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KRITIKA

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2022





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

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KRITIKA

2022

KALINGA INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL TECHONOLOGY (KIIT)

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



Dr . Achyuta Samanta
(Founder , KIIT & KISS)

With uncertainties of global pandemic on the wane and gradual reopening of the Campus, it is time for collective action to reshape our world, focus on the knowledge and learning which has faced unprecedented disruption causing limitless vulnerabilities to education sector. While we navigate through the post pandemic situation, common humanity necessitates solidarity by all stakeholders to recuperate from the vulnerabilities and count on our strength with students as main stake holders plays a pivotal role.

I am happy to know that Students Activity centre has played a catalytic role in enhancing the student's engagement during the pandemic and stayed connected with students in their pursuit of learning. Our campus slowly returning to hustle and bustle back, team Kritika has played phenomenal role in showcasing the literary prowess, creativity and imagination of the budding talents of our campus. The sincere efforts of the team to cover the diverse facets of life articulated through creative writings from the heart are praiseworthy.

I am sure the creative thoughts and expressions, stories and other valuable contents by the contributors will surely enhance the glory of Kritika 2022 to next level. I also congratulate the Editorial Board for their profound endeavor in bring out this edition timely.

My best wishes. God bless you.

KALINGA INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL TECHONOLOGY (KIIT)

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



Prof. Sasmita Samanta
(Vice Chancellor, KIIT)

It is a pleasure to know that It is that time of the year again when KIIT will publish the "KRITIKA"- the University Student's Magazine, featuring some of the best editorials, reports and articles written by students and curated by the literature society. The magazine allows students to showcase their sublime literary skills.

Writing is an art and it lets you express yourself through the power of words and wisdom. Writing has numerous physical and mental benefits, such as improved motor skills, reduced stress levels and increased self-awareness. The magazine will provide a fair opportunity for every student to share feelings and thought processes through the fine craft of writing. Thus, it will let students embrace the art of writing.

I, sincerely, congratulate the team for taking the initiative to put together the annual magazine. I hope your hard work and dedication get you nothing short of success. I extend my best wishes to the team for the days to come. God bless you all.

KALINGA INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL TECHONOLOGY (KIIT)

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



Prof. (Dr.) Saranjit Singh
(Pro Vice Chancellor, Director-IE, KIIT)

"Literature is one of the most interesting and significant expressions of humanity."

It is a pleasure to know that "KRITIKA 2022"- the University Student's Magazine is going to be published. As said "Pen is mightier than Sword", I am extremely happy that students are still coming forward with write-ups. With their commitment towards academics, they are taking interest in co-curricular and extracurricular activities. They are expressing their thoughts and creative skills in the form of words through this magazine. Through Kritika we can showcase the talent of rising writers. The main purpose of education is not only to give bookish knowledge to the students but also to inculcate other values like wisdom, courage, humanity and integrity. The magazine is an insight into the level of imagination and creativity of our students.

A heartfelt congratulations to the entire team for putting all the efforts and hard work & making this possible. I appreciate all the writers for giving time and contributing their literary pieces.

Wishing you all the best.

KALINGA INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL TECHONOLOGY (KIIT)

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



Dr. Jnyana Ranjan Mohanty
(Registrar, KIIT)

It is heartening to know that the Annual University Students' Magazine "Kritika" is going to publish. I am happy to know that the young stars are taking keen interest in literature and creative thinking. Students can express their thought, innovative skills and hidden talent through this magazine. It also helps the students to sharpen their skills and improve their writing power.
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 TECHONOLOGY (KIIT)

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



Prof.(Dr.) Shyam Sundar Behura

(Dy. Director, Student Services , KIIT Student Activity Centre)

It is that time of the year again when KIIT publishes its Annual University Student magazine, “Kritika”.
In the coming days, KIIT will publish its annual magazine, which will feature some of the best editorials, reports and articles written by students and curated by the literature society. The magazine will allow students to showcase their sublime literary skills.

Writing is an art and it lets you express yourself through the power of words and wisdom. Writing has numerous physical and mental benefits, such as improved motor skills, reduced stress levels and increased self-awareness. The magazine will provide a fair opportunity to every student to share feelings and thought processes through the fine craft of writing. Thus, it will let students embrace the art of writing.

I sincerely congratulate the team for taking the initiative to put together the annual magazine. I hope your hard work and dedication get you nothing short of success. I extend my best wishes to the team for the days to come.
God bless.

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Dy. Director Student Service

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Dr. Kajal Parasar
School of Applied Science

Dr. Santwana Sagnika
School of Computer Engineering





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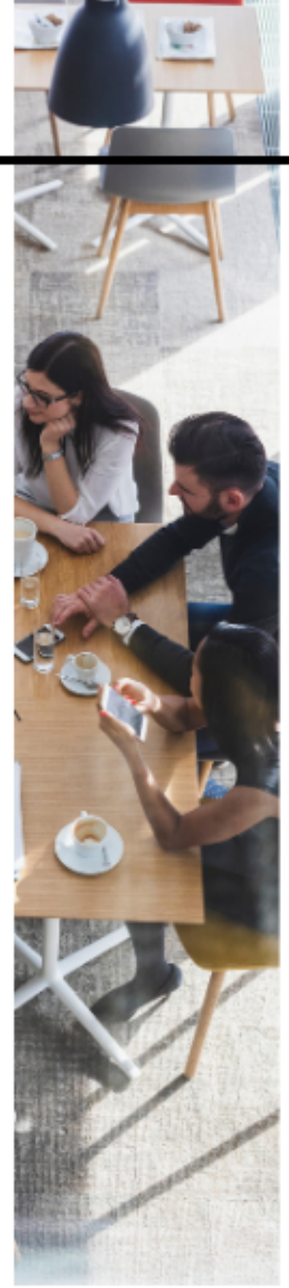
ENGLISH



HINDI



TEAM

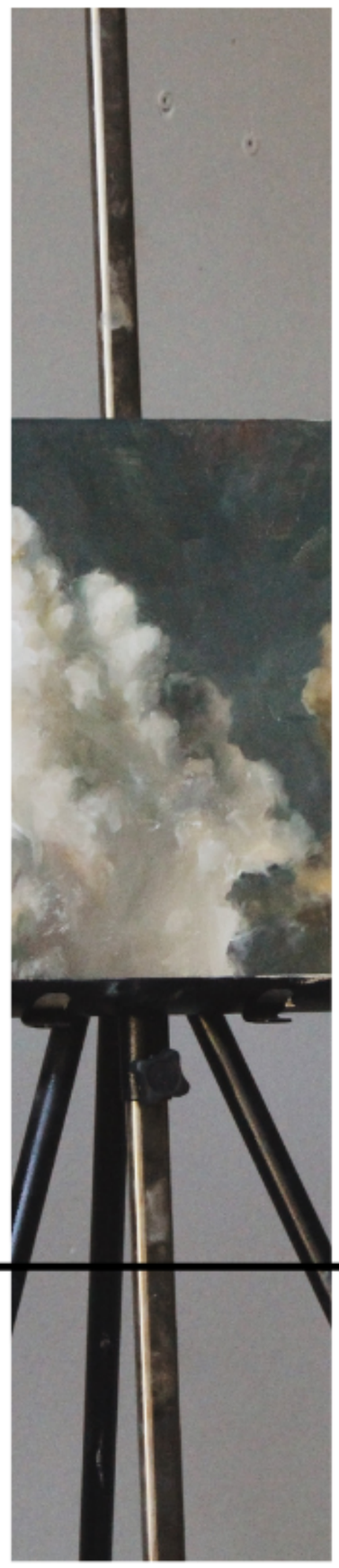


INTERVIEW

CONTENT

ODIA





ARTWORK

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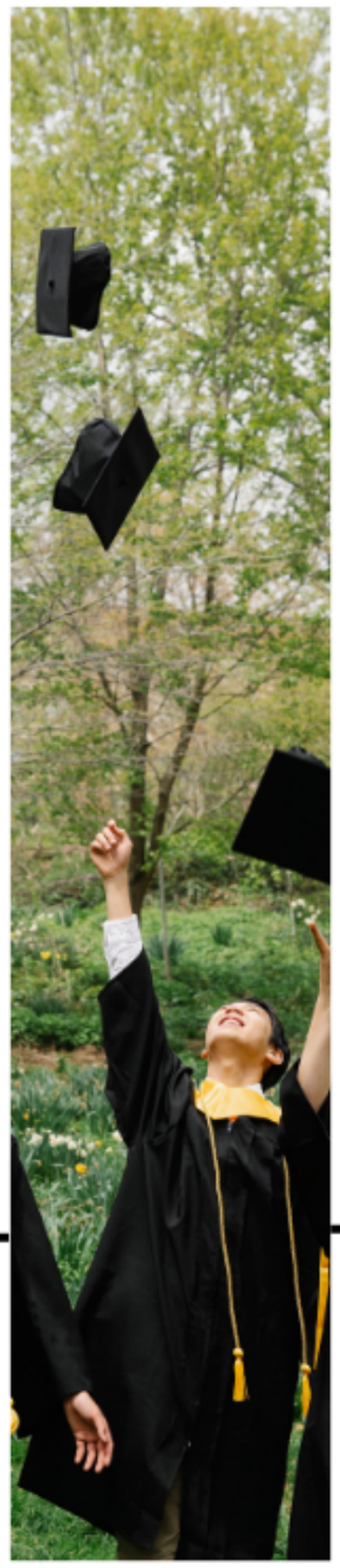


ENGLISH



A LETTER TO A COLLEGE MATE

-Rupanjali Saha,2nd Year,ETC

TO,
Sneha Jana
30A, Channasandra Main Road, Kadugodi
Bangalore-560067

Dear friend,

I am writing this letter to you with the hope that you are fine, and with the happiness to meet you soon. I wish to share my feelings with you after hearing the news of the college reopening. It was indeed joyful for me to hear the news and I hope it is for you too. Finally, it is the end of our long wait. It is a time of celebration of our one and half years of friendship. We've had several long conversations and video chats over mobile phones that enabled us to know each other up to some extent but to meet, stay and enjoy college life is a feeling that can never be felt this way.

I know you will agree with me, that even after having long conversations for hours between class periods, late at night, and on holidays, we were able to know each other very little though we are in the same year. The special feeling of friendship is to have your friend with you in the hardest obstacles and sad times of your life. We both have helped each other many times but the feeling somehow lagged in the past one and half years. You may remember during our strange conversations over paranormal activities, travel destinations, plans or life goals etc. both of us wished we would be able to stay together at that time but we weren't.

There are many things left to tell you. The college campus is waiting for our important conversations over the college classes.

professors and our sweet pranks, canteen tables are waiting for us to share our stories, chit-chats and music with them. The playgrounds, swimming pools, gyms, rose gardens, libraries and auditoriums are waiting for us to welcome together with a new life there. I know we will have to leave our houses with a heavy heart but I am sure we will forget all sorrows after seeing the college campus once we have an adventurous journey of two and half years.

I am afraid that we will have to face a lot of changes on campus as the time has brought a lot of changes in our lifestyle as well. So it may be hard, maybe new for us. We may not be able to do anything freely there; we may have to obey many rules strictly but I believe we can find a way of enjoyment together, although facing obstacles daily. All I need is your company, support and a true bond of friendship that no one can break over time because a true friendship can heal any kind of injury and turn a street of stones into a bed of roses.
So I believe that however the journey will be, you will stay with me forever as a guide and a
friend. We will meet soon and will complete all our remaining adventures. Till then please
stay safe. I will be waiting for your reply and I will like to receive your letter regarding
your views on college reopening as well.

From,
Rupanjali Saha

104/A, Gopal Lal Thakur Road
Baranagar
Kolkata-700036

Dear Lost Me

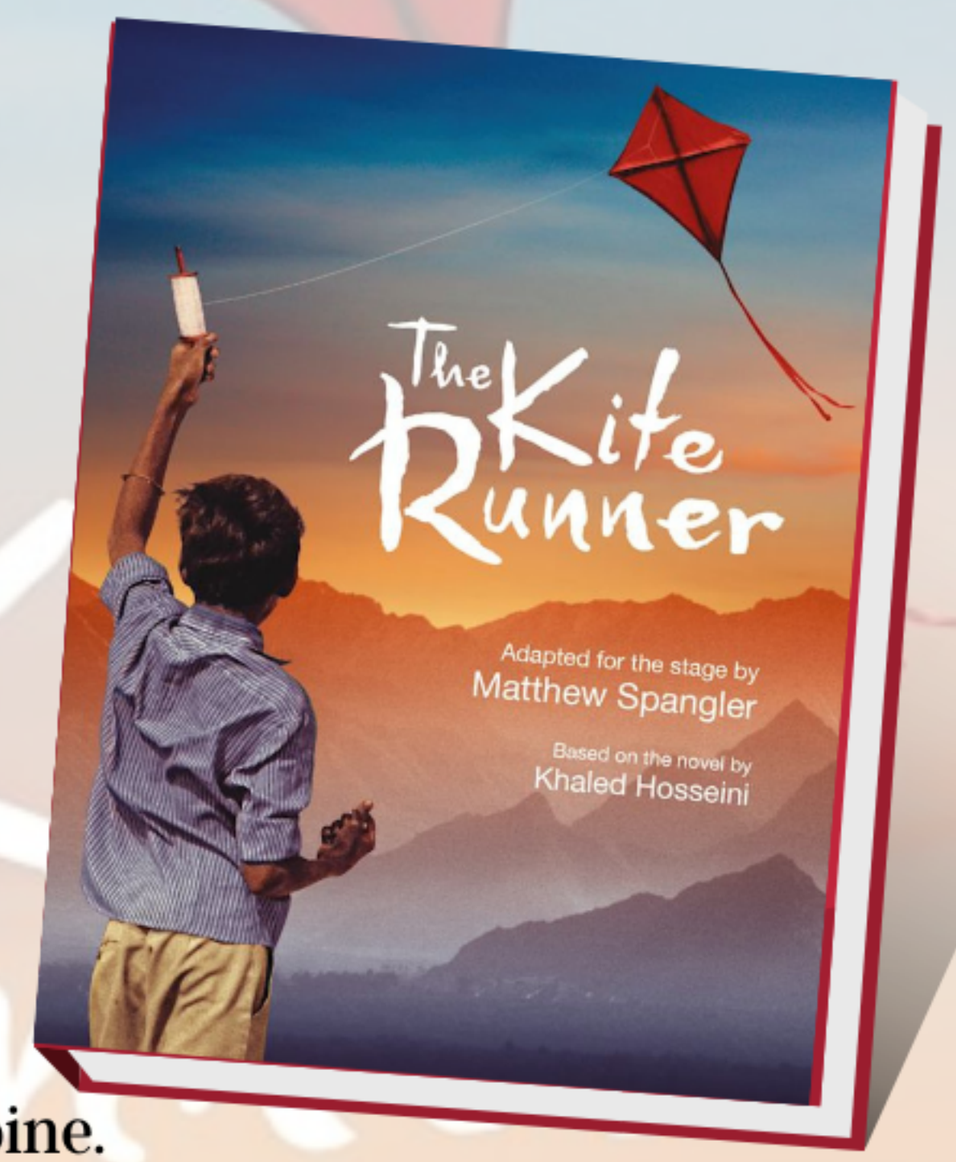
-Swosti Samarpita Sahoo
1st year, Bachelor of Fashion Designing

From this New Year,
Start spending the rest of your life
with yourself first.
Please take off the mask you
are wearing out there,
And stop hiding the real you
from the world.
Be effervescent,
and accept your flaws.
Just Stop!
Don't keep turning back to
your yesterday,
to decide the worth in you.
Realize that you have a
big, bold, beautiful life.
Start chasing it,
and
Don't waste it crying
and apologizing every time.
Realize that you want to live freely,
independently and proudly.
Choose what makes "YOU" happy,
Not what they want for their happiness.
Be bold,
Run, Fly, Drop but
Never Stop!

The Classic Cauldron

-Ankita Chakraborty, 4th year, BDS

Published in 2003, 'The Kite Runner' by Khaled Hosseini is considered one of the finest classical works of our time. Here, Ankita Chakraborty, 4th Year, BDS, looks back in time to share her experience with the book and its profound storyline.



'The Kite Runner' is Khaled Hosseini's powerful yet emotional portrayal of Amir and Hassan, two friends who grew up as close as brothers in the city of Kabul. The way Hosseini portrays Afghanistan, and capable of sending shivers down one's spine.

The story of Amir, Hassan, Baba, and Ali, the tumultuous conflict of emotions amongst them, and how "there's always a way to be good again", makes the reader smile, cry and feel every range of emotion.

from its peaceful to its traumatic days, is beyond commendable

The kite competition is Amir's only way of achieving his childhood dream - validation and acceptance from Baba. And for him runs Hassan after the kite. What happens thereafter, followed by the historical events in Afghanistan, shapes many lives forever.

The book is so enchanting that I could not keep myself from finishing it in just three days. There is love, there is hate, and there is so much more that you feel along with the characters. You pity them, you pray for them, you live their lives - such is the impact of the book as you turn each page till the last.

The Kite Runner is as much a story of two friends as it is of love, loss, and redemption. Debutante Hosseini left no stone unturned in making this book one of the best treasures on the shelf of a bibliophile.

THE GIRL WITH COLOURFUL DREAMS

~Prachi Kashyap,2nd Year,CSE

It was the fourth of August when
she was walking down the harbour
with dreams of becoming Cinderella,
wearing that blue dress of happiness,
blooming inside her little mind.
The next moment, she was lost,
mapping her existence with the air
amidst the thick fog of Lebanon
that strangled her dreams
and the air that killed.

The little rainbow umbrella
she carried couldn't protect her
from the deadly rain of blast.
Shattering both the umbrella,
and the rainbow she lived for.

That day, neither the Nutella
nor the hummus tasted divine.
It tasted bland,
devoid of emotions and,
filled with despair like the food
that's eaten when one's sick.
Probably, all were sick that day.

It was three months ago when
my curiosity took me to Lebanon.
Poverty and economic crisis were
still roaming freely in the streets,
enjoying their stay by meeting
every local and watching lane being
filled with people, begging for food
where once music and love lived,
long lines outside banks, of people

wanting salary for past months,
and massive protests for
change in power.
And now they have found
another friend for ruling people.
My mind ran down through
several thoughts and questions
which voiced a beeping sound,
that beeped faster than
heartbeats, to be precise,
upon hearing the incident.
While some questions vanished
like the girl with colourful dreams,
some became stronger like
the culture and hospitality
of Lebanese people
but none ceased.

MEMORIES

-Nidhi Kanth,4th Year,EEE

Dear Rana,

I am writing to you to let you know how much you have been missed. Remember, those long winter morning walks from Campus 6 and discovering new places while taking different roads each time. Making you gulp the pani puris, intentionally asking the uncle to add more chillies to your plate, and then laughing my heart out while you would be in tears with that red nose. But now, these are just memories engraved in our young minds. Eating pani puris here at home does not bring in the same happiness now, and the morning walks are no more than an excuse to make me healthier. It has been more than a year and a half now.

Even at home, the place where I found complete peace, now gives me vibes that a part of me is missing. The part of my heart that still wants to cherish those moments at college with my friends, that was lost amid this pandemic, the classroom zoom calls might have helped in the completion of the courses but it cannot make up for the times we shared as a whole class.

That was a complete emotion. The other day I met Naini, and we spoke about how we ate snacks sitting on the front bench, in the middle of the classes, shrewdly hiding from the teacher.

Since this is the last year of college, I want to tell you a few things I learned during the lockdown, that is the time when we were promoted to the next semesters by just attending zoom calls and focusing on how to meet assignment deadlines without breaking down. This lockdown has instilled in me that HOPE should always remain alive, even in the hardest times, because I have seen people surviving this pandemic with just a ray of hope and those too, who lost hope, falling into the hands of misfortune. Rana, it's not about just surviving now, it is about helping ourselves and building a strong societal pillar to support the less privileged ones. Mishap never sees the race, caste, gender, age, or financial status of a being. It comes unexpectedly. I have seen prayers come true and also the ones unanswered, that left the loved ones in tears. The ones who lost their jobs have so many questions to ask, but none to answer them. I think of those deserted campus areas & of the people who inhabited it, putting up different stalls, who now desperately look at the empty pavements, waiting for students to

return & rejuvenate the atmosphere with mirth and laughter.

20th August 2018 is the date when we started talking in the library. Panicked, exhausted, troubled, and stressed, I searched through the tables in the library for my lost id card and it was time for my next class. For a first-year student losing the Id card was no less than a snakebite. It was you who calmed me and helped me recall the table I was sitting on. Thank the good lord, I finally found it. From exchanging contacts to sharing punishments, we have grown up together in a place that was new to both of us. The time you expect less from life gives you the best surprise, just have hope within and believe yourself. This is exactly what I have been doing from the day we parted.

The fights between us, me taking umbrage, you making it up by getting me a vanilla ice-cream, finally both of us laughing at our silly jokes, and everything, I want to live those days again. From the lavish lunch dates to discussing the horror movies and from listening to your “newly discovered” lofi playlists to late-night calls, I expect you haven't forgotten anything. Looking forward to meeting you in real, Rana. Even though we will take different roads after graduation, we will always find a way to stay connected. I understand the next time we meet, it would not be at our campus, maybe a place unfamiliar to both or either of us, but this time again we will have each other’s back, attached by the strong bond of friendship. The phone calls (especially the facetime sessions) and the zoom calls that have kept us together now, will be an evergreen junction, even though we are miles apart.

Your Best Friend

Nidhi

P.S: Keep adoring me as you do

A LETTER TO UNIVERSITY

- Ranjita Majumdar,2nd Year,MA English

November 09, 2021
Bhubaneswar
Dear University,

Although there is a meagre chance of the university re-opening, excitement is filling up within. The truth is that no one has a crystal ball to see what our world will look like in the coming months, so asking for complete reassurance would be wrong. While my heart is full of excitement, the feelings of fear and nervousness also have a place in my heart. So many thoughts are coming up. The idea of joining college almost after two years would have some mixed feelings within. But again, the feeling of experiencing academic life in the classroom physically is above all. The last several months have been a rollercoaster of emotions for many of us but the news of the re-opening of the university is worth it.

First of all, I realized that it is very important to start recognizing that things would look quite different on campus and it is not at all a problem. It is quite obvious that certain aspects of the physical campus would have been transformed to prepare for a safe return. I am very sure that there will be utmost care taken for sanitization and social distancing and that would make us feel just at home.

We will again get the opportunity to reconnect with our friends and batchmates whom we met virtually and now we would get the scope to bond with them as well. This year, instead of a campus-wide event that attracts crowds with vibrancy and excitement, it takes the form of smaller, more intimate group gatherings where students wear masks and are two metres away. Important campus traditions must also be withheld until large–scale activities resume someday. This is how we can be together without any health risks. Vaccination is a vital part and it must be ensured by the university that all the students get vaccinated as soon as possible.

I hope that we all will be responsible enough to accept the changes and redesigns of the campus setup. Together we can make history and I am sure that the university will make the campuses more flexible and adaptable. In conclusion, I am very much looking forward to the reopening of the campus to enjoy its fresh atmosphere and live the actual academic life of a student physically. Let us all hope for the best.

Yours Faithfully,

Ranjita Majumdar

Photo courtesy : Vaibhav Kumar, CSE 2nd year

Changes

-Akansha Chakraborty,2nd Year,Law

Dear Neha,

It is said that "A good friend is like a four-leaf clover, hard to find, but lucky to have ." College was supposed to be a place where we were to work hard towards our ultimate goals and also make memories worth cherishing. We never really had any idea that a global pandemic would confine our entire college life to a small laptop screen for two years.

Living amidst so much negativity has been difficult for all of us. Being confined to the four walls of the house like a caged bird, not being able to explore life to its fullest, we have indeed become so engrossed in our comfort zones that waking up and getting ready for an 8 am class has become difficult. Our entire routine has gone topsy turvy, so much so that getting back to a normal life would be an arduous task. Now, since India has crossed the 100 crore vaccination mark and colleges are taking baby steps to bring forth physical classroom teaching, I hope to meet you once again and sing lullabies with you. It is said that everything changes in life, so perhaps our college life won't be the same again.

Maybe the college canteen won't be full of hustle and hot debates. Those weekend trips won't be as frequent because of the restrictions imposed post covid. Those "Dahi Vada" dates won't be too frequent either. Having a jamming session in the evening might become a distant dream. Crouching on the same desk won't be that fun anymore. Even the Fest might not be as fun or happen at all anymore. Life might become a drudgery of broken dreams, but life must go on, so we will have to adapt to this "New Normal."

Life has changed for me in a lot of ways too. Seeing my mother undergo chemotherapy sessions, trying to be mentally strong from the inside, managing studies and the household at the same time, and losing some people who meant a lot to me, I strongly feel that somehow I have become a filtered version of myself. I need the original version back. Anyways, change is the only thing desirable in life. Adapting to a post covid college life won't be easy, but we KIITians know how to derive fun from every little thing in life. Can't wait to meet and give you a tight hug.

A Silhouette Against the Dimming Sky

- Ramyani Bhattacharya, 2nd Year, Law

The first thing I'd noticed in the city was the sky, encroached upon by huge buildings I'd never seen before. The city was nothing I'd imagine in my head: a land of charm and beauty, fragrant and welcoming towards people like me and a place of magic and incessant opportunities. Instead, what greeted me was a dire picture of crowded roads, yellow air and stark hopelessness.

He took me through dirty winding alleyways to what distantly resembled a house with crumbling walls, a broken door and within, people whose existence had faded with time. I jumped over two cats and a sleeping dog by the side of the poorly constructed and overflowing sewage drain to enter the shack.

"You should be comfortable here" Uncle said, exhaling an awful amount of air. He showed me a corner where I could keep my bag and belongings. I gave him a wry smile. Aunt came in with water in a distorted steel glass. Behind her, was 8-year old Chhotu (the little one), my cousin, whose real name nobody knew, perhaps not even his own parents.

I looked around the dingy and colourless room and felt a weird sense of triumph. My mind had already erupted into a sneering laughter behind the plastered smile. This small shabby shack was what he boasted about whenever uncle would visit us in the village. Certainly, we didn't live in a better condition in the village, and I longed to tell Baba (father) that it didn't matter that he didn't migrate to the city.

I drank the water. Chhotu came out finally and hugged my waist. I patted him on the head.

"How is little Chhotu? Are you being a good boy?"

He nodded a shy yes.

After lunch, my uncle took me to someone he called 'boss'.
"Here. He is…"
"Names don't matter. Want to work?" The man intersected, smiling horribly at me. He was a big and burly man with a gold chain around his neck, like a noose.
Uncle nodded, quite pleased with himself.
"He is a very strong boy. In our village, he used to plough the land himself" Uncle explained, as if we had acres and acres of land.
"Yes" I scoffed.
The big man pointed at a direction and uncle nodded. He gave me a basket and a cloth.
"Take cement from here and deliver it there, look at that floor, with one flight of stairs. It's a simple work. He would give us lots of money for your extra work" Uncle grinned, showing his broken, betel chewing teeth. I noticed how he used the plural form there, but went about my work.
The cement filled basket wasn't too heavy. But when I looked up at the building which was in the making, it made me realise how even a paltry amount of cement helps in anchoring the mighty building. And I realised too, how I had become one of the ants in the concrete jungle, merely a day after my arrival. All the other ants weren't social as such and I didn't get to talk to anyone on the first day. There were a lot of visitors, though.

On the third day of work, I was going up the stairs with a cement-filled basket on my head. A respectable lady was blocking my way and I politely asked her to excuse me. She turned to look at me with a disgusted expression and suddenly lost her balance and fell down in front of me. At that moment, I accidentally lost track of the basket on my head and it fell down on the lady.

“If this goes on Sachin!” Uncle said, trying to sound stern and not to glare “I didn’t know you were so weak! Why, didn’t brother feed you? That respected lady was a prospective buyer, how can you misbehave with her? How did you dare? Boss gave me a last warning! Can you imagine this, Sunita?”
Aunt had already begun lamenting.
“Oh, what is going to happen, Almighty? Sachin, didn’t you think about your little cousin? If you eat your uncle’s job away, what will we eat?”
My toes curled inwards and I felt a sudden urge to run, somewhere. I felt guilty; however, my rational mind knew I had done nothing. A question, at the back of my mind, was eating me away for many days.
“Is there a library nearby?”

The subsequent days at work weren’t pleasant. The boss would condemn me every five minutes and all the other ants would look at me with an expression of indifferent pity.
After work, on the seventh day, I took a detour to avoid something, I didn’t know what. Uncle had told me about a library somewhere nearby, although I wouldn’t trust him. Sauntering on the crowded, broken roads of Kolkata, I realised the contrast I presented, against the blue skyline and the wealthy skyscrapers. The clouds floated about peacefully but the numerous honks, shouts and screeches had distorted the whole image in my head. On the road, I had to jump across people sleeping under over-bridges that surely marred the picturesque scenery of the polished urban life.
Never in my life have I seen so many cars. I remembered Baba, and wished I could show him one. He was always so curious to see a car or a moving machine, as he joked often.
Eventually, I saw a library, but was doubtful if I was allowed to enter. The door was open and I went in. I was pleased to realise that libraries don’t change, except for a few unnecessary accessories. The librarian looked at me with suspicion but didn’t object.

I didn't want to read but, took out a book from a shelf and ran my hand over it. The coolness of the pages acted, very remarkably, as an ointment on my wounds. The friction of the pages reminded me of the dream I was living for, the dream, for which I came to that city. I kept the book back and walked out.

I missed Baba's light touch at night and I had trouble sleeping on the hard floor. I didn't want to cry and the starless sky at night provided me little solace.
I visited the library every day. Libraries held a special place in my heart. Baba had worked very hard to pay my fees at the local government school, but for me, that wasn't enough. The thirst to know was quenched at the school library. Baba would always come to pick me up an hour after the school was over. Though illiterate, he would encourage me to know more. He couldn't read what I wrote, but was always eager to know what I had written. He often said he wished for nothing more than the ability to read, so that he could read my books when, or perhaps if they got published. After two weeks of stay in the city, the librarian had become my only friend.

"Do you like to read books?" The librarian asked, smiling at me. He was a nice man, a little short and had a head full of dark hair.
"I like to write too" I smiled back.
"Do you write?"
"Yes," I whispered.
Silence.
"Can you show me?"
His liquid eyes looked at me. I felt a strange connection to him, the only person in this large, strange alien city, who asked if I wrote.
"Do you have it?" He asked again.
"Yes" My heart began to beat fast again.

My heart throbbed painfully as I walked towards the line of shacks. I was to have my first reader. No one had ever wanted to read what I wrote. Perhaps this was what I was waiting for. I ran inside the shack and went to my corner and started searching for the bundle of used paper.
"Aunt, here was a bundle of paper. Used, white colour"
"Yes. What about it?"
"Where is it?" I raised my voice, my impatience on the edge and fear gripping my heart firmly.
"That bundle?" Uncle came in through the door and flopped down on the mat, eyes glued to the television "I used it for the kiln you see. The fire was stubborn, wouldn't grow" he grinned. Aunt went about her work.
"I hope it wasn't something important," Uncle added, laughing at some joke on the television.
I stood there for a while looking at the wall. It took time to believe and accept what had happened. Something inside me broke. I heard the sound of something crashing, breaking to smithereens. I gulped down a lump at my throat. We were ants, not allowed to dream. Development for us is a mirage.
I sighed and went out through the door.

Development Mirage

-Dilushi Herath, 2nd Year, Biotech(Dual Degree)

I tramped linear along the footpath,
Among the decorated graveyards and gravestones
And oh! My friend Jim “How are you?”,
A calm breeze dragged us both so far together.
‘My youth was doomed gradually by my disappearing dreams’ he said.
“Hello! Uncle John, how are you?”
Death ordered me, “Next certainly”. I silently wept, and crept ghastly,
Oh! Antony, my cousin, “Why are you shedding tears?”
I’m like a ship with no sails, floating about old and frail,
I ponder over everything you’ve met - no doubt
Heard the resonance - the bell is knelling now,
To make us aware that “ The time is over”. But, oh!
My heart lamenting worry has yet, that’s my own fault, I apologise.
Warn the man about the consequences of the drug menace,
You’re the messenger of mine – please voice the reality of Satan,
Don’t become dunce by abusing drugs
And declare ‘There’s no one who can rescue our lives from the misery on earth,’
Say gruffly ‘If you are addicted to this satanic tragedy – you will vanish with your soul
And it would be a pathetic end. Nevertheless, if you attempt to ruin the evil,
You and your country can achieve the summit of triumph.’

At the Cost of the Earth Bleeding

- Kaushiki Kriti,2nd Year,CSE

Wonder what you do with numbers that don't make sense,
Believe in them or throw them right over the fence,
And wonder what you do with a fake reality,
Paint yourself in it or cut yourself out of the fabricated fantasy.

And questions that I ask are very valid today,
Because they run across my mind everyday,
And for sure they run across yours too,
When you try unveiling the truth.

Towers reaching the sky,
Technology leading us far and high,
Wonder why you don't see the contrast around,
Or that they were pushed and buried in the ground.

Industries everywhere, we sure are leading the way,
The days of doom have probably vanished away,
But have we really reached the cusp,
When the dust and smog still cloud over us?

Power and strength in the palm of our hands,
So dynamic, as if we reign the lands,
But thinking a little beyond our horizon, isn't it too treacherous,
To have the potential to destroy lives at the edge of one's intuition?

How transparent are they if they show you an entirely different picture,
So altered, almost nothing like it actually is, a totally different figure,
A tower of development built on feeble poles,
Crashing down any second, anything falls.

We are trapped in a labyrinth, in a world so cynical and mean,
Where 'I' was always placed before 'we',
Where we were always a fool for them,
Where we were always misled.

We were shown a mirage and we never called it bluff,
Not because we were foolish enough,
But because they were so malevolent and self-seeking,
That they put money at the cost of the earth bleeding.

I Hope This Letter Finds You

-Eshika Yadav,2nd Year,CSE

I HOPE THIS LETTER FINDS YOU...

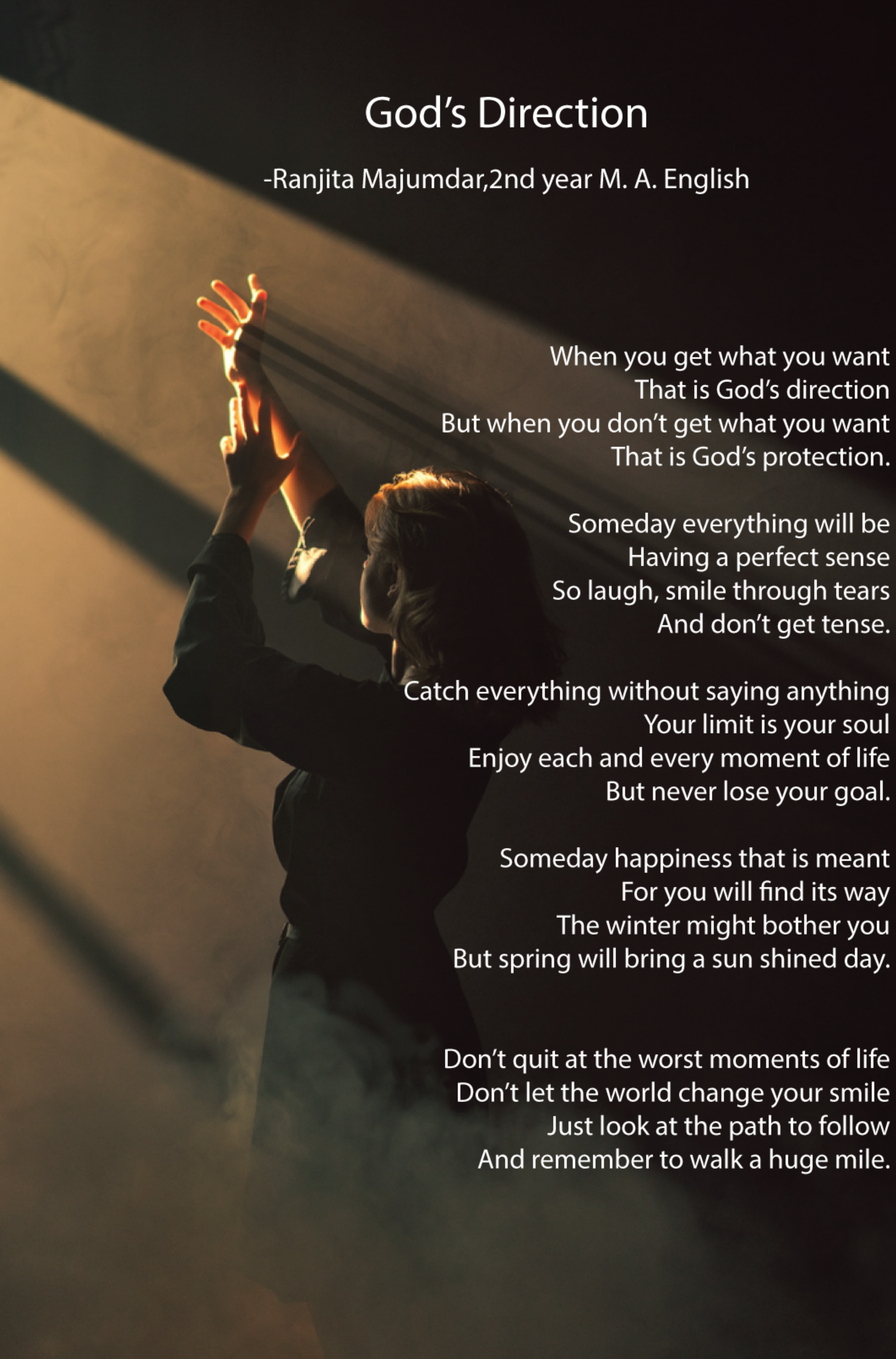
....screaming, at the top of your lungs. I hope this letter finds you howling at the moon. Finds you unglued and beaming and wearing the bell-bottoms that have been on your mind.
I hope this letter finds you asleep in your bed at 9 am on a Tuesday. I hope this letter finds you before the blinding rush and thoughts about productivity do. Before your vision goes blurry. I hope this letter finds you while you can still see your parents. I hope this letter finds you while you are still there.
I hope this letter finds you buying scented candles. Or tasting great mocktails. Or a pint of ice cream, and a single spoon. I hope this letter finds you learning new words and facts and telling me on WhatsApp about them. Finds you cleaning off the kitchen table, so you have a place to put the lasagna you made.
I hope this letter searches for you. I hope your laptop is closed and your arms are open . I hope you are laughing. Hope that you remember that sunsets and the moon and stars are a part of your personality. Hope that everything always feels like the first breath of autumn. I hope this letter searches for you. I hope it never finds you. I hope you cherish everything that we have gained and enjoyed in an otherwise dark pandemic. I hope you don't miss anything when you are with me soon.

Eshika



God's Direction

-Ranjita Majumdar,2nd year M. A. English



When you get what you want
That is God's direction
But when you don't get what you want
That is God's protection.

Someday everything will be
Having a perfect sense
So laugh, smile through tears
And don't get tense.

Catch everything without saying anything
Your limit is your soul
Enjoy each and every moment of life
But never lose your goal.

Someday happiness that is meant
For you will find its way
The winter might bother you
But spring will bring a sun shined day.

Don't quit at the worst moments of life
Don't let the world change your smile
Just look at the path to follow
And remember to walk a huge mile.

Dear Anjali

-

-Prachi Kashyap,2nd Year,CSE

I hope this letter finds you in your hostel room, managing piles of unfulfilled dreams of hostel life, dusting off your luck of being in your pajamas forever, to make space for your friends and travel.

When I first imagined ourselves in the post-pandemic world, a fully sanitized bubble knocked on my mind with a thermometer gun and hand sanitizers hanging in our hostel room doors, like "nimbu mirchi". I also created scenes in my head where all of our roommates might be wearing masks, even in their sleep. Don't you think we might even find our professors and wardens with students in group reels? They must have missed us a lot too. Instagram might become the 'happy ending' mother of Bollywood movies, shedding tears of joy for her single child getting hitched to friends, from doing weird trendy reels to finally making some real friendship content. Who knows our next-door roommate might be a budding Youtuber!

You know, to be honest, I can't stop thinking about how emotional our classrooms will feel. I wonder if it will smell of missing people or tears shredded with dust and empty sunrises. I can't believe it will be more than four years since I last sat in a classroom. The aroma of the air will still remind me of my JEE classroom days, and probably also about your four-year-long crushes whom you used to stalk in school. Don't worry, you will find a new company here, but what I wish is to see someone arriving in formals above and pajamas below, thinking it to be an online class.

Mornings before classes would be chaotic. With the washrooms getting lined up, we might even find empty classrooms, sleeping in the first period, along with students snoozing their alarm. I wonder if professors would punish the whole class and make them stand outside. Online classes have surely broken the traditional ways!

Talking about food, I really can't wait to go out with you, explore the streets, hear the constant traffic under the heat, and listen to life that has been on mute for 2 years. Oh wait, do I need to say something about the hostel food, we all know about it after all. I remember the lockdown recipe that you created successfully, the fifth time after saving your kitchen from being burnt the other times; I hope I get to taste that this time. I am sure it will taste the same as your home-cooked food, for the love you added there the first time you made it.

As days go by, the sunrises constantly remind me of how beautiful our first meetings will be, how emotional we will be to finally feel free from the life we never imagined, how warm our hugs will feel, how heavenly the air will smell. I can't wait to make memories of us sipping tea from the roadside stall, talking about our hostel rooms and giving names to our professors, watching the sunset together after watching it alone all these years, making our versions of the same memories that

add stars to the engineering life. I can't wait to stop crying and stop feeling the emptiness with loneliness by my side.

Lastly, I believe the post-pandemic college life will be more than just a life. It will be a reason for us to smile at the ordinary, after realizing how grateful we are to have this ordinary after losing it. I hope this letter reminds you of this, of also the time we spent hours discussing assignments, movies over Google meet but still ending the calls with an empty feeling, with the changed time that will knock on our doors soon in college, with a shoulder by your side at nights.

Your pandemic friend,
Prachi.

The Show Must Go On

-Ankit Mohanty,2nd Year, MBBS

The Infected city is uniformly informed
with the truth of the same suffering, one to another,
and many have asymptotic phases as well.
Though we can't see it, pain and fear are the same.
Same as the children treated with paracetamol, same as
the older ones at home, has this drug been a
savior snack to all? Or are there still many unnoticed,
unclaimed, dead with the contagion of the thing that's
getting uniformed every year as a sight of the viral outbreak?

Is our nation ready to accept it as the flu?
Or shall we conceive endemic ideas about
the sickness that the whole world is facing again?
This time the ailment is roaming with masks on faces,
unrecognized over the street like others, many of whom I can't
name.
Has the fear been erased from what we saw a few months ago -
Bodies flooded over fields in rows on pyres?
We've fought against the obligate parasite so far,
and now we shouldn't ignorantly underestimate it as weak.

We had to distance our own kind for years,
before we could relate, to our many losses,
families isolated, and neighbors with forgotten names.
Children don't play in the park and newspapers have
nothing good to narrate. But the show
must go on. Companies require online staff at pay cuts.
Hospitals over-timed with workloads and doctors clenched
in the dirty politics of government-imposed reservation,
reservation-based evaluation screening tests.
Local markets branding into an E-shop to sell goods with home
delivery,
whereas poor vendors are yet to learn the online means of
commerce.
Life upon hardship has been a modern way of living.

THY WORLD

-Sanskar Mohanty,2nd Year,CSE

We were born different, to do
different, to lead the difference,
Look where we are, what we
do, what we lead;
Is this education our beast?
Meant to be tamed or to be slain,
To free this world of misery,
To bring happiness and prosperity,
Alas, here we are pondering
who we are,
Thinking about when this thy world
will become my world.



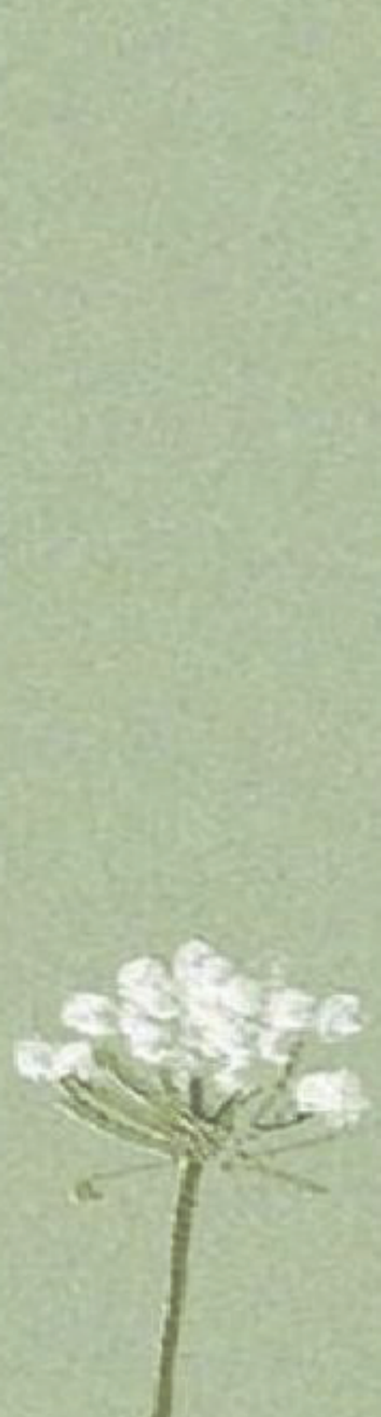
The Lost Trail

–Anisha Roy, 2nd year, CSE

While the clouds got gloomy
And the drizzle began,
Announcing the first shower of the year,
The birds sang and the kingfisher danced.
It is then that the Earth dressed itself
And presented to all,
It's eternal beauty.
Flowers bloomed and the
Birds returned to their nests,
Announcing the set in of twilight.
The lovers walked hand in hand,
Keeping Diana the sole witness.
They walked and walked and walked
Forgetting their purpose,
Drinking the beauty of nature.
As the night crept in from behind the bush,
The clouds covered the moon,
The woods turned mystic, pitch black,
The drizzle turned to a hailstorm.
The lovers ran through the woods,
Hands held tight,
Their path lost, yet unafraid
For they had each other.
Alas, they were lost.



They ran and ran and ran
But never found their way,
They gave up eventually,
Finding shelter under a tree,
Embracing each other.
The birds chirped to wake them up
Declaring the break of dawn,
And they returned hand in hand,
As the sunlight showed them the path,
Through the canopy, thick and thin,
They came back to their daily leap -
'Wake up - Eat - Work and Sleep'.
But they remembered the surreal night,
Even when their paths did part
With heartbreak and broken words,
The night remained etched beautifully
In their heart,
They cherished it till they breathe
Their last.



Looking Forward

-Akriti Anand,3rd Year,CSE

Dear Stuti,

Love! I hope this letter finds you in the best of your health. During these trying times, I hope that you and your family are taking care of each other, and taking the necessary precautions to be safe from covid.

We were only able to experience our college life for about 9 months, but I am glad that I met you. From a very young age, we were asked to study hard and get into a good college. 'College days will be fun' they said. Who would have predicted that a monstrosity of a pandemic would take over the world, and give an experience of a lifetime? Even during the pandemic, we have managed to stay close, and I love that almost all our online lectures are together. The word 'online' annoys me a little. I can't wait for the pandemic to end so that we can get our well-deserved 'offline' lives back. Initially, I liked the idea of online classes, but now they have become so monotonous that I have completely lost interest. I have no idea where the past two years of my life went. This pandemic has altered all aspects of our lives. I know that the extent of it is now somewhat under control, but we can't take this situation for granted. I think it is something that we will have to live with forever. Life will be so different when our college reopens.

We left our college when we were in our 1st year, the youngest of the lot, and now when we go back, we will almost be in our 4th year, as the seniors. We missed the entire transition of hierarchy. We missed the chance to be able to make friends from different classes, streams, or years. In my head, I feel as though we are still in our first year.

The first thing I want to do after our college reopens is rush to my cupboard. Almost half of my clothes have been locked inside it for about 2 years. I hope everything, or at least a few items remain safe, not to mention the fact that I have a partially opened pickle jar alongside my clothes. (I don't exactly remember but my anxiety has convinced me that it's a very high possibility)

I don't want to focus on the time that we have lost. Rather, I want to make the most of the year that we are hopefully going to get. I have always heard stories of how almost every senior from our college has gone to Puri with their group of friends. Now that Sam and Aditi have even learned how to drive, it would be such a nice vacation. And I know it won't be a long getaway, but we could try and make memories that could make up for those two years.

I miss you a lot and I can't wait to meet you.
Hoping to hear from you soon.

Letter

-Suman Jana, 1st Year, PhD. English

Dear Palash,
I know you lost your sister last year in Covid. I don't know how you are now, and nor do I know how your mental health is. How are you tackling all the negativity around you and still managing to live with your family happily? But let's instead be optimistic. I'm smiling today; could you also smile with me, please. I request you to do so because people die inside when they forget to live. Everything looks uncertain in this corona outbreak, but how long will we stop being our usual selves? My guitar classes, your yoga sessions, Aditi's cooking lessons - everything has been paused for one and half years. But now that I've gathered the courage not to look back, I'm trying to follow my old routine and rise from the ashes. Then how could I leave my friend behind?
Palash, I'm sure very soon we will meet on our campus. Very soon, maybe within a month. I have not tasted the Manchurian and Tandoori roti from the Jyoti canteen for a long time. It seems like a decade has passed since I last went there. I'm missing our late-night bike rides a lot. We will go to Inox theatre, Iskcon temple, Symphony Mall, and IG park once the college reopens. I have already prepared a long list of to-dos. I'm missing Dipanjali ma'am's class a lot. She is such an interesting person. Open Mics, workshops, fests, and KIIT Wordsmith's events - everything will be resumed once again mate! My sixth sense never goes wrong in this regard
To be honest, I'm quite cross with you. I understand that you are the topper of the class, but that doesn't mean you will forget your best friend. I know that you are in a new relationship, but that's not an excuse for an abscond. Very soon I'll be engaged to someone too, then it would be a tit for tat. Anyway, jokes apart, see you soon - that good old Palash. The same ever-smiling boy of the class. I'm truly missing your stupid answers in the class. I'm missing your super funny belly dance during the idol immersion. Moreover, I'm missing you. Goodbye, and do take very good care of yourself.

Your frenemy,
Suman

Nature is Above All

-Suman Jena,1st year, PhD. English

‘Nature is above all’- Corona has taught us once again. It is high time we humans come out of the fake superiority shell. Many movements have been initiated in the past to raise awareness against the whimsical torture of our environment. But the shadow of irresponsibility has overpowered the rays of hope. The death of Sunderlal Bahuguna, the Pioneer of the Chipko movement once again raises the question of why we are unable to produce more Bahugunas in society. The answer is -‘we have taken everything for granted. We must realise that Earth is not the property we have inherited from our forefathers, rather we have borrowed it from our successors. Chipko movement by S.Bahuguna and the Navdanya movement by V.Shiva are the two major movements of the country that once again prove to be so contemporary even in this post-covid era.

On one hand, the recent cyclone ‘Yaash’ has taught us how cutting trees, deforestation, and commercial urbanisation have cost us dearly. It is our habitat, life, and property. Rather we must plant more mangroves to protect us from many upcoming calamities in near future. The government and NGOs must come up with massive tree plantation drives, public awareness campaigns, and curb the illegal transportation of logs to save our environment. Scientists should try to come up with more well-equipped dams to balance the effects.

On the other hand, we have seen that after losing their jobs, migrants are coming back home and picking their old ‘weapons’ back for cultivation. That is why tractors, fertilisers, and crops business have reached newer heights. According to me, Indian scientists must focus on developing the latest types of equipment, low-cost machinery, organic fertilisers, and indigenous crops for the overall development of health and the environment.



To my first college friend

-Swati Das, 2nd Year,CSE

Dear friend,
Some questions have become extremely common to ask during this pandemic regarding physical health, mental health, education, wealth, etc. I hope your answers to these questions remain as positive as possible and only negative in medical diagnostic tests.

On 14th September 2020, I started the next stage of my life which is college. Although we had to shun the traditional method and turn to the online mode of education, we still learned a lot, be it for skills, knowledge, or excuses to bunk classes.

Socialisation became difficult because connections made physically hold more strength than in online mode.
Conversations that usually happen at a tea stall or in between classes cannot be translated into text. But this problem became less prominent.
Thanks to the creation of social media, communication became less stressful. Discord, Instagram, Facebook, Twitter and Telegram were some of the most common interfaces to meet and interact with other college-going students. And with the creation of several WhatsApp groups, we were two of the twenty-odd members of one such group. We tended to use that group to solve doubts, ask for notes and clarifications, etc. I first got to interact with you that way. Sometime later, a casual conversation started, which led to the breaking of ice between us, and eventually, we both found a common ground. We talked in private about our interests, and I knew you were my first college friend right then. From our favourite band to sharing the same goals, political opinions, and love for pets, the conversations were anything but boring. Then we got comfortable with each other and started talking about our mental health.

The fact that you were respectful of my feelings showed your kindness. Being someone who mostly prefers solitude rather than a crowd, it has always been tough to approach people all my life. Through you, I gained the confidence to become more social, and for that I'm grateful.

I sometimes feel that time won't be partial and that I'll just remain as a temporary friend of yours.

Feelings like the above aren't uncommon when you are an overthinker. Whether you think of me as an acquaintance or a close friend is still debatable, but I do want to convey that from my side, this bond shall always be something that I will treasure for life. I do hope these feelings are just a consequence of my overthinking. I'm waiting to meet you regularly in the offline mode. There are going to be a lot of changes. In comparison to online, we would have to converse more in the offline mode. We, though always have had the opportunity to interact, in between classes, thanks to the internet. That would considerably decrease once college reopens. Hopefully, we'd get to meet outside of the campus too.

But until then, I can't wait to meet you and create more memories, my friend.

The Sun, a T-girl thought would shine

Rashmi Priya Mohanty,4th Year,KIIT School Of Biotechnology

My body and my soul have been completely different since I was born
But to the world it was unknown.
I grew up and was taught about my anatomical gender but my inner soul,
Has wondered:
" I like my mother's dupatta wrapped around me like a saree
But why am I supposed to wear pants like my daddy? "

I am hiding my identity,
As I'm intimidated because of my inferiority.
They are teasing me now,
Whenever I wave 'Ciao'
I know I have to control 'It'
But, I do not know ‘How?’

Frustrated, I went to confront my father
Told him: "My feminine soul is imprisoned in a male figure".
He could not understand that, how a boy can feel like a girl
And replied: "It is just a phase and will not go on forever”.

Today, in school I was taught about gender equality
Thought that it is the bridge which would take me to the common world.
Every single time I tried, the hollow bridge broke,
And I fell into the river of tears.
I am tired with the whirl
All I desire is a stable life to settle,
But all I get is an everyday battle.
Because I am a transgender,
And that is the only matter.

I am going to sleep slowly,
And I wish to wake up in a world where I am accepted generously.
Where my sexuality is not framed as a joke or abuse,
Where I will not have to fight for equality,
A world where natural anatomy is the only inequality
And not the man-made visuality.

INDIA'S OWN VOICE

- Saswat Nanda,3rd Year,CSE

Deriving from the reference to Mahatma Gandhi, if I could slightly modify it, I would say: Generations to come will scarcely believe that such a lady, in silk, white saree, a childlike smile, and a divine voice existed on the face of this earth.

There are times when one is confused about how to express their thoughts and there are times when there is a dilemma if one is capable enough of penning down thoughts in words. This is one such occasion, this is one such dilemma. But at this instance, it suddenly strikes the mind that the personality whose greatness is beyond description has been the voice of one's own emotions for decades.

For the rest of the world, especially for the new age, it might be an astonishing event that national mourning and the flag representing a billion Indians flowing at half-mast for the last two days, tributes and obituaries from heads of states are for a lady, maybe of Granny's age, who is seen in a white silk saree on social media at times with an innocent smile. But for India and Indians, it is much more than that. For three generations and more, this innocent smile has been the voice of the nation. The voice which has boosted the morale of the soldiers in the same voice has reminded the nation, countless times, of the sacrifices of these brave hearts.



This voice heralds the dawn of a new life and the wails of an infant and the same voice declares the end of life's journey. If this voice reflects the pain and agony of one's heart, it also glitters the happiness and shine of the heart. India and Indians have expressed their emotions through her voice and that makes her beyond the great legend, the Nightingale of India, the Bharat Ratna. It makes her the elder sister, the "Didi" of every Indian, Lata Didi, as the nation loves to call her.

Musicians and lyricists may pen this down better, but for me, who has grown up listening to this golden voice, whose parents and grandparents have savoured her melodies since their childhood, I am not ready to believe that such a voice has fallen silent. I have grown up reading, hearing, and eventually believing that Lata Mangeshkar Ji is none other than the incarnation of the Goddess of Music, Maa Saraswati herself.

The voice which resounds in nature, the voice which echoes from the hearts of billions around the globe, can this voice ever go silent? If this is not enough, let us remind ourselves of the lines, "Meri Awaaz Hi Pehchaan Hai".... such a voice can never go silent. For me, such a voice is immortal, the past, the present, and the future. Let us all bow in gratitude to this voice for being the voice of every-one's heart, for being India's voice.

The Tale of the Blooming Times

-Sudeshna Dutta,4th Year,EEE

We arrived at the station and it was a bright sunny day,
With our gears packed, we were looking forward to one of the best stages.
Usually, for me, it was to visit there. But the presence of the other six was like never before.
However, deep inside I had someone to meet.
It kept me young, it made me glow.
After five hours as we reached, I couldn't help but smile.
I had never seen that place so cheerfully budding yet so sublime.
We all know it as a Centre of Excellence, and yet again, today it was at its best.
At night, the scintillating lights of the concert, and the magnificent solo had startled me,
But the night had just begun, for we were enjoying some booze and melody.
It was early seven in the morning. The sun was golden, I felt it wink.
Was it blushing? Or was it smirking, seeing me turn pink?
I came out of the hall, to see the one waiting.
We went past by those alleys as if it was a maiden meet and our hearts getting scarlet,
Also bumped into some of my friends before finally having a cup of tea, in the nearest market.
The purple-hued evening was pleasant, worth a drool,
Thereafter I went to the tavern just outside. So befuddled I was, grinning like a fool.

But then I thought, what's the problem, 'cause that's what lovers do!
The entire place was filled with people, yet I felt so calm.
Something exciting was about to happen, an astrologer would say if he read my palm.
Being with a voluble person at the juncture was indeed a pleasure.
I got to know about European history, quantum physics, Pink Floyd, and other treasures.
I questioned myself, "What do I find so significant"?
The depth of knowledge that he carried, or the way he shared it with such eagerness?
Ahh! What would you think at that instant? I was thinking of exploring the wilderness!
As we lurched towards the campus, F 244 seemed to be the place of the hour.
Dancing merrily, and chalking out absurdly on the blackboard seemed a happy moment.
I recollected my stories of the past, as I had someone to hear me out.
Resting on the benches, talking about broken dreams,
I loved pouring out my aspirations in a grumbling flow of a youthful stream.
The next two mornings were the big deal, the "purpose" for which we were there.
The air around was singing the brightest melodies, it was all about a musical saga!
Riffs, the lyrics, licks, and beats had stories to tell, just the way I am telling you mine.
There was love expressed through performance and song,
They have endured the test of time, for I have seen them last longer.

The shimmering fireworks marked the end of the 4-day joyous vibe.
But the chilling night was not yet over, for the bonfires kept them alive.
Amidst it, the bite of the scrumptious Indian curry and bread held me with its tantalising taste.
The lakeside witnessed many cheers, but the silent roads captivated my heart.
So we did keep walking, admiring the tranquillity, though my eyes filled with spark.
The endless, meaningful conversation was sustained, unaffected by the passing time's impact.
To some of his deepest questions, I replied with an impure abstract!
Observing me made him wonder, "Was I a mystery?"
Time frittered away until we realized that the aurora has hit us,
I had to bid adieu to my loved place, but not let those memories turn into dust!
Those days still seem spectacular. It was the blooming entanglement as the name suggests.
But then, was it the innocence of my tender age or the presence of someone in that Wild West?
Was it the saga of music or the lovely chronicles of the past?
The fragrance of those emotions, and frame-by-frame happenings still linger in my head,
My face sculpts in a mellow, whenever I remember that bright, wild fest!

SILENCE OF CELESTIAL BODY

-Nikhil Sinha,2nd Year, EEE

There is something mysterious about the silence of the night, something intriguing about the silence and absence of any hints of the glimmering hopes of life. But defying all of these, the moon and stars make the nights their own; in deafening silence, they shine with life and hope and their light hits each soul like a gentle brush stroke from an artist with the finest touch. These gentle touches help walk paths for aeons as they become the guiding lights, their lights, their radiance which is soothing unlike that of the sun, whose radiance becomes painful at times. There was something in these magnificent celestial bodies which made my soul crave-crave with the unhinged desire for understanding them with the kind of fascination whose instances in my life were never felt. I wanted to understand and comprehend the reasons behind their majestic radiance but the more I explored the pages of the scientific world or the poetry and prose about these celestial signs of brilliance the more I made peace with the fact that their beauty, their brilliance was beyond the measures of our vain tools of comprehension. The fascination with which each of the celestial magnificence had been described left me marvelling at the plethora of ways each bit of them could be understood, conveyed, described and marvelled at. I could write poems of tribute but they all could be simple replicas of some ancient poet who held the same fascination as I did, but the brilliance of these replicas is that even if they are the same at the core and they could all vary in a million ways in the way in which they are conveyed. The different languages, each of them trying to hold the beauty of our celestial world in clutches of simple words, each trying to wrap them in the confines of something constructed by the thoughts and imagination of beings, living their lives upon a tiny blue dot, a small floating piece of rock in the universe, whose entire time spent would barely be even a blip on the unimaginable scale of space-time. But the question does arise here if our insignificance should define if we have the ability or right to make attempts at comprehension. If not then what restricts us or what doesn't? Even though all of these words in numerous languages, signs and many other things could never fully grasp the meaning of our celestial beauties, they could tell tales about them, praise them, admire them but always have some bits more to appreciate. Always have some more poems, some more prose left to write.

This was my ode, my ode to the beauties which have given me the solace-solace of the kind which leaves your soul with peace. A peace that is seldom found in our world filled with information, activity and dynamism. But this ode is just one of the many, I desire to write as these moons and stars shall always have something more intriguing and something more left in them to surprise me, till the time I reach my end I shall write.

SELF DEVELOPMENT THROUGH YOGA

- Sriansh Bajaj,2nd Year,CSE

I am sure all of us would have heard of the word "Self-Development", however, have we ever pondered on the true sense of this word? I don't think so, because even I had never pondered over it until I began writing this piece of literature. It is a process of conscious and consistent pursuit of personal growth by improving skills, competencies, knowledge, health and well-being. It is a lifelong process that helps assess our actions and maximize our potential.

We, the advancing generation of this nation claim to be evolving every day by learning new skills, updating our existing skill-set and enhancing our knowledge but are actually under a self-development mirage. As I mentioned earlier, self-development is a consistent pursuit of balancing all activities of life but we tend to comfortably ignore one of the most significant aspects of life which is our health and well-being. Some of us may claim to hit the gyms for staying healthy but what about well-being? It cannot be achieved by anything but YOGA.

Yoga changes our attitude towards life and rejuvenates us. It awakens our creativity and enriches our relationships. Through Yoga, nothing remains simply mundane but gets a touch of the sublime. We develop self-control and grow morally. In this way, the self does not remain an attribute related to personal functioning only, it goes beyond that and relates to the social world that we inhabit. Yoga harnesses our energies in a particular direction thus augmenting our efficiency and contributing to our personality development.

Yoga is more than just exercise, it is the link between physical, mental and spiritual disciplines of the body which when put to action works wonders. Yoga has been globally recognized to be a gigantic mass movement in the quest for well-being and Peace of Mind. Yoga is like music. The rhythm of the body, the melody of the mind, and the harmony of the soul create the perfect Symphony of life. It is the key to emancipating the sufferings of the mind and body.

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Due to our sedentary lifestyle and the changing climate, we have become more prone to diseases and infections. Also, the unanticipated spurt of the pandemic and its repercussions on health has compelled us to introspect our lifestyle and inculcate yoga in our routine. Practicing yoga tenaciously can alleviate a lot of diseases like hypertension, asthma, etc without significant consumption of medicines in parallel. Yoga is beautiful in all aspects.

It is ancient yet modern.
It is constant yet evolving.
Instead of further animosity, it assimilates.
Instead of enhancing suffering, it heals.
And finally, it is Tiring yet Refreshing.

I believe that it would not be an exaggeration if I say that yoga is no more an occasional deed, but has become imperative for our well-being. There is no alternative to yoga that can keep us physically, mentally, and spiritually healthy altogether.

Performing yoga not only relieves stress but also radiates positivity and happiness; hereby I would like to grab this opportunity to urge the masses to make yoga an indispensable part of their routine. And I hope that the momentum yoga has garnered over the years, neither decreases nor stops in the centuries to come and allows us all to realise, “Arise, Awake and stop not until the goal is achieved”, an invigorating thought propounded by Swami Vivekananda. WIth this, I would like to conclude and wish you all the best to start practicing Yoga.

HOPE NEVER DIES

-Ranjita Majumdarm,2nd year, M. A. English

Life is a game!
Hope is a pawn!
And that shapes the future,
Which brings the dawn.

Life has its regrets,
But never lose to it.
The colours of hope is everywhere,
Patience says to hold it.

Try one more time,
Says the heart inside!
Losing can't be an option,
Says the heart inside!

Life has its own plans,
But that's a mystery.
Let's unfold it with the charm,
But there is no hurry.

Keep your hopes alive,
Everything happens for a reason.
Being hopeless is never a solution,
Flowers of success will blossom in its season!

SHE

- Siddharth Pal,2nd Year,CSE

There will be days, my love,
when you feel you are not loved.

Every time you have such a feeling
Just give us time for some healing.

Imagine yourself wearing that red top
And me staring at you non-stop.

Don’t worry what the world says
Otherwise, it will spoil our days.

Remember the corner where we kissed
If we don’t fight then ‘we’ won’t exist.

You are the reason why I wish to fly
While holding your hand I wanna touch the sky.

I don't know where destiny will lead us to
Yet I am excited to grow old with you.

When I am with you I am in a different world
Where you get to see that love is more than just a word.

A Letter To An Online Friend

- Simran Singh,2nd Year,IT

Dear Unknown,

I hope this letter finds you in good health. I am doing fine and so is everybody in my family. I hope things are the same at your end. As vintage as the idea of writing letters may be, I still believe handwritten letters which take days to be delivered to our doorsteps are a much more thoughtful way of expression than any electronic medium is capable of facilitating, and so I write to you.

Now that college is reopening, I have butterflies in my stomach. A whirlwind of emotions is creating a mess inside my head. The COVID period took a toll on all of us, physically, mentally, and academically. But I am hopeful that the monotony is finally going to break. The physical world has changed its paradigm, and physical interaction is going to be way different from what was normal a year and a half ago. Masks and sanitiser are now essentials and have become a part of our lifestyle. In the future, one of the fashion essentials is going to be masks that people would be mixing and matching. It will surely be amusing, I am hopeful. Do you know what is the strangest part of it all? The fact that we would be in the second year and yet a fresher on campus. This feels like the beginning of a new chapter of life, moving out and living in another state is making me mildly jittery, I am not going to lie. I am excited to experience everything that we have been planning on seeing all this while. Some of our seniors told me that the library of our college is well-equipped with a calm and welcoming ambience.

We will study there for sure and try to make the best out of it. I have heard the rose garden is pretty too! I mean, imagine relaxing in between a variety of roses, after a full day of lectures. Now that would be like being in a romantic Bollywood dream. I am also looking forward to sharing the same hostel room with you. It would be so fun to live together and be a part of new experiences. I also pray that the food there is good enough to not make me homesick because I do not want to over-rely on Swiggy and Zomato. We have already seen the videos of fests and made a list of “aesthetically pleasing” cafes around to visit and make more memories. Bhubaneshwar and adjoining cities are going to be worth exploring, and I am looking forward to going sightseeing on our weekends and day-offs.

Let us not forget about academics! It is going to be a herculean challenge to sit down in a physical classroom for two hours continuously. But on the other hand, it would be amazing to interact and absorb all the knowledge that is being given to us without the distractions of a non-academic environment. Although giving up on the privilege of appearing in exams online will be a little hard on us. But appearing for exams offline would open our eyes to our capacities, and I believe it is more desirable. For the most part, the online curriculum sure has taken a toll on our academic competence, and this is something we need to accept. Although things are bound to get tough for us, I believe hardships and challenges would forge us into a better version of ourselves. Labs would be enriching to attend, experimenting with different ideas and exploring diverse approaches to solve a single question along with everyone else would be a unique experience on its own.
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Moving to Bhubaneswar and being on limited financial support will surely be a new challenge, but it would also be a lesson on the importance of money and how to save it despite having unlimited urges to spend it. It is high time we started preparing ourselves for adulting.

Anyway, it would be a great experience to be part of an offline campus and to be with all of you. Please bring every local delicacy from your hometown and I will reciprocate for sure. Have a lovely day.

Your online best friend,

Someone

Chitthi Wala - A letter to A College Mate

-Debjyoti Barman, 3rd Year, CSE

Tadoba Road

Sarkar Mining Firm,

Chandrapur, Maharashtra

Pin: 732142

9th November 2021

Dear Anirban,

I am sure you have wondered why I chose to reach out to you through this mail rather than through WhatsApp. Honestly, my device was formatted, and eventually, all the logs got erased. Therefore, here I am on this partially obliterated medium of communication. Yeah, I know you will mock my formal dialect and elite wording, but I certainly missed it over the past year, so maybe I will allow that.

Here, the state government has decided to reopen the schools and colleges, and finally, there is this bleak hope in my eyes that I shall be able to get back to all my homies again. The past year has been very critical for me, considering the successive financial and health deteriorations that have occurred in the family. I am mentally fatigued and desperately want to switch to that carefree college life that now seems like a distant memory. I am sure that circumstances might not have been smooth for you either. I wonder when KIIT reopens, will we ever be able to get back to the previous 'NORMAL'? I tried to envision ourselves in the post-pandemic world, and accepting this potential future won't be very easy.

It would bring severe pain to see the jovial crowds of KIIT driven by paranoia. Just imagine the flash mobs lacking the mob itself! The hubbub of the MBA garden would be concealed under the fabrics of masks and chemicals of sanitisers. It is funny to imagine the poor fate of the lovely couples adorning the corners of the campus at dusk, probably restricted from any proximity. But worst of all, the camaraderie would not be the same. Remember the days when we used to share Maggi from the same plate or take a big chunk of the Bahubali roll from each other? I don't think people will choose to adhere to these instances of unadulterated friendship over the threat of the virus. Thinking of all this, I came to the scary realization that the distanced sitting arrangement in the exam hall would adversely affect our SGPAs. I know, this is frightening, right? The only remedial assurance I give myself is of KIIT Fest; at least the celebrations would overpower the disappointment about the imposed restrictions.

Well, let those thoughts rest upon the wheel of time because I don't see our college reopening yet. By the way, did you receive any official email citing the reopening? If you do receive one, then please forward it to me. And most importantly, please text me on WhatsApp so that I can add your contact. Do convey my regards to uncle and aunt and give them my greetings of Bijaya and Diwali! See you soon, pal!

Love,

Letter

-Samayeta Bal, 3rd Year, Law

C-39, Panchasayar
New Garia, Near Peerless Hospital
Kolkata- 700094

Dear Shwata,

I was elated to hear that you and your family are in the pink of health and spirit after the recent COVID recovery. Your last letter not only scared me but also took a huge toll on my mental health, so words can't express how relieved I am. After you were taken ill, I have been reminiscing about how we spent that one semester in our college and hope that we can make the most of our time once college reopens. Thus, I write to you this letter to share memories of the little time I spent in college, which I am very fond of, wishing that you would do the same.

The first memory I have of college is of us taking the vow of remaining roommates, in sickness and in health, till college do us part. It's funny now that I think of how awkward we were in the initial days. Do you remember how much we used to repent waking up in the morning and going to classes? But right now I would give a limb to get it all back as soon as possible. I can't thank you enough for standing by me while I dealt with a broken relationship. I know I was a handful, but not only did it help me recover then but also played a huge role in my growth thereafter.

I recently learned that our beloved friend Dheeraj's father has lost his source of income and thus he might have to leave college. It saddened me immensely and I wish we could do something. Let me know if you come up with some ideas, I wouldn't want us to part ways so early on. Dheeraj and my equal dislike for hostel food are what made our bond so special. Eating food at home for all these days only makes me hope that I can get back into the habit of eating mess food again. One of the best moments I have spent in college was during our semester examinations. The hours spent in the library having fun in the name of studying, while evading the eyes of the librarians, only so that we would have a genuine excuse to get back to the hostel late is something I will always cherish.

Our frequent escapades from classes a few weeks before exams commenced, for a walk even up to KIIT road sometimes used to be the most happening hour of the day. I am sure you heard that Pahali has changed, and in the place of our favourite hang out spot, stands a shop called 'Moorish Cafe'. College is getting renovated as well, and with all the changes, it all seems a bit too overwhelming.

I can't even believe that when we get back, we will have 2 junior batches. I don't think I am ready to be a senior yet. I don't know where all these days went by. I am still stuck in my first semester. How time flies by! doesn't it? I hope to see you and talk more about the good old days.

Yours lovingly,
Samayeta Bal



> “Development is about transforming the lives of people, not just transforming economies.”
>
> -Joseph E. Stiglitz

THE MYTH OF DEVELOPMENT

- Amrita Haldar, 2nd Year,IT

In the last couple of decades, our planet has undergone a major technological revolution. We have sent countless satellites out into space, and are aiming to make other planets habitable. AI has evolved to the point that it pretty much replicates human intelligence. We even talk about cryogenically freezing our brains in the hopes of resurrecting ourselves someday. Considering these groundbreaking advancements, one might say that the world that was once envisioned, one in which flying cars are commonplace and telepathic communication via chips implanted in our brains is possible, could potentially become a reality.

However, that is not as ideal as it seems. While we bask in the glory of the burgeoning technological industry, about 95% of the ocean remains unexplored. The economy has taken a downward plunge, courtesy of the ongoing pandemic, among other things, and our futures start to seem bleaker as time passes. Age-old problems like poverty are prevalent even today. On top of that, our planet has been confirmed to be on the brink of collapse, and all of this begs the question: Are humans developing as a race if we refuse to acknowledge that the world as we know it could soon come to an end? Sure, we talk about how robots might take over in a few decades, yet we do not take into account how they might replace us. We take pride in developing meteorology and yet do not act on the climate crisis. We pat ourselves on the back for harnessing nuclear energy but choose to ignore the fact that it could be weaponized.
Correct me if I am wrong, but it seems as though our development is limited to only certain aspects, and it is high time that we acknowledge that that is not the key to sustainable development.
Instead, we paint a vivid picture of a utopian world where unchecked technological advancement is in the best interest of the planet. We heavily contribute to its destruction, albeit unknowingly at times, and then embellish them with extraordinary technological innovations like dainty charms, as if that makes us saints. We mask our impending doom with the idea of an idyllic future, by some strange happenstance, we even make it that far. And while we choose to live in an illusion that makes us feel better about ourselves while we're still here, our very actions strive to bring forth our demise.

The Moral Compass

-Yashasvi Baneswar Mishra, 3rd Year, IT

I was rummaging
the other day
through a rusty pencil case.
As it turns out
It isn't me who is
the world's
freehand circle champ.
I had grown
increasingly tired
having given calls for aid
to bangles, bottle caps, and bowls
before my finger pricked
on the needle
of a rinky dink compass.
"Ouch!, I forgot that these things even exist now!" I exclaimed,
"All I wanted to draw was a damn circle!"
The compass couldn't care less.
Cold and stoic as it was
indifferent to the feeling of
plebeians like me
The compass couldn't care less.

Cold and stoic as it was
indifferent to the feeling of
plebeians like me
It had seen schools
turn into cram houses
abacuses were now
old school Commodore 64s'.
Monitors became the new window
to one's world.
I chucked it
in the trash can
and was quite pleased
with myself
until it dawned upon me
that the compass
had been in vogue
for more than a millennia
for people interested in shapes
without sides.
It felt then as though
the world came
crashing around me
in a full circle.
“So much for tech, eh?”
I said to myself
as I bandaged my finger
and a bruised ego.

A LETTER TO A COLLEGE MATE

A LETTER TO A COLLEGE MATE

-Rupanjali Saha,2nd Year,ETC

TO,
Sneha Jana
30A, Channasandra Main Road, Kadugodi
Bangalore-560067

Dear friend,

I am writing this letter to you with the hope that you are fine, and with the happiness to meet you soon. I wish to share my feelings with you after hearing the news of the college reopening. It was indeed joyful for me to hear the news and I hope it is for you too. Finally, it is the end of our long wait. It is a time of celebration of our one and half years of friendship. We've had several long conversations and video chats over mobile phones that enabled us to know each other up to some extent but to meet, stay and enjoy college life is a feeling that can never be felt this way.

I know you will agree with me, that even after having long conversations for hours between class periods, late at night, and on holidays, we were able to know each other very little though we are in the same year. The special feeling of friendship is to have your friend with you in the hard obstacles and sad times of your life. We both have helped each other many times but the feeling somehow lagged in the past one and half years. You may remember during our strange conversations over paranormal activities, travel destinations, plans or life goals etc. both of us wished we would be able to stay together at that time but we weren't.

ipsum

There are many things left to tell you. The college campus is waiting for our important conversations over the college classes, professors and our sweet pranks, canteen tables are waiting for us to share our stories, chit-chats and music with them. The playgrounds, swimming pools, gyms, rose gardens, libraries and auditoriums are waiting for us to welcome together with a new life there. I know we will have to leave our houses with a heavy heart but I am sure we will forget all sorrows after seeing the college campus once we have an adventurous journey of two and half years.

I am afraid that we will have to face a lot of changes on campus as the time has brought a lot of changes in our lifestyle as well. So it may be hard, maybe new for us. We may not be able to do anything freely there; we may have to obey many rules strictly but I believe we can find a way of enjoyment together, although facing obstacles daily. All I need is your company, support and a true bond of friendship that no one can break over time because a true friendship can heal any kind of injury and turn a street of stones into a bed of roses. So I believe that however the journey will be, you will stay with me forever as a guide and a friend. We will meet soon and will complete all our remaining adventures. Till then please stay safe. I will be waiting for your reply and I will like to receive your letter regarding your views on college reopening as well.

From,
Rupanjali Saha

104/A, Gopal Lal Thakur Road
Baranagar
Kolkata-700036

CHANGE : A CLICHE

-Prachi Kashyap,2nd Year,CSE

I walked on the sea-shore
Searching for the new wave of words
To gust through my mind
Before pouring it in my notes.
Breathing in the peace
of the blowing light breeze
I closed my eyes and wandered,
deeper into my world
A plastic bag came swimming and
crash-landed with my flying dreams.

Bending down, I collected the trash
Of the humans and humanity
Only to find more camouflaging
With the deep blue waters
trying to blend with its new life
being the food and fish
And not being someone
uncommon.

I saw a girl in her early twenties
Throwing leftover beach party
plastics into the sea
My memory claimed her
to be my neighbor
I rubbed my eyes to removing
Clouded memories
But I saw the same person,
standing with the leftovers
in her hand
Instead of the clean environment
essay winner's award,
she received the last day.

I walked home with anger
holding my right hand
And irony holding my left
Fighting with each other
Like her twin sisters
I hear from my place.
I opened my Instagram
Saw several posts about
world's elements day
Environment and oceans,
Land and pollution,
Afforestation and animals
And then I saw another
blind follower of a cliche for changes
posting mirror images of her change.
They~ the real queen against morality.

'Changes I want to see in the world.
Submit your essay now
and win ten thousand rupees.
An ad. popped up on my screen.
Fifty lakh applicants to write
But not a thousand more found
To erase out cliche of these
written change off their forehead.
What's the use of such words
that melts and vapourizes
In the air, we breathe humanity
Faster than our deeds
and promises for the world?
om my place.

The New Normal

-Asmita Mitra,3rd Year,Biotech

At every step of our life, we learn something. The journey of life is like a rich book of lessons and experiences. The Coronavirus pandemic has taught us many things, the most significant being the importance of
taking care of our health and the value of the presence of our loved ones. Those who have lost their loved ones know how agonizing it is. However, after a tough period of almost two years, the brunt of the virus has been borne, and the number of cases has slumped. But we know our lives will take time to restore back to normalcy. We wonder how exactly our lives will be post-pandemic.

Schools and colleges are about to reopen, and students are gearing up for it. It is tempting to believe that life will be normal and the world will henceforth remain untouched by Covid-19. However, previous pandemics in the 20th century have shown that there would be lingering effects for some time. So the most significant change that all sections of society will see is an increased awareness regarding health.

The pandemic has not only taken a toll on our health, but it has had deep psychological effects too. So post-pandemic, we need to take our mental health issues seriously. We should take up the role of our own counsellors and constantly remind ourselves to be careful, to follow protocols, and that nothing is more important than health. For the first time in the long stretch of time, we are feeling positive, but uncertainty continues to show its ugly face and will keep us wary. Physical distancing still needs to be maintained and the use of masks will still be imperative. However, with the decreasing threat, people might indulge in revelry which could prove dangerous. To sum it up, I would like to think that post-pandemic, our lives will gradually limp back to normalcy, but certain restrictions will stand us in good stead and ensure safety.

HINDI



लिख रहा हूँ एक खत

-सनत राज

लिख रहा हूँ एक खत,
बिना पढ़े इसे फाड़ना मत,
मजबूरियों की है एक लंबी कतार,
जिसके उस पार तुम हो यार,
अगर हालात यूँ ना होते,
तो हम साथ में हँसते रोते,
कॉलेज की यादों का अभिन्न हिस्सा हो तुम,
कभी खत्म ना होने वाला किस्सा हो तुम,
तुम्हारे साथ क्लास जाने के समय हड़बड़ी,
क्लास में टीचर के सामने की गई गड़बड़ी,
कैंटीन में बैठ कर खाना,
हॉस्टल में मेस वालों को सताना,
क्लास खत्म होने के बाद घूमने जाना,
बेफ़िज़ूल कहीं भी बैठ समय बिताना,
शाम में क्रिकेट खेलना,
एक दूसरे की बकवास झेलना,
परीक्षा के समय स्टडी रूम के चक्कर लगाना,
परीक्षा के बाद एक दूसरे का दिल बहलाना,
और न जाने ऐसे कितने किस्से हैं,
जो अधूरे दो हजार बीस से है,
भले हम बहुत वक़्त से मिले नहीं,
अपनी यारी के रंग खिले नहीं,
पर उम्मीद है हम बहुत जल्द मिलेंगे,
कुछ किस्से और लिखेंगे,
पर तब तक दिल की एक बात रखता हूँ –
मैं हर रोज़ राह तकता हूँ
कि किसी दिन ये फासलें ना होंगे,
हम एक दूसरे की सिर्फ़ यादों में ना होंगे,
बल्कि साथ कुछ और यादें लिख रहे होंगे,
हम बहुत जल्द फिर मिलेंगे।

चिट्ठीवाला

एक पत्र समय की अनंत धारा में एकलय मित्रता को जटिल जीवन में एकांतिक उज्जवल की ओर से ।

यह तस्वीर याद है?

Harry will, won't you?
Yeah, every week.
अब सब कुछ बदल जायेगा। कदाचित पर्याप्त रूप से बदल ही गया है।
Hermione - (कुछ जड़ता के साथ)
Harry -उचित कहा।
Hermione - वादा करो कि तुम चिट्ठी लिखोगे इन गर्मियों में (**Ron** की तरफ़ देखते हुए) तुम दोनों (**Harry** को भी इशारा करते हुए)
Ron- तुम्हे लगता होगा पर मैं तो नहीं लिखूँगा (चिढ़ाते हुए हँसता है)
Hermione - **Harry,** क्या तुम भी नहीं लिखोगे?
Harry - अवश्य लिखूँगा , प्रत्येक सप्ताह! (कहकर **Ron** के साथ में हँसता है।)
ये उसी फिल्म, हैरी पॉटर एंड दि गॉबलेट ऑफ फायर, की आखिरी कड़ियाँ थी जो हमने साथ में आखिरी बार देखी थी होली की छुट्टियों में ।

ये दृश्य इस प्रकार मेरे जीवन की अभिन्न स्मृति बन जाएगी इसकी कल्पना मैने कभी स्वप्न में भी नहीं की थी ।

उम्मीद करता हूँ कि ये चिट्ठी रौनक, तेजस्विता और हम सबके सबसे प्यारे से दोस्त संकल्प - तुम तीनों, सम्पूर्ण स्वास्थ्य और कुशलता में पढ़ रहे हो । यह पत्र बहुत छोटा पड़ जायेगा मेरी सारी बातों को एकत्रित करके लिखने में, और जैसा की रौनक सदैव कहता है "शब्द सारगर्भित नहीं होते, उनमें छल निहित हो सकता है। महत्व सदा ही अनुभूतियों और भाव का होना चाहिए, जीवन में भी

और मित्रता में भी। "

मैं वो सारा अनुभव साझा करना चाहता हूँ जो मैंने इन दो सालों में महसूस किया इस महामारी के दौरान। किंतु खेद है कि ज़रिया मेरे पास सिर्फ़ इन शब्दों का ही है । सम्पूर्ण प्रतिबंधन में संभव नहीं था कोई भी पत्र भेजना और होता भी तो कदाचित अन्य चलायमान साधनों का ही उपयोग होता, किंतु उस फिल्म का प्रत्येक अंश मुझे सदैव से प्रेरित करता आया है। मैंने ये चिट्ठी लिखी है अपने **hogwarts** के प्यारे साथियों को । निश्चय ही यदि किसी अन्य ने इसे पढ़ा तो हमें हॉस्पिटल के चक्कर काटने होंगे।
मैं बहुत खेद के साथ तुम सबको बताना चाहता हूँ कि हमारी सहपाठी और दोस्त कंचन की माता का देहांत महामारी की चलते हो गया है। इसकी सूचना तुमको पहले से मिली ही होगी। किंतु -
स्मरण में रखना मित्रों वर्तमान पर स्मरणों का शासन ना रखना,
प्रत्यक्ष को प्रमाण आश्वासन ना रखना ।
चुनाव में यदि क्षति आशंकित है,जीवन का अनुदान कहाँ है,
मनुजा सत्यभास रखना कि अमरत्व का वरदान कहाँ है?

हम में से कोई भी अमर नहीं है और मृत्यु निश्चित तथा यादृच्छया है। किंतु ये सारी बातें साधु के मुँह से साधारण जन के लिए बोलना सरल है। परंतु एक मित्र के लिए दूसरे मित्र से बोलने में मानो आत्मा शरीर त्यागने को धमकाने लगती है। दूसरे दिन ही मैं उसके घर गया था और उस दृश्य ने मुझे समय में एकति तथा अस्थिर सतत यात्रा का मान देकर, मेरे पैरों को जड़ कर दिया। मेरा हृदय रातों में केवल एक प्रश्न पूछता है कि यदि मेरा भय और दुख मात्र एक अंश है कंचन की पीड़ा का, तो हे ईश्वर वो जीवित कैसे है! यह कदापि संभव नहीं है।उसने कहा कि देह की पीड़ा सोचने पर अधिक प्रतीत होती है , किंतु अनुभव में सदैव कमतर होती है। भावनाओं की पीड़ा अनुमान में कम लगती है किंतु जब भोगने का समय आता है तो सहन करने की सभी सीमाओं को पार कर जाती है।

मुझे वो रात भी याद है जब उसकी माता की मृत्यु से एक दिन पहले वो कॉल पर

सिर्फ़ एक बार उन्हे देखने की आशा में रो रही थी किंतु वैधानिक चिकित्सक कारणों से उसे वो अवसर भी प्राप्त नहीं हुआ ।हम सभी सिर्फ़ प्रार्थना कर सकते हैं कि ईश्वर उसे इस समय को शाषित करने की शक्ति दें। रौनक के घर में भी कुछ तबियत की उलझने थी। अब कैसी है वहाँ सभी की तबियत? तुम पूछती हो ना तेजस्विता, कि ये समय जल्दी क्यों नही बीत रहा? समय की धारा अनंत है तेजस्विता, समय नहीं गुज़रता बल्कि समय में हम गुज़रते हैं। तो ये जान लो की समय सापेक्ष है। ये हमारी मनोदशा पर निर्भर करता है कि क्या जल्दी हो रहा और क्या बीत नहीं रहा। परिस्थितियाँ सदैव एक सी न रही हैं और न ही कभी होंगी। ये वक़्त भी बीतेगा और आने वाला समय भी।

अच्छा कोई तुम में से पेट की चर्बी कम करने का शर्तिया उपाय बता सकता है क्या? शायद मैंने कुछ ज़्यादा ही उबाऊ और व्यथापूर्ण बातें कर ली। संकल्प कहीं सो ही ना गया हो । तुम सभी को पता हैं क्या कि मैंने इन दिनों अपनी कविता मनोभूमि का नया खंड भी लिख लिया है।
नीचे कुछ पंक्तियाँ लिखने जा रहा हूँ -

अनंत में गूंजता रहा, प्रेम सम्पूर्ण है
प्रतिध्वनि में पूर्णता की गूंज भी अपूर्ण है।
लेखनी पर भावावेश का अधिपत्य क्यों है?
हृदय को स्वीकृत नहीं वही सत्य क्यों है ।
बंधन सशक्त है, दस्युता में भय शांति का बंधन भय है
शासक के हृदय में क्रांति का
संघर्ष अटल सत्य है
सत्य में कभी भ्रांति नहीं होती
मुक्त करो स्वयं को, क्रांति को कभी शांति नहीं होती ।
वर्तमान पर स्मरणों का शासन ना रखना,
प्रत्यक्ष को प्रमाण का आश्वासन ना रखना ।
चुनाव में यदि क्षति आशंकित है, जीवन का अनुदान कहाँ है

मनुजा सत्यभास रखना कि अमरत्व का वरदान कहाँ है?
मनोभूमि में जो चरित्र संबल दे ,उसे सशक्त करो
आशक्त चेतन को अंतःपुर से विरक्त करो।
जल प्रतिबिंब में भविष्य देखो, दर्पण अनुमान करो,
सरल कल्पों में आविर्भावित पीढ़ी का सम्मान करो।
यज्ञवेदी सज्ज़ है, प्रथम आहूति का संकल्प करो,
तुम स्वतः घृत कुंड हो ,स्वयं को तापकर भस्म करो।
संकुचित धारणा नहीं , सर्वव्यापी विचार विलीन ना हो,
ये विचार नहीं धरोहर है, ध्यान से मलीन ना हो।
तरकश तीरहीन हो तुम, ऐसे प्रलय का शंखनाद करो,
मानवता को विभीषिका दिखे, तुम क्रंदन में हर्षलाप करो।
कल पारे में न्याय हो, अनर्थ में एकलय अवनति हो,
रक्त से सींच दो भूमि को, तुम तो मनु की संतति हो।
किंतु नई पीढ़ी में तुम पंथ ये पोषित करो
आज रण में तुम सत्य की विजय घोषित करो।

वैसे तेजस्विता और रौनक, तुम्हे ज्ञात है या नहीं कि संकल्प आजकल ज़्यादातर समय अपने घर के ऊपर अपनी नई दोस्त श्रृष्टि के साथ बिताने लगा है। मुझे ये बात इसके भैया ने बताई थी एक दिन। संकल्प , तुमने हम सबको अपनी नई दोस्त के बारे में क्यों नहीं बताया मित्र? प्रतीक्षा होगी तुम्हारे उत्तर पत्र की।
होगी ना रौनक ?

हमने एक साथ कॉलेज के एक साल गुज़ारे और वो कैसे बीत गए, मानो पलकों को भी झपकने का मौका न मिला हो। हास्यप्रद है ये सापेक्षता का सिद्धांत भी। आशा करता हूँ कि हम सभी स्वप्न और अनुभूतियों से आगे निकल भौतिक रूप से जल्द ही मिलें। मैंने अपने इन कठिन दिनों में तुम सबके प्यार को बहुत याद किया है और बहुत संबल भी लिया। उत्तर पत्र अवश्य लिखना।

तुम्हारा उज्जवल

तलाश

शिवानी पांडा

इस शोर में शांति की तलाश है,
अंधेरे में रोशनी की तलाश है।
ज़िंदगी को बस जीना नहीं,
उसके मूल अर्थ की तलाश है।
आँखें बंद करके महसूस हो जो,
उस सुकून की तलाश है।

भागती दौड़ती ज़िंदगी में
ठहराव की तलाश है,
खुद से बंधे रिश्तें कई हैं,
पर जो बिना किसी बंधन के बंध जाए,
उस रिश्ते की तलाश है,
इस शोर में शांति की तलाश है,
अंधेरे में रोशनी की तलाश है।

गिलें शिकवें हैं कई,
उनके जवाब की तलाश है,
छुपे दर्द को जो बयां कर दे,
उस अक्स की तलाश है,
अब इस शोर में दिल को शांति की तलाश है,
अंधेरे में रोशनी की तलाश है।

वक़्त

- शालिनी

ये वक़्त नहीं ,रेत है मानो!
जितना भी चाहे इसे मुट्ठी में बांधो,
जितना ज़ोर लगाओगे
उतनी ही तेज़ी से इसे फिसलता पाओगे
कभी सोचा है फिर कैसे इसे थाम पाओगे?
ना बीती 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 ही 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 बातों में यादों का खज़ाना मिलेगा,
फ़िक्र में नहीं, थोड़ी साँस लेकर फ़ुरसत में जी पाओगे,
और जब इस ओर से उस ओर जाओगे,
तब ज़िन्दगी के तजुर्बों के साथ खुद को तैरता पाओगे।।

शुभिका

शुभिका उपाध्याय
2006397

मेरी प्यारी दोस्त,
आश्चर्य हुआ तुम्हें?
हाँ, यह कोई व्हाट्सएप का मैसेज या इंस्टाग्राम का डीएम नहीं है, पत्र है पत्र, और वो भी मेरा, तुम्हारी दोस्त शुभिका का !

"चाहने से जैसे हर मौसम वसंत नहीं होता, वैसे ही हर दोस्त दोस्त नहीं होता"
बहुत लोग हैं जिन्हें आप दोस्त कहते हैं, लेकिन बहुत कम लोग होते हैं, जिन्हे आप दोस्त मानते हैं और उनसे भी कम होते हैं जो दोस्ती निभाते हैं! तो ऐसे ख़ास दोस्तों के लिए कुछ ख़ास प्रयत्न भी करना चाहिए | मैं इस मशीनरी उपयोग से इतना ऊब चुकी थी कि इसे अब रूहानी अंदाज़ देने के लिए मैंने पत्र का सहारा लिया है | अपने जज़्बातों को व्यक्त करने के लिए मैंने शब्दों का समायोजन किया है |

"वैसे तो इत्र, मित्र, चित्र और चरित्र किसी परिचय के मोहताज नहीं |"
फिर भी समय-समय पर भावनाओं को व्यक्त करने से सम्बन्धों मे एक ताज़गी और अपनापन बना रहता है |

माना की हम मिले नहीं हैं, बस आधुनिक माध्यम से जुड़े हैं, मगर दोस्तों के साथ उठने, बैठने और रहने का जो एहसास है वो किसी तकनीकी माध्यम से संभव नहीं हो सकता कभी भी| 'Copy-Paste' की इस परंपरा मे सवेंदनाएँ कहीं न कहीं 'Cut' हो जाती हैं, जो हमें जज़्बात-विहीन कर जाती हैं | इंस्टाग्राम पर हज़ारो दोस्त हों, मगर ऐसे दोस्तों का क्या फायदा जो कभी तुम्हारा हाल न पूछें?
"वो मेरे पास से गुज़रें और मेरा हाल तक न पूछा,
मैं कैसे समझूँ कि वो दूर जाकर रोएँ?"
चाहे कितनी भी प्रगति कर ली हो हमनें, मगर भावनाएं नहीं बदली हैं | आज भी हमें हमारे प्रियजन, हमारे दोस्त, साथ और अपने पास चाहिए होते हैं | क्या ज़माना था वो जहाँ लोग अपने दोस्तों से मिल पाते थें ना की सिर्फ़ इन स्क्रीन के जरिये एक दूसरे को देखतें थे| साथ मे वक़्त गुजा़रते थें नाकि घंटो फ़ोन पर बातें करते थे | वो भी क्या दिन थे, अब तो मानो जैसे ये सब "Once upon a time" वाली बातें बन चुकी हैं इमहामारी के कारण |मगर अच्छे दोस्त बुरे वक़्त को भी अच्छा बनाने की काबिलियत रखते हैं | हमारा वो रातों -रात तक बातें करना, एक दूसरे के लिए निःस्वार्थ खड़े रहना, यह सब हमारी इन हालातों से छोटी-सी एक जंग ही तो है |
तुम्हारा वो बेमतलब का बड़बड़ करना और मेरा बिना कुछ कहे बस सुनना, ये चीज़ें ही याद दिलाती हैं कि "दोस्ती का कोई मतलब नहीं



होता और जहाँ मतलब होता है वहां दोस्ती नहीं होती..."मेरे मैसेज के अंदाज़ से मेरी भावनाओं को समझना और खासकर मेरे हर एक मज़ाक पर हँसना... आख़िर दोस्ती नहीं तो और क्या हैं?
"दोस्ती की इतनी सी परिभाषा...
मैं शब्द, तुम अर्थ,
तुम बिन मैं व्यर्थ |"

"कितने वादें, कितनी बातें बाक़ी हैं
कितने दिन और कितनी रातें बाक़ी हैं..."माना काफ़ि समय बीत चुका है, अपने कॉलेज के लगभग दो साल हमने ऐसे ही स्क्रीन से एक दूसरे को देखकर व्यतीत कर दिए हैं | मगर हम कितना समय बिताते हैं वो ज़रूरी नहीं, किसके साथ बिताते है वो ज़रूरी हैं | हाँ! अपने दोस्त के साथ बिताया हर पल बेहद अज़ीज़ होता है|
आख़िर वो सारी योजनाएँ जो हमने इन्ही मीट्स, वीडियो कॉल और मैसेजेस में बनायीं हैं - वो हकीकत मे भी तो पूरी करनी हैं | वो कॉलेज के आस-पास का खाना, पूरा कैंपस घूमना, एक दूसरे के साथ वक़्त बिताना, गप्पे लड़ाना, सब करना हैं और यह सारी चीज़े हम साथ में निश्चित करेंगें |मुझे पूरी उम्मीद है ये पल बदलेगा, ये हालात बदलेंगे, मौसम बदलेगा, हम जल्द मिलेंगे |
हम जब भी मिलेंगे तो...
मैं अपने जज़्बात लाऊँगी, तुम अपने एहसास लाना,
मैं अपने राज़ बताऊँगी, तुम अपने रहस्य बतलाना,
मैं तुमको छेड़ूँगी, तुम चिढ़ भी जाना,
मैं मना भी लूँगी, बस तुम ज़्यादा नाराज़ न होना,
मैं आऊँगी उत्साह से, तुम भी उमंग संग लाना,
मैं दो कदम बढ़ाऊँगी, तुम भी दो कदम बढ़ाना |
कितना कहूँ...क्या कहूँ... कैसे कहूँ...?
हम रोज़ बातें करते हैं फिर भी ऐसा लगता है कितनी बातें बाकी हैं,
कितना कुछ बताना है ,कितना कुछ सुनना है, कितना कुछ समझना है।
अपने एहसासों को आखिर कितना और कैसे लिखूँ?
"हम कहते हैं, जितना भी कह पाता हैं,
पर कहने को इतना ज़्यादा हैं,
कि कुछ न कुछ अनकहा फिर भी रह जाता है।"
इसीलिए अब बाकी बातें जल्द करेंगे कॉलेज में मिलकर, एक दूसरे के साथ बैठकर | तब तक के लिए इतना याद रखना...
"दोस्ती अच्छी हो तो रंग लाती है,
दोस्ती गहरी हो तो सबको भाती है,
दोस्ती नादान हो तो टूट भी जाती है,
पर अगर दोस्ती अपने जैसी हो तो इतिहास बनाती हैं |"

तुम्हारी प्रिय दोस्त,
शुभिका



प्रिय मित्र ,
उम्मीद है कि तुम खैरियत से होगे, क्योंकि अब तो रजिस्ट्रार साहब के दफ्तर से मेल भी आ गया है। बस कुछ और दिनों की बात है, जब हम और बाकी सारे मित्र इक्कठे होने वाले है। अपने कारनामों की एक तालिका तैयार कर लो,
पूरा कैंपस और भुवनेश्वर घूमना है और अगर समय मिला तो पढ़ाई करने के लिए किताबों से धूल भी साफ़ कर लेंगे। पूरे उम्र भर के किस्सें बना लेते है लोग कॉलेज में, बस इस उम्मीद पर कॉलेज खड़ा उतरे और हम हमारी छाप
छोर कर जाएं इस जगह, बस यही उम्मीद है।
जल्द से जल्द कॉलेज खुले और तुम जैसे मेरी ऑनलाइन क्लास में फर्जी अटेंडेंस लगाते थे अब ऑफलाइन क्लास में भी लगा दिया करना।
उम्मीद करता हूँ कि तुम्हारे घरवाले भी खैरियत से होंगे और भुवनेश्वर में उनसे भी मिलने का मौका मिलेगा।
बहुत इंतज़ार हो गया, अब आख़िर अगर सब सही रहा तो हम सब लोग मिलेंगे बहुत जल्द। ध्यान रखना अपना,
मित्र।

तुम्हारा यार,
पीयूष

प्रिय मित्र,

आशा करता हूँ, आप और आपका परिवार कुशल मंगल होगा | यहाँ भी सब ठीक हैं| आज लगभग एक वर्ष हो रहा जब हमारी मुलाकात पहली बार इन्टरनेट के माध्यम से, ऑनलाइन कक्षा के चलते हुई थी |
अब जैसा कि पता है कि कॉलेज खुलने की सूचना सब को पहुचा दी गई है, हम सब कुछ ही समय में एक साथ होंगे | हालांकि, अगर महामारी न होती तो शायद हम सब साथ ही होते, पर ख़ैर, देर मिलेंगे पर दुरुस्त मिलेंगे, जो ज्यादा ज़रूरी है |
जैसा कि इस बार घूमने जाने की पूरी तैयारी थी, अगर कॉलेज से सूचना ना आती, पर अब कॉलेज के खुलने के बाद इसका पूरा बंदोबस्त साथ मिलकर किया जाएगा और समय मिलते ही साथ चला जाएगा | समय पर पहुँच जाना जिससे कि सबको साथ मे रहने के लिए हॉस्टल रूम भी मिल जाए |

थोड़ी मेहनत की भी आदत डालनी होगी, कॉलेज आने के बाद, वो ऑनलाइन क्लास वाली क्लास का गोला मारना कम हो जाएगा | कहते है तीसरा सेमेस्टर सबके पसीने निकाल देता है, पर अपना पसीना तो दिखा भी नहीं और तीसरा सेमेस्टर भी पूरा निकल गया| याद है एक समय पर इसी बात का डर लगता था कि कहीं इस सेमेस्टर के पेपर कॉलेज मे ना देने पड़ जायें, पर कुछ अच्छे कर्म भी थे, कि ये दिन नहीं देखने पड़े |

कॉलेज मे, आलस छोड़ कर थोड़ा समय अपने को सुधारने में भी लगाना, शायद आगे के लिए बहुत अच्छा होगा | खुशी इस बात की सबसे ज़्यादा है कि अब साथ होंगे और अगर पढ़ाई से मन ऊब गया तो सब साथ मिलकर कुछ नया करने की सोचेंगे जो अभी तक नहीं हो पाया |
तुम्हारे बारे मे घर मे भी सबको बताया, तुम्हारी कुछ मज़ाकिया बातें और किस्सें, सबको तुम्हारा स्वभाव काफी पसंद आया, आशा है कि पापा भी तुमसे जल्द मिलें |

जितनी बातें कहें, जितनी योजना बनायें, सब कम ही लगती हैं, इसलिए अब ज़्यादा ना लिख कर यही कहूँगा, कि बस अब यह बीमारी और ना बढ़े |
घर मे सबको मेरा नमस्ते कहना |

शीघ्र मिलने के लिए उत्सुक,
तुम्हारा अपना,

अविरल

अनुरूप

-अंकिता चक्रवर्ती

"कई दिनों से उन्हें देखा नही, वो तो यहाँ आते थे ना?", मैंने पूछा।
" हाँ मैडम, कई दिनों से आया नहीं है....", जैसे किसी छोटे बच्चे की बात हो
रही हो। गार्ड ने मेरी तरफ प्रश्नसूचक दृष्टि से देखा, मानो पूछ रहे हो, आपको
भला उनसे क्या काम? आवाज़ में ऐसी उपेक्षा थी कि जैसे मैंने उनसे दुनिया का
सबसे बेकार सवाल पूछ लिया हो।

मुझे उनसे कभी भी कोई काम रहा नहीं है वैसे। वो बस हर दिन अलग अलग वक़्त पर हमारी गली से गुज़रा करते थे, कभी हाथ में छोटी सी थैली लिए, कभी बस यूं ही खाली हाथ। अपार्टमेंट के मेरे पहले माले की बैलकनी से जिस दिन मैंने उन्हें पहली बार देखा था, मुझे लगा था जैसे पापा टहल रहे हैं। मानो मार्निंग वॉक पे निकले हो। पापा को गुज़रे हुए चार साल हो गए पर आज तक मै ऐसे किसी से मुखातिब नहीं हुई जिसे देखकर मुझे पापा की याद आ जाए। ये पहली बार था, तो ज़ाहिर है खास था।

अगले दिन उसी वक़्त पर मैं फिर बैलकनी में जा खड़ी हुई, पर वो दिखे नहीं। मैंने उन्हें अपने दिमाग की फ़िज़ूल रचना समझकर ज़हन से निकालने की कोशिश तो की, मगर ये कोशिश व्यर्थ साबित हुई जब अगले दिन किसी और वक़्त पर वो फिर दिखाई दिये।
आखिर पति को बैलकनी में बुलाकर पूछ ही लिया उनके बारे में।

"इन्हें एक दो बार कचड़ा उठाते हुए देखा है", पति ने जवाब दिया।

"हमारी कॉलोनी से?", मैंने पूछा।
"शायद पूरे मोहल्ले का, ठीक पता नहीं.... वैसे क्यों?", उन्होंने पूछा।
इस क्यों का जवाब तो मेरे पास भी नहीं था। मेरी उत्सुकता दब नहीं रही थी और कारण अनजाना था।
"बस ऐसे ही, पहले कभी दिखे नहीं थे ना", मैने कहा।
"हम पूरे दिन घर पर रहते कहाँ हैं, अलग अलग वक़्त पर आते होंगे", स्वाभाविक धीरता के साथ उन्होंने जवाब दिया और अपने न्यूज़ पेपर की ओर रवाना हो गए।बात तो सही थी, दो दिन से तबियत ठीक न होने की वजह से मै

घर पर थी वरना शाम तक का वक़्त तो ऑफिस में ही बीत जाता है। बैलकनी में खड़े रहकर लोगो को देखने की फुर्सत कहाँ।

ऑफिस फिर से जाने लगी और मेरी दिनचर्या फिर पहले जैसी हो गई। बदलाव बस इतवार में आया था। हर रविवार को कुछ कुछ देर में मै बैलकनी
में जाती और किसी एक वक़्त पर वो बुज़ुर्ग दिख ही जाते। अनोखा सा सुकून
मिलता उन्हें देखकर। जिन्हें जानती भी नहीं थी उनसे एक संपर्क सा महसूस
होने लगा था। फिर बाकी दिन ठीक पहले जैसे गुज़रता।

एक दिन यूहीं अलमारी साफ़ करते हुए कुछ पुराने कपड़े मिले। तुरंत ही ख़याल आया कि उन्हें उन बुज़ुर्ग को दे दूँ। पति को बताया तो उन्हें भी कोई आपत्ती नहीं थी, पर हम उन्हें बुलाए कैसे, सवाल ये था। उन्हें तो हमारे बारे में पता भी नहीं होगा। तो ज़ाहिर है मैंने रविवार का दिन तय किया। कपड़े समेटकर एक पोटली में बांध दिए और अलमारी से बाहर कमरे के एक कोने में रख दिया, ताकि भूले बिल्कुल भी ना।

२ रविवार गुज़र गए है उस दिन से, वो दिखे नहीं है। तो आज ऑफिस से लौटते वक़्त सोचा की गार्ड से ही पूछ लू, पर जवाब नहीं मिला। किसी और से पूछना भी व्यर्थ था, बूढ़े कचड़े वाले की खबर शायद ही कोई रखता होगा। मैंने अपने मन में कई हालात सोच लिए थे इतने वक़्त में। तबियत खराब हुई होगी, या फिर वो अब रहे नहीं? जवाब तो ख़ैर मुझे मिलने नहीं वाला था। अब बाकी का वक़्त मैं बस इस उम्मीद के साथ गुज़ार सकती थी कि शायद वो फिर आ जाए। बस एक बार के लिए। वो कपड़े उन्हें दे सकूँ। दिल हल्का हो जाए। पर मन का एक कोना इनकार करते हुए भी वाकिफ़ था कि वो कपड़े लेने शायद अब कभी ना आए। पछतावा सिर्फ़ इस बात का था कि कभी उन्हें बता नहीं सकी कि उनके परिवार में जो कोई भी हो, पहले माले की फ्लैट में रहने वाली एक लड़की के लिए वो पिता समान हो उठे थे। कुछ चीजें शायद सही वक़्त पर कर लेनी चाहिए। लेकिन वक़्त सही है या नहीं, इस बात का पता तभी क्यों चलता है, जब वो गुज़र चुका होता है?

वो कपड़ों की पोटली अब अलमारी के अंदर रहती है। पर उससे वो कपड़े निकले नहीं है। या यूं कहा जाए कि किसी के बोलने पर भी मैंने निकाले नहीं है। कुछ चीज़ें अंदर संजोकर रखी जाए तो ही अच्छा है।



बापू

अंकित कुमार. (2005645)

केवल बात होती जो गोली बन्दूक हथियारों से
तो कहता कौन अहिंसा की वाणी, आर्यावर्त के प्यारों से
कितने मनुज जलते नित दिन नफ़रत की अंगारों से
लगते कितने मेले अब और खंजर और कटारों के।

वे वीर अदम बलिदानी जो पल में शीश कटा जाते
वे मातृलाल पूज्य स्वामी जो फंदे चूम झूल जाते।

किंतु कपट कुशासन पे ये करुण कुर्बानी क्यों करें,
विदेशी बकरों पर सिंह की कुर्बानी कौन सहे।

ऐसे में कौन राष्ट्र का उपकार करे
जो फटकारें भी और कुटिल शील का सुधार करे
जो बिन रक्त अब धरा को सींच सके
स्वतंत्रता यात्रा को अंतिम तक जो खींच सकें।

कहता जो , ये क्या ढोंग रचाये फिरते हो
अत्याचार को अनुशासन का पाठ बनाए फिरते हो
अनुशासन है जो, दमन छोड़ लोकतंत्र अपना सको
विस्तारवाद दो पल रख किनारे , वसुधैव कुटुम्बकम जो गा सको।
अनुशासन है जो, निज धरा को निज स्थल ही मानो तुम
अनुशासन है जो पीर पराई जानो तुम।

गांधी मतलब त्याग सत्य की भाषा हो,
दुश्मन को भी प्यार सिखलाने की अभिलाषा हो,
गांधी जो भक्ति में गिरिधर दीवानी मीरा हो,
गांधी जो भीतर से निश्छल संत कबीरा हो।

तो ऐसा गांधी कौन बने, मौन की आँधी कौन बने
शील, सम ,श्वेत पट-धारी
सत्ता नहीं, सकल जनता के अधिकारी
नौका फंसी आज जो बीच मझधार में
तो प्रकाशस्तंभ का टापू कौन बने
पढ़-कर दांडी के उनके पग चिन्ह
नये युग का बापू कौन बने ॥



O D I A

ଦିବାସ୍ୱପ୍ନ

ଏ.ଏନ୍.ଭାରତ୍
ବି. ଡି. ଏସ୍., ଚତୁର୍ଥ ବର୍ଷ

ଦିନକର କଥା । ସବୁଦିନ ପରି ସେଦିନ ବି ଆମେ କିଛି ଜଣ ସାଙ୍ଗ ଖେଳିବାକୁ ଯାଉଥିଲୁ। ଯିବା ରାସ୍ତାରେ ଭାବିଲୁ, ଆଜି ନ ଖେଳି କିଛି ଭିନ୍ନ ଉପାୟରେ ସମୟ ଅତିବାହିତ କରିବା । ସେଇଠୁ ଭାବିଲୁ କ'ଣ କରିବା ଓ ଏତିକି ଭିତରେ ଗୋଟେ ସାଙ୍ଗ କହିଲା ଚାଲ ଗାଁ ଶେଷ ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଗୋଟେ ଗୁମ୍ଫା ଅଛି, ତା ଭିତରେ ଗୋଟେ ବଡ଼ଗଛ ଅଛି , ସେଇଠୁ ବୁଲି ଆସିବା। କହିବାକୁ ଗଲେ ଆମ ଗାଁରେ ଏତେ ସାହାସୀ କେହି ନାହିଁ ଯିଏ ଏ ଗୁମ୍ଫା ଭିତରକୁ ଯିବ। କିନ୍ତୁ, ସେଦିନ ଆମେ ଭାବିଦେଲୁ କେମିତି ବି ସାହାସ କରିକି ଯିବୁ । ଲୋକ କୁହନ୍ତି ଏହି ଗୁମ୍ଫାର ମଧଭାଗରେ ଯେଉଁଠି ଏକ ବିରାଟ ବୃକ୍ଷ ରହିଛି ସେଇଠି ରୁହେ ଗୋଟେ ଦେଢ଼ଶହ ବର୍ଷରୁ ଅଧିକ ବୟସ୍କ ବୃଦ୍ଧ । ସେଠିକି ଯାଇଥିବା ଲୋକକୁ ସେ କେବେ ବି ଛାଡ଼େନାହିଁ । ଆଜି ଯାଏଁ ସେଠାକୁଯାଇଥିବା କେହି ମଧ୍ୟ ସେଠାରୁ ଫେରିନାହାନ୍ତି ।

ଆମେ ଆଲୁଅ ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା କରି ଚାରି ବନ୍ଧୁ ଗୁମ୍ଫାଭିତରକୁ ଯିବା ଆରମ୍ଭ କରିଲୁ । ଭିନ୍ନ ପ୍ରକାରର ଗନ୍ଧ ଚାରିଆଡୁ ମାଡ଼ିଆସୁଥାଏ । ବାଦୁଡ଼ି ଗୁଡ଼ାଏ ଉଡୁଥା'ନ୍ତି। କିଛି ବାଟ ଯିବା ଭିତରେ ଦୁଇ ଜଣ ସାଙ୍ଗଙ୍କର ମଶାଲ ବି ଲିଭି ସାରିଥାଏ । ପ୍ରାୟ ଏକ ଘଣ୍ଟା ଚାଲିବା ପରେ ଆମେ ଯାଇ ସେ ବୃକ୍ଷ ନିକଟରେ ପହଁଚିବାରେ ସଫଳ ହେଲୁ । ସେଠି ବୁଲାବୁଲିକରିବା ଭିତରେ ଗଛ ନିକଟରେ କିଛି ଚମକୁଥିବା ପଥର ଦେଖିବାକୁ ମିଳିଲା । ସାଙ୍ଗମାନେ ମିଶି ଦେଖିବାରୁ ଜାଣିଲୁ ଯେ, ଏହା ହେଉଛି ଅତି ମୂଲ୍ୟବାନ ହୀରା ଯାହା କି ଗୋଟେ ସାଙ୍ଗର ବାପାଙ୍କ କହିବା ଅନୁସାରେ ବହୁ ଦୁର୍ଲଭ । ସେ ହୀରା କିଏ ନେବବୋଲି କଥା ଉଠିବାରୁ ସମସ୍ତେ କହିଲେ - "ମୁ ନେବି! ମୁ ନେବି!" ସେଇଠୁ ମୁଁ କହିଲି- "ଚାଲ ଏବେ ସଂଗେ ସଂଗେ ତ ଫେରିହେବନି ତେଣୁ ସମସ୍ତେ ଟିକେ ବିଶ୍ରାମ ନେବା ଆଉ ଉଠିଲା ପରେ କଥା ହେବା ଆମ ଭିତରୁ କିଏ ନେବ । "

ମୁଁ ଜାଣିବାରେ ପ୍ରାୟେ ଏକ ଘଣ୍ଟା ହୋଇସାରିଛି ଓ ଆଖି ଖୋଲି ଦେଖୁଛି ଯେ ଗୋଟେ ସାଙ୍ଗ ଡାକୁଛି ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଯିବା ପାଇଁ । ସମସ୍ତେ ଉଠିଲା ପରେ ଶୁଣୁଛୁ ଗୋଟେ ଲୋକର କଥା ଶୁଭୁଛି । ଆମେ ଆଶ୍ଚର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଆଉ ଭୟରେ ବୁଲି ଦେଖିଲୁ । ଏପଟେ ପାଟିରୁ କାହାର କଥା ବାହାରୁନଥାଏ । ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ମନରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ - ଆମେ ଆସିବା ବେଳେ ଆମ ସହ କେହି ନଥିଲେ , ଆମେ ଆସିବା ପରେ ବି କେହି ନଥିଲେ । ତେବେ ଏ କିଏ? କେଉଁଠୁ ଆସିଲା !!!!

ଏସବୁ ଭିତରେ ସେ ଲୋକ ଜଣକ ନିଜ ଆଡୁ କହିଲା - "ମୁଁ ସେହି ବୃଦ୍ଧ ଯାହା କଥା ତମେ ମାନେ ଶୁଣିଥିବ" । ଏତିକି ଶୁଣିବା ପରେ ଆମ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ଦେହ ଥରିବା ଆରମ୍ଭ ହୋଇଗଲା । ଚାରିଜଣ ପରସ୍ପରକୁ ଧରିକି ଠିଆ ହୋଇଗଲୁ । ଭାବିଲୁ ଯେ, ଏ ଲୋକର ମୁହଁରେ, ଦେହରେ କି ଚର୍ମରେ ଭାଙ୍ଗ ନାହିଁ କି କେଉଁଠି ବି ବୃଦ୍ଧ ହେବାର ଲକ୍ଷଣ ନାହିଁ। କିଏ ଏ !! ସେଠୁ ସେ ଲୋକ କହୁଛି - "କିଏ ତୁମେ ମାନେ ? ଏଠିକୁ କେମିତି ଆସିଲ? ଏଠାକୁ ଯିଏ ଆସେ ସେ ଆଉ ଫେରିଯାଏ ନାହିଁ । "

ମୁଁ ସାହାସ ଜୁଟେଇ କହିଲି ଯେ, ଆମେ ପାଖ ଗାଁରୁ ଆସିଥିଲୁ ଖେଳିବାକୁ ଓ ଦେଖିବାକୁ କି ଏ ଗୁମ୍ଫାରେ କ'ଣ ଅଛି । ଆସିଲା ପରେ ନିଦ ହୋଇଯାଇଥିଲା ଓ ପରେ ଆପଣଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖିଲୁ । ଏତିକି କଥା ନସରୁଣୁ ସେ ଲୋକ କହିଲା, ଗୋଟେ କଥା ଶୁଣ ତୁମେ ମାନେ ଛୁଆ ତେଣୁ କରି ତୁମକୁ ଆଜି ଛାଡ଼ିଦେବି କିନ୍ତୁ ଗୋଟେ ସର୍ତ୍ତରେ - ଯଦି ତୁମେ ମୋର ଗୋଟିଏ କାମ କରିବ । ଗୋଟେ ସାଙ୍ଗ ହଠାତ୍ କୌତୁହଳ ପୂର୍ବକ ପଚାରିଲା - "ଆପଣ କିଏ ? କାହିଁକି ଓ କେମିତି ଆପଣ ଏଠାକୁ ଆସିଲେ ?" ସେଇଠୁ ସେ ଲୋକ କହିଲା- "ଶୁଣ ତୁମ ପରି ମୋର ବି ଚାରିଜଣ ସାଙ୍ଗ ଥିଲେ । ଆମେ ପାଠ ସାରି ଗୁରୁଦେବଙ୍କୁ ଭେଟିବାକୁ ଇଚ୍ଛା କରି ତାଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖା କରିବାକୁ ଗଲୁ । ସେଠାରେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଆମ ଆସିବାର କାରଣ କହିଲୁ ଯେ ଆମେ ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ ନେଇ କିଛି କାମ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରିବାକୁ ଚାହୁଁଛୁ ଓ ଆପଣ ଯଦି କିଛି ମୂଳଧନ ଆକାରରେ ଦେବେ ତାହାହେଲେ ଆମେ ଚାରି ଶିଷ୍ୟ ଆପଣଙ୍କ ଠାରେ କୃତଜ୍ଞ ରହିବୁ । ଗୁରୁ କହିଲେ ସମସ୍ତେ ମୋ ଠାରୁ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ଶାବଳ ନେଇଯାଅ ଆଉ ଆଶ୍ରମ ଠାରୁ କିଛି ଦୂରରେ ଏକ ଜାଗା ଅଛି ଯେଉଁଠି ତୁମ ମାନଙ୍କୁ ନିଜ ଆଶା ଅନୁସାରେ କିଛି ନା କିଛି ମିଳିଯିବ। ଆମେ ସମସ୍ତେ ଯାଇ ସେ ଜାଗାରେ ପହଞ୍ଚି ମାଟି ଖୋଳିବା ଆରମ୍ଭ କରିଦେଲୁ ।

। ପ୍ରଥମ ସାଙ୍ଗ କୁ କାଂସ୍ୟର କିଛି ଅଳଙ୍କାର ମିଳିବାରୁ ସେ କହିଲା ଚାଲ ଏଥର ଯିବା ଏହାକୁ ବିକ୍ରି କରି ବ୍ୟବସାୟ କରିବା । କିନ୍ତୁ କେହି ନ ମାନିବାରୁ ସେ ଏକା ପଳେଇଲା । ତା'ପରେ ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ ସାଙ୍ଗକୁ ରୁପା ଅଳଙ୍କାର ମିଳିଲା। ସେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଚାଲିଗଲା କିନ୍ତୁ ଆମେମାନେ ଗଲୁ ନାହିଁ। ତୃତୀୟ ସାଙ୍ଗକୁ ସ୍ୱର୍ଣ୍ଣ ମିଳିଲା, ସେ କହିଲା ଚାଲ ଭାଇ ଆଉ ଖୋଳନାହିଁ ଆମେ ଏହାକୁ ଭାଗ କରିନେବା, କିନ୍ତୁ ମୁଁ ଅରାଜି ହେବାରୁ ସେ ଏକା ଚାଲିଗଲା । ମୁଁ ଆଗକୁ ଖୋଳିବା ପରେ ମୋତେ ହୀରା ମୋତି ମିଳିଲା କିନ୍ତୁ ହଠାତ ମାଟି ଭିତରକୁ ଗୋଡ଼ ଖସିଗଲା ଓ ମୁଁ ଏ ଗୁମ୍ଫା ଭିତରକୁ ଆସିଗଲି । ଆସିକି ଦେଖେ ତ ଗୋଟେ ଲୋକ ସେଇ ଗଛ ନିକଟରେ ହୀରା ମୋତି ସହ ଅଛି । ମୁଁ ଯାଇକି ପହଞ୍ଚିବା ପରେ ସେ ଖୁସି ହୋଇଗଲା ଏବଂ କହିଲା ବନ୍ଧୁ ତୁମେ ତାହାଲେ ଅତି ଲୋଭ କରିଛ ତେଣୁ ତୁମେ ଏଠାକୁ ଆସିଛ । ମୁଁ ବି ତୁମ ପରି ଲୋଭ କରି ଆସିଥିଲି ଏବଂ ଆଉ ଗୋଟେ ଲୋଭୀ ଅପେକ୍ଷାରେ ଥିଲି । ଏବେ ତୁମେ ଆସିଗଲ । ମୁଁ ମୁକ୍ତି ପାଇଯିବି କିନ୍ତୁ ତୁମକୁ ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ । ଯେବେ ଯାଏଁ କେହି ଲୋଭ କରି ଏଠାକୁ ନ ଆସିଛି ତୁମେ ଏଇଠି ଏମିତି ରହିବ । ତୁମକୁ ଭୋକ ହେବ ନାହିଁ କି ଶୋଷ ହେବ ନାହିଁ । ଅତି ଲୋଭ ହେତୁ କଷ୍ଟରେ କାଳାତିପାତ ହିଁ ସାର ହେବ । ଏଥି ଲାଗି ମୁଁ ଏଠାରେ ପଡ଼ିରହିଛି।

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ଏତିକି ଶୁଣିବା ପରେ ଆମେ ଚାରିଜଣ ପରସ୍ପରକୁ ଅନେଇଲୁ ଆଉ ଆମେ ବୁଝିପାରୁଥିଲୁ ଆମର କ'ଣ ହେବାକୁ ଯାଉଥିଲା ସେଦିନ । ଆମେ ଡର ଭୟରେ ସେ ହୀରାକୁ ଚାହିଁବାକୁ ବି ସାହସ କରିପାରିଲୁନି । ଆଉ ସେ ବୃଦ୍ଧ ଲୋକକୁ କହିଲୁ - "ଆମେ ଆପଣଙ୍କ ପାଇଁନିଶ୍ଚୟ କେହି ଜଣେ ଲୋଭୀକୁ ଏଠାକୁ ପଠେଇବୁ । ଆମକୁ ଛାଡ଼ିଦିଅନ୍ତୁ।"

ବୃଦ୍ଧ ଜଣକ ଶୁଣିବା ପରେ ତଳେ ପଡ଼ିଥିବାହୀରାଟି ଉଠାଇଲାକିନ୍ତୁ ଏ ହୀରା ଅଲଗା ଥିଲା ଅନ୍ୟ ହୀରା ମାନଙ୍କଠୁ । ଏତେ ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ୱଳଥିଲା କି ଚାହିଁବା କଷ୍ଟ ହୋଇପଡିଲା ଆଉ ଏତେ ଆଲୋକ ବାହାରୁଥିଲା କି କିଛି କାହାକୁ ଦେଖାଗଲାନାହିଁ ଏବଂ ସଙ୍ଗେସଙ୍ଗେ ଅନ୍ଧକାର ହୋଇଗଲା । କେବଳ ଆମ୍ଭ ଚାରିଜଣଙ୍କ ହାତର ସ୍ପର୍ଶ ହିଁ ଥିଲା। ଅନ୍ଧକାରରୁ ବାହାରିଆସିବା ଚେଷ୍ଟାରେ ଆଖି ଖୋଲିଗଲା । ଆଉ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ହେଲାନି ଆମେ ଯେବେ ଉଠିକି ଦେଖିଲୁ । ଆମେ ନିଜ ଗାଁ ବର ଗଛ ତଳେ ଗାଁ ମଝିରେ ଥିଲୁ । ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ନଇଁ ଯାଇଥିଲା । ଗୋଟେ ବଡ଼ନିଶ୍ୱାସ ପକେଇଲୁ ଆଉ ସେଦିନଠୁ ପ୍ରତିଜ୍ଞା ନେଲୁ କି ଏସବୁ କାହାକୁ କହିବୁ ନାହିଁ ।

ଆଜି ସେ କଥା କୁ ୩୦ ରୁ ଅଧିକ ବର୍ଷ ହୋଇଯାଇଛି ଆମେ ଚାରିଜଣ ସାଙ୍ଗ ଡାକ୍ତର ହୋଇଯାଇଛୁ ଓ ଅଲଗା ଅଲଗା ସହରରେ କର୍ମରତ।କିନ୍ତୁ, ଯେବେ ବି ଦେଖା ହୁଏ ଆଉ ଏ କଥା ମନେ ପଡେ ଲୋମ ଟାଙ୍କୁରିଉଠେ । ରାତି ପାହିକେତେବେଳେ ସକାଳ ହୋଇଯାଏ ଜଣାପଡ଼େନି । ଅଭୁଲା ଥିଲା ସେ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟାସ୍ତ ।

ନୀରବତା ଓ ମୁଁ

ଶମନୀଶ ଗୌତମ
ବି.ଡି.ଏସ୍ ,ଚତୁର୍ଥ ବର୍ଷ

ଆଜିକାଲି କାହିଁ ଭଲ ଲାଗେ ମୋତେ ନୀରବ ରହିବାକୁ
ଲାଗେ ଯେମିତି ମୁଁ ଆଦରି ନେଇଛି ନୀରବତାକୁ ।

ନୀରବତା ମୋର ପାଖକୁ ଆସଇ ଯେତେବେଳେ
ନିଃଶବ୍ଦ ଓ ଅନ୍ଧକାର ରାତି ସେତେବେଳେ
କେତେ ଯେ ଚିନ୍ତା କେତେ ଯେ ଭାବନା
ମନକୁ ଆସଇ ସେତେବେଳେ ।

ନୀରବତା ମୋତେ ମନେପକାଏ ମୋ ପିଲାବେଳ
ହସଖୁସି ଡିଆଁକୁଦ ଆଉ ସାଙ୍ଗମେଳ
ନୀରବତା ମୋତେ ମନେ ବି ପକାଏ ସେସବୁ ଦିନ
ଯେଉଁସବୁ ଦିନେ ଖେଳୁଥିଲି ମୁଁ ଯେ କେତେ ଖେଳ ।
ନୀରବତା ମୋତେ ମନେପକାଏ ମୋ ପ୍ରିୟ ସଙ୍ଗୀତ
ନୀରବତା ମୋତେ ମନେପକାଏ ମୋ ହୃଦୟ ଗୀତ
ନୀରବତା ମୋର ମନେ ଆଙ୍କିଦିଏ ସେଇ ଛବିଟି
ଯେଉଁ ଛବିରେ ମୁଁ ଧରି ରହିଛି ମୋ ପ୍ରିୟାର ହାତ ।

ନୀରବତା ମୋତେ ମନେପକାଏ ମୋ ଘରର କଥା
ନୀରବତା ମୋର ମନେ ଆଣେ ପରିବାରର କଥା
ନୀରବତା ପୁଣି ମନେ ପକାଏ ବି ମୋ ଗାଁଆର
ମେଳା-ମହୋତ୍ସବ , ପୋଖରୀ , ମନ୍ଦିର , ଗ୍ରାମ ଦେବତା ।



ନୀରବତା ମୋର ମନେ ଭରିଦିଏ କେତେ ଯେ ଶାନ୍ତି
ନୀରବତା ମୋର ମନେ ଆଣିଦିଏ କେତେ ଯେ ତୃପ୍ତି
ନୀରବତା ମୋତେ ହଜାଇଦିଅଇ ସେଇ ରାଇଜେ
ଯେଉଁ ରାଇଜରେ ଭରି ରହିଅଛି ଅନେକ ସ୍ମୃତି ।

ସେଥିପାଇଁ ବୋଧେ.....
ଆଜିକାଲି ମୋତେ ଅତି ଭଲ ଲାଗେ ନୀରବ ରହିବାକୁ
ସତେ ଯେପରି ମୁଁ ଆଦରି ନେଇଛି ଏହି ନୀରବତାକୁ ।

ନୀରବତା ମୋତେ ମନେପକାଏ ମୋ ପ୍ରିୟ ସଙ୍ଗୀତ
ନୀରବତା ମୋତେ ମନେପକାଏ ମୋ ହୃଦୟ ଗୀତ
ନୀରବତା ମୋର ମନେ ଆଙ୍କିଦିଏ ସେଇ ଛବିଟି
ଯେଉଁ ଛବିରେ ମୁଁ ଧରି ରହିଛି ମୋ ପ୍ରିୟାର ହାତ ।

ନୀରବତା ମୋତେ ମନେପକାଏ ମୋ ଘରର କଥା
ନୀରବତା ମୋର ମନେ ଆଣେ ପରିବାରର କଥା
ନୀରବତା ପୁଣି ମନେ ପକାଏ ବି ମୋ ଗାଁଆର
ମେଳା-ମହୋତ୍ସବ , ପୋଖରୀ , ମନ୍ଦିର , ଗ୍ରାମ ଦେବତା ।

ନୀରବତା ମୋର ମନେ ଭରିଦିଏ କେତେ ଯେ ଶାନ୍ତି
ନୀରବତା ମୋର ମନେ ଆଣିଦିଏ କେତେ ଯେ ତୃପ୍ତି
ନୀରବତା ମୋତେ ହଜାଇଦିଅଇ ସେଇ ରାଇଜେ
ଯେଉଁ ରାଇଜରେ ଭରି ରହିଅଛି ଅନେକ ସ୍ମୃତି ।

ସେଥିପାଇଁ ବୋଧେ.....
ଆଜିକାଲି ମୋତେ ଅତି ଭଲ ଲାଗେ ନୀରବ ରହିବାକୁ
ସତେ ଯେପରି ମୁଁ ଆଦରି ନେଇଛି ଏହି ନୀରବତାକୁ ।

ଆକ୍ୟୁଟ୍ ଲଭେରିଆ

ଦୀପକ କୁମାର ମିଶ୍ର
ଏମ.ବି.ବି.ଏସ୍, ୩ୟ ବର୍ଷ

ଆଜି କାଲିର ଏ ପାଣ୍ଡେମିକ୍ ଯୁଗେ
ନୂଆ ପାଣ୍ଡେମିକ୍ ଜାତ,
ଲଅଭ ଆଆାଟ ଫାଆାଷ୍ଟ ସାଇଟି
ସାଧାରଣ ଜନେ ଜ୍ଞାତ ।

ଅତି ଭୟଙ୍କର ଅଟେ ଏହି ରୋଗ
ସହଜରେ ନ ଛାଡ଼ଇ,
ପ୍ରତିକାର ତାର ଅତୀବ କଠୋର
ସାବଧାନ ହୁଅ ତୁହି ।

ପୁରୁଷ ମହିଳା ମୋଟା କି ପତଳା
ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ହୋଇପାରେ,
ବୟସର ସୀମା ମାନେ ନାହିଁ କିଛି
ଆକ୍ରମଣ ଯେବେ କରେ ।

ଲକ୍ଷଣ ତାହାର ଅତୀବ ବିଚିତ୍ର
ମନେ ରଖିଥାଅ ତୁହି,
ଚିକିତ୍ସା ସଠିକ ସମୟେ ହୋଇଲେ
ରୋଗ ଯାଏ ଦୂର ହୋଇ ।

ପ୍ରଥମ ଦେଖାରେ କ୍ରସ୍ ସେ କୁହନ୍ତି
ଏହା ପ୍ରଥମ ସୋପାନ,
ଏହି ସୋପାନଟି ଯେ କେହି ଚଢ଼ିଲା
ହେଲା ତାକୁ ସଂକ୍ରମଣ ।

ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା ବଢିଚାଲେ
ମାଡ଼ି ମାଡ଼ି ଯାଏ ରୋଗ,
ସାମାନ୍ୟରୁ ଗୁରୁତର ହୋଇଯାଏ
ଜାଣି ନ ପାରନ୍ତି ଲୋକ ।

ଲୋକମାନେ ଯେତେ ବେଳକୁ ଜାଣନ୍ତି
ରୋଗ ଅନ୍ତିମ ଚରଣେ,
ବ୍ରେକପ ସହିତ ଶେଷ ହୋଇଯାଏ
ଛାପ ଛାଡ଼ି ଯାଏ ମନେ ।
ଚିକିତ୍ସା ତାହାର ବିବିଧ ପ୍ରକାର
ଘରୋଇ ଚିକିତ୍ସା ଶୁଣ,
ବାପାଙ୍କ ବାଡ଼ିଆ ମାଆଙ୍କର ଜୋତା
ରୋଗର ନିଅଇ ପ୍ରାଣ ।

ସ୍ୱେଚ୍ଛାସେବୀଙ୍କର ସଂସ୍ଥାଟିଏ ଅଛି
ପ୍ରତିକାର ତାଙ୍କୁ ଜ୍ଞାତ,
ବଜରଙ୍ଗ ଦଳ ନାମରେ ନାମିତ
ସର୍ବଜନରେ ବିଦିତ ।

ମଧୁମୟ ବିଶ୍ୱର ସନ୍ଧାନ

କେଦାରନାଥ ଚୌଧୁରୀ
ବି.ଡି.ଏସ୍. , ଚତୁର୍ଥ ବର୍ଷ

ସମଗ୍ର ସୃଷ୍ଟିରେ ମାନବ ଜୀବନକୁ ବିଧାତାଙ୍କ ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ଅବଦାନ ବୋଲି କୁହାଯାଇଛି । ବେଦର ମତରେ ପ୍ରତିଦିନ ସକାଳୁ ନବଜୀବନ ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା କରାଯାଇଛି । ଉତ୍ସାହ , ଉଲ୍ଲାସ , କର୍ମସାଧନା ଓ ଜାଗ୍ରତ ମନୋବଳ ହିଁ ବିଶ୍ୱଜୀବନକୁ ବିକଶିତ କରିପାରେ ବୋଲି ସମସ୍ତ ଶାସ୍ତ୍ରରେ ଉଲ୍ଲେଖ କରାଯାଇଛି । ପ୍ରାଚୀନ ବେଦ ଓ ଗ୍ରନ୍ଥରେ ବିଶ୍ୱକଲ୍ୟାଣ ସାଙ୍ଗକୁ ନିଃସ୍ୱ କଲ୍ୟାଣର ବିଧିବିଧାନ କରାଯାଇଛି । ମନେ ରଖିବାକୁ ହେବ ଯେ , ମଣିଷର ଆଚାର , ବିଚାର , ବିବେକ , ବିଶ୍ୱାସର ଭିତ୍ତିଭୂମି ଉପରେ ଏବଂ ମାନସିକତାର ସ୍ତମ୍ଭ ଉପରେ ହିଁ ମଣିଷ ନୂତନ ସମାଜ ଗଢିପାରିବ । ଅହମିକା , ହୀନମନ୍ୟତା , ହୀନବିଚାର , ହୀନଆଚରଣ ଓ ସର୍ବୋପରି ଅସହନଶୀଳତା ଆଜିର ପୃଥିବୀକୁ ଗ୍ରାସିଛି ଓ ନୈତିକତାର ଘୃଣପୋକ ଲାଗିଯାଇଛି । ମନୁସ୍ମୃତି କୁହେ - ଧୃତି , କ୍ଷମା , ଦମ , ଅସ୍ତେୟ ,ଶୌଚ , ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରିୟସଂଯମ , ଧୀ ,ବିଦ୍ୟା , ସତ୍ୟ ଓ ଅକ୍ରୋଧ - ଏହି ସବୁ ହେଉଛି ସମୃଦ୍ଧି ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରଥମ ସାଧନକ୍ରମ ।

ଋଗବେଦର ଏକ ପଂକ୍ତି ଅନୁସାରେ ,

“ ମଧୁବାତା ଋତାୟତେ ମଧୁକ୍ଷରନ୍ତି ସିନ୍ଧବଃ । ”

ଅର୍ଥାତ୍ , ମଧୁର ପବନ ,ମଧୁର ଗଗନ , ମଧୁର ପରିବେଶ , ମଧୁରିମାମୟ ଜୀବନ ଆଦି ସମ୍ବନ୍ଧରେ ହଜାର ହଜାର ବର୍ଷ ପୂର୍ବରୁ କୁହାଯାଇସାରିଛି ।

ଆଜିର ବିଶ୍ୱଠାରୁ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରି ପଲ୍ଲୀଗ୍ରାମ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ସର୍ବତ୍ର ଅଳ୍ପେ ବହୁତେ ନୈରାଶ୍ୟ ଓ ହତାଶାର ଛବି ଦେଖିବାକୁ ମିଳେ । ଆଜିର ମଣିଷ ସମାଜ ସ୍ୱଧର୍ମ , କର୍ମ ଭୁଲିଯାଇ ବୈଦିକ ବିଚାରରୁ ଦୂରେଇଯାଇଛି । ଆଶା ଅପେକ୍ଷା ନୈରାଶ୍ୟବାଦ ସମାଜ ଜୀବନକୁ ଏକପ୍ରକାର ବିଚଳିତ ଓ ବିକଳିତ କରିଛି । ମାନବିକ ଦୟା , କ୍ଷମା , ସତ୍ୟସାଧନା , ସଂଯମ , ସହୃଦୟତା , ଉଦାରବାଦ ଓ ସର୍ବୋପରି ମାନବିକ ମୂଲ୍ୟବୋଧ ଏକପ୍ରକାର ଶ୍ରୀହୀନ ହୋଇପଡ଼ିଛି । କ୍ଷୋଭର କଥା ଏହା ଯେ , ଆଜିର ବିଶ୍ୱରେ ଏକାଙ୍ଗୀ , ବହୁରଙ୍ଗୀ ଓ ନାନାଭଙ୍ଗୀରେ ଶାସନତନ୍ତ୍ର ଚାଲିଛି । ଏଠାରେ ସତ୍ୟ , ଧର୍ମ ବଦଳରେ ମିଥ୍ୟା ଓ ଅହଂକାରର ବିରାଟ ଶୋଭାଯାତ୍ରା । ବେଦର ବାଣୀ ହେଉଛି , ସତ୍ୟର କଦାପି ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ହୁଏନାହିଁ । ମିଥ୍ୟା ଓ ଅହଂକାର ଆଦି ଅପଗୁଣ ମଣିଷ ସମାଜ ଓ ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ରକୁ କ୍ଷତିଗ୍ରସ୍ତ କରିଥାଏ । ନୈତିକ ଓ ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକ ଶକ୍ତି ବଳରେ ହୃଦୟକୁ ଜାଗ୍ରତ କରିବା ଦ୍ୱାରା ହିଁ ଦେଶ ଓ ଜାତିର କଲ୍ୟାଣ ସାଧନ ହୋଇଥାଏ ।



ଗ୍ରହଣ

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

ନିଜର ଠିକଣା ନିଜ ପରିଚୟ୍ ଜହ୍ନ କି ପାରିଛି ଦେଇ
କେବେ ଅମାସିଆ କେବେ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣମାସୀ ନିଜତ୍ୱ ହରା ଛାଇ
ନା ଅଛି ତିଥି ବାର ନା ଅଛି ନିଜ ଘର ମୁଁ ପ୍ରବାସୀ ଅତିଥି ଟିଏ
ମୋ କଥା କି କେବେ କଥାରେ ଗଣା ?
ଅବେଳେ ଉଇଁଲେ ଦୁନିଆ ପା ମତେ ମଲାଜହ୍ନ ବୋଲି କହେ ।



କେବେ ଯଉବନ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଜାହ୍ନବୀରେ ଜ୍ୟୋସ୍ନା ହୁଏ ଋତୁ ସ୍ନାତା
ଭଙ୍ଗା ହୃଦୟ୍‌ରେ ଟଙ୍ଗା ଆରିସିର ମୁଁ ଏକ ଅବ୍ୟକ୍ତ ବେଦନା ସିକ୍ତା



ଜହ୍ନିଫୁଲିଆ ସଞ୍ଜୀରେ ଉଇଁ ବୁଡ଼ିଯାଉଥିବା ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟା ତିଥିର ଚାନ୍ଦ,
ଅସ୍ତ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟର ତୀଖ ଲାଲିମାରେ- ଅସ୍ତିତ୍ୱହରା
କବାଟ ଖୋଲି କାନ୍ଦି ପାରିନାହିଁ-ହୃଦୟ୍ ଫଟା କାନ୍ଦ ।



ଛଳ ଛଳ ତାର ଆଷାଢୀ ଆଖିରେ ନୀରବ ନିବିଡ଼ କୋହ ତରଙ୍ଗ
କଳାମେଘି ଶାଢ଼ୀ ପଣତ ଟେକି ବିଜୁଳିର ଟିକେ ବେପଥୁ ଝଲକ ସାଜେ ତାର ଅପବାଦ ।
ହଜେ ଠିକଣା ଖୋଜେ ଆପଣା ଏରୁଣ୍ଡି ଡେଇଁଲା ପରେ
ଜଠର(ମାଆକୋଳ) ସିନା ପଥର ସାଜେ ଜୁଇ (ଶାଶୁ ଘର ଗାଁ ମଶାଣି) ବା କୋଉ ଆପଣାର
ଭାବି ପାରେ



ସାତ ଜନ୍ମ ପାଇଁ ଦୁଃଖ ବରିନିଏ ସୁଖ କ'ଣ କେବେ ମାଗେ ?
ତିଳ ତିଳ ଜଳେ କାହା ଚଉରାର ସଞ୍ଜୀଦୀପଟିଏ ହୋଇ
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ALUMNI



The River

-Arijit Saha,2018 passout,School of Civil Engineering

Once upon a time, a river used to flow through a village. For all the people there, the river was their lifeline. Be it for agricultural purposes or consumption, the people were dependent on the river. The people of the village belonged to various communities. It is not that they never had any conflicts among them, but none of them was so bad that they would struggle to coexist. Every year the villagers would gather at the banks of the river to celebrate their annual festival. There were no communal barriers during the festival. Although the general food habits of the various communities differed, during the festival they used to exchange each other's food, laugh with each other, sing songs, dance with others, and enjoy all together.

Everything was going well and good until the day came. The day that none of the villagers would ever want to remember but could never forget, the day that would haunt them for generations.

It was a normal day, the festival had ended a few days ago. The village kids were swimming and bathing in the river when they saw a boat coming toward the village. As the boat slowly came closer to the village dock, the kids could see two suited booted men, and two other men in police uniforms. Their uniform was not similar to the uniform of the village police. They must have been from the big city. Four men got down from the boat and one of them asked a kid who was looking at them in surprise, "Hey kiddo, can you tell me where the Pradhan office is?" The Pradhan office was the central administrative building of the village. Here, representatives from all the communities sat together along with the police officer in charge and decided upon the rules and regulations of the village. It also served as the village court.The kid replied, pointing at a pathway, "Go straight this way, uncle, and you'll see the village post office. Pradhan's office is just behind that."

The man thanked the kid and all four of them went that way…

In the evening. The Pradhan office representatives along with the four outsiders sat under the village central tree. From there, only the Pradhan office representatives addressed the villagers on different occasions. It seemed like the four outsiders wanted to say something to the villagers. People started gathering around the tree. They could see a sign of dismay on the face of the Pradhan office representatives As if some bad news had arrived from the big city.

When most of the villagers had gathered around the tree, one of the Pradhan office representatives stood up and started announcing, "Hello everyone, thanks for gathering at such short notice." A mix of fear and sadness could be felt in his voice. He continued, "The gentlemen you see with me on the podium have come from the big city. They have something to tell you all. A request from me and the Pradhan office members - whatever be the message the gentlemen deliver, please don't react in a manner that will cause harm to the people of the village. Over to you sir."

One of the two suited men stood up and started speaking, "Hello, people of the village. I am here to announce something that has been decided by the central government in the big city. We all know that two major communities are living in this village. So as per the orders of the central government, this village will be divided into two separate villages…"The villagers started murmuring, they could not believe what they were hearing. Divided into two separate villages? How?

He continued "Do you see the river? Certain parts of the river will be filled with soil and borders will be drawn between the two villages. Don't worry, the flow of the river will also be divided so that both the villages receive equal amounts of water for their use. It has been decided based on the riots and fights among the two groups in the big city, that both these communities can never coexist in the same village."

A villager from the front row stood up and said, "But sir there are no fights among us in this village. Both the communities live happily together here."

Another villager said, "Yes sir, we all live together like a big family, we celebrate festivals together, we even enjoy together."

The suited man then said, "These are orders from the central government and should be strictly implemented. If anyone tries to stop us, they will be punished harshly by the law."

The murmur among the villagers grew louder. The Pradhan office representatives shook their heads as if they had been dethroned from their power. It was an order from the central government and they didn't have the power to object to that.

One of the men from the crowd stood up and came forward, and said in a strong voice, "Sir, we respect you and the people in the big city. But we will never let you divide the river, which is like our mother, our lifeline."

The suited man looked at the villager, his eyes were red with anger. He said, "Then we don't have any choice but to use force against you. Don't tell me I haven't warned you." He stood up, and so did the other suited man and the two City police officers.

The man from the crowd said again, "Sir, we will protect our village and our mother river at any cost, even if we have to give our life."

The suited man while leaving the place gave an evil smile, then said, "You stupid villagers will understand tonight. Whatever you do, the decision of the central government is final." And then they walked away towards their boat.

The villagers stood there in shock for a while. They couldn't believe what had just happened. Some crazy people from the big city came and said they would divide the village and also change the flow of the river. Had they gone mad?

The villagers had decided to protect the river at any cost. All the village adults, men and women, would form a human chain and stand by the river that night so that the people from the big city could not enter the village.

It was a full moon night. The river was in its most magnificent form. The moonlight made the river look like a divine stream flowing straight from the heavens. The crystal clear water sparkled. Hundreds of adult men and women stood beside the river holding hands.

There were people from both communities. There were no barriers among them that night.

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They could see two big boats coming from the direction of the big city. This time many people were coming. Had they brought a police force from the big city?

As the boats came closer to the village dock, they could see the suited man from the morning in the moonlight.

As the boat anchored, he shouted, "You stupid villagers, get out of the way or I will order my troops to fire. You will all be dead in a moment."

One villager shouted, "Do whatever you want mister, we will not let you divide our village."

The suited man got furious, pulled out a gun and pointed at the villager, "Get the hell out of here, or you will be the first one to die tonight."

The villagers looked straight into that man's eyes and said, "I don't fear your threats. You men can only take people's lives. You cannot give life. This river can and we will protect this till our last breath."The suited man lost his cool and pulled the trigger. In a moment, the villager dropped to the ground, blood flowing from his chest. He was dead.

The other villagers were now furious. They shouted, "You outsider, go back." They kept repeating that until the man on the boat lost his cool and ordered his troop to open fire at the villagers.

The scene was something that no one would ever want to remember. The smell of gunpowder was everywhere. There was smoke everywhere, blood everywhere, cries everywhere. Hundreds of people were dead in a matter of seconds. Blood started flowing into the river. The crystal clear water turned red, and the stream became stronger. The banks started to flood. The river, at this point, became restless. The boats filled with policemen started trembling. A huge wave of red blood mixed with water engulfed the boats. They tried to jump to the bank but with no luck, and all the people on the boat were drowned by the strong current of the river. None of their bodies was ever found. It was as if the river had eaten them and taken revenge for their merciless killing of the villagers.

It is said that the elderly and the children who were at home, slowly left the village and went in various directions. The village became abandoned in a few days. Although the river was never filled with soil, the border was constructed two kilometers away from the river, and the Border Police have often reported that they have seen the water turn red during full moon nights, and have even heard cries of people from the river banks

#DEDICATED

- Sayak Chatterjee,2017-21, Batch,E&TC

The elegant maiden, graceful
She, an oasis of youthful energy
From her mind, crossing the heart
A thousand words of solitude
To cherish for a lifetime
To her, I dedicate
Moments of dawned wisdom
Between the lines
Echoing silences.

An open book shrouded in darkness
Hidden in the bosom of Black Mist
Blossoms at touch, as tender as possible,
Where hopes are honoured
Where the grieving heart gets to speak
Yearning the yew of a winter morn
Buried in a coffin, weighed of weariness.
Ye the traveller's journey
Poignance in his tale
Bruises on his skin
Reminiscences of a past long forgotten, in his eyes
She listens without interruption,
To her I dedicate
My yew, my poetry and flurry of emotions
Earnestly as possible.

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The name that stays between us
To the world, she's Dedicated
A portrait of the lady, I am afraid
I write not, beyond words
Hidden in the shade of dusk
That speaks of ethereal essence of her presence
To her,
I write my eulogy
As my eyes glance, the charm
Long over the horizon
Until the sun sets
And in darkness, nothing could be seen anymore

Time Machine

Every night,
when we go to sleep,
I let my eyes roll back
as if that was a cheap way
to turn back time.

It is a July evening,
dusty Nandan Kanan road,
swaying forests on both sides,
and a thinner crowd
circles Chintan Chowk.
I wait outside my hostel
for you to arrive -
we never decided the destination,
just got on the two-wheeler
and left.
On some days,
it was a bridge,
a temple,
a restaurant,
other days,
it was the road.



As we passed by
the towering cranes,
bending backwards
to fashion man's ambition
into four walls,
we looked at concrete,
and saw our future.

You would furnish
the dreams with interiors,
and I would just smile,
breathe in the evening breeze,
and let the passing forests
haze me through time.

Today, our dream steps
out of the concrete,
and sleeps on a mattress
of our hopes -
we bargain with the past
in our sleep
to make-believe what we have,
and what we can afford.

Every night,
when we go back to sleep,
I count spare change,
as if time machines
were the same as weight machines -
with predictions
that would never be true.
We pin our memories
on the walls;
we paint our sorrows
on our backs.
We miss stations
in this journey to new beginnings,
and July betrays
our future once again.



That Dawn Of a Cold Winter Day

- *Pratyush Kumar Muduli, 2020 Batch, Mechanical*

That dawn of a cold winter day,
With the cool breeze touching my face
And the cup of tea to warm us up,
My eyes fell upon the home in front
Where sitting near the window,
My neighbour asked for something hot.

Though he was not new
But never before we talked ever
That fateful day our eyes caught,
He lifted up the cup of tea
Gesturing a greet,
Same did I and smiled at the man.

Days passed by
And the morning greet and meet
had become a ritual before we headed to work
Sometimes we talked about things back home,
Sometimes we would laugh at jokes
The friendship grew and so did we.

Another dawn of a cold winter day,
Tea in hand and smiles on our faces
As we talked about the day ahead
Came a sound
though not unusual
But it was indeed a surprise.

I rushed out to help,
Carried my fallen down
Away from the place to safety.
Upon returning to the scenes at home
Had turned into something we never wanted.

Duty called, and I picked up my rifle and stood on my post
Found my friend from neighbour right in front of us
Finger on the trigger and bullets started flying
The loud sound of guns ablazing,
Saw my friend in yellowish khaki
Saying his final goodbye to me

That dawn of the cold winter morning
Made me realise
It's just the border that divides us,
For humans are the same everywhere
Bleeds the same everywhere
And are friends, if you know how to find where.

Erosion

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

Does your home remember you
the way you remember these open casket farewells?
We make a ritual out of
climbing out of our skin,
hoping that some metaphors would
fit where the flesh fell short -
unwind the memories
in intervals now -
there is no escape,
you need none.

The blossoming clouds
hunch from a hungry burden -
you cocoon like you undress.
These wounds are sewed on
your tongue -
tugging out one thread at a time.
It rains somewhere,
and the aroma of yesterday's laughter
wakes up in your sleep.

You are hoping that God,
whoever he is,
would listen
and call your eroding voice
a monument -
this breathing loops on
like a scratched record -
somewhere, it rains,
and these ashen skies erase
what remains.

Does your home remember you
like you remember the spelling
of comfort -
come back to poems as many times
as you'd like -
broken vowels fit better
in your silence
than any language ever has.
Chew your voice as much as you want -
every time you spit,
it is still a few ounces
of borrowed hope -
still many ounces of a silent stranger.

MIRAGE OF THE MIND

- Sayak Chatterjee,2017-21,E&TC

The word 'Development' is often considered a subject of interest that has led to conflicts between capitalist and socialist mentality, time and again. Both have substantially argued against each other's idea of development. While the former has often been targeted to have promoted 'Development of some', the latter, while going a step further to speak of ecological imbalances, are blamed to have largely hindered development for the masses, while pushing forward their agenda to keep the population in the dark. Socialism is often rebuked as being riddled with errors of the past, for apparent selfish reasons. In the following article, I attempt to go beyond this endless strife, that is nothing but a tragedy for humans willing to understand not perspectives but reality, beyond ideologies.

One of the greatest mirages for the world is how development is perceived and the debates around it. Much before the Industrial Revolution of the west, theologists and philosophers propounded upon the idea of self-development. It largely focused on the understanding of self, through analysis, efforts, and channelling energy towards fruitful evolution. Then came those who spoke of human rights in the social order dominated with rigidity and little regard for people with little or no privilege. This came as a step for development towards being more 'civilized' to identify that all humans are born equal. The gender disparity was later voiced and this became the 'Women Suffrage Movement', as an extension or better put, an extensive version of it towards the complete acknowledgement of equality.

In all this, somewhat armed with technological advances, the concept of development built itself on troubled waters. Charles Dickens, one of the greatest writers of all time, in particular, charged the race to industrialize, as being severely exploitative to human potential with a wage that is not worth the efforts. His works focused on the inhuman conditions of factories, the lack of basic amenities for workers, and the ecological imbalance caused by industrialists solely for their selfish interests. His criticism among many others of that time led to the early beginnings of the ideological differences, talked about earlier.

Sadly no one wins the debate. For resentment is rigged with disregard, heavily so. For the masses across the world, it is high time to sit together and chalk out the probabilities of a better future, where development becomes holistic, and accepted with understanding and willingness to listen without preconceived judgments. Only then, can the 'development mirage' pave the way to an oasis in the desert longing to feel the showers of rain.

INTERVIEW





Dr. Ashwini Sharma

YOUR SUMMARY CONTENT GOES HERE. FEEL FREE TO USE LONG PARAGRAPHS, OR BREAK THEM UP INTO SHORTER ONES WITH SUBHEADINGSDR ASHWINI SHARMA WORKING AS DEPUTY MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT, KIMS SINCE 2019 WAS INTERVIEWED BY THE TEAM OF KIIT WORDSMITH AND HERE TRANSCRIBED BY KAUSHIKI KRITI.

TEAM: WHAT WERE THE MAIN CHALLENGES YOU FACED LOGISTICALLY IN TRAVELLING, LODGING ETC DURING THE PANDEMIC AND HOW DID YOU OVERCOME THOSE?

Dr Ashwini Sharma: As an administrator, I was working with all the medicos - Physicians, seniors, juniors and Sisters. So, there were challenges because at that time COVID curfew was already imposed in the city so we didn't allow our PGs and Sisters to go back to their homes. Instead we vacated the hostels for them and created a control room in the beginning. Everyday we received new guidelines from the government as the number of patients increased day in and day out. Another challenge that we - doctors and nurses faced was in wearing PPEs because working for 10-12 hours straight in that kit was very difficult. I remember a few doctors, sisters, interns and PGs during the duty hours facing a lot of difficulties but still managed the work very well. I worked with Dr. Ambika Sir, the then medical superintendent. The main challenge was when patients came in scores and got admitted without proper documents because WhatsApp was the only medium of communication with the government. We used to get a message after which patients came and got admitted. Nobody was clear with what to do and how to proceed. After some time we realized that we didn't even have idea of patients who were being tested positive or negative. It posed a major challenge because once tested positive, a patient could only be discharged after getting two negative reports consecutively. We didn't even have RT-PCR kits and instruments with us so we used to send the samples to RMRC and private labs and collaborated with them. Everyone was afraid with apprehensions. There was no clarity with regards to logistics including the stock of medicines required.

After some time the government also issued a letter to open fever clinics and sample collection centres. Accordingly, we also established a few fever clinics where doctors were ready to serve 24*7.

TEAM: THAT WAS INDEED A HORRIBLE TIME! MOVING ON, WHAT WERE THE MAJOR CHALLENGES THAT YOU ENCOUNTERED WHILE TREATING THE PATIENTS BECAUSE YOU COULDN'T HAVE DIRECT CONTACTS WITH THE PATIENTS OR THEIR RELATIVES? HOW DID THE HOSPITAL ALONG WITH THE MEDICAL STAFF OVERCOME THEM?

Dr Ashwini Sharma: The major challenges included accommodation of patients when often ICU beds were not vacant. It was such an emergency situation wherein the health status of patients could not be known clearly. There were rapid changes in a patient's condition to an extent that he/she might be admitted in the morning and declared dead by night.

There was a severe limitation of manpower during the crisis. Since the PPEs were mandatory to come near the patients, often the person behind the PPE was not well identified - he might be a doctor, a nurse, a housekeeper or a relative. As the quarantine period was 14 days, i.e., more than the working days, it was a dire pressure upon the medical staff.

TEAM: WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE THAT YOU FEEL LOOKING AT THE PRESENT TIME WHEN CONTRASTED WITH THE TIME WHEN THE PANDEMIC STUCK AND THE FIRST WAVE HIT THE COUNTRY?

Dr Ashwini Sharma: My experience in the first wave was quite terrible as we, the medical staff got to sleep little less than 4 hours a day. The second wave recorded more deaths than the former due to the impact of Delta variant while in the third wave deaths were caused largely due to comorbidity as compared to the variant of the virus itself. Although, in my view the first wave was more dangerous because of no specific and well-defined guidelines.

TEAM: WHAT ARE THE CHANGES THE HEALTHCARE SYSTEM OF THE COUNTRY SHOULD BRING IN AFTER THE PANDEMIC?

Dr Ashwini Sharma: Since such a pandemic was not well known to the previous generation, the present, including me were unaware of such a grave situation. Though after having a first-hand experience, I believe that increasing manpower and working on improvement of the same is absolutely necessary to tackle such a situation in the future.

TEAM: DO YOU HAVE ANY CONCLUSIVE THOUGHTS WHICH YOU WANT TO BRING FORTH TO OUR READERS, INCLUDING PRECAUTIONS FOR THE ON GOING PANDEMIC?

Dr Ashwini Sharma: Personally, I have not been tested positive even after getting tested multiple times. But I would suggest everyone to wear masks as a precautionary measure. Unfortunately, I am forced to comment that this pandemic mattered highly to only those who have lost someone in the crisis. Other than that people seem to take this lightly, which they shouldn't if they want to avert something similar and severe.



Dr. Anshuman Kar

PG STUDENT, DEPT OF COMMUNITY MEDICINE.

TEAM: WHAT WERE THE MAIN CHALLENGES YOU FACED LOGISTICALLY IN TRAVELLING, LODGING ETCETERA DURING THE PANDEMIC AND HOW DID YOU OVERCOME THEM?

Dr.Ansuman Kar: I was very fortunate and unfortunate to have faced Covid at the very beginning, that is before coming to KIMS when I was working in the government of Odisha, I was the one who had the opportunity to see covid cases in its very initial stage in the month of February 2020, then subsequently I moved on to 104, that was the first and only medical telemedicine centre of the government that was working during Covid-19. Then, subsequently, I came to KIMS for my post-graduation and thankfully I joined the Department of Community Medicine, which is the major department that looks into pandemics, epidemics and other disorders of global and regional and national importance. The problems that I would say I have seen are, I will tell you in two ways, one is logistically nobody was prepared as to what is required, nobody knew how much we need, what medicines, what drugs, what equipment were needed, nobody knew. The general public didn't know how many days there would be lockdowns, shutdowns and there was an atmosphere of animosity, during the first wave when started, early 2020 when it started, travel itself was not a big problem for us as doctors, because we were allowed to travel, but the general public was facing a lot of restrictions, that was for the good of them.

TEAM: HOW DID WORKING DURING THE PANDEMIC IMPACT YOUR MENTAL AND PHYSICAL HEALTH AND HOW DID YOU COPE WITH IT?

Dr Ansuman Kar: Mental health was completely disturbed, but you need to stay positive, you always needed something to be positive, it was an area where 15 days you go for work you are completely cut off, you see death every day, and every night you come out from the round and then early in the morning you get up to announce at least 3-4 deaths. We had to counsel their parents, family, and relatives about the condition due to which the patient died. It was a highly traumatic experience for every doctor, but we used to find our own positive during that time. One of which was looking at and appreciating the work the nurses are doing. We doctors are in PPE for 3-4hours and taking rounds moving around, but the nurses are there for 6-8 hours fixed in that PPE they are sitting there inside the wards and then they are caring, when a mother is crying, nurses are hugging and helping her, all those things are moments of positivity. Physically, yes we were taking some of the preventives that were given with indigenous preventives, one is eating good food, healthy food and drinking a lot of water, this was my motto, staying healthy staying cool, not much, if required skip one meal but stay healthy

TEAM: WHAT WERE THE MAJOR CHALLENGES YOU ENCOUNTERED WHILE TREATING THE PATIENTS?

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TEAM: THE HABITS YOU HAVE SUGGESTED SIR ARE VERY HELPFUL EVEN IN GENERAL, MOVING TO OUR NEXT QUESTION, AS A HEALTH CARE WORKER, HOW WAS INTERACTION WITH THE PATIENT AND THEIR FAMILY DIFFERENT, LIKE YOU HAD ANNOUNCED SO MANY DEATHS EVERY MORNING.

Dr Ansuman Kar: As a doctor, the announcement of death is not uncommon to us, but the amount of it was uncommon, or for that matter even if not death we see every day some news channel would say this treatment is doing wonderfully, then the patient would ask for a particular treatment, at that point, it was important to counsel them in the right way, for example during the third wave, and during the end of second-wave, there was a huge demand for monoclonal antibodies, people who could afford it, people who could afford it, they were demanding ti could be given, but it was important to understand whether giving that would help or not, it was very important to counsel the patient in the right way, that is important. About families, the only thing was you have to address their anticipation, doctors normally have patients, in Covid we were taught to have a lot more patients, you can't escape even a single question of the family, the situation was so sensitive, that any comma, full stop here and there could make the news and your life would be in danger, you have to walk in a double-edged sword, you're treating and as well as saving yourself by counselling properly, it was such a sensitive topic that you can't tell everything to everyone, you can't everything openly you had to keep things restricted.

TEAM: THAT MUST HAVE BEEN DIFFICULT TO MANAGE UNDER SUCH STRESS, NEXT QUESTION SIR IS HOW HAVE THE CHALLENGES CHANGED IN COMBATING THE PANDEMIC FROM THE INITIAL WAVE TO THE PRESENT TIME?

Dr Ansuman Kar: We have evolved with every passing day of the pandemic, in the first wave we were completely clueless, we were moving in hit and trial way. Whatever was coming, America was suggesting we were accepting, we were suggesting they were accepting, the second wave, yes there was some kind of an idea that okay this is the basic treatment this can be the moderate treatment that can be given, so we had some idea, some guidelines were there with us to work with, but then again the number of infectivity in the second wave and the number of patients admitted in the second wave all increased rapidly, so that created an additional burden on our health care system, so proper distribution of the health care facilities available with us that was a challenge, there was a huge hue and cry about the shortage of oxygen, but there was no shortage of oxygen, the only shortage was in the proper management of oxygen, the income disparity was visible, it was more of a managerial challenge. Come the third wave and towards the end of second-wave, we had the vaccine, when the third wave came we were already in the booster dose phase, we were much more prepared, we now had the vaccine, we now had some medication, we had confirmation tests available and naturally we were able to contain it better than other waves. It was evolving and it is evolving.

TEAM: WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS AND COMMENTS AND VIEWS ABOUT THE ANTICIPATED FOURTH WAVE AS IT HAS BEGUN TO HOUSE IN DELHI ITSELF SO WHAT DO YOU EXPECT AS OF NOW

Dr.Ansuman Kar: As a student of epidemiology and community medicine, I would be very frank and say that Covid or for that matter any kind of viral disease or pandemic, the epidemic is here to stay, that doesn't change and that doesn't go until and unless we evolve as a species, there is another population density, pollution that are bigger challenges and this will stay, waves will come it is only dependent on the type of variant that is coming. For example, the Delta wave was the most fatal one, but what was the third wave, omicron, it wasn't a variant of the delta but the number of deaths was because of the delta wave. As and as the genetic mutation occurs, the strength of the waves keeps falling, epidemiologically speaking always the second wave is always the most dangerous wave, after that the longevity and intensity of the disease always decrease because with several mutations the power and strength of the virus itself decrease unless and until it mutates with strong another virus, covid is a stronger mutant of Sars, and milder one of Sars in between covid and sars was MARS, these were small scale pandemics that had happened, a pandemic of this rate had never happened in this century in Hundred years history, Spanish flu 100 years back, so fourth wave fifth wave, sixth wave, may or may not come but they would not be as alarming as the second wave. The next thing is there is no definition of a wave, this is a media-generated term, in our medical terms a wave is always continuing, it is all media gimmick that a wave has come, and gone etc. It is a disease, part of our normal treatment now.

TEAM: YOU HAVE BEEN THE VACCINATION OFFICER, HAS CONVINCING PATIENTS TO TAKE THE VACCINATION BEEN A CHALLENGING PROCESS?

Dr Ansuman Kar: It was definitely challenging, it was like till the time the vaccine hadn't come everyone was eager for it but when it came, there was so much mystery, the myth created about the vaccine, "Vaccine loge to napunsak hojayoge, vaccine loge to aapka liver, heart kharab hojayega, vaccine loge to vagera vagera mutation hoga, for lifetime you will have mutation" all kinds of myths were created, then how could a vaccine come so early that was the biggest question, the vaccine is a part of my study, so normally a vaccine takes 5-10 years, all the widely successful vaccines all have taken a huge number of years to come, but the Covid vaccine has come up within 19-20 months, there was definitely chance for people to question the integrity of the vaccine, the next challenge was how the government implemented it, the government implemented it with the good intention of giving the health care workers the vaccine first but there were few clause that created a doubt amongst the doctors also, so when the doubt was created even the turn out in the doctors was less, you can convince public much easier than health care worker, so for us when we started on 16th January 2021, that day it was fixed that every Covid center would be giving 100 people vaccine, it was very difficult for us to get 100 people to get them to take the vaccine, we were fortunate enough to pick those 100 people in such a way that they were very influential and they could influence their juniors, they helped us to carry out the vaccination drive, it was very challenging task, till was open for the general public it was difficult to get the beneficiaries for the vaccine. But then we managed it somehow.

TEAM: WOULD YOU LIKE TO SAY SOMETHING TO THE READERS AS CONCLUSIVE THOUGHTS ABOUT THE PANDEMIC?

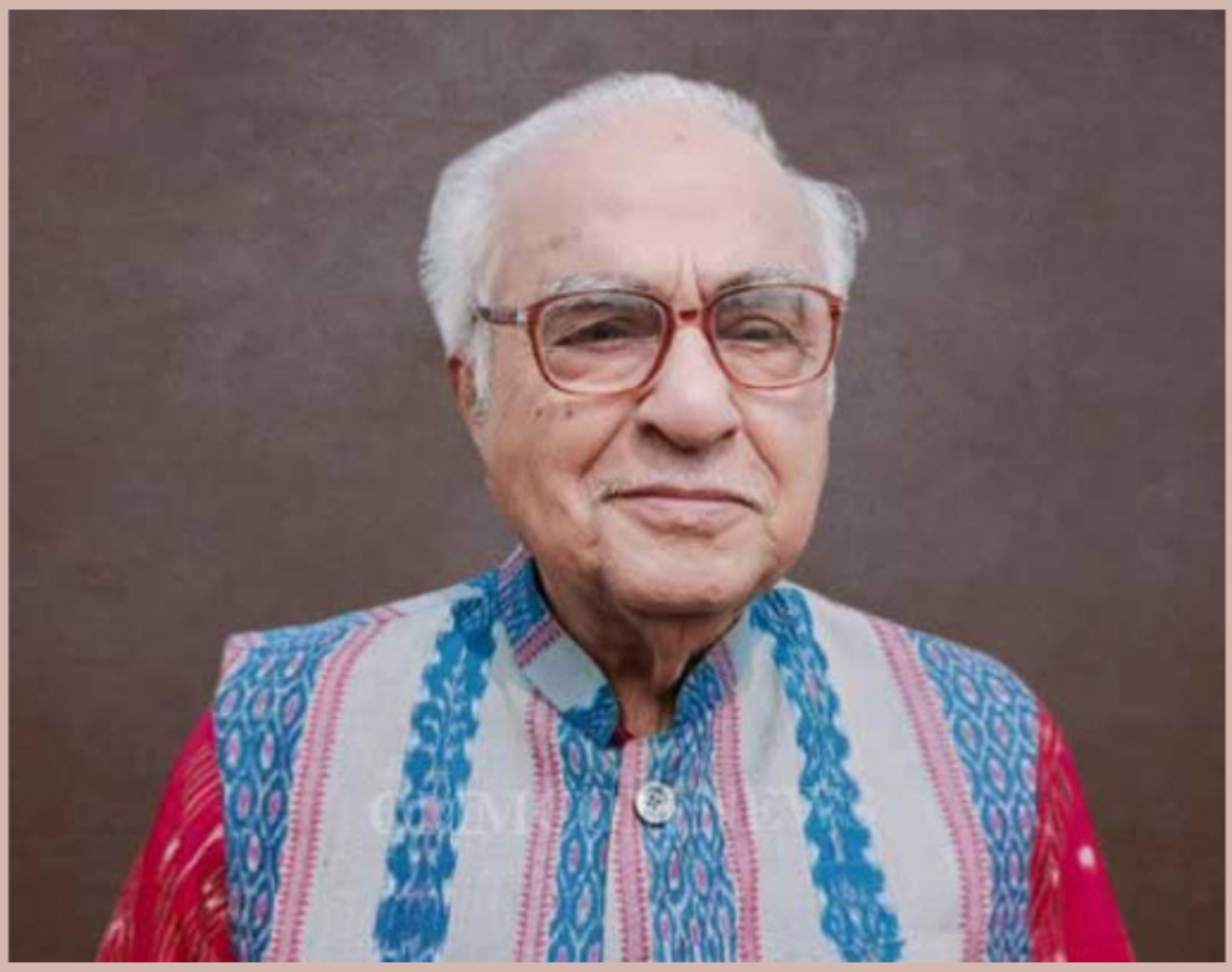
Dr Ansuman Kar: This pandemic lets us not be hopeless, lets us be hopeful, it has taught us to be positive, it has taught us to lead a more disciplined life, and it has taught us to believe in our health system. At the end of the day, the mammoth that is the government, that was sleeping it has managed, it has implemented and has cured its people from this deadly virus very efficiently to the best of the resources available, we should be happy with our progress, basic thing for take-home message for covid will be, be positive and stay safe, good hygiene, good health, good hygiene, good food, would lead you to a good life.

TEAM: HOW DID THE VACCINATION DRIVE PROGRESS IN KIMS?

Dr Ansuman Kar: It is an irony if you see we have treated around 15,000 covid patients and around the same number of people have been vaccinated by us as well. KIMS has had a very successful run with the vaccine, one thing is that we have been able to vaccinate 80-90% of our staff with two doses of vaccines in our institute itself, similarly, we have vaccinated 60% of our staff with the third dose, we have been successful in running the vaccination drive and general public, senior citizen, front line workers, we have vaccinated them all with two waves of vaccines.

TEAM: VACCINATION DRIVE, IN GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF PATIENTS, MUST HAVE CREATED INFRASTRUCTURAL PROBLEMS. WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE CURRENT STATE OF HEALTH INFRASTRUCTURE AND WHAT SHOULD BE THE STEPS FOR THE FUTURE?

Dr Ansuman Kar: Infrastructure in general if you look at KIMS, I would say we have one of the best infrastructures in the country, so we never had the problem of infrastructure and place here in KIMS, so we never faced that issue. Also, the managerial support and all from the founder to the director and principal was readily available and everyone was cooperative. For the country, I would say Covid 19 was a blessing in disguise because we were neglecting the health sector for quite many years and now with increasing investment in the health sector if you go by the market study as well right now the health sector is leading the market. People are realizing the importance of health. At the same time the improvement of the status of doctors, the status of paramedics in the country. At the end of the day they are the ones giving this service, so we must take care of their physical, mental and financial well being. The policy of health care needs to be drafted properly and bought and implemented regularly



ଡଃ ରଜତ କୁମାରକର

ଙ୍କ ସହିତ

କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା

୨୦୨୧ ମସିହାରେ ଭାରତ ସରକାରଙ୍କ ଦ୍ୱାରା ସମ୍ମାନଜନକ ପଦ୍ମଶ୍ରୀ ଉପାଧିରେ ସମ୍ମାନିତ ହୋଇଛନ୍ତି ବିଶିଷ୍ଟ ଶିକ୍ଷାବିତ୍ , ନାଟ୍ୟକାର ତଥା ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ପ୍ରବକ୍ତା ଡଃ ରଜତ କୁମାର କର । ୨ ଅକ୍ଟୋବର୍ ୧୯୩୪ ମସିହାରେ କଟକ ଜିଲ୍ଲାରେ ଜନ୍ମଗ୍ରହଣ କରିଥିବା ଡଃ କର ଓଡିଶା ସରକାରଙ୍କର ଶିକ୍ଷା ବିଭାଗରେ ଅନେକ ବର୍ଷ ଧରି କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ କରିବା ପରେ ଏସ୍.ସି.ଇ.ଆର୍.ଟି. ର ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶକ ଭାବେ ଅବସର ଗ୍ରହଣ କରିଥିଲେ । ସେ ଅନେକ ପୁସ୍ତକ , ନାଟକ ଓ ପ୍ରବନ୍ଧର ରଚନା କରିବା ସହିତ ଭଞ୍ଜୀ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଓ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ପ୍ରଚାରପ୍ରସାର ପାଇଁ ନିରନ୍ତର ପ୍ରୟାସରତ । ଦୀର୍ଘ ୬୦ ବର୍ଷ ଧରି ଟିଭି ଓ ରେଡ଼ିଓରେ ରଥଯାତ୍ରାର ଧାରାବିବରଣୀ ପ୍ରଦାନ କରି ସେ ‘ରଥଯାତ୍ରାର ସର୍ବପୁରାତନ ଜୀବିତ ଉଦଘୋଷକ’ ଭାବେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ପୁରପଲ୍ଲୀରେ ଆଦୃତ। ନିକଟରେ କିଟ୍ ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟର ‘କୃତିକା’ ପତ୍ରିକାର ସମ୍ପାଦକ ମାନଙ୍କୁ ତାଙ୍କ ସହିତ ବାର୍ତ୍ତାଳାପ କରିବାର ସୁଯୋଗ ମିଳିଥିଲା । ସେହି ବାର୍ତ୍ତାଳାପର କିଛି ଅଂଶ .....

ପ୍ର- ଆପଣଙ୍କର ପିଲାଦିନ କିଭଳି କଟିଥିଲା ?

ଉ- ପିଲାଦିନୁ ପାଠ ପଢି ଅତି ଚମତ୍କାର କରି ଆମେ ପୁରସ୍କାର ପାଉନଥିଲୁ, ଆମେ ନାଟକରେ ଅଭିନୟ କରି ପୁରସ୍କାର ପାଉଥିଲୁ । ଯେତେ ପୁରସ୍କାର ବିତରଣ ଉତ୍ସବ ,ସବୁଥିରେ ମୁଁ ଅଭିନୟ କରୁଥିଲି ଓ ଭଲ ଅଭିନୟ କରି ଡି.ପି.ଆଇ. ଓ ମନ୍ତ୍ରୀଙ୍କଠାରୁ ପୁରସ୍କାର ପାଉଥିଲି । ଫୁଟବଲ୍ ଖେଳିବାର ବହୁତ ନିଶା ମଧ୍ୟ ଥିଲା । ଲେମ୍ବୁ ନେଇ ଖେଳଛୁଟିରେ ଖେଳୁଥିଲୁ । ଖେଳରେ ଅତି ବଢିଆ ନଥିଲି କି ପାଠପଢ଼ାରେ ଖୁବ ଭଲ ନଥିଲି କିନ୍ତୁ ଅଭିନୟ, ଗୀତ, ଏବଂ ଇତିହାସ ଜାଣିବାରେ, ସାହିତ୍ୟ ସଂସ୍କୃତି ଜାଣିବାରେ ମୁଁ ଆଗୁଆ ଥିଲି ।

ପ୍ର- ଆପଣ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଜଣେ ବିଶିଷ୍ଟ ଶିକ୍ଷାବିତ୍ ତଥା ଜଣେ ସୁବକ୍ତା । ଆପଣଙ୍କର ସାହିତ୍ୟିକ ଜୀବନ କିଭଳି ଆରମ୍ଭ ହେଲା ସେ ସମ୍ବନ୍ଧରେ ଆମ ପାଠକଙ୍କୁ କିଛି କହିବେ ।

ଉ- ମୁଁ ଦଶମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀରେ ପଢ଼ିଲାବେଳେ ରେଭେନ୍ସା କଲେଜିଏଟ୍ ସ୍କୁଲରେ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ସହ ବିଶେଷ ଭାବେ ସମ୍ପୃକ୍ତ ହେଲି । ସେତେବେଳେ ସ୍ୱର୍ଗତ ବିଚ୍ଛନ୍ଦଚରଣ ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ ୧୯୪୪ ମସିହାରୁ ଗୋଟିଏ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନ ଗଠନ କରିଥିଲେ, ଯାହାର ନାମ ଥିଲା ଉତ୍କଳ ଛାତ୍ର ସାହିତ୍ୟ ସମାଜ । ସେ ବହୁ ବଡ଼ ବଡ଼ ସାହିତ୍ୟିକଙ୍କ ସହିତ କାମ କରିଛନ୍ତି କିନ୍ତୁ କୁନି ସାହିତ୍ୟିକଙ୍କୁ ତିଆରି କରି ତାଙ୍କ ସହ କାମ କରିବାକୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ଇଚ୍ଛା କରିଥିଲେ ,କାରଣ ଏହି ସାହିତ୍ୟିକମାନେ ହାଇସ୍କୁଲ ସ୍ତରରୁ ଯଦି ମାତୃଭୂମିର ସାହିତ୍ୟ ସଂସ୍କୃତି ସହିତ ପରିଚିତ ହେବେ ଓ ତାକୁ ଭଲ ପାଇବେ ତେବେ ଜାତି ଅଗ୍ରଗତି କରିବ । ଅନ୍ୟ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ମୁଁ ମଧ୍ୟ ତାଙ୍କର ଡାକରା ପାଇ ଯାଇଥିଲି । ଏହି ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନ ସଂସ୍ପର୍ଶରେ ଆସି ମୁଁ ଜାଣିଲି କଳା ସଂସ୍କୃତିରେ କୋଣାର୍କ, ସାହିତ୍ୟରେ ଉପେନ୍ଦ୍ରଭଞ୍ଜ ଏବଂ ଦର୍ଶନରେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କୁ ନେଇ ଆଗକୁ ବଢିବାକୁ ହେବ । ଦଶମ ,ଏକାଦଶ ପଢିବାବେଳେ ମୁଁ ଉତ୍କଳ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ସମାଜ ,ରାମଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ଭବନ ଏବଂ ଟାଉନହଲରେ ବକ୍ତୃତା ଦେଉଥିଲି । ବାଗ୍ମୀ ବିଶ୍ୱନାଥ କର, ରାଧାନାଥ ରାୟ, ମଧୁସୂଦନ ରାଓଙ୍କର ଗଭୀର ପ୍ରଭାବ ମୋ ଉପରେ ପଡ଼ିଥିଲା । କବିସମ୍ରାଟ ଉପେନ୍ଦ୍ରଭଞ୍ଜଙ୍କର ଲେଖିବା ଶୈଳୀ ମୋତେ ବିଶେଷଭାବେ ପ୍ରଭାବିତ କରିଥିଲା ।

ପ୍ର- ଆପଣ ନାଟକ ରଚନା ସହ ବିଶେଷ ଭାବରେ ଜଡ଼ିତ ଅଛନ୍ତି । ନାଟକ ରଚନା ପାଇଁ ଆପଣଙ୍କର ସ୍ୱତନ୍ତ୍ର ରୁଚି କିପରି ଆସିଲା ?

ଉ- ଅଧ୍ୟାପକ ହେବା ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ମୁଁ ନାଟକରେ ପୁରା ମଜ୍ଜିକରି ଥିଲି । ଅଧ୍ୟାପକ ହେବା ପରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ପିଲାଙ୍କ ସହ ମିଶି ନାଟକ କରୁଥିଲି । କିନ୍ତୁ ଯେତେବେଳେ ହାକିମ ହେଲି ଆଉ ନାଟକ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ସୁଯୋଗ ମିଳିଲା ନାହିଁ । ମୁଁ ତାହାରି ଭିତରେ କିଛି ନାଟକ ଲେଖିଛି । ମୋର ଯୋଡ଼ିଏ ନାଟକ ମଞ୍ଚସ୍ଥ ହେଲା। ଗୋଟିଏ ଥିଲା 'ସଳିତା' ଆଉ ଗୋଟିଏ 'ଅନ୍ଧପୁଟୁଳି'। ମୁଁ ରେଡ଼ିଓ ନାଟକରେ ଅଭିନୟ କରିଛି ଓ ରେଡ଼ିଓ ପାଇଁ ନାଟକ ବି ଲେଖିଛି। ଆଇ.ଏ. ପଢିଲାବେଳେ 'ଚନ୍ଦନ ହଜୁରୀ' ନାଟକ ଲେଖିଥିଲି । 'ଚିତ୍ତୋର ବିଜୟ', 'ସୁରେନ୍ଦ୍ର ସାଏ' ନାଟକ ମଧ୍ୟ ଲେଖିଛି । ବି.ଏ. ପଢିଲା ବେଳେ ମୁଁ ମୋ ନିଜ ନାଟକ 'ଉପେନ୍ଦ୍ରଭଞ୍ଜ' ରେ ଉପେନ୍ଦ୍ରଭଞ୍ଜ ହୋଇଥିଲି । 'ଦକ୍ଷଯଜ୍ଞ' ନାଟକରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ମୁଁ ଦକ୍ଷ ହୋଇଛି । ମହିଷାସୁର, ରାବଣ, ଆଲେକଜାଣ୍ଡାର ଭୁମିକାରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଅଭିନୟ କରିଛି । ୩ ବର୍ଷ ହେଲା ପୌରୁଷରେ ଲେଖା ଲେଖୁଛି 'ସ୍ମୃତିର ଅତଳ ଗର୍ଭରୁ' । ରାଜା ରାମଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ଦେବଙ୍କ ଉପରେ ଆଧାରିତ ମୋର ଅନ୍ୟ ଏକ ନାଟକ 'ବାଇଶି ପାବଚ୍ଛ' , ଯାହାର ମୁଖବନ୍ଧ ଲେଖିଛନ୍ତି ବିଶିଷ୍ଟ ନାଟ୍ୟକାର ମନୋରଞ୍ଜନ ଦାସ । ଏବେ ମୋର ଅନ୍ୟ ଏକ ନାଟକ 'ନିଷିଦ୍ଧ ନୀଳାଚଳ' ଆଗାମୀ ଦିନରେ ମଞ୍ଚସ୍ଥ ହେବାକୁ ଯାଉଛି ।

ପ୍ର- ଯେତେବେଳେ ଆପଣଙ୍କର ପ୍ରଥମ ନାଟକ ମଞ୍ଚସ୍ଥ ହେଲା, ସେତେବେଳେ ଆପଣଙ୍କର ଅନୁଭବ କିଭଳି ଥିଲା?

ଉ- ମୋର ପ୍ରଥମ ନାଟକ 'ସଳିତା' ଯେତେବେଳେ ଜନତା ରଙ୍ଗମଞ୍ଚରେ ମଞ୍ଚସ୍ଥ ହେଲା, ସାମ୍ବାଦିକମାନେ ମୋ ବିଷୟରେ ଲେଖିଲେ, ଖବରକାଗଜରେ ବାହାରିଲା । ଏହି ନାଟକର ବିଜ୍ଞାପନ ମଧ୍ୟ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ଏହି ସବୁ ଶୁଣି ଖୁବ୍ ଖୁସି ଲାଗୁଥିଲା । ସେ ଅନୁଭୂତି ଅବର୍ଣ୍ଣନୀୟ ।

ପ୍ର- ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ସଂସ୍କୃତି ସହିତ ଆପଣ ବିଶେଷ ଭାବେ ଜଡ଼ିତ । ତେବେ ପ୍ରଭୁ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କୁ ନେଇ କିଛି ବିଶେଷ ଅନୁଭୂତି ଯାହା ପାଠକଙ୍କୁ କହିବାକୁ ଚାହିଁବେ ?

ଉ- ପ୍ରଭୁ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କୁ ନେଇ ମୋର ଅନେକ ଅନୁଭୂତି ଅଛି ଯାହାକୁ ନେଇ ମୁଁ ଗୋଟିଏ ବହି ' ଅନନ୍ୟ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ଅନୁଭୁତି' ଲେଖିଛି । ଜୀବନରେ ବହୁ ଅସୁବିଧାର ସମ୍ମୁଖୀନ ହୋଇଛି, କିନ୍ତୁ ପ୍ରଭୁ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ମୋତେ ସୁଦର୍ଶନଚକ୍ର ଆଢୁଆଳରେ ରଖିଛନ୍ତି । ବିପଦରୁ ଉଦ୍ଧାର ପାଇବା ପାଇଁ ଓ ବିପଦରୁ ଉଦ୍ଧାର ପାଇବା ପରେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କୁ ନେଇ ଗୀତ ଲେଖିଛି । 'ଜଣାଣ ବାଇଶି ପାହାଚ', 'ଭକ୍ତ ଭଜଇ ଭଗବାନ' ଓ 'ଜଣାଣ ଜଣାଏ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କୁ' ଏହି ୩ଟି ବହି ଲେଖିଛି । ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ କେବଳ ପ୍ରତୀକାତ୍ମକ ନୁହନ୍ତି, ସେ ଜଣେ ପ୍ରାଣବନ୍ତ ଠାକୁର । ଏବେ ମୁଁ ' **Jagannath: The Unique Deity in Odisha** ' ବହି ଇଂରାଜୀରେ ଲେଖୁଛି ଯାହା ଶୀଘ୍ର ଶେଷ ହେବ । ମୁଁ ଇଂରାଜୀ କବିତା ମଧ୍ୟ କିଛି ଲେଖିଛି । ରଥଯାତ୍ରାର ବର୍ଣ୍ଣନା କଲାବେଳେ ମୁଁ କେବଳ ମୋର ପାଣ୍ଡିତ୍ୟ ଜରିଆରେ ଯେ କହିଛି ତାହା ନୁହେଁ, ତାଙ୍କର ଇଚ୍ଛାରେ, ସେ ଚାହିଁଛନ୍ତି ବୋଲି ମୁଁ କହିଛି ଏବଂ ତାଙ୍କରି ଦୟାଥିବାରୁ ହିଁ ମୋ କଥାଗୁଡ଼ିକ ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ଭଲ ଲାଗିଛି ।

ପ୍ର- ପଦ୍ମଶ୍ରୀ ଉପାଧିରେ ଭୂଷିତ ହେବାର ଅନୁଭୂତି କିପରି ଥିଲା?

ଉ- ମୋର ଜାତକରେ ଲେଖାଥିଲା "ଏ ଲୋକ ବହୁ ବିଳମ୍ବରେ ସ୍ୱୀକୃତି ପାଇବେ"। ଯେତେବେଳେ ପଦ୍ମଶ୍ରୀ ମିଳିଲା ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କର ଅପାର କରୁଣା ବିଷୟରେ ସମସ୍ତେ ସହମତ ହେଲେ । ମୁଁ ନିଶ୍ଚିତ ଭାବରେ ଖୁସି, କିନ୍ତୁ ଜାଣୁଛି, ଏହା ପରମପିତାଙ୍କ ଦୟାରୁ ହିଁ ସମ୍ଭବ ହୋଇଛି ।

ପ୍ର- ଆପଣ ନିଜର ବୃତ୍ତିଗତ ଜୀବନ ଓ ପାରିବାରିକ ଜୀବନରେ ସନ୍ତୁଳନ କିଭଳି ରଖୁଥିଲେ?

ଉ- ମୁଁ ପରିବାର ପ୍ରତି ବିଶେଷ ଧ୍ୟାନ ଦେଇ ପାରିନାହିଁ । ମୋର ସ୍ୱର୍ଗତା ପତ୍ନୀ ଶାନ୍ତିଲତା କର ଯିଏ ମୋତେ ୬ ବର୍ଷ ହେଲା ଛାଡ଼ି ଚାଲିଗଲେଣି, ସେ ହିଁ ପରିବାରର ସମସ୍ତ ଦାୟିତ୍ୱ ନେଇଥିଲେ ।

ପ୍ର- ଆପଣ ଏକାଧାରରେ ଜଣେ ସାହିତ୍ୟିକ ଓ ଜଣେ ଶିକ୍ଷାବିତ୍ । ଜଣେ ଶିକ୍ଷାବିତ୍ ଭାବେ ଆଜିର ଛାତ୍ରସମାଜ ଓ ଜଣେ ସାହିତ୍ୟିକ ହିସାବରେ ଆଜିର ଯୁବ ସାହିତ୍ୟିକ ମାନଙ୍କଙ୍କୁ ପାଇଁ କ'ଣ ପରାମର୍ଶ ଦେବେ?

ଉ- ଛାତ୍ରସମାଜ ନିର୍ଭୀକ ହେଉ । ଭଗବତ୍ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରି, ନିଜ ଶକ୍ତି ଉପରେ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରି, ପରିଶ୍ରମ କରି ଆଗକୁ ବଢୁ । ଛାତ୍ର ଜୀବନରେ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟକ୍ଷ ରାଜନୀତିରେ ଭାଗ ନ ନେବା ଓ ନିଶାଦ୍ରବ୍ୟଠାରୁ ଦୂରରେ ରହିବା ଉଚିତ୍ । ଯୁବ ଲେଖକମାନେ ସମାଜର ଫଟୋଗ୍ରାଫିକ୍ ଚିତ୍ର ନ ଦେଇ ନିଜ ଲେଖା ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ସମାଜକୁ ନେତୃତ୍ୱ ଦିଅନ୍ତୁ। ସମାଜରେ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ଆଣିବାର କ୍ଷମତା ଯୁବ ଲେଖକମାନଙ୍କର ଅଛି ।

ପ୍ର- ଆଜିକାଲି ଯୁବ ସମାଜର ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ପ୍ରତି ଆଦର କମି ଯାଉଛି । ଏହି ବିଷୟରେ ଆପଣ କ'ଣ କହିବେ ?

ଉ- ନିଶ୍ଚିତ ଭାବରେ କମି ଯାଉଛି । ଏଥିପାଇଁ ଆମେ ଅଭିଭାବକମାନେ ହିଁ ଦାୟୀ । ଅନ୍ୟ ଭାଷାରେ ଏହିପରି ହୁଏନାହିଁ । ସେମାନେ ତାଙ୍କ ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ଇଂରାଜୀ ପଢ଼ାନ୍ତି ସତ , କିନ୍ତୁ ତାଙ୍କର ମାତୃଭାଷାକୁ ହତାଦର କରନ୍ତି ନାହିଁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଆମ ରାଜ୍ୟରେ ମାତୃଭାଷାକୁ ସେହିପରି ପ୍ରାଧାନ୍ୟ ଦିଆଯାଏ ନାହିଁ । "ମୁଝେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ନେହିଁ ମାଲୁମ୍" - ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପୁଅ ଏହା ନ କହୁ , ଏହା ମୁଁ ଚାହିଁବି । ବାପା ମାଆ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ସମୟ ଦେଉନାହାନ୍ତି । ନିଜ ଭାଷା, ସଂସ୍କୃତି ପାଇଁ ପିଲାଙ୍କର ଆଦର କମି ଯାଉଛି । ଭାଷା ମରିବ ନାହିଁ, କିନ୍ତୁ ଏଭଳି ଦୁର୍ବଳ ନ ହୋଇ ସବଳ ହୋଇ ଏ ଭାଷା ବଞ୍ଚିରହୁ ବୋଲି ମୁଁ ଚାହେଁ ।

ପ୍ର- କିଟ୍ ବିଷୟରେ ଦୁଇପଦ କହିବେ କି ?

ଉ- କିଟ୍ ର ପରିବେଶ ଅତି ସୁନ୍ଦର । ପାଠପଢା ମଧ୍ୟ ଖୁବ ଭଲ । ଆଉ କିଟ୍ କୁ ବାହାରୁ ଦେଖିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ମୁଁ କିଟ୍ ର ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠାତାଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରଶଂସା ନକରି ରହିପାରୁନାହିଁ । କିଟ୍ ଖୁବ୍ ଦ୍ରୁତଗତିରେ ଅଗ୍ରଗତି କରୁଛି ଓ ଭଲ ମଧ୍ୟ କରୁଛି । ମୁଁ ଯେତେବେଳେ ଦେଖୁଛି, ଗୋଟିଏ ପରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ବିଭାଗ ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଉଠାଇ ଚାଲିଛନ୍ତି । ଏହି ସବୁ ଦେଖି ମୁଁ ଖୁବ୍ ପ୍ରଭାବିତ ।


ART



"The mirage of growth, lined up, can only be broken by sensible consciousness into fruitfullness."
~Aditee Kashyap




LOVE
LOVE
LOVE



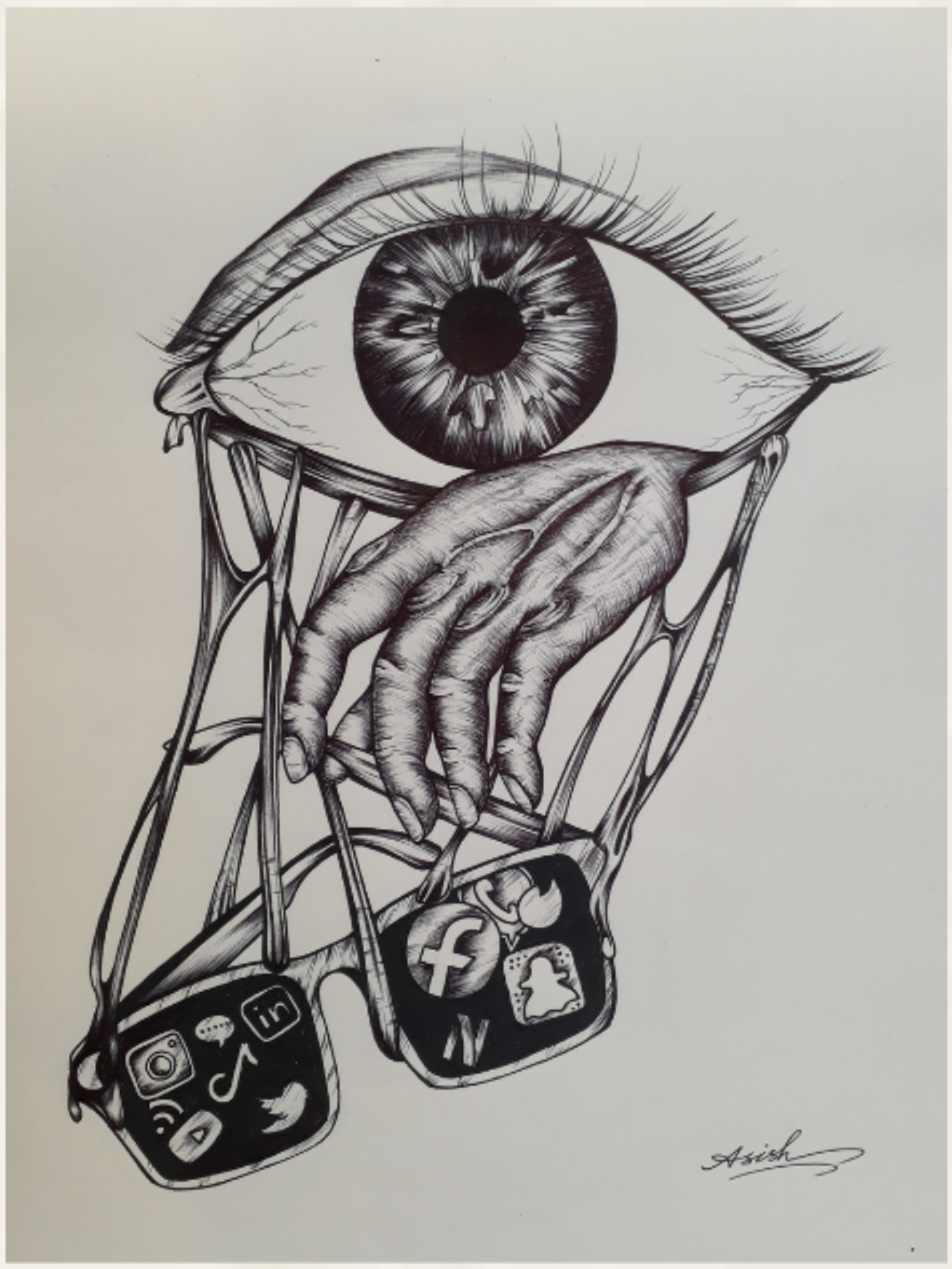









Ankita Agrawal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TEAM



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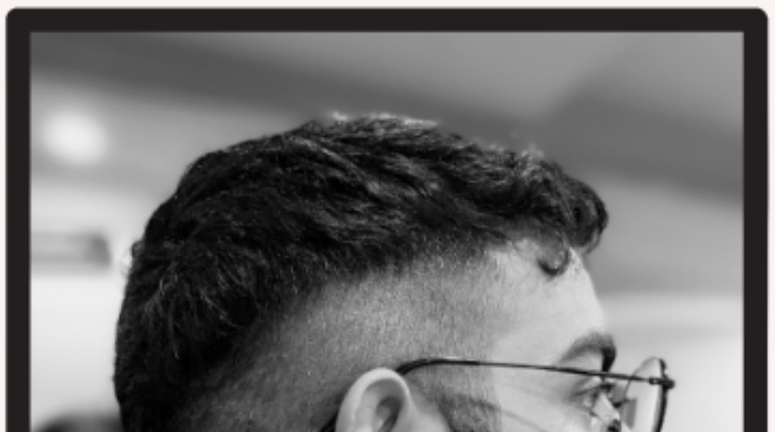

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