



KALINGA INSTITUTE  
OF INDUSTRIAL TECHNOLOGY



KRITIKA



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ANNUAL UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' MAGAZINE

# 2021

# ART OF GIVING



#AOG 2021

17 May 2021

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



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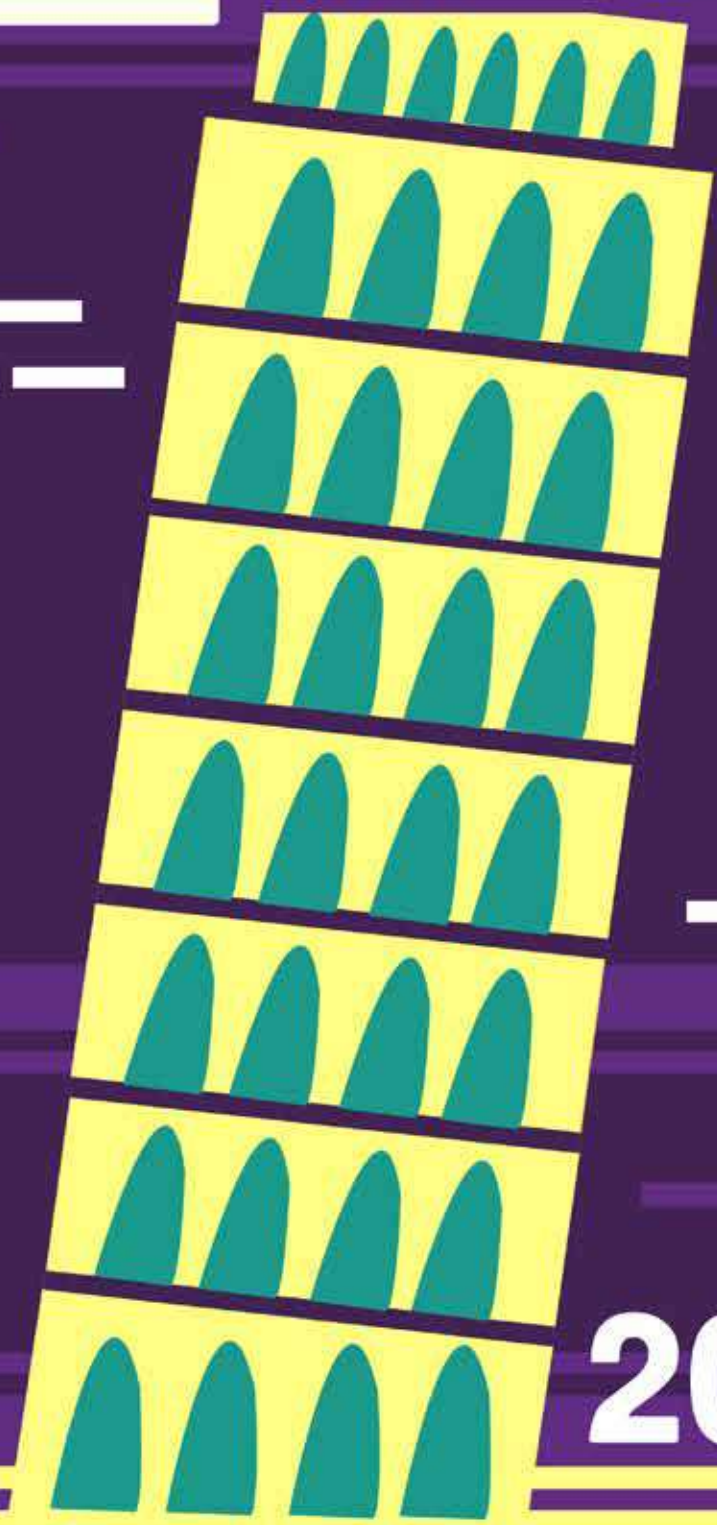
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ANNUAL UNIVERSITY  
STUDENTS' MAGAZINE

# KRITIKA



2021



**KALINGA INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL TECHNOLOGY (KIIT)**

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



**Dr. Achyuta Samanta  
(Founder, KIIT & KISS)**

It is my great pleasure to learn that students of Kalinga Institute of Industrial Technology (KIIT) Deemed to be University, Bhubaneswar are going to publish the 2021 Edition of their annual magazine 'Kritika'. KIIT is proud of its student community, who are known for their all round achievements. Our students have proved their mettle in every field, be it academic achievement, entrepreneurship, culture or sports. Students' magazine is an important medium that facilitates the expression of students' literary talents, creativity and aspirations.

Over the years, the magazine 'Kritika' has proved to be an effective medium for such creative expressions of the students. It has been consistently featuring high- quality and thought-provoking literary and artworks. I am confident that the current edition will take this trend forward.

I congratulate the editorial team, all the students, faculty team and staff of the University and wish the magazine 'Kritika 2021' all success.



**KALINGA INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL TECHNOLOGY (KIIT)**

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

As challenging and uncertain as life may be during this pandemic, we were swift and progressive in adapting to remote education and are still learning and growing ! KIIT and the World are facing an unprecedented time, and I greatly appreciate the efforts put in by the student community to keep every venture running in a planned and effective manner.

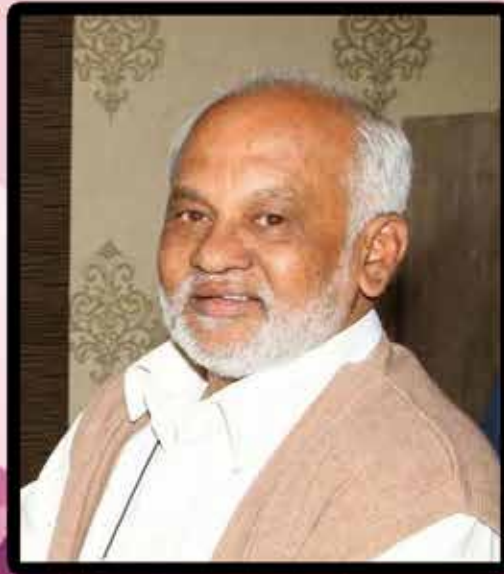
I am extremely pleased to learn that the Annual Student's magazine "KRITIKA 2021" is about to be unfurled. The magazine indeed is a platform to express the students' voices and ideas. The sincerity of thoughts and the diction of expression of the selected articles make it clear that this issue will provide an interesting, stimulating and delightful reading experience.

I am sure that the magazine will become a must-read chronicle on happenings around us. I congratulate the editorial team for their initiative and achieving greater success and scaling newer heights ahead.



**KALINGA INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL TECHNOLOGY (KIIT)**

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



**Prof. Hrushikesh Mohanty  
(Vice Chancellor, KIIT)**

I am delighted to learn that 'Kalinga Institute of Industrial Technology, deemed to be university' is bringing out its annual students magazine 'KRITIKA' for the year 2021. 'KRITIKA' in Hindi means creativity, which is so much required in every aspect of our lives. I am sure that the literary and artistic pieces contributed by our students will reflect their creativities and dreams, to achieve greater heights.

In the educational institutions, the annual magazines play a very pivotal role in igniting the minds of young students and inculcate creativity in them. Many writers have started their literary journey from college magazines. I would expect that all the students would try to showcase their talents through their contributions.

I congratulate the editorial board members for their tireless efforts in bringing out this volume. I send my best wishes to all the staff, students and faculty members who have put efforts for making 'KRITIKA-2021' a wholesome magazine.



**KALINGA INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL TECHNOLOGY (KIIT)**

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**Dr. Jnyana Ranjan Mohanty**  
**(Registrar, KIIT )**

I am happy to note that our University students are going to publish the Annual University Students' Magazine KRITIKA 2021. Kritika, the canvas containing a plethora of a panorama of picturesque thoughts of intricate student minds, has always been one of-a-kind. This Magazine is a common platform for all the young, talented and energetic students of the University to share and display their ideas and creative talents. The University is determined to be a diverse, student-centered, globally engaged University offering a high-value and qualitative education and at the same time it has always played a vital role in promoting and organizing various value-adding activities of curricular and co-curricular programs for environment and holistic development of the students with the latest trends and technology to provide a platform to students in particular.

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)**

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

I hope you are safe and doing well.

As the Chief Editor, it gives me immense pleasure to welcome you to another edition of KRITIKA, the University Students Magazine 2021. Over the years, the magazine has matured due to the efforts of our students at KIIT.

This magazine intends to bring to you student's best work coming from the best of their abilities. In this edition, like always, they have showcased their uniqueness by relaying their thoughts on various issues in different Indian languages. The editorial team have interviewed and featured articles of reputed authors, students and alumni in an exemplary manner.

I would sincerely place thanks to my editorial team whose dedication and diligence towards completion of KRITIKA 2021 was always part of the process.

Happy Reading!





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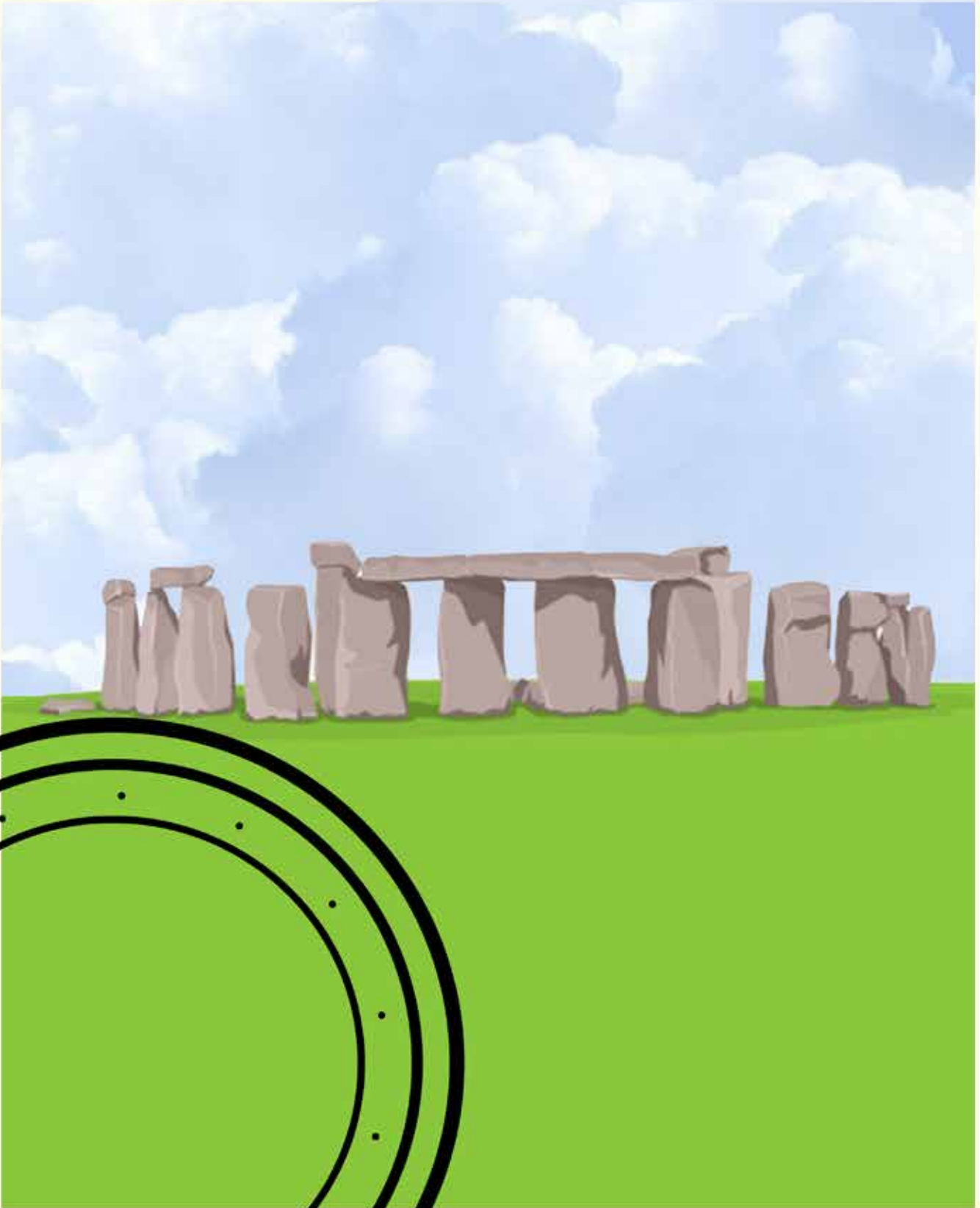
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# Birthday Salutations to a Friend

Sayak Chatterjee, 4<sup>th</sup> Year, ETC

Ambar

You require no salutation before your name, and this is concerning your nature which strives to come forth, despite subtle art of war to subjugate it by many hideous in approach but clearly resentful to your straightforward choice of words. Should it be given such importance, when I write a note on the occasion of your birthday? Surely not. Sadly, I am not a football fan so I can't describe life in regards to the tug of war football clubs often engage in. I am inclined to emotions, a personal view, a cherisher of mystical life, presenting itself in the many idle and serious talks, the usual leg-pulling sessions, and emotional rejuvenation. This will essentially be something pleasantly plucked from this journey.

We met a couple of times before becoming friends. We discovered each other on FB long before there was nothing but an acquaintance kind of bond we shared.

All changed when A15 changed to ETC-08 and I realized that the similarities between us is not limited to the interest in books we shared but it extended to mutual friends and seniors and then Wordsmith got us to know each other better.

There were good days when we unboxed amazon packages in each other's room. There were bad days when something shook you up enough to ask me out from an undone jolly mood, to the corridors, grim. There were days when we went to Oxford Bookstore and hunted for a quality book which is cheaper than the others. And yet there were days when I silently felt resentment against poor jokes which were nothing more than insults hurled towards you. Always know this, that those days I resigned myself in the safe haven of silence nurtured deep within because the majoritarian pressure simply can't be put off.

I admire you as a person, happy, emotional, and yet brave to take a stand even while knowing that there shall be disagreement from the other end. But here's a cache- being this much finer creation of God comes with several issues. And you simply can't avoid those.

The sheer outspoken nature of yours is often spiteful for many. Those carefree words often hurt an ego, suddenly surfacing out of nowhere, and this hits hard. Know this that you need to understand a person or a situation carefully before voicing yourself out. You need to be cautious with ways because they can part easily but merging them ahead is quite difficult.

Having said this, and more of these in person, I really don't want to extend this as I believe it should be a more topical talisman alongside some refreshing walk in the past. The lockdown got us busy chasing dreams, and even with regular touch through a virtual medium, I am sure we will meet in better times; those when we will all celebrate this special day, and you shall dine and dance like a free soul. Till then, take care.

Happy birthday once again to the guy who has captured a captivating part of the world with his lens (glimpses are on Social media) those many like me still dream of. I am a proud friend and a brother from another mother, happily.

Truly

Sayak

PS- Surnames barely matter when there are more important things to pen down.

# Procrastinating Can Kill !

Oindrila Ghosh, 3<sup>rd</sup> Year, EEE

She woke up to the ticking sound of a clock.

Or so did it initially seem to her. " Maybe that's my alarm clock "- she mused, but held on. She was in her dorm for the past 6 months. Last time she left home, she clearly remembered to miss out the most coveted alarm clock. The one which had saved her previously from missing her assignment deadlines and not to mention that it was the only responsible thing that woke her dreary self up from deep loafing sleep so that she could kick herself to plunge into another dull day.

Gosh! If there is no clock in her dorm room then from where on hell the ticking sound was coming from? Unlike the regular clocks, there was something unusual about the ticking sound. With every passing breath, the ticking appeared to be pacing faster.

In no time there was a deafening siren buzzing all around the place. Notwithstanding the shrill noise, she couched herself on the floor covering her ears. "Attention! Evacuate the building"- the speakers in the hallway blared. "Hurry! Move out fast. There is a BOMB in the basement. Hurry!!"

BOMB? She froze. Everyone brushed past her, running as fast as their limbs could carry them. During this crisis, no one bothered to see if the other person could make it to a safe exit or not. All they cared was to rush their selfish selves and dock themselves to safety.

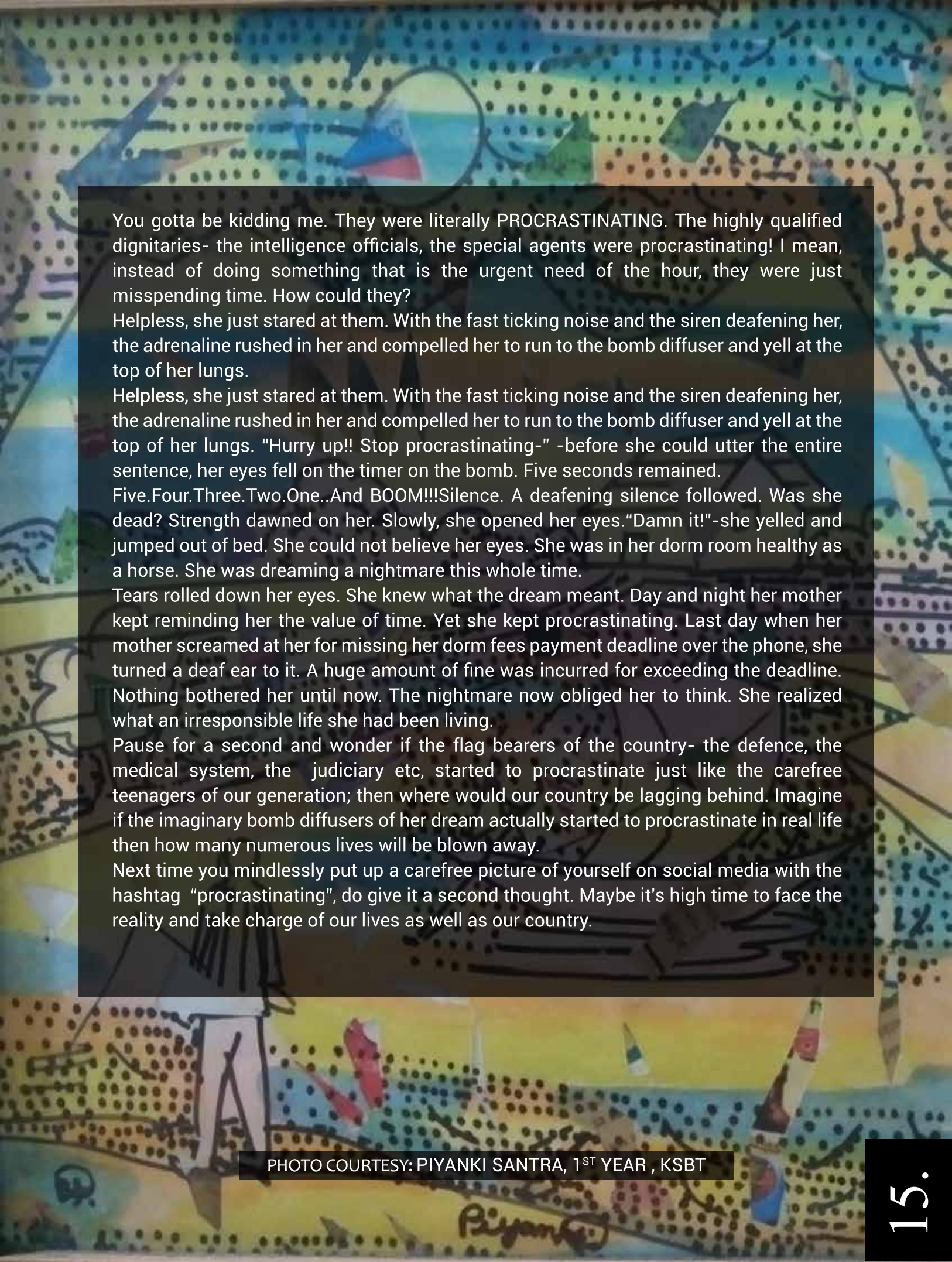
Amidst the chaos, she just stared blankly at every moving figure, as though in a trance. Call it a hallucination or some magical mist but while everyone was rushing to the exit, something just allured her to 'the' basement'. There was tight security in there. The entrance to the basement was sealed. There were explosive diffusers, high ranking officials from the intelligence bureau - all were in a haste, trying to use their years of experience to get through it. The scene looked straight out of some Hollywood action movie, but this nightmare is real.

To her utter surprise, none of the officials were doing their job. The explosive diffuser was mindlessly flipping through the multiple wires. Instead of focussing on defusing the bomb, all they did was to stare at their wrist watches every second.

"We have enough time ...We should relax a bit I guess .."- remarked one of the diffusers. "Ya, sure! We can diffuse it at the last minute. We still have five long minutes in hand"- agreed the other.

ARE THEY INSANE? Five minutes left for a deadly explosive to explode with thousands of lives at stake and they have time to relax? Seriously?. Not just that, even the intelligence officials, the RAW special agents, were merely squandering time. Instead of assisting everyone to make it to the exit or exploring the building further to find the potential criminal who planted the bomb, they were precariously discussing stuff that they should say to the media regarding the negligence of the security that leads to this.





You gotta be kidding me. They were literally PROCRASTINATING. The highly qualified dignitaries- the intelligence officials, the special agents were procrastinating! I mean, instead of doing something that is the urgent need of the hour, they were just mispending time. How could they?

Helpless, she just stared at them. With the fast ticking noise and the siren deafening her, the adrenaline rushed in her and compelled her to run to the bomb diffuser and yell at the top of her lungs.

Helpless, she just stared at them. With the fast ticking noise and the siren deafening her, the adrenaline rushed in her and compelled her to run to the bomb diffuser and yell at the top of her lungs. "Hurry up!! Stop procrastinating-" -before she could utter the entire sentence, her eyes fell on the timer on the bomb. Five seconds remained.

Five.Four.Three.Two.One..And BOOM!!!Silence. A deafening silence followed. Was she dead? Strength dawned on her. Slowly, she opened her eyes."Damn it!"-she yelled and jumped out of bed. She could not believe her eyes. She was in her dorm room healthy as a horse. She was dreaming a nightmare this whole time.

Tears rolled down her eyes. She knew what the dream meant. Day and night her mother kept reminding her the value of time. Yet she kept procrastinating. Last day when her mother screamed at her for missing her dorm fees payment deadline over the phone, she turned a deaf ear to it. A huge amount of fine was incurred for exceeding the deadline. Nothing bothered her until now. The nightmare now obliged her to think. She realized what an irresponsible life she had been living.

Pause for a second and wonder if the flag bearers of the country- the defence, the medical system, the judiciary etc, started to procrastinate just like the carefree teenagers of our generation; then where would our country be lagging behind. Imagine if the imaginary bomb diffusers of her dream actually started to procrastinate in real life then how many numerous lives will be blown away.

Next time you mindlessly put up a carefree picture of yourself on social media with the hashtag "procrastinating", do give it a second thought. Maybe it's high time to face the reality and take charge of our lives as well as our country.

PHOTO COURTESY: PIYANKI SANTRA, 1<sup>ST</sup> YEAR , KSBT

# Candour

Anasua Ghosh, 3<sup>rd</sup> Year, BDS

In dark rooms, when the day is done  
Secrets are hidden, woes are spun  
On spindles of the tortured mind,  
Taught day and night  
That it is customary to shun  
What is not inline  
With the general paradigm.  
That what is wild  
Should never rise,  
Should be rid of their wings  
Before the flight has even begun.

Shattered glass and spoilt bandages  
On the floor lie cold,  
Symbolic of all the caustic words  
you were told,  
The fibs you were fed,  
To warrant you not being enough.  
They said it was a necessity, didn't they?  
To be denigrated for something beyond your  
control?  
That it would prepare you for the hurt "out  
there",  
That it would make you tough?

Is that why you smashed the mirror, child?  
Did you believe they were true,  
When they spat abuses on sunny days  
And declared the rules absolute?  
Is that why you've stopped eating,  
Rendered yourself outdone?  
Is that why I see blood on your fingers,  
And pain in your eyes, little one?

At whose behest do you torture what  
is not another's to rule?  
They do not know you as I do,  
Stop painting yourself the fool.  
Let me tell you a secret once and for all,  
They never taught you to rise,  
Only to fall.  
For they were afraid, my friend  
And know this well,  
Afraid your glory could be  
A means to end their spiteful tale.  
So stand up tall, chin held high  
They will never know your worth and strife  
Don't let them coax you into their lies.  
Be the right you can afford to be,  
Be the light you've always sworn by.  
Strike a match in that darkened room,  
And set your angst on fire,  
It is your life to live,  
Your story to write  
Not to burn on a sinner's pyre.  
Tape the pieces of glass together  
Tell me what you see inside,  
For I can see a beautiful warrior,  
A breath of life against the tide.

PHOTO COURTESY: PRABHAV SINHA , 3<sup>RD</sup> YEAR, MECHATRONICS

# Celestial

Hiya Dey, 1<sup>st</sup> Year, MBBS

When you look up at a star- filled sky , do you feel a sense of irrelevance? Like, nothing you do or say will ever make an impact in a universe so much larger than you. The thought that we are 1,287,000 times smaller than the Sun, itself just an insignificant star among billions, can be frightening. Every atom in every living body has come from a single explosion of light and energy . Every trivial matter which we believe to be of the utmost importance, pales in comparison to the vast expanse of the night sky which is too far to even touch. But at the same time, it is just close enough. She had always believed that stars embodied the spark within each of us, struggling against the dark . It was something her father taught her before he lost his own battle against darkness.

He was a quiet, unsociable man who wallowed in his insecurities behind the brittle walls he had built around himself . He had always been an eclipse in her life, struggling with depression for years , even to the extent of refusing medication or therapy . They rarely spoke. In those days, she felt herself like a pebble in his shoe. One night as they pulled into the driveway, he stopped midway and simply said that he wanted to show her something . For once , she wasn't hurt by his reticence and thrilled that he wanted to spend time with her. Silently getting out of the car, they sat in the heavy , humid air of July twilight, slapping mosquitoes and staring into the pristine bright sky . It was like a black cloak had wrapped the earth with pinholes, revealing the light of heaven . His hands traced the constellation of Pegasus - a flying horse who helped wounded soldiers . Next he pointed to Andromeda and then Leo, the lion .

A wall had come between them . His knowledge and fascination with the universe, revealed to her a man with a brilliant mind . She realised that he was a scientist like everyone else , just trying to make sense of the stars inside him . He smiled and pointed at a constellation that resembled a spoon . " See that there ?" That's Ursa Major above and Ursa Minor below . The two bears - mother and son , had been turned into constellations by Zeus . He said to her , " It's okay if they're mother and son , we can make them father and daughter ." At that moment , she felt as if their names were carved into the sky . She didn't feel like a pebble anymore , she felt blanketed by a haven of comfort.

After that night , she became obsessed. She wanted to know everything about the universe. She checked book after book in the library, watched documentaries and got her hands on any information she could find .As she got older , the more she learnt about the stars , the less alone she felt in the noisy confusion of high school life .

The night is not to be afraid of - it allows us to see moments of history in a sky full of stars thousands of light years away. She could feel the stars in her veins . Her father was right. The stars tell us stories - stories of wisdom and magic . They aren't celestial bodies which have nursery rhymes written about, rather, proof that tie us to everything in the universe . They are wishes, the moments lost in time, the prayers, and maybe the nocturnal forces that represent struggle against the darkness.

# Character

Aarushi Khare, 2<sup>nd</sup> Year, IT

It was at 9 pm. I know I am amongst the characterless women of the country who have to stay out even after sunset for their ambitions. Can't help. Just the other day, I was walking in the lane, and suddenly, I could clearly hear some footsteps coming near me. I gasped and began to walk faster. But before I could do anything, a pair of hands abruptly touched my body. I could sense that touch. That non consensual touch. The touch which made me realize, in microseconds, how helpless I am. That touch had no essence of humanity, touch which could ruin my soul in its entirety. That touch made me accept how weak I am. That touch was not of a man because, the men I have in my life support me, encourage me to grow and learn new things. That touch could never be of a man. It wasn't human. Well! Then and there, I had given up, lost all hopes to save myself. Everything flashed in front of my eyes, and suddenly they opened. Sheer terror coursed through my body like electricity. "Hushhh! It was a nightmare," I sighed, looking around, now with a sense of relief. But then I wondered, how far am I really from the nightmare, anyway.

This nightmare-yes indeed- is the fear of every woman in our society. The fear is the biggest hurdle in our road to success. The fear which makes us feel that the label of becoming characterless is just midair, lurking. The fear never leaves us and squeezes every drop of liveliness from our souls. The fear stops us from staying out after sunset. This same fear makes a woman a burden on her family. It has broken all of us.

So my dear society, the only way to stop rape is to teach them to stop doing it. And no matter how uncomfortable you get, I must say that none of our clothes, our education, our style, our makeup, or even our existence give rise to molestation.

It is you, dear society, instead.

PHOTO COURTESY: BIBHU PRASAD PRADHAN, 3<sup>RD</sup> YEAR, AEROSPACE



# Journey Through the Mind

Aarushi Khare, 2<sup>nd</sup> Year, IT

All my days, I travel in the labyrinth of my thoughts,  
Putting what-ifs to all my odds.

Trekking the anxious mountains with utmost stress,  
Despite peace, all I have is breathlessness.

Hoping waves to wash off all my pain, I stand still,  
Instead, my heart gets flooded with tides and gloomy chills.

Wandering in the caves to explore the light within,  
Guess what life turned out to be- the darkest place I have ever been.

Lakes are so soothing and calm, and I thought so am I,  
But I am such a chaotic mess, I wonder why.

Assuming deserts would be best for some soul searching,  
Got lost in mirages, with the world, I could never sync.

Exploring every nook and corner of mine,  
I gradually realise,  
Putting questions to all my feelings won't let me shine.

So now, am embracing them unapologetically, by which I abide

PHOTO COURTESY: NEHA PANDEY, 3<sup>RD</sup> YEAR, MECHANICAL



# Fellow Traveller

Sandalee Srivastava, 2<sup>nd</sup> Year, IT

Will you be my fellow traveller?  
Hello!! I heard you're a melophile;  
And I am a hodophile,  
So, you sing all the melodies,  
And I'll drive you through the beautiful memories.

I am not damsel in distress,  
But I hope to be rescued,  
I wonder if we are getting misled  
In the journey of being alive & dead

Tell me what you think,  
What will our journey be like?  
Buzzing life like in New York  
Or will we be lost in Japan?  
Stories untold from Vegas  
Or famous from Paris  
So, are you ready to risk it all?  
To be my fellow traveller,  
To see whether this journey amazes us or fades us...  
Takes everything in vain or has it forever...

PHOTO COURTESY: PRABHAV SINHA, 3<sup>RD</sup> YEAR, MECHATRONICS

# I Wonder If There's A Word Where I Can Fit You In

Rajan Karn, 2<sup>nd</sup> Year, CS&E

I wonder if there's a word where I can fit you in,  
Or maybe a sacred place where I can hold you.

You know, like those designer caskets  
Where you keep your cherished belongings.

I rummaged through my memory lanes  
Only to find you calm and tender.

Your memory is not extravagant that  
I'll want to boast about.

Rather they are more like my midnight dreams  
All of you but only for me.

I wonder if you've learned to find peace in your chaos,  
Or a spell to find silence in the crowd.

There are infinite thoughts,  
From the infinite things that remind me of you.

Like the rainbow, you are all colours united  
One entity, yet so different, so distant.

You're innocent like the prayers of an ageing man,  
And you're peaceful like the sky at the break of dawn.

So many metaphors, yet "you" is not a word that completely defines you.  
I wonder if there's a word where I can fit you in.



# Free Breath

Nikhil Sinha, 1<sup>st</sup> Year, EEE

There are times when an unhinged desire to stop, grips, times when the inner self slowly shuts down its door to emotions and when darkness makes your mind its home. In those moments, an inescapable cage of bleakness forms, pushing you to give up. But fret not. Instead, take a moment to stop, find the quantum of solace, open the eyes of your imagination, let the colours of your soul held in the clutches break free and turn to ashes. Amidst this you shall experience yourself gaining strength like a phoenix with all your dreams and aspirations, you once had.

Our struggles through each and every moment can never be put in chains of mere words, but these words helped me ease my pain in slow and subtle ways. Each line pushed me to find more, each word gave me hope to write another, and slowly I swam, making my each move worthy, in taking me to the surface where I finally found my breath. Finally I was free.

PHOTO COURTESY: INTERNET



# Fugitive

Zahra Qaiser, 4<sup>th</sup> Year, MBBS

It was the worst day of her life, the night her father snapped her mother's neck. That night, standing near her mother's body, she could hear her drunk father gurgling and gasping, struggling to breathe his last. As the blood flowed out of the man's neck, she dropped the knife. Looking at what she had done in that unguarded moment of pure terror when her mother's body hit the floor, she chose the only option she could see. She ran.

It was the best day of his life when the police car met with an accident, killing three of his four escorts in one go. With his handcuffs broken by a bullet shot from the dead policeman's gun, he expertly took care of the last officer. Crawling out of the overturned car, he dusted himself off before he chose his only option. He ran.

Wandering through the streets, an orphan of her own making, the girl had no idea where she was and where she was going. Yet, a sense of self-preservation still lived in her. She avoided the people who gave her lustful looks. She avoided people who promised her better life down a dark path.

Wandering through the streets, a fugitive of his own making: the murderer had no idea where he was going and what to do next. Yet, instincts guided him. He avoided people who gave any sign of recognition, people who dressed in Khaki uniforms, looking for him, or old associates he knew would turn on him to save their own skin.

Be it by choice or not, she could not avoid everyone. She ran into a man. A man who promised her food, clothing, and shelter. A man who would not take a no for an answer. Years of abuse made her strong enough to drive the stake through his chest and leave him staggering and gasping. As another man breathed his last, she did the only thing she could do in that dark alley. She ran.

With his face plastered over every newspaper and flashing on every news channel, he knew he could not hide forever. The young woman- perhaps taking a short-cut through that alley- was the first to show some sign of recognition. He silenced her forever. With the woman's body lying on the ground, he did the only thing he could then. He ran.

Years later, the murderer, a married, alcoholic man, snapped his wife's neck in a fit of rage, he never tried to control. That night, his young daughter, terrified as her father turned towards her, grabbed the first thing she could find, a knife, and stabbed him straight in the neck. The dying breath of one fugitive started the journey of another.

# Gone

Zahra Qaiser, 4<sup>th</sup> Year, MBBS

It was the first thought that came to her as she woke up: He was gone. And soon, this bedroom, this house in whose eastern corner it sat, and the tiny garden outside with its gnarled old red hibiscus and the half-grown mango tree they had planted together, all those would be gone as well. It was the strangest feeling ever.

Yet, love was a strange feeling too.

It was only her love for him that kept her going. And she knew it would be only his love for her that would keep him going.

She never wondered what the future held for her. She had no future because she did not believe in a future without him. However, she did wonder what the future held for him. There was no such thing as 'time' beyond the doors of death. He might live an eternity before being reunited.

A small voice spoke from her dead heart that yes, every second would be an eternity until they are reunited.

She remembered the day they were married. It was a marriage that had been talked about even months after! For them, though, it had been nothing but a formality. Their love for each other had been a bond strong enough in itself for them. Still, they married- because it would signify their parents' blessing. She was sad to leave one man who had loved her since the day she was born. But she found solace in the fact that she was going to another man who would love her till the day death separated them.

And he did: Her beautiful, caring, loving husband loved her.

He loved her until death tore them apart.

But now, he was gone.

From the balcony, she could still see that road where their separation occurred. The dark red stain was a cruel reminder to her that they were now worlds apart.

The sun was scorching hot, and the wind made the weather that day exceptionally bad. The walk home from the bus stop became a chore in itself. Shielding her face with her dupatta, she had smiled. Her husband was such a kid sometimes. He was singing 'Tere Liye' from Veer-Zaara at the top of his lungs, getting weird looks from the handful of people braving the summer afternoon heat.

She knew it was all to cheer her up. Few husbands would do that for their wives after comprehending that she could never give him a child. But he did. He told her he loved her, with as much conviction as he had when first confessing his love for her. He too was sad, but he took the news in a stride. His love for her never wavered. The little fact that he still held her hand while crossing the road was a comfort in itself. She could never cross a road herself. He always used to hold her hand.

But now, he was gone.

If only she had not removed her hand from his, they might have been together. She gazed at the photographs decorating the wall in the hallway. There were a total of sixty-three photographs-each signifying a memorable moment of every month they had spent as a married couple. Be it a picture of their wedding day or be it the one showing them in Thailand the previous year, there was one thing in common. They were always together, holding each other's hands.

Her fingers grabbed a hand she could never hold again, but all it caught was the air. With all her might, she pulled herself together and made her way further. There was nothing to see in the hallway as there had been nothing to see in the balcony or the bedroom. Yet, she stopped at every turn and took everything in. This was quite possibly her last chance. This house they had called theirs for all these years was no longer hers.

It would be gone too.

She did not enter the dining room or the living room. There were other mourners there. Her family. His family. Their friends and colleagues. They were all there. She knew they all had loved them both, but she did not want to see them yet. So, she entered the kitchen.

If she was being honest with herself, all her life, it was the kitchen that had been her haven. She loved to cook, and he loved to eat.

"A match made in heaven." Her mother-in-law used to say.

Even when he had ended up with a rather disproportionately large belly, she had still loved to cook for him. It was a different matter altogether that they had to hit the gym every other day in the week to stay healthy.

Looking at the kitchen island, she could not help but smile. She remembered the day when she lost a bet to him, and he had made her dance to the tunes of Enrique's Dirty Dancing. Of course, all she did was a Bhangra, but it was a lesson in itself. That day onwards, she had never, ever challenged him on anything related to cricket.

And now, she could never contradict him on anything, for he was gone.

She walked out of the house and stood near the half-grown mango tree. The day they had planted it, it was etched in her memory as clear as yesterday. It was one of his crazy ideas. One summer, she had been cleaning up the kitchen after lunch. His whole family had come over for his birthday, and as it was summer, of course, mango had to be there. After she had put all the mango seeds and peels in a packet for disposal, he had grabbed it and said, "Let's plant them and see how many grow."

It was crazy, and she knew it, but she had been washed in his glee and couldn't bear to say no. His mother and father had planted one seed. His brother and sister-in-law had planted one, and then another. They had placed bets that day over whose would grow first. The only plants left to germinate was the one they had planted. His brother had called them cheaters and said they had only watered that one.

When she turned around, she could see his brother standing a few feet behind her with his wife. They did not notice her in their grief as she walked past them. Over the past five years, his brother had become that annoying older brother she never wanted to have and yet couldn't help but love. Now though, she was nothing to them. She was nothing to them because her link to their world was snapped.

She went and stood beside every plant and tree in their tiny garden. She needed to see colour, even if it was just the plain old green and the dull brown. She wanted her eyes to see all the colours they could because knowing that once she entered the house again, she would see all the mourners dressed in white. She had always considered white to be pure and more auspicious than red, but now, she hated white.

She hated white because it just reminded her of the fact that they were no longer together. White meant empty, just as her heart was arid without him. Going back inside was as dreadful an option as staying out. She knew that if she stayed out, it would be a constant reminder of the fact that she would not even be able to look at these little lingering memories of their togetherness anymore.

It would all be taken away from her.

However, if she went in, she knew she would see him.

She would see his pale face, devoid of the smile that made him who he was. He was still her husband, but they were no longer together. Still, it was probably the last thing she would do for him. So, she summoned what little courage she had made her way back to the living room.

No one looked up as she entered the room. Everyone had the grief of their own.

Their cozy little living room had been completely changed. The sofa and the dining table were gone, as was the curtain that separated the living room and the dining hall. It was all an expanse of off-white tiles with people in white sitting in small groups on the floor, murmuring soft condolences to each other.

She could see her mother and mother-in-law sitting together, each weeping for the child they had lost. Whether weeping would help or not was something she did not know. Nor did she shed a single tear. She sure felt like crying. Her heart did weep, but those treacherous tears for once did not fall. Perhaps she was in a state where grieving was not an option.

Love was strange. She knew she loved him, and yet knew- she no longer had him to love. He was beyond her reach though he was but a few steps away from her.

He, too, was dressed in white like the other mourners, but no tears marred his beautiful face.

He hated it when she called him 'beautiful.' His preference was 'handsome' or 'unbelievably sexy.' But for her, he was always 'beautiful.'

Being the husband, he quickly learned to resign himself to some things, and being 'beautiful' was one of those.

Alas, he would never come to know how beautiful he was to her. He would never again hear her call him 'beautiful.'

As she covered those last few, staggering steps towards him, they were not a foot apart. Yet, they were farther away than they had ever been.

She watched him as he remained still, unaware that her heart silently wept for him to hold her hand one last time. She silently promised him she would never, ever pull it out from his grasp again.

But he heard nothing.

Tentatively she sat down near him and looked him straight in his eyes.

In that instant, she knew whether anyone else saw her or not, he did. He saw her, and he loved her just as she loved him. For the last time, they wept together for the love that had been so cruelly snatched away from them.

They wept together, and then- as some of the mourners made their way to the crematorium with the dead body-she was beside him all the way through.

Nobody objected that she, too, was going because she was there for no one but him.

As the last rites were performed, she was there with him until the very end. Just before the fire was set to the pyre, she looked him in the eyes again.

"I love you." Her words were for no one but him, and no one heard them but him.

"I love you too," he whispered back before he set the pyre ablaze.

It was the first thought that came to his mind as he stepped back from the pyre and stood with his brother and father. She was gone.

But he still loved her. It might be an eternity before they met again, but he would spend each endless second of his life loving her.

Even across the veil of death, he still loved her, and a feeling told him that she loved him too.

That feeling was love, and it was the strangest feeling ever.

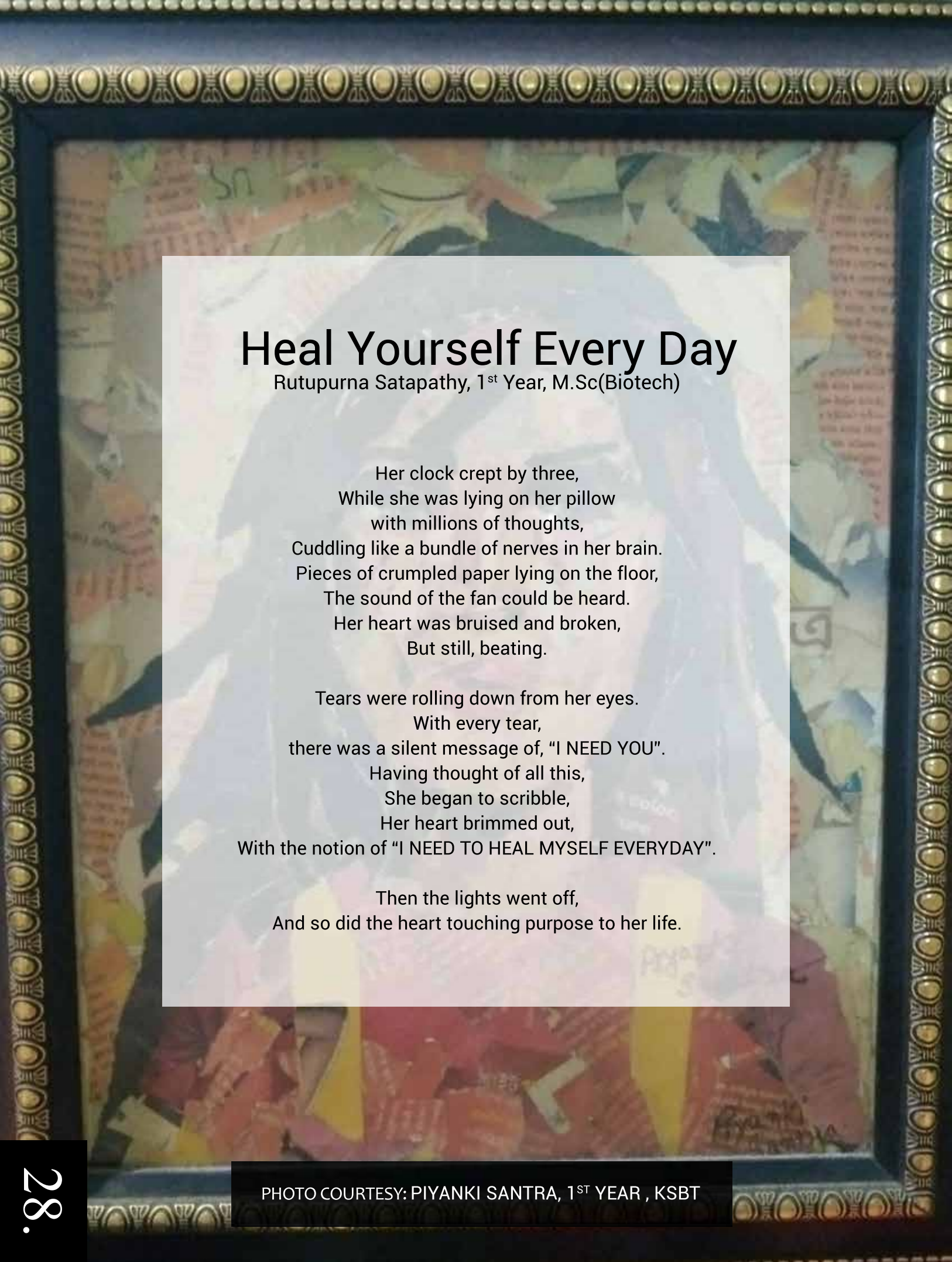


# Reasons to Live

Nikhil Sinha ,1<sup>st</sup> Year, EEE

Live for the bliss, the star-lights grace upon you.  
The grace whose brushstrokes are perfected to the finest by the moon's gentle touch.  
Live for the sunlight which hues your skin and the world around in the most vivid shades which are touched by the beautiful raindrops dripping like the elixir of life.

PHOTO COURTESY: PRABHAV SINHA , 3<sup>RD</sup> YEAR, MECHATRONICS



# Heal Yourself Every Day

Rutupurna Satapathy, 1<sup>st</sup> Year, M.Sc(Biotech)

Her clock crept by three,  
While she was lying on her pillow  
with millions of thoughts,  
Cuddling like a bundle of nerves in her brain.  
Pieces of crumpled paper lying on the floor,  
The sound of the fan could be heard.  
Her heart was bruised and broken,  
But still, beating.

Tears were rolling down from her eyes.  
With every tear,  
there was a silent message of, "I NEED YOU".  
Having thought of all this,  
She began to scribble,  
Her heart brimmed out,  
With the notion of "I NEED TO HEAL MYSELF EVERYDAY".

Then the lights went off,  
And so did the heart touching purpose to her life.

PHOTO COURTESY: PIYANKI SANTRA, 1<sup>ST</sup> YEAR , KSBT

# Mom's Bye Moments

Aparna Mohapatra, 1<sup>st</sup> Year, BA (English honours)

As the ending of schools came near,  
A weird feeling used to haunt my mind,  
Feeling of losing affection and care,  
All I got as a school going child.

Every morning then after,  
Used to bring in my nervous eye,  
Cause the time period was getting shorter,  
Till when my mom would be standing daily at the gate to wish me bye.

After the early morning rush,  
I used to feel irritated whenever I got late,  
But, now I am realising all my loss,  
And am missing regular mom's bye moments I used to get.

I still remember,  
My mom's bye moments  
and her fading wave,  
And the way she strived to see me clear,  
Till in the smog, I did completely disappear.  
But ,she was unaware,  
Of stimulation caused by passing time,  
Forcing my mind to shed down a tear,  
Cause that mom's bye moment couldn't be witnessed forever.

This weird feeling was killing me from within then,  
But, now I am breathing even after losing them.  
Missing those mom's bye moments,  
Sometimes I go crazy,  
But, to remain stable,  
I kiss reality and stay busy.  
Cause it's cruel life, that doesn't wait for anyone,  
and we have got no way but to move on...

# LIFE IN A VIRTUAL WORLD

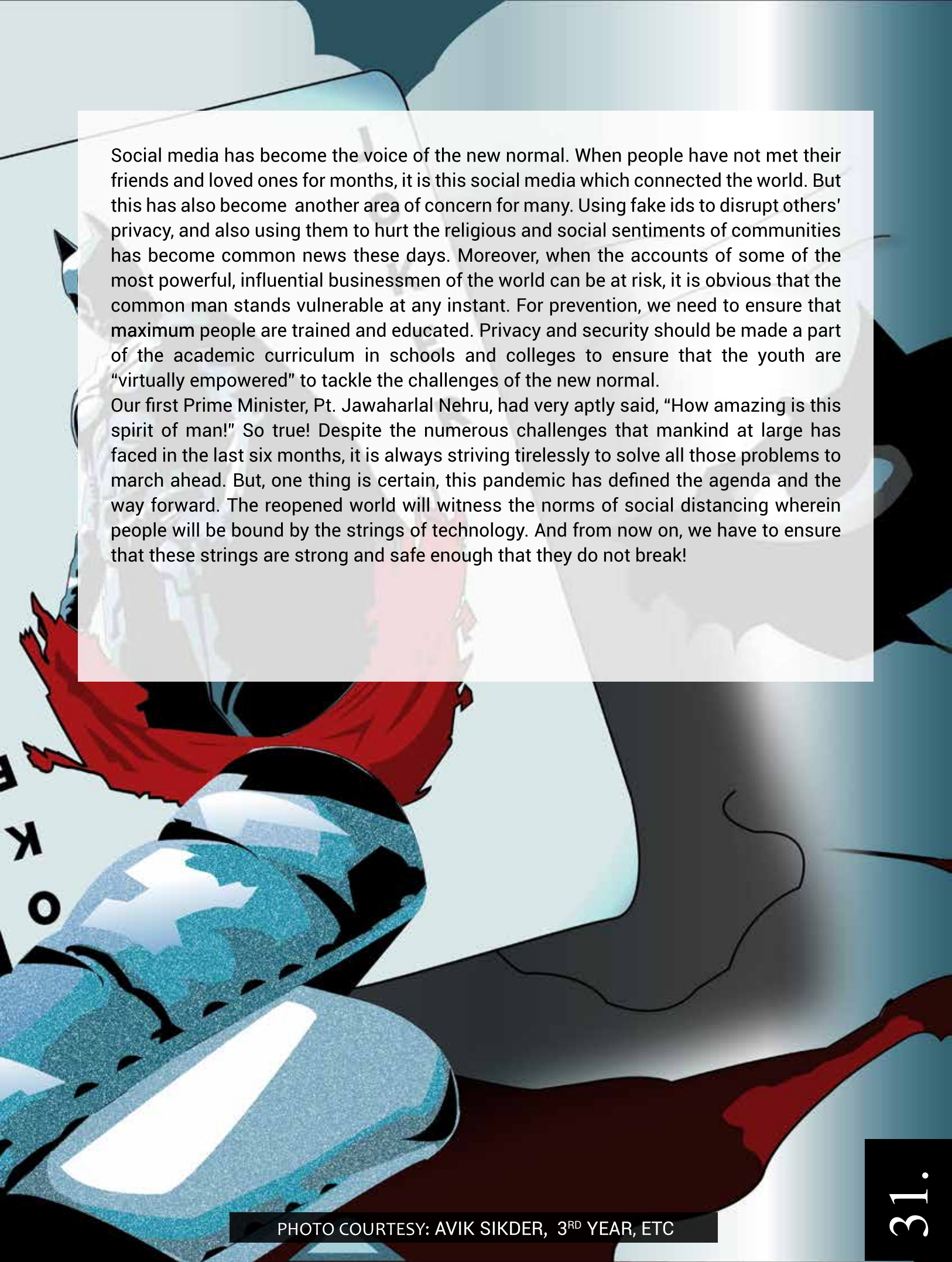
Saswat Nanda, 2<sup>nd</sup> Year, CSE

We all know and have spoken a lot about the advent of the 21st century, the advent of digitization, the increasing use of technology in our daily lives, and many more such topics. The use of digital means of life was gaining momentum, in both government sectors and others, but frankly, about nine months ago, when the world was in a celebratory mood about the advent of the new decade, few had realized that digital life will no longer be a luxury of a chosen few in the third decade of this century. Since the advent of the unknown, unseen, microscopic enemy, the world and all of mankind has been battling it hard. But we are all on the defensive. Strict lock-downs, stricter law enforcement and strictest supervision has kept all of us at home for the last six months. We, in India, have faced the world's largest and strictest lockdown since March 24, 2020. Since then, the lives of more than 130 crore Indians have changed. Life was seemingly supposed to pause. But it didn't quite happen. Instead, within a very short period of time, people adopted a new method to keep things going. Home became the new conference room, homework became the new classwork, virtual became the new reality. This was the era of the new normal.

But everything has its challenges as well. Especially when things are forced upon people who are not prepared, it takes quite some time to get used to the new normal. Being a student, I had to attend my new classes, though from the comfort of my home, but with a patchy internet connection. It was an altogether new experience for our teachers as well, who left no stone unturned to ensure that our academic progress is not hampered by any obstacle. They mastered the use of the virtual world within a short period of time and, by this, we learnt the valuable lesson of flexibility in our lives.

However, some problems are created by the virtual world. For example, the anonymity of users sometimes was used notoriously to create a ruckus in virtual meetings. Though it used to be for some short period, still the effects were far fledged. Such incidents have been reported from across the country, by teachers, students and parents alike. This has also led to a feeling of distrust in such a world where there is a severe lack of privacy. There is a high risk of someone "peeping through the keyhole". It is rather strange that such notorious activities are caused by small groups of raiders, some of whom have proudly opened pages on social media, promoting their activities. And even more strange is the fact that such groups receive followers too... This is one of the major challenges of the virtual world where anonymity can be easily misused. So, we need to enforce technologies that are not just transparent and accessible, but also safe and encapsulated.





Social media has become the voice of the new normal. When people have not met their friends and loved ones for months, it is this social media which connected the world. But this has also become another area of concern for many. Using fake ids to disrupt others' privacy, and also using them to hurt the religious and social sentiments of communities has become common news these days. Moreover, when the accounts of some of the most powerful, influential businessmen of the world can be at risk, it is obvious that the common man stands vulnerable at any instant. For prevention, we need to ensure that maximum people are trained and educated. Privacy and security should be made a part of the academic curriculum in schools and colleges to ensure that the youth are "virtually empowered" to tackle the challenges of the new normal.

Our first Prime Minister, Pt. Jawaharlal Nehru, had very aptly said, "How amazing is this spirit of man!" So true! Despite the numerous challenges that mankind at large has faced in the last six months, it is always striving tirelessly to solve all those problems to march ahead. But, one thing is certain, this pandemic has defined the agenda and the way forward. The reopened world will witness the norms of social distancing wherein people will be bound by the strings of technology. And from now on, we have to ensure that these strings are strong and safe enough that they do not break!

# 'NOT-SO SOCIAL' MEDIA

Oindrila Ghosh, 3<sup>rd</sup> Year, EEE

Click!

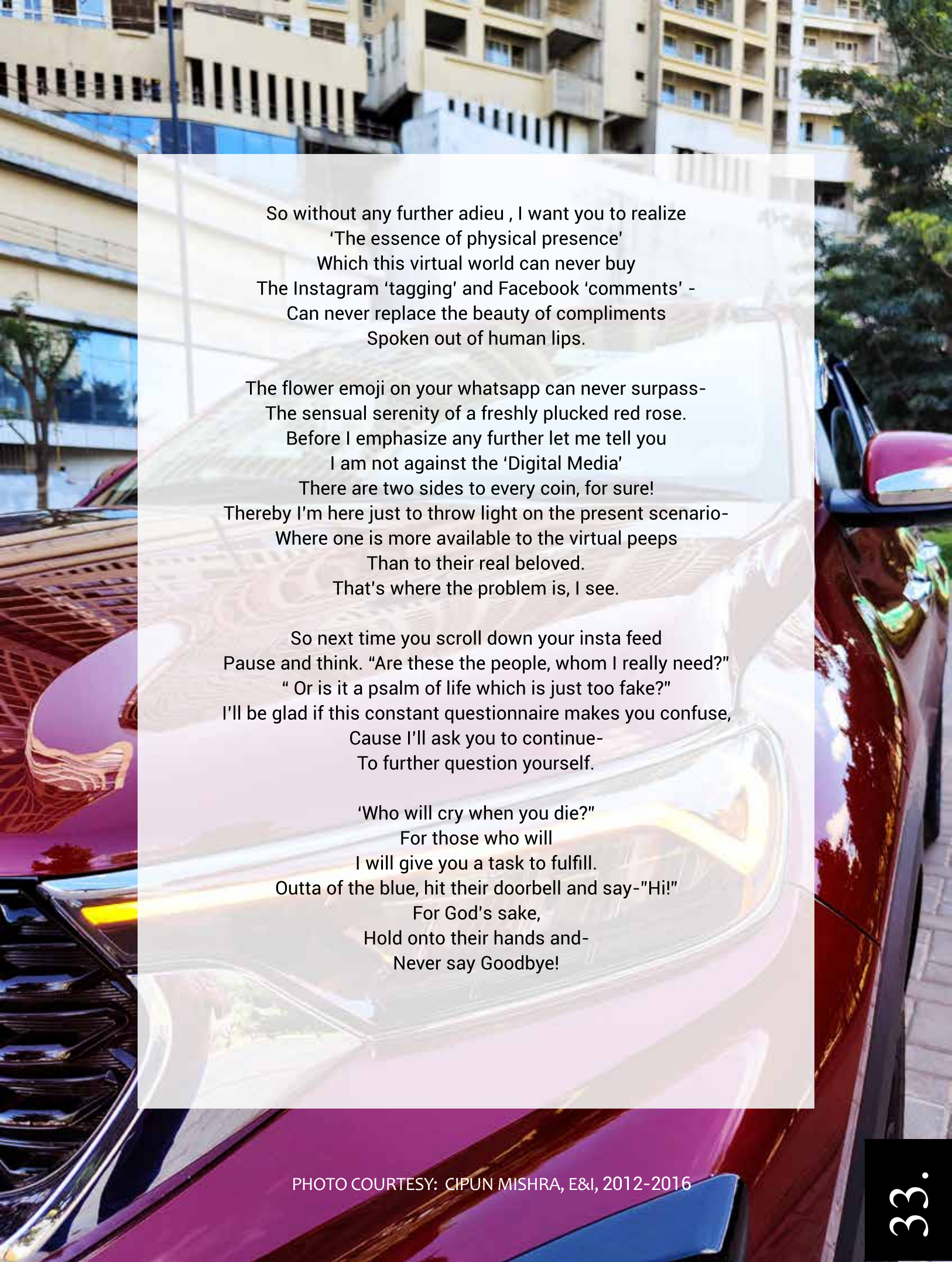
Is it the right photo to pick?  
Or is it too cheesy or too dim?  
Powerful are those photos dim-  
At least enough to bring down your self-esteem.

If the people you dislike do not hit 'like'

You keep wondering-  
What is not right?  
Is it your hair or your face or-  
Take a moment to think;  
It's just in your mind  
Maybe you're being too fake  
Trying to look perfect!

Is the smile on your face really yours?

Or it's just a mask  
To hide the inner chaos.  
In this era of 'likes' and 'comments';  
Do you know their real sentiments?  
How many followers and friends have you?  
One or two?  
Gosh! You got to be kidding me  
Just one or two? I'm sure they must be in thousands and millions  
Don't you?  
The answer got to be 'yes'  
And if it is so, I want you to put a hand on your heart and swear-  
Outta these millions of friends whom you claim to own-  
How many can you actually call your own?



So without any further adieu , I want you to realize  
    'The essence of physical presence'  
    Which this virtual world can never buy  
The Instagram 'tagging' and Facebook 'comments' -  
    Can never replace the beauty of compliments  
    Spoken out of human lips.

The flower emoji on your whatsapp can never surpass-  
The sensual serenity of a freshly plucked red rose.  
    Before I emphasize any further let me tell you  
    I am not against the 'Digital Media'  
    There are two sides to every coin, for sure!  
Thereby I'm here just to throw light on the present scenario-  
    Where one is more available to the virtual peeps  
    Than to their real beloved.  
    That's where the problem is, I see.

So next time you scroll down your insta feed  
Pause and think. "Are these the people, whom I really need?"  
    " Or is it a psalm of life which is just too fake?"  
I'll be glad if this constant questionnaire makes you confuse,  
    Cause I'll ask you to continue-  
    To further question yourself.

'Who will cry when you die?"  
    For those who will  
    I will give you a task to fulfill.  
Outta of the blue, hit their doorbell and say-"Hi!"  
    For God's sake,  
    Hold onto their hands and-  
    Never say Goodbye!

# Letter to a Friend

Sayak Chatterjee, 4<sup>th</sup> Year, ETC

Dear Asmita,

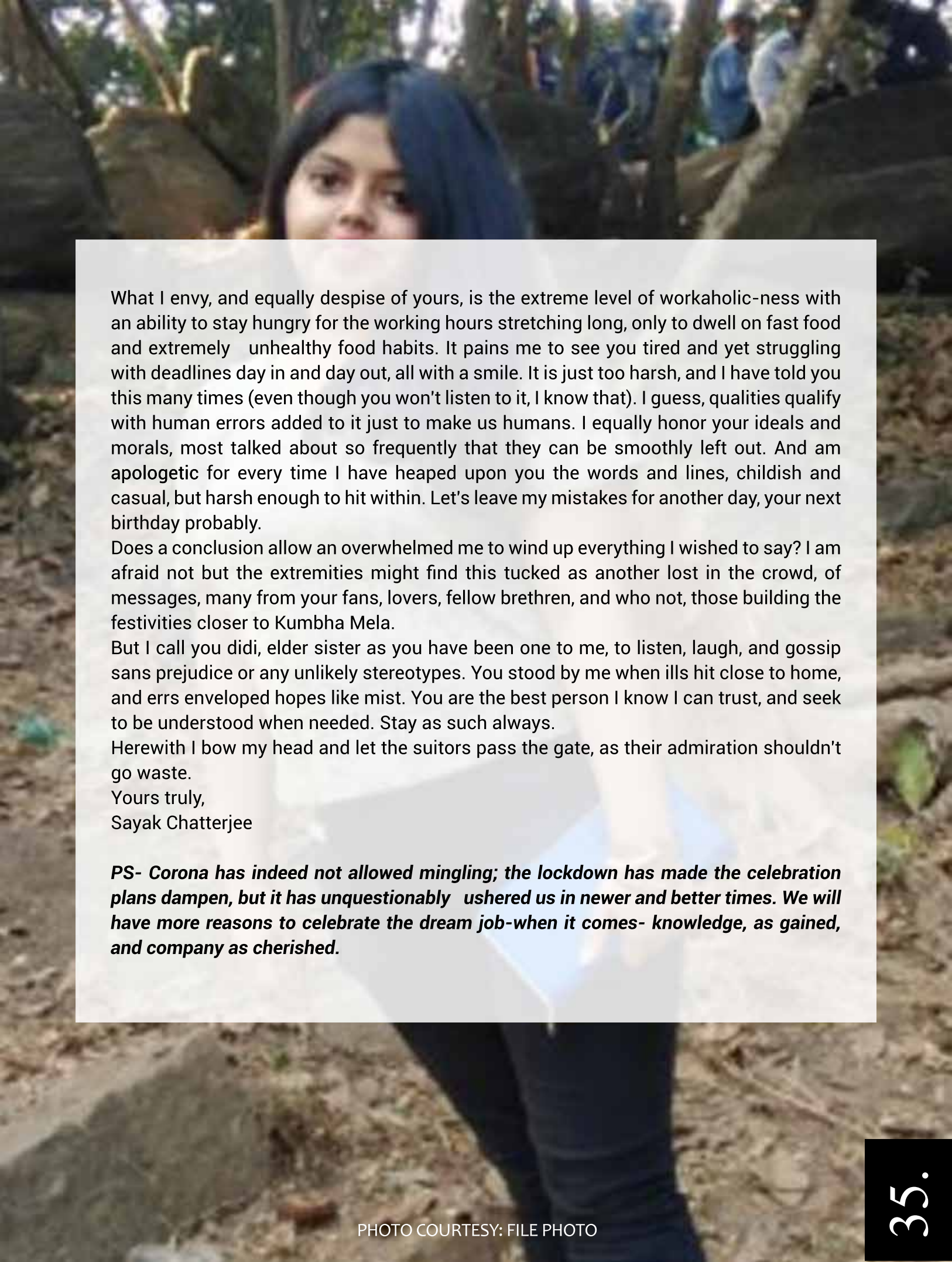
I write this with utmost sincerity and ability, with zero malicious intent- the simple reason being that I hold birth and death with high esteem. Those shouldn't be mocked, and as for a person born on the 16th of July, it carries a much-strengthened ground.

So to begin with, well, this will be a birthday post thus definitely long. So remain patient. I distinctly remember meeting you at the interview for the eminent posts of KIIT Wordsmith, for the past with stealing a couple of glances at the seniors' lunch, was mostly all about food, the much we can, even while feeling a strange eerie poignance of the seniors departing. But well, coming back to the first quality meeting, it felt good to know you, the only lady competing for the post, indeed. You felt joyous, enthusiastic and at the same time open to every kind of conversation and I learnt you are open hearted; what they call it, 'being extrovert.'

The step of yours which made a deep impression on me was that you remembered my offer to read the penned poem that very day, long after the evening, so much that you found my number, texted me upfront, and asked me about it. What more, you wrote a lengthy appreciation soon after, which rarely finds a way to my inbox and assures me that my poem is read. Indeed it had been.

The details ahead really don't matter till the results were announced, with us selected as the assistant coordinators of KIIT Wordsmith. I rang up to congratulate, and we probably talked for close to an hour. That day, your simplicity and yet the deeper-understanding of the human psyche got me intrigued. Our bond built up slowly but quite naturally because, well, to be honest, you heard me out when I needed it, without much reason and opinions nullifying the cause.

I came to college, and the many issues setting up the responsibilities hit me hard. There were moments of sheer anger when nothing mattered, the earned little respect stank, and the position becoming a tough road to walk. I must say, in those times of despair, you were ready to help, not just that, but even comforting the lost soul. Being a partner in induction, practicing even with a sore throat, and tired, weary eyes, and my unusual sense of edging towards perfection; getting the little crowd holding up before I reached for the Kutumb's interview and especially standing up for my absence- becoming the shield even with a high temperature, fever, and multiple health issues-surely found me highly humbled and blessed with hope, and life bubbling.



What I envy, and equally despise of yours, is the extreme level of workaholic-ness with an ability to stay hungry for the working hours stretching long, only to dwell on fast food and extremely unhealthy food habits. It pains me to see you tired and yet struggling with deadlines day in and day out, all with a smile. It is just too harsh, and I have told you this many times (even though you won't listen to it, I know that). I guess, qualities qualify with human errors added to it just to make us humans. I equally honor your ideals and morals, most talked about so frequently that they can be smoothly left out. And am apologetic for every time I have heaped upon you the words and lines, childish and casual, but harsh enough to hit within. Let's leave my mistakes for another day, your next birthday probably.

Does a conclusion allow an overwhelmed me to wind up everything I wished to say? I am afraid not but the extremities might find this tucked as another lost in the crowd, of messages, many from your fans, lovers, fellow brethren, and who not, those building the festivities closer to Kumbha Mela.

But I call you didi, elder sister as you have been one to me, to listen, laugh, and gossip sans prejudice or any unlikely stereotypes. You stood by me when ills hit close to home, and errs enveloped hopes like mist. You are the best person I know I can trust, and seek to be understood when needed. Stay as such always.

Herewith I bow my head and let the suitors pass the gate, as their admiration shouldn't go waste.

Yours truly,

Sayak Chatterjee

***PS- Corona has indeed not allowed mingling; the lockdown has made the celebration plans dampen, but it has unquestionably ushered us in newer and better times. We will have more reasons to celebrate the dream job-when it comes- knowledge, as gained, and company as cherished.***

AVIKRAM BHATT  
FILM

# He, Who Possessed

S N Surajbhan, 2<sup>nd</sup> Year, ECSE

Sneaking through heaven's cracks  
To run down the isle of the deaf guards,  
To create the silent hymn  
Of the possessed soul;  
He who breeds life between death,  
And carved his way out  
From the dungeons of darkness,  
Concatenates the sky and the sea to unravel  
The cipher of horizon;  
Pouring the river of despair across  
As flow of sweet love,  
Scratching the doors of heaven  
To give it a taste of pain;  
He all alone to bewep the outcast of state  
Crashing down into the depths  
He once allowed,  
To gravel the peace of death.

HAUNTED

PHOTO COURTESY: PIYANKI SANTRA, 1<sup>ST</sup> YEAR, KSBT

# This or That

Sandalee Srivastava, 2<sup>nd</sup> Year, IT

This or That?

Just tell me

Is it a start to a new ending?

Or an end to a new beginning!

Who am I supposed to be?

What kind of me should I now feel?

I want to know

If I'm spending the night

Or is the night spending me?

I want to know the feelings are bad for my heart,

Or my heart's feelings are bad for me...

I hear the songs and cry for you,

Doesn't the songs make you cry for me!!

PHOTO COURTESY: NETRA DAMLE , 3<sup>RD</sup> YEAR, MECHANICAL



# REFLECTION

N Sweta Abhaya Laxmi, 3<sup>rd</sup> Year, BDS

Here I was, standing in front of her fragile  
body  
Her aplomb shattering, legs going weak.  
I heard her summoning me  
I could feel her feeble heart pounding  
The thoughts running wild in her head  
The amount of pain she is braving through  
The crude world being an abyss for her.

You did nothing wrong sweetheart  
I answered, calming down her dilemma.  
You are stronger than I thought  
Look how far you have come around  
She looked up at me, tears gathering  
I did everything I could, her lips trembled,  
But see where I stand, a failure in my life.

You said it ten years ago, I replied back  
Still you managed to overcome your fears.  
Hold on a little bit angel, this too shall pass  
by.  
I saw blood rushing down her fleshy hands  
Suddenly her body fell to slumber  
I stood there lifeless and helpless, ponder-  
ing  
What can I do to save her from this fall?

Don't lose yourself in these dark webs,  
You were born to shine in the mist.  
I saw her doe eyes slowly opening.  
I managed to speak more, still breaking  
down  
I will always be there for you,  
You are doing so well and fine honey  
Just don't get lost in this maze.

She sat up, her entire torso shivering  
I know it will not be easy standing up again  
But I know she is one hell of a strong  
woman  
I believe she will be more sanguine,  
By the next time I see her.  
After all I am she and she is me,  
I am her reflection.

*Asish*





# Trapped

Nivedita Basu, 2<sup>nd</sup> Year, CSE

We are all trapped. Trapped in our cage of fear and entangled in our darkest insecurities. Every moment that slides by, we choke ourselves, a little more. Every inch of our heart throbs with the fear of being a loser. The dirty mesh of failure that clings to our hearts, decolorizes the positivity of our soul and make us a prisoner of our negativity. Seldom do we realize that we are stronger than we think. Sometimes, we got to sit back, breathe, and retrospect. Sometimes when everything seems a blur, when there's no speck of hope left in us, we ought to adjust our focus. Further, we ought to value the ray of hope that crawls in our lives. Sometimes, it is necessary to embrace our shade of black and mingle with the white and create a beautiful gray in our lives. After all, life is all about exploring. It is about oscillating between the best and the worst. It is about entrapping and liberating our souls, and for achieving the same, hope and opportunities cultivate the zeal within us, to walk ahead. Whenever you find the slightest ray of positivity, just embrace it to the core, just swirl your soul into it and let the winner within you, re-incarnate. Warriors can't afford to stay a prisoner, can they?

# Into The Wilderness

KIIT AEWS, Written By-Megha Rajnandini

Summer. A season most eagerly anticipated by school-goers, is officially the time to sit back and relax. More so because with summer, comes the long vacations. I, like all kids my age, loved my summer vacations, but while my friends would visit the chilly mountain ranges of Sikkim, or laze around in the beaches in Puri, or maybe some other exotic places, I would go on adventures. You see, unlike normal kids, I would spend my summers going on a safari through the various wildlife sanctuaries in India.

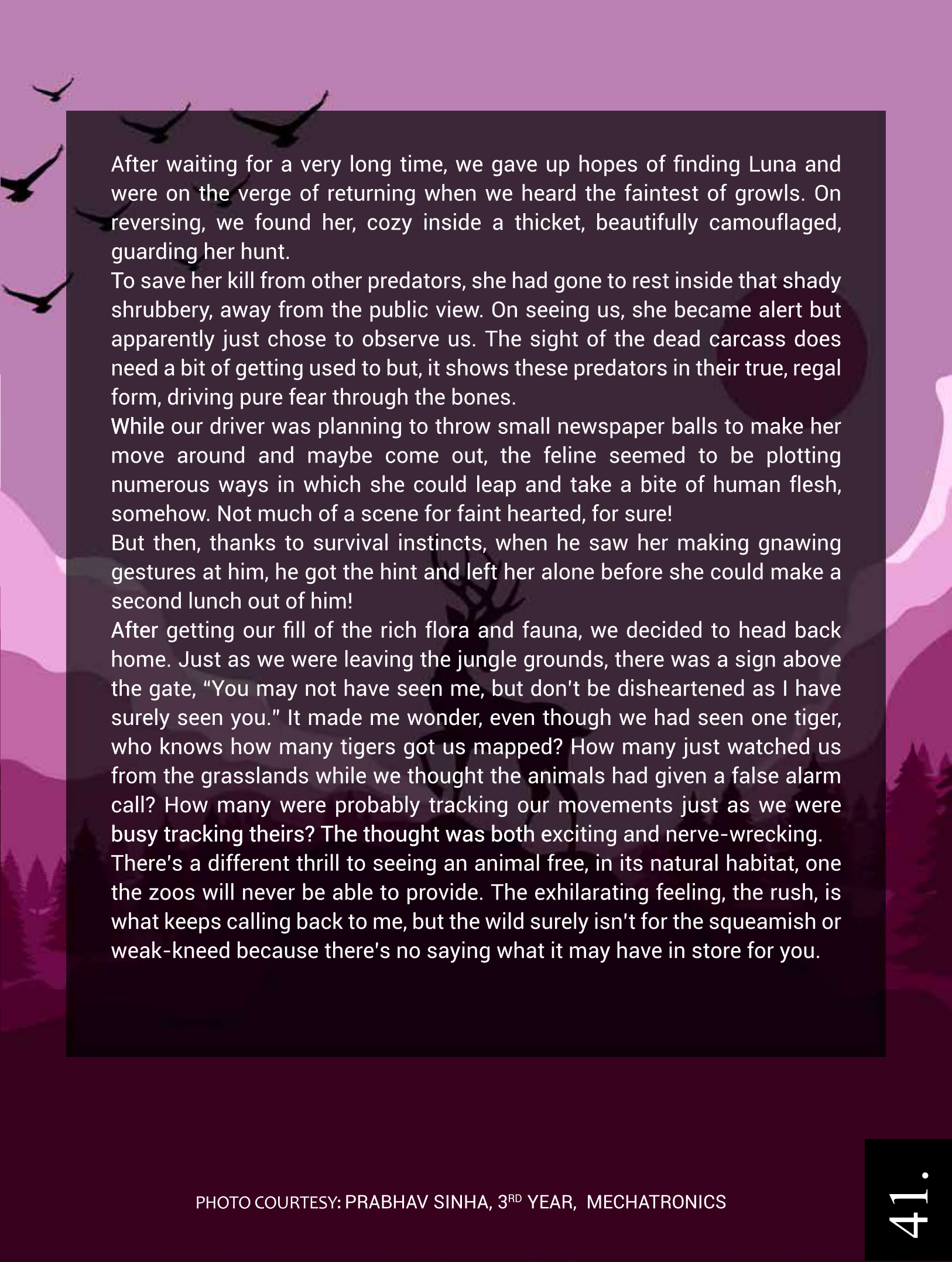
The feeling of going on a safari is incomparable to anything for its high adrenaline rush, the serenity and feeling of being truly one with nature. That summer too, we hit the road and began our Jungle Adventures in the land, which is regarded the backbone for many-a-stories from the world of Jim Corbett, the famous British Hunter, tracker, and author. It was one hot afternoon in the forests of Corbett National Park, a particularly humid one. We were in a jeep, and into the forest right at the crack of dawn. It was around ten in the morning, and the sweltering heat made it feel like our skin would peel right off if we stayed out any longer. According to the rules, we had to be off jungle roads by eleven-thirty, and so, we headed complying with the rules.

Now, most guides depend on word of mouth for tiger tracking, and our driver was no different. But it seemed that luck wasn't on our side, and so, we hadn't received news of any tiger movement up until the time we were around. As we approached due time, we decided to call the safari to a halt and so, call it a day.

On the way back, we came across another jeep and on talking to the members onboard, we learnt that a tigress, Luna, had been spotted not very far from where we were, approx 5 km away. We checked our watch, only to realise it was already eleven, and that we still had an exact time-frame of 30 minutes to get out of the jungle roads. We discussed among ourselves and agreed to take our chances with the tigress. But what we didn't consider that these were, after all, rough jungle roads paved with boulders and rocks, all along, to act as major hindrance in our path.

Two minutes into the chase, we realized what we had gotten ourselves into was nothing short of an action sequence out of some high-end action flick. All our bones turned into putty, and we were desperately clinging onto the jeep handles for the dear life.

We reached the spot at 11:29 am, and as expected, there was a barricade placed, which should have dissuaded any driver from going further. But our driver's spirits were not dampened. This lion-hearted got down from the jeep, and to our sheer amazement, removed the barricade, off its place, and again raced the jeep in full speed before anyone else could catch us in the act. Then began the tracking for this apparent tigress, looking for her pug marks and listening in for alarm calls, which are like distress calls animals give out to alert other animals if they see a predator moving. But the forest was eerily voiceless. Not even a bird was chirping.



After waiting for a very long time, we gave up hopes of finding Luna and were on the verge of returning when we heard the faintest of growls. On reversing, we found her, cozy inside a thicket, beautifully camouflaged, guarding her hunt.

To save her kill from other predators, she had gone to rest inside that shady shrubbery, away from the public view. On seeing us, she became alert but apparently just chose to observe us. The sight of the dead carcass does need a bit of getting used to but, it shows these predators in their true, regal form, driving pure fear through the bones.

While our driver was planning to throw small newspaper balls to make her move around and maybe come out, the feline seemed to be plotting numerous ways in which she could leap and take a bite of human flesh, somehow. Not much of a scene for faint hearted, for sure!

But then, thanks to survival instincts, when he saw her making gnawing gestures at him, he got the hint and left her alone before she could make a second lunch out of him!

After getting our fill of the rich flora and fauna, we decided to head back home. Just as we were leaving the jungle grounds, there was a sign above the gate, "You may not have seen me, but don't be disheartened as I have surely seen you." It made me wonder, even though we had seen one tiger, who knows how many tigers got us mapped? How many just watched us from the grasslands while we thought the animals had given a false alarm call? How many were probably tracking our movements just as we were busy tracking theirs? The thought was both exciting and nerve-wrecking.

There's a different thrill to seeing an animal free, in its natural habitat, one the zoos will never be able to provide. The exhilarating feeling, the rush, is what keeps calling back to me, but the wild surely isn't for the squeamish or weak-kneed because there's no saying what it may have in store for you.

# Travel Diary: Journey from Jeypore to Berhampur

Amrutanshu Dash, 2<sup>nd</sup> Year, CSE

With one eye of joy and ardor, another of despair and remembrance, I left my native land, Jeypore; for Berhampur. The reason being the untimely declaration of my +2 results and also for the early admission of mine in B.Tech UG program. Paving our way through the dusty paths, unruly traffic, loud mango hawkers, harrowing dry heat, we drove out of the famous road through the Jeypore king's palace. Occasionally stopping to see off relatives; at last we moved out of Jeypore in a white sedan around 10: 30 am.

Enjoying the morning sun through the foothills of the summits, we moved uphill. The fulfilling scene of the sunshine peeping through twigs and mangoes loosely hung (within hands' reach) kept me visually engaged. Those ripen mangoes on the trees were alluring me . Soon I got engrossed in a novel; grazing through pages, contemplating about my attitude, ideologies, and planning out.

Eventually I dozed off for 15 minutes. A sharp jerk at stone like rumblers shook the whole of me. Downhill the chauffeur went crazy. A whopping 20 km of dreary cuts, blind turns through the mountain road, he drove at 80 km/h. In this bizarre situation, I caught hold of the anxiety of my results to be declared the next day. The heart was not following its definition of beats/sec. Still.... Still there were some arresting landscapes in view keeping me still. Father remained concerned, whether we would be able to catch up with the Prasanti Express. Exhausted completely and inconsistency in health caused my mother to puke the whole of her morning diet. That was terrible. Another halt at a flat area downhill, we had some snacks and continued. With one sip of 'sting' energy drink, I proceeded with the novel. With only 25 % left, we reached Vizag, the mercury was under control but the humidity exceeded limits. One striking feature which "utkalians" have to learn was that people there preferred public transport rather than freaky motors honking around.

As anticipated we caught the train which was hopefully 16 minutes late. Fortunately, 5% of luck helped us to enter the train, rest is understood. I stood and my parents took places. It's not over yet. Wait, no sooner had we reached the 3rd stoppage than the train halted due to some technical issue, I understood this day would screw us. Save for 35 minutes we continued, still no place to sit. 3 hours gone at the penultimate station IMD reported that the monsoon had struck; the moment it started raining. Heavy downpour, thunder, enormous voltages streaming across the sky, hailstorm made the train halt as that was the only option. 30 minutes passed by, it painted the strata with flushes of lemon yellow, fern green, marigold orange, and calmed. Sincerely, that was a signature of monsoon; skies light, winds at its cool, "sal" trees, bushes dancing as if they were welcoming. All this amidst a madding crowd, vendors, beggars, sellers strolling countless no of times and except for the last station where I got an inch to place my ached body. We reached. The journey that somehow ignited a new vigor and a creative bent in me. Identical destination travel, energizing experiences, indelible memories.

PHOTO COURTESY: NETRA DAMLE, 3<sup>RD</sup> YEAR, MECHANICAL

# THE WEAVER

Anwasha Sarkar, 3<sup>rd</sup> Year, Biotech

"Mrs Bensen!"

"Mrs Bensen!"

"Where are you ? ", the five year old and her baby sister yelled as they searched around the house for their babysitter.

They found her in the backyard with a shovel in her hand digging something .

"Mrs Bensen there you are!", they screamed .

Mrs Bensen shrieked and the shovel dropped from her hand .

"Oh! You naughty children you scared me !"

"What are you doing here?"

"We could not find Timmy so we started looking for you".

"Don't worry he must be playing with the other dogs. Come let's go inside"

"But Mrs Bensen what are you doing here?"

"Nothing my little ones, I was just cleaning the garden."

Something caught the elder one's eye. It was a little bone lying on the ground .

"Hurry up! It's bedtime already!", yelled Mrs Bensen.

The children hurried inside.

Mrs Bensen came in after a while.

"Look at this, you haven't finished your glasses of milk yet", she said.

The children sulked , "But we wanted to hear a story Mrs Bensen. Please ."

"Fine, but you have to drink your milk and go to bed immediately afterwards ."

" Yes mrs Bensen".

"Okay", she sat down on the armchair as the children waited eagerly for her to start.

"I am not going to start unless you finish the milk "Mrs Bensen said as she took out her knitting kit.

The children gulped down the milk as quickly they could.

Mrs Bensen eyed their glasses and said, "See that was not hard, was it? Milk will make your skin soft". But the kids were not in a mood to listen to a discourse.

"Can you start now?" the elder one said impatiently .

Mrs Bensen took her needles and started knitting as she began the story.

" Clara was the best seamstress in the town. Clara and her dresses was the talk of the town since the day she first stepped in .

She was a very beautiful woman. Living in that town for 15 years, nobody felt she aged even a day. The dresses she made were just like her- young and fresh, and once you wear them, you will too feel younger and no matter who you might be, her dresses seemed to fit like a second skin. Clara's shop was always bustling with customers but she was mostly in demand when the wedding season came. It was because every bride wants to look at her best charming avatar on her wedding day . I got to hear about Clara from my friends and also from people from far and wide, those who had not even been from the town. Since my wedding was coming in two months, I wanted her to make me a dress . I was very excited the day, I finally got to meet the 'Arachne' of our town. I woke up early and went to meet her. I knocked on her door and was happy to be greeted with a doll like smile of Clara. For a second I was confused whether she was prettier than her dresses.

She welcomed me into her workshop. I looked around. There was an eerie silence there and for a moment, I could feel goosebumps all over my body. But nevertheless, I brushed the thoughts aside and told myself that maybe she had created the atmosphere for the art. I stopped my weird thoughts and started to tell her the design I had in mind, which she noted down and after some calculations, gave me a date to come again.

Few days later, an incident came to light where a baby went missing in the neighbouring town and no matter how much the police searched they could detect no trace of the missing baby.

Posters were hung all over the town. A search party was involved. But still there came no news of the baby. Weeks later when things calmed down a little, I realised that the deadline for my dress was inching closer. But alongside, I remembered something else, much to my dismay. I remembered that I had forgotten to tell Clara of some intricate details to be careful of, while knitting my dress, and so I went to visit her. She lived in the outskirts of the town so it was almost night when I reached there. I was a little worried with etiquette, and was quite afraid to disturb her at this hour but the adjustments had to be made. Determined, but quite hesitantly I knocked on her door. But to my surprise, no one answered. So I knocked again, a little harder this time but there still no response came from the other side.

At first it felt weird. But after I had knocked a few more times, I started to worry. Little beads of sweat started to appear.

She does live alone in a very remote place.

I panicked and started to push the door. To my surprise, the door opened with a little effort. I entered the house to find no one inside. Instead, to my horror I found a knife covered with blood kept on the table. I was about to scream when I put my hand over my mouth, scared. A fear gripped me that if the killer managed to find me in this mess, I might be dead as well. I tiptoed around the house carrying the knife, blood dripping from it on the floor whenever I moved. I had no choice. A weapon was absolutely necessary, and there was nothing sharp yet handy around.

I found a flight of stairs. I climbed up slowly, but even with the best of the efforts, it creaked every time I stepped forward. The stairs were also covered with blood, almost as if someone dragged the body around. As I reached the end of the stairs, I saw that there was a small room and the door was slightly ajar. I opened the door, slowly, but felt a sense of regret pass over me, almost immediately for the action undertaken.

Inside was Clara. She was sitting there, weaving a dress.

I was shocked that she was alive.

"Why is there so much blood".

She didn't reply.

I panicked but then I called her name 'Clara'. I was almost choking with fear, and it felt like my voice was barely coming as a whisper.

"Yes," she answered without looking up. Her voice felt to be in complete composure.

"What happened here, is there something wrong?"

She looked up all of a sudden.

And what I saw and heard therein shall haunt me for eternity.

My hands were shaking by then. The knife I was holding dropped down.

My voice which was a whisper until now changed into a scream. The Clara everybody knew was not there anymore. Instead there was a woman covered in blood, and beside her on the table was her sewing machine which instead of thread got a baby's severed body on the table. Clara was leaving the dress from the skin.

She smiled at this horrid discovery of mine, as if nothing happened and said "I was just making your dress. Would you like to try it on?"

I fainted then and there. I was found the next day by my fiance and the police .I woke up 3 days later and the police said that they investigated her house after I was taken to the hospital but there were no traces of her but surely there were traces of the babies who were missing.

Our wedding happened a month later and I have never seen her since.

Mrs. Bensen finished her story as well as her knitting.

The children were already asleep by then.

Mrs Bensen picked them and tucked them in their beds.

The same moment, she heard a knock. Their parents were here.

"Are the kids asleep? Sorry we took so long".

"No problem ,Mrs Nielsen. I tucked them in nicely" Mrs Bensen said

"What a nice lady!", Mrs Nielson said to her husband as she walked up the stairs to check up on their children. "Why their heads are covered?" the husband said with a crease on his forehead.

"Oh honey! You are so paranoid. There is nothing to worry about "

"See nothing happened. They are asleep. Better not disturb them".

"Let me check once" the husband said, still unsure.

As he pulled the blanket, there were lying two small skeletons with their faces paled. The husband, shocked, ran out the house and searched for the babysitter.

"We should call the police "the husband yelled while the wife was howling clutching to the skeletons.

"Hello 911?"

"Our children have been murdered by our babysitter ."

"Sir, what is your address? I will be sending forces soon?"

"May I ask the name of the babysitter, sir?"

"It was 'Clara' "

'Clara Bensen'.

# Words - Voices of mind

Sudeshna Das, 1<sup>st</sup> Year, CSE

Dead words

Gone words

hiding behind your soft breaths  
gossiping about how you are a coward  
words that have lost their gravity  
when the clock cuckoo-ed  
Twelve.

Lost words

Stray words

which reside on your fingertips, tongue tips  
the ones having no substance, for the lips uttering  
but pierce the flesh of the ears listening.

These pretty little creatures at our disposal  
these words, just like any other use-and-throw  
none secondary to a weapon, with oh! such power  
bestowed upon our tongues.

But what use is a bunch of letters  
when we fail to understand the depth  
when we fail to find in them, the truth  
when we fail to differentiate what is implied,  
the different shades they breathe  
So gray, so dull  
Oh the lives we lead.

Heavy words

dense words

words filled with comfort and pity  
Brimming with emotions  
or none at all  
words that fool the listeners' heart  
or accompany you on the roller coaster of emotions.

Immortal words

Immutable words

words that trace your path to the clouds above  
defining your past, naming your present & marking your future  
words that never leave.

PHOTO COURTESY: PRABHAV SINHA , 3<sup>RD</sup> YEAR, MECHATRONICS





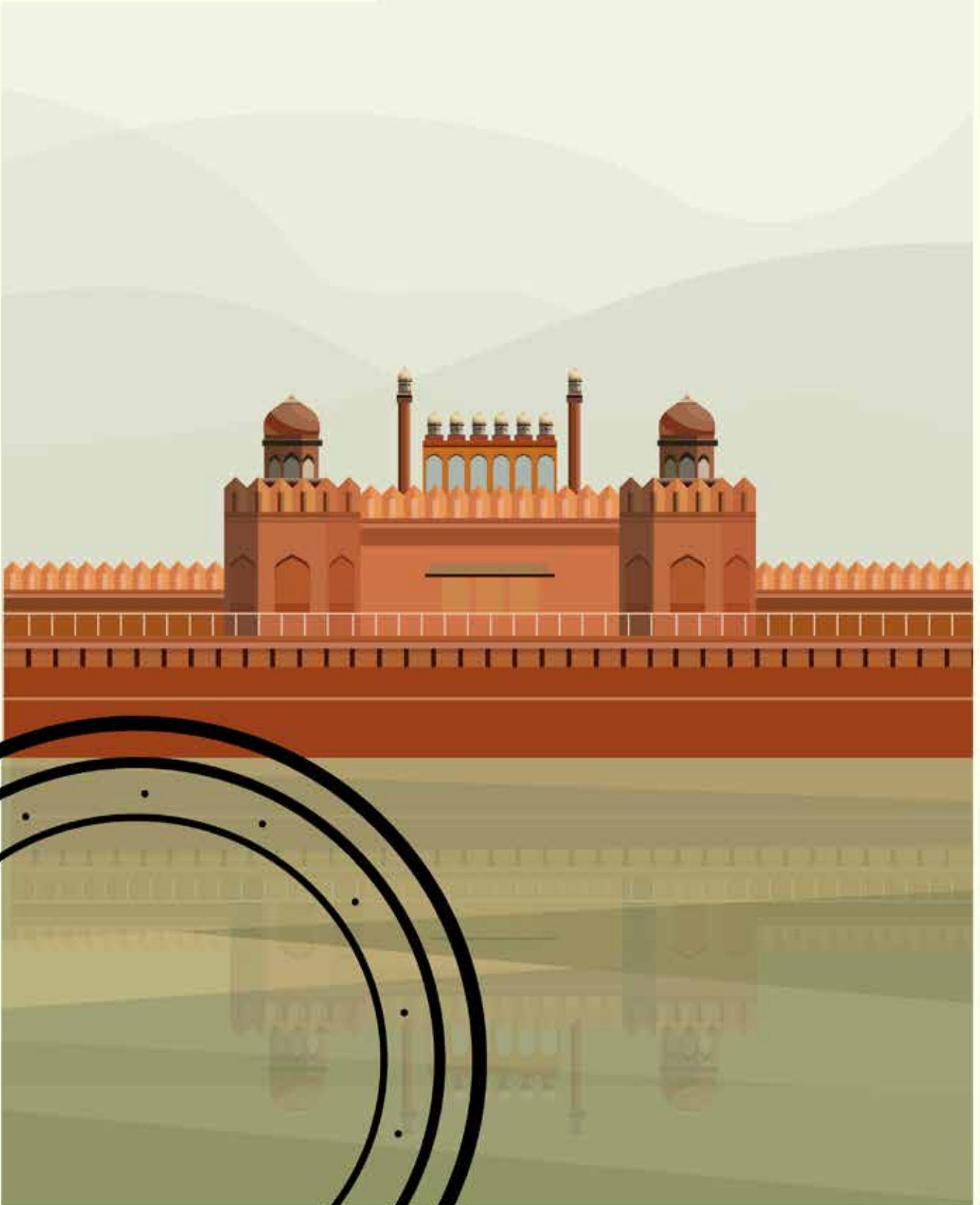
# Strange Love

Nikhil Sinha, 1<sup>st</sup> Year, EEE

To the raindrop, I failed to admire,  
You were just too serene and beautiful for me.  
To the sunlight which hues my skin with its bright light,  
You were just too bright for me to appreciate.  
My heart loves the flawed,  
Just like the crumbling old monuments and withering old trees.  
Strange is my love for them and strange is their beauty.

RED FORT

HINDI



## जब अपने छोड़ जाते हैं

यशस्विनी शर्मा, 3<sup>rd</sup> Year, MBBS

कहते हैं,

जीवन है, आगे बढ़ जाएगा

पर ठंडी पड़ चुकी उन बाहों की गर्मी कौन लौटाएगा?

सब खुद को खुद ही सहलाते हैं,

दर्द होता है, जब अपने छोड़ जाते हैं।

सुना है,

यादों के सहारे उम्र बीत जाती है

पर क्या उस अहसास को उंगलियां टटोल पाती हैं?

बीते पल रूह छू जाते हैं

दर्द होता है, जब अपने छोड़ जाते हैं।

हां सच है,

जो आया है, एक दिन जाएगा

पर उन प्यार भरे वार्दों को कौन निभाएगा?

शांत चेहरे मन का तूफान दबाते हैं

दर्द होता है जब अपने छोड़ जाते हैं।

ठीक कहते हैं

वो हमेशा हमारे साथ हैं

पर अभी तो हमारे हाथों में बस एक निस्पंद हाथ है!

अब बस तड़प कर मुट्ठी

बांध पाते हैं

दर्द होता है, जब अपने छोड़ जाते हैं।

हर तरफ शांति है

लेकिन मन अशांत है।

शायद उसको भी ये आभास है,

कि जो जा चुका है, वापस ना आएगा

अब वो शख्स बस तस्वीरों में मुस्कराए गा।।

# कोहरा

निखिल सिन्हा, 1<sup>st</sup> Year, EEE

वक्त के इस कोहरे में कहीं खो चुकी हो तुम,  
तुम्हारी वो आंखे अब खो चुकी है उन बादलों में छुपे तारों सी  
पर अपने दिल से तुम्हें अब भी नहीं खोया,  
तुम्हें खोने का गम कभी कम ना हुआ  
इस दिल को क्या दोष दे ,जब कोशिश तुम्हे भूलने की हमने कभी ना कि,  
ख्याहिश जरूर है कि कभी तुम वापिस आ जाओ पर उम्मीद तो अब वक्त के कोहरे में खो चुकी ।

# महाभारत नहीं तो क्या

आकर्ष मिश्रा, 2<sup>nd</sup> Year, CSCE

यहां कितने कर्ण आज भी सड़क पर

चलती द्रौपदियों को वेश्या बोल दिया करते हैं।

कितने दुशासन आज भी औरत के मर्जी के बगैर

उनकी साड़ियां खोल दिया करते हैं।

आज भी गाड़ी पर बैठे सारे प्रधान धृतराष्ट्र से कम अंधे नहीं,

आज भी किसी कारणों से मैं और आप पांडवों से कम बंधे नहीं।

हमारी नजरों के सामने बैठे इन लड़कियों के सम्मान को

यह आहत नहीं तो क्या है?

यह देश आज भी महाभारत नहीं तो क्या है?

और आज भी गरीब के ऊपर अमीर का राज है,

सड़कों पर घूम रहे हैं कई दुर्योधन,

क्योंकि उनके सिर पर भीष्म का हाथ है।

आज भी शाम एक झूठ तले किसी गुरु दृढ़ की हत्या हो जाती है

और यह हत्या भी अब सत्य नहीं असत्य ही फैलाती है।

उस बार की तरह इस बार भी हम हाथ पर हाथ धरे तमाशा देख रहे हैं

और हमारे आंखों के सामने नेता जी बिल्कुल शकुनी मामा की तरह पास से फेंक रहे हैं

हिंदू मुस्लिम सिख ईसाई हम सब हैं भाई

आज के दिन यह महज एक कहावत नहीं तो क्या है?

यह देश आज भी महाभारत नहीं तो क्या है?  
बस फर्क इतना है इस कहानी में कि यहां कोई श्रीकृष्ण नहीं आएंगे,  
सत्य-असत्य धर्म-अधर्म का पाठ नहीं पढ़ाएंगे  
यहां गांडीवधारी अर्जुन जी हम ही हैं  
तो उसका सारथी भी हम ही को होना होगा  
किस रास्ते पर चलना है हमें यह तय करने का भार भी हम ही को ढोना होगा  
क्योंकि चल रही है हमारे समाज में इंसानियत की मौत  
और नफरत की सजावट नहीं तो क्या है?  
यह देश आज भी महाभारत नहीं तो क्या है?

PHOTO COURTESY: URSHEETA SINGH, 1<sup>ST</sup> YEAR, KSBT

URSHEETA

# कुछ अल्फ़ाज़ अनकहे से!

सिद्धी अग्रवाल, 3<sup>rd</sup> Year, Aerospace

मिलते अगर हम तो क्या एहसास होता  
धड़कते दिल में क्या क्या जज़्बात होते,  
हाथों में तेरे मेरा हाथ होता  
और चलते साथ साथ हम  
टेर सारी बातें होती  
और साथ रौशन हमारे हर सवेरे होते।

दिलों में थोड़ा शोर होता  
ना मिलने पर थोड़ी बेचैनी होती  
जब आँखों ही आँखों में बातें होती  
और किसी बहाने से फिर  
निगाहों से निगाहों का चोरी छिपे मेल होता।

धीरे से तू मुस्कुराता  
और मैं खिलखिला उठती,  
बिखरते ज़ुल्फ मेरे  
तेरे हाथों से सवर जाते  
और मैं शर्मति हुए  
तुझसे नज़रें चुराती।

बैठकर कहीं सीने से लग जाते  
थम जाए ये पल  
हम ये सोच रहे होते,  
कुछ अनकहीं बातें पूरी होती,  
जब मिलते दो दिल  
हम दो अधूरे मिलकर पूरे होते।

पर ज़िन्दगी ऐसे अचानक मोड़ लेगी  
ये हमने कभी सोचा न था  
मिलकर भी क्यों हो गए हम जुदा?  
मिलते अगर हम तो एहसास होता,  
धड़कते दिल में क्या क्या जज़्बात होते।।

# मां

आकर्ष मिश्रा, 2<sup>nd</sup> Year, CSCE

बंजर ज़मीन सा हूँ मैं, मेरा भीगा आकाश है तू  
शब्द जिसे कभी बयान ना कर पाए, एक ऐसा एहसास है तू  
इस प्यार को तरसती ज़मीन पर  
थोड़ी ममता बरसा दो ना माँ  
मुझे अपने पास बुला लो ना माँ।।

तेरे बिना नींद नहीं आती मुझे, हर दिन फीका सा लगता है  
सपनों में डूँढता तेरा सोना, हर भोर तुझे ही पूछता है  
जिस गोद में मेरे सारे गम मुस्कुरा दिया करते थे  
उस गोद में मुझे दोबारा सुला लो ना माँ  
मुझे अपने पास बुला लो ना माँ।।

मेरी जान मेरी हथेली की लकीरों में नहीं, मेरे बटवे में रखी तेरी तस्वीर में  
बसती है  
अपनी नाकामियों को सीख समझ भूल जाता हूँ, जब तू उन पर हंसती है  
जिस चेहरे को तूने चाँद माना है अपना  
उस चेहरे को देख दोबारा मुस्कुरा दो ना माँ  
मुझे अपने पास बुला लो ना माँ  
मुझे अपने पास बुला लो ना माँ।।



## मुस्कुरा दिया करो ना पापा!

-आकर्ष मिश्रा, 2<sup>nd</sup> Year, CSCE

मैं जानता हूँ आपको कम बोलना पसंद है,  
अपने बचपन के राज़ ज़रा कम खोलना पसंद है,  
मगर कभी तो अपने दोस्ती के किस्से  
हमें भी बता दिया करो ना पापा,  
कभी खुलकर मुस्कुरा भी दिया करो ना पापा।।

बचपन को छोड़ आज तक,  
मैंने आपके साथ कोई खेल नहीं खेला है  
हाँ जानता हूँ कि इन दिनों में आपने भी  
कई मुश्किलों को झेला है।  
पर कभी तो हमारे साथ बैठ,  
हमें भी लूडो में हरा दिया करो ना पापा।  
कभी खुलकर मुस्कुरा भी दिया करो ना पापा।।

क्या सिर्फ़ मम्मी ने ही हमें पालने की सारी ज़िम्मेदारी उठा रखी है?  
न जाने आपने अपनी सारी भावनाएँ किस बोरी में दबा रखी है!  
कभी तो मम्मी की तरह अपनी थाली से खाने का एक निवाला,  
हमें भी खिला दिया करो ना पापा।  
कभी खुलकर मुस्कुरा भी दिया करो ना पापा।।

# वक्रत

शालिनी प्रिया, 3<sup>rd</sup> Year, BDS

ये वक्रत नहीं, रेत है मानो!  
जितना भी चाहे इसे मुट्टी में बांधो,  
जितना ज़ोर लगाओगे,  
उतनी ही तेज़ी से इसे फिसलता पाओगे  
कभी सोचा है फिर कैसे इसे थाम पाओगे?  
ना बीती बात भुला पाओगे,  
ना ही आगे बढ़ पाओगे,  
बस हर गुज़रते पल के साथ,  
बिन सोचे बिन समझे  
तुम भी बहते चले जाओगे।  
ना ही इस ओर रह पाओगे,  
ना उस ओर पहुँच पाओगे  
बीच मझधार में बस डूबते चले जाओगे।

अगर भरना है तो मुट्ठी में अपने ख़्वाब भरो,  
थामो अगर तो कभी ना जो छोड़े ऐसा हाथ हो  
फ़िर वक़्त फिसलता रेत नहीं,  
गुज़रता हंसी लम्हा लगेगा  
बीती पुरानी बातें में यादों का खज़ाना मिलेगा  
फ़िक्र में नहीं, थोड़ी सांस लेकर फुरसत में जी पाओगे  
और जब इस ओर से उस ओर जाओगे,  
तब ज़िन्दगी के तजुर्बों के साथ खुद को तैरता पाओगे।।

**KONARK  
SUN TEMPLE**

**ODIA**



## ଅକୁହା ବେଦନା

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

ଶିଶିର ଗୋ ତୁମ ଶୀତଳ ପରଶେ  
ଏଠି ପଦ୍ମବନ ପୋଡ଼ି ଯାଉଛି ,  
ତୁମ ନୀରବ ଶବ୍ଦରେ  
ଯେତେ ହା ହୁତାଶନ  
ଅଜାଗା ଘାଆକୁ ଦହୁଛି ।

ମନ ମଶାଣିରେ ଯୁଦ୍ଧର ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣା  
କଲିଜା କୁହୁଳା ଗନ୍ଧ ,  
ବଡ଼ନ୍ତା ନଇଟା ଓଲଟା ବହୁଛି  
ଭାଙ୍ଗି ଦେଇ ବାଲିବନ୍ଧ ।

ସକାଳ ସପନ କପାଳ ଲିଖନ  
ଅକାଳ ଚଡ଼କେ ଆସି ,  
କହି ପାରୁଛି ନା ସହି ବି ହେଉଛି  
ଭାବେ ନିରନ୍ତର ବସି ।

## ତାହାଣୀ ଆଲୁଅ

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

ମୋର ଶିକ୍ଷକ ଜୀବନର ପ୍ରଥମ ପୋଷ୍ଟ ହୋଇଥିଲା ଏକ ଗାଁରେ । ଚାରିପଟେ ପାହାଡ଼ ଘେରି ରହିଛି । ପାହାଡ଼ ମଝିରେ ଏଇ ଛୋଟ ଗାଁ । ବାହାର ଦୁନିଆଠୁ ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ବିଚ୍ଛିନ୍ନ । ଆହୁରି କିଛି ମାତ୍ରାରେ ବିଚ୍ଛିନ୍ନ, ଏଠିକାର ଲୋକଙ୍କର ମୂଢ଼ତା ପାଇଁ । ଖାସ୍ ଏହି ମୂଢ଼ ଜଙ୍ଗଲରେ ପଶିତ ଫକ ଫକାଳବାକୁ ସରକାର ମୋତେ ଏ ଗାଁ କୁ ଛାଡ଼ିଥିଲେ ।

ଗାଁ ପାଖରେ ବସଷ୍ଟାଣ୍ଡ ନାହିଁ । କାହିଁକି ବା ରହିବ ? କିଏ ଏ ଗାଁକୁ ଆସୁଛି ନା କିଏ ଏଠାରୁ ଦୂର ସହର କୁ ଯାଉଛି ! ପ୍ରଥମ ପୋଷ୍ଟ ହେତୁ ବହୁ କଷ୍ଟରେ ପାଞ୍ଚ ସାତ କିଲୋମିଟର ପାହାଡ଼ି ରାସ୍ତା ଚାଲି ଏଠି ପହଞ୍ଚିଥିଲି । ହେଲେ ଆଜି ଫେରିଲା ବେଳକୁ ଲାଗୁଛି ଯେମିତି ଏ ରାସ୍ତା ଯୋଜନ ଯୋଜନ ଲାଗୁଛି ।

ଗାଁରେ ସରକାରଙ୍କ ଦୟାରୁ ପଞ୍ଚା ସ୍କୁଲଘର ହୋଇଯାଇଛି । ହେଲେ ପାଠ କ'ଣ ପଢ଼ା କାଢ଼ରେ ଫଳୁଛି ? ପଢ଼ାଇବା ଲୋକ ବୋଧହୁଏ ପ୍ରଥମକରି ମୁଁ ହିଁ ଆସିଛି ; ସେଇ ଭଳି ମୋତେ ଅନୁଭବ ହେଲା । ବଡ଼ ଠାରୁ ସାନ ସବୁ 'ଅ' ଅକ୍ଷର ବିବର୍ଜିତ । ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଖଡ଼ି ସିଲଟ ଧରାଇ ମୂଳରୁ 'ଅ', 'ଆ' ଶିଖାଇବା କ'ଣ ସମ୍ଭବ? ହେଲେ ପିଲା କୋର ପଢ଼ିବାକୁ ଆସନ୍ତି ଯେ ! ପାଞ୍ଚ ଛଅ ଟି ଯାହା ପାଠ ପଢ଼ା ପିଲା ।

ଗାଁ ଲୋକେ ବାହାର ଦୁନିଆ ସହ ମିଶିନାହାନ୍ତି ବୋଲି କି କ'ଣ ତାଙ୍କର କିନ୍ତୁ ମୋ ପ୍ରତି ଥିଲା ବହୁତ ସମ୍ମାନ । ମୋ ମନରେ ସେତେବେଳେ ଥିଲା ଗୋଟିଏ ହିଁ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ : ଏ ଗାଁ ଲୋକେ ବାହାର ଦୁନିଆ ସହିତ ମିଶୁନାହାନ୍ତି କାହିଁକି? ଉତ୍ତର ମୋତେ ସେ ପାହାଡ଼ ଚୂଳ ରେ ମିଳିଲା । ସେ ବୁଢ଼ା ମୋତେ ଗୋଟେ ଅଗ୍ନି ଶିଖା ଆଡ଼େ ଆଙ୍ଗୁଳି ଦେଖାଇ କହିଲା, "ତାହାଣୀ ଆଲୁଅ" ।

କେମିତି ବୁଝାଇବି ଏମାନଙ୍କୁ ? ପାହାଡ଼ ସେ ପାଖରେ ଅଛି ଗୋଟେ ବଡ଼ କାରଖାନା । ଛୋଟ ଗୋଟେ ସହର ବି ମାଡ଼ି ଆସିଛି ତା' ପାଖକୁ । ଆଲୁଅ ଯେ ସେ କାରଖାନା ଡିମିନିର, ତାହା ଏ ମୂର୍ଖଗୁଡ଼ା କେମିତି ବୁଝିବେ ? ମନେ ମନେ ବହୁତ ହସିଥିଲି । କହିଲା କ'ଣ ନା "ତାହାଣୀ ଆଲୁଅ" !

ପାହାଡ଼ ସେ ପାଖରେ ଆଧୁନିକତା ଆଉ ଏ ପାଖରେ ତାହାର ତେରଛା କିରଣ ଟିକେ ବି କେମିତି ପଡ଼ିନି ଭାବି ଆଶ୍ଚର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଲାଗିଲା । ଲାଗିଲା ଯେମିତି ଏ ପାହାଡ଼ ଶିକ୍ଷା, ସତ୍ୟତା ଓ ଆଧୁନିକତା ଆଉ ଏ ଗାଁ ମଝିରେ ପାଚେରି ହୋଇ ଛିଡ଼ା ହୋଇଛି । ସବୁ ଦୋଷ ଏ ପାହାଡ଼ର ।

ବହୁ ବର୍ଷ ହୋଇଗଲା । ନା ଏଠି ବିଶେଷ କିଛି କାମ ଥିଲା ନା ଏଠିକି ଆସିବାକୁ କେହି ଆଗ୍ରହୀ ଥିଲେ । ଏଠି ପଢ଼ିରହିବାର ମୋର କିଛି ଇଚ୍ଛା ନଥିଲା । ହେଲେ ମୋର ଛୋଟ ହାତ । ଯାହାର ହାତ ଲମ୍ବା ଥିବା ସିଏ ସିନା ସରକାରୀ ବାବୁଙ୍କ ପକେଟ ଗରମ କରାଇ ନିଜ ବଦଳି ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା କରାଇପାରିବ । ହେଲେ ସିଏ ଏତେ କଥା ପାରିବ ସିଏ ଏଠାକୁ ଆସିବ ବା କାହିଁକି ? ବେଳେବେଳେ ଲାଗେ ଏ ମୂର୍ଖ କି ସହ ରହି ରହି ମୁଁ ବି ମୂର୍ଖ ହୋଇଗଲିଣି ।

ଯେଉଁ କିଛି ଜଣ ପାଠ ପଢ଼ୁଥିଲେ , ସେମାନେ କେମିତି ବାହାରକୁ ଯିବେ ତାହା ମୁଁ ଚିନ୍ତା କରୁଥିଲି । ବାହାରକୁ ଗଲେ ହିଁ ଏହି କୃପମଣ୍ଡଳଦରୁ ମୁକ୍ତି ପାଇପାରିବେ । ଭେଦ କରିପାରିବେ "ତାହାଣୀ ଆଲୁଅ" ର ରହସ୍ୟ । ଯୋଗକୁ ପାଞ୍ଚ ଜଣଙ୍କୁ ସେଇ କାରଖାନା ରେ କାମ ମିଳିଗଲା । ସେମାନେ ଗାଁ ଛାଡ଼ିଲେ । ଆରପାଖ ବସତିରେ ରହିଲେ , ଆଧୁନିକ ହେଲେ ।

ମୋ ମନରେ ପୁଣି ଆଶା ଦାନା ବାନ୍ଧିଲା । ଏହି ପିଲାମାନେ ହିଁ ଲିଭାଇବେ "ତାହାଣୀ ଆଲୁଅ" ର ଅନ୍ଧବିଶ୍ୱାସ । ଏହି ଗାଁକୁ ଆସିବ ଆଧୁନିକ ସଭ୍ୟତା । ମନେ ମନେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ କଲି ।

କିଛି ଦିନ ହିଁ ବିତିଥିଲା । ମାଡ଼ିଆସିଲା ଗୋଟିଏ ପରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଅଶୁଭ ଖବର । ପ୍ରଥମ ଖବର , କାରଖାନା ବୁଝ ଫରନେସ୍ ରେ ଦୁର୍ଘଟଣା । ଆଉ ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ , ତିନୋଟି ଅର୍ଦ୍ଧଦଣ୍ଡ ଶବ । ତୃତୀୟ ରେ, ଆଉ ଦୁଇ ଜଣଙ୍କ ଶବ ବି ମିଳିଲାଣି । ମୋ ପାଦ ତଳୁ ମାଟି ଖସିଗଲା ।

ବେଶ୍ କିଛିଦିନ ପରେ କିଛି ଅଧିକାରୀ ଆଉ ଠିକାଦାର ଆସି ପହଞ୍ଚିଲେ । ସାତୁନା ଦେବା ସହ ତାଙ୍କ ଘର ଲୋକଙ୍କ ଚିପଟିହ ବି ନେଲେ । ମୁଁ ଶୁଣିଥିଲି କୁଆଡ଼େ କ୍ଷତିପୂରଣ ଦେବାକୁ ସରକାର କମ୍ପାନୀ କୁ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶ ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ଭାବିଲି ସେଇ ପଇସା ଆସିଥିବ । ହେଲେ କାହିଁ କିଛି ତ ପଇସା ମିଳିଲାନି ! ସେ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କ ବାପା ମାନଙ୍କୁ ନେଇକି ସରକାରୀ ଦପ୍ତରକୁ ଗଲି । ବହୁ କଷ୍ଟରେ କେବଳ ଏତିକି ମୋତେ ଜଣାଇଦିଆଗଲା ଯେ, "ଯାହା ପଇସା ଦିଆଯିବା କଥା ଦିଆହୋଇଯାଇଛି । ଏବେ ଯଦି ତାଙ୍କ ଘର ଲୋକ ସେ ପଇସା ଉଡ଼ାଇଦେବେ ,ତେବେ କ'ଣ କରିପାରିବୁ ଆମେ ? " ତେବେ କେଉଁ ପଇସା କିଏ ଉଡ଼ାଇଲା କିଛି ଖବର ମିଳିଲାନି ।

ବେଶୀ ଖୋଳତାଡ଼ କରିବାରୁ ଉତ୍ତର ନିଜେ ଆସି ମୋ ପାଖରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲା । ତା'ର ଗୋଟିଏ ହାତରେ ଥିଲା ଗୋଟିଏ ବିଡ଼ା ନୋର୍ ଓ ଆଉ ଗୋଟିଏ ହାତରେ ଚକ୍ ଚକ୍ କରୁଥିଲା ଗୋଟିଏ ଭୁଜାଲି , ଯାହାକୁ ସିଏ ଲୁଚାଇବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରୁଥିଲା କି ଦେଖାଇବାକୁ ଚାହୁଁଥିଲା ମୁଁ ଜାଣିପାରିଲିନି । କର୍କଶ ସ୍ୱରରେ ସେ କହିଲା , " ହଇରେ ମାଷ୍ଟର ! ଯିଏ ମଲା ସିଏ ତ ଗଲା , ତୁ ତା କିଆଁ ଏତେ ଛଟପଟ ? ନେ ଏହି ପଇସା ରଖ । ଆଉ ଦିନେ ଯଦି ମେଳି ବାନ୍ଧିଛୁ ତେବେ କ'ଣ ହେବ ତୁ ବୁଝିପାରୁଥିବୁ । " ଆଉ ବୁଝିବାକୁ କିଛି ବାକି ନଥିଲା । ପଇସା ନେବାରେ ମୋର ଡିକେ ହେଲେ ଇଚ୍ଛା ନଥିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଭୁଜାଲି ଚୋଟ ଖାଇ ମରିବାକୁ ବି ଇଚ୍ଛା ନଥିଲା । ମୁଁ ବା କେଉଁ ଯୁଦ୍ଧକ୍ଷେତ୍ର କୁ ଯାଇଛି ଯେ ଏଠି ମରିଲେ ମୋତେ ଶହାଡ଼ କୁହାଯିବ କି ମୋଡ଼ାଲ ଦିଆ ଯିବ ।

ସେଇ ଉତ୍ତରଦାତାଙ୍କ ଅନୁଗ୍ରହରୁ ବୋଧହୁଏ ମୋର ବଦଳି ହୋଇଗଲା । ଯାହା ଭାବିଥିଲି ତାହା କରିପାରିଲିନି । ଫେରିଲାବେଳେ ଦେଖିଲି, ସେ ପାହାଡ଼ ଉପରୁ ସେମିତି ଜଳୁଛି ସେ ଅଗ୍ନିଶିଖା । ନିଜକୁ ନିଜେ କହିଲି , "କ'ଣ ସତରେ ଏହି ମଣିଷ ହୋଇପାରିବ ଏତେ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦୟ !" ମନରୁ ଉତ୍ତର ଆସିଲା , " ଆରେ ,ଏହି ପରା ସେଇ 'ତାହାଣୀ ଆଲୁଅ' " ।

## କ୍ଷୁଦ୍ର ମହତ୍ତ୍ୱ

ଦେବାଶିଷ ଶତପଥୀ  
ଏମ୍.ବି.ବି.ଏସ୍ , ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ ବର୍ଷ

ଚିକି ପୁଲଟି ବାସ ତା' ବାଣ୍ଟି  
ହରଇ ମନ ପ୍ରାଣ ,  
ଧନୀ ଦରିଦ୍ର ହରେ ଦରଦ  
ସଭିଏଁ ତା' ସମାନ ।

ଚିକି ଧରମା ରଖିଲା ନାଁ  
କୋଣାର୍କେ ତୁଳି ମାରି ,  
ଚିକି ବାଜିଆ ମାଟି ମା' ପାଇଁ  
ଦେଲା ଯେ ପ୍ରାଣବଳି ।

ଚିକି ମାଛିଟି ମଧୁ ସାଉଁଟି  
ପର ହିତରେ ଦିଏ ,  
ଆଖିର ଜ୍ୟୋତି ଚିକି ତ ଅତି  
ସରି ତାହାର କିଏ ।

ଚିକିଏ ସ୍ନେହ ଲଗାଏ ମୋହ  
ଜୀବନେ ନହୁଏ ଭୁଲି ,  
ଚିକିଏ ହସ ହରଇ କ୍ଳେଶ  
ପ୍ରାଣ ଉଠେ ଚହଲି ।

ବାଲି ନଦୀର ଅତି କ୍ଷୁଦ୍ର  
ଗଡ଼େ ମନ୍ଦିର ଗଡ଼ ,  
ଚିକି ଭିତରେ ଅତି ସୁପ୍ତରେ  
ନିହିତ ବଡ଼ ବଡ଼ ।



## ମୋ' ଦୃଷ୍ଟିରେ ନାରୀ

ପ୍ରକୃତି ରାଣୀ ରାଉତ  
ଇ.ଟି.ସି, ଚତୁର୍ଥ ବର୍ଷ

ସଂସାର ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଜାୟା, ଜନନୀ ଓ ଭଗିନୀ ରୂପରେ ନିଜର ଦାୟିତ୍ୱ ନିର୍ବାହ କରୁଥିବା ସାମାଜିକ ପ୍ରାଣୀ ନାରୀ ରୂପରେ ପରିଚିତା । ସେ ଖାଲି ରୂପମୟୀ କି ସୌନ୍ଦର୍ଯ୍ୟମୟୀ ନୁହେଁ, ତା'ର ରୂପ ଓ ସୌନ୍ଦର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଠାରୁ ଜେର ଗୁଣ ଅଧିକ ସୁନ୍ଦର ତା'ର ମନ । ସେ ତା'ର ସେହି ସୁନ୍ଦର, ଲୋମଳ ମନ ଓ ପବିତ୍ର ଭାବ ନେଇ ସଂସାରର ସମସ୍ତ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ କରି ଚାଲିଥାଏ । ନିଜର ଗଭୀର ଚେଷ୍ଟା ଓ ଅଧ୍ୟବସାୟ ବଳରେ ଆଜିର ନାରୀ ସବୁ ସ୍ଥାନରେ ସବୁ କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ ନିଜକୁ ପ୍ରତିପାଦିତ କରିପାରିଛି । ପୁରୁଷ-ପ୍ରଧାନ ସମାଜରେ ସମସ୍ତ ବାଧା-ବିଘ୍ନର ସମ୍ମୁଖୀନ ହୋଇ ପାଦେ-ପାଦେ କରି ଆଗେଇ ନିଜ ପାଇଁ ସ୍ୱତନ୍ତ୍ର ପରିଚୟଟିଏ ତିଆରି କରିପାରିଛି । ସାମାଜିକ ଓ ଆର୍ଥିକ ଉଭୟ ସ୍ତରରେ ଉନ୍ନତି କରି ପ୍ରଗତିର ଉଚ୍ଚ ଶିଖରରେ ଛିଡ଼ା ହୋଇପାରିଛି । ଆଜି ଦୁନିଆର ଏଭଳି କୌଣସି ସ୍ଥାନ ନାହିଁ, ଯେଉଁଠି ସେ ନିଜ ପାଦର ଛାପ ନ ଛାଡ଼ିଛି ।

ନାରୀ ତା' ଦେହର ରକ୍ତ, ତା' ଛାତିର ଅମୃତ ଆଉ ହୃଦୟର ଭଲପାଇବା ଦେଇ ମଣିଷକୁ ତିଆରି କରେ । ସେ ତା'ର ସ୍ନେହ, ପ୍ରେମ, ଦୟା, କ୍ଷମା, କରୁଣା ଓ ପବିତ୍ରତା ଦେଇ ତା'କୁ ଶକ୍ତିମାନ କରାଏ । ନିଜର ସମସ୍ତ ଭାବ ଓ ଭାବନାକୁ ନେଇ ସେ ଯୁଗେ-ଯୁଗେ ପୁରୁଷକୁ ଭଲ ପାଇ ଆସିଛି । ନାରୀ ଶକ୍ତିରେ ଶକ୍ତିମାନ ପୁରୁଷ କିନ୍ତୁ ନାରୀକୁ ସୁରକ୍ଷା ଦେବା ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତେ ସ୍ୱାର୍ଥପରତାର ସୀମା ଡେଇଁ ବେଳେବେଳେ ତା' ସହିତ ଯେକୌଣସି ନାରୀକାୟ କାଣ୍ଡ ଘଟାଇବାକୁ ପଛାଉନାହିଁ । କେଉଁଠି ସେ ଦୁନିଆର ଆଲୋକ ଦେଖିବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ଜୋର୍-ଜବରଦସ୍ତ କରି ତା'କୁ ବାହୁଡ଼େଇ ଦେଇଛି ତ ପୁଣି କେଉଁଠି ତା'ର ସୌନ୍ଦର୍ଯ୍ୟକୁ ସହି ନପାରି ତା' ଉପରକୁ ଏସିଦୁ ଫୋପାଡ଼ି ତା' ମୁହଁକୁ ବିକୃତ କରିବା ସହିତ ଜାଳିପୋଡ଼ି ମଧ୍ୟ ଦେଇଛି । ଆଉ କେତେବେଳେ ତା'ର ବୟସର କୌଣସି ବାନ୍ଧବିତାର ନ କରି ଦୁଷ୍ଟମ ଘଟାଇ ତା'କୁ ଆତ୍ମହତ୍ୟା ପାଇଁ ବାଧ୍ୟ କରୁଛି ।

ଦିନକୁ ଦିନ ନାରୀ ନିର୍ଯ୍ୟାତନାର ସୂତା ଲାଘି-ଲାଘି ଚାଲିଛି । ଆଉ ଦିନ ପରେ ଦିନ ପୁରୁଷର ଏହି ବର୍ବରତାକୁ ନାରୀ ସହ୍ୟ କରି ଆସୁଛି । କାରଣ ସେ କ୍ଷମାଶୀଳା, ଦୟାଶୀଳା । ଅପରିସୀମା ଯୈର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଶକ୍ତିର ଅଧିକାରିଣୀ ସେ । କିନ୍ତୁ ସୃଷ୍ଟିର ଏ ଚରମ ସତ୍ୟକୁ ଭୁଲିଯିବା ଉଚିତ୍ ନୁହେଁ ଯେ ନାରୀ ହେଉଛି ପୁରୁଷର 'ସୃଷ୍ଟିକର୍ତ୍ତ୍ରୀ', ଆଉ ପୁରୁଷ ତା'ର ବର୍ବରତାର ସୀମା ଅତିକ୍ରମ କରି ତା'ର ସୃଷ୍ଟିକର୍ତ୍ତ୍ରୀକୁ ଯାବତୀୟ ନିର୍ଯ୍ୟାତନା ଦେଇ ତା'ର କ୍ଷତି କରିବା ଅର୍ଥ ପରୋକ୍ଷରେ ସେ ନିଜର କ୍ଷତି କରି ଚାଲିଛି । ନାରୀ ଯେତେବେଳେ ପୁରୁଷର ଚରମ ବର୍ବରତାକୁ ସହ୍ୟ କରି ନ ପାରି ଯୈର୍ଯ୍ୟ ହରାଇ ବସିବ, ସେତେବେଳେ ପୁରୁଷର କୌଣସି ଶକ୍ତି ତା'କୁ ଅଟକାଇ ପାରିବ ନାହିଁ । ସୃଷ୍ଟିକାରିଣୀ ନାରୀର କ୍ଷତିରେ ସମାଜର କ୍ଷତି ହେବା ସହିତ ସୃଷ୍ଟି ନଷ୍ଟ ହେବାର ସମ୍ଭାବନା ରହିଥାଏ କାରଣ ଯଦି ସୃଷ୍ଟିକାରିଣୀ ନ ରହିବ ତେବେ ସଂସାର ଚାଲିବ କିପରି ? ତେଣୁ ନିଜକୁ ଜାଣି-ଜାଣି ପତନମୁଖୀ ନ କରି ଏ ସୁନ୍ଦର ପୃଥିବୀରେ ସୁନ୍ଦର ଭାବରେ ବଞ୍ଚିବା ପାଇଁ ସମସ୍ତେ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରିବା ଉଚିତ୍ ।

## ଜୀବନ

ଶମନୀଶ ଗୌତମ  
ବି.ଡି.ଏସ୍. , ତୃତୀୟ ବର୍ଷ

ମଣିଷ ଜୀବନ ଏକ ଅଜାଣତ ରାସ୍ତା ,  
ଆସେ ଏଠି ଭିନ୍ନ ବେଳେ ଭିନ୍ନ ଭିନ୍ନ ଅବସ୍ଥା ।

ଜନମ ଲଭଇ ଶିଶୁ ଜନନୀର କୋଳରେ  
ଖୁସିର ଲହରୀ ଖେଳିଯାଏ ପରିବାରରେ ,  
ମନ ଆନ୍ଦୋଳିତ କରେ କୁଆଁ କୁଆଁ କାନ୍ଦରେ  
ଆନନ୍ଦ ଉଲ୍ଲାସ ଭରେ ପ୍ରତିଟି ସ୍ଵପ୍ନରେ ।

ବଢ଼ିଗାଲେ ଶିଶୁଟିଏ ସ୍ଵେଦ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧା ଆଦରେ  
ଶୈଶବରୁ ଉପନୀତ ହୁଏ ବାଲ୍ୟ କାଳରେ ,  
ନାଟଗୀତ ହସକୁଦ ବୁଲାବୁଲି ଖେଳରେ  
କଟିଯାଏ ସମୟଟା ସାଙ୍ଗସାଥୀ ମେଳରେ ।

ବାଲ୍ୟକାଳ ପରେ ପରେ ଆସେ ଯୁବ ଅବସ୍ଥା  
ମନେ ଭରେ ଉନ୍ମାଦନା ଆସେ ପରିପକ୍ୱତା ,  
ବଢ଼ିଯାଏ ଜ୍ଞାନ ଆଉ ଦାୟିତ୍ୱବୋଧତା  
ଜୀବନରେ ଆସିଯାଏ କେତେ ଆଶା କେତେ ଚିନ୍ତା ।

ଏହିପରି ବିତିଯାଏ ଦିନ ମାସ ବରଷ  
ବୃଦ୍ଧକାଳେ ଉପନୀତ ହୁଏ ଆସି ମଣିଷ ,  
ମନେ ଭରିଯାଏ ସ୍ମୃତି ଦେହ ହୁଏ ଅବଶ  
ପ୍ରଭୁଚିନ୍ତନରେ କଟି କଟି ଯାଏ ବୟସ ।

ମଣିଷ ଜୀବନେ ଏହିପରି କେତେ ଅବସ୍ଥା  
ବଞ୍ଚିବାକୁ ହୁଏ କରି ଉପଯୁକ୍ତ ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା ,  
ମାପିତ୍ରୁପି ଜିଇଁଗଲେ ହେବ ନାହିଁ ହୀନସ୍ଥା  
ସୁଖେ କଟିଯିବ ଭାଇ ଜୀବନର ରାସ୍ତା ।

## ମୋ ପରିବେଶ

କେଦାରନାଥ ଚୌଧୁରୀ  
ବି.ଡି.ଏସ୍. , ତୃତୀୟ ବର୍ଷ

ସୁନ୍ଦର ଏଇ ତରୁ ବୃକ୍ଷଲତା  
ସୁନ୍ଦର ତାର ବେଶ ,  
ସୁନ୍ଦର ଏଇ ବାଦଲ ଆକାଶେ  
ନାହିଁ ସେ ସୌନ୍ଦର୍ଯ୍ୟର ଅବଶେଷ ।

ତରଣୀ ଭରିତ ସାଗରର ଗର୍ଭେ  
ତରଙ୍ଗର ମାଳେ ମାଳେ ,  
କୋଇଲିର ସେହି କୁହୁକୁହୁ ନାଦେ  
ଶିହରଣ ଦେହେ ଖେଳେ ।

ଆରମ୍ଭ ନାହିଁ ସେ ସୌନ୍ଦର୍ଯ୍ୟର  
ନା ଅଛି ଯେ ତାର ଶେଷ ,  
ଯେଉଁ ସୌନ୍ଦର୍ଯ୍ୟର ନାହିଁ ପରିଭାଷା  
ସେ ଅଟଇ ମୋ ପରିବେଶ ।

## ସାବଧାନ ! ସାବଧାନ !

ହିତୈକ୍ ଚେତାନି  
ବି.ଡି.ଏସ୍ , ଦ୍ଵିତୀୟ ବର୍ଷ

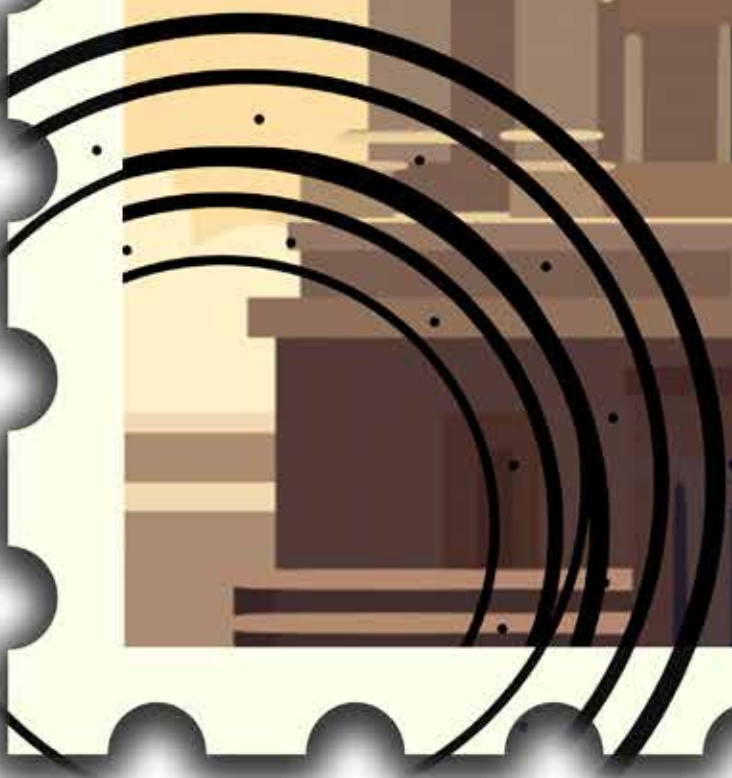
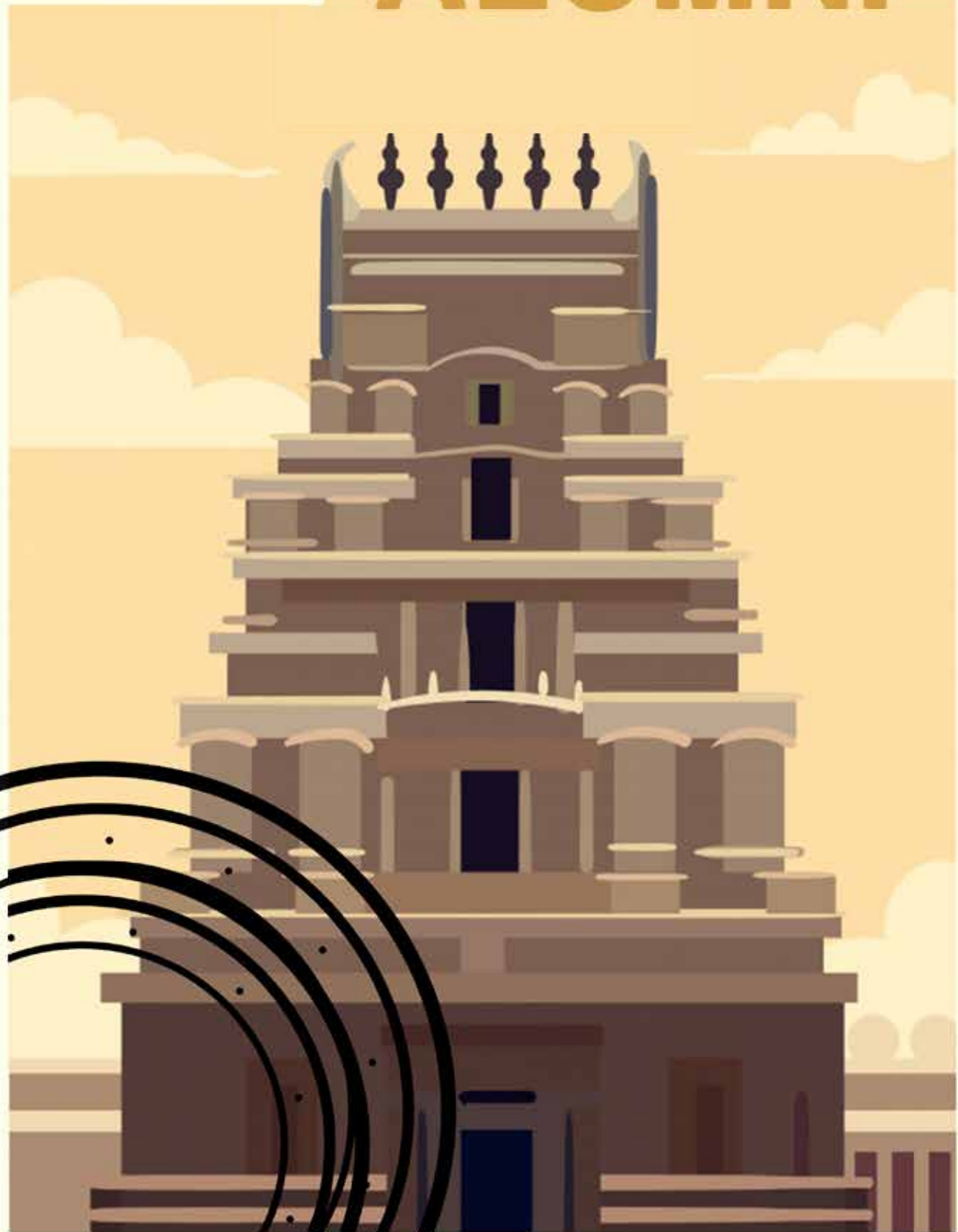
ମଦ ତିଆରୁଛ , ମଦକୁ ବିକ୍ରିଛ ,  
ନିଶା ନିବାରଣ ବାନା ଉଡ଼ାଉଛ,  
ତୁମରି ଏ କାମ ପାଇଁ  
ସରକାର ! ଆଜି ଉଚ୍ଚୁଡ଼ିଗଲାଣି ଆମର ଏ ଗାଁ ଭୂଇଁ ।

ଥରେ କି ଦେଖୁଛ ଗରିବର ଘରେ  
ନ ଜଳେ କିପରି ତୁଲି ,  
ଘରର ମୁରବି ମଦ ପିଇ ପିଇ  
ଭରଇ ତୁମର ଝୋଲି ।  
ପୁଅଝିଅ ଡା'ର ଅନାହାରେ ରହି  
ଛାଡ଼ନ୍ତି କିପରି ପାଠ ,  
ପର ଘରେ ମୂଲ ଲାଗି ତାର ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ  
ଭରଇ କିପରି ପେଟ ?  
ଏ ଜନମଙ୍ଗଳ ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ର ,  
ସରକାର ତୁମ 'ଦିଅ ଦିଅ' ନୀତି  
କେତେ ଭୟଙ୍କର ସତେ !

ଭାବିଛ କି ସଦା 'ମଦ' କାରବାର  
ଭରିବ କି ରାଜକୋଷ ,  
ଦେଖୁନ ଗରିବ ଆଖି ନିଆଁ କେବେ  
ଦେଖୁନ ଗରିବ ରୋଷ ?  
ସେଦିନ ଗରିବ ଚିହ୍ନିବ ନିଜକୁ  
ଉଜାଡ଼ି ଦେବ ତୁମ ଏ ସିଂହାସନ ,  
ସେଦିନ ସରକାର ଡେରି ନାହିଁ ବେଶୀ  
ସାବଧାନ ! ସାବଧାନ !

MARUNDHEESWARAR  
TEMPLE

ALUMNI





# Shrouds

Cipun Mishra, E&I, 2012-2016

I write poems  
on the back of shrouds.  
I hope that they bury my poems  
when they bury the dead.

I read that mausoleums of past  
are overrun by forests,  
graveyards with orchards.  
Maybe, where there is an exit,  
there is an entrance.

In this city of rains,  
I bid farewell to metaphors.  
I write poems tonight  
when the rains fall,  
when the dead crawl.

I write poems  
on the back of bones,  
so when everything dissolves,  
my words stay -  
memories of the dead stay.

PHOTO COURTESY: NETRA DAMLE, 3<sup>RD</sup> YEAR, MECHANICAL

# Kintsukuroi

Cipun Mishra, E&I, 2012-2016

When you ask me  
if I love you, still -  
more often than not,  
my answers are mostly  
a dismissive nod  
or  
a flat 'of course'

There are no metaphors.  
There are no ice cream buckets at 2 am.  
There are no drenched late-night drives.  
There are no games of carrom where I cheat.  
There are no hugs, no blankets,  
no gentle 'how can I not.'

Love is more than just an assurance.  
This is my fistfight.  
This is my lovesong.  
Maybe, it is everything that makes us.

So, when you start to crumble,  
I will be your hands.  
When you start to feel empty and broken,  
I will pour your stories, your laughter -  
My kintsukuroi.

When your eyes forget their gleam,  
I will tell you of a girl,  
whose odor I carry in my heart;  
of the girl who makes silly jokes  
to make me laugh on my bad days.

So, when you ask me  
if I love you, still -  
I will paint you my happiness.  
I will say 'always'.

# KIITian forever....

-Dr. Ansuman Kar, Former Chief Editor, Kritika,  
MBBS, 2010-2016

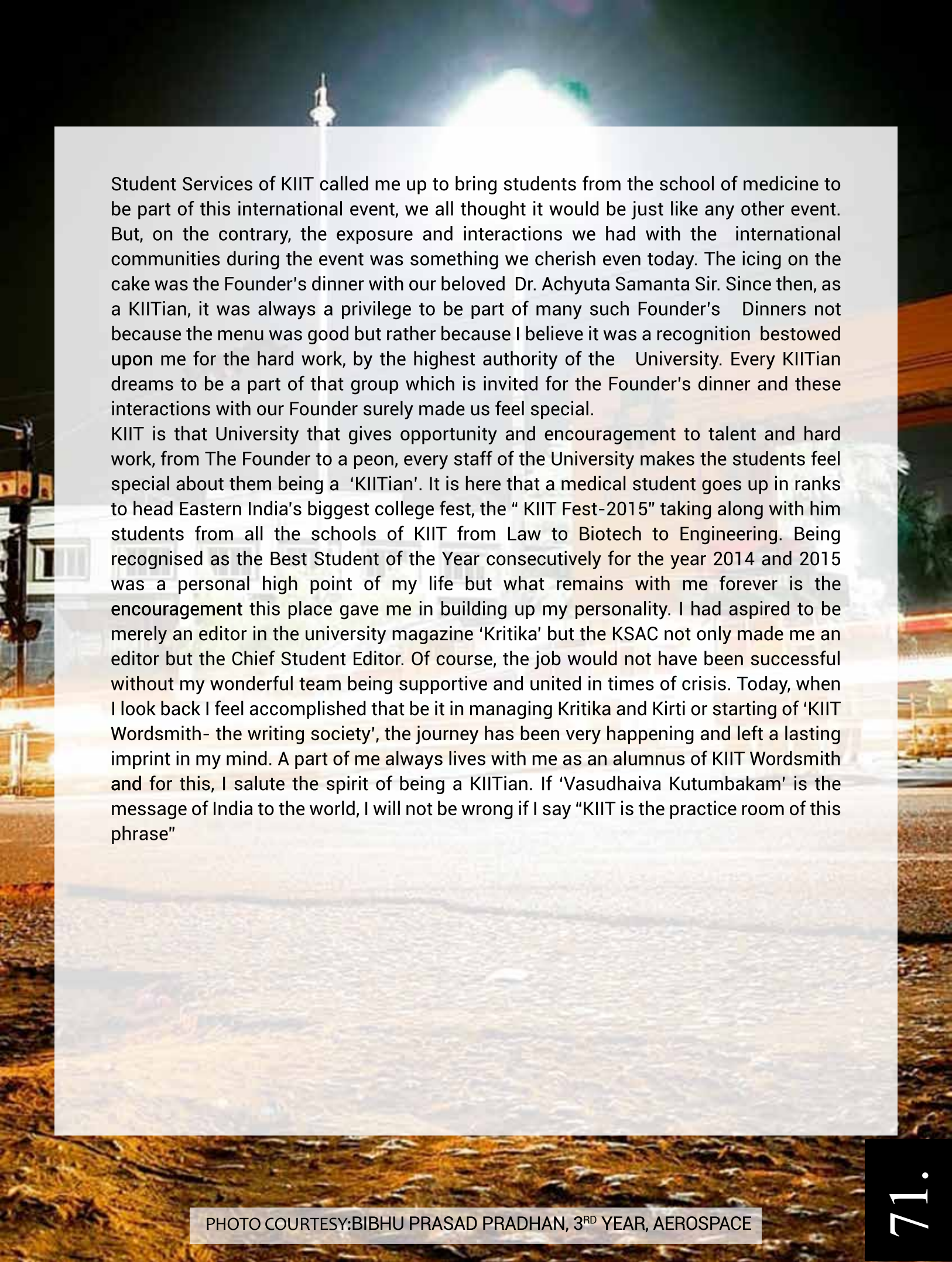
In 2008, when I had first visited this part of Bhubaneswar for my brother's graduation ceremony, the thing that amazed me was the cosmopolitan infrastructure of the college campus. Born and brought up in Bhubaneswar, the northern border of the city for us was Patia square. Beyond that, it was all jungle, and usually, we 'Bhubaneswarites' never considered the area beyond Patia square as part of the mainstream city. That day the idea changed.

In 2010 I came with my father for admission. By that time, the surrounding had become much more vibrant. There were students from almost every corner of the country. The campus of the 'School of Medicine' was by far, one of the best campuses I had seen. It was my fortune that I joined a university where the infrastructure, the work culture, and education were all of excellent quality. The one thing that always made me love this place was that, every day, there was some quality event happening in some part of the college. Be it some cultural event or an academic lecture by some top-notch speaker or some social extravaganza, the campus of KIIT was always beaming with events. Then came the announcement of KIIT hosting the Indian Science Congress. On January 1st, 2011, KIIT hosted the know-who of the country in the field of science and research including the then Prime Minister of India, Dr. Manmohan Singh and the former President, Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam. The university campuses within a span of just 3 months had undergone a major transformation for this mega event and that day I realised the power of this university.

Life moved on both in the field of academics and other extracurricular activities and one thing that was sinking in was the brand "Kiitian". In KIMS at that time there was no student body except the NSS wing, which was also very dormant. One day our warden, Dr. Sreemant Dash called me and discussed the various programs that he wanted NSS-KIMS to work on. Slowly but steadily my team started working on various projects starting from World AIDS Day to Blood Donation camps. Within a span of 4 years from 2011 to 2015, the events started by us at college-level had gone on to become not just intra-university but also inter-university level events. The otherwise boring looking medical fraternity was now walking shoulder to shoulder with the rest of the KIITians. We won competitions not just at regional but also at national levels. All this was possible because the University believed in nurturing lives, by not just creating academicians but also creating all-rounders. When I look at my tiring and challenging MBBS life I feel had it not been for KIIT the journey would have been simply black and white.

With the increasing popularity of NSS-KIMS, the students from the school of medicine started getting opportunities in various other events of KIIT, one such event being the International Youth Festival-2013. When Dr. Sucheta Priyabadini Ma'am, the then Director,





Student Services of KIIT called me up to bring students from the school of medicine to be part of this international event, we all thought it would be just like any other event. But, on the contrary, the exposure and interactions we had with the international communities during the event was something we cherish even today. The icing on the cake was the Founder's dinner with our beloved Dr. Achyuta Samanta Sir. Since then, as a KIITian, it was always a privilege to be part of many such Founder's Dinners not because the menu was good but rather because I believe it was a recognition bestowed upon me for the hard work, by the highest authority of the University. Every KIITian dreams to be a part of that group which is invited for the Founder's dinner and these interactions with our Founder surely made us feel special.

KIIT is that University that gives opportunity and encouragement to talent and hard work, from The Founder to a peon, every staff of the University makes the students feel special about them being a 'KIITian'. It is here that a medical student goes up in ranks to head Eastern India's biggest college fest, the "KIIT Fest-2015" taking along with him students from all the schools of KIIT from Law to Biotech to Engineering. Being recognised as the Best Student of the Year consecutively for the year 2014 and 2015 was a personal high point of my life but what remains with me forever is the encouragement this place gave me in building up my personality. I had aspired to be merely an editor in the university magazine 'Kritika' but the KSAC not only made me an editor but the Chief Student Editor. Of course, the job would not have been successful without my wonderful team being supportive and united in times of crisis. Today, when I look back I feel accomplished that be it in managing Kritika and Kirti or starting of 'KIIT Wordsmith- the writing society', the journey has been very happening and left a lasting imprint in my mind. A part of me always lives with me as an alumnus of KIIT Wordsmith and for this, I salute the spirit of being a KIITian. If 'Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam' is the message of India to the world, I will not be wrong if I say "KIIT is the practice room of this phrase"



# Daydream

Cipun Mishra, E&I, 2012-2016

I hope when you close your eyes,  
every tragedy is just a song.

Our voices punctuate  
these struggles -  
when they tell our story,  
for every comma,  
there would be a heartbreak -  
for every semicolon,  
a disappointment.

I hope when you look back,  
wiping tears won't smell of  
ruthless nostalgia  
nor of our palms folded,  
heads bowed, waiting  
for our tragedies to rhyme.

More often than not,  
people carry light in their voices -  
sunshine in their smiles.  
I hope when you close your eyes,  
our memories are a fragrance -  
our love is a poem.

PHOTO COURTESY: PRABHAV SINHA, 3<sup>RD</sup> YEAR, MECHATRONICS

# An Open Letter To Every Young One

Arijit Saha, SCE, 2014-2018

Hi,

This is your elder brother, Arijit. You can call me "Bhai", "dada", "brother", "bro" or whatever you want. It will be better if you just call me by my name. That's perfectly alright.

You know what? Growing up is not as cool you think it is now. It adds responsibilities, expectations, time rush, and many more challenges. As you grow up, you feel your world widening up, and the contact list grows at a geometric progression. Sometimes you feel the responsibilities burdened on your head, multiplying with every passing day. As you grow up, you lose touch with your near and dear ones, your family, your friends and they are then replaced by your acquaintances (people who exist only to serve their own purpose). You get less and less time for yourself. Quality sleep becomes a luxury, and if by mistake you sleep a few minutes extra than your fixed schedule, or fall asleep for a few minutes at a different time from the schedule, you feel a ruthless amount of guilt.

Well, the biggest challenge is the constantly changing environment (in terms of the market and the society we dwell in). Coping up with the change and changing yourself according to the system is the only way out. It is a very funny feeling that you will feel if you are assigned some higher responsibility. Previously it used to feel like a matter of great honor and joy to be selected as a class monitor in school or a Class Representative (CR) at college. However, when you face the real world outside the protective premises, shouldering such responsibilities becomes more of a pain. A good team leader should not only be concerned with his development but also contribute to the development of all the team members. The challenge to handle non-cooperative team members is the biggest pain because here, there is no option of complaining to the teacher or to the principal. You and only you are responsible for ensuring the efficient functioning of your team.

Now I have spoken a lot about the challenges and have scared you a little. Honestly speaking, to some extent it is scary. But there is always a way out. What is that way? Well, I shall not tell you. It is you who have to decide, which way to choose so that you can face the challenges that stand between you and your successful career. However, I can surely give some guidance. Always remember that nothing goes to waste. Any skill you have learned, however small it may be, or any knowledge or any experience that you may have gathered, nothing goes in vain. It is totally up to you, how you use your knowledge, your wisdom and your skills to solve the problems in life.

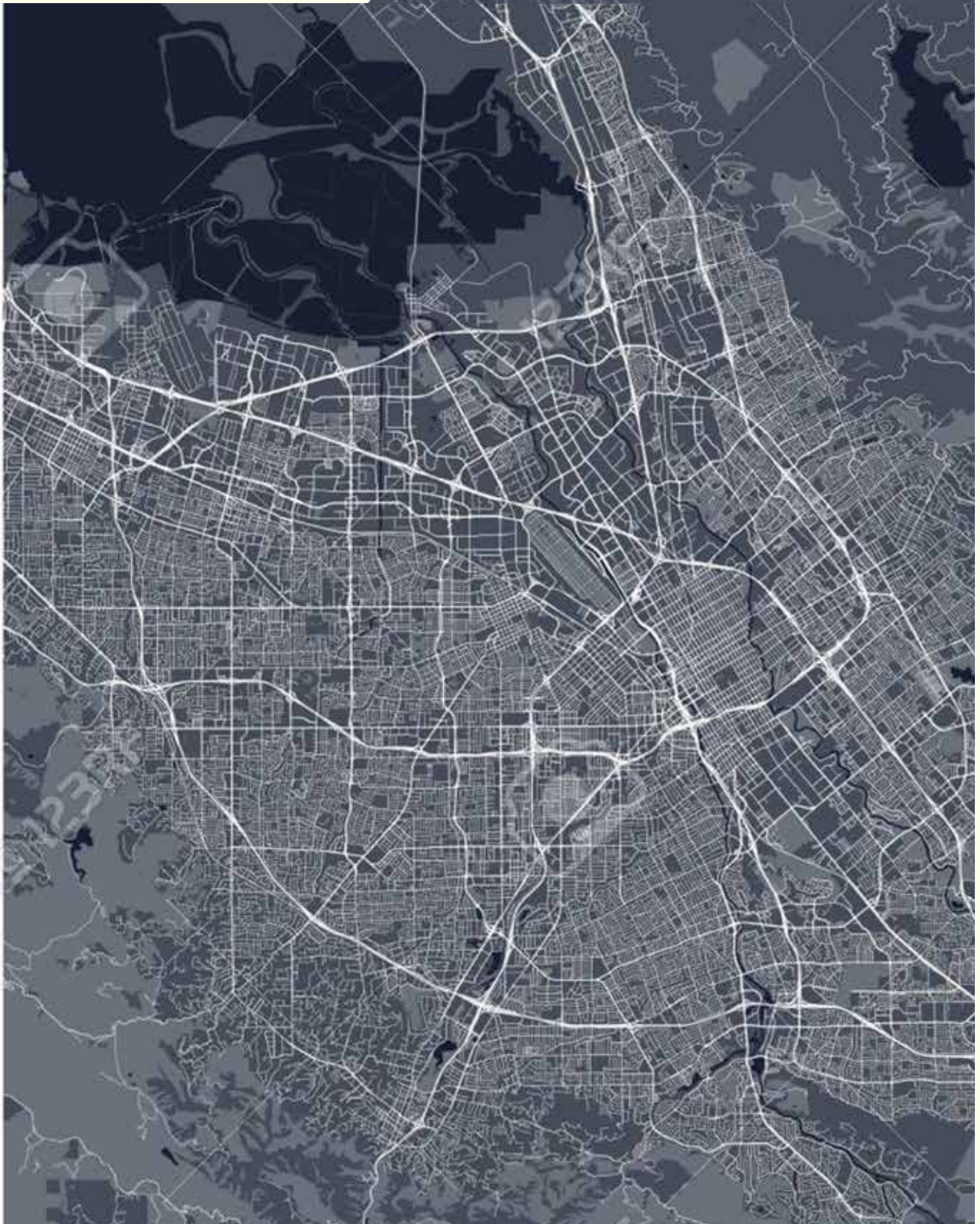
As Elon Musk said, "If something is important enough, even if the odds are stacked against you, you should still do it."

Your brother,  
Arijit.

# SAN JOSE

Northern California  
SILICON VALLEY

# INTERVIEW



# ANAND NEELAKANTAN

Anand Neelakantan, the maverick storyteller, needs no introduction. An author, columnist, screenwriter and more, Anand shot to fame when he chose to write the Indian epic, Ramayana, from Ravana's perspective, titled, 'Asura- Tale of the Vanquished'. This got the discussion, essentially around what exactly should be termed as 'evil'. The success of the book got Anand to explore more such stories like 'Ajaya', the epic Mahabharata from Duryodhana's perspective and 'Vanara' from Baali's perspective. The list goes on. Through a creative hand and insightful 'rebel' mind, he weaves the enigmatic tales where values don't undermine the gripping plots, but rather lead to page-turners with quality reflections often unheard of. Recently in the news for writing the third and final book of 'Bahubali- Before the Beginning' series, titled, 'Queen of Mahishmathi', the author has also written the screenplays for some of the most popular and hit TV series including 'Siya Ke Ram', 'Ashoka' and 'Mahabali Hanuman'. Alongside, he has been a successful columnist to some of the most popular newspapers from around the world. Members of KIIT Wordsmith, the Official Literary (Writing) Society of KIIT interviewed the master storyteller, Anand Neelakantan, ahead of Kritika, the Students' University Magazine's release.



**Team- What prompted you to write a counter-narrative of the Indian Epics?**

**A.N.** - What is the fun in writing the same story from the same perspective? In fact I found that the 'Bhakti Era' has given some sort of distortion to the original 'Valmiki Ramayana' or Ved Vyas's 'Mahabharata'. It has become more and more one-sided unlike the original ones, or the earlier ones (because there were many versions), which were more neutral. Even if we go back to 'Puranas', we find that Ravana was not considered as a 'Villain', rather, 'Jaya' while Khumbhakarna, his brother was 'Vijaya'. They were doorkeepers of Vishnu, who take birth as the antagonists of the stories because of flickers, first as 'Hiranyaksha and Hiranyakashyapu', then 'Ravana and Kumbhakarna' and finally as 'Kamsa and Sishupala'. Essentially, what it means is that these (stories) are not tales of 'Good versus Bad', as believed, or made to be believed as they speak of 'Karma' and 'Karmaphala'. So whether Lord Ram, Lord Krishna, Ravan, Khumbhakarna or Duryodhana, all these people do certain karmas and they are not spared of the outcomes (of their karma). So Ramayana and Mahabharata are essential of the Good triumphing over Evil. These are the stories written to teach people of Karma and Karmaphala, and that is why not even the 'avatars' escape the cycle of Karma. So my purpose in writing these stories is not to demonise the heroes and portray the heroism of the villains but to show a neutral perspective.

**Team- Had you always wished to be a writer?**

**A.N.** - I have always been a storyteller from my childhood but being a writer was not a dream or anything. I came to it very late. My first book was published when I was 37 or 38. So well, it was not that I was writing since childhood but I was always a storyteller and I wanted to tell stories; writing is one method of telling stories and now am enjoying the process.

**Team- Who do you consider as your inspiration?**

**A.N.** - My father, late L. Neelakantan has always been my inspiration. All the stories am writing now, I heard from him. He was a very traditional man and having brought up in a very conservative house, I heard the usual versions of the stories. My father used to always chant Ram's name. He never discouraged me from asking questions and explained them in his own ways. He was the first person to teach me that these (stories) are just allegorical and meant to teach people about 'Advaita', as he put it. I have tried to tell stories based on whatever he had taught me. But the thought process is mine. I think he would have been **shocked** that I dared to put it across, but being a very traditional Indian, he would've never been offended because he always believed in the maxim that there are different aspects of truth and there are different routes to reach the same.

**Team- How was the response from the public, when your books were released, given that they challenge the commonly accepted beliefs? Have these changed over time?**

**A.N.** - The response, over nearly a decade, that I have been writing on different perspectives, not only in books but also for TV series- 'Asura' from Ravan's perspective, 'Ajaya', the series of two books, from Duryodhana's perspective, 'Vanara' from Baali's perspective in books while in case of television, 'Siya Ke Ram' from Sita's perspective and 'Mahabali Hanuman' from Hanuman's perspective, has been quite overwhelming. Initially, people were surprised, a bit hurt, but as they read through the books they found that I was not writing it with an

or something rather was just trying to bring out various perspectives through various media. So the response has been good. When I was writing the very devotional TV series on Sankatmochan Hanuman, I was alongside writing Vanara, told entirely from Baali's perspective which is very contradictory to what is being told in the television series. It was just opening the windows to a different point of views showing the different sides. It is just an exploration and people understood it and accepted it more or less.

**Team- How did the 'Baahubali: Before the Beginning' Series come into being?**

**A.N.** - Director SS Rajamouli Sir had read my book 'Asura' among other books and liked them very much. When the first film of the Baahubali Series had come, 'Baahubali: The Beginning', he was searching for someone to expand the 'Baahubali Universe'. I met him in his Hyderabad office where he asked me to write a few random scenes as the back story of the film, and he liked quite a several scenes which I wrote then and there. He offered me the project and so the three-book series of 'Baahubali: Before the Beginning' came into being- 'The Rise of Sivagami', 'Chaturanga' and the latest, 'Queen of Mahishmati', consisting of about thirty years before that shown in the movies. The books deal with Sivagami and Katappa's childhood to the beginning of the first film of the series. A Netflix series on the books is in the making, to be released soon.

**Team- Is there any particular character from your books, you can relate to, the most?**

**A.N.** - I felt related to something or the other with all the characters which I wrote on and about. But specifically, the character of Bhadra & Ravana in 'Asura', the character of Jara in 'Ayaja(Duryodhana's Mahabharata series)', Skandakasa in 'Baahubali Series' or Baali in 'Vanara' are the characters I relate to, the most.

**Team- How do you see the current state of affairs in the country?**

**A.N.** - I am no politician to comment on the current affairs of the country. As far as I am concerned, I believe that there are some people not happy with the way religion is getting perceived. Accepting all kinds of thoughts is the fundamental of 'Indian Religion' consisting primarily of Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, or any school of thought which originated from India. Imitating the western religions where there was only one version of the truth may not be a good option for a pluralist society like India. It is the only thing I offer to say as of now.

**Team- Do you think mythology and history as separate or one? Kindly shed some light on the same.**

**A.N.** - By mythology, if you mean 'Puranas', it is not the correct translation. Our Puranas are tales told by Great Rishis and storytellers to convey certain messages- some were suitable for the times in which they had written them, others for eternity. There is no absolute truth in anything in the world. The truth is for a specific time. But these (Puranas) were great stories told by seers and they themselves said that the lessons imparted were applicable only for a certain period in a certain geography and are not universal. Although some values like honesty, humility and various other qualities which they projected through their characters were universal values that will remain true, across cultures and time. On the other hand, mythology is a word often associated with myths, beliefs and stories of a 'Dead Civilization'.

We can talk about Egyptian Myths or Nordic Myths as the civilizations have long gone and dead. Even if the country does exist in modern times, they have no relationship with the civilization which gave rise to the stories. So these stories now remain in myths and have become almost obsolete. In contrast, in India, all the stories are part of a living tradition that undergo constant changes. They are not myths. So we call them 'Puranas' and 'Itihasa', not to be confused with history. In fact, this is beyond history. Trying to search history in stories is a futile exercise and I would never advise that. The greatness of Ramayana is not altered by whether it happened. The question is irrelevant because this was not the purpose of it (writing of Ramayana). Even without resorting to all these acrobatics or circus to find history in our great stories, we should understand that we have a great history spanning three or four millennia. So let us not confuse the fantastic living traditions of India which have inspired so much of art, music, architecture and what not and given a moral code to our culture irrespective of religion and caste, to mere history.

**Team- Tell us something about your future projects?**

**A.N.** - The next to come is a short story collection of Valmiki's Women, soon to be published by Westland. Also Audible is publishing an audio series, which is non-fiction on different Ramayanas and different lessons. Alongside I am working on almost two films, and three shows now, the announcement of which will be coming soon. A few novels are also planned for the next year.

**Team- What is your message for the youth of the nation?**

**A.N.** - My message for the youth of the nation is to have an open mind, open eyes and an open heart, have compassion and empathy and not be fanatic or fundamentalist. We have a beautiful constitution, one of the best constitutions in the world, and if you ask me, in this era, it is a holy book. Developing a scientific and rational temper, a sense of inclusiveness is essentially required for today's world, else we'll end up like many countries which descended into social strife, conflicts, riots and bloodshed, not good for the future.

When in doubt, just remember Mahatma Gandhi's talisman: 'Any action you do, please recall the face of the poorest man or woman you've known and see how your actions will impact them'. This talisman is an eternal truth that has sprouted from the basic dharmic code of India.

**Thank You!!!**



# କଥା-ବାର୍ତ୍ତା



ଜନ୍ମ ତାଙ୍କର ୨୫ ଜୁନ୍ ୧୯୭୫ ମସିହା , ଅନୁଗୁଳ ଜିଲ୍ଲା ଆଠମଲ୍ଲିକର ମାଧପୁର ଗ୍ରାମରେ । ସେ ଭାରତୀୟ ଡାକ ବିଭାଗର ଜଣେ ବରିଷ୍ଠ ଅଧିକାରୀ । କିନ୍ତୁ, ସର୍ବତ୍ର ପୁରିଚିତ ଜଣେ ଖ୍ୟାତନାମା ବ୍ୟଙ୍ଗ କବି ଭାବରେ । ନିଜ କବିତା ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ଲୋକଙ୍କ ମୁହଁରେ ସେ ହସ ଫୁଟାଇପାରନ୍ତି । ‘ଜ୍ଞାନ ହୋତାଙ୍କ ବକ୍ରଜ୍ଞାନ’, ‘କଥା ଚାଳିଶା’, ‘ଅଜ୍ଞାନ ବିଚାର’, ‘ଯେତେବେଳେ ଯାହା ମୁଣ୍ଡକୁ ଢୁଟିଲା’ - ଏହିପରି ଚାରିଖଣ୍ଡ ପୁସ୍ତକର ସେ ରଚୟିତା । ଏହା ବ୍ୟତୀତ ‘ବ୍ୟଙ୍ଗ ଦରବାର’ ନାମକ ପତ୍ରିକାର ସେ ସମ୍ପାଦନା କରିଛନ୍ତି । ‘ଉତ୍କଳ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ସମାଜ ସମ୍ମାନ’, ‘ତୀରତରଙ୍ଗ ସମ୍ମାନ’, ‘ଫକୀରମୋହନ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ସମ୍ମାନ’ ଆଦି ଶତାଧିକ ସମ୍ମାନର ସେ ଅଧିକାରୀ । ସେ ଆଉ କେହି ନୁହନ୍ତି, ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କର ଅତି ପ୍ରିୟ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଖ୍ୟାତନାମା ବ୍ୟଙ୍ଗ କବି ଶ୍ରୀ ଜ୍ଞାନ ହୋତା । ନିକଟରେ ‘କୃତିକା’ ର ସମ୍ପାଦକ ମାନଙ୍କୁ ତାଙ୍କ ସହିତ ବାଉଁଶାପର ସୁଯୋଗ ମିଳିଥିଲା । ସେହି ବାଉଁଶାପର କିଛି ଅଂଶ.....

**ପ୍ର- ଆପଣଙ୍କର ପିଲାଦିନ କିଭଳି କଟିଥିଲା?**

ଉ- ଅନୁଗୁଳ ଆଠମଲ୍ଲିକର ମାଧପୁର ଗ୍ରାମରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ବଡ଼ ପରିବାରରେ ମୋର ଜନ୍ମ । ଆମେ ୧୦ ଭାଇଭଉଣୀ (୭ ଭାଇ ଓ ୩ ଭଉଣୀ ) । ଭାଇ ମାନଙ୍କର ନାମ ଇଂରାଜୀ ଅକ୍ଷର ଏ , ବି , ସି , ଡି , ଇ , ଏଫ , ଜି ଅନୁସାରେ ଯଥାକ୍ରମେ ‘ଆନନ୍ଦାନନ୍ଦ’, ‘ବିଭବାନନ୍ଦ’, ‘ଚିଦାନନ୍ଦ’, ‘ଦେବାନନ୍ଦ’, ‘ଏକଦାନନ୍ଦ’, ‘ଫଣିପଦ୍ୟାନନ୍ଦ’, ଏବଂ ଶେଷ ରେ ମୁଁ ନିଜେ ‘ଜ୍ଞାନାନନ୍ଦ’ । ବାପା ଜଣେ ସ୍ଵାଧୀନତା ସଂଗ୍ରାମୀ ଥିଲେ ଓ ମା ଗୃହିଣୀ । ପିଲାବେଳୁ ଅଭିନୟ କରିବା , ଲେଖିବା ଇତ୍ୟାଦିରେ ମୋର ରୁଚି ରହିଥିଲା । ପିଲାବେଳେ ଅନ୍ୟ ପିଲାଙ୍କ ଭଳି ମୁଁ ବଦମାସି ମଧ୍ୟ କରିଛି ।

**ପ୍ର- କବିତା ଲେଖିବା ପାଇଁ ଆପଣଙ୍କର କିପରି ଆଗ୍ରହ ଆସିଲା ? ଏଥିପାଇଁ ଆପଣଙ୍କର ପ୍ରେରଣା କିଏ ଥିଲେ?**

ଉ- ପିଲାବେଳୁ ଲେଖାଲେଖିରେ ମୋର ରୁଚି ରହିଥିଲା । ତାରୁଣ୍ୟରେ ମୁଁ ପ୍ରେମ କବିତା ଲେଖିଛି , ବିରହ କବିତା ମଧ୍ୟ ଲେଖିଛି । ଆମ ଗାଁରେ ଜଣେ ଅନାମଧ୍ୟେୟ କବି ଥିଲେ, ରାମଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ଷଣ୍ଢ । ସେ ଜଣେ ଆଶୁକବି ଥିଲେ । ଦଣ୍ଡନାଟ ପାଇଁ ସେ ଗୀତ ଲେଖନ୍ତି । ସେ ପ୍ରଚଣ୍ଡ ପ୍ରତିଭାଶାଳୀ ଥିଲେ ଓ ଚମତ୍କାର କବିତା ଲେଖୁଥିଲେ । ତୁରନ୍ତ କବିତା ଲେଖିବା ତାଙ୍କଠାରୁ ଶିଖୁଥିଲି । ସେ ମୋର ପ୍ରେରଣା ଥିଲେ । ସେ ଥିଲେ ମୋର ଆଦ୍ୟଗୁରୁ । ପରବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ସମୟରେ ଆକାଶବାଣୀ , ଦୂରଦର୍ଶନ ଆଦିରେ ସୁଯୋଗ ମିଳିଥିଲା । ଏମିତି ମୁଁ ଆଗକୁ ବଢ଼ିଥିଲି ।

**ପ୍ର- କବିତା ଲେଖିବାରୁ ସ୍ଵତନ୍ତ୍ର ଭାବେ ବ୍ୟଙ୍ଗ କବିତା ଲେଖିବା , ଏଥିପାଇଁ କିପରି ଆଗ୍ରହୀ ହିଲେ?**

ଉ- ଗାଁର ଅଜ୍ଞାନତା ରୁ ବ୍ୟଙ୍ଗର ଉତ୍ପତ୍ତି । " ଅଜ୍ଞାନତା ସୀମା ଭିତରେ ରହିଲେ ସୁନ୍ଦର ଓ ସାବଲୀଳ ହୁଏ ଓ ତାହାକୁ ବ୍ୟଙ୍ଗ କୁହାଯାଏ । " ମୋର ବ୍ୟଙ୍ଗ ମୋ ଶ୍ରେଣୀଶିକ୍ଷକଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଆମୋଦଦାୟକ ଥିଲା । ଗାଁରେ ଅଜ୍ଞା, ଭିଣୋଇ ଆଦିଙ୍କ ସାଥରେ ଅଜ୍ଞାନତାରେ ମୋ ବ୍ୟଙ୍ଗ ପରିପୁଷ୍ଟ ଥିଲା । ସେହିଠାରୁ ମୋର ବ୍ୟଙ୍ଗର ଉତ୍ପତ୍ତି ହେଲା ।

**ପ୍ର- ଆପଣ ଡାକ ବିଭାଗର ଜଣେ ଅଧିକାରୀ , ଏହା ସହିତ ବ୍ୟଙ୍ଗ କବି ମଧ୍ୟ । ୨ଟି ଯାକ ମଧ୍ୟରେ କିଭଳି ସନ୍ତୁଳନ ରକ୍ଷା କରନ୍ତି ?**

ଉ- ମୋ ମାଆଙ୍କର ଦଶଟି ସନ୍ତାନ ଥିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ସେ ଅତି ସୁନ୍ଦର ଭାବେ ପାଳନପୋଷଣ କରିପାରୁଥିଲେ । ତାହାରି ଭିତରେ ବାପାଙ୍କ କଥା ବୁଝିବା ଓ ଘରର ଅନ୍ୟ ସବୁ କାମ ଅତି

ସ୍ତ୍ରୀମାନଙ୍କୁ ସେ କରାଯାଇଥିଲା । ତେଣୁ ତାଙ୍କ ତୁଳନା ରେ ଏହି ଦୁଇଟି କାମ କିଛି ନୁହେଁ । ଆହୁରି କିଛି କରିବାର ଇଚ୍ଛା ଅଛି । ଆହୁରି ଅନେକ କାମ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ କରିପାରନ୍ତି ।

**ପ୍ର- ବ୍ୟଙ୍ଗ କବିତା ଲିଖନ ଛଡ଼ା ଅନ୍ୟ କେଉଁଥିରେ ଆପଣ ରୁଚି ରଖନ୍ତି ?**

ଉ- ଅଭିନୟ , ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକ ସାହିତ୍ୟରେ ରୁଚି ରହିଛି । ଗୀତ ଲେଖିବା, ନାଟକ ଲେଖିବା ଓ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶନା ଦେବା । ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ତୁଳସୀଦାସଙ୍କ ରଚିତ ରାମଚରିତମାନସର ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମର୍ମାଦୁବାଦ କରୁଛି ।

**ପ୍ର- ଜ୍ଞାନ ହୋତାଙ୍କୁ ସମସ୍ତେ ଖ୍ୟାତନାମା ବ୍ୟଙ୍ଗକବି ଭାବେ ଦେଖନ୍ତି । କିନ୍ତୁ ଆପଣ ଜ୍ଞାନ ହୋତାଙ୍କୁ କିଭଳି ଭାବେ ଦେଖନ୍ତି ?**

ଉ- ମୋତେ ଲାଗେ ଜ୍ଞାନ ହୋତା ଜଣେ ଅଳ୍ପପ୍ରାଣୀ, ଅବ୍ୟବହୃତ ମଣିଷଟିଏ । ଯେତେକି କାମ କରିବା କଥା କରନ୍ତିନି । ଭାବପ୍ରବଣ, ଜଳ ଜଳ ହୃଦୟ, ଅତି ସହଜରେ ଚହଲିଯାଏ ।

**ପ୍ର- ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ସୁବିପ୍ଳବର ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ପ୍ରତି ରୁଚି କମିଯାଇଛି , ଏହା କିପରି ବଢ଼ିପାରିବ ?**

ଉ- କିଛି ଦଶନ୍ଧି ପୂର୍ବେ ବରଯାତ୍ରୀ ଓ ମେଲୋଡି ରେ ହିନ୍ଦୀ ଗୀତ ବାଜୁଥିଲା । ଆଜିକାଲି ସବୁଠାରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଗୀତ ବାଜୁଥିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ସେହି ଗୀତରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଶବ୍ଦ ନାହିଁ । ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ଏକ ଉନ୍ନତ ଭାଷା । ତେଣୁ ଏଥିପାଇଁ ପାଠକ, ଶ୍ରୋତାଙ୍କୁ ଦୋଷ ଦେବା ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତେ ଗୁରୁଦାୟତ୍ତ ବହନ କରୁଥିବା ଲୋକମାନେ ଯଥା କବି, ଲେଖକ, ମଞ୍ଚ ଉପସ୍ଥାପକ, ଗଣମାଧ୍ୟମ ଇତ୍ୟାଦି ଅଧିକ ଯତ୍ନଶୀଳ ହେଲେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ଅଧିକ ପରିପୁଷ୍ଟ ହେବ ଓ ସୁବିପ୍ଳବର ଏଥିପ୍ରତି ରୁଚି ବଢ଼ିବ ।

**ପ୍ର- କିଟ୍ ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟରେ ତୁମ ପଦ ?**

ଉ- ମୁଁ କିଟ୍ ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟର ଏକ ଅଂଶ । ମୋ ପୁଅ ଏଠାରେ ଆଇନ୍ ବିଭାଗର ଜଣେ ଛାତ୍ର । କାଦମ୍ବିନୀ ପତ୍ରିକା ସହିତ ମୁଁ ଜଡ଼ିତ । ଅତ୍ୟୁତ ସାମଗ୍ରୀ ଓ ଇତି ସାମଗ୍ରୀ ସହିତ ମୋର ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ ସମ୍ପର୍କ ରହିଛି , ସେମାନଙ୍କ ପ୍ରତି ମୋର ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ ସମ୍ମାନ ରହିଛି । କିଟ୍ ପରିବାରକୁ ମୁଁ ମୋ ନିଜ ପରିବାର ବୋଲି ଭାବେ ।

EIFFEL TOWER

ART





**Ursheeta Singh, KSBT, 1<sup>st</sup> year**



**Ankita Priyadarshani,  
M.Tech Thermal ,1<sup>st</sup> year**

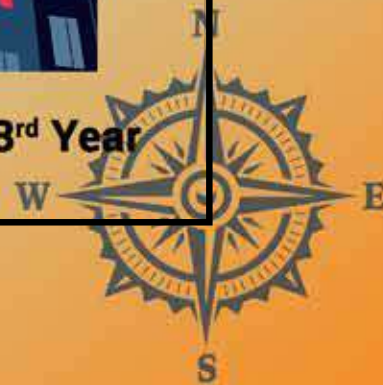




**Srishti Swarupa, BDS, 3<sup>rd</sup> Year**



**Prabhav Sinha, mechatronics, 3<sup>rd</sup> Year**

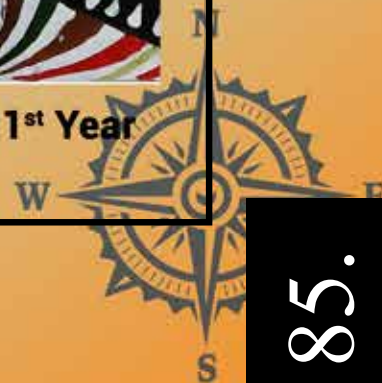




**Cipun Mishra, E&I, 2012-16 Batch**



**Ayush Mohanty, CSE, 1<sup>st</sup> Year**





**Srishti Swarupa, BDS, 3<sup>rd</sup> year**



**Priyanka Parida, BDS, 3<sup>rd</sup> Year**





JAKARTA

TEAM





### Asmita Deb(4<sup>th</sup> Year, IT)

Cute Coordinator, Creative writing expert, Hard taskmaster, Interesting, Pursuer of Discipline, Aggressive with work, Feminist, Free Spirited, Mindful, Beguiling

### Sayak Chatterjee(4<sup>th</sup> Year, ETC)

Wonderful guide and mentor, Extremely helpful, Affordable, Encouraging, Master writer, Knowledgeable, Receptive, Eloquent, Erudite, Bibliophile



### Dipansu Ruwatia(4<sup>th</sup> Year, EEE)

Proficient, Resolute, Eloquent, Zealous, Supportive, Inspiring, Compassionate, Generous, Consistent, Determined





**Aditi(3<sup>rd</sup> Year, CSE)**  
Calm, Kind, Helpful, Industrious, Passionate, Enthusiastic, Good Listener, Free Spirited, Exuberant, Efficient, Determined

**Shreedhar Shekhar(3<sup>rd</sup> Year, IT)**  
Humble, Helpful, Dedicated, Determined, Strict, Very Supportive, Exuberant, Efficient, Creative, Responsible



**Zahra Qaiser(4<sup>th</sup> Year, MBBS)**  
Affable, Captivating, Innovative, Support system, Calm, Understanding, Backbone of the design team, Dedicated, Proficient, Ingenious

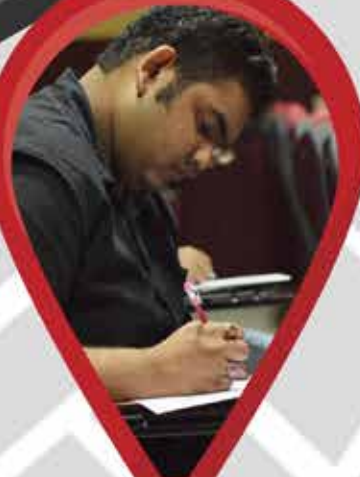


### Ankita Chakraborty(3<sup>rd</sup> Year, BDS)

Imaginative, Gentle, Simple, Humble, Very Talented, Person with introvert's edge, Passionate, Mindful, Wise, Friendly

### Ambar Bishun(4<sup>th</sup> Year, ETC)

Pure Hearted, Fun loving, Helpful, Supportive, Dank, Erudite, Cooperative, Devil's Advocate, Football Lover, Bibliophile



### Debasmita Barik(4<sup>th</sup> Year, IT)

Active, Insightful, Passionate, Good Listener, Able Leadership Skills, Chulbuli, Creative, Caring, Hard-working, Vivacious





### Prakruti Rane Rout(4<sup>th</sup> Year, ETC)

Kind, Calm, Composed, Good sense of humour, Empathetic, Very innovative, Free-Thinker, Enthusiastic, Outspoken, Energetic

### Parna Pahari(3<sup>rd</sup> Year, CSE)

Very honest and hard working, Introvert, Passionate, Sincere, Reliable



### Srijan Roy(3<sup>rd</sup> Year, BIOTECH)

Active, Energetic, Best digital marketing strategist in KIIT, Extrovert, Humble





**Netra Damle(3<sup>rd</sup> Year, MECHANICAL)**

Workaholic, Dutiful, Picasso Passionate, Sincere, Foodie



**Bibhu Prasad Pradhan(3<sup>rd</sup> Year, AEROSPACE)**

Hardworking, Creative, Talented, Passionate, Enthusiastic



**Shamanish Goutam(3<sup>rd</sup> Year, BDS)**

Kind, Down to Earth, Lively, Very Responsible, Bountiful, Pleasant, Warm, Optimistic



**Priti Dipa Jena(3<sup>rd</sup> Year, MBBS)**

Enthusiastic, 'Keen to Learn' girl, Most Diligent, Sweet, Punctual, Responsible, Cooperative, Talented

**Anushka Sharma(2<sup>nd</sup> Year, MBBS)**

Ready to learn, Friendly, Diligent, Adaptable, Courteous, Proficient, Bibliophile, Smart



**Shalini Priya(3<sup>rd</sup> Year, BDS)**

Punctual, Vibrant personality, Creative, Optimistic





**Raheman Ahmed(1<sup>st</sup> Year, BSc CS)**  
Honest, Polite, Eager, Master of words, Outspoken



**Debsmita Roy(3<sup>rd</sup> Year, CSCE)**  
Talented poet and writer, Interactive, Enthusiastic, Picture Perfect



**Shivam((3<sup>rd</sup> Year, IT)**  
Good Listener, Fervent, Sincere, Dedicated





**Amrutanshu Dash(2<sup>nd</sup> Year, CSE)**

Enthusiastic, Wise, Interesting, Efficient



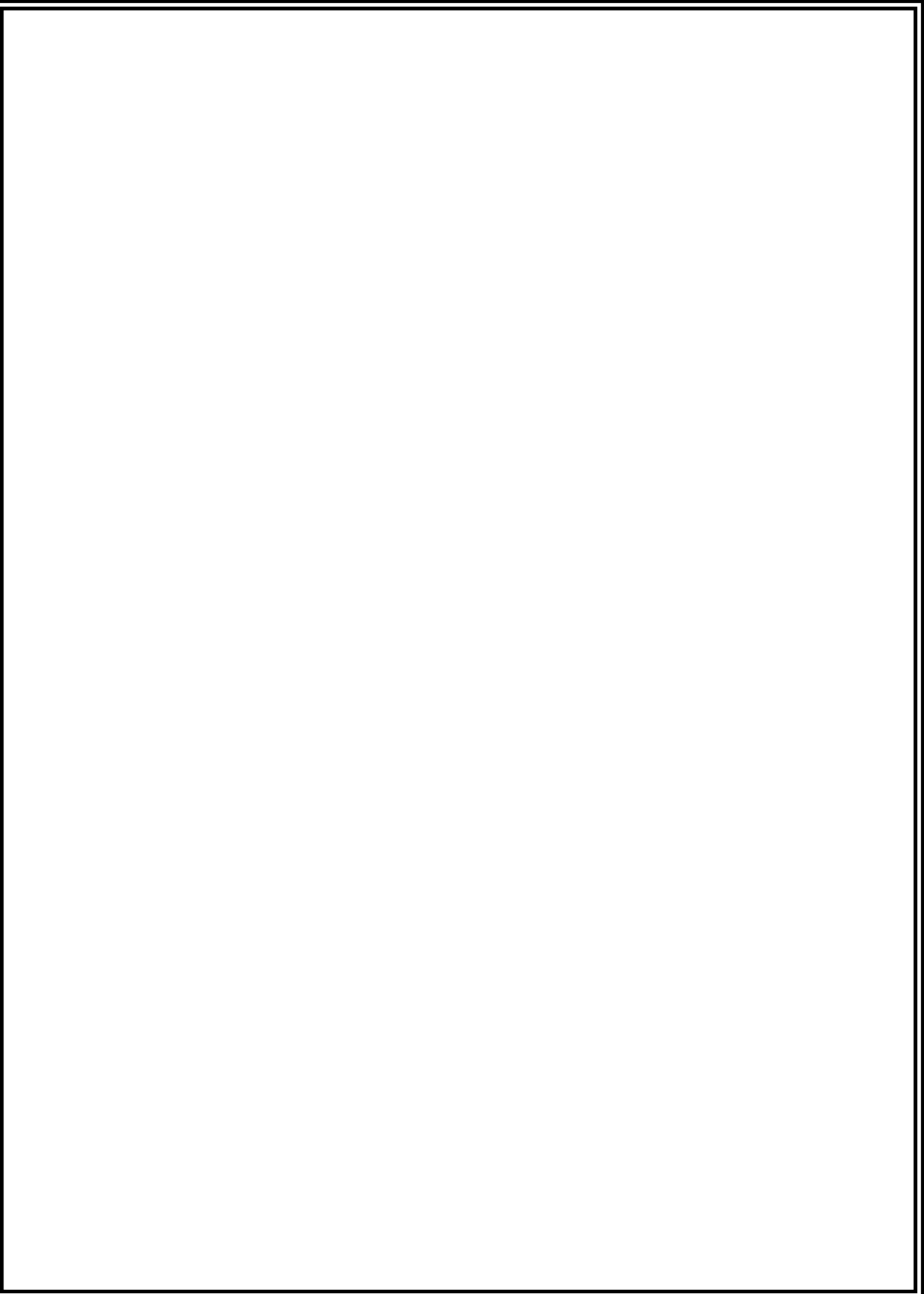
**Sandalee Shrivastava(2<sup>nd</sup> Year, IT)**

Opinionated, Thoughtful, Genteel, Interactive, Friendly



**Harshita Singh(3<sup>rd</sup> Year, BIOTECH)**

Nice, Sweet, Voracious Reader, Friendly, Hard-working



# DECLARATION

**Title of Magazine:** KRITIKA 2021

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





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**ANNUAL UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' MAGAZINE**