िरो की फ़ौज आयी थी कल
मस्जिद की दीवारें जोड़ने,
मेहनत कर वो नेमत में खुदा को भी साथ ले गए।

फिसला था कल रेत की तारा रिश्ता मेरा,
जब हाथ थमने के बजाये, उसने जकड़ने की कोशिश की।

कुछ मीठी, कुछ कसक, कुछ खास होती हैं,
ये यादें ही तो हैं, जो सबके पास होती हैं।

अगर पाक इश्क़ का कोई रंग होता, तो क्या होता?
बेशक वह सरहदों पर लहूलुहान तिरंगा होता।

काफिर थी में पहले, अब मंदिरो की मुरीद हो चली,
तुमसे मिलकर अमावस की रात भी ईद हो चली।

पैसों से भर दिया मैंने घर का हर कोना,
फिर भी गरीबी मेरा मज़ाक उड़ाती है वक़्त मांगकर।

उसूल मेरे मंदिरो की पता पूछते है,
दिल मेरी इंसानो में भी भगवन ढूँढ लेता है।

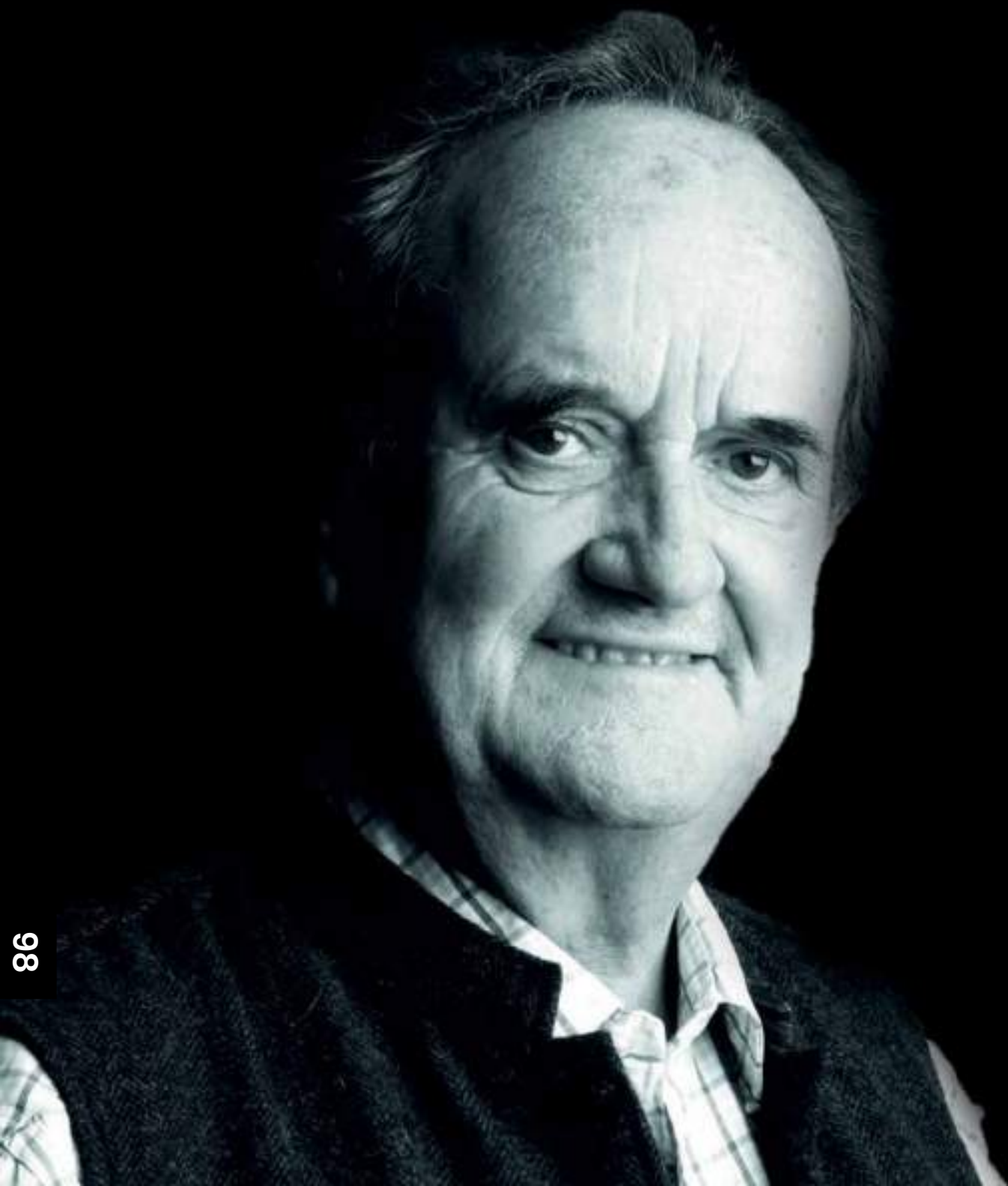
*“The people will not Revolt. They will not look up
from their screens long enough to notice what’s happening”*



INTERVIEWS

George Orwell

A Talk with Tully...



Sir William Mark Tully is the former Bureau Chief of the BBC, New Delhi. He has had a long association with the BBC before resigning in July 1994. He headed the Delhi bureau for 20 years. He has won the Padma Bhushan, the Padma Shri and the Richard Dimbleby Award of the British Academy of Film and Television Arts for his contributions to the field of journalism.

Interviewed by, Anuska Kundu, Dipansu Ruwatia and Rupam Das.

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1. How did your fascination with India begin?

A: I was born in Calcutta, which is located at present-day West Bengal and lived there for 10 years. So I believe I had an innate interest in India. Then I left for Cambridge, and when I landed here 30 years later as a correspondent (for the BBC), I just, felt at home – I really did! It was then that I realised how special India really is to me.

2. Your journey with the BBC has been extremely momentous. Would you like to tell us more about it?

A: Yes, it was extremely eventful. The time when I used to broadcast were interesting years in terms of broadcasting history because they were the years after the transistor radio had been invented, so widespread listening to radio was as ubiquitous as television nowadays, and of course, the only radio available was All India Radio which served the news in people's houses and the BBC. That's how I became well-known. So, it was really nothing to do with me, it was the time when I started broadcasting that has made the difference. I did a few radio programmes, and each one made its own place in my heart.

3. How do you perceive India as a nation that finds herself in crossroads of religious conflicts?

A: It saddens me to see the current condition the nation is in. In university, I was a student of theology and was interested in religion. I have always been an advocate of religious tolerance and pluralism. India should take pride in the fact that religion has ancient roots here and it was here that various religions have flourished. For instance, the Zoroastrians fled to India because they knew they would not be persecuted. So, the idea of an equal religious presence was prevalent in India long before our time and should be vehemently preserved. The entire idea of a right-wing of any religion is abhorrent to me.

4. Your article on operation blue star had taken the world by storm. How significantly do you think has Bhindranwale episode, affected present-day India and the idea of Khalistan?

A: I don't believe that Khalistan is a major threat. I made programmes on the same in 2004 and 2014, in some areas of Punjab which are considered to be dangerous. In 2017, I went there to make programmes on the partition and encountered various people. What I discovered was that whilst there are some young people who are still affected by the idea of Khalistan, it doesn't pose a major threat.

5. What pedestal do you think India is in, with all the Student movements and youth participation in current-day politics?

A: Youth participation in politics is essential. I condemn the attempts to dissuade the political activities of students in JNU. Students should learn to see things from a broad perspective. Debates and discussions should be encouraged among the students so that they can learn from each other. Respecting the views of others is what India stands for. The "tu-tu-mein-mein" attitude in arguments is becoming prevalent in the country, but one should always have a broader spectrum in mind while taking part in politics or political discussions.

6. Who has been your constant source of literary motivation and why?

A: I don't like to think of myself as a literary man. I am, but a journalist who has authored a few books. It delights me when people read and enjoy my books, but from the core of my heart, I remain a journalist.

7. What does literary success mean to you? How do you differentiate between a good book and an average book?

A: I strongly believe that success should not have a particular definition for anyone. This is where the religious beliefs fermented by India come into the picture. In the "Bhagavad Gita", you are instructed to set out and accomplish your tasks without thinking about the "fruits of your action". If I fixate my views on a definition of success, I would be very mistaken.

8. Have you ever been a victim of reader's block/writer's block? How did you overcome it?

A: Oh yes! Yes, I have one right now. (laughs) I mean I keep on thinking about writing something in a book and then I never get around to doing it again. I learnt one trick when I was writing my first book. I met a man who happened to be a writer and I said, "Look I am not sure if I can write the number of words in this passage I need to write for BBC Delhi that I've been assigned, or for the book I'm writing". He said that I had to treat each chapter as a separate story. Then you don't feel worried about reaching the 20000 or 80000 words or however much. So that's one way. That's how I don't have to say, "Oh this book's no good! I'm giving up on this!" So **sometimes** it's just a case of biting the bullet and continuing, and sometimes after that, you can't get your writers' block off. So, you scrub it off. It's a very important thing to be prepared to acknowledge yourself when you aren't doing something well and you have to rewrite.

9. Do you think Netflix affects the reading habits of its viewers?

A: I would say I think people spend far too much time on these things. I think it is sad. You know the great thing about books and about the radio – I'm passionate about the radio - is that they make you think much more because you have to invent the pictures yourself. And the pictures that you invent yourself from your thinking are the ones that will stick in your mind rather than the pictures on the telly, and to me, it's a great mistake. Another thing about books is that they are designed in such a way that is easy to flip back and look again- you can start to reread

them or read frequently to find a name that was in the first chapter but occurs again in the seventh chapter, a name which you can't exactly remember. Now I know you can do these things with devices nowadays. At present, I am trying to read an autobiography on the computer and I found it to be very difficult indeed. Let's take the example of the radio. When television came, radio was over. But if you get a decent radio, people will listen to the radio. And now look at the popularity of podcasts these days – that's radio for you. Podcasts are a stupid name, it's the radio that you can recover whenever you want.

10. Do you have any weird or quirky writing habits?

A: I don't have writing habits in the sense I write regularly or anything like that. That said, I don't much like writing in the evening. I like to finish by six or seven o'clock and have a perfect dinner and relax. I don't like writing in the evening at all. About reading, I read quite a lot actually. Going back to Delhi on the train, one reason for going on a train is because it gives you quite a bit of reading time, twenty-four hours of it. And this is the extraordinary bit: when you're back in your house, things keep on happening to stop you from reading. So, reading on the train is time well-spent.

11. We love it when people call you "more Indian than Indians". How, according to you, are the ways in which the Indo-British ties can be strengthened?

A: Well I'm happy to say that one has happened: Indian students came to Britain and I'd like to see more British students coming to India. The fact stands that more will now come because the visa rules have now been relaxed. I think that's a way of strengthening them. I think it's not a good idea to look on the pasts but I have to say that in fifty-odd years of being here, I've never once felt disadvantaged to be British. No one has ever said, "You're an imperialist" or anything like that. So, I don't think there are obvious ways to strengthen relations because I don't think they're too bad.

12. What are your conclusive thoughts on avid reading and youth awareness regarding the same?

A: Well, I think avid reading is wonderful because you learn a lot and you get in the habit and then you start looking at things differently. You'll find reading is a much better habit than some things. As I have said before, reading is a good habit. You're students, and reading is a good discipline, isn't it?

ଡକ୍ଟର ହୃଷୀକେଶ ମଲ୍ଲିକ



ରାଜସୂତ୍ର
Lit fest

କଥା-ବାର୍ତ୍ତା

ତରୁ ତାଙ୍କର ୫ ମାର୍ଚ୍ଚ ୧୯୫୫ ମସିହାରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଉତ୍ତମ ଜିଲ୍ଲା ଅନ୍ତର୍ଗତ ବାଣିଜିଆ ଗ୍ରାମରେ । ଜଣେ ଦକ୍ଷ ଅଧ୍ୟାପକ ତଥା ସୁନାମଧନ୍ୟ କବି ଭାବରେ ସେ ଅନେକ ସମ୍ମାନ ଅର୍ଜନ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ମାତ୍ର ୩୩ ବର୍ଷ ବୟସରେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଏକାଡେମୀ ପୁରସ୍କାର ମିଳିଥିଲା "ଧ୍ୟାନ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଝିଅ" ପାଇଁ । ଏହାପରେ ସେ ଅନେକ କବିତା ଲେଖିଛନ୍ତି ଏବଂ ପୁରସ୍କୃତ ମଧ୍ୟ ହୋଇଛନ୍ତି । ଯାହା ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଶାରଳା ପୁରସ୍କାର, ଧରିତ୍ରୀ କବିତା ପୁରସ୍କାର, ପ୍ରଜାତନ୍ତ୍ର ବିପ୍ଳବ ମିଳନ ପୁରସ୍କାର, ତାରତରଙ୍ଗ ପୁରସ୍କାର, ସଚ୍ଚି ରାଉତରାୟ କବିତା ସମ୍ମାନ, ଭାନୁଜୀ ରାଓ ସ୍ମାରଣ ସମ୍ମାନ ଇତ୍ୟାଦି । ଏହା ବ୍ୟତୀତ ଧରିତ୍ରୀ ତଥା ଅନେକ ସମ୍ପାଦକଙ୍କୁ ସେ ଜଣେ ନିୟମିତ ପ୍ରମୁଖଲେଖକ । "ଜେଜେ ଦେଖୁନଥିବା ଭାରତ" ପାଇଁ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଜଣା ପକ୍ଷରୁ ୨୦୧୭ ମସିହାରେ ଶାରଳା ପୁରସ୍କାରରେ ସମ୍ମାନିତ କରାଯାଇଥିଲା । ଅଧ୍ୟାପନା ଜୀବନରୁ ଅବସର ନେବା ପରେ ସେ ତାଙ୍କ ଅଧିକାଂଶ ସମୟ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ପାଇଁ ବିଅତି । ସେ ହେଉଛନ୍ତି ବିଶିଷ୍ଟ କବି ତତ୍ତ୍ୱର ହୁଷୀକେଶ ମଲିକ । ନିଜଜୀବନ କୃତିକାର ସମ୍ପାଦନାମାନଙ୍କୁ ତାଙ୍କ ସହ ଆଲୋଚନା କରିବାର ସୁଯୋଗ ମିଳିଥିଲା । ସେହି ଆଲୋଚନାର କିଛି ଅଂଶ.....

ପ୍ର- ପିଲା ଦିନର ଏକ ଅଭୁଲ ସ୍ମୃତି ବିଷୟରେ କହିବେ ?

ଉ- ଏକ ଅଭୁଲ କଥା ଏପରି ଅଛି ଯାହା ଆଜି ମଧ୍ୟ ମୋତେ ହସାଏ । ମୁଁ ସେତେବେଳେ ଯୁପି ସ୍କୁଲରେ ପଢୁଥାଏ ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ କିମ୍ବା ତୃତୀୟ ଶ୍ରେଣୀରେ । ଆମ ସ୍କୁଲକୁ ଉତ୍ତପେକ୍ଷଣ ପାଇଁ ଆସିଥାନ୍ତି । ମୋତେ କୁହା ଯାଇଥିଲା ଡିକ୍ଟେନାରୀ (ଅଭିଧାନ) ଆଣିବା ପାଇଁ । ମୁଁ ଚେୟାରମ୍ୟାନଙ୍କ ଘରକୁ ଯାଇ ଡେକ୍ଟି-ହାଣ୍ଡି ମାଗିଲି । ମୁଁ ତାକୁ ନେଇ ସ୍କୁଲରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲି । ମୋତେ ଡିକ୍ଟେନାରୀ କଥା ପଚାରି ଯିବାରୁ ମୁଁ ତାକୁ ଡେକ୍ଟି ହାଣ୍ଡି ଦେଖାଇ ଦେଲି । ଗାଁ ସ୍କୁଲରେ ପଢୁଥିବା ବେଳେ ଆମର ଅଭିଧାନ ବିଷୟରେ ଧାରଣା ନଥିଲା । ତେଣୁ କହିବାକୁ ଗଲେ ଏହି କଥା ମନେ ପଡ଼ିଲେ ଆଜି ମଧ୍ୟ ମୁଁ ମୋ ଅଜ୍ଞତା ପାଇଁ ଜଗିତ ଅନୁଭବ କରେ ଓ ବହୁତ ହସେ ମଧ୍ୟ ।

ପ୍ର- ତହୁ ଲୋକ ତତ୍ତ୍ୱର ହୁଷୀକେଶ ମଲିକଙ୍କୁ ଜଣେ ଭବନୋତ୍ତମ କବି ରୂପେ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣନା କରନ୍ତି । ନିଜୁ ଆପଣ ତତ୍ତ୍ୱର ହୁଷୀକେଶ ମଲିକଙ୍କୁ କିପରି ବର୍ଣ୍ଣନା କରିବେ ?

ଉ- ଯଦିଓ ଲୋକ ତହୁଣି ମୁଁ ଜଣେ ଭବନୋତ୍ତମ କବି, ମୁଁ ନିଜେ କହିବି ଯେ ମୁଁ ତାଙ୍କ ସହ ଏକମତ ନୁହେଁ । ଲୋକ ପ୍ରଶଂସା କରନ୍ତି ଓ ନିନ୍ଦା ମଧ୍ୟ କରନ୍ତି । ମୁଁ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ସାଗର କରେ କିନ୍ତୁ ପ୍ରଶଂସାରେ ଭଳି ଯାଏନି କିମ୍ବା ନିନ୍ଦାରେ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ପଡ଼େନି । ଗୋଟିଏ କବିତା ଲେଖିବା ପାଇଁ ଜଣେ କବିକୁ ଅନେକ ସମୟ ଲାଗିପାରେ, କିନ୍ତୁ ସମୟ ମଧ୍ୟ ଲାଗିପାରେ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଯଦି ଗୋଟିଏ କବିତାରେ ମୁଁ ସଫଳ ହୋଇଯାଇଛି ବୋଲି ଅନୁଭବ କରିବି, ତେବେ ମୁଁ ଜଣେ କବି ନୁହେଁ ବାରି ଜଣେ କବି କେବେ ବି ଗୋଟିଏ କବିତାରେ ଆତ୍ମସନ୍ତୁଷ୍ଟି ପାଏନି । ତେଣୁ କହିବାକୁ ଗଲେ ମୁଁ ଜୀବନ ରାତ୍ନାରେ ଯାଇଥିବା ଜଣେ ବାଚୋର ଯିଏ ଶବ୍ଦର ପ୍ରୟୋଗରେ ନିଜ ଆଖ-ପାଖରେ ଦେଖୁଥିବା ଘଟଣାକୁ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣନା କରେ ।

ପ୍ର- ତତ୍ତ୍ୱର ହୁଷୀକେଶ ମଲିକ- ଜଣେ ଆଦର୍ଶ ଅଧ୍ୟାପକ କିମ୍ବା ଜଣେ ଜାତୀୟତାରେ ଜଣା-ଶୁଣା କବି । ନେଇଁ ସମ୍ବେଧନ ଆପଣଙ୍କୁ ଅଧିକ ଆନନ୍ଦ ଦେଇଥାଏ ?

ଉ- ଜଣେ ଛାତ୍ର/ଛାତ୍ରୀ ନିଜ ଅଧ୍ୟାପକଙ୍କୁ ମନେ ରଖି ସମ୍ମାନ ଦେଲେ ସେଥିରେ ଜଣେ ଅଧ୍ୟାପକର ଚେତ ପୂରିଯାଏ । ଅନ୍ୟପକ୍ଷରେ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଅଧ୍ୟାପକ ଜଣେ କବି । କାରଣ କବି ଶବ୍ଦର ଅର୍ଥ ହେଉଛି Innovation । କବି ଯେପରି ନୂଆ-ନୂଆ ଶବ୍ଦରେ କବିତା

ଲେଖକ, ଜଣେ ଅଧ୍ୟାପକ ନୁଆ-ନୁଆ ଉପାୟରେ ନୁଆ କଥା ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ଶିଖାନ୍ତି । ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କ ଶିକ୍ଷାଧାର ଉତ୍ତର ଦିଅନ୍ତି । କବିତା ଦ୍ଵାରା ମଧ୍ୟ ଜଣେ କବି ଅନେକ ଶିକ୍ଷାଧାର ଉତ୍ତର ଦେଇଥାଏ । ଭବାନୀର ଚାପେ ଶ୍ରୀଅରବିନ୍ଦ, ରବୀନ୍ଦ୍ରନାଥ ଟାଗୋର, ଆଦି । ତେଣୁ କବିତାକୁ ଗଲେ ଜଣେ ଅଧ୍ୟାପକ ଏକ ଭଲ କବି ହେବା ପାଇଁ ବାଧ୍ୟ । କାରଣ ଅଧ୍ୟାପକ ଗୋଟେ ଖୁଅ ଧରାଇ ଦିଅନ୍ତି ଉତ୍ତର ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଓ ସେହିଭଳି କବି କବିତା ଦ୍ଵାରା ପାଠକକୁ ଖୁଅ ଧରାଇ ଦିଅନ୍ତି । ମୋଟ ଭାବରେ କବିତାକୁ ଗଲେ ଜଣେ ଅଧ୍ୟାପକ ଭାବେ ସମ୍ବୋଧନ କରିଲେ ମୁଁ ଯେତେ ଆନନ୍ଦିତ ହୁଏ, ଜଣେ କବି ଭାବେ ସମ୍ବୋଧନ କରିଲେ ମୁଁ ସେତିକି ଖୁସି ହୁଏ ।

ପ୍ର- ଅଧ୍ୟାପକ କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରୁ କବିତା ଲେଖିବା- ଏହା ପଢ଼ରେ ଆପଣଙ୍କ ସବୁଠୁ ବଡ଼ ପ୍ରେରଣା ହିଁଏ ?

ଉ- ମୁଁ ପ୍ରଥମେ ଜଣେ କବି, ତା'ପରେ ଜଣେ ଅଧ୍ୟାପକ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଶିକ୍ଷାଦାନର ଅଭିଳାଷ ମୋର ପିଲାବେଳୁ ରହିଛି । ଛାତ୍ରାବସ୍ଥାରେ ମୁଁ ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ଚୁ୍ୟସନ୍ ମଧ୍ୟ କରୁଛି । ବୃତ୍ତିଗତ ଜୀବନକୁ ଆସିବା ଆଗରୁ ମୁଁ କବିତା ଲେଖିବା ଆରମ୍ଭ କରିଛି ଓ ଏହା ପଢ଼ରେ ମୋର ସବୁଠୁ ବଡ଼ ପ୍ରେରଣା ହେଉଛି ମୋ ପରିବାର । ମୋ ଗାଁରୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ମୁଁ ପ୍ରେରଣା ପାଇଛି । ପ୍ରତିଦିନ ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାରେ ଆମ ଗାଁରେ ଭାଗବତ ଓ ପୁରାଣ ପାଠ ହୁଏ । ମୋ ପିତା-ମାତା ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ-ଉପାସର ଥିବାରୁ ପ୍ରତି ରବିବାର ଆମ ଘରେ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ-ପୁରାଣ ପାଠ କରା ଯାଉଥିଲା । ମୁଁ ମଧ୍ୟ ପାଖରେ ବସି ଶୁଣୁଛି ତଥା ପଢ଼ୁଛି । ପିଲାବେଳେ ମୁଁ ସ୍କୁଲକୁ ଯିବା-ବେଳେ ୪-୫ ଜିମି ଚାଲି-ଚାଲି ଯାଉଥିଲି । ସେହି ସମୟ ଥିଲା ମୋ ନିକଟ ଏବଂ ଏହି ସମୟ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ପରିବେଶକୁ ଦେଖି ମନ ଭିତରେ ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ କିଛି ଧାଡ଼ି ଆସି ଯାଏ । ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ଭିତରେ ଜଣେ-ଜଣେ କବି ଅଛନ୍ତି । ଗୋଟେ ପ୍ରେରଣାର ଉତ୍ସ ମିଳିଗଲେ ଜଣେ କବି ଅନେକ ସୁନ୍ଦର କବିତା ରଚନା କରି ପାରନ୍ତି ।

ପ୍ର- ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାର ଉନ୍ନତି ପାଇଁ ଆପଣଙ୍କ ବ'ଣ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ରହିଛି ?

ଉ-ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାର ଉନ୍ନତି ପାଇଁ ଅନେକ ଉପାୟ ରହିଛି । କାରଣ ୬ଟି ଶାସ୍ତ୍ରୀୟ ଭାଷା ମଧ୍ୟରୁ ଆମ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ଅନ୍ୟତମ । ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ମୁଁ ଧରିତ୍ରୀ ତଥା ଅନେକ ଖବରକାଗଜ ପାଇଁ ଛନ୍ଦ ଲେଖୁଛି । ଛନ୍ଦ ଦ୍ଵାରା ଲୋକଙ୍କ ମନରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ପ୍ରତି ସମ୍ମାନ ବଢ଼ାଇବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା ଜାରି ରହିଛି । କିନ୍ତୁ ସମସ୍ତେ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ ସ୍ତରରେ ପ୍ରୟାସ କରିବା ଦରକାର । ଶବ୍ଦର ବ୍ୟବହାର ନିର୍ଭୁଲ ଭାବରେ କରାଯିବା ଉଚିତ । ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନର ସିଡିକୁ ଦେଖିଲେ, ଇଂରାଜୀ ମାଧ୍ୟମ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟର ଛାତ୍ର-ଛାତ୍ରୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଶବ୍ଦକୁ ଭୁଲ ଭାବରେ ଉଚ୍ଚାରଣ କରିବା ସହ ଭୁଲ ଲେଖୁଛନ୍ତି । ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ସଠିକ ଜ୍ଞାନ ନ' ମିଳିଲେ ଭବିଷ୍ୟତରେ ସେମାନେ ସେହି ଭୁଲ ଦୋହରାଇବେ । ତେଣୁ ଗୋଟେ ପିଲା ଇଂରାଜୀ ମାଧ୍ୟମର ହେଉ ବା' ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମାଧ୍ୟମର, ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାକୁ ଠିକ ଭାବେ ଚିହ୍ନିବା ଆବଶ୍ୟକ । ଚାନ୍ଦିଡ଼ା ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ମନରେ ଯେତେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ପ୍ରତି ଦାୟିତ୍ଵବୋଧ ଆସିବ, ତେତେ ଯାଇ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ଏକ ନୂତନ ସ୍ତରରେ ପହଞ୍ଚି ପାରିବ ।

ପ୍ର- ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନର ଯୁବପିଢ଼ିକୁ ଆପଣ କ'ଣ ବାଞ୍ଛା ଦେବେ ?

ଉ- ବାଞ୍ଛା ଦେବାର ଅର୍ଥ ହେଉଛି ନିଜ ନିୟମକୁ ଚାକ ଜପରେ ଲଦି ଦେବା । ଚାନ୍ଦା କରିବା କଥା ନୁହେଁ । ମୁଁ ସେମିତି କିଛି ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦିଷ୍ଟ ବାଞ୍ଛା ଦେବାକୁ ଚାହେଁନି । ଯେ କୌଣସି ଏକ ବାଞ୍ଛା ସମ୍ଭାବନା ଥିବା ଅନେକ ସତ୍ୟର ପଥରୁଖ କରିଦିଏ । କେବଳ ଏତିକି ପରାମର୍ଶ ଦେବାକୁ ଚାହିଁବି ଯେ, ଯାହା କିଛି ସେମାନେ ଗ୍ରହଣ କରୁଛନ୍ତି ତା' ବିଷୟରେ ସେମାନେ ଆହୁରି ଅଧିକ ଗବେଷଣା କରନ୍ତୁ । ସମସ୍ତେ ଅନୁସନ୍ଧିତ ହେବା ଆବଶ୍ୟକ । ପୃଥିବୀରେ ଯାହା ଉଚ୍ଚାରଣ ହୋଇଛି, ସବୁ ସମ୍ଭବ ହୋଇଛି ଜାଣିବାକୁ ଇଚ୍ଛା ଯୋଗୁଁ । ତେଣୁ କେବଳ ଏତିକି ପରାମର୍ଶ ଯେ ଯୁବ-ପିଢ଼ି ସମସ୍ତ ବିଷୟ ଦୁଆର ଖୋଲା ରଖିବେ ଯାହା ଦ୍ଵାରା ସେମାନେ ଆହୁରି ଅଧିକ ଜ୍ଞାନ ଆହରଣର ସୁଯୋଗ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରି ପାରିବେ ।

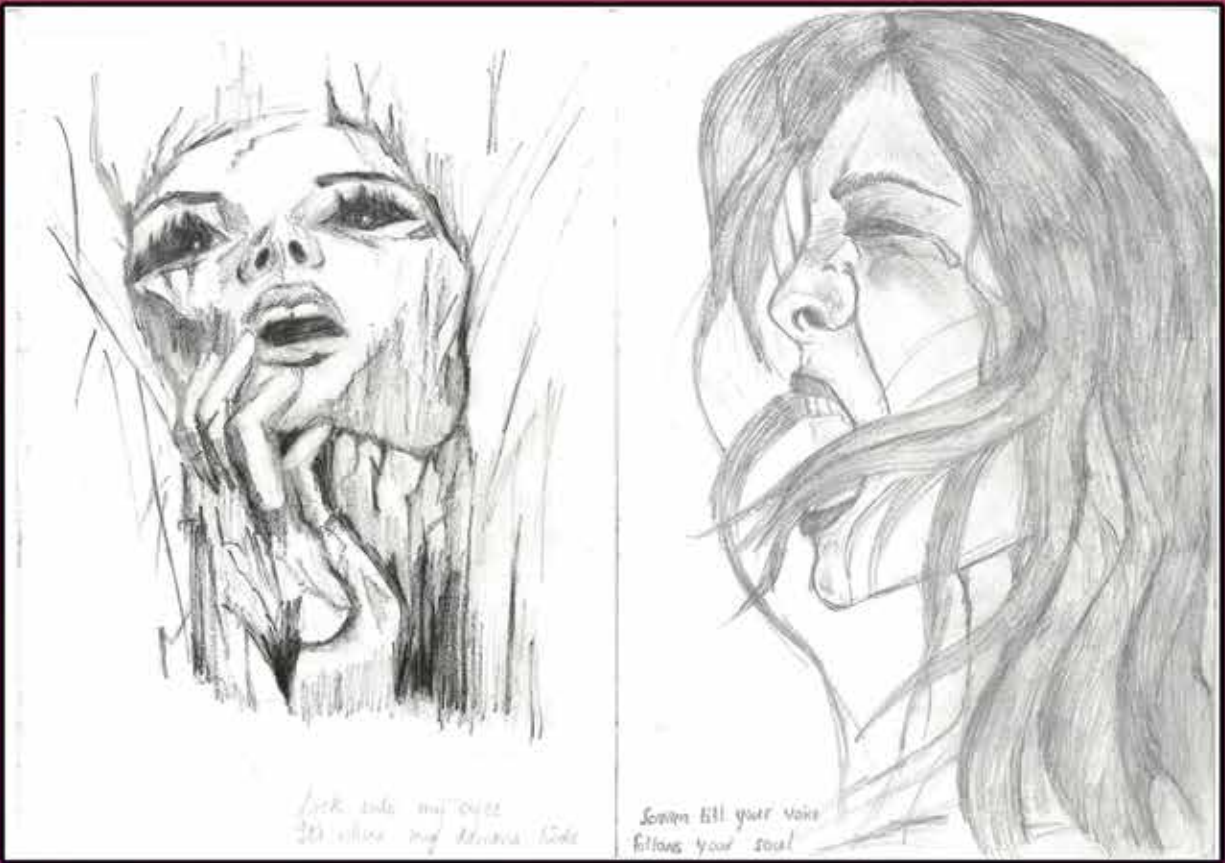
*“What is Art? It is the response of Man’s creative
soul to the call of the real”*



ART SECTION

রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুর

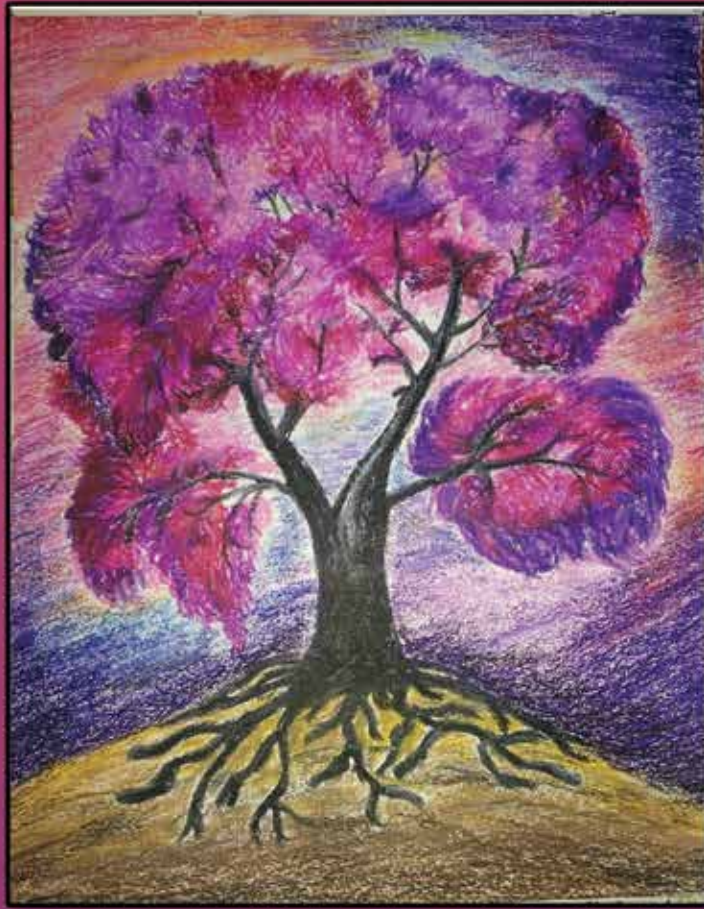
Rabindranath Tagore



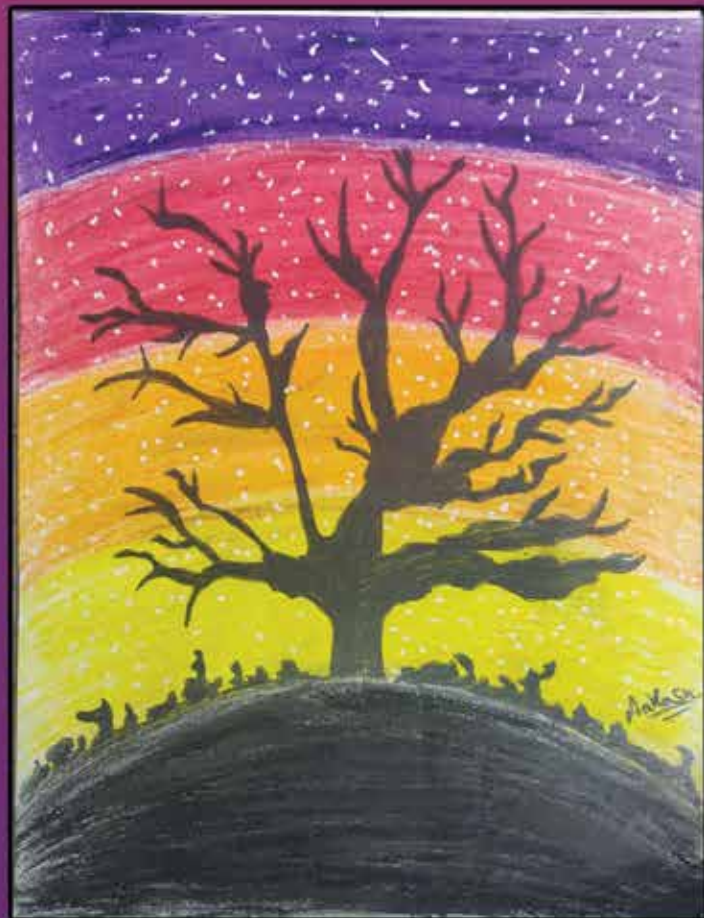
Radhika Kedia MBBS Final Year



Sonali Das IT Second Year



Sayanti Pal BDS Second Year



Akash Kumar Tiwari EE Third Year

KIIT NEWS



Naveen Patnaik ✓
@Naveen_Odisha

As we strengthen our fight against #COVID19, a 500 bedded dedicated Odisha Covid Hospital near KIMS, #Bhubaneswar is readied in a record time of one week. Appreciate KIMS and OMC joining hands with Govt. for this first of its kind initiative in the country.

[#OdishaFightsCorona](#)



9:10 PM · Apr 2, 2020 · Twitter for Android

693 Retweets **89** Quote Tweets **3.2K** Likes

“The strength of the team is each individual member.
The strength of each member is the team.”



THE TEAM

“Maybe okay will be our always”

John Green

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.





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.





Soham Basak

In case you thought we got just one doctor to prove you wrong, we actually have two. Soham, as we say, is a piggybank of bad jokes. He is creative, honest and an absolute genius in his craft.

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.



Itishaa Rath

Itishaa is not just a wonderful editor, but also a makeup vlogger. She is responsible, soft-spoken and an extremely beautiful human who you can talk about anything about.





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.

Debangan Samanta

Debangan can be really adamant and stubborn at times, but once you start believing in his creativity, you will see the talent he possesses. He is funny and extremely calm even under pressure, and holds the skill of leading a team towards eminence.



Rupam Das

A mystery to many, Rupam is a storehouse of bang-on ideas and hilarious memes. He is a patient hard worker and a good listener. Rupam is responsible, reliable, trustworthy and will deliver content that is always appealing.





Nidhi Bhattacharjee

Nidhi believes in charming up mundane lives with the magic of well-written books-fiction and nonfiction alike. A romantic at heart and a fan of Stephenie Meyer, Amish Tripathi and Devdutt Pattanaik, she appreciates good humour, writes alternate plots for TV and web-series and harbours a love for baking.

Tamoghna Bera

Social Media Strategist, Tamogna is quite an extrovert and finds pleasure meeting people and learning from experiences. Whenever free, he gets the artist within, march forth in theatricals.



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.



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.



Aritro Dasgupta

An introvert by nature, Aritro loves to portray himself through sketching and creative writing. His love for movies go hand in hand with his admiration for the works of Ruskin Bond, Wodehouse and Hosseini.





Ritaja Chowdhury

A wonderful scribbler and an even better digital-marketing strategist, Ritaja is a Potterhead. She is particular in every matter and finishes all her tasks with the deadline strictly in mind.

Abhinav Bhaskar

Abhinav is sensitive, emotional, poetic and is very good with expressing his thoughts and actions via poetry. He has proved his mettle in the arena of Hindi poetry and story-writing, time and again.



Ankita Chakraborty

Diligent and hardworking, Ankita has a striving spirit and an eagerness to do justice to every task. Her creativity is laced with a great sense of rationale that shows up beautifully in her writings. Albeit, quiet by nature, her pen speaks a thousand words.





Debsmita Roy

Debsmita is a gourmand, who also indulges in reading and listening to music. An admirer of the versatile Satyajit Ray, she believes that literature mirrors the society. She has a keen love for the Bengali detectives like Feluda and Byomkesh Bakshi.

Anasua Ghosh

A dentist in making, Anasua possesses the skill of convincing you in every situation. She is extraordinarily creative, friendly, caring and helpful towards all her peers and teammates.



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.





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. She also loves singing when nobody is watching.

Prakruti Ranee 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.



Kritin Mishra

Kritin loves to read. When he was younger, he had a hard time expressing himself. However, Rowling, Dumas and Amish taught him that literature could be used as a way to vent oneself.





Shamanish Gautam

Shamanish is hands-down the future of our Odia section. He is punctual, responsible and very amicable to everyone who knows him.

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.



Atrideb Roy

An editor with an eye for details, Atrideb is a voracious reader and is hugely inspired by the writings of J. R. R. Tolkien. He indulges himself largely in fiction and has a vivid imagination like no other.



MEET THE TEAM



DECLARATION

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Industrial Technology, Bhubaneswar, 751015

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.

KIIT NEWS



Achyuta Samanta ✓
@achyuta_samanta

Humbled and Honoured to receive Shiksha Samman Award 2020 for Excellence in Cultural Education from Lions Club International (District 322B2). It is special because I received it on the occasion of Teachers Day. [@lionsclubs](#)



7:08 PM · Sep 5, 2020 · Twitter Web App

522 Retweets 49 Quote Tweets 936 Likes



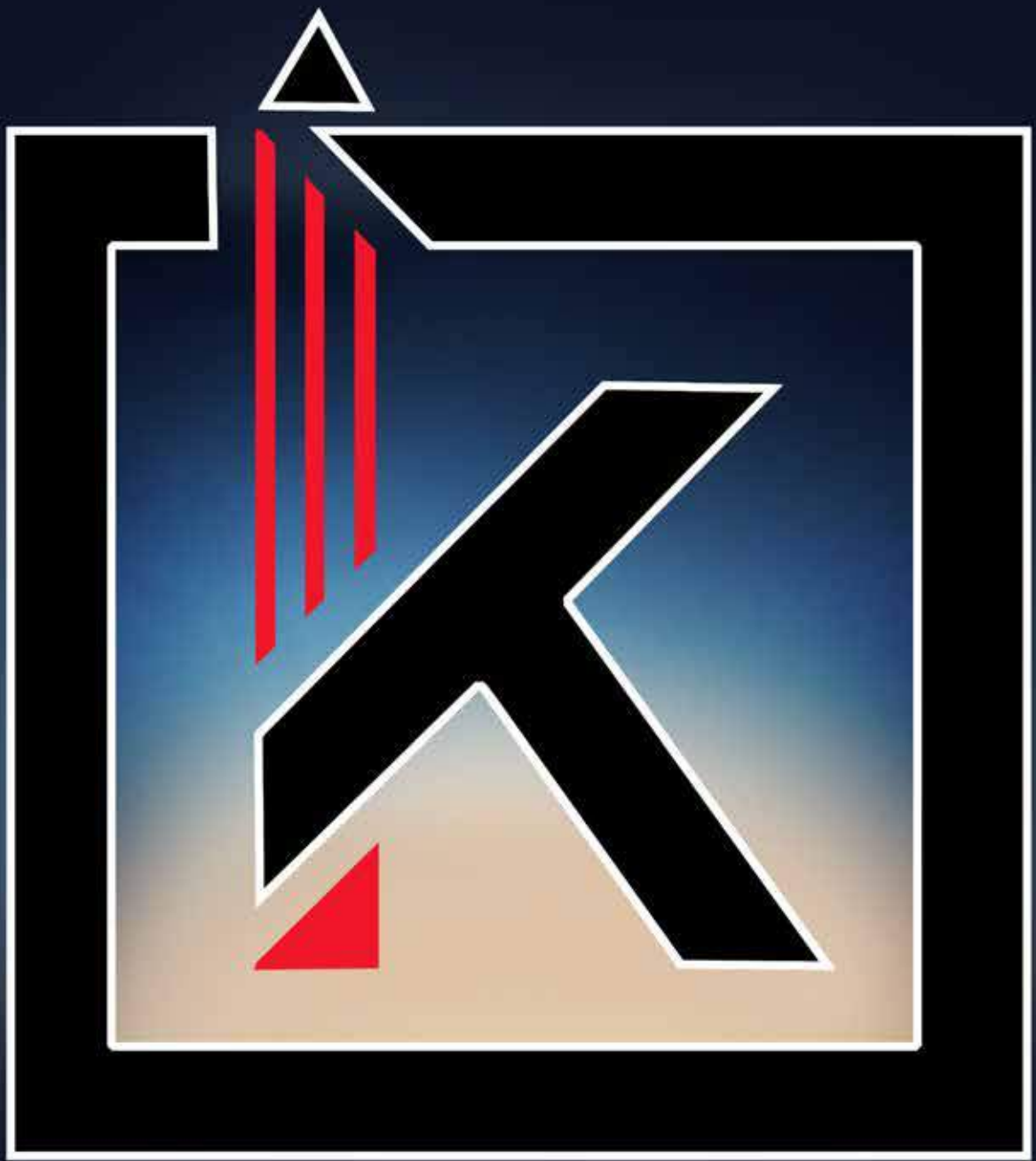
Achyuta Samanta ✓ @achyuta_samanta · Sep 5
Replying to @achyuta_samanta
Correction : Shikshak

4

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K R I T I K A

2020