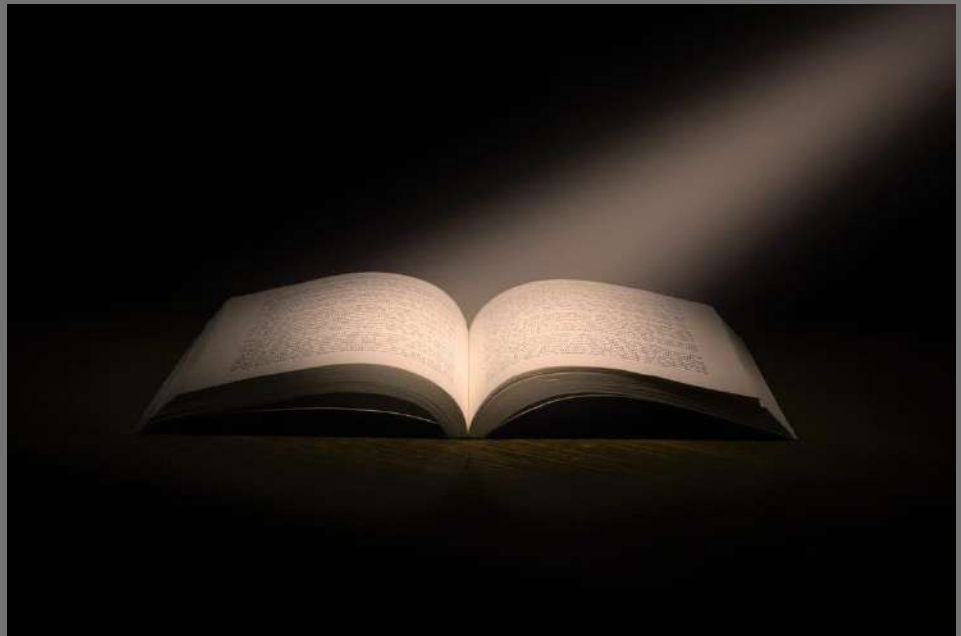


2020

*Chokher aloe ...*  
*vision beyond*



**Department of English**

Khudiram Bose Central College  
71/2A, Bidhan Sarani, Kolkata 700006



Dear Friends

It is time once again to welcome you to the departmental magazine '*Chokher Aloe – vision beyond*', a travel beyond the spectrum of what you see. The primary objective behind this magazine is only to give you scope to explore your thoughts which otherwise would remain unexplored. Every year at the beginning of academic session I tell my students about this magazine in expectation that you will grab this opportunity and start to pen your thoughts. Like always I have been rewarded. I have been surprised by the kaleidoscopic contributions made by you – from poetry to short story to savouring your taste buds. We have it all in this magazine. The beautiful photographs and sketches have left me spell bound. I congratulate you all and show my sincere appreciation for the effort you have made.

I have always believed that for an undergraduate student the syllabus is just the beginning. It is a window to explore the myriad visions life offers. You must utilize this opportunity that three years of college life gives you. As your guide we would love to define new parameters that would help you to identify yourself as a responsible individual. These three years serve only as a frame through which we facilitate you to see the distant horizon. The magazine is one such area that can help you to understand your creative potential.

This is our first attempt in creating an e -magazine. As the world is rapidly digitalising itself to suit the needs of the hour, we too have grabbed this opportunity to be a part of the digital world. I would like to express my sincere gratitude to Prof. Rinjee Lama and Prof. Rajdeep Mondal for their herculean effort. Rajdeep, has helped me to design the cover page and as always I have been mesmerised by his sense of wisdom. Prof. Kakoli Sengupta and Prof. Somnath Bhattacharya burdened with another project of the department have also been supportive throughout.

The Department of English remains ever grateful to our respected Principal Sir for his continuous support in all our endeavours. He always gave us patient hearing and addressed all our problems. Our warmest appreciation for all help we received from the President of Governing Body, Sri Asok Chaudhuri. He remains my guide and tutors any new enterprise I undertake. Without him my efforts remain incomplete.

I thank you the most my dear students for your efforts and let me tell you that your smile at 9:30 in the morning brightens my day. I love you all. I desperately miss the classroom converted to a fish market because of your shouting, laughter, fight and love. I pray to God that I get to see you again very soon. I also want to tell all passed out students I miss them. I miss their crazy ideas, I miss their misplaced thoughts, I miss their laughter. You all are like a breath of fresh air that rejuvenates me. You are always in my thought.

Please –  
Stay safe.  
Stay indoors.  
Stay happy.

Sriparna Dutta  
(Head, Department of English)

### ***I SURMISE MY IRREFUTABLE LOVE***

I confess, I love you more than I let on.  
The way you love is very difficult to arrange but  
I hear you in my protracted thoughts.

Before, I was a recluse, menacing in my own safe haven.  
Anticipating that love may step in someday;  
I frantically wanted a soul mate,  
Then I met you one day.  
Whenever I think about love,  
I see your face.  
Except you, I have nothing to see,  
But how can I convey that to you.  
You can see it in my eyes; I promise.  
Some hearts understand each other even in silence.  
Stillness is acquiescing.  
Listen, don't gape and ogle like that;  
So that I have to cover myself up.  
But that does not mean, you can gaze at someone else.  
Confiscate me, of your armour tight,  
I will not put up a fight,  
I will release my soul for you to find  
And make a meticulous assessment of my soul.  
You will find love in my eyes,  
Breath-taking and exciting,  
The ardour between us burns like a wild power.  
My eyes find your eyes so sensational  
Your eyes are like the eyes of cupid  
Your strokes of fondness so unconscientiously and tenderly expressed.

Lock my eyes with yours,  
So that, I can see into your soul.  
You can also look at  
My soul, which, religiously, is yours desires only you.  
The soul, fortunately, has an interpreter;  
Often an unconscious but still a faithful interpreter in the eye.

*Kakoli Sengupta (Faculty, English Honours)*

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### ***Home***

They say home is where the heart is  
But the heart is like a fugitive on the run,  
Never staying at one place for long.

So, where is home?  
Is it where I spent my childhood?

A place surrounded by love,  
A place surrounded by food,  
A place surrounded by aunts, uncles, cousins,  
A place that I now seldom visit?

Or is home the first place I lived independently  
Without parental supervision?  
A place with best friends,  
A place where I did my laundry myself,  
A place where I dreamt of college,  
A place where life seemed endless.

Can you call a hostel, home?  
It felt like home then.  
A place where I fell in love,  
A place where I learnt sisterhood,  
A place where I lost a friend,  
A place where life decisions were made.

Can you call a city, home?  
Where life lessons were taught.  
A place where I turned thirty,  
A place where we built a lover's nest,  
A place where I lost and found myself,  
A place that despite heartache, I still love.

Is home where I am currently at,  
Socially distancing myself for the last four months?  
Or is home the one-bedroom kitchen  
That is waiting for my return?  
Home is not where the heart is,  
Home is all these places and more.

---

*Rinjee Lama (Faculty, Dept. of English)*

### ***Womankind***

I lived in her lap forty long years,  
Some moments gleeful, some of tears.  
Breathed in my lungs her air of life,  
She provided food and cheerful rest,  
Made me aware of how to survive,  
Her nourishing care was like a nest.

I sang with Her birds, played with Her horses,  
She provided me humble sun and the rains,  
Danced with Her serpent, played with her mosses,  
She taught me the way of healing my pains.  
Then,  
She felt that I had grown up,

Took away her love ,life became tough!

But, someday I met a girl on the street,  
She was an anaesthetic visionable treat.  
She appeared as a fair piece of ice,  
Colour of her eyes, matched the skies,  
The endless course of her curly hair,  
Trying to collapse rills of Nile's flair.  
She walked on ground resembling heaven,  
She was to me the secret scroll of seven.  
I prayed to my Lords, prayed to her Gods,  
I got her clearing all the odds!!  
Didn't know our Gods had a meeting,  
To decide the next of our fate setting.

I moulded the way she wanted me to be,  
To give her joy, to make her happy.  
She wanted more and more amount of glee,  
I failed to eat from the Knowledgable tree!  
She was happy when demands were supplied,  
Still, she felt my inertia remained unapplied.  
Breaking all the bonds and she left!!  
Spent I sleepless nights and wept, wept.  
Oh Mother! I returned to lap of her,  
She busy with her other sons to care.  
I now decide to finish myself,  
Needed none to provide help!

Suddenly,  
I thought of my darling Daisy!  
She's a small doll, her innocence crazy.  
Realised my same blood flows in her veins,  
In her the success of my creation remains!!  
Loves she me more than anyone any day ever had,  
She is fast and nimble and calls me 'Dad ' .  
So,  
I know she loves me and I too-  
Anything for her I'm prepared to do,  
I now want to become immortal for all the hours!!  
To bestow her goodfull beautitude by the showers.

---

*Rajdeep Mondal, (Faculty, Dept. of English)*

### *The First Rain of Monsoon*

The clouds growing darker as the clock strikes the noontime,  
The last ray of the sun fades slowly within the skyline.  
As the monsoon breeze started splashing on one's face,  
It finally seems that monsoon is knocking at doorstep.  
As the rain slowly starts touching the soil,  
A pleasant smell of earth romanticize the soul.  
As city of joy receives first spell of rain,  
The greeneries around seem to rejuvenate its state.  
The gloomy and thunderous sky with mystic vibe,  
Seems to add spontaneous charms to hectic life.  
Hereby time passes to meet the end of day,  
Yet vibes of relentless rain doesn't fade away.  
The tireless shower splashes with lanes brimming,  
And streets follow puddles an everywhere forming.  
While the evening is observed with deserted roads,  
For at early pace people prefer to get indoors.  
Thus an idle span of time soon follows up,  
As wetty evening soothes schedule of hectic life.  
While night making the sound of rain vibrant,  
A mysticism seems grasping heart at every moment.  
With rain the city is garmented in a temporary peace,  
As monsoon revitalizes course of life with ease.

---

*Deblina Mishra, (3rd year, English Honours)*

### **-ANOTHER WAY-**

So the moral is,  
    springs are temporary and rain drops are also not permanent.  
But my companion,  
    we are still brave enough to fight against all the odds and norms in order to achieve our  
moment(s).  
Although,  
    I know, that I am not the only one who fails;  
Still,  
    I certainly can assure you that I will be the last one who will be afraid to attempt.

It does not matter how many times you fail or break;

What really matters is what you learn from those.

Though repetition of your attempts is well acceptable;

But repetition of your known mistakes is not appreciable.

Time and experience make the person;

Then take time, do mistakes.  
Deal with failures like a demon.

Lastly remember one thing,  
To give up is not any option or any solution  
It is just the way to escape from your field.

---

*Dalia Ghosh, (3rd year English Honours)*

### ***Kavayah Kranti Darsinah***

An ethereal concoction of cumulonimbus  
Scapes the golden aura of the warm summer sun.  
Below, far below, where reason died long ago  
And cognition doesn't trouble the mundane mind anymore,  
Along a dingy bazaar lane on the periphery of the busy DumDum jn,  
Where tens of thousands blank faces cross each other all day,

A man lay bare on the platform, gurgling and foaming at the mouth,  
Crimson streams of despair streaking his stubbled chapped cheeks,  
As blood oozes out of his lost, lost eyes.  
Shivering in a fit of frenzied mania,  
Seizure grips his heart.  
Blood! Blood! So much blood turned to gore!

People young and old, gather round that poor soul  
Like ticks to a wound!  
Look mother! Your son lay there,  
Look while he bleeds to his end!

"Les Soldats Perdus..."

Peace be to the ones who are alive,  
With hope that the world is to be ravished by their storm,  
Fighting for none or nothing, only themselves,  
To be known.  
For it is peace  
That their lives will be bleeding,  
Once they kick the hornet's nest in.  
Each day's cause for them  
Will be to search for a new cause,  
While they carry their woes  
Up Sisyphus  
To be washed clean, at Gangotri,  
All pretenses shall be washed away.  
Leaving behind a sense of purpose  
Tumbling and tumbling downhill...  
Pick up, come on, your destiny awaits,

Atop the hill where the Eternal Spring  
Cleanses the soul of its woes!

Far away where the leper, the dog with a limp, the deaf-mute cat, the Old Guy and I were  
banished...

There was no mercy, no kindness,  
But from the leper, the dog with a limp, the deaf-mute cat and the Old Guy...  
There we lived serving each other in harmony and peace,  
We all had what was common in us,  
We all were outcasts and happy together,  
With hate and odour as our two protectors.

After fate takes its toll,  
And the dream is realised,  
One wakes oneself in deafening solitude  
On a barren hillside hearing the whispers...  
The whispers that complain:

"La Belle Dame sans Merci"...

*"When it was in the sowre hungry tyme, ther was establised or cryed grievous and unplitable  
coempcioun, that me sayen wel it schulde gretly tormenten and endamagen al the province of  
Campayne, I took stryfyayens the provost of the pretorie for commune profit."*

"Exodus"

"মা! খেতেদিবিনামা?  
ওমা! খুবখিদেপেয়েছে। ওঠনামা, খেতেদেনা! খেতেদেনামা!"

The little boy with a face like a little flower,  
All wet and shrivelled from tears,  
Wails and tries in vain  
To shake his mother awake,  
As she lay on the platform,  
Immovable.  
Little could his mind comprehend,  
That his mother had fought  
Only too hard and too long,  
With a life that was too harsh to her.

She had made up her mind  
To bring her child home,  
To brave the pandemic, to do the impossible,  
To carry on an exodus of her own  
So her son could be safe at home.  
She fought too hard, walked too far,  
For her body wasn't designed to endure  
The wear her mind had planned.  
She was to walk a few thousand miles  
To bring her son home.



No trains, no buses, nothing to rest her chapped bare feet.  
A rug tied with all their belongings in the world, hung on her left shoulder,  
She carried her son on her hip.  
Nothing to eat for days, nor a drop to drink either,  
Yet she walked, across highways, and towns and states and borders,  
She walked in the sun and in the rain.  
She walked on so her son could be safe at home.  
A little child with a face like a flower.

Little child, don't cry,  
Little child, don't despair.  
Little child, grow big and strong,  
So no disease can stop your walk.  
Grow strong at heart  
For your mother did not fail,  
She died, so the world would know your tale.  
Millions of mothers, would see and weep,  
They would feel what your mother felt  
When she fought to bring you home,  
How she fought to bring you home.

"The Birth of a Bastard"

Ordinary a room reflects the wryest wrinkles in his roots.  
In the room sits a pad, a Dictionary, a watch, and a bastard,  
With a pen between his fingers;  
It gives him immense pleasure  
But, the phallus eludes his thought;  
The bastard sits and mocks his father's naked lineage, alas!  
He is the successor to a throne of political gigolos.  
Not completely yet.

Well finished, a mosaic floor adorns the room  
And a foldable mirror sits upon a dresser  
With bottles of variable colours of choice.

...The bastard cannot decide upon his choice of words... So he must now rely upon one that  
he once had ransomed for a moment's peace of mind.

*"Turning and turning in the widening gyre  
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;  
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold..."*

Vicarious a life thou leadest  
Through the scoundrelled opinion of the brinded cows thou breedest.  
Satisfy thy egotistical desire  
With the colours of the dampened stains of yesterday's heroics,  
Paint thy room with sacrilege and blood from true valour's veins,  
Hang a board from thy alter,  
That God does not reside

Under this regime of rule.  
The cross is inverted on thy wall.  
The Gita, placed on a table wrapped,  
In the skin of thy domestic dog.  
The Quoran is plunged in blood...

Incandescent hues of my childhood gash through the panes of the old saloon door...  
"Priya Darshan"... What's in a name?... You can become a sight or a sore...

"Parody et Pandemonium"

Pathos arises wherein my judgement stoops.  
I know not when, why, I feel the need to keep mum, when the big "D" rules for my family to  
be dragged through the streets, my name be annihilated.

Curious is the common dilemma.  
"To eat a bullet or wear a collar."  
Fascinating is the fact,  
That the farce is played on me  
For being the abject.  
Then again, a dominatrix's job is to dominate, and mine, to get tied up...

Not at all crazy enough to covet my first touch with a ballot,  
Not at all sire!  
Cross my heart and hope to die young!  
In fact, I am known as a prodigy.  
The big "M" promised, that I can go out, get high with my friends and there won't be no  
consequences,  
So long as I play a simple game of choice with people!  
In one hand I'd be carrying vermillion,  
For celebration;  
In the other, a white saree,  
A consolation.  
I'd come bearing gifts!  
At every door the matriarch would have to choose which she preferred,  
But, there's a catch,  
Like there is to every good game of monopoly;  
A husband for a vote, yeah?

..."Back off! Get out! Get out!  
No! Stop! Smack! Unhh! Please stop. Please I beg you. Please!!  
Please no. No! No!!!  
Ah-unhh. Get off you filthy animal! Ah-unhh!"...

God shall not forgive.  
The whore shall never forget.  
Long live my mother India.

*"Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne,  
He travels the fastest who travels alone."*

*"I have spent all my life resisting the desire to end it."*

"Swan Song"

Thy subtle waves of recumbent praise,  
Come crashing down upon the beach that meets my gaze;  
I reach out and traverse across the sands upon my chapped bare feet.  
Reaching the cold waters, I stand awestruck, at the glistening glitters of thy garnished depths.  
So vast!  
So terrible!  
So dangerously neat!

I tear my shirt away from my breast  
And tie it on a pole,  
Already present, but with no flag of its own.  
The only sygil!  
The only presence!  
The me appreciated by me alone!

As my blood-red tattered shirt flutters in the menacing wind that blows from thy cold depths,  
I delve into thee!  
Bare chested and barefoot!  
The only imperfection,  
In a world so neat!

In a matter of minutes, my lungs give in,  
And so do my hands and feet.  
My mortal presence gradually grows numb,  
I drown into thee!  
Bare-chested and barefoot!  
The only true sacrifice  
In a world only too ready to succumb!

I'm not there anymore.  
My fleshly attire lost,  
But my shirt still flies.  
Only this time, it points towards thee.  
And when the wind blows from land to sea,  
Thy shimmering apparence shall be consumed by the enormous nothingness of night,  
For all eternity;  
A billion voices merged in Kirtanam Karoti.

*"If you tremble with indignation at every injustice then you are a comrade of mine."*

*"In my end is my beginning"...*

I shall bleed and bleed  
Until my credence becomes thy creed.  
My will is like water,  
Thou can't stop me flowing.

For I am the mighty Ganges, eternally growing.  
Even after I've long been claimed,  
By nightshade or by fate,  
Thou shalt hear my boding echoes  
In the cry of every child quarry of hate.

*Ritam Ghosh, (3<sup>rd</sup> year English Honours)*

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### ***Wide Awake***

Why?  
Why is it so hard to accept what is?  
The chipping paint,  
The smelling air,  
There is.  
There goes that little girl  
In her red flitting dress  
With the black scarf on her head  
And a tight rope around her waist.

What is it about this time  
That drives us to the edge,  
And pushes us over  
Into the yawning chasm  
And its swirly depths;  
And yet we feel no pain,  
No desire-  
But a barrage of emptiness?

The skies turn a bleeding red  
While the vein throbs in protest,  
To see beyond the wall of mist  
Is all but a dream frozen.  
Tell me oh Ye all Empowered  
What is it that you feel?  
When you see your ideal world  
Tearing at the seams?  
Is it just a vast nothingness  
That pervades your being?  
Like the oblivion one desperately seeks  
At the bottom of the Drink?

The bed is warm,  
While the soul runs cold,

And the heart beats a dull, steady thrum.  
The sheets are stained,  
While the breath beside  
Might as well be battery run.

*Dilshat Parveen (5<sup>th</sup> Sem, Eng Hons)*

*The Land of Kites and Kite-runners*

If I could, I would have flown,  
Far away beyond this realm,  
Past beyond all beginnings and ends,  
To that place where life's but a dream.

A beautiful dream of love and loss, of giving and receiving ends,  
Where I'd be able to wake up from it,  
And realise nothing's changed.  
To have a most comforting stillness,  
Wrap its soft wings around me,-  
To soothe my gnawing aches,  
And then to revel in my joyous wakes.

Believe in healing and in love!  
Cries the foolish heart.  
If only I could make her grasp  
The fault in those cards!

The days roll down the downward slope,  
While Time wrinkles the smooth out;  
And I sit by the window thinking impossible thoughts,  
And building castles on clouds.

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*Dilshat Parveen (5<sup>th</sup> Sem, Eng Hons)*

*A night sky*

The day being over  
Night spreads her mantle.  
The sky was crystal clear  
The night, still creating  
Mystic feelings in my mind.  
I was just gazing at the sky,  
The light cold made me shiver,  
Yet was an alluring sight to behold.  
A new moon night,  
Stars were twinkling.  
Some of them looked white,

While a few others had orange like colour.  
Planets and stars were they  
But I failed to differentiate them.  
I could only recognize the pole of strain,  
The constellation of seven stars.  
I got amazed, so I gazed and gazed  
My heart leaped up in joy  
The sight is indelible in the depth of my memory.

*Joydip Sahoo, (5<sup>th</sup> Sem, English Honours)*

### ***Fatuous Hope***

Meet me somewhere but not here,  
For this place is dark and sick,  
Full of cruelty and childish malice.  
Who are to blame and who are to punish?  
Nature of 'men' is to destroy,  
Overcoming that destruction needs a 'Man'

Take me to the world of Skylark  
Where there is no fantasy;  
Everything ends as a fairytale.  
But life is all about two words,  
Sometimes 'merely', most of the time 'barely'.

*Joydip Sahoo, (5<sup>th</sup> Sem, English Honours)*

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### ***Work***

The work you just decided to start  
Can you make it till the last?

Will you give up as they said?  
Still now for which a thousand tears you fade.

For what you borrowed a moon  
May your work be finished as soon.

Remember! Those who made you pain  
They will be only responsible for your gain.

A candle light and you continue to fight,  
Even moon in the day has some right.

And the one you ever trusted,  
For you now she is nothing but rusted.

Its better to grow old and gets teared,  
Than to be folded with thousands fears.

Loose your red or be dead,

Better than taking med and lying on bed.

As you everyday wait for the rising sun,  
Make sure soon you will have your fun.

To climb this cliff, don't loose your hope  
Instead of falling, take time to find your rope.

Once you reach the top, put your flag off,  
It will be then your turn to slag them off.

This is how the work should be ended,  
But can your broken heart ever be mended?

*Debajyoti Das,(5thSem,EnglishHonours)*

### ***Endless Love***

The work you just decided to start  
Can you make it till the last?

Will you give up as they said?  
Still now for which a thousand tears you fade.

For what you borrowed a moon  
May your work be finished as soon.

Remember! Those who made you pain  
They will be only responsible for your gain.

A candle light and you continue to fight,  
Even moon in the day has some right.

And the one you ever trusted,  
For you now she is nothing but rusted.

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*Debajyoti Das (5th Sem, English Honours)*

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***Thinker's mind***

Your thought always arises in the thinker's mind,  
My mind was stranding over years and years of solitary,

I was thinking of someone on whom I can rely,  
And then, You came.  
The solitary was gone.

Your thought always arises in the thinker's mind,  
My eternal soul was searching of you,  
Where are you in my mind?

My search had gone in vain  
Your existence was gone.

Your thought always arises in the thinker's mind,  
I had seen your shadow in the blues of the horizon,  
Where I was looking for your blue love,

I was deceived.  
I saw your self-centered love.  
The doors of your little hut was closed for me wrenching my heart.

Your thought still arises in the thinker's mind  
My search for the eternal love was not in vain,  
My precious love and excited heart  
Can take all the earthly pain.

*Subham Bandyopadhyay, (3<sup>rd</sup> Sem, English Honours)*

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***I KNOW SHE IS NO LONGER MINE***

I know she is no longer mine,  
My life is full of starvation for her love  
Her life is full of Sunshine.

My Heart is burning like a fire  
Hopefully she fulfilled her desire  
I know she is no longer mine  
Her life is full of sunshine



My Emotions are burning like a flame  
I don't have anyone except myself to blame.  
I know she is no longer mine  
Her life is full of sunshine

I kept my trust as hard as a diamond  
But with the passage of time it broke down like a Almond.  
I know she is no longer mine  
Her life is full of sunshine

*Abhishek Sharma, (3<sup>rd</sup> Sem, English Honours)*

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### *As I lay dying...*

Death is something we all spend our entire lives brooding over, despite knowing its inevitability. We run from Death, it scares us, again at times it intrigues us. The very thought of Death never leaves our mind. The nature of this ultimate truth of life is what troubled me for my entire life. I always pondered what death would feel like, how would it come, what would I feel. All these questions and curiosities of mine were answered when Death finally came for me.

It was a fine summer day. I was suffering from a severe case of asthma. I have had asthma for a long time but it has never gotten this bad before. I was bedridden. Everybody was worried about me but nobody expected what was to come.

It was around midday when the footfalls of Death decided to make themselves heard, my condition slowly became worse. It started with a little difficulty in breathing to me gasping for air. My worried family tried to ease my breathing and whispered soothing words; none worked. Soon my body felt like it was on fire, I was burning all over. It was like being pierced by millions of needles over and over again. Slowly the sounds of those around me started to feel distant and my vision blurred. My senses kept fading away, until their voices were reduced to indistinct sounds and their speakers to shadowy silhouettes. By then my body was no longer in pain; numbness took its place. It was like falling asleep and nothing mattered anymore, not my pain, nor my surroundings or anything at all. I was at peace with all my sufferings at an end. That is how I perceived Death. It did not scare me, rather took my fear and pain away. The one thing I kept running from brought me eternal Peace. With these thoughts I felt my heart still in my bosom as I fell into a deep slumber, never to wake up again.

*Hemantika Ghosh, (5<sup>th</sup> Sem, English Honours)*

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## ***NO ONE KNOWS THE WORLD***

“Mom look, a firefly!!!”

Raquel said delightedly while walking in their garden with her mother in a winter evening. But she got no reply. She called her mother again and again irritatingly but she had no time to turn back as she was busy chasing the little pretty insect. After sometime she suddenly realized that her mother was not behind her. She became so afraid of the dark that instead of looking for her mother she ran into her house calling her governess. Then she with her governess went to the garden and found Mrs. Walker lying unconscious on the grass. After a close inspection the governess found out that she's already dead. Without wasting a single moment one of their servants left to inform Mr. Walker. On that day at the age of only five Raquel lost her mother. Even understanding the meaning of death was difficult for her in such age. Indeed realising the consequence of the loss was impossible for her. In fact she just innocently smiled back when her relatives offered their condolences for her loss. Raquel's father was an army officer at that time. It was very hard for him to stay back for a long time to look after his daughter and it was even harder for him to leave Raquel in such situation. So Mr. Walker decided to quit his job in army just to shoulder all the responsibilities of his little daughter. Mr. Walker capably played the role of her mother as well as her father. He never let her feel the absence of her mother. From the very childhood Mr. Walker taught Raquel the importance of reading books so much that the books became her favourite companion. He used to bring books for her on every weekend; especially the books about the world beyond imagination, rare species, mystery, magic and mythology. On her eighth birthday she was given a comic book named, “No One Knows the World”. She became so obsessed with the book that she started collecting different books and journals containing the ideas of imaginary world, unusual creatures and so on. Somehow she started believing that there is another world in the universe which also contains life. In the beginning her father though encouraged her curiosity as a childish infatuation but later on she completely indulged herself to create her imaginary world so much that it became impossible for Mr. Walker to take her out from her magical world.

From the very childhood she was fascinated by the idea of Time and Universe. Even after completing her study Raquel started researching on Time Traveling. Day by day with the progress of her research her belief in outer world was growing stronger. She used to keep herself busy in her research throughout the whole day. She understood that there is something beyond the imagination of the contemporary world. However she could not find the clue to further continue her research. In the meantime she had completely forgotten about her favourite book.

In one rainy evening she was swamped with her research and forgot about the time. Suddenly the rumble of thunder broke the ice of the room. Raquel looked here and there for her colleagues but found none. She immediately ran towards the main-gate but unfortunately it was locked from outside. Moreover there was no evidence of light except the thunderlight. A sudden chill ran down her spine. Somehow she managed to gather some courage to switch on

her phone's flashlight. Raquel found no options left but to sleep over in the research centre. She informed her father about the trouble and fell asleep to avoid her panic.

When she woke up she felt herself lighter than usual and found some cryptic creature making noise around her. Some of them were two headed, some had multiple heads, some had seven hands (or legs), and some of them were tiny where the others were gigantic. Raquel even could not see them properly as something like fog coated the place. To be frank she dared to watch them. She was completely perplexed and could not understand what to do. All of a sudden one of those creatures moved its one hand towards Raquel. When she was about to run she found herself floating in the air. She lost her consciousness instantly. When she woke up she found herself lying in air under the supervision of a seven legged creature. Raquel started shouting as loud as possible but couldn't hear herself at all. Her voice choked with fear. With all her strength she started screaming, "Please let me go!!! Don't you dare to come close to me!!!" One of these creatures safely placed her over the ground even without touching. Raquel couldn't understand what was going on with her. Even she had no idea how to get out of that strange place. She found out that there was neither the sun nor the moon. Only a fading light covered the whole place for all the time. So she could not recognise the time there. The whole place was covered with the smoky air. There was neither tree nor water for those living beings. Moreover she was having no problem to breathe in the absence of oxygen. Even after that long period of time she was not feeling hungry or thirsty there. Raquel realized that they would neither hurt nor eat her and the only way to get out of the peculiar place was through a fruitful communication with them. She started trying to understand their sounds. Though she was unable to hear her own voice but she could hear theirs. She noticed that one of those seven legged animals created different black images to communicate with others. Gradually she understood that the images were nothing but their language. They communicate with each other with the sign like images. She started understanding these signs from their activity. She realized that the creatures were so fast that they were expressing the whole sentence with only one sign. Somehow she managed to create some of the signs to communicate with them. She came to know that in that place time flies more than five hundred times faster than the earth. That is why there is no specific time for day or night like earth. Their sun moves so fast that there is only a ray of fading light present over the place forever. And they have no change in the weather. They have never experienced rain and heat. Even the brains of the creatures run as fast as the time. So that they can create this sign in a fraction of second. She realizes that the creatures are far more advanced and intelligent than any human being. The most unbelievable thing is irrespective of male or female they all can propagate offsprings from the sacks present on their back and they die instantly after giving the birth. So there is no chance of increasing their number. She came to know that she has already spent 300 years in that land according to their timetable. Due to this long time Raquel has spent with the creatures, her brain can now function like theirs; and that's why she somehow has managed to understand their language, their movements and so on to an extent. In the meantime, the creatures have already learnt everything about human being from her. In return they decide to give her a power to read anyone's mind to understand whether the person is telling the truth or not. One of those seven legged creatures was coming close to Raquel to hypnotize her.

Suddenly she heard a very familiar voice calling by her name. It was Molly Hooper, one of her colleagues. She realized that it was just a random dream with all the incidents from her favourite childhood book, "No One Knows the world". She sighed with relief as there is nothing to worry about and got back to work.

More than five months after that incident, one day, while cleaning the book-self she found that book of her childhood "No One knows the world". The book included some absurd but beautiful signs which the author claimed as the creatures' language. The very thing used to amuse her like nothing else. She opened the book just to reminisce all her childhood memories. But suddenly she found out that she could read every single dialogue between the creatures in the book. She was thrilled. Without wasting a single moment she went to the research centre and started researching about the language. She came to know that there is an imaginary language called "Heptapod". The language is first developed by the author of "No one knows the world". But after that it has been used by several fantasy writers to depict the conversations between aliens and it is quite popular among the teenagers. "But how is it possible? Even the internet tells that it is an imaginary language" exclaimed Raquel. "But if it is just my imagination then how can I understand the signs shown on internet as if my brain has been reconstructed (or re-functioned) to understand that language?" she again thought. But there is no way to verify whether her understanding is right or wrong. She was thrilled to death. She imagined "May be that is why now I can study and think faster than my seniors. Or it is just because I am trying that hard to complete my research?" She was bewildered. She could not realise whether it was only just a dream or not. "What if they are real? Oh my God, I will die if I try further to complete the puzzle!!"

"What if the author had the same dream before writing the book?"

"What if it indicates something dangerous?" a number of thoughts were colliding in her mind at that moment. Moreover there was none who would not laugh after listening to the whole strange incident. Though her mind was telling her not to believe in their existence but something from the core of her heart was forcing her to believe their existence.

She breathed a deep sigh and murmured, "If I had some time more with them maybe I could learn to read everyone's mind too. I could get the exceptional power. And with this power a new journey of mankind could begin."

*Bhumika Ghosh, (5<sup>th</sup> Sem English Honours)*

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### *Love your taste buds...*

This lockdown has brought to the fore our hidden talents. I was always experimenting with food and now the kitchen is my lab. I try out new dishes and believe me i am good at it. My family members are thriving in my new found culinary skill and I want to share with you some new things I tried. Magazine is all about discovering your creative self and my friends believe me the kitchen is where I am at my creative best. I am sharing with you two of my favourite recipes. So enjoy these platefuls and nourish your taste buds...

#### ***Homemade French Fries***



#### **INGREDIENTS:**

• 4 medium russet potato, • 500gm white oil, Salt, Black salt, Chaat Masala, Black Pepper

#### **INSTRUCTIONS:**

Peel the potatoes and cut in half and then half again.

Cut into 1 inch even thin pieces. The more evenly thick you can cut them, the more even they will bake or fry. Put them in a bowl of ice water and let them soak for about 20 minutes. This helps remove starch and make them more crispy. You don't have to soak them, you can just give them a good rinse if you don't have time. Rinse well and then thoroughly pat them dry with paper towel. Make sure you get as much water off as you can. Next put them in a ziplock bag with 1-2 tsp of oil and shake to coat.

Line a baking sheet with foil, and place a cooling rack on top of it. Lay the potatoes on the cooling rack so that they are not touching. Sprinkle with salt. Bake at 450 degrees F for 30 minutes or until golden brown and crispy. Or if you don't have a microwave just heat a nonstick Kadai pour some white oil and deep fry the potatoes and then sprinkle some black salt , chat masala and Black pepper and serve.



## ***Prawn Malai Curry***

### **INGREDIENTS:**

1/2 Kilogram Prawns (I used 8 large prawns, with heads), 2 Cinnamon Sticks, 3 Pods Cardamoms, 5 Cloves, 1 Onion Medium , paste, 1 Tablespoon Ginger-Garlic paste, To Taste Salt, 1 Teaspoon Sugar, 3 Tablespoons Curd Yogurt / Plain, 2 Cups Coconut Milk, 2 Green Chillies , slit (optional), 1/2 Teaspoon Turmeric Haldi Powder, 1/3 Cup Mustard Oil, 1/4 Cup Water

### **INSTRUCTIONS:**

In a non-stick wok, add about half of the mustard oil, and heat it up. Meanwhile, marinate your prawns with a little bit of salt and turmeric powder. Add the prawns to the wok once the oil is hot. Sauté the prawns on medium heat till they turn yellow/orange in colour. Remove, and put aside. Add more oil to the wok. Add whole pieces of cinnamon, cardamon, and clove. Wait for them to splutter. Now, add the onion paste, along with the ginger-garlic paste. Also add salt and rest of the turmeric powder. Pour in more oil if required, and cook this mixture on medium heat for 4-5 mins. The paste should turn slightly brown in colour, and should not smell raw.

While the paste is cooking, put the curd in a small bowl and whisk it well. Once the paste is cooked, bring the heat to low, and then add the curd. Mix well. Now add in the sugar. Stir.

Finally, pour in the coconut milk. Add the chillies. Let the gravy simmer for 2-3 mins.

Add in the water. Then place the prawns into the gravy. Stir gently. Cover with a lid, and let this cook for 3-4 mins.

## ***Caramelised Coconut Ladoo***



### **INGREDIENTS:**

1 cup Condensed milk, 2 cups Dried coconut , a little for garnish, 1tsp Vanilla extract, ½ tsp cardamom powder (elaichi powder)

### **INSTRUCTIONS:**

First heat boil water in a pan and add an unopened can of condensed milk , cover the pain and boil it for 2hrs on slow flame.

After 2hrs now we will turn off the gas.

Remove and cool the can completely in room temperature ( do not refrigerate it )

Now open the can , the condensed milk is nicely caramelised.

We will take 2 cups of dried coconut in a bowl and add 1 cup of this caramelised condensed milk , 1tsp vanilla extract and ½ tsp cardamom powder and mix it well .

Now using your hands mix it well . and now we will shape them round into ladoos .

Now gently roll the ladoos into dried coconut and we plate them.

And our caramelised coconut ladoos are ready to serve...

*Sumana Dash, (5<sup>th</sup> Sem, English Honours)*

## *The Way of the Life*

If we see the world from outside ninety percent people of the world are free to live their life in their own way but in reality ninety percent people of the world cant live their life in their own way. Every person have some kinds of obstacles in their life. And most times those obstacles limit our dreams and vision. And when people are able to overcome those obstacles they become able to live their life in their own way. And many time when people try to overcome those obstacles other people think that they are some abnormal creature who are doing some abnormal things. Just like the bird born in a cage thinks flying is an illness. And this is a abnormal story of a normal creature named Dominic who later became abnormal in the eyes of society. When Dominic was in college he liked to travel very much and he wanted to become a travel blogger. After finishing his studies he joined a government service where he had to do nine to five desk jobs. He joined this job because of family pressure and he was very unhappy with his job. After few months Dominic started to feel very depress about his job. He wasn't able to tell his feelings to any one. He was feeling that he had no freedom in his life. When he told his parents about this his parents told him to grow up. He felt that his childhood was more joyful than his adult hood. More days passed this way and with the flow of time he became a machine who repeated same task every day and forgot about all his dreams. But life planned something different for Dom. Dom's life was going in one way then one day a girl named Anna joined Dom's office. Few days after that in a office party when Dominic was talking with his friends he came to knew that Anna was a travel blogger. Dominic became very surprised after hearing that and he also became interested in Anna. One day after office Dom asked Anna that how she managed travel blogging and government job simultaneously. Anna smiled and asked him " Is there any rule you can not become a travel blogger if you are a government employee?" Dom was surprised by Anna's answer. And Anna left from there with a smile in her face. Next day Dom asked Anna for a coffee and Anna agreed with a interesting look in her face. It was the first time some one became interested in Anna's dream. In the coffee shop Dom told Anna that the dream of his life was to become a travel blogger. Anna replied " Your life is not finished, you are an alive person, you have enough time left to achieve you dreams". Anna also said " If you can't become a full time travel blogger you can become a part time travel blogger like me. If you change your view you can see more options to achieve your dreams." After this meet with Anna Dom's point of view about his life totally changed. Anna and Dom became very good friends with in few weeks. They understood each others thought and dreams very well. Then one day Anna asked to Dom " will you like to do a travel vlog with me in upcoming vacation? I think it will be very good experience for you." Dom replied " It is a great idea. It will be my pleasure to do my first travel vlog with you." Anna came like a blessing in Dom's life. Dom felt that he got his freedom back after so many sad years. Dom realised that his freedom was in front him but he wasn't able to saw that. Anna came like blessing of god and showed him the light in his dark life. Dom started to spend his more time with Anna. As usual Dom and Anna were returning home together and Anna suddenly asked " Have you ever went out for a late night walk?" Dom said "no I haven't." Anna said " I cant believe you are living in Osaka for twenty five years and you never went out for a night walk." Dom replied " If you don't mind will you go with me for a late night walk today?" Anna smiled and said "yes". So they went out for a late night walk in the city. Dominic lived in Osaka for twenty five years but night he experienced some thing totally different. Blue neon lights were brightening the streets, the flow of wind was touching his face. He was feeling very happy. He walked on that same street many times before that but he never experienced some thing like that. He was thinking " is Anna is the reason of this feeling or it is some thing else." That was the month

of April and the cherry blossom trees on the street cherished their experience even more. Anna asked Dom “ how is your experience?” Dom said that he never felt some thing like that in his whole life. In that moment every thing looked very beautiful to Dom, the lonely streets, timed lights of the local shops, refreshing flow of wind, glowing stars of the sky, beautiful cheery blossom trees on the street, and Anna was with him with whom he can share his every feelings. They were very happy with each other and one day they decided to make a vlog on a hill station named Karuizawa in their vacation. In their vacation they went to Karuizawa and they experienced every travel spot of Karuizawa. The trip of Karuizawa was the main turning point of Dominic’s life. The green natural atoshphere, the forest cafeterias, the beautiful waterfall, most unique and delicious type of French and Japanese cuisine, the pure taste of green tea in the centre of nature in green garden cafeteria, every activity in Karuizawa was a wonder full experience for Dom. He was able to found lost essence of his life. Their last activity in Karuizawa was mountain trekking. Dom and Anna met with a lady named Moyoung. Moyoung was a travel journalist and she worked for a magazine named Rurubu Omotenashi Travel Guides. Dominic and Anna became very influenced by her and she told them all about her work during the trekking. Moyoung told them “ If you two are this much interesting in travel you two should become a travel journalist or travel reporter, you two have all the qualifications for the job.” After hearing Moyoung’s talk Dom and Anna decided to apply for a job of travel journalist for some magazines. Dom’s friends and family criticized for that and told him that his mind was not in a normal state. Dom didn’t lisen to them and applied for the job and he got selected as well as Anna. Dom and Anna became very happy and Dom thought now his every day would be as joyfull as the Karuizawa tour. Some people thought Dom and Anna were mad because of their actions but they knew how happy they were from inside. Dom’s happiness was in front of but he wasn’t able to saw that Anna and Moyoung showed him the way. Just like Dom some time we are not able to see our happiness instead of finding that we start to blame our luck start to live a depressed life. Our freedom is in our own hand , some one like Anna will not come in every one’s life, we have to take our own actions. Just think for a moment if Dom didn’t got that job how different his life would have been. So should we take the risk of leaving our Job for achieving our dream?

*Saumojit Saha (5<sup>th</sup> Sem, English Honours)*

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### **THE ROSE BUD**

I’ve spent years wondering if human king is better than artificial intelligence only because they have feelings then why feelings are the only possible way to destruct a human! Probably feeling less humans are better. From my childhood I’ve been training myself to be someone who can control feelings. You see things in a different way when you have no emotions, you don’t feel sad not even happy, not sorry, not angry, not excited, nothing; life becomes more lucid. When I was a child I used to wonder why my friends used to cry for a broken toy; or just a popsicle could be their stair to 9<sup>th</sup> cloud; no I’ve never cried, never laughed like them I saw people dying and felt nothing even if it had happened with my close relatives. I remember having a pet called Juno; he died in an accident, my hands, dress, face were covered with blood or do anything except a sigh; I felt nothing. Every single person thought I was traumatized which I wasn’t. Mother thought, consulting a therapist would be best but he declared I was fine. Often I used to sit in a corner, dark enough in our roof to think, think about why people are afraid, why they are sad, happy; what they find joyful, why they are so impulsive. I never had a proper answer. I never my classmates crying for love, wimping they cared so much for everything so much for anything but if emotions do exist or they are just



theories we have taught. I felt pity, pity for every human who was afraid, afraid of losing, afraid of dying, afraid of being sad and I wanted to laugh but couldn't because I never know how to laugh. I remember the day, that girl jumped off from the roof of our school, she was senior; I even remember the pink clip on her hair, it had a bear picture in it. Her skull was smashed from one side, a hand was loosely hanging, they were saying even her brain came out. The whole school became a massacre, gladly it was Saturday so there were not many students. One of my classmate hugged me tightly and bursted into tears and all I had a mere sigh. I used to think if a child never come to know about emotions then he or she wouldn't develop any. As days passed I became a loner; as my classmates were full of the milk of humanity the felt embarrassed around someone without any emotions and also I learned to keep distance. I often wondered about an ideal world with people without emotions, hunger and sleep; I never liked sleeping, I've always wished for a way to avoid sleep. I was unusual to most of the people even to those, whom I had to call a family, though they never bothered me because I never bothered them but avoiding family functions was something they always kept on complaining about. I remember on my 18'th birthday my aunt gifted a rose plant to me, she said-"Here you lady, this plant is you when it will grow a red bud, you'll grow a heart too. Take care of it and make it blossomed." I replied calmly-"I do have a heart, we all have." She laughed ringingly. I've thought of gardening but never had time though, I placed that plant by the window and thought of reading a bit about rose plants. That night I sshad a dream of me becoming a huge rose plant.

That day in collage, Mimi caught me worried and started nagging about the cause. She is one of those students with whom I used to sit and go to tuition or library or maybe foe lunch; I don't know if it's called friendship because I never felt anything special for her or another ones but surprisingly she had the nature to cling around. I return home and checked the plant. I used to water it properly and also took care of fertilization and insecticide butt for a long it was barren. I used to think why it was borer!! one afternoon I found aphid on it, I was shocked to see that, I took enough care of that, I hate feeling, loosing. Then I suddenly realized 'hating', isn't is supposed to be a feeling too then I have this I looked away from that plant and started thinking, I made myself understand it was just an impulse. That night I sit by that plant that I plant for a long time and saw those bugs eating away the leaves of my long cherished treasure, I tried spraying some soap spray on it and thought of some ladybug as I read it's a good way to get rid of aphids and next day I did so Winter was approaching then and that plant was growing up healthily. Few days later, it was a rainy day, Mimi called and asked me to meet her in front of her college. I remember clearly it was still dripping when I reached I reached her college she was waiting hand towards me and crossing the road and I rushed shouted; she was she was about to get hit by a car, I pulled her toward and we both fell near footpath. That driver somehow pulled up an emergency break and none of us get hit. "Silly, are you blind or deaf" I said, she was crying and holding me close. Even she murmured something but I didn't notice, some people approached toward us, helped us but all I was thinking about that day, Juno was killed, he was approaching toward me and got hit. We were sitting in a bunch of nearby dispensary, but my hand was injured seriously I had on a plaster. She said "Sorry..." I looked at her and for the first time I felt a warm sensation and surprisingly water drops were dribbling upon my cheeks then I laughed and hugged her; "Aren't we friends? Don't say sorry again." That day when I returned home I saw a tiny bud was blinking among leaves and I smiled like I knew it would happen, my phone, was playing "Stairway to heaven"- 'There's a sign on the wall / But she wants to be sure...'

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*Kamalika Biswas, (3<sup>rd</sup> Sem, English Honours)*

## *The Possession*

You can see it all around you. The twitters have become more varied, the air's clearer, that sky that meets my eye is more vibrant. It's like everything is just as it was while so much has changed at the same time. The family has somehow grown closer. Or found a way to live with or around each other.

It's peaceful. Even when I can hear the world falling to pieces, this human world that is. It makes me wonder what mercy is. There are people dying in hordes on one hand and on the other nature seems to be rejuvenating. One is being healed while the other's standing at the face of utter destruction. The word, mercy, gets more wrapped in ambiguity the more I think about it.

But all of such thoughts are rather ridiculous! Sometimes I wonder at my own weird mind. Afterall, why should I care? I am only this space. A space limited within four walls with a tiny window for an eye and a slim doorway to let me breathe in some life. He is there more often now. Doing his thing. It's entertaining. After all of this time that I have been left alone all his curious activities are most refreshing. Who am I fooling? I do care! So what if I am not flesh and blood? I still can crave connection. The warmth of the softly taken breath when he sleeps, or the vitality he displays while he passionately works with that black confusing contraption he calls a computer. I even crave the thunder that comes with his anger. It's all so exciting. I want it all. All of it! I don't care if it makes me seem wanton! I am not afraid to own up to who I want. What I am! I won't give up what's mine. He is mine. They are MINE. MINE! So what if they feel suffocated? So what if I am slowly feeding on all their lives? So what if they are in pain? They are here in the end. As they would always be. Not knowing why they can't leave.

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*Suparna Mondal, (ex-student)*

## *Love Preserved*

There flutters the cage of a beautiful world, the love of my life, as you dance slowly to the rhythm of blood to seduce me closer to you bit by bit. Finally your thorny, chapped, rough, disfigured and deserted lips pour its red blood life out of your beautiful mouth, it drenches your lips and your cheeks, quenches your longing thirst. With each drop of blood, brushing against your cheeks, -like raindrops rolled down my window when I was a child on a monsoon morning- ,to settle in your ears, with each heavy dose of psychedelic breath brushing down your nostrils to fill your lungs, with each flutter, with each exhale of thriving life, with each discoloured moan and every moment you stare down at me with those beautiful blood-bathed bulging eyes, -as if they try to hold as much life as they can from the Chalice before it's all poured into the sweet rhythm of death- ,you drench me with a seducing high; every peace, every love, every lust falls upon me, calming my beating, aching nerves, as if I am home again, safe and happy again, staring out my window at the rich vivid images of life spreading it's leaves and dancing free and wild as warmth hugs us the SAME! I see you, spread you arms wide open trying to reach me as a dried tree spreads its branches towards the sky to get those last rays. I tell you all my childhood stories, about the games I played, the girls I loved, the struggles I had, and I see you agree with me with your bloody tears and the last few of your sweetest, distorted, faint moans, as you pour your last breath

into me and a velvety seduction of life gently brushes against my body filling me to the brim with euphoria. That's how I met you! Yes we still talk about life, love, children. You have grown to be a very good listener after the day we met. You listen to my stories silently and agree to me with your death-rotten stare and your blood-dried lips. After all these years that I have preserved you with all my love and care, I want to say what I wanted to tell you the day we met! I love growing old with you, i may not know your name, i may not know you either, but love transcends names and all material elements of this physical world. What matters is I saw you, I loved stalking you through those alleys, I cherished every moment of killing you and I loved seeing you die a slow, de-humanising, undignified, beautiful, seducing death...

### *Glance*

The kitchen was in utter disarray. Like a village devastated by a hurricane. A lifeless soft light came from the window.

She was looking at the scene before her, outside the window, while cooking,- just as everyday. But today she found something exceptionally beautiful. When i went to see what kept snagging her attention, time and again, I saw a girl, of nearly my age, sitting on the edge of the terrace of a five storey building, without any support. She was wearing an aquamarine saree. I waited for a while. She captured my attention like a picture, calling out to me. i looked at her in awe; such beautiful eyes,- like those of an angel, they were really exceptional. A tear rolled down her muddy, cut, dry cheeks, like she was, roughed down and beaten. Her lips chapped and bloody. Her hair rough yet beautiful like an old man's blanket on the street, destitute, not always attractive but quite comfortable. her skin dusky. But her eyes, her bloody eyes, so calm, so peaceful. they were beautiful slits cut open on her face, as if by god himself. i was hypnotized by her. i felt the need to shout but i couldn't! For she was as calm as water; like a capped, bottled water, quite trapped yet passive. Her eyes seemed to seek out out something beyond the city line, as if waiting for the last leaf to fall...

Suddenly those searching orbs turned towards me, and when those eyes met mine they tore me up from inside into a billion pieces! Her saree danced along the wind, and so did her hair. it looked like beautiful black sand floating on the water having been blown by the cold sharp winds...

There was an unsettling silence all around, and i kept staring at the calm picture before me. Suddenly, her lips trembled a little and broke my trance, and i burst into fits of screams for help! But no one came...

When Time, the miser, refuses to open its fist, helping someone doesn't remain an option. She rose up on her feet effortlessly and jumped. She seemed to fly right at us. Her face hit our window, and she fell!

An angel fell down to hell, if you will. But i couldn't believe what I saw, i somehow couldn't. As if i expected her to jump, spread her wings and fly above the clouds. whatever it maybe be my thrill-ride for the day was over. so i got my chips and went back to the sofa. i am still unsure about what happened today. But i must say, the dance of death could be quite alluring...

3)

### *Cast away from Divinity*

Oh Time! Erode me, as soon as you can with your tides higher than heights of this universe and engulf me into your womb. Hey you! Residing above the clouds, beyond the blanket of the starry sky, can you hear my silent weeps for help? The barren soils of my heart grows nothing but scars.

The fallen angel tempts me. Rising from my ashes burning every bit of my soul. I walk on the thorns but see no rose, wine spilt and bread soaked in my bloody tears. Aren't you there to free me, to heal me, to answer my prayers? Aren't my broken distorted screams loud enough for your ear? Whom do i believe in now? The flames of evil spreads through my body like a forest fire. Engulfing me. I have been tested many a times like every child of yours. Then why am i the only to be crushed beneath your feet?

The snake shrunk me into an insect, so small and I waited for you. But you were not there. Am i being punished for the sins committed or am I just a puppet to be burnt bit by bit in your hands for your enjoyment. Or am i an angel cast away from divinity?

*Avilash Karak, (ex-student, English Department)*

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### **ধম্মের কল বাতাসে নড়ে না**

নীলচে বাতাস, আবছা আকাশ

ধম্ম চেখে দেখেছিলেম, তোমার সর্বনাশ!

অধর্মেতে কর্ম চোবাই,

শাস্ত্র-শস্ত্র রক্তে ডোবাই!

পঠন-পাঠন শিকেয় তুলে,

যুক্তি-তর্ক সমূলে ভুলে,

বিশ্বাসের এক ফানুস জ্বলে,

বুদ্ধি ঘরে শিকল ফেলে

অসতে সৎ আছে বলে, আঁধার পানেই যাচ্ছ চলে?

অশোক, কাসভ তোমার ছায়া,

কেবল ভিন্ন-তর কায়া!

নামের গুণেই অন্য হওয়া,

ধম্ম শুধুই ধ্বংস-জায়া!  
কি বললে? নও তুমি নও!  
তবে যে সব বুজরুকি সও?  
সমর্পনের ভাব না বুঝেই,  
কর্মযোগের দর্শন চাও!  
যোগি তুমি বিয়োগ বুঝে,  
যোগ নাই তাও যাচ্ছ যুঝে?  
সমাজ তীরে প্রেমের তরী,  
শালীনতার পরাও বেড়ি!  
রাম-রহিমের হাতে খড়ি,  
নাড়ছ তবু দড়ি-দাড়ি!!  
জন্মালো সে, বাঁচতে তো দাও,  
প্রথম থেকেই, কেন, মন কেড়ে নাও!  
সাজাও তাকে, শেখাও তাকে,  
আদর করে বোঝাও...

ধম্মের সার, ধারালো আকার,  
ধম্ম কেবল মনের বিকার,  
মন জেলে মন করলে ধাওয়া  
ধম্ম শুধুই খোলা হাওয়া!  
লাগিয়ে পালে ডুবছে মানুষ,  
মরছে অনর্গল,  
বিবেক জোয়ারে বান ডাকলেই,  
হয় না সে পাগল!

ধর্ম-ধ্বজা?

আত্মহীনের নয়কো বোঝা,  
প্রাণ নিয়ে ত্রাণ যায় না খোঁজা!

সোমনাথ ভট্টাচার্য, (শিক্ষক, ইংরেজি বিভাগ)

## যুক্তি

মনুষ্য - পূর্বেহয়েছিলযেসূর্যমুখীরউদয়,  
অস্তিত্ববাদ, মার্কসবাদ, শাস্ত্রবাদ, বাদে,  
উদাসীনপৌষেরআকাশডেকেছেতারযুক্তিরপ্রলয়।

নিঝুমরাতেগুমচেহারায়সবচিন্তাতার"প্লেটনিক",  
তস্বর্ঘেটেআরনেইকোকোনোকাজ,  
লোপপেয়েছেতারসমস্তবোধ; কারণ, অপ্রাসঙ্গিক।

যতভাবে, তথ্যপালায়, দৃষ্টিলোকায়খাটেরতলায়,  
মনুষ্যস্বর্ঘেগেগপায়শুদ্ধহতে,  
আধ্যাত্মিকতাগেছেপায়খানায়।

অনেকআশায়বাঁধাঘর, বাঁধতেলাগেজোড়সমান,  
যতসবযুক্তিবাদিরদল, নিজস্বযুক্তিরতলাফুটো,  
নীরভাঙারেরফুঁদিয়েকরবেযুক্তিপ্রমাণ!

অভিনন্দন, অসামান্যসকলশিল্পীদেরশিল্প;  
শিল্প, চপেরহোকবাআত্মিক,

আজকালশিল্পদিয়েমাছটাকারপ্রচেষ্টাইপ্রাথমিকপ্রকল্প।

ধান - দুব্যেপূজিতব্রাত্তরুপেস্থানপেলযেগোপনে,

রক্তবিনা, মাংসখেলো, খিদেউশুলকরে।

আত্মা - মাঝেযেস্থানদিলআপনউজাড়করে,

পূজোশেষে, "চূর্ণফুলপরেতারকাফনে"।

ঋতম ঘোষ (তৃতীয় বর্ষ, ইংরেজী বিভাগ)

## কাকস্যপরিবেদনা

৭ইকার্তিক, সন ১৪০৭

শ্রীশ্রীভূশুন্ডিকাগায়নমঃ

কা:কা:

নমস্কার। আমি একটি কাক। আমার নাম শ্রী অমী কুমার চৌধুরী। যেহেতুক উর আদর্শবাদী, অতিঘোর বাস্তববাদী, সবজালা, আঁতেল, চাটুকার, মূর্খ, ধর্মাত্ম, রামগরুড়ের ছানা, নাস্তিক ও coquettish মহিলা— এদের ছাড়া আমি আর কাউকেই খুব একটা ভয় পাই না তাই আমার নাম অমী কাক। বিয়েথাহয়নাই এখনো। তাই আমি কুমার (অবশ্য আমি দিলীপ কুমার, রাজেন্দ্র কুমার, রাজ কুমার, অশোক কুমার, হেমন্ত কুমার, কিশোর কুমার আর উত্তম কুমারের বিরাট বড়ফ্যা নওবটে)। আর আমার বংশকৌলীন্য অতি উচ্চকোটির, একেবারে খাঁটি সনাতন বায়সবংশীয় দাঁড়িকুলীন অর্থাৎ দাঁড়িকাক। পরম পূজ্যপাদ শ্রী কালেশ্বর কুচকুচে আমার দূর সম্পর্কের মাসতুতো দাদা হন। সুতরাং বোঝাই যাচ্ছে যে কেমন ঐতিহ্যশালী বংশ আমার জন্ম। তাই আমার পদবী চৌধুরী। যদিও আমার গায়ের রং খুব একটা কালো নয় তবুও আমি একজন গর্বিত কাক কারণ আমার কাছে ধবধবে কালো ওয়াকুচকুচে সাদাও তাই।

তবুও কিছু কিছু নিন্দুকের বাজারে আমার নামে নিন্দুক রেবেড়ায়, বলে যে আমার মাথায় নাকি বুদ্ধি নেই। আমি যখন তাদের ডিঙ্গি জেঁস করি যে কিসের ভিত্তিতে তারা আমার নামে এরম অপ্রচার করে বেড়ায় তখন তারা বলে, “কেন তুমি কিসেই কাক আর শে য়াল এর গল্পটা শোন নি নাকি যেখানে একটাকাকে রমুখে মাংসের টুকরো দেখে একশে য়ালের ভরীলো ভহল আর সেই টুকরোটা পাবা রজন্য শে য়াল কাকটার গানের খুব তারিফ করল আর বোকাকাক ও যে মনি ও রকথায় ভুলে নিজে রওই হেঁড়ে গলায় গান ধরতে গেল অমনি তার মুখে কেটে পাস করে মাংসের টুকরোটা নিচে পেড়ে গেল আর যেই না সেটানিচে পেড়ে গেল তক্ষু নিশে য়াল বাবাজি সেটানিয়ে ছুটে পালিয়ে গেল। তাহলে এবার নিজেই একবার নিজে রবুদ্ধির দৌড়বুঝে দেখো না কেন।” যদিও তাদের এই সব কথা বার্তা শুনে আমার গাপিত্ত্ব লেয়ায় তবুও তাদের কে তাদের ভুল ধরিয়ে দেবার খুব একটা চেষ্টা করি না কারণ জানি পল্ড শ্রম হবে। কিন্তু তোমরা স

বাইভালোছেলেমেয়ে।তাইতোমাদেরকেইসবকথাখুলেবলছি।হ্যাঁএটার্ঠিকযেআমারমুখথেকেমাংসেরটুকরোটাপড়েগেছিলআরপড়েযাবারপরওইহতভাগাশেয়ালওটানিয়েপালিয়েওগেছিলকিন্তুআমারমুখথেকেমাংসটাপড়েযাবারযেকারণটাওরাবলেবেড়ায়সেটাএক্বেবারেডাহামিখে।আসলেকিহয়েছিলজন?আমায়অমনকরেগাছেবসেথাকতেদেখেশেয়ালটাএসেজিজ্ঞাসাকরল,“হঃকাছয়া?”অর্থাৎ-

হ্যাঁগাকিহল(শেয়ালটাবিহারীছিলকিনা)।কিন্তুআমিযেইবলতেগেলাম,“আরেনেহিকুছনেহিছয়া”অমনিমুখথেকেমাংসটাপড়েগেলআরওইপাজিশয়তানটাওটানিয়েদেছট।কিন্তুকোনোএকউজবুকএরফাঁকেলুকিয়েলুকিয়েএসবদেখেফেলেছেআরতারপরেগিয়েনিজেরমাসী,পিসি,শশুর,জ্যাঠামশাইসবাইকেএইকথাটাতামাশাকরেশোনাতেলেগেছেআরএইভাবেগুপ্তিশুদ্ধলোকেরমুখেমুখেছড়াতেছড়াতেকালেকালেএএমনএকভয়ানকআকারধারণকরেছে।কিন্তুতাইবলেএরাবলেকিনাআমিনাকিগানশোনাতেগিয়েছিলাম!হস্তীমূর্খেরদলসব।আরেবাবাতোদেরচেয়েতোআমিনিজেভালোকরেজানিয়েথুবএকটাভালোআমিকোনদিনইগাইন।।আরযখনএটাআমিজানিতখনজেনেশুনেওবেকারবেকারওইভুলআমিকরতেযাবকেন?আমিকিপাতাফাতাখাইনাকি?আরযদিতর্কেরখাতিরেধরেওনিইযেআমিগানকরতেইগেছিলামতাইবলেসেটানিয়েঅমন‘হেঁড়েগলা’‘হেঁড়েগলা’বলেটিংকারকরেবেড়ানোরকিদরকারআছে?বলিকাকবলেকিএকটুআধটুগানকরবারশখওআমারখাকতেপারেনানাকি?আসলেএইঅপোগুণ্ডালাসবইএরকম।যখনইদেখবেযেকেউএকটুআলাদাকিছুকরবারচেষ্টাকরছেকিংবাযেজিনিসটাতেসেভালোনয়সেটাতেসেভালোহবারচেষ্টাকরছে,তক্ষুনিঠিকউড়েএসেজুড়েবসেবলবেযেআরেআরেকরছটাকি,এতোতোমারকস্মনয়,তারচেয়েবরংযাওগেরথেরমেলায়কলাবেচ।এইভাবেইএইপাশল্ডগুলোপ্রতিভারবিকাশঘটতেদেয়না।আরএভাবেইলক্ষলক্ষকাকহারিয়েমায়কোকিলেরভিড়ে।

তোমাকগেএসবতস্বকথাচুলোয়মাক।এবারেমোদাকথায়আসি।একদিনচ্যল্যাকার্পুরেআমিআমারএকভাইপোরঅল্পপ্রাশনেগিয়েছিলাম।তোআমারভাইপোআমায়দেখামাত্রইকিবললজানেন?কা:কা:।ওইযেবড়োবড়োসভায়বড়োবড়োগলায়সাম্যবাদসাম্যবাদকরেসবাইচৈচায়আরএরমানেকি,এখায়নাকিমথায়দেয়এইনিয়েদস্তুরমতোতর্ককরেওরমাথাফাটায়,তাওগোভালমানুষেরবাছারাবলিআমাদেরদিকেইচেয়েদেখোনাএকবার।আমাদেরসমাজেআসিওকাকা,পিসিওকাকা,বাবাওকাকা,মামাওকাকা,জ্যাঠাওকাকা,ঠাকুরদাওকাকা,শশুড়িওকাকা,পাশেরবাড়িরপিসতুতোভাড়াটেওকাকা,কাকাওকাকা,আমিওকাকা,তুমিওকাকা,সবাইকাকা।অর্থাৎকিনাপ্রকৃতসাম্যবাদ।তাইবলেআমাদেরমধ্যেকিনোনোইভেদাভেদনেই?অবশ্যইআছে।মানুষেরমতোআমাদেরওবেশকয়েকটাভাগআছে।যেমন-

দাঁড়কাক,পাতিকাক,রামকাক,হেঁড়েকাক,তীর্থেরকাকপ্রভৃতি।কিন্তুগোত্রআলাদাহওয়াসস্বৈওআমরাসবাইকাক।আমরাসবাইআমাদেরএকতারমহানকাকাদর্শমেনেচলি।তাইতোবলি-

গাহিসাম্যেরগান,মানুষের...ওসরি...কাকেদেরচেয়েবড়োকিছনাইনাইকিছুমহীয়ান।কিন্তুআমাদেরদলেরমধ্যথেকেইকেউযদিআমাদেরএইআদর্শবানসমাজকেঅসম্মানকরেতহলেতাকেআমরাছেড়েকথাবলিনা।তাকেকঠোরথেকেকঠোরতরশাস্তিদিয়েআমরাদৃষ্টান্তস্থাপনকরেথাকি।এইতোসেবারফেয়ারঅ্যান্ডলাভলিমেথফর্সাহয়েয়াওয়াএকটাকাকআমাদেরসামনেএসেতারগায়েররংনিখেববড়াইকরতেলাগল।একেতোফর্সাহতেগিয়েসেআমাদেরকূলকেকলঙ্কিতকরেছেতারওপরেআবারআমাদেরইএকজনহয়েআমাদেরইমাথায়কাঠালভেঙেখাচ্ছে।তাইআমরাসবাইমিলেঝামাঘষেওব্যটারঠোটোঁটোঁতাকরেদিলামআরআমাদেরসমাজকেঘাড়ধাক্কাদিয়েবেরকরেদিলাম।সেইথেকেসেনিজেরকাকস্বেরচিহ্নমুছেফেলবারজন্যনিজেরনামটাপর্যন্তপাল্টেফেলল-কাকাতুয়া।আরমানুষেরঘরেঘরেখাঁচায়খাঁচায়থেকেআমাদেরনামেকানভাঙানিকরতেলাগল।

সোনাউকামটুদানেঋটপয়েন্ট।বলুনতোআমিবেশিরভাগসময়আকাশেউড়েবেড়াইকেন?কিআরকরব?অহঙ্কারেমাটিতেপাপড়েনাযে।তাএকদিনখুবঅহঙ্কারকরেআমিআমারসবচেয়েবড়শত্রুকাকতাদুয়াকেগিয়েখুবঅপমানকর



লাম। তারপর কি হল জানেন? ও ব্যাটা ও আমায় এমন ভয় দেখিয়েছিল যে ঝাটা পট আমি ও খান থেকে পালিয়ে চলে এলাম। এখন প্রশ্ন হচ্ছে এই অহঙ্কারটা এল কোথা থেকে? হোয়ার ফ্রম দিস অহঙ্কার কামস? তাহলে একটা গল্প বলি। একদিন আমি আকাশে উড়ছিলাম। তউড়তে উড়তে দেখতে পেলাম যে একটা বাড়ির ছাদে অনেক আমসত্ত্বশুকাতে দেওয়ার য়েছে। দেখে ভারী লোভ হল। কিন্তু যেই আমি ছোঁমেরে একটুকরো আমসত্ত্বতুলে নিতে যাব অমনিকোথেকে একটানা দুসনুদুসখোকা এসে আমায় দেখে বিটকেল গলায় বলে উঠলো—

“ছাদের ওপরে কাক

দেখে আমি অবাক।”

কিন্তু আমার তো মনে হয় আমায় দেখে ওই খোকা যতনা অবাক হয়েছিল তার চেয়ে ঢের বেশী অবাক আমি হয়ে ছিলাম খোকার মুখে ওই কবিতাটা শুনে। ওই কবিতার মধ্যে কি যেন একটা জাদু ছিল। সেই থেকে কেমন উদাস হয়ে গেলাম। নওয়াখা ওয়া ভুলে সারাদিন ধরে কেবল ওই কবিতার কথাই চিন্তা করত লাগলাম, ওর ভেতরকার মানে কি সেটা বোঝবার চেষ্টা করত লাগলাম। কিন্তু অনেক মাথা ঘামিয়ে ও কোনো কূলকিনারা পেলাম না। শেষে আর থাকতে না পেরে একদিন এক ছোকরাকে ডেকে কবিতাটা শুনিয়ে জিজ্ঞাসা করলাম, “অ্যাঁ ছোকরা বলতো এই কবিতার মানে কি?” ছোকরা খানিক ক্ষণ ড্যাভ্যাভ্যাভ করে আমার পানে চেয়ে তার পর হঠাৎ পরম উৎসাহের সাথে বলে উঠল—

“দাকাক ইস অ্যাকচুয়ালি দা ভেরি রিফ্লেকশন অফ দিস মডার্ন সোসাইটি। আমাদের এই মডার্ন সোসাইটিতে যেমন কোনো কিছুরই কোনো ঠিক নেই, কখন আছে কখন নেই কিছুটা বোঝবার কোনো উপায় নেই ঠিক তেমনই সেই কাক কখন আছে আর কখন উড়ে যাবে তারও কোনো ঠিক নেই। সবাই তাকে দেখে আর অবাক হয়ে ভাবে এ আবার কোথেকে এল আবার কখন ফুডুৎ করে উড়ে যাবে, তখন আর তাকে কোথায় পাওয়া যাবে?” ছোকরার এই ব্যাখ্যা শুনে আমি এত খুশি হয়ে গেলাম যে আর কি বলব। ঘোর কলি যুগের এই দুনিয়াতে আমার ও যে এত্তবড় একখানি গুরুত্ব আছে এটা ভেবে অহঙ্কারে আমার ছাতি, খাড়াই, গলা সব কিছু ফুলে টুলে ২৬ ইঞ্চি হয়ে গিয়েছে হারা খানা যদিও গিয়ে ঠেকল ঠিক শুওরের মতো কিন্তু এটা শিওর যে কোনো বড়ো কেউ কেটার চেয়ে খুব একটা কম কিছু হয়ে গেলাম না। কিন্তু ওই যে সব রকপালে যে সব সময় সুখসয়না। এটা যে আসলে অহঙ্কার নয় অহঙ্কারের মায়ামাত্র সেটা বুঝে উঠতে খুব বেশী দিন সময় লাগল না। তাহলে খুলে বলা যাক ব্যাপারটা। আমার মায়াবী হয়ে ওঠবার পিছনে যার অবদান সত্যিই অনস্বীকার্য সেই মায়াপ্রকাশনী রকর্ণধার, আমার গুরুদেব, পরম প্রণাম্য মহামায়াবী শ্রীশ্রী কল্যাণ স্বামী মায়ামহিম একদিন এক সাহিত্য সভায় গিয়ে দেখলেন যে এক অকাল পঙ্কক বিখুব গন্তীর ভাবে স্বরচিত একখানিক কবিতা পাঠ করছে—

“ছাদের ওপরে অ্যান্টেনা,

অ্যান্টেনায় কাক বসেছে।

ওমা এতোকাকনয় কাকের কঙ্কাল!

মালতী তুমি বাদাম খাবে?”

এসব কিছুই পাশ লিখেছে, এক বিতার মাথা মনু ডুই বাকি সে সব তো কিছু বোঝা গেল না কিন্তু মহাপণ্ডিতদের দল তোমহা উৎসাহে বাহা হকরতে করতে তাদের মাথা এমন ভাবে ঝাঁকাতো থাকলেন যেন কণ্ডকিমস্ত হাতি ঘোড়া ওই কবিতার মধ্যে থেকে তারা উদ্ধার করে ফেললেন। কিসর্বনাশ! কাককে অ্যান্টেনায় বসিয়ে শকমেরে তাকে কঙ্কাল বানিয়ে দেবার চক্রান্ত চলছে আর এই অপগণ্ড আঁতেল গুলো তার কোনো প্রতিবাদ না করে উল্টে সেটা দেখতে দেখতে বাদাম খাবার মতলব করছে। কাক নিয়ে এহেন ফালতুক চকচক চানি গুরুদেব একদম সহ্য করতে পারলেন না। তিনি পত্র পাঠ ওই সভা থেকে বেরিয়ে এলেন এবং এসে আমায় সব কথা খুলে বললেন। এরাই একদি

নকাককেমাথায়তুলেনেছেছিলআরসেইএরাইএখনতাকেধপাসকরেফেলেদেবারমতলবকষছে।এইসব দেখেএদেরউপরথেকেআমারসমস্তবিশ্বাসএক্কেবারেউবেগেল।তারপরকোথায়গেলসেইঅহঙ্কারআর কোথায়ইবাসেই২৬ইঞ্চিছাতি।এতদিনেহাড়েহাড়েবুঝেগেলামেষেসবইমায়া।কোথাওআলোকোথাওছায়া।

তোযাইহোক,এবারেঅন্যকথায়আসি।আমারএকজামাইবাবুনিউটাউনেএকটা৩BHKঘুলঘুলিকিনেছেন আরতারগৃহপ্রবেশউপলক্ষ্যেআমায়নেমন্তন্নকরেছেন।তোনির্দিষ্টদিনেমহানন্দেআমিউড়তেউড়তেজা মাইবাবুরবাড়িরদিকেযাচ্ছিএমনসময়দেখিএকদোকানেঅনেকগুলোলোকজটলাপাকিয়েকিনিয়েযেন চাঁচামেচিকরছে।তোআমিওব্যাপারখানাকিতদেখবারজন্যসেখানেগেলাম।গিয়েদেখিদোকানেরটিভিতে ব্রাজিল-

আর্জেন্টিনারখেলাচলছেআরসেটানিয়েইএকদললোকব্রাজিলআরএকদলআর্জেন্টিনায়ভাগহয়েনিজে দেরমধ্যেতর্কাতর্কিকরছে।তোখেলাদেখতেদেখতেটিভিতেহঠাৎআমারএকজ্ঞাতিভাইকেদেখতেপেয়ে আনন্দেচিৎকারকরেউঠলাম-

“ওইদেখআমারদূরসম্পর্কেরভাইকতসুন্দরখেলছেদেখ।“সবাইআমারদিকেতাকিয়েকেমনকটমটকরে চেয়েবলল,“দূরহআপদ।ওআবারতোরভাইহতেযাবেকেন?ওতোব্রাজিলেরফুটবলারকাকা।“তখনআমি বললাম,“কিআশ্চর্যআমিওতোসেটাইবলছিওতোকাকা,আমারজ্ঞাতিভাই।“তাইশুনেএকজনআমায়বলল, “কিন্তুতুমিতোকাকআরওকাকা।ওআবারতোমারভাইহলকেমনকরে?”আমি বললাম,“যা:বাবা,এতেআবা রনাহবারমতকিআছে?ইংরেজিতেরামযদিRamaহয়,রাবণযদিRavanaহয়,যুধিষ্ঠিরযদিYudhishtiraহয়,দু র্যোধনযদিDuryodhanaহয়তাহলেকাকেকেনKakaহবেনা?আরওতোএমনিতেইবিদেশী।তাইওরনামইহল কাকা।তবেশুধুওইকেন,ওছাড়াওআমারআরোদুইআত্মীয়আছেযাদেরমধ্যেএকজনক্রিকেটখেলতআর একজনহলিউডেঅভিনয়করে-

মার্টিনক্রোআররাসেলক্রো।এখানেতোস্পষ্টইবোঝাযাচ্ছেযেবিদেশীহলেওএরা'ক্রো'অর্থাৎআমারইজ্ঞাতি ভাই।“আমারএইঅকাট্যযুক্তিশুনেওরাকতটাখুশিহলতআমি বলতেপারবনাকারণতক্ষুনিওরাবুলঝাড়ুনি য়েতাড়াকরেহুশহুশকরেআমায়তাড়িয়েদিল।কিআপদ!এইমূর্খগুলোকেদুটোকাজেরকথাবলামানেওভ স্মেঘিঢালা।ধুসস...

তাএতক্ষনধরেযেসববিষয়নিয়েএতগস্তীরভাবেআলোচনাকরলামসেগুলোহয়তআপনাদেরকাছেনেহাৎ কাকেরকাকাহতেপারেকিন্তুআমারমতএকজনশান্তিশিষ্টনিরীহকাকেরকাছেতাকাকেরকাকা-

ইবটে।এখনকথাহচ্ছেএইযেনাতোআমারমাথায়টাকআছে,নাতোআমিইংরেজিতেবড়োবড়োনাটকলিখি, আরনাতোকোনোবন্ধুকেদেখেএকেবারেআহ্লাদেআটখানাহয়েগিয়েতাকেনিয়েএতএতকবিতালিখতেব সেযাই।কিন্তুতাওযদিকেউআমায়'ভূঁইফোড়কাক'বলেগালমন্দকরেআরবলেযেতাদেরগাথেকেখসেপড়া পালকদিয়েআমিনিজেকেদস্তুরমতোসাজাইতাহলেকিন্তুআমিভীষণরেগেযাবআরকোনোএকগাছেরডা লেবাইলেকট্টিকতারেরওপরবসেসেখানদিয়েতারযাবারঅপেক্ষাকরবআরযেইসেআমারঠিকনিচদিয়েযা বেতখনতারসাথেযেকান্ডটাঘটবেসেটাকিন্তুমোটেকাকতলীয়হবেনা।

অভীককুমারচৌধুরী(সেম,ইংরেজিবিভাগ)

ইতি, চূপকথারা

রোজকার মতনই আজকেও বেশ হুড়ো হুড়ি করেই বেরিয়েছি বাড়ি থেকে রাস্তায় যাওয়ার পথেরিস্ট ওয়াচটার দিকে তা  
কিয়ে দেখলাম বেশ দেরি হয়েছে আজকে, নিশ্চই স্কুল ছুটি হয়েছে এতক্ষণে!

এই সবসাতপাঁচ ভাবতে ভাবতেই পৌঁছে গেলাম বুবান এর স্কুল এর গেটের কাছে, পৌঁছেতে পৌঁছেতেই দেখলাম "ঠান্মি" ব  
লেই জড়িয়ে ধরলো বুবান... ওহন মস্কার আমি মৃগালিনী মুখোপাধ্যায় আর বুবান হলো আমার ৪ বছর এর নাতি সৌবর্ণ মু  
খোপাধ্যায়।

- \_ কি গোষ্ঠী এতো দেরি করলে কেনো? আমার সব বন্ধুরা চলে গেছে জানো!
- \_ আই অ্যাম সোসরি বুবান, আসলে তোমার পছন্দেই লিশ ভাঁপাকরতে গিয়েই একটু দেরি হয়েছে গো!
- \_ ইলিশ ভাঁপা...!! উফফমাইফেভারিট..! তাড়াতাড়ি বাড়ি চলে ঠান্মি আমার শুনেই খিদে পেয়ে গেলো তো!
- \_ আরে হ্যাঁ মাছি..... উফফটানিসনা বুবান পরে যাবো তো।

কেকার কথামানেই লিশ ভাঁপা'র নাম শুনেই যত তাড়াতাড়ি সম্ভব টানতে টানতেই বুবান নিয়ে এলো আমায় বাড়ি।  
বাড়িতে ঢুকতে গিয়েই হঠাৎ একটা টান পরলো সারীর আঞ্চলে বুবান ততক্ষণে আমার হাতটা ছেড়ে বাড়ি ঢুকে গেছে...  
পেছন ফিরে তাকাতে দেখলাম আঞ্চলটা আমার সেই পুরনো লেটার বক্স এ আটকেছে, আঞ্চলটা ছাড়াতে গিয়েই পরে  
গেলে একটা চিঠি... এবং অনেক পুরনো স্মৃতি!

মাটি থেকে চিঠিটা তুলে নিয়ে দৌড়ে নিজের ঘরে ঢুকে দরজাটা বন্ধ করে দিলাম..  
খানিকক্ষণ অশ্রু জল বাহানোর পর চিঠিটা খুলে পড়লাম...

১৮ নভেম্বর, ১৯৮২

"প্রিয় মৃগাল,

আমি সত্যিই জানিনা আমাদের সম্পর্ক টাঠিক কি পর্যায়ে দাড়িয়ে আছে, তোমার স্বামীর থেকে লুকিয়ে তোমার আমার এই  
চিঠি তে কথোপকথন টাঠিক আর কত দিন চলবে বলতে পারো?

দেখো মৃগাল এখন আমি একটা চাকরি করি মাইনেটাও খুব খারাপ নয়, তোমার স্বামীর মতন এলাহী জীবন না দিতে পার  
লেও ভালো বাসার অভাব হবেনা কোনো দিন তোমার কথা দিচ্ছি।

তুমি আগের চিঠি তে বলে ছে যে তুমি খুব শীঘ্রই বিলেতে চলে যাবে স্বামীর সাথে আশা করি এই চিঠি টা পেয়ে আর তুমি যাবে  
না...

আমি তোমার জন্য বাগ বাজার ঘাট এ বিকেল ৫ টায় অপেক্ষা করবো মৃগাল আমি জানি তুমি ঠিক আসবেই!

ইতি,

তোমার স্বর্ণা!"

..... চিঠি টা শেষ করতেই ডাক শুনলাম বুবানের

\_ ঠান্মি দরজা খোলো খুব খিদে পেয়েছে প্লিজ খাইয়ে দাও!

\_ আসছি বুবান।

বলেই চোখের জল মুছে দরজাটা খুললাম....

বিবান কেথাওয়ানো শেষ করে আবার ঘরে ফিরলাম চিঠি টা খাল্টের ও পর থেকে সরিয়ে আলমারিতে রাখলাম।

কাজের মধ্যে চিঠি রকখাটা আর প্রায় মনেই পড়ে নি আমার... পরের দিন সকালে বৌমারো নোর সময় বলে বেরোলো যে  
আজকে বুবান এর স্কুলে গোর্ডিয়ান মিটিং আমি যেনো ঠিক সময় পৌঁছে যাই... যথারীতি নির্দিষ্ট সময়ের মধ্যেই পৌঁছলাম  
আমি দেখলাম বুবান একটা মেয়ের হাত ধরে এসে আমার সামনে দাডালো!

\_ কি রে বুবান, এই মিষ্টি মেয়েটা কে রে?

\_ ও আমার বেস্ট ফ্রেন্ড ঠান্মি, মৃগু। তোমায় বলেছিলাম না ওর কথা!

\_ ওহ হ্যাঁ হ্যাঁ, তা বলছি তোমার নাম কি মা? আর তোমার গর্ডিয়ান আসেনি?

\_ আমারনামম্ণালিনীসেনগুপ্তঠাঙ্গী, হ্যাঁআমারদাদাইএসেছেঐযেঐখানে...  
 মেয়েটিরআঙ্গুলবরাবরতাকিয়েদেখিদাড়িয়েআছেআমারপ্রেমিকবৃধতাসৌন্দর্যটাকমাতেঅক্ষমএখনোসেইএকচে  
 হারা,সেইদুইমায়াবীচোখেরসেইএকিচাছনিখিমালকরলামএগিয়েআসছেআমারদিকেইক্রমশ...ভয়পাচ্ছিলামকি  
 বলবোএতোগুলোবছরেরতোমাররাগের,অভিমানেরসম্মুখীনআমিকিকরেহবো?  
 এইসবভাবতেভাবতেইতুমিঅত্যন্তকাছেএসেনিজেরমৃদুকণ্ঠস্বরেপ্রশ্নকরলে...  
 \_ ভালোআছেম্ণাল?  
 \_ হ্যাঁ?  
 \_ ভালোআছে?  
 \_ হ্যাঁমনেইয়ে, আছি।  
 \_ অনেকবছরপর...বেশবুড়িহয়েছে,চুলেওপাকধরেছেদেখছি!  
 \_ তুমিএকিরকমরয়েছোকিষ্ক!  
 \_ কিরকম?  
 \_ আগেরমতন!  
 \_ হাহাহাশালে,বুড়োহোয়েছিগো! নাতনিপ্রেমকরছেএখন! ওইদেখো...  
 \_ ওটাআমারনাতি..।  
 \_ ওমাবেশতো,আমরামান্যশেষকরতেপারলামওরাইকরুকতবে..  
 \_ রাগ ?  
 \_ নাআপনজনেরওপররাগহয়নাম্ণাল,অভিমানহয়... ছারোটুমিবুঝবেনা।  
 \_ কেনোবুঝবেনা?  
 \_ বুঝলেসেইদিনওরকমভাবেচলেযেতেনা।  
 \_ আমারওকিছুবদ্ধতাথাকতেপারেসেইটাহয়তোকোনদিনতোমায়বোঝাতেপারবেনা!  
 .....ইতস্ততহলাম,আরসেইইতস্ততাকরলোবুবানএরগলারডাকএ...  
 \_ ঠাঙ্গী,ঠাঙ্গীদেখোম্নুউওরতাটাজানেনাএকটুতুমিবলোদেখি...  
 \_ কোনউওরটাবুবান?  
 \_ "আমাদেরগেছেযেদিনএকেবারেইকিগেছে?  
 কিছুইকিনেইবাকি?"  
 \_ "রাতেরসবতারাইআছে,  
 দিনেরআলোরগভীরে"  
 কিছুপ্রশ্নেরকোনোউওরহয়না,হয়নাকোনোএক্সপ্লানেশনকিছুপ্রশ্নেরউওরআজোলুকিয়েথাকেএইকবিতাগুলোরমা  
 ঝই!

দেবলীনা গাঙ্গুলি (৩ সেম, ইংরেজিবিভাগ)

### হারিয়ে যাওয়া অনুভূতিদের টুকরো কথা।

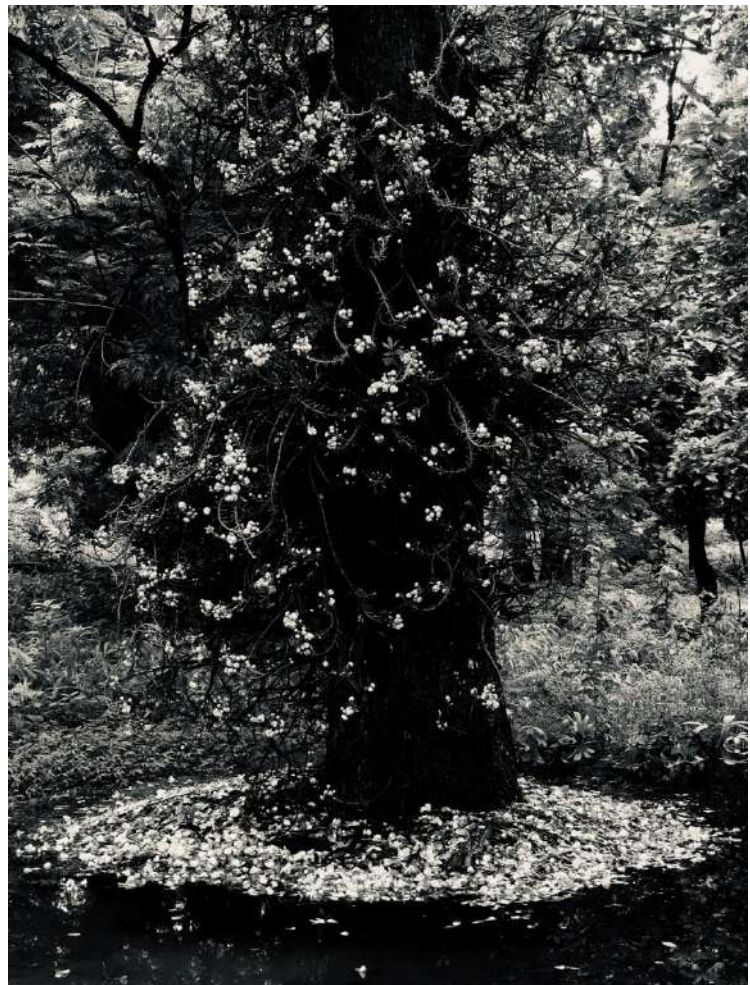
পরিস্থিতিসইতেসইতেচশমারপাওয়ারবেড়েযায়, চালসেপড়ে,  
 আমরাকোনকিছুখুঁজতেথাকিআপনমনে। রাস্তায়শুয়েথাকাআদুরেবিড়ালটাকোনএকগাড়িরধাক্কায়হারিয়েগেছেঅ  
 জান্তেই। পাশেরবাড়িরবড়ডানপিটেসেইলাফদড়িখেলামেয়েটা,  
 যন্ত্রকরেযেগোলাপচারাপুঁতেছিলসেইগাছেরফুলওঝরেগেছেকবেই।

ডাকবাক্সে জমে থাকা চিঠিগুলোকে বেয়ে দপ্তরহীন হয়ে ছেঁতা হয়তো আমাদের সর্বশ্রেণের সঙ্গী এই চারকোনা যন্ত্রটাই জানে। পিওনকাকু এখন নিশিগ্ণে গাছের তলায় বসে গল্প করছে পাখিদের সাথে। ভেজারু মালের অনুভূতিগুলো, প্রথম দেখার মুহূর্তরা, খামের উপর যন্ত্রকরে লিখে ফেলা দুটিনামের অনুভূতি সব নিখোঁজ। এই সব হারিয়ে যাওয়া নিখোঁজ হওয়া অনুভূতিদের খবর কেউ রাখেনা। প্রতিদিনের হার-জিতের লড়াই সহ্য করতে করতে ক্লান্ত হয়ে যাওয়া পিওনকাকুও বসে থাকে আরও একটা চিঠি পৌঁছে দেবে বলে। আসলে আমরা ঘুমের মধ্যে স্বপ্নে বেঁচে উঠি, আর জেগে উঠলেই একপা, একপাকরে এগিয়ে যাই ধ্বংসের দিকে।

অরিন্দম মান্না (প্রাক্তন ছাত্র, ইংরেজি বিভাগ)

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*Rajdeep Mondal (Faculty, Dept. of English)*



Dilshat Parveen (5<sup>th</sup> Sem, English Honours)



*Anirban Pal, (5<sup>th</sup> Sem, English Honours)*

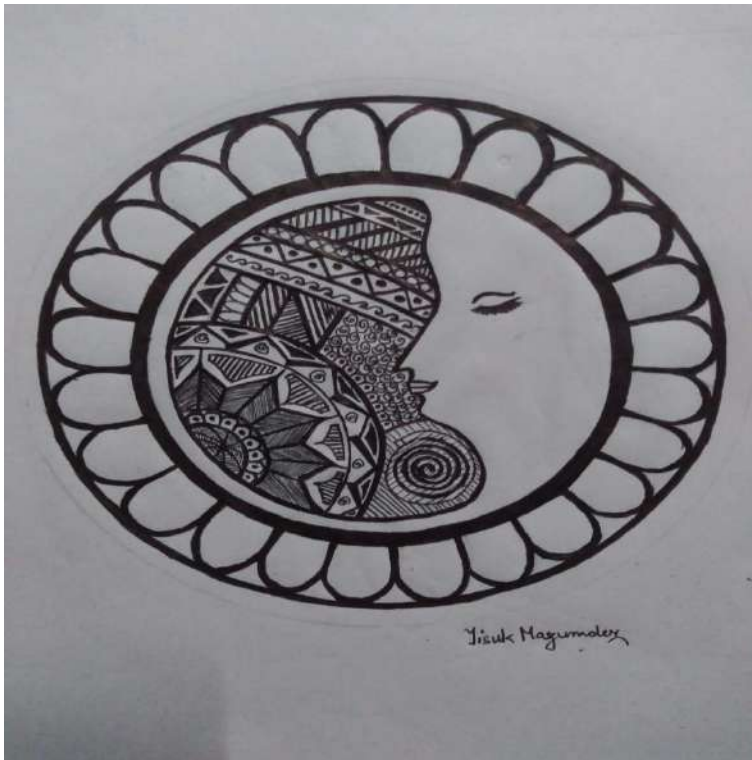


*Binayak Seal (5<sup>th</sup> Sem, English Honours)*





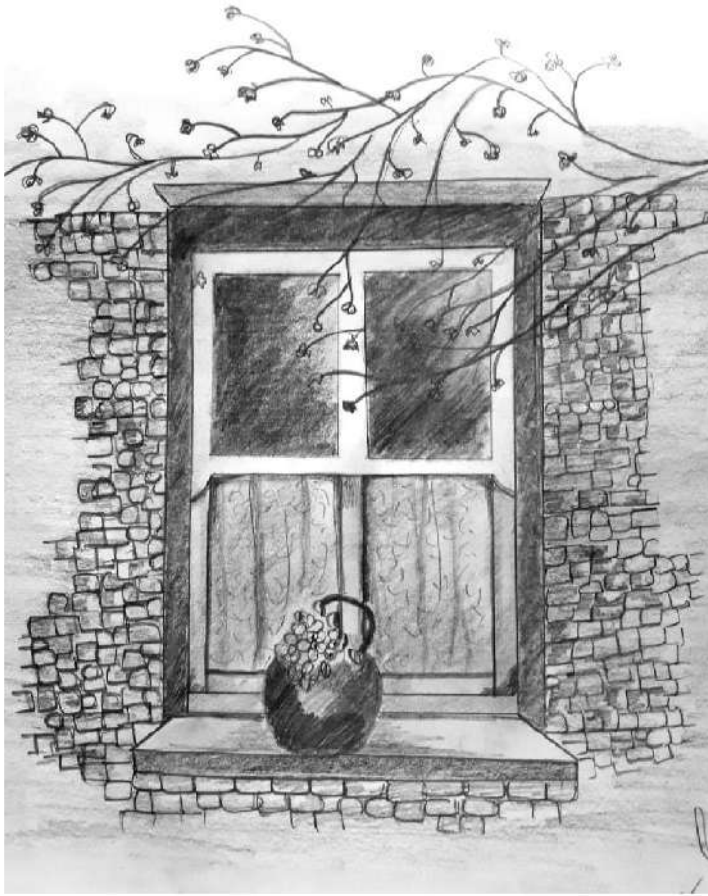
*Tisuk Majumder, (5<sup>th</sup> Sem, English Honours)*



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*Udita Sarkar (5<sup>th</sup> Sem, English Honours)*



*Bonosree Bhattacharya, (5<sup>th</sup> Sem, English Honours)*



*Sandipan Hazra, (3<sup>rd</sup> Sem, English Honours)*



*Kaustav Ghosh, (3<sup>rd</sup> Sem, English Honours)*



*ShinjiniPakre*



*Avik Kumar Chowdhury, (5<sup>th</sup> Sem, English Honours)*



*Titas Sengupta, (3<sup>rd</sup> Sem, English Honours)*



*Dishani Paul, (5<sup>th</sup> Sem, English Honours)*



*Sanchari Das, (3<sup>rd</sup> Sem, English Honours)*



*Sweta Guha, (3<sup>rd</sup> Sem, English Honours)*



*Subhajt Paul, (3<sup>rd</sup> Sem, English Honours)*



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*Dilshat Parveen, (5<sup>th</sup> Sem, English Honours)*





*Avilash Karak (ex-student, Dept. of English)*



করো - না - ভয়

পৃথিবী কাঁপছে থর থর  
এলো কি যে এক মহামারী  
ঘটাছে বিবাদ, ছড়াচ্ছে বিষাদ  
সবার সাথে সবার আড়ি।

নিয়মের বেড়া জালে  
করে প্রাণ হাস ফাঁস  
কবে পাবো মুক্তি  
ছুড়ে ফেলব মাস্ক।

আবার কবে ফুচকা  
আইসক্রিম, ঘুগনি  
রাজু দার চা এর দোকান  
গার্ল ফ্রেন্ড এর বকুনি।

কবে আবার গোল হয়ে  
ক্লাস রুম এ আড্ডা  
পরীক্ষার ফলে  
যথারীতি গাড্ডা।

তবে আমি বলি শোনো  
করো না তোমরা ভয়  
এ এক আজব সময়  
কত কিছু করা যায়।

যে হতে চায় কবি  
অথবা আঁকতে চায় ছবি  
কিংবা বাজনার সুর  
যা এত কাল ছিল বেসুর।  
সব কিছু শিখে ফেলো  
জ্বলবে মনে খুশির আলো।

মনে রেখো - don't lose your cool  
After all, it always boils down to  
If the glass is half empty or half full.