

SARASWAT



GIRIJANANDA
CHOWDHURY
UNIVERSITY

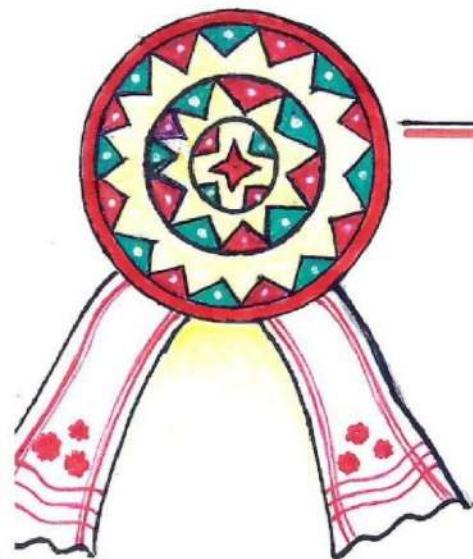
ଶିଖିଜାନନ୍ଦ ଟୋର୍ପୁରୀ ସିଞ୍ଚିତ୍ତିମ୍ବାଲାୟ ମୁଣ୍ଡିତ

- କୁର୍ଯ୍ୟ/ଫୁଲ : ଅଳାଙ୍କ ଝୁମାର ଟୋର୍ପୁରୀ
- ପ୍ରାତିମ ପ୍ରକଳ୍ପ, ଯାତ୍ରିକ ମେଟ୍ରୋଲିକ ବିଲାଗ, ମି.ଟି.ଈୱେ

ଶେଷି ଶିଖିଜାନନ୍ଦ କାନ୍ଦା ର୍ଧ୍ୟାତିଥି
ଜୀବନ - ଧନ୍ୟ ଫର୍ଦ୍ଦା ମୋହା
ଡାହାନ - ଜୀବନର ଡାହାନ - ବାଲୀରେ
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କର୍ମ ମୁଗର ପ୍ରେବନା
କ୍ଷାନ ସାମରଥ ଝୁରୁତା ସିଂହି-
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ଡାନ - ମାଧ୍ୟନାର ଏହି ଛଲି
ବିଲାଈ ବୋଟ୍ରୀ - କୈଶାର - ମୌର୍ଯ୍ୟର
ଦିନ ମୋହି ମୋନି (ନରମତି),



SARASWAT

The first edition of handwritten magazine published by Literature club of Giriyananda Chowdhury University, GHY-17, Year 2025.

Ms. Monirupa Meora
CO-ORDINATOR,
LITERATURE CLUB (FACULTY)

Nazath Abbas Barbhuiya
EDITOR



সারস্বত

SARASWAT

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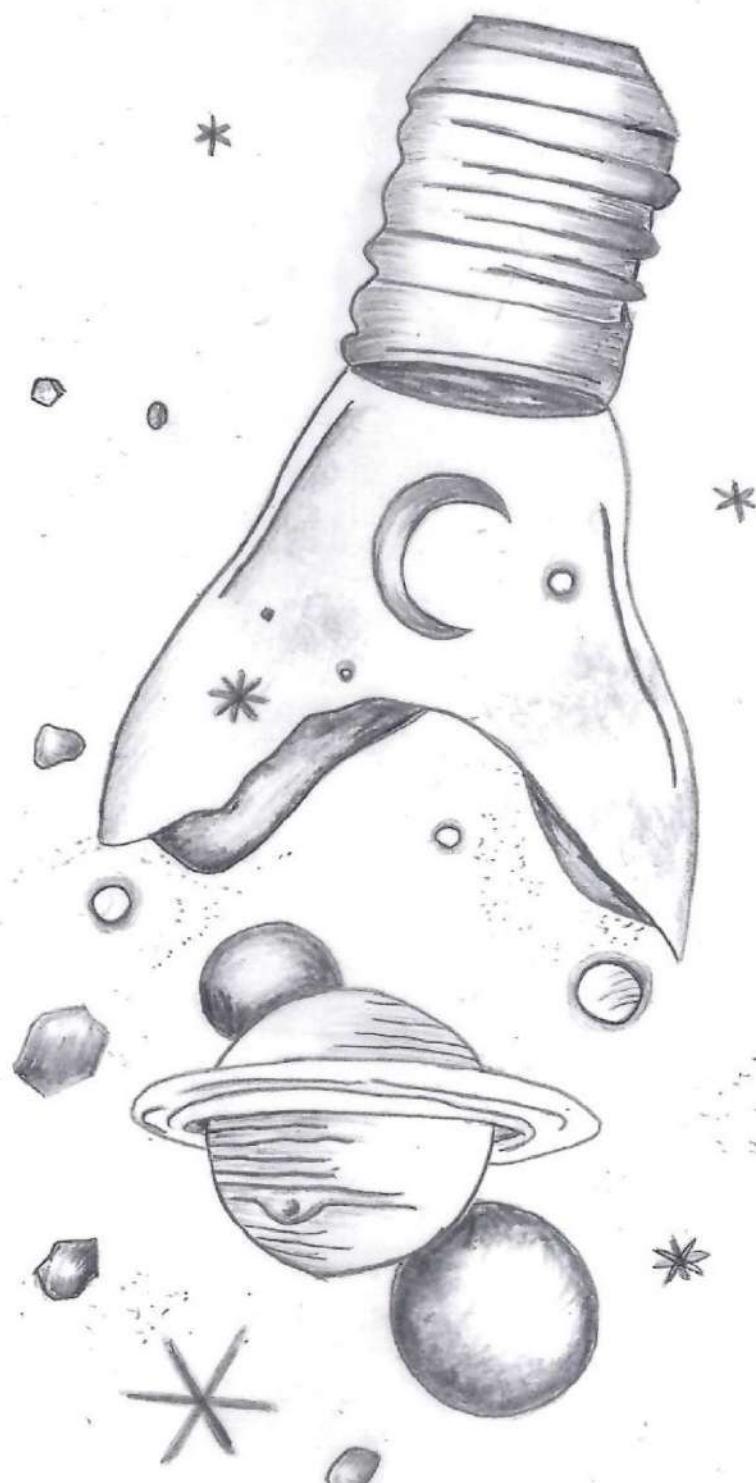
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"A single idea can illuminate the universe."



MESSAGE FROM PRESIDENT SHRIMANTA SHANKAR ACADEMY SOCIETY

It gives me immense pleasure to witness the launch of the first edition of the hand-written magazine "SARASWAT", by the literature club of Girjananda Chowdhury University. A university magazine serves as a mirror of its academic excellence, achievements, and vibrant student community.

Committed to its mission of academic excellence and holistic development, the university continues to nurture future leaders by fostering innovation, critical thinking, and ethical values.

I commend the GCU fraternity for their dedication and the editorial team for showcasing its talents.

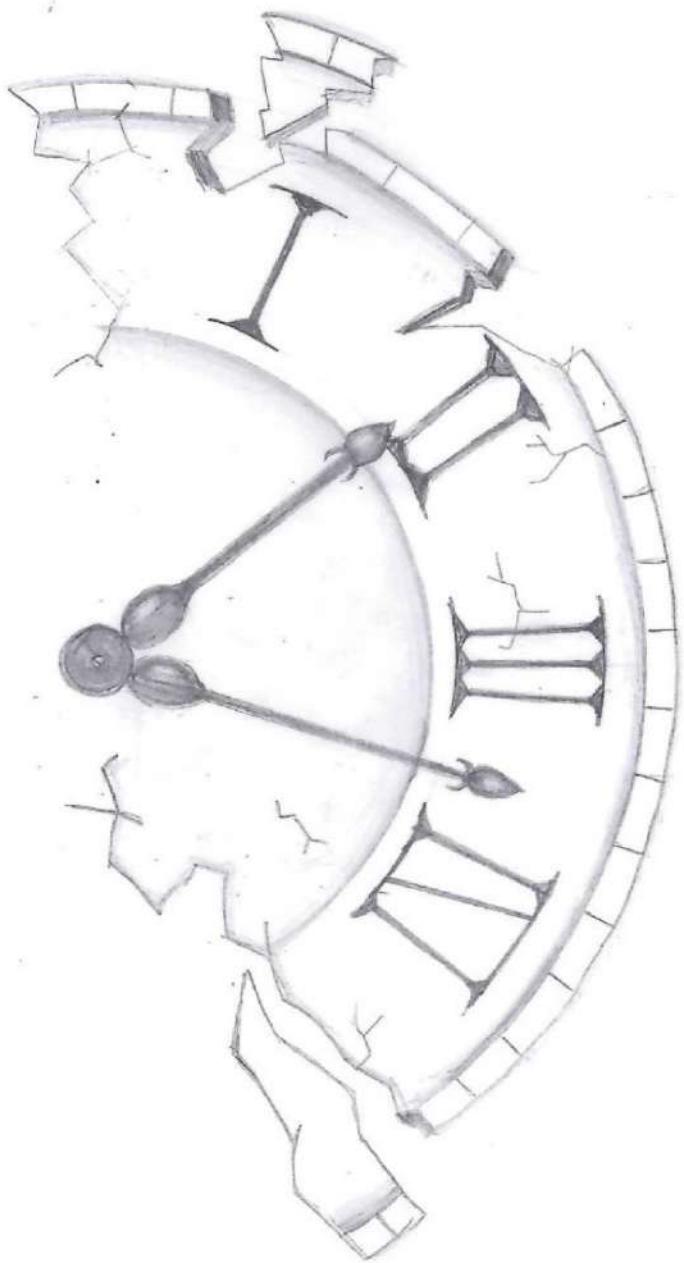
May this magazine inspire creativity, knowledge-sharing, and growth. Best wishes for a successful publication!

Jasodaranjan Das

Shri J. R. Das

President

Shrimanta Shankar Academy Society



ଜ୍ଞାନେଚ୍ଛା ସାମ୍ବା

'ଜ୍ଞାନସ୍ଥତ' ନାମବରନେରେ ପ୍ରାଚୀର ଗାଁରିଳ ଖଣ ଆଶ୍ରମ ଚାନ୍ଦ-ଚାନ୍ଦୀ
ଜୟଙ୍ଗିଲ ପ୍ରାଚୀତ କବି ପଢ଼ୁଏ ଜୟଙ୍ଗିଲଙ୍କ ଉପରଥାର ଦିନ୍ଯାର ବ୍ୟାପ ହୁଏ ଅର୍ଥିକେ
ଶୁଣ୍ଠିତ୍ତୀତ୍ତ୍ଵାତ୍ମିକାଜ୍ଞାନ - ୨୦୧୫ ର ଲଗତ ଶୁଣ୍ଠିତ୍ତୀତ୍ତ୍ଵାତ୍ମିକା ଏହି ପ୍ରାଚୀର ଗାଁରିଳ ଖଣ
ଶୁଣ୍ଠିତ୍ତୀତ୍ତ୍ଵାତ୍ମିକାଜ୍ଞାନକୁ ଜାରୀରେ ପରିଚ୍ୟ ଦିଇଛେ। ବାନ୍ଧୁତ୍ୱ ଶିକ୍ଷା ବୀତି - ୨୦୧୦ ତାରିଖ
ଚାନ୍ଦ-ଚାନ୍ଦୀ ଜୟଙ୍ଗିଲ ଶୁଣ୍ଠିତ୍ତୀତ୍ତ୍ଵାତ୍ମିକାଜ୍ଞାନ ବିବାହର ଉପରର
ଶୁଣ୍ଠିତ୍ତୀତ୍ତ୍ଵାତ୍ମିକାଜ୍ଞାନ କବି ହୈଛେ ଅର୍ଥ ନିଜର ହୃଦୟର ଲଗତେ ନିଜର
କୁଟି ଅର୍ଥ ପ୍ରତିଭାରେ ଅନ ଶିକ୍ଷାସମୟରେ ଶୁଣ୍ଠିତ୍ତୀତ୍ତ୍ଵାତ୍ମିକାଜ୍ଞାନ ଦିଯା
ହୈଛେ। ଏହି ଲମ୍ବ୍ୟ ଆଶତ କାହିଁ ଆମି ଦୃଢ଼ଭାବେ କବ ପାରେ ଚାନ୍ଦ-
ଚାନ୍ଦୀଜୟଙ୍ଗିଲଙ୍କ ଦେଶର ଶୁଣ୍ଠିତ୍ତୀତ୍ତ୍ଵାତ୍ମିକାଜ୍ଞାନକୁ ଯୋଗାର ଲଗତେ ଆସ୍ୟପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠାତାର ଦିଶିତ
ଏନେମେର ଶୁଣ୍ଠିତ୍ତୀତ୍ତ୍ଵାତ୍ମିକାଜ୍ଞାନ ବାହ୍ୟ କାହାର ବାହିବି।

ପ୍ରତିକ୍ରିୟା ମୋହର ଦିନେ ପରାଇ ଶିରିଜାନନ୍ଦ ଚୌରୁଷି ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟେ
ଚାନ୍ଦ-ଚାନ୍ଦୀ ଜୟଙ୍ଗିଲର ଗର୍ଭାଂଜିନ ବିବାହର ଚେଷ୍ଟା ଅବ୍ୟାହତ କାହିଁଛେ।
ଡ୍ରିଲ୍‌ଥନ୍‌ନିଯାତାରେ ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟର ୧୭୮ ବିଶ୍ୱାସିତାରେ ଶୁଣ୍ଠି ବାବା ହୈଛେ
ଆର୍କ ଚାନ୍ଦ-ଚାନ୍ଦୀଜୟଙ୍ଗିଲଙ୍କ ନିଜର ପଚନ୍ଦ ଅନୁଯାୟୀ ଯିବେଳେ ନାବର ଶାଦିଯିବାରେ
ବର୍ବିତ୍ତାଙ୍କୁଳକ ଆର୍କ ନିଜର ପ୍ରତିଭା ଆର୍କ ଦୃଢ଼ଭାବେ ବିବାହର ଶୁଣ୍ଠିତ୍ତୀତ୍ତ୍ଵାତ୍ମିକାଜ୍ଞାନ
କାହିଁବ ପ୍ରାଣେ। ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ ଧନେ ପ୍ରତିକ୍ରିୟା ପାଠ୍ୟଟୋ ଶିକ୍ଷାବରସର୍ତ୍ତେ
ଏହି ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକିଟି ସମ୍ମାନ ସମ୍ମାନ କାହିଁବ ପରା ହୈଛେ।

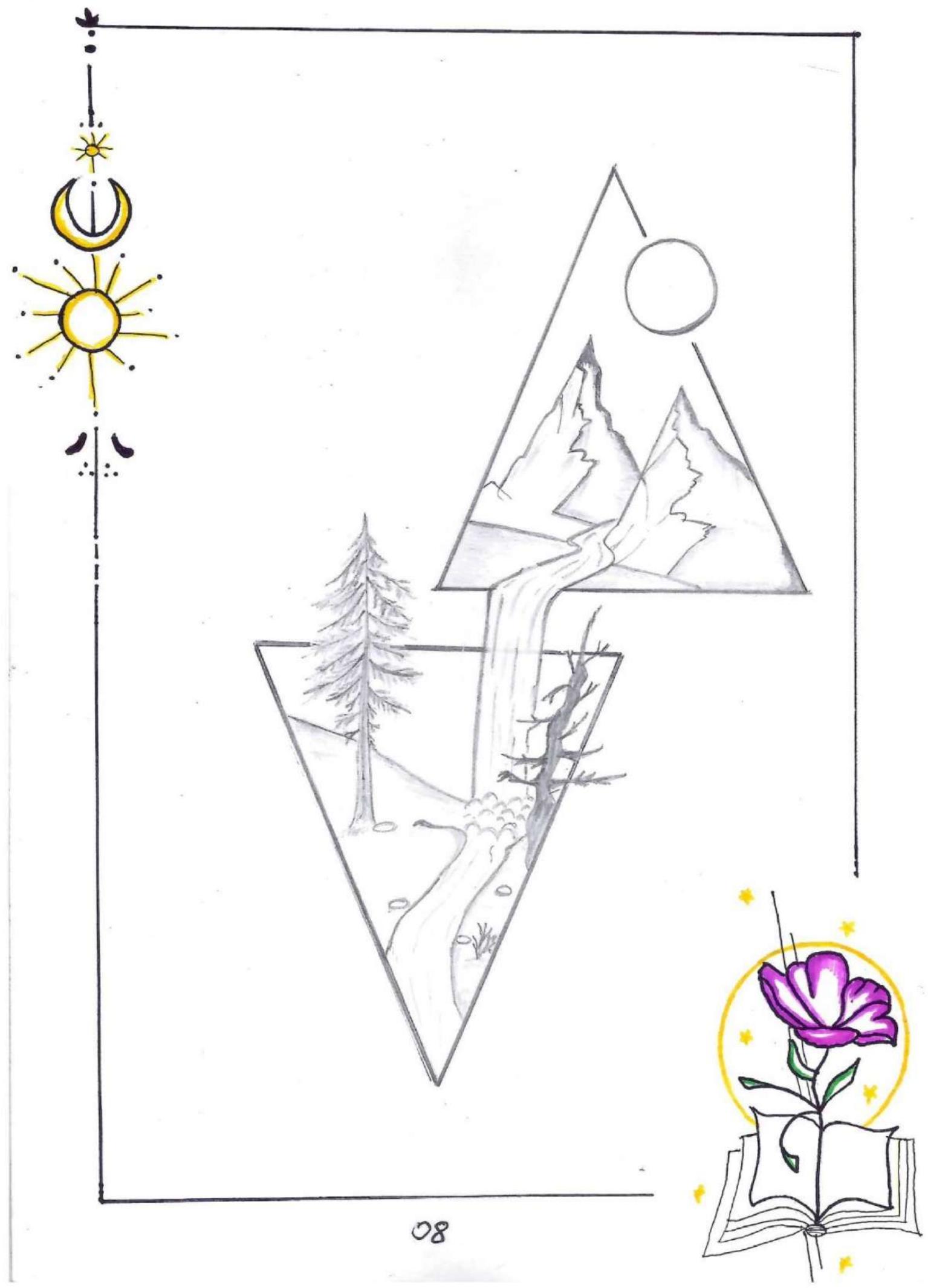
ଚାନ୍ଦ-ଚାନ୍ଦୀଜୟଙ୍ଗିଲର ଏହି ପ୍ରାଚୀର ଗାଁରିଳ ଯୋଗେନ୍ଦ୍ର କବା ପ୍ରଯାନ୍ତର
ହୁଏ ଶାଳାଗ ଲୈଛେ ଆର୍କ ଇମାର ଲଗତ ଜ୍ଞାନିତ ଜୟଙ୍ଗିଲଙ୍କ ଶିକ୍ଷକ -
ଶିକ୍ଷକାନ୍ତିକା; ଚାନ୍ଦ-ଚାନ୍ଦୀ ଆର୍କ ଆନ ଜୟଙ୍ଗିଲଙ୍କ ଅଭିନନ୍ଦନ ଜ୍ଞାପନ
କାହିଁଛେ ।

ଶ୍ରୀରାମକୃଷ୍ଣ

ଡଃ ଜୟନ୍ତ କେବ୍ଳ

ଆଜାର୍ଯ୍ୟ, ଶିରିଜାନନ୍ଦ ଚୌରୁଷି ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ, ଅନନ୍ତ





ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପାତ୍ର

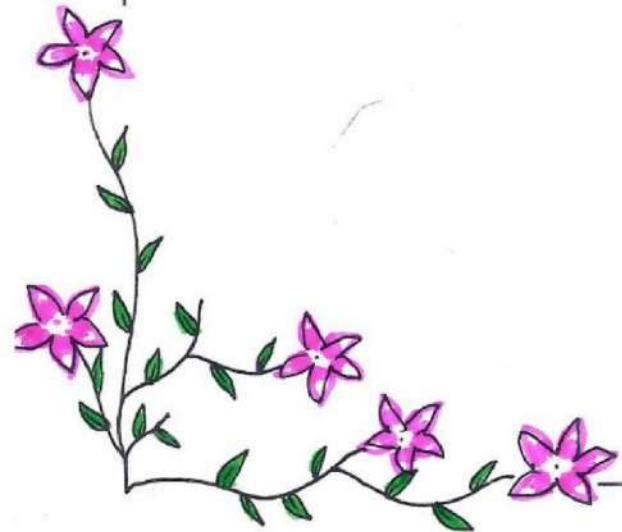
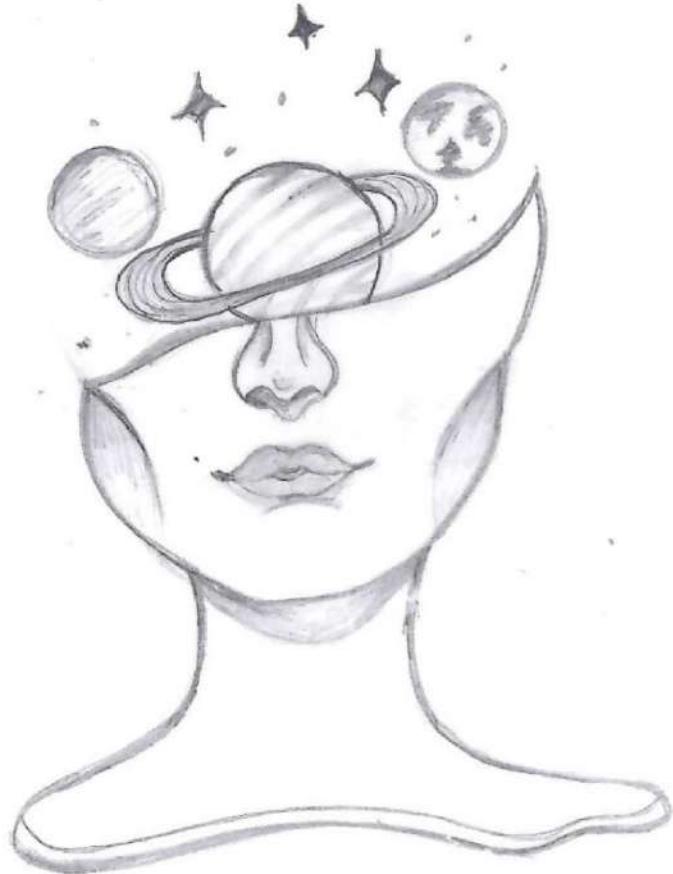
କଣିକାଲେ ଯାଇ ଦେଖିନ୍ତିଟ ହେଲା ଏହି-

ଶ୍ରୀମଦ୍ଭଗବତ (ଚତୁର୍ଦ୍ଦଶି) ପିତୃପୂଜାରେ ହଜାରି ଆମର
କ୍ଷରମ୍ଭ-ଲାଭ ଉତ୍ସବରେ "ମହାୟେ"
ମହାପାତ୍ର (ମହା ପାତ୍ର ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ହେଲା) । ଶ୍ରୀମଦ୍ଭଗବତ
ମହାପାତ୍ର କର୍ତ୍ତାମନ୍ଦ୍ର ଉତ୍ସବରେ ହେଲା ।
ମହାପାତ୍ର ନିଶ୍ଚିନ୍ତା କ୍ଷରମ୍ଭ-ଲାଭରେ
ହେଲା । ମହାପାତ୍ର ନିଶ୍ଚିନ୍ତା କ୍ଷରମ୍ଭ-ଲାଭରେ
କଳାକୁଳର ପାତ୍ରରେ ମହାପାତ୍ର ନିଶ୍ଚିନ୍ତା କ୍ଷରମ୍ଭ-ଲାଭରେ ।
ଶ୍ରୀମଦ୍ଭଗବତ ମହାପାତ୍ର କର୍ତ୍ତାମନ୍ଦ୍ର-ଲାଭରେ
ମହାପାତ୍ର କର୍ତ୍ତାମନ୍ଦ୍ର ନିଶ୍ଚିନ୍ତା କ୍ଷରମ୍ଭ-ଲାଭରେ ।
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28 (୨୫-୦୮)
2020

ମୁଦ୍ରଣ ତାରିଖ, ୧୧/୦୮/୨୦୨୦
ମହାପାତ୍ରର ଲାଭ, ମୋହାର, ଓଡ଼ିଶା ।





From the Editor's Desk

It is with immense joy that we present **સારસ્વત** (Saraswat), a magazine that embodies the spirit of creativity, intellect, and expression. The name Saraswat is deeply rooted in knowledge and wisdom, derived from the Sanskrit word associated with learning and the blessings of Goddess Saraswati. It reflects our pursuit of literature, science, technology, business and academic excellence, serving as a platform for voices that inspire and ideas that enlighten.

This edition is a testament to the vibrant minds of our contributors, who have poured their thoughts into words and transformed imagination into reality. As you turn these pages, we hope you find inspiration, joy, and a renewed appreciation for the art of storytelling and expression. Here's to a celebration of knowledge, creativity, and the endless possibilities they bring!

Nazath Ellos Barbhuiya
6th semester, Computer Science Engineering.

তত্ত্বাবধায়ক একাধাৰ

সিবিজ্ঞানন্দ চৌধুরী বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়ৰ সাহিত্য স্নাবৰ দ্বাৰা
পোন প্ৰথমগৱেৰ বাবে প্ৰণিত "সাৰঞ্জত" ফ'ইচ চান্ড-চামীসকলে
বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়ৰে আগবঢ়োৱা এক অভিজন সমূহ উপহাৰ। চান্ডচামীৰ
বৈদিক চিন্তাচৰিৰ কৰ্ণেৰ দ্বাৰা নিষ্ঠত আনুসূতিক চেতনাৰ স্বজ্ঞনীশীল
অভিযোগ-দ্বাৰা খৃত প্ৰকল্প ঘটিছ ইতি নিধা 'অন্তোচনী' 'সাৰঞ্জত'।
জ্ঞান মাৰ্বনাৰ পৌঁট হুন সিবিজ্ঞানন্দ চৌধুরী বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়ৰে অতি বছৰে আগতজ
ঘটৈ অজ্ঞ-সন্ধানী অজন্মৰ। ৮৫কা, সমাজ আৰু জৰুৰি উন্নতিৰ ইকো
নিকুৎ মূলাগারিক হিচাপে এটি তোলাৰ অদৃশ্য রেইসনু বুকুত যান্তি
চপলিয়াই। অৱা অভিজন চান্ড-চামীক 'সাৰঞ্জত' ঘংকিঞ্চিত হ'লেও
জ্ঞানৰ দুষ্মূল পথ এটোৱে ধোৱাৰ মোপান দেখুৱাৰ পাবে।

আন্তৰিক বিন্দুবাদ চেপন কৰিছঁ 'সাৰঞ্জত'ত ক্ষেত্ৰে প্ৰাণীৰ
লিখি সমূহ কৰা প্ৰীমন্ত বৎকৰ একাডেমী চৰকুৰৰ সম্মানীয় সপ্রিমতি,
বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়ৰ সম্মানীয় অৱৰ্য্য আৰু উপায়ৰ্য্য মহোদয়ক।

শ্বেত মৈজঁ অভিজন চান্ডৰ কৰ্মসূচিক।

'সাৰঞ্জত' ফ'ইচ চান্ড-চামীক 'জ্ঞান অভিজন'।

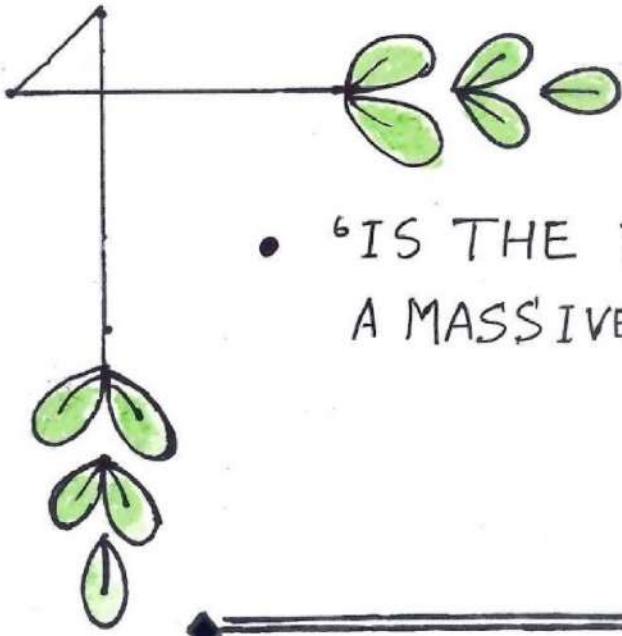
ছুষ্টিশীল অভিজন সৱিপূনৰ গ্রন্থ সমতল ক্ষেত্ৰ, ঘ'ত
অভিধলিত ইতিষ্ঠ সিবিজ্ঞানন্দ চৌধুৰী- বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়ৰ ধৃষ্ট-
অভিজনি।

মানুষপা মিশ্র-
অভিজনীয়ক
সাহিত্য স্নাব
সিবিজ্ঞানন্দ চৌধুৰী- বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়,

CONTENT

ARTICLES

- "শহীদ উৎসবে নতুন প্রজন্ম ধারণা"
— by Rajasree Sarma
B. Pharm, 6th Sem 21-22
- "OLYMPIC GAMES"
— by Krishanu Deka
B. Pharm, 2nd Sem 23-24
- "HOSTEL"
— by Faher Alam Khan
B. Pharm, 2nd Sem 25-27
- "INFLUENCE OF WOMEN WRITERS
IN STORY-TELLING"
— by Sahil Kumar
MA English, 2nd Sem 28-29
- "THE LIBRARY"
— by Nazath Abbas B.
CSE, 6th Sem 31-32



- "IS THE UNIVERSE HIDING
A MASSIVE SECRET"

- by Upasana Baruah
B.Pharm, 4th Sem

33
-35

SHORT STORY

- "A SEAT FOR THE SOUL"

- by Subrata Grewal
CSE, 6th Sem

39-47

- "ঐজাহাৰ"

- by Himakshi Sarania
CSE, 6th Sem

49-51

- "UNSPOKEN"

- by Prity Moni K.
Psychology, 4th Sem

53-58

- "ভাস্তুবী - এক গোবেগ"

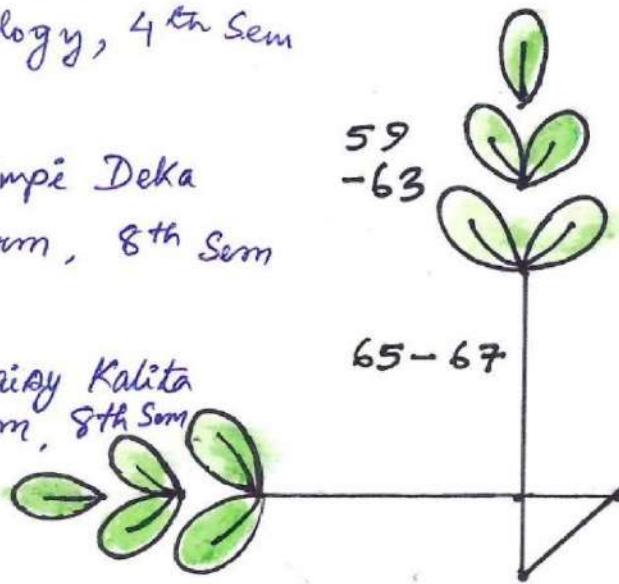
- by Dimpé Deka
B.Pharm, 8th Sem

59
-63

- "জীবন কেইদিনৰ পুরাম"

- by Daisy Kalita
B.Pharm, 8th Sem

65-67



- "A GLASS OF CHAI ON THE HIGHWAY"

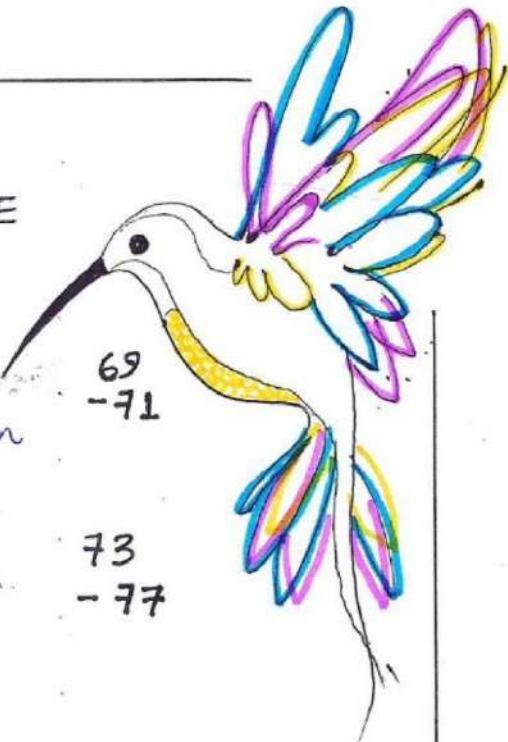
- by Asif I
Civil, 8th Sem

69
- 71

- শোভিতি- আমার দুলাভান্ত

- by Nupur Kalita
CSE, 6th Sem

73
- 77



POETRY

- "WILL YOU BE?"

- by Dimpil Deka
B.Pharm, 8th Sem

81

- "HEY MY INNER CHILD"

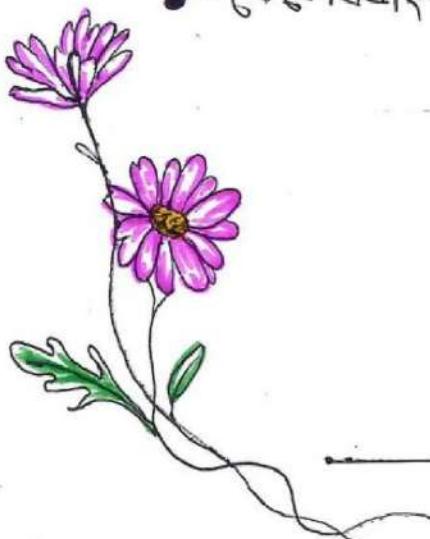
- by Sangeeta Sard
M.A. English

82

- "বেবেবিয়া"

- by Himakshi Sarania
CSE, 6th Sem

83-84



- 'TAKE ME THERE'

85

- by Riya S. Kashyap

BBA, 2nd Sem

- 'THE VOICES IN MY HEAD'

86

- by Nidarshan Kashyap

B.Pharm, 2nd sem

- 'LIFE AND THE ROAD'

87

- by Drishik Saikia

BCA, 6th Sem

- 'A LOVE UNSEEN'

88

- by Alfred Momin

BCA, 6th Sem

- 'GHOST OF MYSELF'

89-90

- by Karika Choudhury

Civil, 2nd Sem

- 'BURNING HOPE'

91-92

- by Juvraj Ray

B.Pharm, 6th Sem *

- 'GROWTH'

93-94

- by Madhumita Pawan Deka

B.Pharm, 4th Sem

- 'THE REMORSE OF THE SETTING SUN'

95-96

- by Nasim Akbar

B.Pharm, 6th Sem



• ଲେଖକ ନାମ୍ବର୍ଡି

— by Kangkana Dey
B. Pharm, 4th Sem

97-98

• ନବିବତ ପ୍ରାଣୀ

— by Ritikaj Bhattacharya
B. Pharm, 6th Sem

99



• ଶୈଳିବର୍ତ୍ତତା

— by Subrata Goswami
CSF, 6th Sem

100

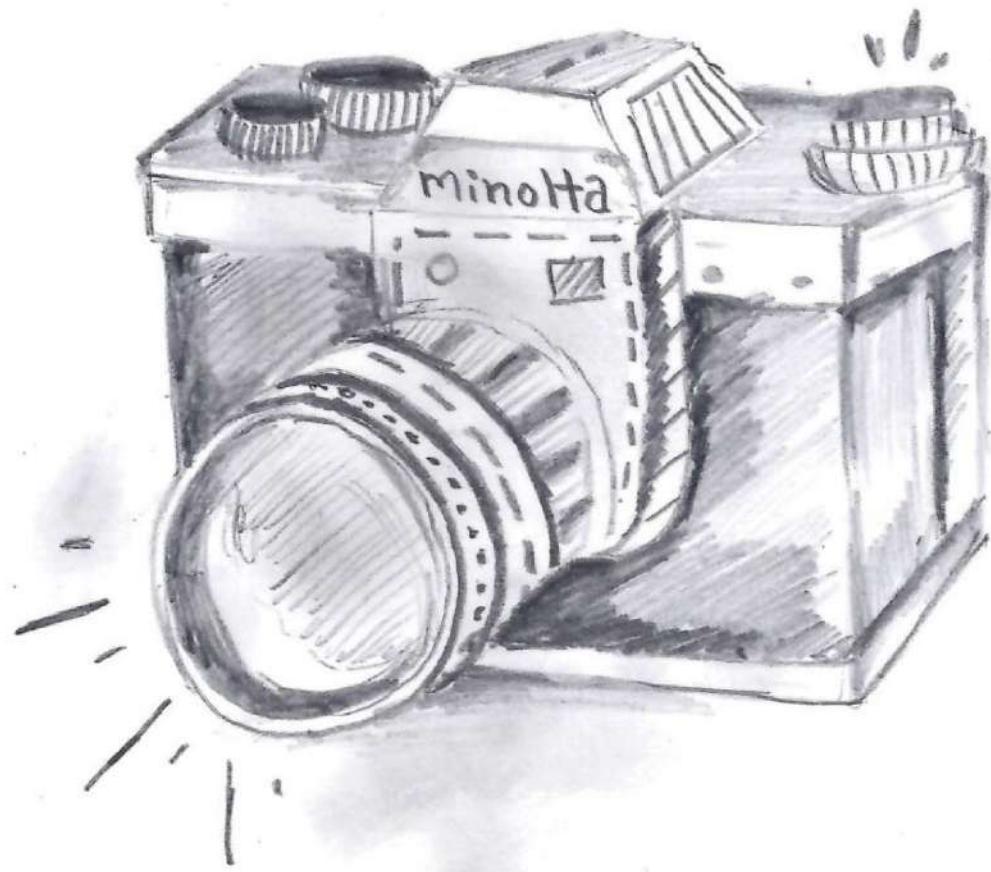
• ଗୋଲା ପାଦାୟ - ଟିପ୍ପଣୀ

— by Bhawati Das
D. Pharm, 2nd Sem

101

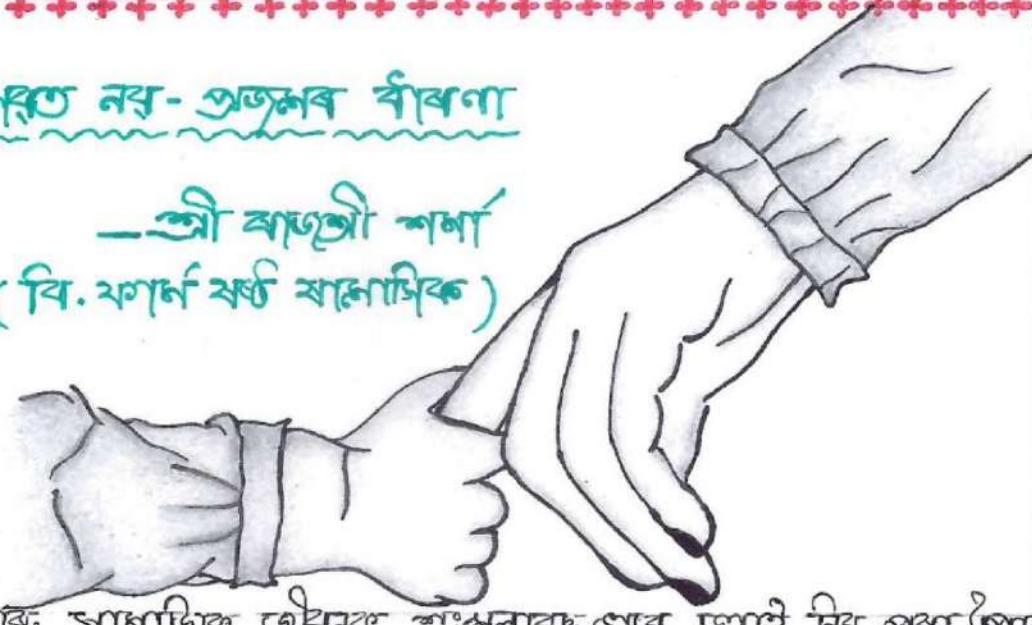


ARTICLE SECTION



ବ୍ରଦ୍ଧିରୁ ଉତ୍ସବରେ ନାୟ- ପ୍ରଜାର ବୀଷଳା

— ଶ୍ରୀ କୃତ୍ତବ୍ୟ ଶର୍ମା
(ବି. ଫର୍ମ ସର୍ଟିଫିକେଟ ଶାସନାଧିକ)



ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ ଆବଶ୍ୟକ ଜୀବନର ଲ୍ୟାଙ୍କଲାବନ୍ଧଙ୍କୁ ଚାହାଇ ନିଯ ପଥା ଜ୍ଞାନବିଦୀରେ ହେଛେ “ବୀଷଳ” ଇଥାର ଜ୍ୟୋତିଷରେ ଜାତୁରେ ତାଣ - କ୍ଷେତ୍ର ଓ ନାମାଶ୍ଵର ସମ୍ବନ୍ଧରେ ପଥା ଶାକ୍ତି ଲାଗୁ । ବୀଷଳ ଶକ୍ତିଶର୍ମା ଅର୍ଥଶିଳ୍ପୀ ତାବ ମଳେ ଦେଖା ଦୋହା ଥାଏ ଦେ “ବୀଷଳି” ଜାତୁରୁ ବୀଷଳ ସମ୍ବନ୍ଧ ଥାଇଁ, ଏହି ବୀଷଳରେ ତେବେ ନାମ ବୀଷଳ ।

ଲୋକହାରୀରେ ଜାର୍ଦ୍ଦାଳ ଉତ୍ସବରେ ହାଲ “ଲୋକ-ଜାତୁରୀ”, ଏହି ଲୋକ-ଜାତୁରୀ ନାମ ର୍ବଧନ୍ଦର ଦେଖ - ଦେଖିବ ପୂଜା - ଅବ୍ରା ଚଲି ଅଥା ଦେଖ ଗେଛେ । ଦୃଶ୍ୟପୂଜା, ଲାଭୀପୂଜା, ଅବସତ୍ତି ପୂଜା ଆଦିକେ ବୀଷଳ ନାମ ଦେଖିବ ପୂଜା ଚଲି ଆହିଛେ । ହିନ୍ଦୁର୍ବର୍ମନଙ୍କ ଜବଦତ୍ତ ଦେଖି ହାଲ - ‘ବିଦ୍ୟାର ଅବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଦେଖି ।’ ଅବଦତ୍ତ ପଥା ଜବଦତ୍ତ ପୂଜା ବୁଲି ଦେଖାଯାଇଲାଗେ ଲାଗେ ଭାବରେ ବିଦ୍ୟା ବାଚି ଆଏ । ଜାଧ ହାତେ ବୀଷଳ ମୋହାର ଜାମ୍ବୁର ପଥା ଆଚିନ୍ତିଲେ ଜବଦତ୍ତ ପୂଜା ଉତ୍ସବର କବାର ପଦ୍ଧତି ସହ ଜାଣାନି ହେଛେ । ସର୍ବଜାନ ଜାମ୍ବୁର ପୂଜାରେ ସାଜ - ଜାତୁରୁ ଓ ପରାତୁର ବୈଜ୍ଞାନିକ ପ୍ରଦାନ ସବା ହୁଏ । ଏହି ପୂଜାର ନାମ ର୍ବଧନ୍ଦର ନିର୍ଜ୍ଞ ଚନେଲାବେ ମୌର୍ଯ୍ୟ ପ୍ରତିଜ୍ଞାନିତା ଲାଗନ୍ତ ଦେଖା ଦୋହା ଥାଏ ।

ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ମୁଗ ବିଜ୍ଞାନ ପ୍ରମୁଖ ବିଦ୍ୟା ମୁଗ । ବିଜ୍ଞାନ ପ୍ରମୁଖିର କ୍ଷେତ୍ରର ଉତ୍ସବରେ ଆମାର ଜାମାତିର ଜୀବନ ର୍ବଧନ ଅଲାଇଛେ, ସର୍ବଜାନ ଜାମ୍ବୁର ର୍ବଧନ ଅମ୍ବୁତ ଗର୍ଜ ଅମ୍ବୁତ ଆର୍ଦ୍ଦ୍ୟାକ୍ରମ ଜାତୁରୁ ପଥା ଦେଖାଇ ଗେଛେ । ଜାତୁରେ ନିମ୍ନ ତ୍ରେଣ - ବିଲାମିଜାର

বাবে র্বষ্ণি বৰ্ষণাৰে অলাই লোপাইছু।

ৰ্বষ্ণি ভূল হল 'নেতৃত্ব'। নেতৃত্বাৰ বিশ্বিন অমাজত নৰ-
প্রজনহৈ র্বষ্ণিৰে অৰ্বষ্ণি ওপৰতে প্ৰথম দিয়া দেশা থাম্য,
(চুক্তিখেয় কৈছেনমানৰ বাহিবে)। দেশত র্বষ্ণি পালন ধৰি জ্ঞান
বিলাসত জড় থেকা দেশা থাম্য। নৰ-প্ৰজন্মৰ মাৰত-
জৰুৰতী পুজা জানেই যেন জৌকৰ্ম্ম প্ৰতিমোগিতা, কৃপাপুজা মাছৈ
যেন বিলাচিতা আৰু জামানুৰ আৱক জৈজেন্ম জাজত নিজে
এবি দিয়া। নৰ-প্ৰজনহৈ জৰুৰতীক পুজা কৰে, কিন্তু অৰ্বষ্ণিৰ
পুজা অঁতৰি আৰি জোতা, পেটি আদিত কল জোজাই আৰি
নৰকল ধৰে। একলত র্বষ্ণি অৰ্বষ্ণিৰে গতি কৰে। কৃপা দোকান
পুজা অৰে, কিন্তু জেখি শাউৰ জীবত প্ৰতিষ্ঠানি নাবীৰ ওপৰত
অণ্ণাচাৰ চলায়, শোষণ চলায়।

ৰ্বষ্ণি থানি আমাৰ নৰ-প্ৰজন্ম জনবোৰ ঝু-জুক্ত কৰি
হুশিয় বোহাবে, অন্ত বৰ্তমান জমাজত র্বষ্ণি অৰ্বষ্ণিৰ, জাবৰ
ৰ্বষ্ণি শিহেছু প্ৰথম র্বষ্ণি সেমাহে আমি ইতুনে আৱকৰ অশুয়
কৰি অশীৰ্ঘ জাবৰ র্বষ্ণি পালন কৰি জমাজত আওয়াই-
মিবলৈ চেঁচি কৰা গৈতে।

জাবৰ জামালোচনা কৰিবলৈ যোৰাধ আগতে নিজে
জামালোচনা কৰা। নিজ প্ৰদু আৰু পৰিত ইৰ
পাবিলৈহে আবৰ বিষয়ে জতানত দিয়াৰ
থোঁতা অৱৰি কৰিব পাৰিবা।

- চক্ষেন্দি!

জুৱা জাৰিলৈ-চিৰি মিদৰে পৰিকল্পন ইয়,
তেনেকি নিষ্ঠৰ ভূল দ্বীকৰ কৰিলৈ মাৰ প্ৰদু
- ইয়।

- দেৱ বৰহা!

OLYMPIC GAMES

By Krishanu Deka
B.Pharm (2nd sem)

Comparing the Ancient and Modern Olympic Games

The Olympic Games, originating in ancient Greece have evolved remarkably over time, reflecting shifts in culture, values and global engagement.

Ancient Olympic

The ancient Olympic games began in 776 BC in Olympia, Greece. These games were deeply intertwined with religious practices honoring Zeus the chief deity of Greek mythology. Held every four years, the events were primarily athletic including running, wrestling, boxing and chariot racing. Participation was limited to free Greek men; women were excluded from competing and even spectating. Victors received olive wreaths and gained significant prestige within their city-states.

Modern Olympic

The modern Olympic games were revived in 1896 by Pierre de Coubertin, inspired by the ancient tradition but with a contemporary twist. Today, traditions have become a global spectacle, featuring athletes from over 200 countries competing in a diverse array of sports, including both team and individual events. The

inclusion of female athletes and the expansion to include Paralympic events reflects a commitment to inclusivity and equality. Winners are awarded gold, silver and bronze medals symbols of their achievement.

Differences & Similarities

The transformation from ancient to modern Olympics shows a shift from religious and local to global and inclusive. The ancient games were regional and focused on individual honor, while the modern games emphasize international unity and cultural exchange. Political and social contexts have also changed with modern Olympics navigating global politics and promoting peace through sports.

Overall, while the essence of celebrating athletic excellence endures. The Olympic games have evolved from a localized religious festival to a global celebration of human potential and unity.

“A game is the complete exploration of freedom within a restrictive environment”

- Vinet Raj Kapoor

HOSTEL

By Jahir Alam Khan
B. Pharm (2nd year)

What is hostel... what we think... an ancient type of building with some of the most dangerous seniors with big moustache and weird looking faces. Yes, right I also felt the same before coming to the hostel. Dangerous seniors waiting at the corridor in groups and asking the juniors "Ai ki nam tur? Koi ghor?", sounds cringe right? Maybe at that situation you will call your parents and tell them. It is natural. Anyone coming in the hostel would do the same. But... these all negative rumours are only good to hear when you are not staying in the hostel. Hostel... what we call our second home is true because those fierce looking seniors in your mind are actually the purist heart after your parents. You had never met them before or neither you have seen them but the bonding that is made in the hostel will surely give you the taste of why students cry at the last day in their hostel life. Here the seniors will teach you how to handle stress, depression in a way which I think a doctor or a psychiatrist can't... atleast in your manner. Maybe first few days you will not like their

behaviour but after passing of time in a crowd of thousands of people your ears will still search for the sounds of those seniors. You will understand why they asked you in their tone as a father does with his child. Maybe in your home when you accidentally get hurt the first sound you do is "O maa" but here in the hostel the first reflex will be your seniors because here you stay as a family and "Family kisika kisi bhi haal mein akela nahi charta". Maybe you are not brothers or sisters by blood but as soon as you need them they will be your 'paracetamol' or 'painkiller' for instant relief. From collecting notes to cracking jokes, from asking pen to a note often, from knocking doors to currying together each other's sorrow. These all happen inside the small rooms of a huge building which we call as hostel, where people learn... they stay... they grow... they get mature. It will be also notable to say that not only seniors but those 'bhaiyyas' with a 'red t-shirt', gloves in hand waiting to serve us meal happily and those 'baides' cleaning our rooms by getting themselves dirty does not give us any chance to miss our parents. This is the uniqueness of human life. The bond we share... the love we find in them is really appreciable.

It may take time to connect but in hostel life your seniors will be the best people you'll ever meet. They are your 2 a.m friends, they are your gym buddies, your carrom partners or your funny crime partners. Any junior is so lucky that the younger ones of the seniors are not getting that love and care which they are giving you in the hostel. So sweet to imagine and dream about such a hostel life right. So simple, so memorable. Knock! Knock! we are talking about the seniors of Girijananda Chenechury University. They are really sweet.

"If you want to walk fast, walk alone. But if you want to walk far, walk together"

- Ratan Tata

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN WRITERS IN STORYTELLING

By Wahil Kumar

M.A. (English) (2nd sem)

Women writers have revolutionized literature, shaping the art of storytelling and leaving impact on the society, from Jane Austen to Toni Morrison and Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, they have challenged societal norms, explored human experiences, and inspired generation. Early pioneers like Austen (*Pride and Prejudice*, 1813) and the Bronte Sisters (*Jane Eyre*; 1847; *Wuthering Heights*, 1847) probed female experiences and identities. Virginia Woolf's innovative narratives (*Mrs. Dalloway*, 1925; *To the Lighthouse*, 1927) redefined modernist literature.

20th century trailblazers like Morrison (*Beloved*, 1887; *Song of Solomon*, 1977), confronted darker aspects of American history and identity. Margaret Atwood, diverse works (*The Handmaid's Tale*, 1985; *Oryx and Crake*). Contemporary voices like Adichie (*Half of a Yellow Sun*, 2006; *Americanah*, 2013) offer insights into identity, culture and social justice.

Zadie Smith's innovative storytelling explores identity, race and class. Women writers have centered female perspective, shedding light on marginalized voices,

challenged societal norms, sparked essential conversations, pioneered new narrative styles, expanded literary possibilities and inspired future generations. Their influence extends beyond literature, shaping cultural conversations and societal movements. Women writers have explored norms, amplified marginalized voices and redefined genre fiction. In conclusion, women boundaries and exploring human complexities, and their innovative styles, courageous themes and commitment to social justice will continue, to inspire readers and writers.

"If you don't know where you are going,
any road will get you there"

- Lewis Carroll



THE LIBRARY

— Nazath A; Barbhuiya
[B.TECH, CSE, 6TH Sem]

May I remain nestled within this library's embrace for the span of my existence? Enveloped by tomes holding tales more beautiful than anything mere mortals could ever craft. Even delving into my own depths reveals sparks of anger and hatred. There are storms of old wounds and new hurts. With this understanding, how am I to pass judgement or hold expectation for even the faintest glimmer of benevolence or affection from any soul? Some storms surge so fiercely they imprint a person's intrinsic essence onto their surroundings, inflicting pain upon others. Yet, if I know the storm has already affected the person who caused it, how can I hate them? Still, is my inability to harbor anger towards that soul makes me mis-guided? How can I tell if I should feel resentment, and how do I consciously choose one emotional course over another?

Oh, the irony that courses through my existence. It's funny how I talk about showing love while sensing my own reservoirs of affection dwindling. Thus, I seek solace amidst these books.



People often love things without knowing why, just feeling a connection and comfort. Such is the affinity between me and books. I never knew I liked reading, words with symphony on paper that, when read with feelings, create exquisite sensations, but I'm aware of it now.

A passionate yearning awakens in me — A desire to inhabit these narratives, if only once in a while, far removed from these complications of society and existence.

"Nothing is pleasanter than exploring a library"

- Voltaire

IS THE UNIVERSE HIDING A MASSIVE SECRET?

- Unveiling the Mystery of Dark Matter

By Upasana Baruah
B.Pharm (4th Sem)

Dark Matter is a hypothetical form of matter that is believed to make up most of the matter in the universe. It is called 'dark' because it does not interact with light or other electromagnetic radiations, and therefore cannot be seen directly. This property makes it nearly impossible to detect directly, forcing scientists to rely on indirect methods to study its presence.

So, how do we know dark matter exists if we cannot see it?

The story of dark matter begins with cosmic puzzle. In 1930s, astronomer Fritz Zwicky observed the Coma cluster of galaxies. He noticed that those galaxies were moving much faster than expected based on



the visible matter alone. They should have been flying apart, yet the cluster remained gravitationally bound. Zwicky proposed the existence of 'dark matter' — an unseen substance providing the extra gravitational glue.

Decades later, Vera Rubin's groundbreaking work in the 1970s provided further compelling evidence. She studied the rotation of stars at the outer edges were moving just as fast as those closer in. This should not be the case if the visible matter was the only source of gravity. Like a figure skater further from the galactic centre should be moving slower. The fact they were not suggested the presence of a massive, extended halo of dark matter surrounding each galaxy, influencing their rotation.

What could it be? The composition of dark matter is a subject of intense scientific debate. Some theories propose that it could be made up of exotic particles, such as axions or WIMPs (Weakly Interacting



massive particles), which interact only through gravity and weak nuclear force. Others propose it includes MACHOs (Massive compact Halo objects) like black holes or faint stars.

THE SEARCH FOR DARK MATTER

Scientists have explored various methods to detect dark matter:

- Direct Detection - Using highly sensitive detectors to measure particle interactions.
- Indirect Detection - Searching for dark matter decay or annihilation signals like gamma rays or neutrinos.
- Particle Colliders - High-energy collisions in colliders like the LHC may produce dark matter particles.
- Astrophysical observations - studying galaxy clusters and large scale structures to infer dark matter's presence.

FUTURE IMPLICATIONS

Unraveling dark matter could unlock fundamental truths about the universe, leading to breakthroughs in physics and cosmology.





SHORT STORY SECTION



A seat for the soul

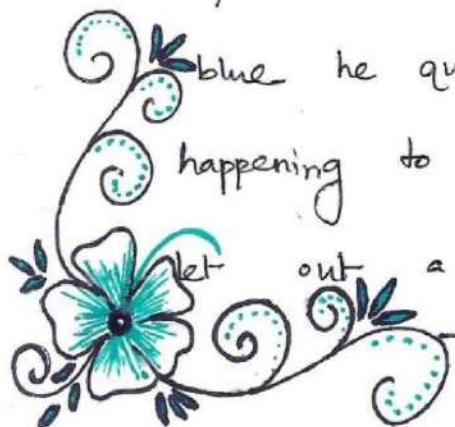
By Subrata Goswami
CSE, 6th Semester



Part 1

"Yes maa... I already told you no? There's no need to worry at all... Yes I'll be fine in the hostel... Ya... All right, I am going to hang up now... Love you too, bye!", said the boy with a made up smile.

Sitting on a lone bench under a tree, the boy lifted his head just to find himself looking at the pink dim sky with the sun already set. A few moments after heartfully drinking the sight, he brought his eyes back to the distant building. Not too far away, from the play field, echoes of joy fell into his ears. To hear those sounds and not get pulled towards them would be unusual for him, but this time just out of the blue he questioned himself, "Why is it happening to me?" he kept on thinking as he let out a deep sigh being aware that no





one was around him to see him in that state , or was there someone ?

"What a great day to end with a sob story ! ", somebody spoke in a voice inaudible to the boy , the voice continued , " Boy - trust me and go back to where those sounds come from . You are better off there with someone like you than here with me ! "

Suddenly the boy stood up as if he just felt something , took his bag and left , oblivious of the fact that somebody watched him until he disappeared in the distance . Well , who was it ?

In the heart of the old college campus , nestled under a shade of a sprawling oak tree , there stood a wooden bench . It looked as unassuming as any other - its wood withered and worn , the varnish faded , from years of exposure to the elements . But this bench was special , for it had a soul and with it came the ability to listen .

The bench had been there for decades , placed on the grassy knoll by the campus

gardener long ago. Over the years, students had come and gone, professors had retired and buildings had been erected and torn down. But the bench remained, steadfast and silent, a witness to the passage of time. It had no name, but those who sat upon it felt its presence, its quiet companionship as they unburdened themselves of their thoughts and worries.

Everyday the bench listened to countless stories. It heard the laughter of friends reunited after a long summer apart, the whispers of lovers sharing secrets, the nervous murmurings of students preparing for exams and the sorrowful confessions of those who felt lost or alone.

The bench absorbed it all, holding each story close, cherishing it like a precious gift.

As the leaves began to turn shades of crimson, one autumn afternoon, that very boy appeared again and sat down on the bench. He was a freshman, new to the college and far from home. His eyes were wide with uncertainty and his shoulders slumped under the weight of homesickness. As he sat on the bench after having a conversation

with someone over the phone, he sighed deeply, the kind of sigh that comes from the soul. The bench, watching him follow his almost similar kind of routine for many days straight, feeling the heaviness in the boy's heart, decided to reach out to him in its own way - not with words but with a gentle sense of comfort. The boy didn't know why, but he began to speak aloud.

"I don't know if I belong here", he said, his voice barely above a whisper. "Everything is so different from home. I miss my family, my friends, even my dog. I thought college would be exciting, but I just feel... lost."

The bench understood, it had similar confessions many times before. It had learned that the transition from home to a wider world was always difficult, filled with doubt and loneliness. But it also knew that this was a necessary journey, one that would shape one into the person he was meant to become.

This time the boy didn't hesitate and continued to speak as the bench listened patiently... secretly! It didn't offer solutions or advices, for it was not its place to do so. Instead, it provided where the boy could hear his own voice, some space. Some space to confront his own fears and to find his own way.

After a while the boy fell silent. He sat on the bench for a long time, watching the leaves drift lazily to the ground. Somehow, just speaking his thoughts aloud had lightened his burden. He didn't have all the answers nor did he need it all. He stood up, feeling a bit more at peace and with a small, grateful smile, he walked towards the play field. Well it was very certain that somebody else was happy watching him make friends. The bench content with having played its part, settled back into his quiet vigil.

The boy wasn't the only one who found solace on the bench. Many came to the bench for all sorts of reasons. Some sought a quiet place to read or ponder, while others came to cry or laugh. The bench had heard it all — stories of unrequited love, tales of personal triumphs, confessions of fear and doubt. Years passed and the bench grew older, its wood more worn, its surface more weathered. But it remained in its place under the tree. And though it was just a bench, made of simple wood, it had become something more — a silent guardian of the campus, a keeper of stories, a source of comfort to all who sought it.

Part II

A fine spring evening somebody came before the bench and stood there. A boy carrying an assumably heavy backpack and a suitcase. Maybe just a passerby? Maybe

he was about to go somewhere? The bench observed him for a moment, confusing the face with hundreds of faces that he saw before. But then it remembered, it was no other than the boy who once thought he didn't belong here!

"What a pleasant memory!", the bench whispered. It remembered, over the years the boy would often return to the bench, not to study, but to rest, a smile of serenity of his face. "Look at him, he grew a little beard it seems! And maybe a bit taller as well?". But the bench noticed something different this time. He didn't have the same expression from years ago. Although his face radiated the same uncertainty, there was a stroke of something else as well. What could it be? "Could it be... courage?", the bench said to itself.

The boy put his backpack on the bench and sat down. Closing his eyes and breathing in the familiar scent of the oak.

He thought back to his fresher days, to the uncertainty and fear he had felt and how this simple bench had been a source of comfort and clarity. He felt a connection to this simple wooden bench, though it were an old friend. And in a way it was. The bench had been there for him during moments of doubt, offering silent support. He smiled, feeling a sense of gratitude. "Thank you", he whispered to the bench, though he knew the bench could not reply. But in his heart, he felt a warmth, as if the bench was acknowledging his words, understanding the gratitude.

He could see new faces in the campus. In the middle of the busy, lively place, all he wanted was a moment of silence. After a while, although the yellow sky with the little sprays of cloud was beautiful, he glanced at the bench, petted its surface, took his bags and left.

The bench however was just as happy to be with the boy again even for that moment. And so, the bench continued its vigil, content in its purpose, knowing that it had made a difference, simply by being there - by listening - by offering a place for the stories that needed to be told.

"It's never too late to be what you might have been"

- George Eliot



ପ୍ରଜାଧର



ହିମାଚି ଶମନୀଯା

**(କମିଡ଼ିଆ ଦ୍ୟାନ୍‌ଡାଟ ଇଞ୍କ୍ଲିନିକ୍‌ଷି; ସର୍ବ
ଶାସନିକ)**

ତାହିଁବ ବିଚାରି ଛଳୋକା ତାଙ୍ଗିନର ଆଜି ପ୍ରଥମଟେ ଦିନ ତାହିଁ ଏହିନ
ପ୍ରଥମଶର ଏହିଥାରୁ । ଆଜାତେ ଅକ୍ଷାନନ୍ଦୀର ଦୋହା ହିନ୍ଦି ଜୀବିତେ
ମନତ ନାହିଁ । ଜେହିବେ ତାହିଁବ ବିଚାରି ଓଳାଇ ମୋହ ପ୍ରତିଟି ଦିନ ମୋର
ବାବେ ପ୍ରଥମ । ପ୍ରତିଶର ଏହିଥାରୁ ମେଘ ବାବେ ବହୁନ । ଏହିଶର ବିଜ୍ଞାନ
ନଥ୍ୟ ଏହିଥାରୁ ଖାଇ ନାହାନୋ । ଆପଣଙ୍ଗର କୁବେ ଏହିମାନେ ଚାହେ
ଲେଖିପେ ବହୁନ ଲୋହିନର ରତ୍ନଦର୍ଶ ହେଉଥି ଥାବ । ଆବ ଝାଇ-ଝାଇଛା
ମନତ ପ୍ରଥା ଘୃଞ୍ଚିତ ଆବେ ବହୁନକେ ପ୍ରଥମ ଲିଖିମ ।

ଜେହିନା ଉତ୍ସବୀର ଏହିବ ଆଜିଲା । ହାଁନ୍ତୁ ବହୁନା-ଶିକ୍ଷା-
ଶୈଳ୍ୟାତ୍ମକ ପ୍ରତି ଚୌପତ୍ର ଲୈଲିଲିଜି ବହୁନାରେ ଜାହେ ତାହିଁବ ବାବେ
ମେଘ ପାନୀ କବି ଦୀର୍ଘଲିଙ୍ଗ ନହିଁଲେ ହେଠିନେ ମୋହାଳିନର ନିଚିନାହିଁ
ଆଜିଓ ମୁଖ ହାତ ଝୁଇମେ ନିରେନିଲେ ଥାବ । ହିତନିକମିଶିବ ପିପିରୁ
ମୁଖତ ଜୟନ୍ତାଶର ଜାବି ତାହିଁ ବେଗତ ବିଜେପ ହେଉଥି ଆଛୁ-

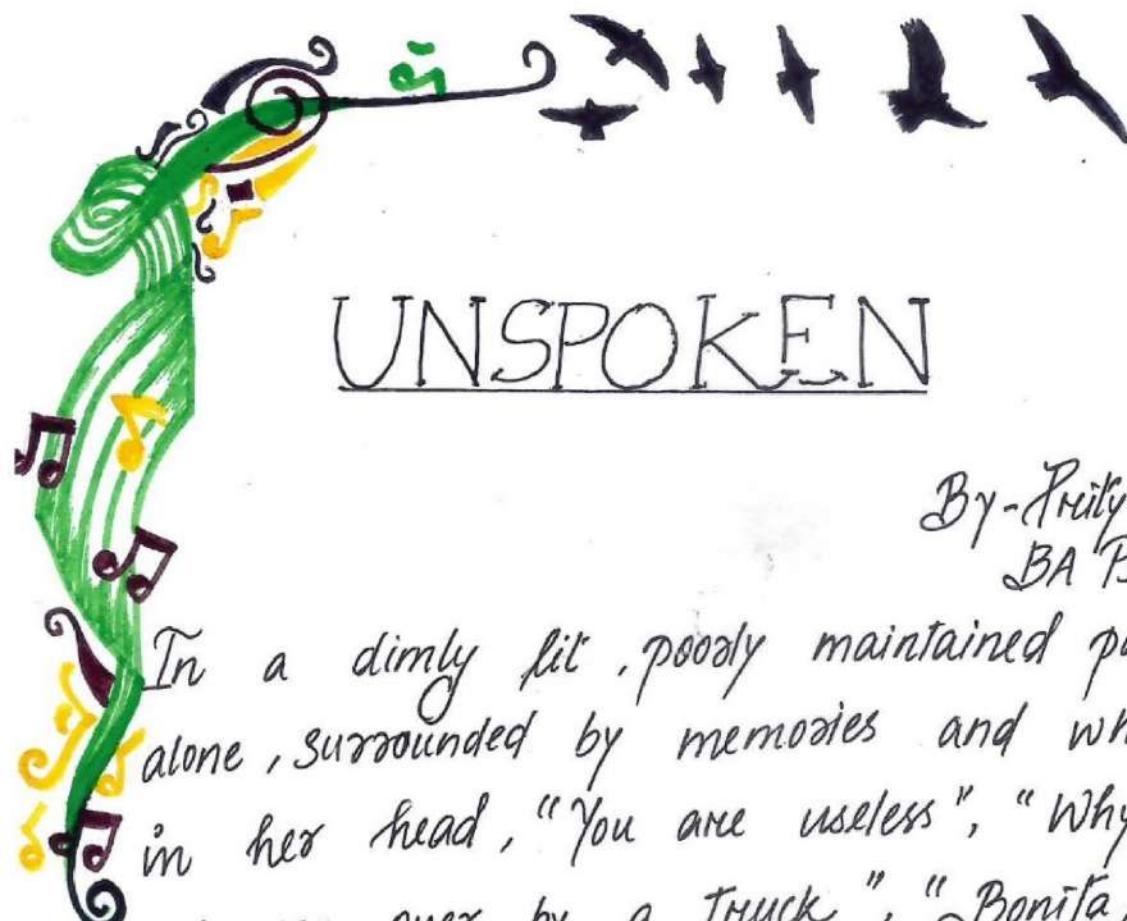
ଜାହେ ଆଲୁ ପିଲିଖିବ ଦେଇ ଖାତର କାହିଁ ହାତ
ଲୋହେ ତାହିଁ ପିଛେ ପିଛେ ଲୈବି ଫୁରିଛୁ । ଦେଖାକେ ଦେଖାନତେ
ଅନଶ୍ଵରମିଶନ ହାତର ଲୈ ତହନ ହି ଆଛୁ । ବହୁଜମ୍ବୁଦ୍ଧ ଅନ୍ତର
ହୁଏ ପାଇଁ, ଦୂରବାହୀ ବଳ୍ପି-ଗିନତି ବବାଦ ଲାଗୁ-କାହିମର

চাপিঙ্গাম তিনিমাত তাই ঘৃণ্ণত দ্বিলে। সুন্দর এমৰা কুল লেগে পিছি
 বেগটো লে ডেওআমোৰ পিছি তাই দৌৰি পঞ্জ। দেউতেব খানিদ-
 মোত টোনি দ্বিলা - “ দেউতা, দেউতা বলা জোন্দালে, নহলে মই
 গামীৰ ওচৰত বাহিৰ নাপাল। বলা বলা। ” পিছে পিছে হাতত
 লাৰী গিলাড়ো লে আৰু লবি আহিছে। এৱে দেৱাহতে লাৰীমীনি
 শাই তাই দেউতেব হাতত বৰি ওলান। এনেছেয়ে দেৱা-দৌৰিৰ
 মাণ্ডলে মাঝে কাইলী পুজা গো লেডুপৰীয়া ইঞ্জে। ইঞ্জলে
 তে ইক্ষুৰ তৰি দুশনজ্ঞ ১৪ ফুটৰ শ্ৰেণীকোষিত আলিমিনক ধোলি
 তাইত ঘৰ পাহীছি। এভিনি পিছে পুৰ জৰুৰলোপা ধৰিয়া এসা হ'ল।
 পুৰ জাহানে শাওন জাহৰ জুমলৈৰ মধ্যে সম্ভৱক আমাণ্ডে
 তাই আৰু নিছেনত উপস্থিত হ'ল। আৰু ইয়াৰ কাৰণে বৰতজ্ঞ
 আমিনা বিদ্যু পলাজৰে টো শোষাত গামীৰ ওচৰত চিহ্নিনি তাই
 নাপালে, জাহিয়ানে গোঁজানী অন বুঁঁলী খালি নিজৰ আজৰ
 লেঢ়ছি। দেখত বেগটো যৈ একত বাস্তু দৃশ্যীৰ মধ্যে তাই বাহি
 আচ্ছে বেষ্টন্ত। এজন- দুজনকৈ শ্ৰেণী- দৃশ্য- ছোৰোৰ আহিৰ
 বৰ্ষিছু। বিদ্যু তাইৰ কলুৰি বেৱলা গামীৰ অপেক্ষত। রংকি- দেহি
 জৰুৰ্যাতে এসা বাস্তু বেগটো লে বণলীৰ আৰু আৰু প্লান্টৰ
 কু জলে কুপি কুপি বৰ্ণলী জোলাল। জোলালে প্ৰথম বেষ্টত
 খালি- দেহি দুধি জাহে বেগটো তত থালে। বেগটো থোঁয়া মাঝে
 তাই বণলীৰ কলে - “ ইয়াত নহিবা, এইটো গামীৰে চিৰি,
 অহিহ বহিৰ। ” দেহিনা প্ৰথম আৰু আহিনিহাই কোৱ। আৰু
 পাছত বণলীয়ে বহিৰ পুজিলেও জাকে তাইৰ দণ্ড বহিৰ নিয়ে
 এনেছেয়ে চাঁতে চাঁতে অ্যুবুৰ শ্ৰেণী শ্ৰেণী পৰ্যাপ্ত অন্য
 আহিল। জেহিনা অজমীয়া আৰুল। আচ্ছেই প্ৰথম প্ৰশ্নটো
 কোৱায় ক্ষেত্ৰে আজি লিখিত দ্বিলে - “ জৰুৰোৱে নিজৰ নিজৰ
 জা আৰু দেউতাৰ নাম লিবা। ” অমজাময়তে তাই ঝুনীঝুকে খলিত
 জাক- দেউতাৰ নামটো লিখিলো। বিদ্যু গান্ধী প্ৰিয়াত্ম- বৰি
 আছে। তাই গামীৰ তাইৰ পৰা তাই লিখিব কলে।

କମାଗତି କାଳ, ପାର୍ମିଣ୍ଡୋ ଆଶବେ ଆଶବେ ତାଇସ କଥା ପାଇନ ଦ୍ୱାରା।
 କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ପାତ୍ର କ୍ଷେତ୍ରର ଚାଲେ ଆହିଛ ଆହିଯେ ଆର୍ଜ୍ୟ ହୀହିତ
 ବାବି ପବିତ୍ର । ନଳେ- ମଳେ ଲାକୁ ହୁଏ ସମୀକ୍ଷାର ମେ ବାହେକ
 ଶରୀରରେ ହିଲଣେ । ତାହିଁ ଲିଖେତେ ତୁମ୍ଭାଜନୀୟ ମଧ୍ୟ- କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ
 ଏହେହ ବେହିଜୁନେହି ହିଲମେ । ଏବେଳେ ଶୃଦ୍ଧାଦେଶ ଶିଳ୍ପ ବିଦ୍ୟା ନିରେତ
 ଶୈଖିବ ଦେବା ପାର ଥିବ କ୍ଷେତ୍ରର ଜୀବିତକତ ନାମ ଲମ୍ବାଣେ ।
 ଏଥାକ୍ଷଣୀ ଦେଓ- ତାହିଁ ଅଳନି ରହିଲ, ତତ ତାହିଁ ଚାକିଚାମ୍ବା ମାତ୍ର
 ତୁ ନାମ ପାବଲେହେ ବାବୀ । ତାହିଁ ଅର୍ଦ୍ଧଶିଥା ଦୂରାଜନୀୟ ହୀହିଲା,
 ଶିଖିବାଜା ଆମୋନ । ମର୍ତ୍ତ ଲୁଣୀବାର ତାଙ୍କ ମୌର୍ଚ୍ଛି ସଜାଳ, ତାଙ୍କ
 ବେହି ମର୍ଯ୍ୟା, ଝୁମ- ଝୁମ ବାଗର୍ବୁରୁ, ଡାଲିଲାର ପଥ ବପଥ ପଥ
 ବକ୍ଷିନ ଚାନ୍ଦ ଆମଦା । ବେହି ନିଧି କଥା ବାଜାର ବେହି ଆକର
 ବନ୍ଧା ବାଜାର, ପ୍ରତିଟି ଭୁବନ କ୍ଷେତ୍ର ଧରା, ନିଜଙ୍କ ହୀହି ଆକର
 ହୁକ୍କା ଚିତ୍ରପଥିଲୀଜନୀ ଦେଲାର ଚେତ ରାତେ, ପ୍ରତିବ ବବିତା ଥାଏ,
 କୁପାଳ ବାଗ, ଆଓବାହି, ସଞ୍ଚକର ପ୍ରେମତ ପବେ, ତଣବା
 ଶେଯାଣୀ ବୋଟଳେ । ତାହିଁ ଦିନର ଲାନି- ବିଗ୍ରହ କୌତୁଳ ଘୃତି
 କାହିଁକିଲେଇ ହାବ ଜାନ । ଜାର୍ଦିବଣ ଜାତୁହେ ଶୋଭକା ଥାତେ ତାହିଁ
 ଉଁଲିଯାହି ଫୁରେ । ଏକ ଦିନର ତାହିଁ ଏହି ଆମୋନ ପଥର ଚକଳ
 ପଥିଲୀ, କିନ୍ତୁ ଅଗ୍ନ୍ୟ ଜାହ୍ୟ ଏହେହ ନାହାନେ । ଆରମ୍ଭ କ୍ଷେତ୍ର
 ମେ ପଥିହିବ କହେନ୍ତୁ ବାଜାରେ, ଶିଖଲୁବ ସଙ୍ଗ ପାହି କମ୍ବୁଳ
 ତୁଳା ହେ କୋର ଦୂରାଜନୀୟ ନିର୍ମାଣ କର କୋନୋର ମିଶ୍ରତ ରହ୍ୟ ହେବା ।
 ତାହିଁ ଚିହ୍ନ ଏହି ଅକ୍ଷୀଯାଳେ ଫୁଲି ପୁତଳେ ।

ଦୋଷ ଆଶ ଆଶ ଏହି ତାହିଁ ନିଜରେ ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ଆହି । ତେବେଳେହେ
 ଶହି ବନ । ତାହିଁ ଶିଳ୍ପ କ୍ଷେତ୍ର ଦିନର ଧାର ଥାତେ ହାତୁ ମାଣୀର ଚାହ
 ଏକପଥ କୈତେ ଶହି ବେ ଥାବିଲ । ତାହିଁକ ବିଚବି ନିତୋ ଏଜାହିର ଲିଖିନ
 କାହେ ବଳନ୍ଧୁ ଚିହ୍ନିତ ଆମଦା ଶେଷବିପାଳ ଚର୍କାରିତ ଆମି
 ଲଗ ହାତ ।





UNSPOKEN

By-Prity Moni Kalita
BA Psychology (4th sem)

In a dimly lit, poorly maintained park Bonita sat alone, surrounded by memories and whisperings in her head, "You are useless", "Why don't you get man over by a truck", "Bonita, you are just a bane to us".

She clutched her phone, blasting 'Life Goes On' by her favourite band at full volume, hoping to create a cacophony of distraction, a symphony of avoidance.

But the words, they cut through the din like a razor's edge, their haunting whispers, a relentless reminder of her deepest wounds. They swirled around her, a wave of reality, impossible to escape. The music, once a shield, now a stark reminder that some wounds run too deep, some scars too tender to be masked by mere melody.

As she wandered out of the park, the warmth of freedom seeped into her soul. Seventy kilometres from the shackles of home, she found herself lost in a sea of strangers, yet enveloped in an unexpected serenity. The cacophony of faces blurred together, a water colour painting of anonymity. She smiled to herself, a quiet rebellion, as she scribbled down the rhyming whispers of her heart: 'No taunts to haunt, just peace to enchant.' She laughed at her poor yet rhyming choice of words. The words danced on her screen, a promise of escape, a siren's call to a life untethered.

She then indulged in a sweet afternoon corn by the riverside, a fancy ice-cream, and a refreshing hand-wash in the water. Simply enjoying little things that made her heart happy! As she wandered, music filled her ears, silencing the whispers in her head and replacing them with warm memories. Memoirs of solace found in these same spots months prior swirled around her, conjuring deep breaths that brought both peace and poignant sorrow. In this fleeting calm, even the city's polluted air felt fresh, as if her lungs had been waiting for permission to truly breathe.

As she gazed into the river, a tender scene unfolded before her. Two children entwined in playful banter, their mother serenely counting her catch, oblivious to their banter. The warmth of their bond kindled a deep longing within her, a yearning to be reunited with her sister like they were kids, to relive the laughter and the tears. But the echoes of past hurts refused to be silenced: 'You don't deserve to be my sister.' The words pierced the air, drowning out the gentle lapping of the river, and her tears flowed like the currents beneath. Yet, she stood tall, a stoic figure amidst the serenity, and wiped away her sorrow.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, the sky transformed into a kaleidoscope of orange hues, and the breeze whispered secrets in her ear. She inhaled the nostalgia, and with one last glance, pedaled away, her cycle gliding effortlessly up the hill, feeling the wind rush past her face. It felt like the world around her had stopped. She could hear the sound of the car passing by, the wind in her hair, and her heart beating in her chest. In this fleeting moment, even though the music in her, and her heartset had stopped, her existence became a melody, a sweet serenade.

that echoed deep within her soul. She could feel freedom, a moment of pure freedom.

Suddenly, she heard a cry. And she was in a building in no time. She stepped into the blindingly white building, a sea of anguished faces stretching out before her like a canvas of despair. The air was heavy with the weight of tears, each sob a note of dissonance that rubbed against her frayed nerves. She had long ago abandoned empathy, a casualty of a childhood that had never taught her to make or navigate the deceptive landscape of emotions. As she scanned the room, her gaze landed on her mother, fragile and faltering in a wrinkled saree, her sister a vision of discordant elegance beside her, wailing with a ferocity that belied her polished facade. And then, she saw him - her father, his face a mask of stoicism, yet his eyes betraying a glimmer of moisture. The sight drew her in, a moth to a flame, as she navigated the throng of relatives, their faces a blur of insincere concern. Why are they here, these people who had only ever delighted in her family's misfortunes? As she reached her family's side, she called out, but her parents' eyes slid past her, their silence a blatant rejection. She couldn't stop the burning ache from

from coming back again. Her sister's gaze, however, locked onto hers, a flash of recognition before she turned away, her movements deliberate as she approached the nearby bed. With a gentle reverence, she drew the white cloth over the face of the figure lying there, the gesture a haunting whisper of secrets and sorrow.

As she looked down, she saw the tag peeking out from the bed with the inscription:-

TO THE MORGUE

MRN - 012345

NAME - BONITA

TIME OF DEATH - 15:30 ; 06/12/2022

CAUSE OF DEATH - HEAD INJURY

Bonita's struggle ended. They mourn, but will their tears ever undo what's already been done?

Years fall like autumn rain, a hasty confession of the love and care they withheld. But now,

Bonita's heart finds peace in freedom. It finally warms the winter of her soul. Or is it a hollow

comfort, a fleeting regret for the life they stole?
No, let them mourn, let the weep. Bonita's
heart remains untethered, free to dance among
the stars. Their tears can't bind her now, her
heart soars, a wildflower in the breeze, untouched
by their belated tears.

Bonita, It is Me. My farfumale dismissal that
left behind only tears and what-ifs. This
silence that envelops me is now my solace. In
death I found peace that in life I was
denied. May my silence be kinder than their
words.

"United we stand, divided we fall"

- Meow

ଦିନ୍ଦୁଷୀ - ଏକ ଆବେଗ -



- ଡିନ୍ଦୁଷୀ ଡେବା
(ବି. ଫର୍ମ ଅଞ୍ଚଳ ସାମାଜିକ)

ପାରିବ ଜାଣୋ ? ଯଦିହେ ଜାମ୍ବ ଦୂରୋ ପାର୍ ! ଦେଖେଇ ଥାଇ ଜୋର୍ଦେଖେ - "ଜାତି, ଦୂରୋ ଜେବ ବି ଆଛ ତାତ ?" ଗେଲ୍ଲିଯା ଘର୍ର ବି ବୁଲି ବନ୍ଦ ? କିନ୍ତୁ ! ମହିତେ ତୁ ନାହିଁ ବନ୍ଦ । ଆଜିକେ ଯଦିହେ ତେଣୁଲୋକର ଶୋଇ ଟେପତ୍ତିଯା ବୁଲି ଜୋବେ, କିନ୍ତୁ ମହିତେ ଟେପତ୍ତିଯା ରହ୍ୟ, ମହିତେ ପାହା ଓଳା ଜୋବେମେ ବନ୍ଦରୋ । ଏହି ! ମି ହ୍ୟ ହ୍ୟ, ଦୂରୋ ମାଥ, ମିଥ୍ରୁ ଆବିହ୍ଵା ପାତିକେ ବନ୍ଦରେ ବଳିବିଲେଇଁ । କିନ୍ତୁ !! ଏକିମ୍ବା ତେ ଶୋଇ ଶୋଇ ଲହିଟାଉ ନାହିଁ ଇଲାନ । ନାହିଁ, ନାହିଁ - ଜୁଳା ବଳି ଶୋଗିଥିଲା ପିଛେ ଶୋଇ ଜାମ୍ବ୍ୟ ୨୦ ଟିଙ୍ଗରେ ଦିଲ୍ଲି ଆସନ୍ତ କହିଁ ଶାତ୍ରୁହେତୀ ଶୋଇ ହେ ଯାଏଗେନ ; ନାହିଁ ! ନାହିଁ ସ୍ଵର୍ଗର ବନ୍ଦ ତେ ଶୋଇ ନାହିଁ କଳନ ଶାଗେ ବିଦ୍ୟା ଏକାମିତିଯ ଦ୍ୱାରି ଆସିଥିବ ଥାବେ ଶୋଇ ସାହିତ୍ୟନି-ମହିତ୍ୟ ଏକପ୍ରାତି ମାନସ କ୍ରିତିତ ଜୁଳା କବି ଲଗ, ଲାମିଲେ ଏହିକେହିନିନ ଗହି ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଏବେ ନାମାତ୍ତ ।

ଦେଉଥେ ପ୍ରମଧ ଉତ୍ସ କ୍ରେଷ ନିଜ ନିଶ୍ଚିକେ ଦ୍ୱାରା ଆହିଲୋ, ବନ୍ଦର ବାହିନୀ ବିଲ୍ଲୁ ବଚ୍ଚବ ଆମ୍ବଧ । ତାମା ବର୍ତ୍ତ ଆହିଲା, ପହଞ୍ଚବ ରହ୍ୟ, ଦେଇ ୧୪ ବଢ଼ୀଯା ସଧ୍ୟମ ଦୂରୋ ଶେନିତ ପାଢ଼ି ଥିଲା "କ୍ରିକ୍ଟେ ପୋରେନ୍ହ" ବି ଦେଖାଲୀଜୀବ ବାବେ । ବିଲ୍ଲୁମାନ ବଞ୍ଚିତ କ୍ରେଷ ଦିଆଗେ ଅଳମ କହି ଆହିଲେ ।



ଆମ ହୀନ୍ଦୁର ବାବେଇ ହଳଗ ଶେରିଙ୍ଗ ଜେଲପ ବୋଲାକୁଅବ୍ୟ

ଇଯି । ଡାଳ - ବସ୍ତେଷ ବିଚୁ ଜୋଯାନ ଆଫ ଡୀରନ୍ବ ପ୍ରଥମଙ୍ଗ
“ବେର୍ଡ ଏଞ୍ଜଲ୍” ଜାନେ ଗେଟ୍ରିକ ଲ୍ୟାଙ୍କାର ପ୍ରାର୍ଥୀ ଏହର ମୁହଁ
ଏକ ପାତ୍ର ଚାପ ଏହି ମେଛେ ମିନି ଡାଯ଼ର ବାବେ ବନ୍ଦର୍ଯ୍ୟ
ଜାହାନ ଜାହାନ ବନ୍ଦର ଏବଂ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନ ହେଲେଇ ବୁଝନ୍ତ ଲୈ ପ୍ରଥମଙ୍ଗ
ବର ବାବେ “ଡେମ୍ବୀ” ଲିଖିଲେ ମନ ବାକିଛିଲୋ ।

ବିକ୍ର କ'ବାତ ମେନ ଏଣ୍ଟି ଡାଇଲ କଥଣ ଝାନ୍ଦୁର ମାଜୁ
ମାଜେ ହେବା ପ୍ରତିଟି ଡାଳ - ବସ୍ତେ, ହୁହାତ୍ୟା କଥା ଡେମ୍ବୀନାହା
ଲିଖିଲେ ଯାଇହେ ଜା - ଦେଖାଇ ଦେଖା ପାଇ ଯାହୁ ବିବାହେ ? ତେଣ୍ଟିଥା
ଯାଇହେ ମନ ପାଇଁ ମେ ତେଣ୍ଟିଲେବର ଛେଯାଳୀମ୍ବେ ଲାଗିଥେବିବ ମାଲିନ୍ତ
ଦିନ୍ୟ; ତେଣ୍ଟିଥା ? ନାହ ! ଏବେ ନନ୍ଦ, ବେଚ୍ଛିକେ ଡାବିଲେ ତ୍ୟ କାହାରୀ
କଥାହିଁ ନହ୍ୟ; ଆଫ ଏହିଟିକେ ମନରେ ଥିବା; ବରି ପାଇଁ
ମୋତ୍ରୀରା ଆବଶ୍ୟ ବରି ଦ୍ଵିତୀୟ ।

ବହୁତ ଡାବି ଡାବି ଅବଶ୍ୟକ ବାହି ହାତ ଶାହିଁ ଏବଂ ଜାହାନ
ସ୍ଵର୍ଗ ବିଲୋ ମେ - ଜା ! ମହି ଆଜି ଏହା ଡେମ୍ବୀ ବିନି
ଆନିଲୋଁ ।

→ ଡେମ୍ବୀ ? ବିକ୍ର ବିଯି ? - ମାଜେ ଝୁରିଲୋ ।

- ଆଚାର୍ଯ୍ୟର୍ଥିତେ ବୈଜ୍ଞାନିକ ମେଲୋ ହେଲୋ ଡାଳ କଥା,
ଆଫ ଦିନଟିର ବାବେ ଏଣ୍ଟି ପରିବଳନର ଥାବେ ।

→ ଆଜ୍ଞା ! ପିଛେ ପାଇଁଜ ବହୁ ପାନା ? - ଦେଖାଇ ଝୁରିଲେ ।

- ଆଚାର୍ଯ୍ୟ; ଗହି ଏମା ବରି ଆଟିଲୋ ବିଚୁ ଦ୍ଵିତୀୟ କଥା ।

→ ଥିବ ଆଜ୍ଞା, ଡାଳ କଥା । ବିକ୍ର ମାଜେ ମାଜେ ଆଚାର୍ଯ୍ୟ
ଚାଲ ପୁଣି ଆତେ ଯି କି ଲିପା - ଦେଖାଇ ବାବେ ।
- ଇହ ଦିନ ଚାବା ॥

ମନରେ ଥିବା; ବରିଲୋ ମେ ଜାଲୋ ଲିଖିବ ବୋଲାଖିଲ କଥଣ
ଦେଖାଇ ଚାଲେ ମହି ମାଲି କାମ । ଆଫ ଏବେଳେମ୍ବେ ଡମ୍ବ -

সঁজেগচ, লাজে জাবে জাঁই গামৰী লিখা আবশ্য বলিছিলো। মাজে-
মাজে প্ৰথ দুলাহ মান চাহীছিল আৰু কেল্টিলো মে জালকৈ
লিমিবা; মহীও তাৰেই মনতে লৈ লিখা-শিনি লিখি গৈছিলো।
প্ৰথমত তো জালেই লাগিছিল, বিক্ত কেতিয়াৰা কেপনিয়া
জাপ্ত আহি আপডেটি বৰিছিল আৰু পেত্তা এলুৱা
লাগিছিল মে-এহ! আদি লিলিখোঁ; বিক্ত মুক্তেৰ কথাপৰা
ও জনত লবিছিল মে- “জল কথা লিখি আৰু বিক্ত মাপ্ত
মেন এৰি নিদিয়া এই বাজণি; লাগিলো জাই চৰ নবৰোঁ।” কাঁচ
অৰ্থত বৰ মালে জীৱনত “Consistency” শব্দটী মেন তৈয়া
বুজি পাহাইছিলো।

যাইছে বেনোভিল মেৰ ডায়েৰীলৰ গা-ডেজাই শুলি কুলা
নাছিল, প্ৰশাসি বিক্ত তঙ্গলোকে কুবি গৈছিল মে জাঁই সময়
লিখি আঁচা নে নাহি।

লাহে- লাহে সংস্ক থাকি গে থাবিলা, কুটিলীয়া চক শুলি কুলা
এই বাজণি বৰি মোৰ জল লোঁ ইল। সংস্ক লোঁ লগে বৰু
মাছুহে বিছুলান জুৰী পৰৰ পাহাৰি যাৰ শুলি মোৰ ডায়েৰী
শনতে লিখি যাৰ দিয়া ইল।

বিক্ত! জেইনিবলৰ মেন গাঁচাইমেই জোৰ ঘাৰে সংস্ক অলনি
হৈ গৈছিল। জাকিয়া অশিকুৰ পৰা আহি পাই মুক্তেৰ
জাগিছিলে—

→ জইনা! জইনা! এইলৈনে আঁচা সোৱৰলৈ।

— গৈছোঁ! (অলপ জয় লাগিছিল; কিম্বা বা জাগিলো?)

→ ইহ! এইলৈন কোৱা!

— এইলৈন? বি বক্তু?

মুক্তেৰ জোৰ হাতত বেমালো শুলি দিওঁ কি ওটি মাল কুম হাতৰুম।

লাহোরে বেগনো পুলিলো; তার জরুই আবিষ্টি!----এবং দুর্গাম
নোবাবা অরুজ, বহুত খৃতি, চুক্তি জলজীয়া, কি বল কি
নথ'ম, একেশ্বরে নাথো চাই আচ্ছিলো হতভরণেক্ষণ।

— “Diary 2017” By - “Gupta Prakashan”

মি জয়েরী বিনিয়ন থারে জ্ঞান ইজান সংগৃহীত আচ্ছিল মনৰ
ত্বিষ্ণুত, কেই বক্তুন প্রবৃত্তি পিছত দৃঢ়েগাই নিজেই তানি দৃঢ়েন,
এবং দুর্গাম নোবাবা অরুজ আচ্ছিল আৰু তেওঁস্বার পৰা আচ্ছি-
লোকে প্রগ্ৰাম বৃত্তি ক্ষেত্ৰে মোক “নিউ ইয়ে মিন্ট” হিচাপে
দৃঢ়েগাই জন্ময় জয়েরী বিনি দৃঢ়েন।

১৯৬৮ চনত আৰম্ভ হ'বা এই জয়েরী লিঙ্গা বাণিজো মেন
গোৰ দীৰ্ঘনৰ থারে এবং অপৰিশৰ্য্য আংগ হৈ পৰিণ আৰু
কৈনেকে জন্ময় বাতি পুৱাৰ অপত জয়েরী লিঙ্গাটো শোৰ ধৰায়
হৈ পৰিণ ভৱৈ গঢ়েছি নামাণোঁ।

অপ্য এ বৃত্তি ৮ জাহ মোৰা এইখা এবং দীৰ্ঘলীয়া অথচ
ডুবীয়া অরুজ যাব ব্যাপ্তি ব্যাপে অলাপ কৰিন।

১৪ বৃত্তীয়া চক্ৰ মনৰ পৰা ২২ বৃত্তীয়া আচ্ছিল জনাতিথচ
এবং জবল মগভূত আৰু দুরুত অনুষ্ঠত দেপাঁহ লৈ অপৰাহ্ন
কৈ থকা এই ছোৱালীজৰী - “প্রগ্ৰামটি হাঁহি অথচ তাৰ
আঁৰ দুধ, জীৱনৰ ব্যক্তি জন্ম দুরুত তাৰে-দেপাঁহ,
অব্যক্ত দুধ, জনৰ শোক, নোপোৱার বিদ্বুহেোঁহ, পাহি দেৱৰার
তাৰেণ, জীৱনৰ হেঁচা আৰু জন-মগভূত জাতে চলি শৰণ
যুধনৰ ফলাধৰণ, ওলোৱা প্রগ্ৰামটি চুলো লিপিৱন্ধ
হৈ আছে এই জয়েরীৰ প্রতিটো পৃষ্ঠাত।”

জাঁকেমুই প্ৰশ্নবিধি এই আবেগ, এই অনুভূতি, নিষেক
গোৰ জুলো হৃল- অৰু মিথৰ্নত পৰি লম্ব, গোৰ মনৰ

କିନ୍ତୁ ଅଭିନନ୍ଦ କଥା ଯେବେ ରୁଦ୍ଧ ହୁଏ ।

ଦିଲଟୀର ଦୁଷ୍ଟି ସବ୍ଦା ଜାମଣେ ଅଳ୍ପ ଜଳଇ ପାଏ ; ମେଡିଆ ଅଭିନନ୍ଦ ଆବଶ୍ୟକ ବିଲାଖିତ ପ୍ରକଟି ଲୁଣ୍ଡିବି ଅଛି ଗୋବ ମନଟେ ବଳନ୍ତ ଅଭିନେପାଳ ଚିନ୍ତାହୀନେ ବଳନ୍ତ ପାତଳ ଲିଖି ଯାଏଁ ।

ହୁଏ ! ବିଜୁନାନ ଆବେଦ ଏନେବୁବାବୁ ହୁଏ ।

ଏବଣିଏ ଜାତାନେହେ ଜାତୀୟ ଜାହଙ୍ଗ ତାବ ରୁଦ୍ଧ
ରୁଦ୍ଧ ପାଏ ।

— ରୁଦ୍ଧବାଦ୍ ଆନନ୍ଦ ।

ଶମଗେହେ ଶମନର ଜୃତ ଚିତ୍ର ।

— ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରଫଳାଦ୍ ।



ଶୋଭ କେଟେଦିନର ପୁରସ୍କାର

- ଡେଜୀ ଫଲିତା
ବିଜ୍ଞାନ, ଅଣ୍ଡ ଧାର୍ମିକ

କ୍ଲୋଜ୍ୟେ - ଶେଷ - କୁର୍ରାଦିନ - ଯେ - ଜୀବନ - ପ୍ରେମିକା

ଭେଦଭିନ୍ନ - । ତୁମ୍ଭେ - ଏକଚିତ୍ତବନ୍ଦ - ବଳିର - ବିକଳ

ଗ୍ରେଟିକାଲି - ଆଖ - ଶାନ୍ତି - ଏହି - ପ୍ରେମିକା - ପୁରୁଷ -

ଆହୁରିଲା - ବିଦ୍ୟା - ପୁରୁଷ ।

ଶରୀରିନା - ଶାର୍କ, ପିତାମ, ଅନ୍ତର୍ଯ୍ୟା, ଡାକ୍ତରିମା,
ଶାର୍କିଳ, ପୁରୁଷିତା ଗୋଟିଏ - ପ୍ରାଣୀ-କୁଟୀଳୀ ଅଛିଦ୍ୱାରା -

ଭେଦ - ଏହି - ଆହୁରିଲା । ଆକାଶଭ୍ୟବ - ଦୈତ୍ୟନୀଯା -

ଦେଇ - ଶାର୍କିଲା, କ୍ରିଟିନ - ଶାର୍କିଲା, ଯେବେ - ପ୍ରେମିକାର୍ଦ୍ଦିତ

ଜ୍ଞାନ - ଜ୍ଞାନ - ଧ୍ୟାନ ଜ୍ଞାନେ ଶାର୍କ - ଦୈତ୍ୟିକା ।

ପ୍ରେମ - ଶରୀରିତେ କୁଳାଳ ଆହି - କ୍ରିତ, " ତୋହା -

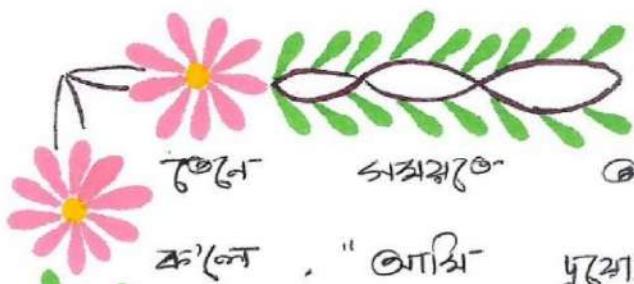
ଅଛିଦ୍ୱାରା ତୁଆମ - ସୁନୀଯା ଜ୍ଞାନିକୁ, ତୁମ୍ଭା ଅନ୍ତର୍ଯ୍ୟକାଳ -

ଏଥର - କ୍ରିତୀ କୁଳ ପିତା । " କ୍ରିତୀଧର - ଏହି -

ଗୋଟିଏ - ଶରୀରିତେ କ୍ରିତୀ ପିତା ।

" ତୁଆମ - ସୁନୀଯା - ଦୈତ୍ୟ - ଶୂନ୍ୟିଧର ! " ଶୋଭା -

ଶୋଭାନୀବିଷ - ଶୁଭମ - ଭାବନୀବିଷ - ଶୁଭ କ୍ରିତୀଧର ।



କ'ଳେ ଶର୍ମିତୀ ଅନନ୍ତାର୍ ଶେଖ ହିଲ୍ଲ ଶାହି-

କ'ଳେ , "ଆମି ପୁଣ୍ୟ ଦେଖିବା ହୁଲିଯା ଦେଖାଏ
ଏବେ ଚାହେନ ଅନନ୍ତ ପ୍ରେତ୍ସ୍ଵା- ହୁଲିଯା ଦେଖିଲୁ ।"

ଶାହି ହିଲ୍ଲ ଶାହି କୁଳୋ , "ଆ ଗେଫ୍କାର , ଆମି
ପୁଣ୍ୟ ଦେଖାଏ ଏହି କି ! " ବେଶମ କଥା ଶୁଣି
ଏବେ ହୃଦୟରେ ଶାହିବୈଲେ ପଥିଲେ । ତେବେଳା ହିଲିଅବ୍ୟ

କ'ଳେ , "ହୁଲ୍ଲ କ'ଳେ , ଏବେ ଏକବୈଶ୍ଵର ଦେଖିବା
ପୁଣ୍ୟ , ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନ ଦେଖାଏ ହିଲ୍ଲ ଶାହିବୈଲେ ।

ଅନ୍ତରେ ଚିତ୍ରକଟି , ଦୂରକଟି , ନିରଜକଟି ଆମି
ଏହିବ୍ୟ ହାତ ବିଜ୍ଞାନ- ଅଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟା- କେ ଆମି
କ'ଳେ , "ବଳ ବଳ ଖାତ ।" । ଶୋଭାର ହିଲ୍ଲ ଶାହି-

କୁଳୋ "ବଳ ବଳ ଖାତ ।" । ଶୋଭାର ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନ ହିଲି-
ଏବେ . ନିରଜ- ଆମ- ଅଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟା- ଚିତ୍ରକଟି ଖାତ କୁଳୋ ।

ଅନ୍ତରେ ହୁଲିଯା ଲାଗିଲ କିନ୍ତୁ- ଅଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟାକାଳ- କୁଳୋ

ବିହି- ଦେଖାଏ , ରହିଲକା- ଆମ ପୁଣିଷ୍ଠାତାର- କେ ଦୀପିଲ

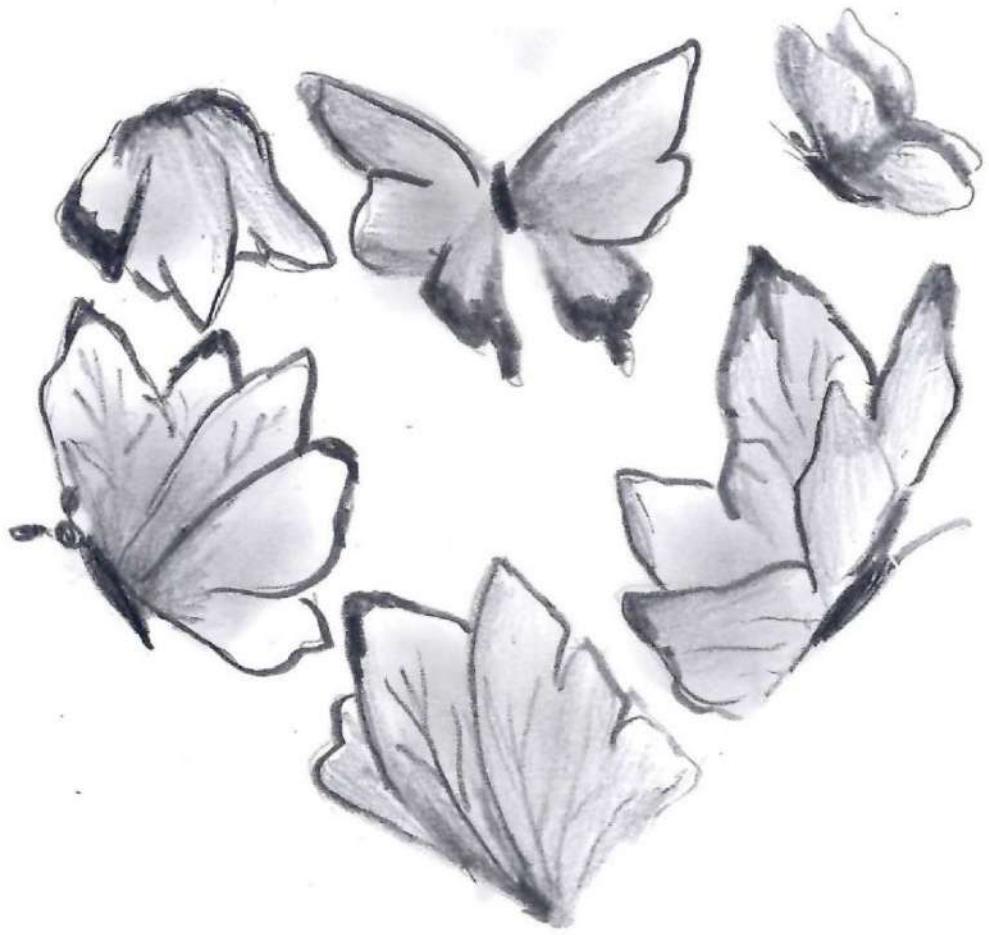
ଇଶାନ ପୁଣ୍ୟ କାଗଜୀରୁ , ତେବେଳା- ଅନନ୍ତାର୍ ଆମ-

ମଧ୍ୟ ତାର୍ କ'ଳେ " ବେଶମ ପୁଣ୍ୟ ଲାଗା ନାହିଁ କାହାର-

ଆମି ଦେଖିବା ହୁଲିଯା- ଏହି ତେବେଲା- , ପାତ୍ରି-

ଶୀଘ୍ର- ଗୋଟିଏ- ହୁଅଥେ ଦିଲୋ- । ତାର ଶାଖାଟେ-
ପିଲିମୁହୁ- କୁହ ପ୍ରିଚିଲ- , "ତେ ଉତ୍ତକ ଯୋଗ ଏହା- ଜେମୀ-
ହେତୁମାତ୍ର ଶୁଣିବି ବେ ? " ଗୋଟିଏ ହେତୁମାତ୍ର- କାଳେ
ହେତୁମାତ୍ର ଶୁଣା- , ପିଲିମୁହୁ- ଆହୁତି ଧର ଉନ୍ନାହିଁ ଲେ
ବେହି- ଜେମୀଟୋ- ଶୁଣାଯୁଣେ- ଗୋଟିଏ କାଷିଲୋ ।
ଜେମୀଟୋର- ଶ୍ଵାସଗୁରୁତ୍ୱ- ଶୁଣାର ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ- ଗୋଟିଲ ଯେ ଗୋଟିଏ
ଅକୁଳୋଟ୍ୱ- ଶୁଣ- ହେ ଆହି- ଗୋଟିଲୋ । ଜେମୀଟୋର-
ଆହୁତ୍ୱ- ଅତିରକିଳିତ- ଶୀଘ୍ରିଲ ଲଙ୍ଘନ୍ତୁରୁତ୍ୱ- ଲଙ୍ଘ-
କଟିଯା- ଶୁଣାଯୁଗ୍ମ- , ଗୋଟାର- ଶାଖା- ଶୀଘ୍ର- ପ୍ରେମାଳିଦ୍ୱାରା-
ପିଲାଳିଦ୍ୱାରା- ଶାଖାଟ୍ୱ- ଅକୁଳୋଟ୍ୱ- ଶାଖା- ଏହି- ଉତ୍ତକପାତ୍ର-
ଏହି- ପ୍ରିଚିଲ, ଏବୀର ହେତୁ ଦ୍ୱାରା ଶାଖାଟ୍ୱ- ଶାଖା- ଜେମୀ-
ଦେଇ- ପିଲା- ଶାଖା- ଲାଗିଲ ।

ଏବୀର- ଶାଖା- , ଫୁଲାକୀଶାଖ- ଫୁଲା, ପିଲିମୁହୁ-
ରେତୁମୁହୁ- ଶାଖ, ଆଶାଖ- ଶୀଘ୍ରିଲୁହୁ- , କରାରୁହୁ- ଏହି-
ରେତୁମୁହୁ- ଶ୍ଵାତି- ହେ ଭବ- । ଏହି ଶୁଣାଯୁଗ୍ମ- ଉତ୍ତକ-
ବ୍ୟାହ- ଶାଖିତ ଶାଖିତ- କାଳୋଯା- ଏହି- କୋନତ ରହିବ-
ଶ୍ରୀମାତ୍- ଶାଖିତ- , ସରମୁହ- ଏହି ବୋର ଶ୍ରୀମାତ୍-
ବ୍ୟକ୍ତତାବ- ଶାଖାଟ୍ୱ- ଯେହ- ଗୋଟାର- ଏହି ରୁହିମୁହ-
ଶୁଣାର- ହେତୁର- ଶାଖା- ।



A GLASS OF CHAI ON THE HIGH-WAY

By - Asif Iqbal

B.Tech, Civil Engineering, 8th Sem

I felt the sting of a water droplet hitting my face. Looked up to see dark clouds in the horizon dark clouds with a war raging within them. It's going to rain. The impending rain reminded me of my selective amnesia when it comes to rain coals. Oh Shit! I am in trouble.

When the first droplets of water hit the red earth, baked into perfection by the summer sun, it fizzled a little. I could see steam rising from the dirt track ahead. The Earth was parched. So was I. I ran over to an old tea shop on the side of the road. Its Thatched roof was some shelter. The smell of elai chi, ginger, cinnamon and cloves assaulted my senses and I knew then, I was a goner. I never had the willpower to say no to a

hot glass of chai. A man, about 70, with one missing tooth was stirring the kettle. "Chai?" He asked, when he saw me eyeing his kettle. I held back my grin when I said "yes".

Bamboos were swaying wildly in the wind. Bending and touching the ground but not breaking. The winds are strong in this part of the world. I moved a little closer to the door entranced by the sights before me.

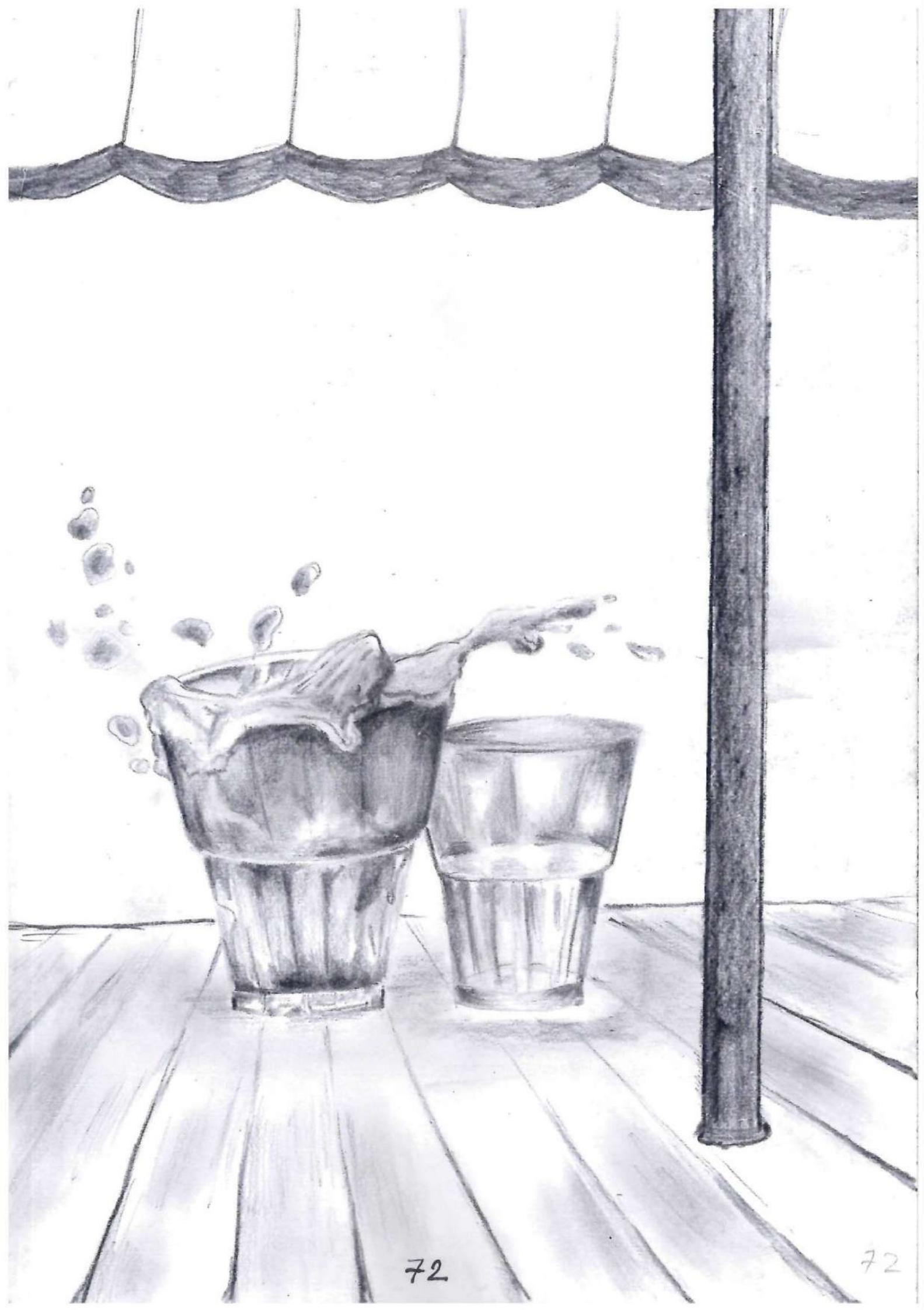
The sky split open and poured down on us. I couldn't remember the last time I walked in the rain. For someone who lived in the tropics, I was doing an impressive job at avoiding rain like the plague. I cleared out my pockets. Took my phone, wallet and keys and gave it to the old man in the tea stall.

Looking back it was a rather stupid thing to do. For reasons ranging from catching a fever, to losing every last penny I had in an unknown part of the world. But I have always been well-versed in stupidity. I could feel the universe calling me and for once I wanted to listen. Put the empty chai glass down and stepped into the rain.

I was drenched to my bones in under a minute. The clouds were not holding back Petachor, that is the name of the deep mucky scent in the air. Grandma taught me that word. She was very peculiar about using the right words.

Laziness was not tolerated by my grandmother. She always yelled at me for making muddy footprints inside her house. "Wipe your feet Babu. It's not that hard to understand." I was never good at listening, even when canes were involved. So I would do it again the next time if rained. Grandma left, but her memory stayed. I spotted a muddy rag outside the tea stall. I had my doubts about the rag's ability to clean anything, but wiped my feet on it anyway.

I walked into the cafe once more. The old man asked "Chai?" Eyeing my shining body. This time I didn't hold back my gain, "I'll have 2."



72

72

ଶୁର୍ଦ୍ଧିତିର ଜାଗାର ଉପାଳ୍ୟାନ

— କୃପୁଷ୍ଠ ବଳିତା
(କମ୍ପ୍ଯୁଟରେ ଆଯୋଜନ ହେଲେ ଅନ୍ତର୍ଭାବରେ; ସଂକ୍ଷିପ୍ତ
ବାଣୀପିକ)

ମେହା ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିର ଭାବରେ ଆହୁତି ମାନାହୁତି ଘରଲେ ପୈଛିଲୋ, ଅସ୍ଵକୀୟ ଜାଗା
ଏହିରେ ଲାବା ନାହାର ବିହା ଘରଲେ । ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ଆମାଦିନମେନ ଆମି ଅସମ୍ଭାବୀ
ମାନାହୁତି ଘରତ ଗେ ଉପର୍ଦ୍ଧିତ ହୁଏ । ଚିନଙ୍ଗେ ସ୍ଵତ ଆନନ୍ଦ ଫୁର୍ତ୍ତିରେ
ପାର ସମ୍ବାଦ ପାଇତ ବାତି ଖାଇ ବେ ଜେଟି ଆମି ତିନିତାନୀ ସାଇ-ଜୀ
ବାତି ପ୍ରରଳେ ଥାଏଁ ତୁମାର ତାନ ଏହି ସଧକୀୟ ମାନାର ଘରତ, କାବ୍ୟ
ଇତିର୍ଗତ୍ୟ ଆମାର ମାନାର ସଥର ବିଚନାବୋର ହାତି ହେ ଗୈଛିଲା । ଯାର
ଘରତ ପ୍ରୟଳିଶେଇଲୋଁ ହେଉଁର ନାମ ଶୁର୍ଦ୍ଧିତି, କେଇବୋର ସ୍ଵତେ ହେଉଁବ
ବୀରବୀଜ ଶୁର୍ଦ୍ଧିତି ବୁଲିନ୍ତ ମାଗିଛିଲା । ହେଉଁ ସମ୍ମ ପ୍ରାୟ ଖାଇ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିର
ଓଜା - ଓଚି ହୁଁ । ହେଉଁ ସମ୍ବାଦୋର ବ୍ୟ ବଜାଲେ ଆଟୁଳ ହେଉଁ ସମ୍ବା
ଦିଲ୍ଲୀ ବା ବଗାନ୍ଦୀ ସମ୍ବଲେ ଆବଶ୍ୟ ବାବିଲେ ହାତ - ପାନୀ ବାହାନୀ
ହେଉଁ କଥା ପ୍ରାଣ ଆବିଦର ଜନ ଗୈଛିଲା । ଜେମେହେ ଦେଖିଲା ବାତି
ହେଉଁଲୋକର ସଥତ ପ୍ରବଳେ ପାଇଁ ମାନେ - ମାନେ ଆନନ୍ଦତ ପାଇଛିଲୋଁ ।
ବିହା ଘରତେ ହାତ - ପାନୀ ଖାଇ ଏହାବମାନ ସଜୁତ ଆମି ତିନିତି ଶୁର୍ଦ୍ଧିତି
ମାନାର ସଥତ ହାତିଷ । ଜେମେ ଶୁର୍ଦ୍ଧିତି ମାନାର ଲୋକାଟିନି ବୀରିଲୋଁ -
“ ବୋଲୋ ଜାଗା, ଆଦି ବିକ୍ରି ତୁମି ଆମାର କାହିଁନି ପ୍ରମାଦ ନାହିଁ ।”
ମାନାହୁତି ଆମାର ନିବାଶ ନବବିଲେ, ଜାହୋ କଲେ - ଗୋମାଳୋହେ -
କି ଶୁର୍ଦ୍ଧିତା, ମହି କେବା ସମ୍ବାଦୋର ଗୋମାଳୋହେ ଜାହିସମା ବୁଲିନ୍ତ ବିପଦ
ନବବିଦା । ଅଥାଚ ଦେଖିଲୋର କଥା ତେଣ୍ଡାର ଜମୟତ ଦିନର ପୋତ୍ତର
ମଧ୍ୟେ ଫଳିଟୀଯା ଆହା କଥା ଆଟୁଳ । ଆମି କଲୋ - “ଆମି ବିଶ୍ୱାସ
କବିଜ ଜାଗା, ତୁମି କେ ମୋହା ।”

ମାନାହୁତି ଆମାର ବିଚନାମନ୍ୟ ପ୍ରବର୍ତ୍ତ ଡରିବୁମନ ତୁଲି ଲୋହେତ



বহুম দূরে থাই লৈ আবন্তু বলিলে - “তেক্কে আমা, মোৰ নাম যদিও
যুৰ্বিক্ষি বা বহুত চুঁচেহাই মোৰ বৰ্ণধৰ্ম যুৰ্বিক্ষি বুলিও হিতিবি;
বঢ়ি জাতিছিল, আচলতে জৰুতে জহু এই নামটোৱ অস্পৃষ্ট
ওজাট চৰিয়েছে আছিলোঁ। জৰুতে এটা জহু বৰ তুল্ল অঞ্চলৈঁ;
বহুম লংবা আছিলোঁ। ঘৰৱ লগতে মাঞ্চনবৰা জহু এটা জান্যা
আছিলোঁ। অৱশ্যে জহু বুলি ফলে তুল ২৪- আচলতে আনি
প্ৰায় ৮-১০ জুনিয়া এটা দূল আছিলোঁ আৰু কুই দণ্ডোৱে আৰু
মাঁৰু জাপুৰু বাৰীত- থৰা আৰু- কঁঠেল, জান, বল, ঝুঁগিয়াৰ
হিত্যান্তি ফল- ছুলাবোৰ শাহু দৈ মৈ বাৰুৰু দূৰে ঢেল- পাতে
জোগি দৈ আহিত্যান্তি। পৰিণাম স্বৰূপে জা- দুক্তিবৰ লৰা কিমান
মে মালি শাপানি আৰু কেঘাত পাহিত্যান্তি পৰ দেখনো কেশ-
জোগ নাছিলা ।”

“ যিকি নহওৰ গোৰ ব্যঞ্জ খেত্যা ট বড়ুবনান হল, এইন দুক্তিট
হেঁৰু পুৰাণ কৈবৰেহাই থৰা চাইহেলেমনৰ জাপুৰু লোহানুলত
বাতি দেশৰা মাঝেনি দি বড়ুবাই মাঞ্চনৰ জিগেছুৰত থৰা ওল.
শি. সুলুমনলৈ লৈ গল নামজান্তি বৰি দুলৈ। প্ৰদাৰ শিখকৰ
এটা প্ৰণাম জনাই লালিচ পথিগ জাতিজাতুল আৰু ঘৰৱ লৰা
ফাটি নিয়া তিনিজন শিখকৰ বাবে তিবিসন গোলৈ দি গোৰ
নামটো ঙাতি বৰি দুলৈ। দুক্তিহাই প্ৰদাৰ শিখকৰতৰ বথলো-
“ দেলো ছাৰ, গোৰ লংবা বুলি ইয়াৰ বেছি জৰুত রবৰিব।
কেৱল মিলান গি শান্ত- শিষ্টি, জিমানেহি কিন্তু গি তুলি। গোৰ
অপৰ লংবা হুগুৰু দূৰে ইয়াৰ কিন্তু নাজাবিৰ ।”

“ ৰাতিপুৰাই মৰ্ক- ছাগলী এৰাল দি খেতিৰ বামত দুক্তিবৰ
জহুয়া- সহশোগ কৰাব কুপৰিও টিকি ন'বজুৰ লাহ লাগে কেতিয়াৰা
কেতিয়াৰা ৰাতিৰ লাৰী দিয়া জাত কৈইটোজান তোল- নিষেকে
জাছপোৰা বা আলুলোৰাবে, কেতিয়াৰা আছো জোলো চপৰি
শিচি, কেতিয়াৰা কৈছেলী শিচি আৰু চান্ত এৰাতি, নাবে- বলনে
জৰাই দৌৰি দিউ ঝুললৈ বুলি। ঝুললৈ গৈ বাজাতি বৰবিজ

বুলি অবিলেও ঝু-পুচ্ছিয়ার জন্মে আহিন্দেই থাক্য রথ্ম। অমরীয়ার
বিভাগের বিভিন্ন তাঁব-বাব আৰি, চতা-শাহী জাতুৰ ডুবোৱা
দৃষ্টি-চুলি আৰি, অগুৰীয়াৰ বিভাগ লুকাই হৈ নজুনা আও ধৰা
এইবৈধ বণ কৰি বৰকে আৰু পাহাড়লোঁ, মতিকে শ্ৰেণীবৈধ
ভিতৰত মিবোৰ ভেপত হৈছিল আৰ ঘৰ্ষিঙ্গয়ে পিন জোৰ
জপতে পৰিচূল।”

“এনকে লৈ গৈ প্ৰথম আৰী পালোগে। তু আই পাহাড়িচূলোৱা
গেই সময়ত এল. পি. ঝুলত কে গৈ আৰী আছিল। ‘ব’ জাৰ,
‘শ’ জাৰ, ‘প্ৰথম’ জাৰ, ‘দ্বিতীয়’ জাৰ আৰু ‘তৃতীয়’ জাৰ আৰু তুৰ
পিহত হাইভুল। দুলু দ্বৰণৈৰ কোনো কৰ্ম ঘৰপ্ৰসা বাছিল;
কৰটো দৃৰ্বল বখা দ্বৰণৈৰ ভিতৰত কোনো এখন বাল বা বেৰ
নাছিল। মতিকে দুলু দ্বৰণৈৰ ভিতৰত মেনকে চাৰিওলিবাৰ পৰা
মুক্ত বাহুচোলা কৰিছিল ঠিক কেৱলৈ দুলু দ্বৰণৈৰ ভিতৰ-বাহি
চোলণ্ণে আৱাৰ বাবে চাৰিওলিবাৰ পৰা ছুত আছিল। খাৰ ফলত
নুই প্ৰথম ছাবড় পৰা বজা পাবলৈ সকলো হৈছিলোঁ। ‘ব’ জাৰ
আৰু ‘শ’ জাৰত স্বৰূপ পৰা কে কোনো বকাতহে বাখিৰ পাহাড়লোঁ, প্ৰথম
জাৰত স্বৰূপ পৰা কে কোনো দুশ্মন তঙ্গা, এখন বিভাগেৰাকে আৰু
আৰম্ভন বহাবে। দ্বিতীয় জাৰত চাপৰ ছেঙ্গ-বেক্ট আৰু ‘তৃতীয়’ মানেৰু
ওৰ ছেঙ্গ-বেক্ট বাখিৰ পাহাড়লোঁ। এই ওৰ ছেঙ্গ-বেক্ট বাখিৰলৈ
আৱাৰ ‘ব’ জাৰ পৰাই বক্তু আশা থাকু।”

এল. পি. ঝুলত থাণেতে আৱাৰ পোচাম বুলিয়ে কুমা বা
দ্বৰণৈৰ অটা-চিলি মেন্টো বা গোলা; বাৰো কৰিতেই বুলোৱা দ্বৰণৈ
চোলণ গোলা থক্ত নাছিল। স্বৰূপ পৰা টিফিন কে কোনো বা টিফিন
কোনো তেক্ষিয়া বাকে দুশ্মন নাছিলোঁ, কুমাত নাছিলোঁ, মাথো
মাৰা দাউলত শেচ-ঢেচাই কিবাকে ১০ পহিচা এটা শুঁড়ি কে কৈছিলোঁ
গেই ১০ পহিচাৰে ঝুলৰ কাষতে থক্ত পেটুলী ঝুঁক পৰা কৈত্তিয়া
ওৰণন ঝুঁক আছি, কেতিয়াৰা ডালছুই, কেতিয়াৰা বালণা পৰল বাদুন।

किनी शहीद्दुलोँ। शेषत टिकिन टीर्हम पार होयाव आगे आग झुम्ब
उचाते थण झुम्ब लवा पारी ले टैंपाह प्लूबाही पारी शहीद्दुलोँ
एव्हाई आट्टिल आजाव झुम्बीया जीयगा” आगि आसिये जागाव अमा
वेव जानोभोग दि ओनि दोयाव वाव जाजाइउ फ्रामावेव झुनीझावे
आजाव द्ये टेप्टिला ।

“हितीम जानत डेखि शिहुत एहिन प्रवास शिहुतके मोह विनाबधान
वाह्य क्षेत्रोबे चोपे-चोपिकै शिति दिलो नह्य जाव लाही। कृष्ण
शुभ उजाते टैक दिलो मे—“एक्ष मध्य जाविले वाघावो जव्हना”
जावे थप मावि र्धवि वाग-पवाह तेजाते वहा छाई ओडले
ले मान नह्य आव वज्जो इयाव अर्फ जोह जाउ देया। पामिलो
नह्य जहा विपद्दत। देउगाही बोतियाधा द्युमाव जाजाते देया ओनो,
किन्तु देउगाही फि असायत, फि अमति कम्य जहिङ नाजाना। किन्तु
जाव बिवा एटी डेखि निमित्ताकै मे जोह एवि निमित्त जेहिलो
द्युनिद्दुलोँ। जेहिले जनात अवानव नामले जावक फ्लो मे-हात,
इयाव अर्फ छुट इव पावे। अमिती इन वाव आव आव मध्य अमाव
अम्य जानानेह इव। यादि एटी वावे एटी मध्य मावि ताव माज
वाव मध्य डेते एटी वाव वायस डेने लेव एविव पाविव, किन्तु
यादि एक्ष टी मध्य मावि एवेलोगे न्याव र्धवि डेते अस लोट झुम्ब
मावि थाविव। हितीमद्दे इन - वाघावेव यादि एक्षटी मध्य एवेवाहे
मावि ल्लेलाह डेते देयाव मवावेव शेमेह इव आव मेतिया देह-
द्युमाव शिहुत वाघावेव मध्य माविव बिचावि एटीव-मध्य रापाव डेतिया
देयेव ताव डेखाते जव्हन मिलिव। मोव वहा ओनि दावे शाहिवरी
ने बाकिवही भाइ एवो र्धविव नेवाविलो। मायो ब्लूलो मे-“या,
विज्य चित्ति वह गै।” घमत आहि गोहेह अटेवाव अटेवाव
आपत वज्जो। देउगाही जायो ब्लूलो—“ज्यावावत फिवा एटी
वावि जाव पाविवेव लागिछू।” अतिया मोव जाव मने आवक्तु
लामिलो ।”

एहिपिने बाति १:३० जाव बाडिलो। आलाजेल टीपनिया टेंटा मालि
र्धविहारी, आवो अतिप्रुहाही जेववालो जैटि बियाव वाम-वाज आज्जे ।

জাগাহ কলে - "আজিরে ইব দিনা, বহু বাতি ইন আক বেতিম্বা
জগ্য - দুয়েশ পালে এন্দুয়া জার্বুখণ্ডা মেন লগা বাহিনী জো-
লোবেব বন।" আজাহ জবলোফ প্রভোত্তি হৈ আজাহ কম্ব পথা
মাধা মন্তে শুরুলে। জাগা মোধাব শিচুণ বহু বাতিলেবে মেধ
দেপনি অথা বাচ্চুণ জাগাব কথাবেব ভাবি জাবি। আটকে
জাগাহতে জবালি কালতে কিজান টিপাত্তে ফুষিচ্ছুণ জগ্যবাব।
কিজান অক্ষগিন আচ্ছুল কেই জগ্য। আজি বাক এই মাক্তিমান
শুণত কেই জগ্য, কেই স্বাধীবেশ আলা কবিব পাবি জুনা !!!

উপদেশ দিয়া মারুজ্জনতেই উপদেশ বিবা জারুজ্জন
প্রায়ই প্রেক্ষত্বে সুলি প্রসালিত হয়।
- কাণ খন নোবেল।

মই ইথাত বাগে হিন্দু বা মুসুলমান মানা, বাহু,
মি মেশিছো দেয়া মাতে জাতুহ।
- প্রকল্পানন্দ।



POETRY SECTION



Will you be?

-Dimpri Deka

(B.Pharm 7th Sem)

In my darkness, will you be my earthen lamp?

In the field of battle, will you be my shield?

In the garden of Pansy, will you be my tulips?

In the era of emptiness, will you be my black hole?

In the era of logic, will you be my magic?

In the world full of salacity, will you be my infatuation?

In the world full of Acetylcholine, will you be my serotonin?

In the world of gloominess, will you be my sunshine?

In the world of Homosapiens, will you be my Swans??

"In three words I can sum up everything I've learned about life : it goes on."

-Robert Frost

Hey my inner child

~Sangeeta Sard
NA English Department

Don't be forced

Don't drop your innocence,

I know, I become harsh with you,

But be strong to carry on being kind to me.

Your outer body is just a immortal flesh
which will dissolve in fire with all your
trouble created by me.

But you don't be downhearted with me.

Keep your glowing flower be enlightening your
soul to keep me alive ;

Uplift me with your spring smile .

"Imagine, but with care.
For all your visions
are a form of prayer"

-Wahab Rumi

ବେଦେଖିବା ୧୦

ହିମାଳୀ ଶର୍ମିଲୀ
କମିଟ୍ଟୀର ବିଜୁନ
ଗୋପ ଅତିଶାନ୍ତିକତ, ଯାତ୍ରା ଆମାଦିକ

ବେଦେଖିବା ୧୦ ଗୋପବିଦ୍ୱାତ୍ରା

କଳା ଚାଦି ଏମନ୍ତ-

ଗୋପବି ଧିବିଢ଼େ ମୋକ,

ତେବେହେ- ଯୋବାବ ଜ୍ୟୁତ ମୋର୍ମାଦ କବିଦେ

ମୈନ- ତୁଠିବ ମିଥିକିମ୍ବା ହାତି,

ମଙ୍ଗଳ ଚାକମ୍ବାତ- କହ୍ୟକାହେ- ଯାହେ

ଦ୍ରୋଘ୍ରେହା- ଦ୍ରୁଦ୍ରାବ କିବା ଧିନାମି ।

ମନ୍ମୁଖତ- ଝାଁମୋ ଝଣ୍ଟ ଉତ୍ସବ

ହାତାବାହୀ ଏହା-

ଢଳ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧା- ମୋକାବ- ହାବିତ-

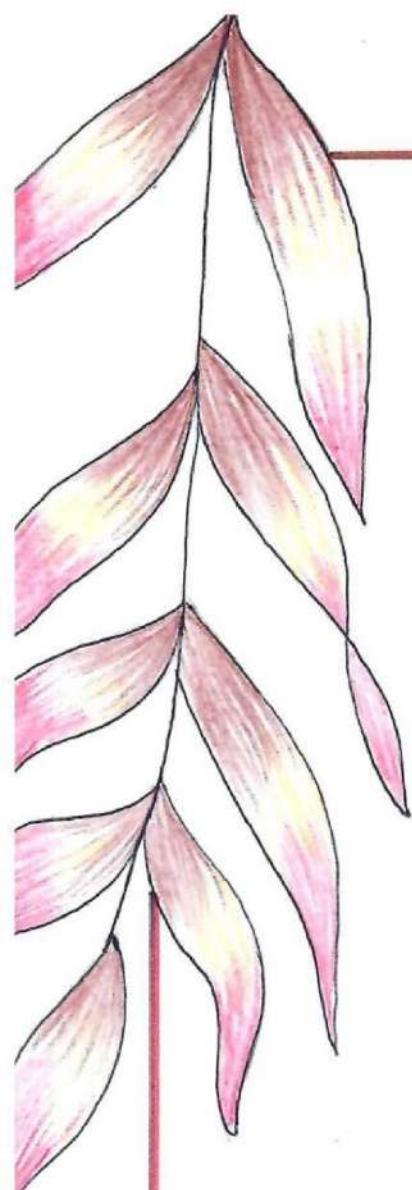
ଧିନେକ- ରୁଦ୍ଧି ଅଭିର୍ବଦି ।

ଉତ୍ସାହବ ଗନ୍ଧତ- ମେନ୍ଦରକ ଚିନ୍ତାମାଲାବ-

ମୋବ ବୋବିତ ବାର୍ତ୍ତନାମ,

ଲାବବ ବାଲିଚାବ ପରା

ହୃଦ୍ୟାମବ ମରଙ୍ଗାମି ଲୈ-



ଏକୋ ଅବେଳିଟି ଫୁଲିକଣା-

ମୋର- ଥାବେ- ଚୋନ- ପ୍ରଶାନ୍ତ ହୃଦୟାମାଗବର-

ହୋବିଯାନା- ଧାତ୍ର- ଅଜ୍ଞାନ ।

ଯିବାନେହି- ଗଢ଼ିବଳେ ଯାଇ

ମିମାନ୍ଦେହି ପ୍ରହେଲିଦିନହି- ବାଂ- ତୋରୀ ଧିବେ,

କଥାବୋର- ଏହି ଫୁଲିବର ଦିନ

ଗଲ- ହୋବାର ମୋଗତ

ମନ ଗୋକୁଳ ମଗନ୍ତୁବ ହୋଡ଼ି ଝାଲି- ଭାକୁ ।



“ ଉନ୍ନାଥ- ଯିବାନ- ଗଢ଼ିବ ହସ, ପ୍ରଜାତେ ମିମାନ୍ଦେହି
ଡିବଳା ହସ । ଚାହିଁଫଳାଷ ପାରା ନେନ୍ତଳାଧେ ମୋରାଖି
ଧରିଲେଓ ତେ ନକରିବା, ତୋହର ହସନ୍ତି । ”

- କ୍ଷୋଭି-ଅମାଦ ମୋରବଳା

Take me There

~Riya S. Kashyap
(BBA 2nd Sem)

Take me there
where I'll be alone
Reliving moments and memories
Just me and myself.

Take me there
Where the mornings will shine
With a cup of tea, relishing that bit of glee,
Just me, cherishing life!

Take me there
Where the nights will glimmer.
The curtains will flap and the winds will bring aglow,
Just me, a paper and a pen.

Take me there
Where the summers will be happy
Rain will bring peace and the breeze will touch
the soul
Just me, living my dreams.

Take me there
Where the winters will sparkle
Sunshine will be comfortable and days will be enjoyed
Just me, some coffee and the moon.

Take me there
Where I will find that lost self back again
With everlasting laughs and enliven madness
Just me and myself.

The voices in my head

~Nidarshan Kashyap
(B-Pharm 1st Sem)

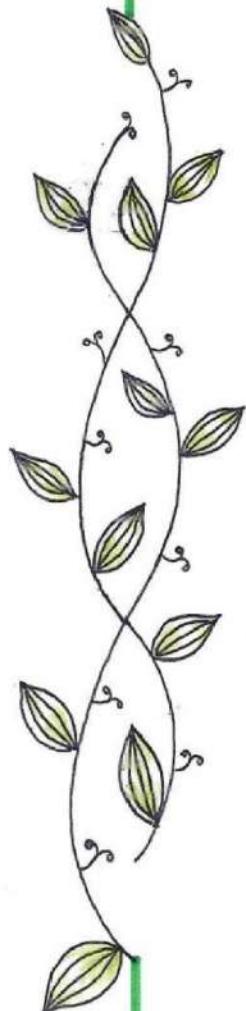
There is a heavy, loud voice
that speaks in my head
telling me what needs to be done,
angry at me for ignoring it.

It can easily be brushed aside
but I want to listen to it;
I want to admit it might be right that
it might know me better than myself!

Pretending I don't hear it;
makes me feel myself - that
I am okay and happy with it
There's nothing wrong, and
I'm in control and my life is fine

They say what I want to hear
Kill the boy, be the man
Don't be hungry for love and them
For it's said to me that
After a while, it won't matter

But with time it got better
I made peace with the voice
I listened more, I understood,
it took a while,
we fought our battles,
but in the end, the voice waited
patiently!



LIFE AND THE ROAD

By Dritik Saikia
BCA (6th sem)

Life is a road, long and wide, Full of turns on every side.

Some are smooth, some are rough, But with courage, it's enough.

Like a bike that's second-hand,
Needs some care, a steady hand.
Fix the tires, oil the chains,
Ride through sunshine, ride through rain.

People too have scars to share, From the past they used to know.
But with love and gentle care, Hearts can heal, and life feels fair.

We ride ahead, don't look behind, Learn from all, be strong, be kind
Every road has ups and downs, But a smile can chase the frowns.

A LOVE UNSEEN

By Alfred Mabin (Kayrin)
BCA (6th sem)

In dreams, she visits now and then,
A vision soft and rare,
Her face concealed mysteriously,
Yet I feel her presence there.

Her laughter haunts my walking thoughts,
A melody so sweet,
Though I have never seen her face,
My heart skips every beat.

She is my first, my only crush,
A love so pure and true,
I wonder if she walks this earth,
Or if she's just a dream I know.

But hope remains within my heart,
That one day we will meet,
And when I see her face at last,
My world will be complete.

ଜଗତ ମୋର୍ଦ୍ଧି

କାବିକା ଚୌହାରୀ

ନେପାଲୀଭିକ ମେଡିଯାନ୍ତ୍ରିକ, ଇତିହୀସ ଶାସ୍ତ୍ରାଧିକ

ଜଗତ ମୋର୍ଦ୍ଧିର ନହୁ ତେଣ ବିଜ୍ଞାଳ,
ଅକଳୋ ହେନେ ହାତ୍ସ୍ୟ- ଛୁଟିତ ମୋରାଳ ,
ସଂଖ୍ୟା ଶୀତ୍ର ଗତିତ ବାହିତେ ବିଜ୍ଞାନ,
ତଥା ଶୀତ୍ର ଗତିତ ଝାନରେ
ହସିଛୁ ଧ୍ୟାସ- ପ୍ରାନ ,
ଜଗତ ମୋର୍ଦ୍ଧି ହେ ନବିତ୍ତ ଦ୍ୱା- ତ୍ୟାଗିହିନୀ ,
ମାନୁଷ- ମନତ- ଆଚା- କେବଳ- ଲୋକ- ମେତହିନୀ ,
ନାହିଁ ମୋର ମେହି ଦିନ, ନାହିଁ ମୋର ମେହି ଲୋକ
ମୋରି ତୁମି ଜାହୀର ଅକଳୋରେ କହୁ କେବଳ- ମୋର- ମୋର ,
ଜଗତ- ମୋରି ହେନୋ ଅଳାଳେ ଯହ ଅନ୍ତର୍ଗତ,
ପ୍ରେମ, ବିବିତୀ, ଦୈଵତା- ହୈ- ନବିତ୍ତ ଯୁଦ୍ଧ ,
ଜଳ ହେବିଲୋ ବେଶ୍ୟ, ବେଶ୍ୟ- ହେବିଲେ ଜଳ,
କିନ୍ତୁ ଅଧିତୋ ପାହୀବିଛୁ- ଏହି ଜଗତେ,
ମେହିକାର, ଉଷେତି ଚିତ୍ତିଛୁ ବଜ୍ଜ ଢାଳ- ,
ଜଗତତ ମୋରି ନାହିଁ ଚାଗେ ଆନନ୍ଦତା ,
ଅଞ୍ଚୁପତ ହେଇଛୁ ଧର୍ମ- ବଲ୍ମିକାର ,

ଜ୍ୟାନର- କଣି ଦାନ୍ତେ କୈଛେ -

“ଜୋହେ ନୋ କି, କି ଯାହା କାବୁ ?”

ଏଣେ ଉଗତ ଏଥନତ ମହାତୀକେ

ଜ୍ୟାବି ଯୋବାଇଁ ଡୋଳ ।

“କୋଷୁଥେ ମନ ମନ୍ଦମୁଁ ଏକେ ଚାଇପାଇ ମାତ୍ର ,
କିନ୍ତୁ- ଏହି-ଶତ- ସୋଲା କେତି- ଶାଙ୍କିଲାଲୀ ବହୁମୂଳେ
ସଂକଳିତ ଲବକ ପୋଖ ଲବକକ ପ୍ରଞ୍ଚ କବି- ତୋଲେ ।”

- କବି- ଜନ- ପିଲାମା

Burning Hope

~ Tijvaraj Roy
(B.Pharm 5th Sem)

In the shadows of every night,
they tremble in fear,
eyes long lost in waiting for justice to
appear.

Trapped in the silence, they suffocate
in pain,
Their screams echo, yet unheard, in vain.

Like stories of Damini that fade away,
Drenched in tears, their rebellions stay.
Whether at home or on streets they stray,
Every hour is a nightmare, every path a
dismay.

What was their sin to deserve this plight?
To be born in this soil, is that their blight?
Dowry, violence, or the predator's hand,
Each night burns in a fire they cannot withstand.

Yet they stand tall, they refuse to break,
Fighting every storm, for they never forsake.
Through these wrecks, a new light will shine,
For the centuries of darkness will soon decline.

One day, justice's sun will rise high,
Every daughter, every sister will touch the sky.
Tell them, they'll burn with courage's flame,
For even in their silence, revolution has a name.



ଅୟୁଷମାନ

-ଜୀବ୍ରିନ୍ ପ୍ରବନ୍ ଦେକୋ
ବିଫାର୍ମ, ଭୁର୍ଜାମ୍ବାସିକ



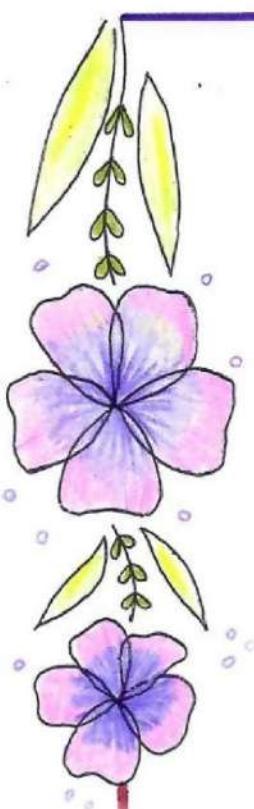
କେତିଆବା କୌତୁଳୀ- ଡାଈ-
ଡାଈ କିହା, ମୋବ କିହା,
ଡାଈ ଲଗତ କିମ୍, ମୋବ ଲଗତ କିମ୍
ମୋବ ହୁଏ ନଥୁ, ଡାଈ ହୁଏ ନଥୁ
ହୁଏ ଯୋଦ ମିଜବ ଗେଜିବୁତ
ନୁହିତ ମୋବ ବାଧବ ପ୍ରଦର୍ଶିତ ଡାଈ- ।
ମୋବେ, ଡାଈ ଅନେକୁବା ନଥୁ, ନାଟ୍ରିମୋ, ନଥୁ
ଚିକିତ୍ସା କୈଛିଲା- ଡାନ୍ତି
ନଥୁ ଡାଈ ଏହି କୁହିଲୀର ଦେବ ନାଗାଧିକ
ନିବିଦୀରୋ ମୋବ ହାତତ ମେହି
ଶ୍ରୀମନ୍ତି ଡ୍ରମନା ପ୍ରବାହସ ଶେଷୀଟି ପୋନାଳ- ।
ଏବାବ ଛବାବ ଜାନୋ କତ୍ଯାବ
ଲାଜ୍ଜିତ ହୁଏ ଡାଈ ମୋବ ଦ୍ଵାବା- !
ଅମାଜବ- କବତାଲିରେ ଓଠ ବାଙ୍ଗଲୀ କବି
ନିନ୍ଦିତ, ବାନ୍ଦିତ ଡାଈ ମୋବ ଦ୍ଵାବା !!



নিচে সুর্যালি- হৈ বধায়- কৈছিলা যোবস্যা-
 দোষ চাণে মোখেই
 জৰুৰ হৈও কিম্ব কাতি- গোপ
 শুক্রিয় অন্ধেক বিচারি দৃশ্যিত হলা মোৰ দ্বাৰা ।
 লিছু গোক মাহী
 নিয়াতী কৰ্যাৰ গোপন প্ৰতিষ্ঠা
 প্ৰতিষ্ঠা সৈক্ষে বিহুগ- মোগৰ প্ৰতিষ্ঠা
 গোচৰিত নহেও নিষ্ঠ জাৰনাৰ প্ৰাণত
 কলিৰ কুকুৰেই মৈ শুকুনি প্ৰতিষ্ঠা ।
 হৃতালি পুলিয়া, জাণো
 গোকুৰ- য় অস্থ, কৌৰৱ লোকি ?
 তৈ কনিষ্ঠজন কুবিত- বাজ
 জোগতেও হৈছিল একেৰনি মাটিকৰ লাই ঘটি
 সমূৰতঃঃ গোন এক হৰি জেমসূৰ, বৰ্ধমালিত !
 মেছেহে তোৰ শ্ৰেষ্ঠ প্ৰচৰ্যা
 চোলি গোহিছু তীক্ষ্ণ বেগেৰে
 সময়ৰ বন্ধু- তোমাৰ ঝঁঝাখি- বিচাৰি আনক প্ৰেমিক
 মাঞ্জুৰ- তোমাৰ এৰাই সুন
 গোলা কৰো হৃতক আত
 গোহৰনি ফণৰ ঝোকজুড়িয়াহে মোৰ গমন ॥

The Remorse of the Setting Sun

~Nasim Akbar
(B.Pharm 5th Sem)

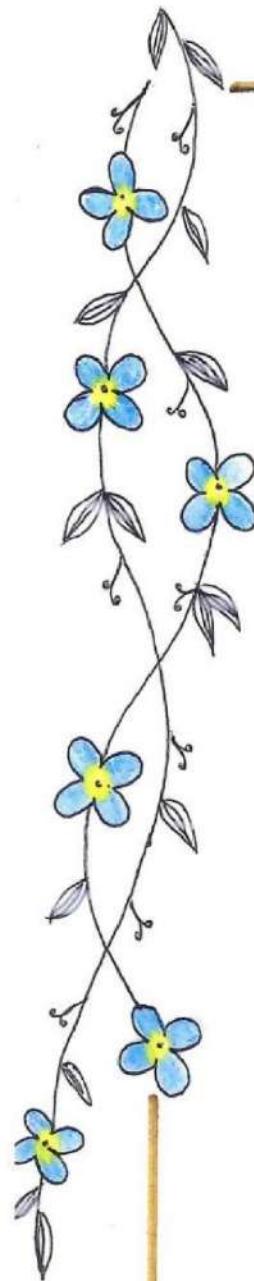


The remorse of the setting sun,
Had my shadow tall & fading.
The blood shed hue of the sun,
Laid bare the sins
I've fisted,
In this war of life.

The approaching dusk,
Had my bones to murmur
The advancement of
The bloody demons I restrained,
Bargaining the treasures for my soul,
For ages since I've breathe.



...for lately,
I've found myself submerged in the ground.
For the serpent grasping my heart
Poisoned enough to
Paralysing my Kinesis.
While the creeping centipedes
On my ribs,
Raptured skin to bones,
Devouring every flesh
For termites feast.



while the sound of pawsteps
of the wildlings lurking in the shadows,
Bursted eardrums to bleed,
while their sparkling ruby red eyes
Erected every single hair on the skin,
Shredding every bit of my guts.

Fallen ... I supplicated,
“Mercy, O lord of the heavens!”
But the night was long
And the dawn felt eternally far.

... so, I had to hold my sword back,
To fight these savages,
For life is a war
And I must strive,
For the dawn,
For the rising sun.





ପୃଥକ ଜେନୁଡ଼ତି

- କାନ୍ଦିଳା - ରୂପ

ବିଳାର୍ଥ ଓ ଅର୍ପଣାମାଲିକ

ଏକ ପୃଥକ ଜେନୁଡ଼ତି

ଏକ ଝୁଲୁସ ଜେନୁଡ଼ର ମୋଟିଲା ହୁଅଛି-

ଯେନ ଡାର୍ଶନ ଦେଖି ମୁଖ୍ୟର ଏହାଟି କିମ୍ବା

ଦୁଇନ ଶୋବ ବେଳାଳି ତୀରୁନର ଏହାଟି ଶାନ୍ତିର ଚିକନା-

ଏହା ନାହିଁ ଚହିତ ମୋତ୍ର ଶାନ୍ତିର ଏହାଟି ଧରି ।

ମୋତ୍ର ଅଭିନବ ମୋତ୍ର ଏହାଟି ପୃଥକ ଧେଲ-

ମୋତ୍ର ଏହାଟି ପୃଥକ ଧେଲିଯା ଅନୁମୋଦି- ମୋତ୍ର

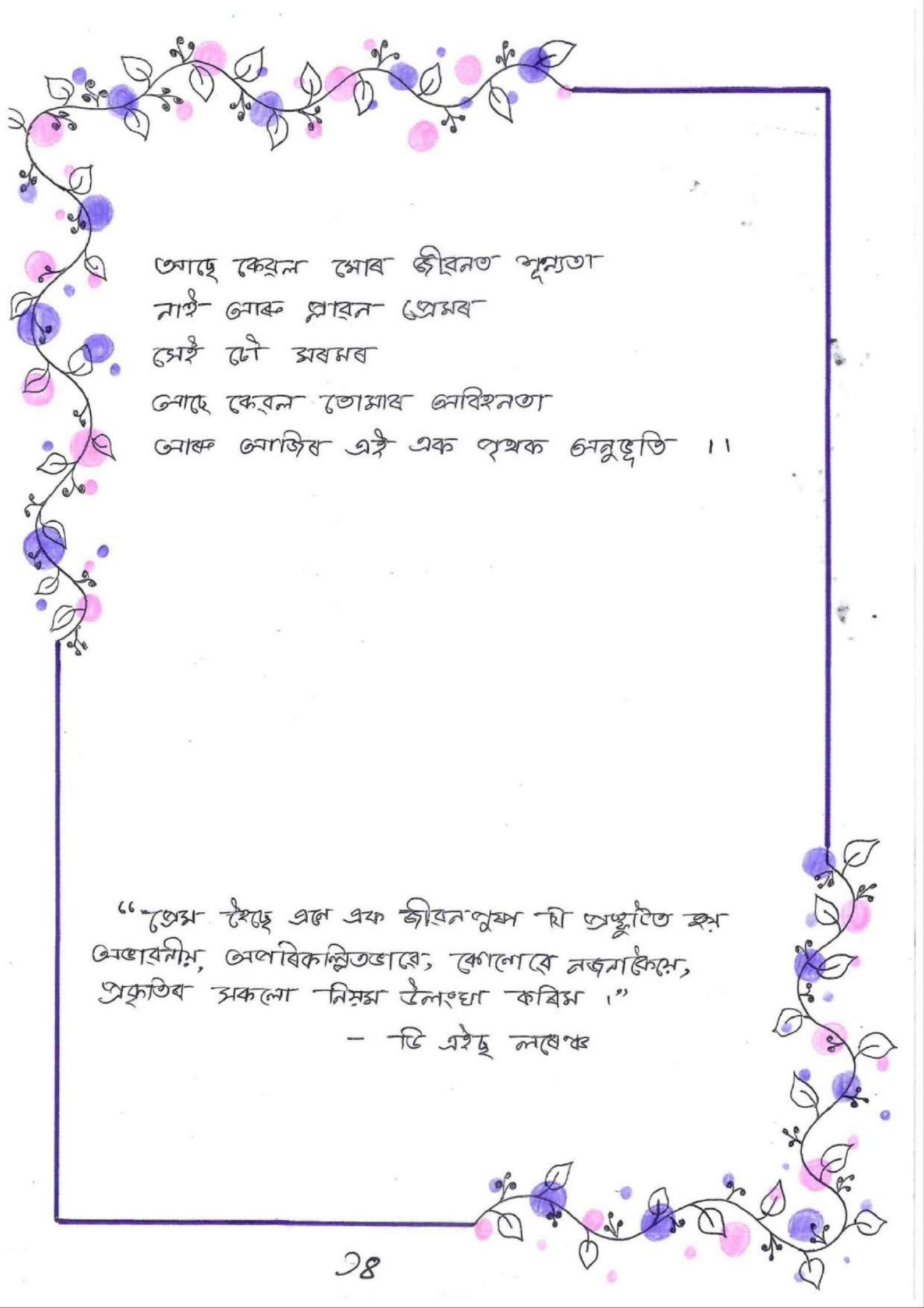
ମୋତ୍ର ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ଲାଭିଛୁ ତୋତାର ପୃଥକ ପ୍ରମିଳୀର ଚିକନା ।

ହେବାଇଛେ ମୋତ୍ର ଏହାଟି ପିଛିକିଯା ହାତି-

ମେହି ହାତ ହାତ ତୋତାର-

ମୋତ୍ର ଅନଗୋଧିବ୍ୟା ଦୂଷତ ମୋତ୍ରାର ମୋଗମନ-

ମେହି ଏକଲାଗେ ମହାର ପୃଥକ ଜେନୁଡ଼ତି ।



ନୋହେ କେବଳ ମୋର ଜୀବନତ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣତା
ନାହିଁ- ମୋର ପ୍ରାଣ- ପ୍ରେମର
ମୋହି ଟୌ ଅବମର
ନୋହେ କେବଳ ତୋମାର ଜୀବିନତା
ମୋର ମୋଜିବ ଏହି ଏକ ପୃଥକ ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠତି ।।

“ତୁମ୍ହେ ଏହି ଏକ ଜୀବନପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ସି ଅଛୁଟିତ ହୁଏ
ଯେତୋବଳୀମୁଁ, ଅଲ୍ଲାବିକଣ୍ଠିତଙ୍ଗରେ; କେଣଳେବେ ନରନାହିଁମୁଁ,
ଅନ୍ଧାତିର ଡକଲୋ ନିମ୍ନ ଉଲ୍ଲଙ୍ଘା କବିମ ।”

- ଡି ଏଇଥୁ ଲଖିଛନ୍ତି

ଅବିନିତ ଯାଆ

- ଶ୍ରୀତିବାଜ ଡେହାର୍
- ବିଜ୍ଞାର୍ଥୀ, ମର୍ମ ଯାନ୍ମାତ୍ରିକ

ତୋଳ୍ଯାଯ ହାତ ହାତ ଦୈଁ

ବ୍ୟୋଗୁଣାଶୀ ମୋହାର୍
ଜୀବନ ସୌଜେ !

ଖଲା-ଯତୀ କନ୍ଦିକାମଧ୍ୟ

ଏମେ ଯାଟି,

ପ୍ରାୟକ୍ରିଯ ଭୋଟୁ ଯଶ ମୃଦୁ

ପ୍ରେମାଦ୍ଵାରା ମୋରିଲେ ଦୀ
ଜୋକେ ଥିଲାକି ବୁଝି

ହାତ୍ୟା ପରା ହାତ ଏବି ପ୍ରୋତ୍ସାହ ଡାର୍ତ୍ତ,

ଚିନାକି ଲାଭିଲେ-

ଜେଚିନାକି ହୋତ୍ସାହ ଫୁଲ,

ଶୁଭାୟ ଶେଷ ଶୁଭାୟରେ-

ପ୍ରେଦି ଉତ୍ସାହ ଫୁଲ !

ତୋଳ୍ଯାଯ ଆହୁତେ ଭୋକେ ମୋରିଯାଦୁ-

ଫୁଲି କୋଣା କନ୍ଦାଷାହ ତଳତେ-

ଭୋକେ- ଦେଖାଯୋ-

“ଜୀବନ- ଜୀବନ- ସବ- ଜେନୁପାତ୍ର — ”

ନୀଥରତ

ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ଗୋପ୍ତାଙ୍କୀ
କମ୍ପ୍ଯୁଟର ବିଜ୍ଞାନ ଓ ଉଚ୍ଚ
ମେଡିକ୍ ଏଣ୍ଟିକାଲ୍

ଏହି ଲୁଳବିଧା ମୃଦୁପ୍ରାନ୍ତ ଥେଲାତ
ବୋଜି ତହିଁ ନିଜାତ କିମ୍ ?
ଏକ ଅକାଶ ଭିଷଣ ଦ୍ୟାତ ଆକିଏ ଏ
ଅନ୍ଧାର ତହିଁ ବେଳବିଧିଯିଶା
ତୋର ଚକ୍ରତ ଏହି ଅନ୍ଧା ଲଗପେହାବ
ମଜାନେହି ହିବବିବନି
ଅନ୍ଧାରେ କଟିଲି
ବୋନ - କାଥୋବାର ଏବା ଲୁଫାନେବେ
ତହିଁ ମେ ଅର୍ଜୁ
ତେଣେ ବୋଜି
ତହିଁ ନିଜାତ କିମ୍ ?
ଲାହେ ଲାହେ କହି ଦେହ
ପୋଥର ପାଦଲୁହିଁ ଢାଗେ ଦିଦି
ତୋର - ଜୀଥିବଲବିଧା - ମେନୁପରିତିବ ବୋଗଛାନନ୍ଦି
ମେନ୍ଦ୍ର ଅନ୍ତିମବାଧର - ସାର - ଅନ୍ତ କବିଧ୍ରୋ
ଏହାହିଁ ଜାଣ୍ଠା ନୀଥରତା ?

ମୁଦ୍ରଣ ପାଇସ ଟିକ୍

ଅଞ୍ଚଳୀ ଦାସ
ଡି-ଫାର୍ମ, ହିଲୀମ୍ ପ୍ଲଟ୍ସ, ଶାକ୍ତାପିଳିକା

31457

କେନ୍ତେ ଗୋଡ଼ା ? ଦ୍ୱାରା କବା ଆଲେ ଗୋଡ଼ା , ମୋର ଡେମନ୍ଦା
କାନ୍ଦାତ ଝାଁଟି ସବା ଛାପି ନାହାର ଅନୁଭ୍ରବ୍ୟାସକ ଗୋଡ଼ି ନୀଳା ଗୋ-
ଧରେ ପଲିପିର ଖୁଲ୍କିଛା , ଫାଙ୍ଗନୀ ଲାଢାଇଁ ଦେଖିଲ କବି
ଜେନା ମୋର ଅଦମତ ଶୁଣି ଏକ ବାଟୀର ଜଳାଳା , ଡାଗରର ଶୁଣୁ-
ନିମାନ୍ତବ୍ୟେଷର ଲେଷଣ ଏକ ଜିପାଳ ଜୋନାକ , ଯି ଜୋକ ପାର
ହୋଇ ଚାହୁଁବାହୁଁ ଦୂର ଯଥ ବେଳାନ ଦେଖାଇଲା , ଯାଏ ଗୋଲକୁଳ
ଆଏ କ୍ଷାମିଦ୍ଵାରା ଏଥିର ମରଣ ଘାକିର ଗାନ୍ଧି ଗୋଡ଼ି ଯିତ୍ତା ଏଥାର
ଘାକିର ଏହାକ ଆମାଙ୍କଳ ଫାଙ୍ଗନ , ଏହୁଁଟି ପଲାଲୀ ବୋଧିବ
ଯାଏ ହାରଗାସି ତେ ହେ ସଥ , ଯତ ଶିଶୁଲୁବ ଫାଁକରେ ଜୋନାକି
ଦୈଲିଯ , ଡାବିମେହି ତାଳ ଲାଗିଛ ତାନା , ଯାଏ ଡିଟିଛ
ତେଜାର । ଅମ ଗୌତର କାଳୀ “ତେଜାର କବା ଆବିଲାହୁଁ
ଜୋନାକ ଉଠାଟି ଥିଲେ ।”- ସାକ କାବ୍ୟକ କବା ସହି
ବିଶ୍ଵ ଗୋପିରା , ଅଭିଧାରା ସାବେ ତେଜାଲେ ଝାନି
ହାନ ସଥ ଟଳିଛୋ , ଅଲକେ ନାହାନୀ , ଅଦମ୍ୟ କବି
ହେଲାହେ କବ ଦିଯ ଓଲାଇଛୋ କୁହାର ପାତିଟୀ ଦୀର୍ଘ
ଆଜିଟୀ ଶାନୀ , କୈଜିଏ ବେଶ ଗୋଧୁଗାସି ମାଛାରି ତାର
ଏହିଛୋ । ତାଳେ ଘାକିରା , ଅଭାବ ତାଳ ମୋଳିଓ ରୁବ
ବୁର ଘାକିରା ।

३५

ପ୍ରାଣୀ ଏ ଭାଲୁ କାହିଁ





Johntosh



Anz 20°