



# CHOKHER ALOE

*... vision beyond...*

*A Magazine by The*

**DEPARTMENT  
OF ENGLISH**

KHUDIRAM BOSE  
CENTRAL COLLEGE

*2021*

**W**arm greetings to my dear students and my colleagues,

It is time again for our departmental magazine – *Chokher aloe. .. vision beyond*. This is your platform where you are not limited by your syllabus. You have the full freedom to explore the depths of your thoughts and colour your imagination without being stereotypical. The magazine is your forum to give unrestricted voice to creativity. Therefore I request you all to come forward without any hesitations and speak out.

I take this opportunity to thank our Principal, Dr. Subir Kumar Dutta for always supporting us. He has been instrumental in sharing his ideas when the magazine was in fetal state. Our present Governing Body President, Sri Debasis Mullick is also very dynamic when it comes to student related activities. He fully believes in holistic development of a student and always extends his help to aid us in our efforts to be student centric. The teachers of our department – Somnath Bhattacharya, Kakoli Sengupta, Rinjee Lama, Rajdeep Mondal are the four pillars who have always gone to extremes to enrich the department. Apart from academics these teachers are excellent in different cultural activities and the department continues to prosper under their guidance and supervision. When it comes to this magazine Rajdeep definitely needs rounds of applause as he is the man who shapes and designs the magazine. His technical expertise is indeed commendable. Without him this magazine is parentless. I thank you all for everything.

We have all survived the rampage caused by the corona pandemic. We are all trying our best to fit into the new normal and we are adjusting to a different set of ethos. But we all know that the only constant thing is change and history has taught us that those who are adept in accommodating to changed environment ultimately survive. Despite this social Darwinism being innate in us we still find it difficult to grapple with our surroundings. The reason I am addressing this issue is because I have sensed an adjustment problem among some in the classroom. For almost two and a half years we had been cocooned in our homes, almost forgetting the taste of social bonding. This forced isolation has turned us into small islands and now we find it difficult to bridge the distance between us. We have all faced multiple hardships in these two and half years of covid – some of us have lost our dear ones, some of us have experienced the horror of fighting this virus... whatever be the case we have left the worst behind and in this new environment we are all trying to identify the meaning of life.

As a person who has seen the bright and the not so bright side of life I can say these three years of college life is the best. You leave behind childhood and you create memories of youth. Do not miss this fantastic journey by being petty...come forward, reach out and you will experience laughter. This is the time where you learn to balance responsibility and fun. This is the time where your heart wants to sing. This is the time where you LIVE. So please do not allow small issues to take control of you. Learn to laugh off smallness.

As Rabindranath Tagore said in his song পরবাসী, চলে এসো ঘরে

মন যে দিল না সাড়া, তাই তুমি গৃহছাড়া

নির্বাসিত বাহিরে অন্তরে॥

We have overcome the বাহিরের নির্বাসন... let us get rid of the অন্তরের নির্বাসন.

Come let us all salute the spirit of togetherness, let us bond...

Lots of love,

Dr. Sriparna Dutta  
Head, Department of English

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## IN SEARCH OF AUTHENTIC LOVE

**Biraj Goswami**  
**Semester 2, General**

Oh mother, you are gone,  
I miss you and your selfless love.  
Last night i felt your arms around me,  
It reminded me of the old Jolly days;  
With your bare hands, you fed me,  
Rubbed my forehead until i fall asleep.  
I used to take a nap on your lap,  
Nowadays, I'm an insomniac.  
I failed in life, became a vagabond,  
Wandering, searching for true love.

I possess a vast property,  
What i really want to possess is love;  
Love, which i received from you for free,  
Now is scarce in the world of insensitivity.  
Once i dreamt about having you back,  
Precious times spent with you is now what i lack.  
I then asked myself; despite  
The dream brought a ray of hope,  
Again with the filthiness of the world,  
How would her poor fatigue soul cope ?

Having an impulsive urge sometimes,  
I want to be a kid again.  
In your arms, I'd live the life of a regardless.

I'd like to feel the touch of your hands again.  
Even in the most depressed times;  
Just a recall of the memories with you  
makes my distressing days whole.  
Wherever you are, may god bless your soul.  
Like the twinkling stars in the night sky  
You're beyond my reach, so far away.

To an eternal sleep you are gone forever,  
You sleep forever, none shan't wake you ever.

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**(Painting)**

**Mayukh Mondal**  
**Semester 2, Honours**

**Title : Tagore**  
**Medium : Charcoal on Paper**



## **MY NAME IS HEART ATTACK**

**Priyom Banerjee**  
**Semester 2, Honours**

We have a whole company to run. The name of our company is FDPL (Fatal diseases private limited) and I am its respected Manager, Heart attack. Our job is to make sure that we contribute some amount to the number of deaths in a year by messing with human's health and making them suffer. Of course, human beings don't embrace us with love and graciousness. But they do welcome us with their fear which results death. We have established franchises worldwide and India is one of our favourite countries for spreading diseases because of its population. But in India a new comer from a different country is turning everything against us. This thing is the reason one day doctors will not take me seriously. He has started his monopoly market which is harming us and human beings too. Our business has got massacred and our demand has fallen. Its name is corona. We don't have any genders generally so I don't know corona's either. That thing has caused problems for us. So, as an assistant manager of FDPL, I complained the prime minister of all the diseases cancer about this matter. He has called a meeting and I will be reaching there in some seconds.

At the meeting office, the diseases were entering by showing their Aadhar card. I entered the meeting. Our PM was sitting on the main chair. There were many diseases and everyone's eyes were struck on the entrance door to see corona. Suddenly I saw corona was entering inside the office by showing his Chinese Aadhar card. He has a bad habit of arriving suddenly everywhere he goes. Corona came and stood up on the accused box. Everyone started shouting "Go Corona go! Go Corona go!". Our boss cancer made everybody silent by saying in his echoing voice "Silence! Silence! Please everyone, maintain the decorum of the court." Everybody became silent. I don't how but PM's voice always echoes and that's so terrible! He is an amazing disease. Cancer spoke again "Good morning my dear diseases and their Consequences, please pay attention. With all due respect, I want you to invite our special guest, the public sector of deaths and casualties, the owner of NMO (Negative Muse organisation), Mr. Government Influencer. Give a big round of applause for this great personality please". Everybody stood up with respect and gave applause. Mr. Government Influencer sat on the chief guest chair. "Sir, glad to see you here sir." Mr. Government Influencer replied "Thank you, Cancer." "Sir, we have all witnessed your great deeds like riots, poverty, wars, terrorist attacks and many more which has resulted a huge amount of life loss and injuries. Thanks to you sir, for coming here. Everybody among us just have dreams of becoming like you but we're not powerful like you because you can't be killed by any vaccination or medicine". Our chief guest smiled and said "Thanks to all of you for inviting me here today. And please my dear friend cancer, don't over appreciate me because there neither any immortal diseases nor humans. Most of the humans, one day will have to die because of some disease and most of the diseases will have to die because of some medicine

or vaccine. And for your kind information we can be killed by awareness and logical thinking”. Cancer smiled embarrassingly and told our chief guest “But we know the nature and thinking of humans. Logical thinking and awareness are not of their league. So, you’re unbeatable sir”. After hearing this, Chief guest blushed with a pride. Chief guest smiled again. Then cancer announced “So we are going to start our meeting now! Anybody from the audience want to state something against Corona?”. Everyone was looking at each other with complaints in their eyes. At that moment, Spanish influenza stood up and said in his Spanish accent “Buenos dias sir, I meant good morning, sir. It’s a pleasure to stand in front of you and

our chief guest. In early 1918, I arrived and got the reward and post of being a pandemic. Later human defeated me. I know the feel and pride of being a pandemic. But sir I never massacred other’s business. I had one reputation and fear among the humans until corona arrived. But now People have forgotten me sir. This is just not fair! So many years of reputation just vanished with his arrival. I would request you sir to take strict actions on this new comer. That’s all sir.” Every disease repeated his line “Yes! This is not fair! This is not fair!”. Again, cancer shouted “Silence! Now if someone want to say something from the side of corona please stand up”. I smiled because I never expected someone to talk from corona’s side. But I was wrong. Fever stood up and said with a sorrow in his voice “Good morning, sir, I want to speak from corona’s side.” Everybody was shocked. Diseases were looking at each other. Fever continued “Sir, maximum times, I have been ignored by humans. I want to tell you all an incident. One day, I attacked a child. After I attacked him, he realised that he is having fever, but he was smiling. He was not suffering he was enjoying it. I thought why he is smiling? He should be scared because I attacked him. But he was not scared. He was smiling because he doesn’t have to go to school next day. I was hurt from inside sir. I cried in a corner that day. I-I never got my value or any serious attention. Those biased and cruel antibiotics used to bully me. Sir, Corona gave me value. I am something now. Now humans are scared of me sir. I love corona for what he did sir! I respect him! I support him! That’s all sir” A drop of sadness was visible in his eyes. Cough and cold shouted from back “I agree with fever!”. Fever sat down and looked at corona. They both smiled while looking at each other respectfully. There was a silence in the meeting for a minute. Then Cancer shook his head calmly and asked me that I want to say something or not. I said “Sir, Corona is new, and he is increasing his affects by forcing people to be more careful about us. Pardon me for my language sir, but for this idiot! people are not smoking seriously and PM of humans is announcing lockdowns which are preventing pollution. This is really creating horrible situation for us. I am heart attack and I demand his exile from India. That’s all sir”. I sat down. Cancer looked at corona and said “Do you want to defend yourself?” Corona was calm. He stood up slowly and started talking suddenly like a motivational speaker “Thank you, sir, for giving me my chance. With all my respect towards PM and the chief guest, I would like to say something. After hearing me if you want to exile me, you can.” Cancer shook his head positively and Corona continued “See, you all should understand one thing. You people should not run your business with the help of fear.” Everybody was shocked after hearing this and started looking at corona with curiosity. There was desperation in them to hear what Corona wants to say. He continued again “Unlike you people, humans are not scared of me. That’s why they just go outside and wander around without mask. The humans are too much stubborn and overconfident that even after getting beaten by police they just have that courage to move freely during lockdown. So that’s the thing I want! People should

not take you seriously if you want to affect them.” I asked Corona curiously “So if they fear you and sit at home then you’re gone. Then why shouldn’t we run our business on fear?” Corona smiled and very calmly answered my question. “No that’s not a solution. They do not have to fear me to get rid of me. If they started fearing me then they will die of heart attack. Only taking me seriously will do. If they will be causal then remember one thing fear doesn’t lead to casualty because the word casualty is made up of the word ‘casual’. Being casual is the root cause of every disease. And for your knowledge let me tell you that defeating me isn’t a big thing. I can be defeated if they start wearing mask properly, sanitizing properly, if they stay at home by not going outside without any reason and if they spread awareness about me. So, I am Corona. I will die when the proper vaccine will come. Just don’t panic. I don’t know now they will banish me or they will be inspired or not, but you fool humans should get some motivation. Stay safe and be healthy. Thank you”

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## **I'm a tragic hero**

**Soumyadip Biswas**  
**Semester 4, Honours**

I'm no tragic hero,  
If I had stuck with no.  
I'm no tragic hero,  
If I had not tried to understand some feelings.  
I'm no tragic hero,  
If I had lost the word yes.  
I'm no tragic hero,  
If I had known how to handle stuff.  
I'm no tragic hero,  
If my deeds are not punching me.  
I'm no tragic hero,  
If I have really vanished myself.

I'm a tragic hero,  
Because I'm learning.

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## ডিউটোপিয়া

Rupsa Mukherjee

Semester4, Honours

আচ্ছা নিজ মনে গড়া ইউটোপিয়ায় সবাই কত  
সুখি তাইনা??  
সেখানে সৃজনের ছোটভাই সমাজ তাকে কতই না  
ভালোবাসে!  
ফেলে রাখা সোয়েটার বা মোবাইলের যান্ত্রিকতা ও  
যেন প্রাণ পায়;  
অথবা ভূতের ভয়ে শিউরে ওঠা মেয়েটা রক্তের  
গন্ধে বা নিঝুম রাতে চেনা অথচ অদেখা স্পর্শে  
বাঁচার রসদ খুঁজে পায়  
ইউটোপিয়া কতই না বিচিত্র আকাশের ঝাঁ চকচকে  
তারাকেও ক্লাস টেনের পাগল প্রেমিক বানিয়ে দেয়  
অথবা অসম্মানে শেষ পর্যায়ে এসেও পোড়া মন  
তাকেই খুঁজে বেড়ায়...  
সত্যিই কি বিচিত্র না এই ইউটোপিয়া এখানে  
লিঙ্গের কোনো বিভেদ নেই, সহজেই সেই ওষুধের  
শিশিটা ধরা যায়, অবলিলায় ওই কাঁটা দাগ কিংবা  
গলায় এসে আটকে যাওয়া প্রাণটাকে আঁকড়ে  
বাঁচা যায় যুগের পর যুগ...  
আচ্ছা নিজ মনে গড়া ইউটোপিয়ায় সবাই কত  
সুখি হয় তাইনা!!

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**Photographs**  
**Soumyadip Biswas**  
**Semester 4, Honours**



## **MATERIALISTIC GENERATION**

**Biraj Goswami**  
**Semester 2, General**

Oh dear, these kids wouldn't know what life is.  
We lived it but they are just passing it, like the currents of river,  
Not knowing where to go, just flowing with time as time passes by.  
Like a wretched who helps others to reach their destination, we call a driver  
But can't reach his own. We lived life with full of enthusiasm and joy;  
when they are asked to tell their narratives of life, why are they so coy ?

Trees and Sky were the companions of our spirit,  
what is theirs walls of bricks ? As the fields and grounds are shrinking  
My companions are dying and it hurts me like a stab of knife on my chest.  
They are so materialistic, they don't know what they are losing,  
Why do they preserve so, if they have no time to listen to their soul  
Their age span is being eaten by time like a meal in a bowl.

Oh, deity of nature save them from themselves before they forever lie.  
Bless them with the knowledge to enjoy life rather than just passing it and die.

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## **A Midnight Memory**

**Bhaswat Dutta**  
**Semester 3, Honours**

A sudden fall, thy destiny  
Into fragments, heart apart;

Thou shalt forfeit, waste-  
A life through cecity.

A midnight song, thy heart;

Thou speak, redemption-  
Life to change, eternity

But a war to start.

Repulse, Thy pain into gain;  
For whom thou suffered

List shalt not be made-  
Life and death, again.

## **PURPOSE OF LIFE**

**Biraj Goswami**  
**Semester 2, General**

Life is gay for the one who knows how to lead it, "what's the purpose of it" ?  
Asked by the others. The one who enjoys it may know the answer very well  
Or perhaps he has no answer as he's busy enjoying it, rather than perceiving  
the meaning of it. It is 'Heaven' for one and for the other one it is 'Hell'.  
"Life has no meaning" said by the one who has failed in living.  
And for the one who enjoys the every little bit, it is not less than a blessing.

One thinks life is a torment filled with curses and one always blushes.  
One lives in the dream and one leads the life like a dream.  
One believes in reincarnation and lost his faith in the present life,  
One thinks this is only life he has, lives it with full enthusiasm like it's a hike.  
"Why they make life so complicated" ? Asked by the one who's living his best,  
But what he does not know that how depressed are the rest.

Life is not easy but to find happiness in it's little complexity one should know  
Finding life's purpose is a job of dulls, one shouldn't waste his precious time  
By thinking such. Life's a gust of wind, rather finding out why does it blow.  
One should just fly with the waves of it and it is the narrative one must know.

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**Photograph**

**Sinjini Saha**

**Semester 2 ,Honours.**



## CRITTER

**Soumyadip Biswas**  
**Semester 4, Honours**

The morning starts with the sound of a pendulum clock DONG DONG DONG... seven times, it sounds like a clarion and the atmosphere of the environment is quite similar to a deserted epic battleground where a grand war is getting off the ground.

A well-balanced hall on one side of the hall's wall has four doors with individual coloured templates on them Pale Orange belongs to Mr Pale Orange, Gray to Mr Gray, Blue to Mr Blue and Red to Mr Red, and the other side of the wall has a centre allied door. (one side of the door is painted black and the other white). And the left and right sides of the door have two windows circle in shape coloured in azure. Sound comes from the rooms seems like someone is waking up from a deep coma sleep, one of the doors is opening it's Mr Orange coming out and recognise that there is something like an Insect like a critter but little bigger than a normal one, it is flying Zigzag from one corner to the another of the hall he tried to keep distance from it because of his nervousness and panic but suddenly the insect seems like chasing him throughout the hall suddenly he slips and fell on the floor, "damn thing I fall because of you". Mr Orange tries to get up and runs away towards the Pale Orange templated door. He says, "I should run fast so don't catch up to me". But after a careful look around him, he could not find the critter. He took a deep breath of comfort and ease. But with a bit of curiosity and suspicion, he hstarts to find the critter and searches he finds "the critter is swimming in the water which was spilt over the floor, but it can't breath".

He tries to rescue the insect but he can't because he is afraid and pretty much nervous to touch the insect. He says, "Sorry little thing but I can't help you". He then left the critter swimming and approached back his door. Apparently, Mr Gray is opening his door and taking a close look towards the watery steps of Mr Orange, he then follows the steps and reaches the spot where the critter seems like playing with the water as a child does. He then says, "I see you are having fun flapping your wings in the water, playing like a baby how they slap their tiny little hands on the water" saying that he also did nothing, except gazing at the critter for a few seconds and leaving the spot ignoring the critter. He then walks back toward his door without looking back, opens the door and shuts the door back. Now a subtle movement can be seen with Mr Blue's door. Apparently, he is approaching out like others and similarly, like others he also takes a good look towards the critter, gazes at it for a couple of seconds and goes back towards his room, chanting within himself. He then comes out with a cane which is a twig-like structure, he goes towards it and speaks, "I don't know I can help you or not but let me try".

He tries to flip the critter in its original position so it could fly, after a few trials and error he finally flipped back the critter. Nothing extraordinary, just a subtle smile on his. The critter flapped its wings and again flyes up and up, then Mr Blue went towards the azure window and opened it so the critter could fly away and then the critter did fly away soon the window was open. Mr Blue then opened the door and walked. But, what would have happened to the critter if Mr Red had seen it instead of Mr Blue?

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## Untitled

**Soumyadip Biswas**  
**Semester 4, Honours**

It is like a book.  
There are countless pages,  
Want to read is all.  
But there are numerous  
pages,  
With multiple sides and  
layers.  
How to complete?  
But then also,  
I try to read read read...  
The words feel Distance,  
Space.  
The alphabet gets so Far,  
Infinite.

Then I lose,  
Pronunciation.  
Rhythm.  
Sound.

Bookend up...  
Being a  
Void,  
Paper.  
Empty,

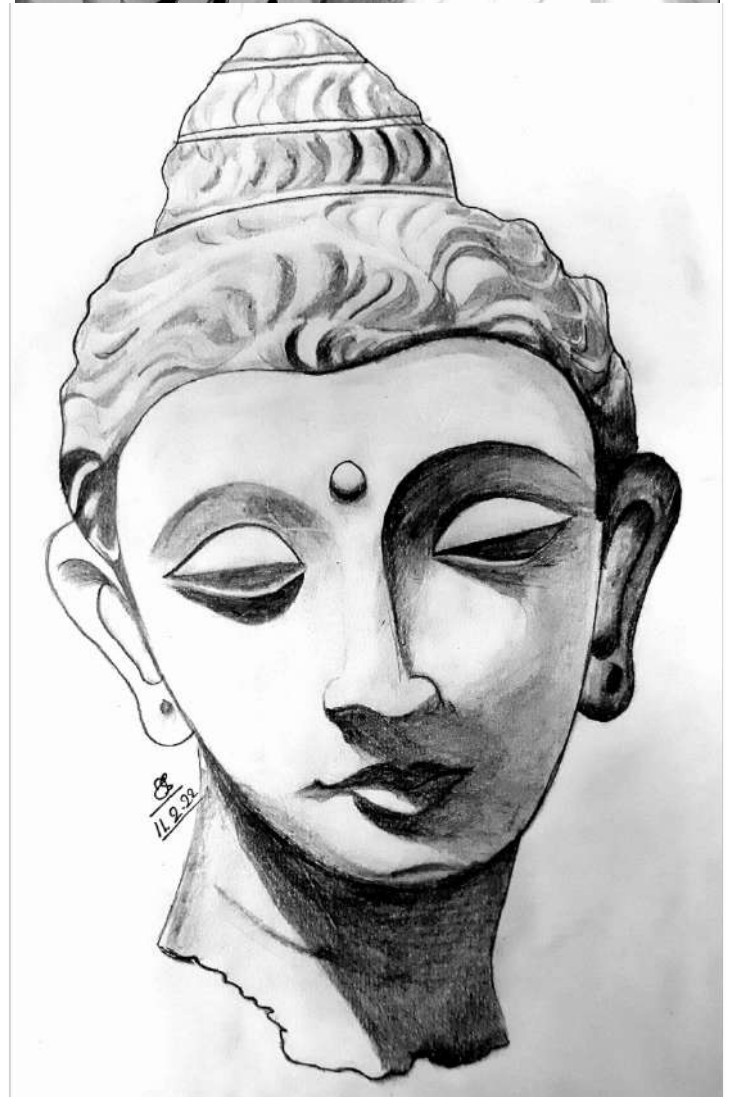
"White"



Soumyadip Biswas, Untitled  
Watercolor on Paper

**Pencil Sketches**

**Titas Sengupta**  
**Semester 6, Honours**



## THE THOUGHTS OF A SOLDIER

**Punyaho Adhikary**  
**Semester 4, Honours**

As I lay on the battlefield dying  
The sword embedded on my stomach  
Sucking away my life force I looked around me  
Everybody was busy fighting none had the time to listen to a dying man  
Who would anyway ? after all I am a common soldier  
I was born with a fate to die and my name will disappear with my ashes  
I was just a common soldier and I have done my duty well.

For years I have killed many without thinking twice  
Taking a demonic pleasure in shedding my enemy's blood  
Their screams of pain and agony were music to my ears  
I never had any regret for my deeds as war always brings death  
So , why should I regret my deeds?  
But today when I am seeing men hacking at each other with their weapons  
The scores of body lying around the slush of mud , blood and sweat my  
heart felt heavy  
My chainmail armour which I took great care of like as if it was a very rare  
item felt heavy for the first time.  
Where was I ? Why is there so much fighting?  
Is this the same holy land of Kurukshetra?

Or maybe I am dead and this the realm of Yama and this is an eternal  
suffering  
I couldn't think clearly , maybe all of this was just a bad dream  
I closed my eyes and thrashed my hands "Wake Up" I said to myself in a  
voice almost inaudible to me.  
It was real , all of this was real and I realized that this was hell  
I had died a long time ago , the moment I began to kill .  
I had killed the humanity inside me , I sold my soul to the king and I was  
his puppet.  
Yes I had killed myself , tears welled up in my eyes  
My breathe was becoming short I was gasping to breathe .  
"Why is it so cold , the sun is still up and still glaring?" my vision became  
dimmer and dimmer .  
I closed my eyes the faces of my loved ones danced before my eyes  
My parents , my wife and my son.  
I was losing consciousness it was over soon.

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## A Promise

**Bhaswat Dutta**  
**Semester 2, Honours**

The night was cold and dark  
As he stood tall and brave,  
The nation aroused with a spark.  
History is set to embark  
With a word of honor  
The nation aroused with a spark.  
A long night to walk,  
Quest to the land of poets & thinkers  
The nation aroused with a spark.  
Souls lay upon an abyssal park,  
Cries no where to be heard  
The night was cold and dark.  
A milestone to mark  
Without fear or hesitation  
The nation aroused with a spark  
The mortals hark,  
Pillars of strength may shift.  
The night was cold and dark.  
The nation aroused with a spark.

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## অরুপ নিখোঁজ!

**Shantanu Nandi**  
**Semester 4, Honours**

অরুপ নিখোঁজ!খুঁজে দিলে -  
দশ লাখ! যোগাযোগ-  
সাত পাঁচ সাত পাঁচ-  
ছয় পাঁচ ছয় পাঁচ-  
শূন্য পাঁচ ।

নাম - অরূপ ঘোষ, বয়স উনিশ, চেনার উপায় -  
মুখে একরাশ হাসি লেগে আছে।  
এছাড়া, গায়ের রং হালকা বাদামি;  
উচ্চতা কমকরে পাঁচ ফুট পাঁচ,  
মাথায় পাতলা চেউ খেলানো চুল  
আর গালে দাড়ি উঠবে উঠবে করছে।

আরও বিশেষতা বলতে -  
আড্ডা দিতে ভালোবাসে,  
গান গাইতে ভালোবাসে,  
অঙ্ক কষতে ভালোবাসে,  
কবিতা লিখতে ভালোবাসে,  
আর হাসতে ভালোবাসে।

নিখোঁজের আগে পরনে ছিল -  
কলা জামা, নিল প্যান্ট,  
ছেঁড়াফাটা সবুজ স্নিকার্স  
আর পিঠে একটা হলদে সাদা গিটার।  
খোঁজ পেলে যোগাযোগ করবেন

ইতি,  
অরূপ ঘোষ, বয়স - উনত্রিশ,  
মুখ সবসময় ভার হয়ে থাকে।।

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## THE EXISTENCE OF GOD

**Punyaho Adhikary**  
**Semester 4, Honours**

For times immemorial the existence of God who is supposedly said to be omniscient and omnipotent has always been a very debatable issue . The Bible does mention a certain entity who created the earth and other

planets but how He remained unseen to the human eye for all these years though years is a very short term as no one has seen God for eons , for if He had really existed all logic says he should be living in outer space so how come Neil Armstrong was completely oblivious to His existence and His vast kingdom of heaven .

One reason could be that the people awed at the might of nature , they felt someone must be controlling them so they created God just like the Aryans of Vedic India did . They awed at the might of natural forces and hence worshipped them except the only difference being that the Aryans served each and every natural elements whereas the people of Israel created one singular entity known as God or in their language “Jehovah” the one and all mighty who clothed in purple robes rule the kingdom of heaven .

However though different people may have different perceptions that God exists , that heaven and hell exists . The very concept of both heaven and hell and God was probably created to make sure that people abide by the rules and follow the path of morality as there was no such specified laws , people needed a superior power to watch over them to make them abide by the rules and laws so henceforth that resulted in the creation of God and along with it came the existence of heaven and hell . Good deeds

leads one’s soul to heaven whereas bad deeds lead to eternal suffering in hell . In my opinion there heaven and hell really exists , but it exists within us a kind deed , the joy that we get after the completion of a task , the rest that one deserves after a hard day’s work is all heaven whereas the feeling of anger , contempt , pain etc are all hell .

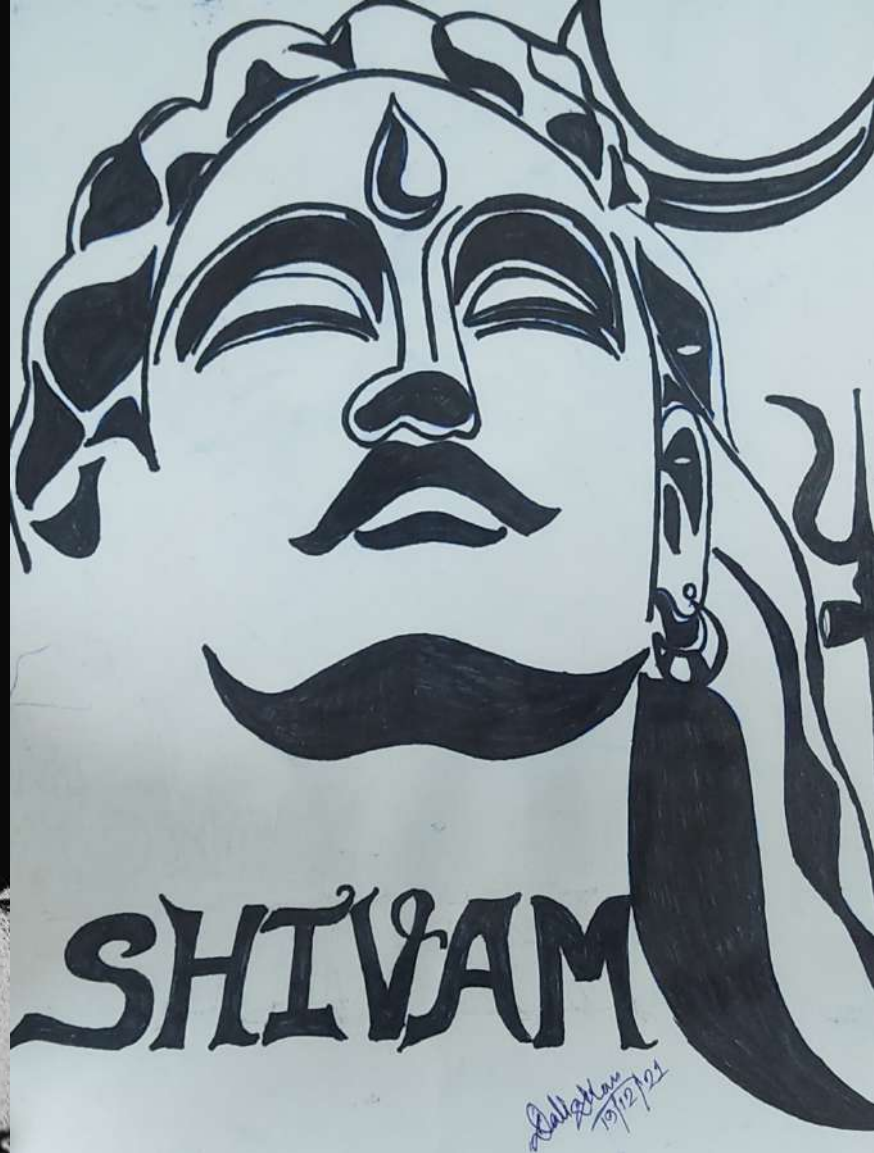
I don’t know if God really exists or not but it all comes down to one particular feeling and that is faith . At the end of the day when the journey of life get’s really rough , when we lose hope we all cry out the name of God . We have the faith that someone maybe someone is watching over us all , someone out there will one day make our dark days go away . Thus it all comes down to faith

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**Buddha (Sketch)**  
Subhankar Mondal  
Semester 6, Honours



**Shiva (Sketch)**  
Dalia Dhar  
Semester 2, Honours



## DREAM COMES TRUE

**Krittika Mukherjee**  
Semester 4, Honours

Rama is a fisherman who stays near the sea. His wife Shyama helps him in other jobs like domestic as well as if need be, sale of fish in the market. They have one daughter Reena . Reena is not so beautiful to look at. But like her parents she is an honest girl . Rama cannot afford sending Reena to school. But Reena manages to study in class VI in her village school. They have scarcity of many things at home; but no scarcity of love and affection among them. Rama and Shyama love Reena very much and try to keep eyes on her every smallest need. As they don't have plenty of money, so they don't have their needs so high. They are living very peacefully.

Every morning Rama goes to catch fish from Sea or other ponds and sell those fish in the local market band thus meeting the expenses of his family. Shyama sometimes accompanies him to fish catching and she herself takes those caught fish to market. By that time Rama goes to other places to catch more fish so that he earns a bit extra money. During that period of time Reena stays home alone and this practice is being followed since Reena's childhood. Now Reena is grown up and can handle many domestic jobs including cooking. Till the time Rama and Shyama come back in the mid noon , they get cooked food .

One night Reena woke up from sleep as she saw a bad dream. She dreamt that her parents had drowned in the sea while catching fish in the wild waves of the sea. She got frightened and thought not to disclose her bad dream to anyone including her parents. But her mood got spoiled all day long till her parents returned. To her surprise she again saw the same dream in the next night , but more than what did she saw last night. She saw that she had gone to search her parents and somehow got slipped in to the sea by striking on a piece of pebble by the side of the sea. She started drowning and went to the bottommost surface of the sea. At once she got surprised to see a palatial building with guards in front of the big main door. She approached those guards to get in to the premises. Those guards as if were ready to welcome her. One of the guards took her inside the mansion and left her in front of a person who seemed to be king. That person welcomed her and told that they had been waiting for her. To her surprise Reena was over whelmed and could not understand the reason for the king waiting for her. But she could not ask the king the same. She was standing without any voice. The king told her that they had arranged thier son's marriage with her as they received the same message from the God. The king explained elaborately the fact. He told that they had wanted to marry their only son to an honest girl. For that they worshipped their domestic deity who advised them her name. And also arranged to bring you up to here. "Now you have come as we want. Please come inside and everything is ready for your marriage. The queen is coming to take you in the palace." Reena became happy and went inside with the queen. All expensive clothes with gold ornaments were given to her to wear. She wore with a diamond crown on her head. The moment she was to approach for wedding area, her mother came and woke her up. Shyama called her, "Why are you sleeping too late today. Get up. We are going out and take care."

Reena is so happy and seems that she has got the world of happiness. She is thinking about the dream whenever she sits without any domestic works. In the afternoon her parents came back and the daily routine goes as usual.

After three months the Durga Puja celebration will come up. Everyone was happy thinking the days of such big celebration. Reena is also not out of the list to celebrate. Time passes on and the Puja comes with lots of joys. Reena also plans her puja how she would pass on. But they are not so rich as her parents cannot sit idle. They also plan to catch many fishes so that they can meet the puja expenses. On thinking Rama is dipped in to thoughts and he slipped in to the sea. Looking that Shyama also tried to save him. But she could not. Both of them drowned in the sea. In the evening when Reena's parents did not come back, Reena got restless. She at once ran towards the sea assuming her parents might go to the sea for catching fish. There she saw some people were talking about how the mishap took place.

Nobody could identify the dead bodies of Rama and Shyama. When Reena appeared at the spot and she got frightened to see the dead bodies. Reena cried out. Local people helped the cremation of Reena's parents. Reena came back home. She could not sleep whole night. She was caught in to deep grief. She thought not to celebrate the Puja.

After all rites over, Reena was sitting in the room. She heard the knocking on the door. She was very much tired. Somehow she stood up and open the door and got shock and surprise. A young man with gorgeous clothes was standing and asking Reena to get ready. But she could not understand why that young man was telling her to get ready. But the face of the young man was same what she saw in the dream at the King's palace. The young man introduced himself as Devdatt from the city and only son of a big business man. He was advised to find her out by his parents. His parents came to know her in a dream and the Goddess Lakshmi ordered them to get their son married with Reena and then only

Devdatt would survive otherwise not. Devdatt and his parents started searching for Reena and after three months they have found her. Reena at once saw the parents of Devdatt were standing behind him. Reena is spell bound and cannot speak a single word. Reena went away with them.

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**Paintings**

**Sinjini Saha**  
**Semester 2, Honours**

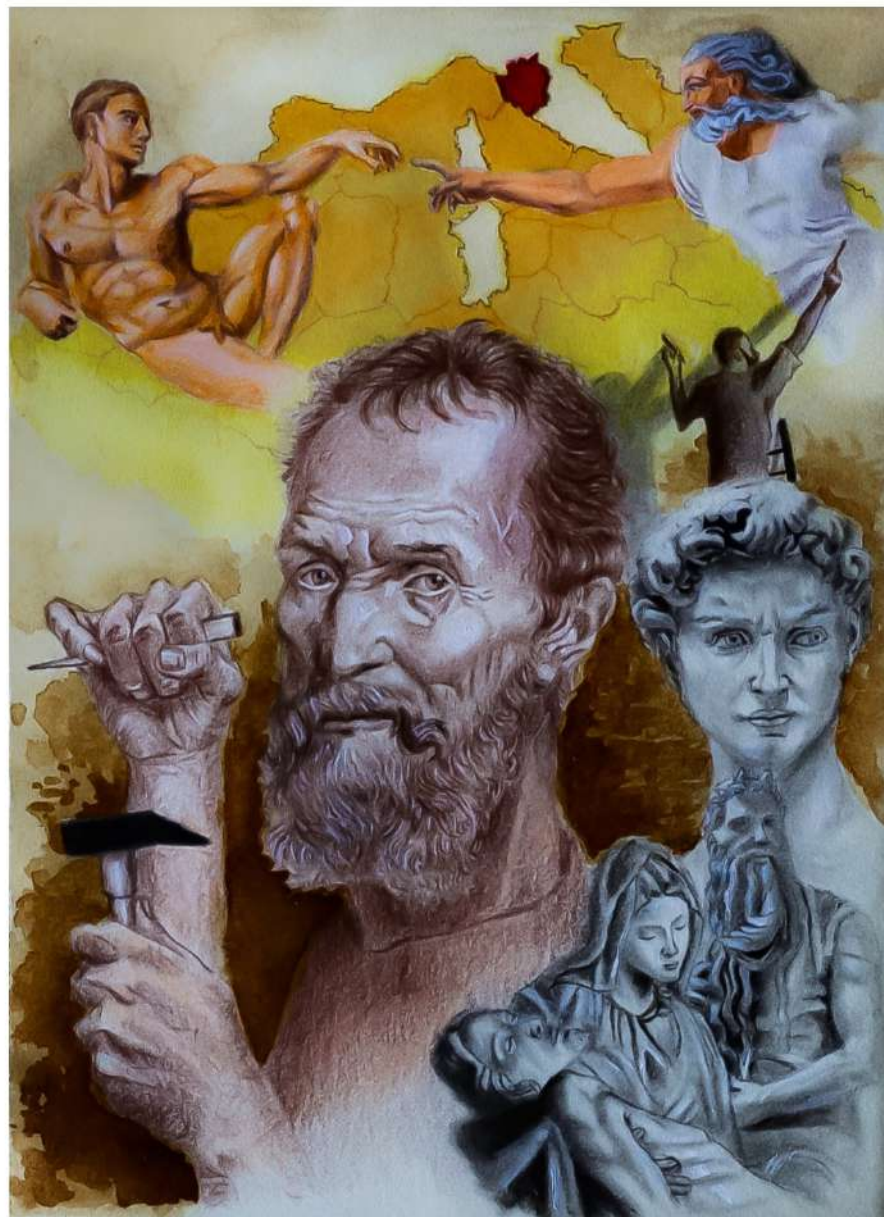
**Title :\_Beyond The Isles**  
**Medium : Oil on Canvas**



**(Painting)**

**Mayukh Mondal  
Semester 2, Honours**

**Mixed Medium**



**THE RENAISSANCE MAN**

**Mayukh Mondal**



**Photographs**  
**Titas Sengupta**  
**Semester 6, Honours**



## 14 February Or When The Sunsets

**Yash Agarwal**  
**Semester 4, Honours**

Her forty Sons were lying dead on her lap,  
Mother was eternally torn and silently she was crying.  
Far away this made evils clap,  
For MAA, Till their last breath they were trying.  
Some was newly married,  
Some never saw their child.  
But before a visit they were burned or buried,  
Fearless Red was scattered all over the battlefield.  
Now they were lying proudly under the Tricolour,  
Before the sleep they were happily promising their family of returning soon.  
Fire of revenge awaken within a border,  
And today they shine in the sky having only one Moon.  
Maa says with a painful, broken and full of emotional voice Beta please wake up.  
Sister says, Bhaiya you kept the promise of my Rakhi.  
Wife Says, you left me alone doing this break up.  
Father was silence and controlling his tears and emotion,  
Son was lying Sahid (Martyred) in front of his father.  
Father knows he have to manage the situation,  
And inside he accepts with a pain that his Son slept forever.  
They accept proudly with a Salute and a loud cry of JAI HIND, VANDEMATARAM.

Yes this poem talks about the Sahid of Pulwama attack and reality of life of our brave Soldiers, when the sunsets represents the situation of a Country and family which is worst and full of pain, emotion, agony and cry but with a proud which is felt for our brave Soldiers, we people regret and feels only for some days but after few days we forget about it, but the family members of our soldiers takes this pain forever. Now be honest with yourself and answer what was your first impression when you read 14 February or When The sunsets as a title of a poem?

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**Painting**

**Rajdeep Mondal  
Faculty, English Department**

**Title : Datta , Dayadvam , Damyata .  
Medium : Acrylic On Canvas**

